

8/16

EVENING.

One, when reading literature, can reach that point of recognizing the artistic elements of it. Are we to think that in philosophy, the truthful elements are recognized? No. Philosophy is just as much artfully filled as literature and should be encountered with the same lightheartedness and pleasure for which we gaze upon literature. Arriving to this, is owed to my simultaneous reading of phenomenology of perception and 2666. If one truly reads philosophy, what they see are the appearances of their life or imagination. With literature it is the appearances of what is being translated. Either way, they cannot kill, maim or punish. Perhaps, yet, there is a state beyond hope, but I and many others haven't reached it. Therefore, I refuse to be burdened with heavy despair (still hope to write despairing sentences, though) while reading philosophy. Can we yet forbid despair's knocking? Not while our body feels no pleasure and idleness overtakes us. There is always comfort, however, in that I almost do nothing by the commands of another, but, by that, I am disparaged by others. Odd time! And how NEW!

8/18

EVENING

Yesterday, I wanted to awake and write the question: When is diary writing most profitable? The morning or evening? As it turned out, I was lethargic that morning and avoided work. Verily, I've been avoiding work for quite some time now; I have paused the quota of three hundred daily words on any of three literary projects. I digress. The question was supposed to raise my awareness on the order of importance in my life. Whether there was a solid interest in my social life or rather a more keen desire for speculative thought. Well, as it turns out, I'm sitting in my living room chair hearing my drunk 56 year old roommate listening to Steve Tyler? Hmm.... while debating whether I want to shower and venture to the Stag to hear the music ensemble my friends have put together. Free entry within this hour. And then I think of the sentiment of solitude and how one beckons to it to feel? We don't know. Perhaps the awakening of selfhood. In any case, I have browsed ok cupid and craig's list. How self of me! I want to really propel my dialogue of a dream thinker (at this point) to a level of literary magnificence. As it stands now, it is a series of occurrences one after another. Nothing too special or dreamy. A dream thinker making a few remarks after each occurrence with the dream. Starting to think that I should enlist a poetic rant at the juncture I'm at and then began to introduce some of the other actors in a more thoroughly revealing manner. Literature, what an interesting profession. Just read on ok cupid that someone who studied anthropology and archeology is applying to mfa programs in creative writing and her profession is apocalyptic literary tales. Meanwhile, in my funds for writers e-mail subscription, there is a publishing company (homebound, I think) that is seeking writers of a more contemplative kind. So there is hope yet. Imagine Gide trying to find success today. No doubt he would be buried by the sookie stackhouse novels and twilight novels. Maybe he'd self publish? What self published writer is ever going to win the nobel prize for literature, though? They'd have a better chance of winning the nobel prize for peace. Self publishing is a very peaceful thing to do, to be sure. Nice little rant I got going on here. I haven't been brushing my teeth as much lately and then only about once a day. Showering too seldom as well. My sexy lady friend, who perhaps has the most luscious fruits I've ever been teased with, often tells me how much I stink after she hugs me. Poor girl. Well, lets have a cigarette and see where things go from there. Probably will pick up a book or shower or bathe it with a book. Might even be back, later, to jabber away some nonsense.

LATER IN THE EVENING.

How often does a woman fall in love with a man after reading a poem he has written? Or a man woman, for that matter? But everywhere, I see men and women swooning over musicians, even those who have no adequate money making future with it. I do not think it is the least attractive quality of music that it asks for a crowd. What people fall in love with, concerning musicians, I like to think, is the cause of sociability. Tonight, musicians are gathering a crowd, who will more likely be interested in drinking and socializing than giving true approval to the music. How many of these people will listen to these musicians' works when they are alone? I proffer to suggest very few of them will. Perhaps I am agitated by the esteem given to someone who can play an instrument, whereas sentences are cared too little for. I mean, everyone can write a sentence and think a thought. Right? Insight will win nothing. But a haphazard tune to a drunken crowd will give rewards. As you can guess, I did not receive an inviting call tonight. So much for the better. Permits me an easy discipline. Could I refuse socializing if invited to? Oh, but my friends are too good for that. I have to ask to join them. Or I have to show up as a member of the crowd that will drink their haphazard tune. Well, one can think of many excuses for uncertain motivation. Oh... morning, great time to translate dreams. Pure mystery. What is this body of mine? With these unusual thoughts and discomfiting nights of slumber where a world invades my questionable self to haunt and abuse my confidence. What a blessing it could be to remain ever awake if only I did not have to escape the responsibility of exertion. And it is just then, that the power of my will is tested by the demons of my life. They come and torment me. The ghost I long ago found, the one who introduced me to love and splendid speaking, is a sweetness I cannot return to. Now, I am a prisoner to mockery, disparagement and violence. Oh slumber! You cruel creature, you are not far from me now. I suppose we must repay purity and pleasure with despair and torments. But, nothing says comedy can't accompany evil. And, I am indeed given money for my despair and torments. Albeit, just enough to despair and torment. In fact, I was told a libertarian dis-friended me on facebook (the medium by which alliances are revealed), because I am given public money for just these things. So, I suppose, it is not too difficult to lay my head down. I do have a mattress, blankets and a pillow. The blankets and pillow are indeed clean too. I have ample air conditioning or heat as I so desire. I suppose its not too bad. I got a couple hours till slumber takes me. Seriously, though, I just wish I wasn't the only one that wanted to touch my penis.

8/28/12

EVENING

Spent most of the day playing nba2k12. Then read class assignments upon which I entered the bath with aragon's paris peasant. I seem to presuppose the questions or sentiments of just about everything I read prior to reading it. Very mysterious. About my Provincial Fairy Tale: I struggle in the debate to live the story or experiment with my imaginative powers. Surely, there is a bit of power in the latter, but more truth in the former. It is a peculiar fate I have endorsed myself to: to reshape philosophy and literature upon the exercise of real life. What i'm really meaning to say is that it is a matter of convenience that the american regime does not permit social combat, so to say, to unravel its basic structure. Imagine if we all personally battled each other for the values pertaining to self and things. Maybe I really have been ostracized. I just cannot seem to grasp the dullness by which everything is conducted. I have to say that aragon's preface to paris peasant is perhaps the best preface I have ever read in a book. I always seem to be invading. I remember my first experience with school. I cried and cried because I did not want to invade anyone. At last, one came upon me and accepted me. We were good friends. It did not last long. Many more schools, well, seemingly, and many more ordered social establishments awaited me and will continue to await me. Life is still a wonder to me (life meaning the order of all without me) therefore, I am not yet a hermit. But will I choose to make

my art from the social digestion or from my imaginative powers. Will I meet life as one who exercises purely imaginative powers or as a meddler?

9/5/12

EVENING

One jealously harbors despair, as though it oughtn't to behave rudely and leave without giving some sincere elevating works in the arts. At last, one welcomes the rudeness and dismisses despair. It is too bad this lesson is too oft-relearned thoroughly again and again. One always questions without receiving answers why this brutal circle. Why this brutal obstinacy.

I am still struggling over choosing imagination or life. Can we all be as gifted as goldmund? The one who lived, then artfully contributed its rewards? Is not imagination also a mocking friend. I can't stand to be mocked. It brings me too much pain. Today, the woman I deigned to contrive a conversation with was taken by another. I saw creep upon his face that smile that stinks of narcissism. It struck me with nausea and hatred. He was returning upon the woman he would rejoin in conversation and it may have been as though he were aware of my curious glances. Who knows. But that smile was of joy that was aware of its injustice of maybe undeserving merit, according to my ego. Perhaps I do not know how to decipher looks.

9/07/12

EVENING

It strikes few the onslaught of terribleness that death will bring. All the powers of the imagination, the petty pains of consciousness and the quivering memories of all the stages the self has been through turned into a blank page of existence. I would like to turn this into a poem. The paralyzing debate of imagination or will that I endure will one day rest itself. The self's image in the minds of others will pass, verily, before death takes them. The way in which others behave and that in which they want, because of their behavior, nothing but a mirage, a mirage some even tempt to turn into a science—they call it sociology. And here I am at the least esteemed point. What matter is a poem or a pretty sentence? Tis' but a flower consciences pass; with some admiring, some neglecting, but for only a moment recognized till the jealousy of living regains superiority.

Troubled youth,

Tis' a second I oblige you

With a piece of nature you so misuse.

A wilted field of sunflowers, over burdened

With the obstinate sun, who

refuses to lend winter its way

with long overdue tears.

.....?

You do not know what you see,

Till you can no more see.

9/13/12

MID-DAY

Had coffee with monsieur cristler at nugget. Was greeted warmly by the female barista, verily, she addressed me as friend. Came home and read the recently arrived conversations of goethe. Enough of this. Ought we men to question what women require of us? Which of us is to blame for social affairs. As a child I remember clearly a particular girl whom I often played house with. Do woman simply mature into this. Men happen upon woman to play her games. And it is house. Boring. Then there are some who want to see men fight. Will address this more

thoroughly in my Letters to a Ghost. Soon I am to play nba 2k12 with cristler. This game stirs such great passion in us. Either immense satisfaction or unbearable frustration. Adieu.

EVENING

Spent some time earlier in the evening reading conversations of goethe. Will continue some time after this too. Also spent a good time browsing craig's list. Desires are an obstinate and persistent child. As a parent to them I am at a loss of whether to ignore them or seek their satisfaction. At times I tell myself, "they are young only once and I ought to please them." Other times I want them to rest permanently in slumber, so I may stroll the fields of thought and poetry. But what blessings are thoughts and poetry without the fill of the hungry child desire. I doubt there will ever be a regime that settles once for all the happy and fortuitous exercise of desire. Verily, we often say it is the characters mark, the conduct of said person's exercise of desire.

9/16/12

EVENING

Talked to my grandma today, which caused me to entertain moving in with her as I am one who generally likes to entertain changes that bring newness. So I surfed okcupid's Temecula area and re-kindled my distaste for southern californian culture. So instead, I intend to write my grandma the mary lou schlegel monthly literary. Maybe it will encourage boldness in my social life or perhaps simply boldness in my imaginative life. Either way I see a mutual benefit in this for my grandma and myself. Continuing my reading of the conversations with goethe and continuously encountering pleasure. Today, is my youngest brother's birthday and he is in the army. It surprises me, I knew this human since he was born, verily, I changed his diapers at times, and now he will fight with guns other humans. I suppose it is insensitive of me not to communicate with him.

10/03/12

EVENING

Watched the first presidential debate today and really there is no understanding of this world and I truly believe few consider questioning it. We are arranged accidentally into the decisions of our ancestors and we accept their role of living, ever rarely encountering the power of our freedom. Too quickly we enter the arena of money making, that new revolution that has confounded antiquity, and combat each other for a role applicable to our passions and desires. Few attain and many suffer and bring upon suffering onto others at earliest opportunity. There is so much thought and speculation at our disposal asking for consideration for new development. So often I question what is this line drawing of places. So many beautiful and ugly bodies as well as beautiful and ugly characters await discovery. But no, rather there is a greater desire for the recognizable. Last night I chanced upon the line in the second part of Faust: are you so narrow, hide bound, that you fear/ a new thing? Only want to hear/ things heard before?---- I think of the greeks and wonder what drove their ambition? And then goethe and the courts of aristocracy? And now today? Is it respectively war, art, money, in its true foundation? Hearing romney tonight, he wants to keep the strength of america's military in the highest order. And we all know the tyrannically driven spirit of capitalism. Perhaps throw into there a base appreciation for art. So 21st century attempting to arrange all three into a world fit for all. Oh find your niche, democracy is here. I have some paranoia, perhaps. I'm supposed to (according to my conscious) write a letter to my grandma. Also, might be moving to davis. Enrolled in school and had my first test today (quite an underwhelming philosophical study) and thought I performed adequately. At one point, however, I wondered unto myself that perhaps there was a secret

display for a test, whereupon each enters philosophical fragments of their minds. Truly ridiculous—I say such things to myself often. Adieu.

10/20/12

EVENING

School is a mystery to me, what ever could be its purpose? I've never been taught how to criticize literature and my social life has suffered immensely. Primary education followed by secondary education seems to exert a punitive force upon me. As an aside, I wonder if it would be profitable for schools to permit its students to read each other's essays after their grading. Now, to get to the meat of the matter. Underwent some reading of hegel's phenomenology and I see from it that my consciousness (my memory and implementation of knowledge needs much work) because of the few times I have encountered the truth of death others have wanted to deliver unto me, but instead exerted its influence into differing routes has become... bondsman? No, severed from its objective spirit in being for itself as an other? Hmm... coming a little closer to understanding love as well through lordship and bondsman. Ashton often played the song its a man's world and so have wondered if I misinterpreted my role with women through serving as bondsman.... or perhaps.... in any case with ms. Delwiche, I know I encoutered my self-consciousness and now we must see how thoroughly she exercised power over me, or, if, perhaps, she is just a necessary particle of the equation I possess with my ghost. Is it because of death encounters that I must exercise this seeming depth of literature and philosophy. I truly feel such emptiness when encountering society with no desire. Is it because my self-consciousness has found its self-consciousness. Has she threatened death or something of severe similarity unto me as a wickedly witty one, who understands that I must obey because I actually fear her through my love and if I don't fear her, then she knows herself the love is not sincere or.... she's not looking for a bondsman. Work. oh... I suppose its of noteworthiness that i'm attempting to quit smoking, because I want to spend money on nicer things, driven, of course, impetuously. And I almost always require a cigarette after writing. New tactic.... walks, but not tonight, already in my pajamas. It's not yet eight thirty.

10/22/12

AFTERNOON

If man is the undefined animal, then how are we to arrive at its appropriate political order from its natural disposition. How are we even certain man has a natural disposition. Thinking personally, is the individual in need of the social order for definition. Did nietzsche have it right in defining man through the practices of its political regime. This unravelled through the thought, that if man's natural disposition is antagonistic to capitalism then oughtn't we to discard capitalism. Some say capitalism is the natural selection process for humans, yet, they ignore the history by which capitalism has entered into existence, for if capitalism is natural selection then capitalism would have to be inherent through the natural practice of human being. Hmmm.... capitalism is simply a method by which work is accomplished, nothing else. There really isn't a course to my life, is there, follower of these diary entries. I suppose it will be fitting to introduce some affairs of daily things now. Nearly had my penis touched by a woman today. All I had to do was tell her yes, grope me and.... see if I have testicular cancer. Good delivery? The other night I ventured to the cemetery to escape the onslaught of a drunken roommate basking in loud music. Incredibly cathartic, although nearly abruptly ended as I had to urinate with great intensity. I used as a comforting instigator to ease my conscious, my experience of physical maintenance to this cemetery, while enrolled in some program preventing me from serving jail time. So I walked to the outer edge of the cemetery and released myself. I felt a sincere and gifted nostalgia laying on my back with my feet resting on a tombstone while starring at the stars that found its cause simply because I had read ms. D's blog post about her similar experiences. After some time and thoughts I departed. Quite an easy enterprise entering and exiting this

cemetery, worthy of noting, however, is that as I deigned to enter the cemetery by hopping a short spiked fence, I turned back to walk away as I felt uncomfortable that cars would witness my delinquency and found the emergence of a police car. Not much to worry over, it proceeded as I proceeded along my faux path. Adieu.

10/29/12
EVENING

Incredibly stressed and incapable of concentrating or getting involved. Trying to quit cigarettes and relying on the patch. Since i've contacted my grandma, my mom and dad have found their way to my facebook. Ignored them both. Overworked, yet not doing any work. What ever could be the necessity of these sentences and what prospect do they serve? Well, reader, is there not ever an aimless moment in life that gets called out? So it is, tonight, while walking back from the grocery store, I made what felt to me was an incredibly goofy monster face and stared into the direction of others. Only two people, of which I was aware, "caught" my face and both offered smiles to them. A little joke for the spectator often goes over favorably. November 20th and I shall be moving into davis. Adieu.

11/02/12
AFTERNOON

Yesterday, I found myself sitting and chit chatting with a sixty year old homeless woman, or at least she remembers herself as sixty. In any case, as she was nearing her departure, she told me how she hadn't accomplished anything except read a few books, thereby leading me to think that all there really is to accomplish in life is a comfortable death and this depends thoroughly on how much one is able to do for other people within the capitalistic regime. First of all, when one thinks of accomplishing things it often, according to the many, dwells in the realm of the other. All accomplishments depend on recognition and showing, there is nothing internal about an accomplishment. And how petty they must all seem, when death comes to hand, except... when one realizes how comfortable it is to die. This homeless woman most likely will not die comfortably and all because, I imagine, she was selfish, selfish in the sense that she probably could not understand why she had to behave accordingly, and not how she chose to behave. Well, she chose it and now she is decrepit, and at one point I almost felt inclined to tell her "i don't mean to be rude, but I desire to listen to my headphones now," but that would've been rude. Are not the homeless the ones who chose to live in such a way as not to be exploited? Or maybe they are thought to be unfit to be exploited, for it is a very important thing that the exploited get along with each other. The homeless woman didn't quite see it this way, she thought accomplishment meant being exploited in the sense that the exploited have houses, children, marriage, etc. Well, hoping I receive my check today; bought a nintendo wii; nearing my move, but am encountering uncertainty regarding the transportation of my stuff from one place to another; also, worried about the possibility that I shot myself in the foot by buying this nintendo wii. We'll see. Why must we feel pain simply from the perspectives of sight? Oh, that is right, all we are is a body. Is it really a body that must accomplish things? Or the economic system that says bodies must obey these rules it found itself born into. Seriously, what does capitalistic democracy ever accomplish? Everyone might always say upon death, "what did I accomplish," but almost never, "what did the world accomplish?"

11/12/12
EVENING

The distinguishing characteristic for a human type that is, to say the least, peculiar, is the ability by which it is able to remain bed-ridden. This characteristic seems to be a product by which one is, are we going to say haunted? With all the energy of its story and finds it profoundly necessary to account for all of it. When I see the homeless lost in their own reveries, I see a human that found itself accompanied with the deception that it would be approached by some figure necessary to their story and by whom they would be saved. I do not know how necessary it is to forget. Now to comment on the large human race and why they do not find themselves so bed-ridden: they are all critics and, therefore, constantly require some scene by which to apply their perspective. Perhaps i'm a bit too harsh, for do not I find myself here rather than my story? I had wanted to apply this to the realm of my friends and it cannot quite be such a bad lot, this of critic. Productive. Community. Care. Pleasure. Culture. Etiquette. All these fine things we see enhanced by political economy. I, on the other hand, encounter a curious glance with a bit of a hidden scorn when it is learned that I acquire wealth without earning it from labor. There seems to be an effort displayed by the community I find myself associating with by which certain pleasures are withheld from me. Or, perhaps, I'm not as deserving as I like to make myself seem. I am bed-ridden after all. My efforts to quit smoking have been temporarily lulled, most successfully, by the action of buying a pack of cigarettes. It often displeases me when I hear yawning when I write, for obvious reasons. Am I attempting to keep myself out of bed, now?

11/12/12
AFTERNOON

Just finished reading N.'s man in society and felt a nihilistic sentiment, that perhaps, none of this weighs heavily upon me, as though my estrangement has prevented me from feeling any necessity. I feel as though I am missing —. Thought about school and how it must be necessary for subjects to dwell outside the necessity of every day life, in order to maintain that order of every day life. I find it amazing that America has suffered not one civil war during the twentieth century. I wanted to say there was a certain charm to stagnation, if that is indeed what it is, where there is little weight to the matters of interaction. Perhaps it is just this town Woodland. Even so, I only feel the necessity of my novel, Dream Thinking. But what is the novel's desire? I find myself pondering. Wait... I do want to call myself a writer. Good ol' capitalism and professions. I have refunded my efforts to quit smoking with a great irritation. This entry owes itself to reading N. Adieu.

11/22/12
EARLY EVENING

It is true, very many indeed are concerned with revealing the similarities of the world and others with themselves and not rather how they are different from the world and everyone else. Romance is finding the difference between you and the world. Love is when you find an occasion to share that difference..... I want to taste the jewel of a woman's vagina. It's been quite long and yet, tonight, I looked at the necklace I wear and thought its her's. Learned that I may very likely be an INFP. What a way for me to linger. Adieu. 'why are you alone? Are you a ghost? Will you haunt me?

11/23/12
EARLY EVENING

Every image for which the eyes refuse to abandon, presents itself as a metaphorical mirror. I am a feeling being in the world, and every appearance opportunes a hidden truth of myself.

Severed and alone I find you, field of sunflowers. You sad creatures, you have drunk too much of the sun, now you wilt and decay of the life you have drunk up.

11/25/12

LATE AFTERNOON

Glanced through Irene's Cunt and found aragon's sentence (paraphrasing) I only think when I write and only when I write. What a wonderful work ethic! One must of went long without thinking. Today: I bought some cigarettes and found what appeared to be a polish woman who was probably a mother or grandmother. She displeased, at least, the people before me and myself. The one's before me: a young man and young woman. The young man told the bushka? What kind of cigarettes were to be purchased, yet! The young woman was the one whom was to show the identification and provide the tender for purchase. The young man, to be sure, learned with difficulty that he is to permit young women the power to also speak. Now, me, I asked if fortuna's were in the stock for sell, then asked for menthol's, then found that the one's I normally purchase were ten cents more than usual of which it turned out I was short five cents. The bushka? Frowned? When I asked if I could get them for five cents less. The ordeal turned out that I purchased what I have been avoiding to purchase for the past five days... PALL MALL: WHERE PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE. Famous american cigarettes. And now to become erotic. First: everything depends on women, if they are conservative the whole culture is conservative. It was a bit surprising that the woman seized the liberty to cut my walking path off with her bicycling for it had the peculiar display of revealing, if I were to look hard enough, a bit of what lied between her legs. I do not remember the dress she wore, but only the black stalkings and the abyss I merely peaked into. May have seen mindy today. Cute dress, she's a blonde, and a bit of an attractive figure. She strode confidently, unhesitatingly and without greeting, to her building. I, of course, was acting like a child: meaninglessly, and to pass the time, exercising on an old exercise machine. It appeared things got quiet as though I and the other two, who were near me, all took the time to notice... maybe admire? Or scold quietly. Uncertain. I want to go for a walk, however, I don't want to be seen. Would like to take hesse and rattle with me to the arboretum with a diary and a pen. I remember fondly the pleasure marijuana provided my senses when amidst the crowd of order. So happy, so comfortable, and so pleasurable it was to be a member of what was seen. My roommate tyler uses up all the hot water when he does the dishes, he should just take a bath! Laughable. He's OCD.

LATER

I am so moved with feeling when I read the dullness others experience at the daily life, while something deeper, more stirring and relevant occurs within themselves, for considering myself, nothing of the kind exists. One can't suspect a tint of nothingness upon my exterior, as childlike caprices excrete through all my undertakings. It is as though I am shy of the serenity of... is it deep feeling, that they call it? It only comes to me when i'm alone, but every morning I am moved with silly gaiety that is almost embarrassing and definitely annoying to witness. And while the suffering and struggling experience a deadening within the world I seem to be... well, reader, what have you gathered?

LATER

Can you really respect a piece of written literature, whether it be a poem, short prose, epic, or a diary, if it come from a mind cemented in security, the kind of security that belongs in belonging? Just about all the poems I read from rattle, the ones that won a prize, all belong to this security. The security of belonging. There is no sense of epic solitude, criminality, distress, etc. All of

them are fall season leaves passing through the day. Maybe even falling, bound for the trashcan. I'm a bit upset.

Deep into the quiet hours,
 I am kept up by that painful sickness: Loneliness.
 The sickness that makes me,
 Cough out the black blood, the black blood of Longing.
 I am tired from the day's impetuous wandering, Where I notice nothing of the world,
 Which has turned into an ugly shadow, hostile, I'd say, if only they cared; for they have no need
 for distress, The poet's dessert.
 A sad little cherry it is.

Ms. Witch is in love with you?
 Here are her devices:
 Something of her's she'll make you see, quite innocently.
 Then,
 Somewhere else you'll have it found, for your possession.
 Now she is yours,
 until then, cherish her concession.

Well, I have a lot of practicing to do.

11/26/12
 EARLY EVENING

I just master-bated and it has left me in gunk and rage. It's a disgusting practice and no one is gonna hang me for it, but I want to make strides to.... cleanliness?, in the least, out of thought for my roommates. Who knows what a roar my breathing might make. I think it had been nine days since i've last filled myself with gunk. What a disgusting mess we men make.

11/27/12
 MORNING

Thinking of putting this in my letters to a ghost (much rather prefer sending it to ms. Delwiche), "I never loved you, I never could love you and I never will love you"—Now Ms. Delwiche, that is not a magnanimous lie, I much prefer the truth. and what an uproar it would ignite, I can only imagine.

11/29/12
 EARLY EVENING

You impetuous dog! And your affability to the bitch sensuality.... looks as though I will have an open relationship with amanda. Flirted with her body tonight. Have lately been enjoying her company. A good start in my return to davis. Left one copy of my surrealist literary in the davis sac city extension center at the information desk. Is there a little discomfort and hesitation in entering the world and enjoying woman? Not from the looks of things. I am curious as to how this will apply to my letters to a ghost. I think it'll be well indeed. My ghost, I come before you with experience. There's a peculiar serenity in the marriage to the moment; that sailing ship that cares only for the voyage. Tonight it has given me tobacco stained kisses. And isn't my sailing ship a never-ending voyage to the sentence?

11/30/12

EVENING

It is not at all easy to find, through mere existing, contemporary culture's leading intellectual topics. It does indeed appear that N. Was correct with his forecast that our present culture will borrow from the cultures of the past, their fundamental topics of discussion. It doesn't appear, even, that there is any uniformity within the intellectual schools, with one school presenting a discourse fundamentally at odds with another, or even presenting the absolute lack of any discourse whatsoever (look into our community colleges). I find that democracy, aside from my paranoia, is presenting a world filled with confusion and unguided goals. I find that it is an odd thing indeed that community college introductions to philosophy courses require absolutely no prerequisites as though being yourself is enough (I think I have mentioned this previously, i've definitely thought about it many times over). Well, I just read conversations with Goethe and am amazed, every time I pick up that book, at the culture of that era, in the spheres of the arts and intellect. What happened? It is as though people refused to let others be as great as that. Always, we find, in classes that approach aristocracy, resentments at those who are undeserving of the position and who abuse it. But, very well, redesign the structure of selection. But no, we have nothing. I don't see anything.

12/02/12
EVENING

I feel as though I betrayed myself. Tasted the jewel of the vagina and afterwards thrust myself into it with steady reverberations with episodes of rapid spasms. Did not orgasm. Was told my penis is of a quality width. It was a pleasant experience, yet, I found difficulty in expressing to her my sans love and the, no, not a single mention of the ghost, just an allusion to Ms. Delwiche and the impossibility of that realization. Just now, in a panic, I rushed to Amanda whereupon I found her apparently in a cloud of mental dizziness, yet seemingly capable of understanding what I verbally confessed, that being, I am, I must be, dedicated to the voyage leading to my ghost and that my rapid attraction to her was undoubtedly the result of my seven year inexperience of a woman's body. I had hoped that she didn't feel used and inquired if she at least enjoyed what occurred. Naturally enough, I questioned her state of being, expressing curiosity as to the well being of her condition. I was reassured and then thanked for the confessing honesty. I then departed and will visit her tomorrow to further discuss our tangling. As an aside note, the vagina was indeed seen under covers, if that counts for seeing at all.

12/05/12
EVENING

Just last night or the night before I was remarking unto myself how distant many facts about me seem. The departure from family, the pains of childhood, the pains of youthful angst, the pleasures of youthful angst—are all ancient. Truly, memory is a sad thing. Did you spend your passing vigor adequately and wisely? Some people spend it selfishly, seeking only for personal advantage and pleasure. Others perhaps spend it to find a person and place to spend the rest of their days in peace and rest. Still others, as a continuous bridge to more and more scenes by which to drain their vigor. Yet again, some for ceaseless questions into being and existence. Had sex with Amanda again. No orgasm for me, again. I feel as though I am tucked away into some hidden sphere. It is not so sure what it is I am reaching for, breathing for. At a juncture in my novel and find that the truth is a bit too young and naive. Reader, I am not sure you will guess the meaning of this and its meaning is of the utmost simplicity. I can't believe how addicted I still am to cigarettes. Planning on getting drunk tomorrow. I have yet to visit the arboretum, since I've returned to live in Davis. I may have hurt Amanda's emotions, who is not as attractive as I'd like her to be, with the reasons for my refusal to permit an actual relationship.

Expressed to her that she is not the intellectual and artistic woman I am looking for. But more in the sense that she was perhaps lacking these qualities, which was truly an unfair way of putting it.

12/06/12
EVENING

Sometimes you just have to enjoy the bath. If you happen to be drunk—chillz... chillz... chillz; submerge yourself into the hot water, put your hands in there... it's okay, leave the book on the ledge and—flirt with the forgotten ones. Right on, right on; good sentences you thought of while in the hot water, now get out, do some writing, go smoke that cigarette—oh! Be sure to put some clothes on. Then play video games. Maybe watch dr. Who. The Knicks did win without good ol' Carmelo Carmel and Amar'e ain't no sorry. :P :P :P :P :P

12/08/12
EVENING

When speaking with Amanda on the phone tonight I could picture her mouth, only half-filled with teeth, shaped now with pleasure, now with irritation, and then annoyance. I shivered with nausea. How can one not share in the shame of another's appearance. Days ago, Richard verbally pointed at the scar of my popped pimple on the recess of my nose and I cringed with embarrassment, while yet, he seemed to have enjoyed the opportunity to bewilder me with... ridicule? I remember in the past I used to excuse myself of an unpleasant appearance I presented, with the fact that I myself did not have to look at it, but lo! Is there no embarrassment for the other at having to spectate on such a sight. Dear, poor creature, you represent human possibility and verily, you have a heavy lot. The way in which you are treated is not adequately your fault, but neither is existing and yet, we bear it nonetheless.

12/15/12
LATE AFTERNOON

The abominable necessity for money-making for members of the youth, enralls them into the Continuous stirrings of the passions, for which the impetuous frustrations of these passions lends seemingly an unabated suffering. All the contracts requiring an obliging, which the youth have inherited from society, propel us into the world of desire and unfulfilled fantasy. I am apt to think that when one applies for a job, one is almost applying for the women of that job or, perhaps, the frustrations of desire for those women. I have learned that I am an idler from all the hither and thither for which I have been thrown upon. That, idleness is most apt to induce the happiness of my soul. Not the market career of constant sociability. Verily, just now, I have been debating whether I want to enroll my experience into seduction of women, in this instant, that mindy woman. Does not a man desire to practice seduction? And seduction is nothing other than presenting yourself as a delectable meal for woman, that tigress. But I am drawn with greater intensity to the career of my dreams, which, nevertheless, are so difficult to maintain in their full vigor, let alone in the work to transcribe their clamor. Owe this entry to R.'s sixth walk. Sociability requires a warrior, society, nay company, so eager to dictate your role. That woodland fiasco, so rapidly and eagerly regulated me to petty existence and yet, just the other night, I was obliged to entertain my necessity to focus on the feelings I surrendered others to.

LATE EVENING

I just may have smoked my last cigarette; things will become strange. Adieu.

12/16/12
EARLY EVENING

Humans have little practice with each other under the conditions of the state, uncertain whether individuals are to care for each other, or rather leave the caring to organizations; verily, a good many of them think it is criminal when organizations care for the destitute, for which a particular individual would rather see suffer, so as to further validate their personal values, which have no validation whatsoever by the state, for the state in itself is an empty vessel with no prejudice for the direction it sails. Or perhaps an individual would rather care for another individual, for the purpose of proselytizing them to further validate their personal values, which quite surprisingly has managed to live through the centuries in the form of family and private order, which is indeed what the family is.

12/17/12
EARLY AFTERNOON

I have yet to visit the arboretum since i've returned to Davis. I remember with fondness the solitary journeys I used to take there, with a book and diary, in order to elude the depression of existence and instill my lust for literature, with the inspiration of nature's beauty, for which it so graciously gives. I also remember with a jealous and pleasurable sadness the shrooming experiences I shared with my two greatest friends hitherto. There, in that arboretum, were three men dressed like little boys out to play, laughing with extreme gaiety in their encounter with existence. I have never felt such a lightheartedness in existing, as in my first year with orange tree apartments. Those are required days for every living human creature.

12/22/12
EARLY EVENING

Prior to being admitted to the world, I found no difficulty in playing with my mind and the objects given to me. Once admitted, however, it was as though there was an unhappiness with severing myself from the world as though sociability alone has those treasures and knowledge for the self, and that the self that feels and trots on, goes with suffering and pleasure. I've been playing xenoblade chronicles and enjoying it immensely. And how one becomes corrupted: spent forty dollars, nay, forty-one....on cigarettes. I am convinced the notion of work has been the greatest crime of the industrial era; everyone has to be considered for production at the age designated for production; there is no more that feeling of freedom for which things are simply done because they are enjoyed, and must be done, because they are enjoyed. Verily, it almost feels as though there are countless obstacles to prevent one from developing into the leisure 'work' force. And how is it that humans have it in their head, that an imaginative institution, called the family, is fit to educate, and that, really, is what raising is. And then there is the constituents of that other, not so imaginative institution, the state. I remember with horror my visit to disneyland whereupon I found myself lost from my family, yet surrounded by children of my age. Of course, how eager I was to engage with one of them, and play in this land of disney. But no, every parent with vicious force repelled and reprimanded their children from their curious glances and advances. It compelled me to tears of greater viciousness. The difficulty with everything I read is how to implement its influence on me into the affairs of my life. Is it that way with you too, reader?

12/27/12
EVENING

My sex drive is a wild dog with, at times, a vicious lock jaw. Let us practice the art of painting. The peculiarity of women is without bounds, their motives and feelings are question marks and their wanting of man a painful riddle. This woman is physically scarred from the hard and sad years of drug use, yet her body has managed to assemble a certain cuteness to it, no doubt after some laborious morning make-up. She is particularly proud of her expensive victoria secret push-up bra, which she was only too eager to display with a low chest cut shirt and a boy who severs himself from the lot of young adult males with a bit of grandpa attire amalgamated with casual business attire. The blue mao cap is nearly overtaken by the very curls it haphazardly conceals and the boy which harbors these curls goes completely oblivious of their endearment and goofiness into the market of sociability. His ever so grey, azure, slightly beaten up, unbuttoned v-neck cardigan—enough said. The two ex junkies, one scarred, the other, however, only learned how to gain weight, sit with a silent understanding that perhaps, they, do not have anything in common. One may appear embarrassed. The other, at the recognition of this, seeks its advantage to coquette with confidence. More embarrassment accompanied with the racing thought of briskly rising and striding away into a goalless maze, but no, that would be too unkind and he has endured harsher conversations and harsher silences.... What is this now, an emerging boner in meeting a conversation of sharing a bath. Yes, of course there is discomfort at the thought of it appearing, for he is indeed walking the downtown of a small town. Oh, thank the heavens, it manages to subside and subside again at each near eruption. Sex. What is the desire of fabrication. Does it provide comfort. Confidence. She used to let a dog lick her vagina and once it reached maturity, while she was having sex, the dog invaded and conquered her lover, took its turn upon her with an unforgiving bite, right upon her clitoris and would not release until beaten for some time by a two by four. How could this be true. I was given many good glances at this woman's vagina. Adieu.

01/03/13
EVENING

There are no guideposts for the manner in which to display the thoughts which reveal the self, my dear reader, and we are maybe left in awe at that which is chosen for relevance and that which, maybe, had to be chosen for relevance. No discerning whether we want intellectual notebooks or lost diaries. A lost diary is magic; it refreshens the vital organs of existence with the ever amazement of its appearance into a world that has gone through with itself without conceiving the magic, for which this new thing introduces. But, unfortunately, what could culture desire more than the simple reflection at bare value the happenings of the day. If Hegelian christians controlled the world we could very well be in a dangerous predisposition. I just don't grasp with good conscience the leap this hegel takes when he travels to the point of ascribing god's will as the fundamental prescription of the world spirit that finds its realization in the course of world history.

01/04/13
MORNING

I do not grasp the connection hegel makes through the establishment of the individual within itself and making its potentiality into actuality (the individual's freedom), to world history as the progress of the consciousness of freedom to, finally, the ultimate purpose, being god's aim with the world. In fact, the connection of the first two is easily acceptable, once it is understood humans are now, forever, destined unto each other in communion, however, to surrender human consciousness to aims of a supernatural being is highly absurd. "I cannot exist

independently of something external. I am free when I am within myself." And yet, Hegel, you continually subject the self to higher and higher orders of power. I find it almost incomprehensible to understand, "I cannot exist independently of something external." At first I take it to represent the self constantly in the totality of appearance, however, the consciousness within that totality of appearance is itself alone, verily, desolate of companions. And so Hegel makes this lonely fact the very definition of freedom and then gives it a purpose, nay, companions through world history/spirit and finally an eternal family, god. All of it total fantasy. No companions or eternal family exist. It is a consciousness seeking love. Oh, but child, Hegel would say to me, your coming my way to understand me? Why not go your own way to understand you? You certainly are not being within yourself. All the great movies from the sixties and seventies, the westerns, China Town, Mean Streets, are all about independent humans investigating the free ordeal of human communion. Too much family nowadays on television, that last obstacle to real free communion. It truly appears to be barbaric to compel a human to grow up in slavery, to then become momentarily free, only to find a partner for which to raise, themselves, slaves, which themselves go on to be slave owners. Or is there a deeper freedom to this American democratic order that is at first conservative? Because now the state provides for me, or, rather, the people. Because no matter how it is looked at, when there is democracy, there is no state. Public works and offices are people governed in order to prevent exploitation, and privatization is the individual governing for the profit of said individual.

01/07/13

EVENING

This afternoon as I was smoking a cigarette, I saw my roommate Jesse's friend Monica and her kids run by the terrace with their bikes in a most hurried manner so as to escape sighting by the other inhabitants here. You see, they are supposedly not as welcomed here by the authorities. In any case, I thought the sight very adoring and thought it deserved an adoring action on my part. To satisfy this need, I ran around the back on the other side, so as to meet them most surprisingly with a roar, but lo! I arrived a bit too soon and my roar met vacancy. Then Estella, the little girl, appeared only to see me standing there with my arms up and she was a bit surprised, perhaps confused, as to what I was doing, so I roared again and then was overtaken by Monica and her little boy Georgie. Of course they asked what I was doing and then Monica laughed a little at my running all the way around. Simple matter, I departed and then returned to my smoking area. Adieu till another time.

1/08/13

AFTERNOON

The mind is a precious organism and with metaphysics, one cannot have any success in it, if one does not dip the mind into the insanity of the abyss. All the categories of metaphysics must become uncomfortably real and pose themselves as prescriptions to madness in order for fortuitous ventures to be made. One must almost lose the last sense of comfort and must gain, demonstratively, the tearful yelling of despair, when reading the likes of Hegel and Kant. Streams of tears and sadness must pour forth from the being studying metaphysics, for all the truth was hitherto unknown and then, a desperate yearning for practicing existence must escape from the very brink of the solitude that has been earned from the unyielding exercise of the wildness that was lived. One must almost want and, verily, continually meet, the desire to die when confronting metaphysics.

1/11/13

EARLY EVENING

Today is the day of the three one's, but what does that mean! It is a sad story, a bit creepy a bit sweet. The night she was in sf singing and I! Crying and dreaming in Berkeley. If I were to see her tonight, I would be as scared as I have ever been and I could only hope that my happiness would carry me into her arms. This has been written in the seer style (halfway). I am driven with frightful madness to an unknown spectacle. The address is 1604 (11) pole line as found in the dirt.

1/12/13

AFTERNOON

I fled the party last night for the simple reason that, as I ventured to the coffee pot to retrieve that luscious folgers, a voice, not any from my own mind, found its way to my ears with the harsh command of, 'go home.' Now, naturally enough, I thought it still wise to attempt to give myself a cup of coffee and linger for a bit, but when I, with difficulty, struggled with the coffee pot, as it was one I had hitherto been not used to, and failed to retrieve a satisfying amount, I then found those words to be welcomed. So, I excused myself through the crowd, found the door and ventured off. I thereupon ended up in the cemetery to enjoy a systematically wavering walk, while listening to the few songs I own of that amazing ms. Delwiche. Now, of the people at the party. Typical comfortably secure hard rock punkers. I wasn't given much attention to, though a frenchman won some words from me, which then intrigued some of the others sitting nearby to ask for the story of my uc davis trouble. Told it and then was waved off with a hand. The music at some points had some entertaining elements, but the vocals were poorly set up and therefore, astounded the audience with extreme muffles. At one point while I was sitting outside, I overheard people joking about smoking peyote, truly ridiculous, at least be educated with your drug jokes, otherwise, these people expose the security and sheltered life that they have always lived in—and they're supposed to be punk rockers! Laughable! They only wear the disguise of social delinquents, save for maybe the occasional comfortable theft, as when the frenchman told me that in France he'd steal things and if he was ever apprehended with the question, 'are you going to pay for that,' he'd respond with an, 'of course', and sally on over to the counter with his large bucks. There can be no sincerity of genuineness, if there is no necessity goes one argument. They might say they are wise and playing the system, but that argument that I mentioned, will say they are fighting no war. Oh yes, these people want the payoff of american supremacy... and to look tough as they do it. oh... I brought the folgers coffee and I left it there as a gift, but unfortunately, they probably only drink quality fair trade, for they indeed they owned the brown coffee filters. One more point before the adieu, the frenchman told me that french surrealism and gide are old and irrelevant... his name was axel and he studies physics. See ya.

EVENING

I have so much pain and happiness and suffering and victory just crying out for attention and love. I feel abandoned and lost with the weight of alienation upon me. Also, I sense that I am years behind in what a self ought to be, yet a deep specialness to offer. What is my ghost suffering from and loving?

1/13/13

AFTERNOON

Every criminal, with a bit of dream to it, wants to be unique in their delinquency, and almost cringes at any similarity, or even an opposition that seeks to surpass itself. The sad fate of the crime is that it is utterly alone. Perhaps that is why there are bandits, they cannot live alone.

1/20/13
EARLY EVENING

How easily the dream completes the work, verily, with just a few brush strokes the whole novel and work are done and then... I want to reach for a book from another to find already written— my work. Today, prior to my departure to grocery outlet, I deigned to enjoy a cigarette with some tunes provided by my headphones when Francis, an old and decrepit looking creature, interrupted me, stole my attention, and asked if I was going shopping, as I had in my hand my grocery bag. I assured her that I indeed was, and she asked where and with what I was planning on getting. After I told her my desire for turkey burgers from Grocery Outlet, she, with slight aggression, informed me how she only buys meat from a real store. Naturally, I corrected her by letting her understand that Grocery Outlet is indeed real, as it is there. Well, this did not please her in the bit, and it confounded her to say so is hell. I wasn't about to have any of this irritable religious dialogue, so I waved her off with a look of conceit and put my headphones back into my ears. She wouldn't be refused so easily, though, and went on a tirade, or so I imagine, as I have my ipod volume appropriately high, for the length of approximately half a song. I did not give her the full force of my eye contact. It ended with her walking away with, I only imagine, great frustration. I then got on my bike and was only capable of venturing to the edge of the parking lot, when I realized, my very legs, were in no strength to steer my trusty steed: the road master.

1/26/13
EVENING

I doubt we'll see the likes of Flaubert or Stendhal again, at least ever existing in America. Culture is too crude in its everyday life to permit exuding deep feeling sentiments; and those who are caught doing so, are ostracized with the label creeper. There is no permission today to die over passion, it is thought wasteful.... what ever was I thinking of while I read, for which made me lug myself over here, oh yes... let's just start with that all day today and the night prior, I have been attempting to single in on the exact word brasidas used to define my unhappy social plight. Its equivalent is ----. It has bothered me immensely. In any case, I curiously wonder over my failure to snag a little creature called woman. Or rather lady, to be fair and honest. There are women who are thorough beasts. Okcupid contains a part of my online record to gravitate to one of these creatures, former creatures that is. I thought it would be entertaining to you, reader, to translate that record upon here as it could be useful to study the.... creeper. My childhood has been one constant motion of one activity to another. And as I am a dreamer, it became required of me to watch the dream's seed sprout, while performing these banal and relentless activities after another. So I have grown feeble, as the sentence was inadequately practiced. Oh you poor creature, they will say, reader, we harbor only the sedaris sentence and the song of fire and ice sentence. But rest assured, writer, they will say, reader, you are a bit too egotistical and high strung.
Adieu.

1/27/13
EVENING

It feels impossible to live up to my expectations and I sooner think it would be wise of me to die. Today, as I was smoking a cigarette, I compelled a fart and so, unfortunately, and to my embarrassment, a great deal of liquid poop excreted out my butt. Verily, it went through the beach chair I was sitting on and left a sizable puddle underneath. I cleaned up myself and

thought it good to ignore the problem of the chair and puddle and because of this goodness of mine I had the—enjoyable? Experience of witnessing Richard in the chair I liquified with my poop. To be fair, I didn't have enough time to warn anyone or clean up my mess. I feel as though he was aware of this and wanted me to enjoy whatever judgement is befitting one who poops liquid onto chairs and ignores the great dirtiness it gives to others. Lately, i've been overcome with love at saying how incorrigible I am.

1/28/13

EVENING

I feel desolate. Soon I must give a speech of thy self and I know not whether it is my body or my mind's judgement that is falling short of the story. I know the likes of me, I read them in my novels; and the lot of them did their duty—suicide. How fortunate for dear society! Whatever keeps me from the doors, you ask, my dear reader. Perhaps it is that good ol' resentment reversed in order. O! Such high thoughts I have of myself. And just four hours ago I had sex! It was a nice way of exhausting my body for sure, but no other treasure belonged to it, if one can even call the body's exhaustion a treasure.

1/31/13

EVENING

Ms. Delwiche, how many sad warriors have you sent off to experience that nautical romance you so much cherish? Do you too, feel that your experiences are being accounted less for, society, generally being too much in love with their own selves? And where do you permit these warriors to find comfort? Why, no doubt, within their own selves, you being that too severe INTJ that you are. Every night, Lady Katherine, is a deep thought about you. . . and me. To think that I am so deeply yours and yet, you are so deeply opposed to me, drives me to the superior limit of a schism between ideality and reality—it is madness and the accompany anger goes without saying. One could almost murder in this state, but fear not, my dear rectress of witches, I am a Werther and not that last lover of carmen.

2/08/13

EVENING

I am happier when I read than when I write, as there is no mirror when writing. When reading, the stirrings of your chosen work moves you to enlighten your very interior with a sunshine you know no where else to find and, conversely, when writing, you have only yourself, unlit and motivated by who knows what pain. Only the nineteenth century speaks of passion as master craftsmen, save a few gifts in the twentieth century. Women. The pain in living with others and the tumult of this force: sociability, makes woman such a treat to find alone for the confession of the severe depth I have acquired. To get her alone and naked, with coquettish words of survival and encouragement to meet the tempest with vigor, is the sole reason of my existence. Just today, I fantasized what i'd sexually deliver to the beautiful Danae. And then my memory reminded me that I am to be in mourning, or, at best, striving for the hopeless love of ms. Delwiche and, to be thoroughly honest, that ghost who has evaded me so successfully. Can anyone re-live a dream from childhood—and i'm speaking to you, lion dreamers. To return to that robust state must be my goal.

2/11/13

EVENING

What made that beautiful rectress of witches so special? In my breast I have a second mind, and verily, she caused madness in both my minds. Is it possible to meet, in this work-trodden

maze of life, a rival? There is so much work to be done, so much exploitation to surrender to if I am to emerge into the realm of exchange.... and is it true that I am manipulating thoughts of virtues to exercise? And passions to direct? Heavens have mercy on this existential saint! Comfort...comfort—and profit! Goes the tale of daily excursions. Oh! Is it so true: the grotesque quality of everyday life conceals a real misery of the passions. And is it also true, that perhaps, my flaws departed her mind the moment I entered the room she occupied? I can only dream. How is it that she can embrace me so tenderly, as a mother has never embraced a child yet, nay lover! And then—forsake me so severely! This! The tale of the heights of DEATH.

2/27/13

MORNING

It was as though I had fallen into the cloudless sky at the zenith of the azure hour, nay, it was as though I embarked on a dangerous nautical voyage on that magnificent beast of an ocean that is her eyes, to the abysmal depths of her soul, and when she stole away from our reciprocal peering, it was as though the tempest shipwrecked me upon a desolate wasteland destined to the worst of destitution.

3/09/13

DRUNK EVENING

I'm an introvert, my tears don't drop on my cheeks. Well, it's been some time since i've rested here. The last few days i've been thinking of that desolation of the, always, unknown circumstance. Every writer, before they write of the despair of madness, must, just must, run through those unnamed sentiments, with occasional sentences emerging from underneath the clouds, only to re-emerge into the depths of those very clouds, before they write with brisk clarity, all those cloud dwelling feelings. Heavens grant mercy to the oft-mistreated merlot! Especially if it happens to be a chilean merlot, oh those chileans. No one cares if I am a writer or mild life-dweller. The simple revolutions of sun and moon and the jealous energetic passions of others, continuously seeking and finding gratification, will endure and always endure. My missing rainbow will, of course, just as easily, find its disconnected and alienated destiny. The difficulty with paranoia and my misinterpretations is: that it attributes justification to fortunate circumstances where, in truth, there is no support. A classmate said I was an investment . . . by the state/people? But her legs didn't spread!—grotesque self! The existential saint looking for connections. There's been relative success with great exertions and brainless failings with the school. I am making some friends. Saving up money for a wii u, for me u; it is not a pee u. Oh, self! Why did you need to write these retainers in? Interestingly enough, for those who cared for my face recognition problems, I mistook grocery outlet's marisol for another, the other day; and today, I nearly tripped grocery outlet's lauren, because I thought she was grocery outlet's tarina! —so jerk of me! Really though, I am a jerk, especially when I have no reason, nay, desire to be one. Just thought of my hoarse voice excelling its volume when I yelled, years ago . . . today, that I thought the music sucked. I then corrected myself, with great poverty, that, 'I didn't really hear it.' Shortly afterwards, I saw the gorgeous ms. Delwiche emerge and lavish for a length of time farewells to a many by-stander, while I, remained fixated upon her, with those sentences running through my mind, "Leave me the fuck alone, I'm not interested!" And just today I saw her photo of her with her precious cat (I hope she named it charlie) and I nearly went into a tempestuous frenzy—both times. Confusing sentence, you ask? Good ol' chileans, with their merlot.

3/10/13

AFTERNOON

I need to revise my sentiments of desiring rewards or, rather, pleasures. So be it if I have only my mind, memory, and daydreams. If I find someone to share them with and they enjoy it, fortunate me! But I don't deserve anything. I got lucky with state assistance and have had troubled and abusive relationships in the past, but I too have caused trouble and given abuse. So it goes with the exchange of wanting, desiring and giving. Everything is indeed okay, albeit the uncertain future, nevertheless, I am working and striving for something: a professional career and a literary past time.

3/11/13

AFTERNOON

Each time I read Hegel, my very individuality dissolves to confront the purpose of American society and the whole of that very individuality, through the stages of its development in this American society, with the effects of disrupting the very purpose of my intentions and instilling a most guilty sentiment over my existence. It leaves me wanting to know the very truth of things and what others take to be the truth of things; and then, whether all are in league to disrupt or promote or ignore my being. But, however high or however low one goes, in the end one ends with the duty one has prescribed themselves. I have food awaiting me, perhaps a pending walk, and school work to debate procrastinating. Whatever goes on in the minds of beautiful women? It's as much as asking what a pretty flower thinks.

5/09/13

EVENING

The day of the earth
is the day of mothers too,
may love flow forth
from the men who are hard
back to the nature that is tied together.

Mary lou, you gave me some pretty too. And now, Mary lou, you are about due,
for a love letter.

May it make you better.

For, Mary lou, how sweet it was, when together we dined
for our better good on sweet food,
and walked away feeling quite fine.

And Mary lou, how we cleaned that goo and afterwards, reclined
to the couch glued
to Disney so refined.

Mary lou, how you watched me grow, but boy how away I ran
As an adult with things I did not have... I stole
to wine so fine—so that I can...

make a sentence easily flow, as out of a tempestuous fan.

Mary lou, destiny is surely a flu.

For when I am overcome with sickness

without a good grandmother named Mary lou, to take care of my greatness...

but there we were, I as a child,

so silly and wild,

with Mary lou,

taking part in me too.

Mary lou, our farewells it is time to do, for you did not grow old,
but gave me too
the strength to be told.

5/18/13

AFTERNOON

What really prevents me from writing is the deficiency in vociferously charged linguistic coherence —but let's step away from aspirations of vanity... for just a bit. If I were sincere with my honesty, in the affairs of literature, there would be an unbound nakedness to the details of my life. Is it a surprise at all, that I am never invited by the society that is prevalent, and am instead forced to discharge my anxiety and despairing self-esteem, to enter into the lives of others, at the risk of engaging in events that do not welcome an intellect that wants to dissect Hegelian thought. What is this ridiculousness to my life, verily, let us say aspirations to vanity. I have a crush on a beautiful check-out lady at grocery outlet and despaired today over listening to her tell me of how she met a really cute boy at a birthday party, after she informed me I should have invited her earlier to my birthday party. But what good would such things be for one who is associating with others that harken my alcoholism. I am on the teeter totter of decisions to Godliness, or a hopefulness to be bound to a woman. On one hand is real possession to the lives of others and comfortable love affairs, and on the other, myself as a God misplaced upon human society. There is not one alive today more mad, egotistical, despaired, and attached to vanity more than I am. Because it hasn't been written here, yet: this is the breakdown, pun intended: insanity is the utter lack of lucidity; crazy is the exaggeration of hysteria; madness is the schism between ideality and reality with a tinge of anger accompanying it. When I wrote this on a wrapped up refrigerator, I received no praise, verily, was asked what the hell it meant. I told them they first had to experience the breakdown—liar! My ringtone is a beautiful piece of lyricism from Angry Children. Just released a sigh deeper than the depths of Noah's ark.

6/19/13

EARLY EVENING

I feel as though I am a pleasure seeker, one who wants immediate results without giving any due process. I talked to my psychiatrist and we assured each other that I would bind myself to greater appreciation and love of myself through such focus on: exercising, drinking less, quitting smoking, and lessening my sexual thoughts. I have done three of the four, and because I have done three of the four, my sexual appetite has increased. The heavens have little mercy on me. I digress. I felt inspired to jot some things on paper, because I have just stepped away from V. Wolfe's a room of one's own, where I then descended into K. Delwiche's observation of barflies. If one were to set one above the other, I'd prefer the latter. I sense, there I am, deep in the background of her observation of barflies, granted, albeit, that I haven't picked up pebbles with my toes, yet. I am on day 21 without a cigarette and reading today has really soothed me. I feel a bit more at ease and soon I'll enjoy the monetary rewards of not smoking, encouraged already, though, through the participation of a payday loan. Ever since I was child I demanded immediate results and was confident in my deserving of them. Hear me! Whatever demon has possessed me?! I feel as though I comprehend K. Delwiche a bit more thoroughly, now. She's not simply an object of my desire anymore, but rather, a hard working and deep feeling artist; verily, one who will judge severally, as I have had the displeasure of learning with difficulty. Does anyone else find the human condition odd? Where I have needs and ambitions, but so does my fellow, and yet, they are not brought any closer to me, despite it. I'm talking to K. Tidrick and her focus is on true deseverance with exercise, sunshine and a feeling of purpose. When I dreamt of my purpose, it was always walking through nature's beauty, alone, and struggling with how to

phrase a thought or emotion. This was years ago, many years ago. Now, I find myself fantasizing about a wife and child, or even the wildness of my earlier youth. Sentences bring me great pain, yet I want nothing more than to make them. After re-evaluating what I have jotted down, I must confess, there are many times and many times yet to come, where I fantasize about K. Delwiche, but after revisiting her writing she appears different now, like someone who is perhaps not invested in affairs like layman are. I never looked at her this way when I apprehended her presence. I think I looked at her as though she were someone I comprehended. I'm also reading Hume's treatise on human nature and have seen that the first impressions of my youth, where I met so much success with my peers, through the simple activity of talking, avoiding, dreaming and playing has hindered me for while, for while I enjoyed the benefits of society with my peers, my home life was a wreck and there was no growth of person accepted there. So where artists may have grown up as artists, I am simply one who steals into the library to gather this and that and take it with me into action. The only problem, however, is that now, as that one glorified in her observation of barflies, is that I want myself. What gives the human condition its comedy, Christians, may well say, shame, or is it the sexual appetite or the consciousness. Is there ever a single artist mentioned in the Christian book? A writer other than the writer of said Christian book? I feel it sounds a bit corny, but the first history of consciousness has simply been its participation in action. Perhaps, K. Delwiche can forgive me a message or two that I sent. I finally own the Wii U. I sold Xenoblade chronicles for 96 dollars and have intentions of purchasing it for whatever price I happen to purchase it for. I am finding myself being drawn into anime and now I want to investigate manga. I feel I wrote a very interesting preface to part two of my memoir. I can't be sure every word in it is purposeful, but one must go forth nonetheless, examinations can be made later. I loved the little truth I learned from N. Gaiman: you never learn how to write a novel, only the novel you are writing. Now I'm thinking about relationships and how surprising it is that people get together, when one must consider all the needs and ambitions of themselves in alignment with an other with all their ambitions and needs. What ever could be the sentiment and thought of someone reading that which when I read it, embarrasses me?

6/27/13

EVENING

It is a pain when you want people; people that when you look at them, you know it is right that they are before you. That when they speak to you, you feel their words and not simply hear them. When music plays in the background, you all feel elated that you are listening to the conversation while at the same time paying attention to the music and making a comment together on it while in conversation. I'm tired, in some sense, of the homestead population. But there is no way by which I know how to get 'out there.' I am restless when I begin to drink, and I am escaping when I am sober. I work, read, and play, but not too favorably.

7/12/13

AFTERNOON

Today, I went to target in the hopes of purchasing the snark sn-6 ukulele tuner, but could not find it, refused to ask for assistance, and then walked into the wii section where I hovered for a bit, until I then walked out the way I came in, which was quite discomfoting for it was somewhat in the women's section. While waiting for the bus I went through a barage of psychological reasonings of how it would be interpreted and at last simply settled for not wanting to announce to anyone, that I have a ukulele, or describe the kinds of music I'm into or hope to create, because that is the journey I will be embarking upon. Afterwards, I pondered this social order of ours and how it is that people justify their existence within it. Capitalism, working, money, all

these things and then women and sex and art and literature and music and desires and hopes and pride and self-value. I'm afraid people are watching me, judging me and then trying to tell me i'm not worth anything. It always scares me when I encounter people saying survival of the fittest, as if there is some secret order trying to eliminate loners. I digress. I was thinking on my walk back to my apartment, about what I meant with rousseau and hegel, of how when one considers the essence of the self in its individual existence and then how this meets the social order. How we take ourselves first and then the others next. But then I guess there are manipulators and people who need to be amongst others. I have felt and I will feel; and I just want to put it out there for others to feel. I see that as the beauty of music and literature and philosophy. It is interesting, I always remembered riding in a car with my dad and hearing the song, 'old man look at my life i'm a lot like you,' and then today I saw an old man, but I didn't feel that way, I felt that perhaps there is something newer and fresher happening than how it happened many years ago. I'm just waiting for my ukulele and I don't have a tuner and I am afraid to tune it by ear, cuz I don't trust my mind and i'm afraid to ask my friend brad about the ukulele. Also, I'm debating whether I want to start trusting my mind and roll with it, so that I teach myself to tune by ear and then, not even worry about buying a tuner. We'll see.

7/19/13

EARLY MORNING

Writing is like a self-inflicted wound, the most dangerous form of self-laceration. After completing a powerful sentence, a deep incision into the soul, one must heal.

7/25/13

MORNING

In my journey to wholeness, I must permit the workings of the outside world to take a subordinate role to feeling. Instead of gushing down the stream of official academic achievements, I am to take the time to lose myself in reveries that bring me pain, fear and desperation, in the hopes that I can translate all those sentiments to expressions on paper and noises that exude from my recently purchased ukulele. It is difficult to retain all the force of all those causal connections from thoughts, judgements, and valuing; but through enough feeling, enough suffering, some small thing ought to be capable of reaching out from that hidden space, that is the depth of dasein, into the tangible existence of extension. I find myself often trying to unravel the thoughts and motives of my peers, in order to better see myself and it is always a frightening task, because now freedom doesn't seem so virtuous anymore, at least from the judgements of social propriety. But to feel and give oneself over to feeling is almost a crime against order, propriety, and duty and that while I give myself over to it, I will be encountering the opposition of freedom and the aforementioned orders. Feeling, and doing that which lends one feeling, may not be so favorable to justice. It is odd that I find it worthwhile to lend the other love from myself while yet.... lost the thought. Here's hope to an abundant fall and winter.

7/27/13

LATE EVENING

An episode in Katherine reveries: I was ensnared to look upon her boobs and fell into the wonder of how big her islands were, for which were mounted the searchlights that peered into the distance to guide me to the bosom of safety. Only, I wasn't ready for home, just yet.

7/28/13

MORNING

Long forgotten dog, do you understand your murder, it was my fault, long forgotten dog, do you understand why you're in the ground, it was my love.

7/29/13

AFTERNOON

The present is the seed of the flower's bloom that will be the future in a manifested presence and the blossom of the flower that is the past in a manifested wilting. It is the temptation of its splendid display and goes deep to redeem the roots of its abyss. Hope is something ridiculous.

7/30/13

MORNING

Katherine S Delwiche: no witch doctor is required to see in these letters arranged the name of warrior and goddess. My soul freezes each time the alphabet happens to be arranged in this configuration; earth has suffered millenniums to create this configuration, and I am next to it. The name is mellifluous and severe; capable of giving the greatest tenderness, but quick to deliver cold severity. Receiving either is a tremendous honor, one hopes for both. Sounding off this name one forgets that from almost time immemorial, women were in yearning for a room of their own; one forgets women were fragile, subjects and suffering free spirits. Katherine S Delwiche, rings my admiration and fantasy. It is a name I sound when I want to look into the depth of creative powers, into the surface of creative beauty. I wanted to buy a bottle of wine yesterday and drink, but per my doctor's orders, I chose not to. But naughty me! I found a stash of the utmost greatest drug KSD. Yes, I know it is odd that I am saying it is a drug and yet I want to get drunk, but I am excited with both, I mean, I used to mix and match in the past, why not do so now. Alcibiades: she thinks you're a Dionysian poet. Werther sulked in a blush that betrayed a sense of despair and conflict in confidence. She has been caught saying that if one is a writer they are going to write something, anything, everyday. Also, she seemed to suggest that what one does one does for the joy of it and that if one is doing something for which no joy is to be got, then one should quit and transfer energies to things that are enjoyed. But, I can't say I am enjoying or at least always enjoying life (I do play video games and enjoy a good anime on occasion). And having seriously contemplated suicide at times, I have always seemed to find reasons to continue to live. So it is with writing; I find it so painful at times, because it is no more than my feelings that are erupting from out my being, which then finds their way on paper and at times my feelings are merely only capable of convincing my body to wrap itself up in a comfortable blanket (which is not always at hand) and shed dry tears (which often is laughter at some thought that really cannot be found to be funny by the general public, however, after one has spent so many years shedding wet tears one is almost spent on that expression.). Now, speaking of spent, I imagine the sensation of laughter wrapped in a blanket will someday be spent and I'll either be writing or laying quietly on a sofa, or maybe—. How did Aristotle's body express its sentiment after a thought, for it was said the man did not like to sleep and instead enjoyed laying on a sofa spending the hours thinking. I'm sure he was just as mad as me, laying still, staring at some thing for which he has no consciousness of, and sporadically erupting with laughter and sighs. Oh, the workhorses of life, sure must think we are strange. National disability project: democracy was not about destroying aristocracy, it was about opening the gate of aristocracy to everyone. We won't talk about capitalism.

8/09/13

EVENING

What obsession rests here. Unfortunate being! I have left a copy of this, with my dream thinking, and surrealist literary, accompanied by the movie the girl who leapt through time on a flash drive in the kitchen drawer of Logan W. Greene. Poor soul has a difficult duty to fulfill.

The last few days I have felt extremely lazy and incapable of retrieving from my mind those letters of appearances, for which I placed myself upon in Arizona. But something's going to come out nonetheless. The opportunity to unleash a stream of consciousness amongst an unknown one, met with a better behavior, so to say. My social anxiety prevented me from interacting and I just watched and listened. I took some pictures and talked about how back in 1849 . . . insert silly remark on Tucson territory here. More later. Maybe.

oh... wait.... can I call it a mid-life crisis? Where identity has fled after waking up from an incredible dream. Where the dream was so identified with the self, that having woken up, it realizes that it has no sensible place in the actual world. Really, I just wanted to imitate and apply the opening lines of all said and done-Simone de Beauvoir.

8/18/13

EVENING

I have been finding it extremely difficult to emerge from my bed. I lay there submerged deep in my memory, searching for energy. I feel so much despair and just days ago I was drinking and laughing with my friends. During such festivity, I enjoyed hearing them say how much of a bad memory some of them have. I don't remember anything, least of all, what I write. I am the perfect Toyota. I have a sentiment that some people are prevented by society from being productive. Learned of Concerta and took an online self-evaluation for add/adhd and scored high for attention deficit and impulsivity and what surprises me, is that I am convinced my psychiatrist is well aware of me possessing this mental handicap and every time I requested medical assistance it has been denied. Both by Dr. Caldwell and Dr. Villamor. It is upsetting, because I am far from being productive in anything. I suffer so much emotional and mental strain, before I am able to do anything that I want to do. This, with my personal affairs, and my "being-for-the-other" affairs. Interestingly enough, on this online self-evaluation it was stated that one must experience this productivity in two affairs, the home life, and then the work/school life, in order to be diagnosed with the disorder and thereby given medical assistance. So someone without a stable being-for-other is going to have a hard case to make for medical assistance. Oh well, been sufferin' since '83'. I told my friend Josiah how badly I wanted to have really, really good sex and he made it known he too requires such a thing. What good are you Facebook! Bout to watch some True Blood and some anime, oh, totally forgot during this whole day about Star Trek and Netflix and Farscape. I came into possession of a farmer's hat, a lovely little piece of clothing it is, if I may say so myself. I will put it to good use, come Tuesday, with farm to mouth. I coulda swore I overheard Deanna say, rather loudly, I wanna fuck Charles. Had no idea what to do with that, so I just continued to sit in my seat downstairs, until I decided I could no more wait to defecate. While wiping my butthole (dear heavens Charles!) she yelled goodbye everyone. Sad thing this Christian life is. Maybe everyone lives Romanly, except for me. I do not know what is going on here. I am just sad. Like all the emo people. Diaries were once profitable, but seriously, who says of themselves, yes I spend my early hours in the morning reading the dozen volume set of Gide's journals or the voluminous set of Stendhal's journals and, I guess, Camus received some praise too.

9/07/13

AFTERNOON

long time fan, first time surveyor. Upon entrance, I was seized with suspicion by the pink ridden woman, who might of had some relation to Princess Bubblegum. I wasn't sure how crafty she

would be with her pokemon, oh wait.... thank god, x/y are not yet out to seize us all. So i relaxed my posture and approached her to explain my rpg requirements, for which then it was that i came into contact with her pink claws; she slashed at me gracefully and grabbed my trade-in products, and because it was graceful, I decided not to complain, but internally I was gorging out blood. My heart was sinking in its own fluid. Although i knew what to expect, she surprised me when she exclaimed that tales of the abyss would not be found in the store today. In the distance, children were talking rather annoyingly about the discomforts of the wii u controller, but I saw through there lies, it was blatant they were envious of the majesty that is nintendo. They talked of assassin's and of their dad's outside waiting to buy their M rated game, but that party companion that destroyed giygas years ago, Sylvia Pink, drowned these children's clatter with soothing sounds and wise sentences "I pre-ordered my wii u". I was then asked a very important question about reserving games, which I thought of two particularly. Then we chit chatted about this and that, car problems, bus schedules, how drunk i got last week, oh wait, no, I digress. And then she told me of this survey thing, and i thought oh yeah cool, I've heard about this and then I asked her what one gets for completing these things (thinking that i'd get like a discount on my next purchase, totally radical, i know)... she told me: you'll be entered in a drawing for some gift card prizes.....

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OHHHHHHH

and at that i was out!! so yo, tell her to find me on facebook, yeah, give her my number too, yo, tell her I don't always pay my phone bill cuz i'm buying video games. I have adhd. Yo!!!!

10/13/13

I can always rely on ms. Delwiche's writing to deliver me unto the severity of complete stillness, to be shaken with the superior limits of feeling. Her expressions are always articulated to the fullest. She takes you to perfect places, places that are home. And how am I supposed to feel about these trespasses. I compare it to that first time that I went to work while high on marijuana. Internally I feel superior and relaxed and comfortable and aware and one, but externally, are watchful eyes and systems that are witnessing my transgression, but unable to say anything of it for the simple reason that I am not betraying anything. Although, I can't let her know these things, because I am not welcomed by her—also I am much her weaker—I don't think I can imagine a more perfect being. In any case, like being high on the job, afterwards, I am able to run out to friends and share the experience. So it is that I have made the blog cognitive saplings known to my friend Josiah, who I think is a very pleasant person, albeit very upset at myself for not shutting him down when he asked if ms. Delwiche would be his girlfriend when I introduced him to her music, how can I pretend like I own her choices! In any case, I feel a little bit more—. My neighbor Amanda just interrupted me and we had a relaxing chat about this and that. What did I say to her? I remarked to her of my interest, that at one time I used to be very concerned with getting high and now I take medication and have quarrels with myself over just the desire to smoke marijuana. I question my reasons for these things and feel a lot of pressure to refrain from sensuous substances. Perhaps at the time, I used these substances so I could feel love in my life. Perhaps I used these substances, so I could feel easier to interact with. Perhaps I used these substances, because I didn't have psychiatric care. The world is indeed different and it is up to me to find my new place in it. I am still obsessed with ms. Delwiche, but I have no notion of her current state and probably will never be allowed to know. I should probably read the electric kool aid acid test and understand what my forbearers of sensuality felt in regards to the use of substances. It's weird, no one questions the gratification of eating. But the gratification of elevation is hotly debated. Just this last week I encountered someone who would refuse to give money to homeless persons, because he felt they didn't deserve to drink or get high.

10/14/13

ON A FELLOW NAMED "BROOD", AND HIS DISRESPECTFUL TREATMENT OF FLOORMATS

So you know the place i speak of... It's mostly warm, sometimes dark, and inhabited by the annoying and sniveling man known as "Brood". Brood, right little motherfucker that he is, comes and goes as he pleases. He doesn't wipe his feet, and you can't decide whether to be excited about this or really bummed out about it. You don't know whether to have empathy for your welcome-mat or your carpet/wood-floor. And you don't know whether having the poor bastard's measly footprints all over your maple stomping ground is worse than having your welcome-mat read, "welcome home, sludge", when read as if it were one of those sentences formed by way of reading half words and half little pictures (they used to have those in those kids' magazines in the doctors' office and dentist office waiting rooms, and they used to have pictures of umbrellas and such. You would phonetically say the word that the picture brought to mind in conjunction with the letters and half-words and whole-words surrounding it. Oh christ, what were they called? And dear god what was that magazine called?), or the other way around. Do you like overtly-wordy sentences? I do. Anyway, my point, which has devolved into something to which capitalization does not frequent, is something along the lines of this: you can choose whether Brood is a welcome guest or not, and frankly there aren't many times when he really should be (especially since it was he himself who thought he was welcome in the first place, and not you). Brood won't listen if you tell him nicely, so it is up to you and up to me to chuck whatever we can at him (socks, hairspray, violins, whatever) until he leaves. Also, you can lock the door to Brood, and they make these nifty things that you drill into your door that allow you to lurk whoever's knocking and either deem them worthy of entry or not. Lock your door, dudes, and if Brood knocks, tell him to take a hike and don't waste your good river-stick by giving it to him for a walking-stick.

There is a reason why I prefer continental thought and virtue and society. In continental life there are no imaginary social prisons where people are quick to isolate you here or there, almost always a place of a willingness for redemption. And, there is the free order of one's wits. The lafcadio adventure. Where one's passion and heart are given gentle love. Society is no doubt unfair and never inviting. I have to steal my way in, because I am escaping, escaping my perfect solitude that hurts and loves and destroys. I am also escaping those that steal into my solitude, escaping those that surround me, so as to search for good humans—to steal. . . into. You beautiful rectress of witches, I am a brood and it hurts to have you say it, I am unjust and evil and vicious in. . . gentle love. I feel as though my life is one in which I was drafted into some war of which I know nothing of.

11/09/13

AFTERNOON

Damn, that description of brood really carves deep into my soul the extreme limits of soreness and sorrow. Not so long ago I emptied three bottles of wine, exchanged sentences with my youngest brother, texted incomprehensible sentences (mostly) to ms. Delwiche, and then. . . madly intoxicated i dialed a number hoping to beam through the electro waves heavy onto her lap and thank the devil I didn't for surely I would've been slapped! I encountered a voicemail that probably had some very important message for me, but I was so damn drunk I couldn't make out the syllables of each and every word and in the room of which I occupied were electro screams and screeches of dance sounds invading my attempt to pay attention. Let's hope strattera and sobriety strike a happy and productive chord with me. My family is trying to drag me into their clutches again and I won't let it happen! They're not family, they're prison guards

and torturers. I was supposed to run today. May tears bring me deliverance and peace. On my side of comfort is that I have been forgotten and dismissed.

12/04/13
EVENING

Think of all the quarters in the world, my love, and the likelihood of coming upon the same quarter twice; that's the luck I have to win your heart. The long march of life is full of these unborn dreams, ceremoniously captured by every penny thrown out. There goes my love, to be buried and forgotten into the earth. But, my heart will not sink and I am cowered into a corner to lick my wounds, driven to madness by the shadows, a broken soul put out onto the streets, but everyone carries on by ignoring the emergency. An ambulance only goes to where it is called, which is always a home.

12/16/13
LATE EVENING

What a wonderful picture of despair I paint for our 21st century. Sitting cross legged for hours, between a screen that turns a 2008 macbook into a desktop and a mattress resting on the floor, I peruse Craig'slist in the hopes I can find some woman willing to give immediate gratification. The pleasures of social life are unravelling to exciting degrees and I sit sending messages to bots and picture collectors hoping to find some kind of connection and love in this world. All the people in the world who are drinking and laughing with one another while stealing a glance from some intoxicated woman, for whom they plan to sleep with that night and of which to give no care at all that I am alone in a sad bedroom, pained with sadness and rejection and stigma. Cars will swerve tonight as some drunkard cries out in ecstasy at the blowjob he is getting, other cars will have a sing along, all going somewhere protected with pleasure. All oblivious to the alienation I endure. I am forgotten by people whom once shared laughs with me and some years later, from now, they will say with a sort of repugnance, a repugnance because I was given perhaps too much respect and allowance then, that I haven't been thought of by their memory in those years that have gone by. And nothing will make the dull hours go by easier, where pent up energy and need go without want, and uncared, sans caressed. Meanwhile, this merely a surface, deep in the breast and the mind of my madness, the mind suffering, is an ill ruptured desire to give a gift to humans to energize their social humors, their solitary thoughts, their forgotten dreams. It is this purpose that makes me feel that I deserve to be loved, hugged, vaginally squeezed, but not a single woman or human knows how to ask for these unwritten stories, or to give them the patience to see their completion fail, like an enervated orgasm. Oh well, I suppose there is a purpose to the cruel joke of pornography. I put on a suit tonight and was caught dancing by a lonely obese woman, I apologized to her for it. Who thinks of her pleasure?

12/17/13
EVENING

No, nothing makes the passage of energy go by easier when that energy is overflowing with desire for the embrace of another out of reach, but, one can find solace in those who embrace from a distance, even when, perhaps, they had had no thought of you when originally creating their work. ms. Delwiche symbolizes the best qualities I love in woman: nautical woman. It was about three years ago that she went into the maze that is voyage and journey to establish a home or at least a pointer to a home. She made me feel like I participated in her adventures of new found self, even though she rejected me, nay, it was because she rejected me and

continued forward, that I also continue forward, have continued forward, despite the pain that keeps me lurking her. I browsed the fellow boys on okcupid in search of maybe a male friend here in Davis, but, my goodness, I did not find any of these Davis okcupid males to be any kind of attraction—appearance wise and emotionally and intellectually, well, maybe some struck me with a possible companion chord, but not quite deep enough. I digress from this. The greatest difficulty I feel I will have in life is denying the gratification of sensory pleasure. In the past, I had indulged as a way to kickstart my dream and intellectual prowess and now I take medications that supposedly do the same thing, but the moments for which there is an over-abundance of energy that keeps me from being still and patient in a bedroom, the moments when one feels. . . horny—that dirty energy, those moments where drugs served as a substitute to a woman's body are going to be difficult to satisfy. I feel so estranged from culture. The manner in which these peers of mine solicited themselves was quite dejecting and full of painful embarrassment and sadness. I wonder if I strike those chords amongst particular others. I digress from this. I am so thankful of coal beautiere for putting their song creepy addicts on an online chord chart database. It was this song I go to when I feel an urge to reach out and strike sounds with my ukulele. It'd be nice if ms. Delwiche let herself become famous enough to where she'd put the chord charts of her songs online, or maybe I could just become a better listener—no, that's too hard, I like far too much to talk. I digress from this. I texted her earlier and then went and read her blog and felt solace and comfort, as can be gathered from what was said earlier.

12/19/13
EVENING

i am bathed in contradictions and it is because i am almost always being denied the graceful pleasures of sexes. The comedy of errors can only endure for so long before it becomes brutally despairing, as in the case of a raskolnikov. I don't have the best suit of life or the most promising talents, but i'm genuine enough to have desires and feelings that reach out even when they aren't being asked for. I am a little mad/insane, but i will exercise my prerogative? Of the equation that behavior is a function of personality and environment; and my environment has been a little too rough, at times. It might be made too much aware that beggars can't be choosers, but i'm hoping for an acceptable embrace from this ad and some kind of joy in the reciprocation that i hope to find. I'm hesitant to post my number and we know how all these bots work. So let's just ask that you provide a picture that will give me a general idea as to your appearance and a little of what you like to talk about and then a number by which i can text you. Thanks for reading. Hope to hear from some of you out there.

THIS IS MY CRAIG'S LIST AD. HOPE IT HELPS ME.

She opened me her eyes and it was as though I had fallen into the cloudless sky at the zenith of the azure hour. It was only then that I felt the bottommost depths of serenity, but it was too soon for perfection, for she stole back this man's perfect serenity, and it was as though I fell for eternity, like the human tragedy, from the grace of God. Afterwards, I didn't hear anything she said. Her hand lent me the directions to my destination, by extending itself arm length towards the restaurant, for which was to be our's, McGough and I, destination for lunch, and for which she then very elegantly shook her hand into a many revolutions of an orbit, revealing the glamor of her beautiful medieval bracelets, singing the sound of galaxies, so as to captivate my glance, as though she were shaking my soul with severe frenzy, in great anger at the injustice I had just committed, of having looked into her eyes to achieve the greatest religious awakening.

12/25/13
EVENING

After days of obsessive madness in the framework of internet dialogue I rest a little bit secure in my relationship of one. I suppose it is not too bad of a lot, where I am able to interrogate the invisible core of my being. That tyrant of a judge: my personal reason, is all for me to tease and tickle. Like a sculptor, I am given the project of shaping a constitution of a self, no small task indeed! For in the end, I will feel the success and pleasures of the greatness of my art, if no less no one else is able to. This eternal interrogation of what the world is and what it means and what brings pleasure, yes, pleasure, how is it attained? The absence of myself in the communion of the world, makes me wonder what social conspiracy has been eagerly unravelling me? Just last morning, at Safeway, I do believe a woman attempted to flirt with me and pay me a compliment by remarking how nice my beret was, that it was. . . cliché. Oh, I said, and then paused, and inquired her to repeat the word. After hearing it I said, uh oh, like I was in trouble and that something unfortunate on the smallest scale was about to occur. She felt the weight of her mistake and I felt the awkwardness of not knowing how to help her recover. Epic fail, as they say. That was Safeway. At target, now, some guy approached me rather briskly with the words: are we going to be okay? All I mentioned to him was for him to excuse me out of his way. But I assured the rude man, that things were apparently safe, but he would not rest until given further reassurance: are you sure? Damn, this man. What is he, stalking my inner thoughts? But I was polite. I gave the man his assurance and went about my way. And then at grocery outlet, I ran into brad, whom I wasn't sure if I should ignore him or not. In the end I decided to lend him my being, for he was indeed reaching out to me. Brad and another man, both I find difficult to embrace, the other man being Josiah. You see, I feel it was these two who accosted me years ago in woodland on my venture towards community meals for the underprivileged. I do believe it was brad who interrogated me with the question of me fucking men in the butt. I thought it was a bit of a personal question to ask someone, so I attempted to remove him from my way, as he was trespassing my voyage forward. It was then, that I believe it was this man Josiah, who swung a right hook to my jaw and quite humorously bellowed the sound effect: Boom. Thank the heavens for my eagerness to get to community meals on time, for after the punch was delivered the two, like the parting of the red sea, opened me a path to continue forth, and after two or three steps, I realized then that I had been hit in the face. And it was then that I thought the machiavellian smile would be a fitting retort. And I gave it out flawlessly. So there are times when I think about the social pleasures that this Bradley and Josiah must enjoy in receiving me, and I feel like I am quietly being mocked, which permits my vanity to go a little wounded. Oh, this wounded vanity! Do I have a right to wounded vanity? In any case, my friend Bradley informed me of a party and encouraged me to remain steadfast in pursuing the world, for there will be people who will not receive me, but then there will be people who will receive me, and he and the others I know, from my encounter with Woodland, will receive me and are my friends. But the difficulty is, and we both acknowledged this faulty chord in our friendship, is that there is a mutually missing link of invitations to hang out. None of us are great communicators. Well. . . let's return to our relationship of one. You see, I don't believe it is reasonable for me to expect to be loved by any one particular in this world. I mean, it is such a great task to ask to be the one to spend their time with me, to share my space with me, to wrestle with my body. Believe me, I would love to have my body wrestled, but it seems people only wrestle bodies with those they deem to be in the favor of social graces. And my poor self in the hostility of this world, seems as though there are, and were, a great many, maybe an army? Out against me from the very beginning, because so much has been done to sabotage my efforts to share and enjoy the wrestling of bodies. Maybe it is a conspiracy of same sex, for I don't believe I would be quite denied a man, oh these men! They are hostile and unforgiving! It has always been a man that has refuted or attacked my graces with women. Oh well, if only I can relearn how to laugh, but I have put the bottle back into the shelf in the hopes that I can be more productive in the literary field. Let us hope for the best. I am also trying to deny myself the sexual pleasures of one, while spectating images on a tube. Ewwwww. Well my fellow comrade,

let us discuss some other things. In my creative non-fiction piece dream thinking, I want to have the dream and dream thinker engage in a combative argument where the dream thinker takes over the telling of the story, aptly, around the onslaught of dream thinker's psychosis. So I want to investigate Nietzsche's human all too human's sections on dream thinking to get a better understanding of the relationship of dream thinker and dream. Also, as things are now, I have already made it so that the dream and dream thinker are acting a bit hostile towards each other. Like a nagging couple, we'll say. Let us pursue this thought more later. Geez, it'd be really nice to masterbate right now, but I am in more of a need of another's sexual love than my own gift-giving love. The self's gift-giving sex virtue, yes, I think Nietzsche had hoped to discuss this topic in part five of his Thus Spoke Zarathustra, oh, the misfortunes of death.

12/26/13

AFTERNOON

Her age is indistinguishable. Her beauty is the perfect blend of female maturity and youth's playfulness. Verily, it teases me. I glance over her body, trying to steal for me the imagination of a piece of sensual victory. Her leggings betray a shade of her skin and I am overwhelmed with lust. I am so captivated I fantasize, as I walk by her, fearing that i'll be caught staring too much, drooling like a dog, of her jumping on my lap in a bedroom. She is giggling and full of happiness; she sees in me the abundant source of pleasure for which only she can withdraw. She kisses me and I feel perfect. But, this is a fantasy. I come to reality as she explains to a co-worker the unusual kindness of another youth and then she continues to ignore my presence, which is so extremely distant from her sensuality that she doesn't even ask me for work related favors. I quarrel with myself, wondering if I should lend hope to my desire by asking whether she's married, single. My time is up, it is now my turn to quit the job for the day. I leave, emptying into the world the full energy of my solitude. The world tucks it somewhere in a parking space, in a deserted lot. It's called my bedroom. No one knows where it is, verily, no one is thinking of whether they might be invited there some time. It is lonely and heavy and over-burdened with solitary entertainment. Sometimes it hurts too much. But it is also a comfort, these sighs of sadness that shed into the blankets that cover me from the coldness of solitude and despair. I don't have to worry about failing to entertain someone, at failing to warm another with sunshine. I can sit here protected by my shivers, cooled with sadness and forgotten by the annoyance of joy. The walls of despair light my inner activity, keep me fueled with thought. And now. . . I descend to the kitchen.

12/27/13

EARLY MORNING

What is longing? It is a sadness. It is also death, the closest we come to experiencing death, while alive. We are non-existent to that which is longed for. It lives on in its perfect existence, while we are a burnt out star, verily, our light stopped alarming our planet of longing millennia ago, it seems. The desired live on in its joy. I feel pain and loss and recalcitrant as I burn with passionate obsession. I feel my criminality and I feel my victimization. I am dead to my desired object, but I honor my death nonetheless with a ceremony of—is it celebration? Are we pretending, forgive me, I feel as though I am a plurality and so will often speak as though I am in a company; verily, i've had to correct myself many times over so far, but now, I just let my madness spill its ink ubiquitously. Are we pretending that our desire is fulfilled? Will we make her into an invisible friend? Will I talk to her as I walk down the streets, charming her? And will I pretend that I am a good husband, ignoring all the beauties that, usually, overtake with ease my imagination—with lust. I am beginning to think the world has lied to us. There isn't a lover here for everyone, only for most, those few left out, what there is, is madness. The day has come,

i've fantasized dressing well, and taking her to the wilderness turned park. Maybe we'll stop somewhere for a coffee and i'll listen to her tease me about my shirt, it's a bit ridiculous she'll say. We'll kiss and we'll make love and then joke about it all. I'll ask her to be my captain and tell her she's my nautical woman. Then we'll lay our heads down next to each other and make love to each other even in our dreams. Whatever is brutal about existence, we'll know nothing of it.

LATE AFTERNOON

I feel drained of my magic. I feel heavy with sleep and despair. I message women on okcupid to burn away the passion I feel for a woman whom I am convinced is my ghost from childhood dreams. She's my ghost now, anyways. I take revenge on my hopes, beating my fantasy, like my father beat me when I was a child. Being beaten is the only thing I know, the only thing I am good at. Feeling sorry, too, and guilt. I say to myself as the night begins to draw on, only a little while longer with my eyes shut, then energy and fullness will return and I can go out with my blistered feet and dine with my ghost. I remind myself of the angry birds band-aid I have. It makes me feel better about all the walking I have to do. I plan to take a flashlight, my walking stick, two books, maybe three and my nintendo 3ds, for what if I run into her flesh? I can't let her go without video games.

1/10/14

EVENING

My goodness, what is wrong with my ears? I think there is a deep psychological scar in my spirit that distorts the things I hear and that, because I can't hear, I miss opportunities to further my station in life. I called two people from Craig'slist today and could barely make out the things they said to me. In any case, I still feel hopeless. It's almost as though I am destined to just brush the surface layers of human connectedness. It feels like it's been centuries since i've experienced that love that only romance novelists make known to the world aside from those very ones who experience it. I also still (and this sans auto-correct isn't going to get the job done) feel like a greedy horny beast. I don't know what is wrong with me. My bedroom is like a cage and I am going wild with frenzy. I have no conclusions that will take me outside --at night. I want to meet persons, not necessarily people or crowds. Who will I look at, first? Approach, first? Last night I sent Adrienne spring Beatty a message requesting her address and i spent all day hoping she'd respond to me, giving me what I asked for, so i could send her new born son some gifts. I lazily emerged from out my heavy coffin, that is the bed, to lean over and learn to my discouragement that she had not responded. All day I secretly hoped she'd send me a message. What a poor and sad creature the creep is! Totally oblivious of its station in life and the apprehension all have of it. I just want to send mr. Utah some gifts! A very cute teddy bear outfit and a long sleeve shirt that once fit my body, but since shrunk a great deal. This shirt has the poster image Adrienne let me have at ms. Delwiche's concert. I think it would be really nice for her son to wear that shirt. As an aside; I think Art Elkhart is a representation of Nevada city dangerousness/gangster. I have this image of him that he would totally destroy me, not that he has any reason to, but he has the appearance of a bad ass. I also think, from Adrienne's description, that he has great humor. I build such intense barriers in my mind and I have no foundation for what is true. I think the world is organized from the actions dating all the way back from my childhood and that people are manipulating everything to distort my happiness or fulfillment, as though there was something criminal that i have escaped with, and the world is eagerly, with gnashing teeth, waiting for me to slip deep into its jaws. I'm almost afraid to travel anywhere, because of it. I am convinced southern California will murder me if i step foot there (i drove through there, but one can't be shot or stabbed while maneuvering a speeding vehicle, ha ha ha, what are these people mad!). I digress. I really wish I had a tape recorder for my

thoughts so i could capture the exact path by which I determine my illegitimacy and crippling. I run through an obstacle course of reasons that end up debilitating me into a pile of despair and as a soon to be victim of great hostility. I am at times convinced that I am not mentally ill, only allowed to play someone who is mentally ill. How can the world be so content with my solitude? How can women be so content not to sex me up! How is the world so content to ignore me? When I want to feel happiness while I lay in bed prior to falling into slumber for the night, I fantasize that I am nom nom nom-ing Ms. Delwiche's face on her cheek, chin and lips. Yes, i pretend that i am eating Ms. Delwiche, and this makes me giggle and feel happy, as i pretend she is cringing with private humor. I am a bit disappointed with the level of competency of my letters to a ghost. I plan to take it into the direction of writing about the nautical woman, the witch, the naughty sister and then some others if I can think of others. Women that i have taken a liking to. Then i suppose I ought to characterize the women I do not take a liking to. The christian woman, the professional woman, the hey guys woman or small town hoe. They are almost polar opposites; each of each. Nautical/Christian; Witch/Professional Naughty/Small Town Hoe. So let's say some things about these women. The nautical woman is the spiritual adventurer, the spiritual explorer; she'll spectate the raskolnikov's and solitude and self for purposes of aesthetic expression. The christian woman spectates the self-righteous community man. All respected christian men are aspiring community members. They keep the sociologist's rules working and it's clock ticking. The christian woman will spectate herself in the midst of her community for the purpose of righteous justification and community rewards. Both these women are typically extremely beautiful and are highly desired, but with a sort of respect. The witch is the constructional worker of the socio-political world. She will seek out those who think they have thought through the hidden meaning of the world and then attempt to reconstruct the world differently or to some other design in the hopes that the little thinker comes back to her to complain of himself or some such thing. The professional woman will want to uphold the standards already created for success and desire things be progressed and transformed to the ideals of success. She's the corporate woman or lawyer. Ewww. The naughty sister loves to party, but with those who are escaping something dreadful and therefore, full of humor. She will be a very talented artist or crafts person or some other activity that brings her pleasure and then she'll go to the party to reward herself. The small town hoe loves to party as is expected but will be dependent upon the small town standards of success. Usually small town musicians are highly favored by the small town hoe, and then she will sleep with all the popular small town men, and ignore everyone who doesn't meet her perspective of popular demand. Anyone who meets her popular demand gets between her legs. I just read through this whole diary and am somewhat pleased with myself, with the exception of my obsession to get laid by other women. I have a desire to send this to ms. Delwiche and say I don't know what to do anymore. Tell me what I am. Tell me what is wrong with me. Is it time for me to die? I don't know how to go on anymore? She is such an intricate part of this diary dating back a year and a half ago. To change the thinking of one's thoughts? That is really changing the very core of one's motivation to feel the world. I don't know how to change this anymore. I have gotten over things in the past, changed feelings, beckoned feelings, and now i am stuck, creeping a woman, a nautical woman and a rectress of witches and who knows, maybe at times a naughty sister. Sometimes i fantasize about seeing her and grabbing her by the shoulders and shaking her violently while yelling, whatever do you mean Katie! No matter, I will slumber now.

1/16/13

LATE EVENING

Well, there is no escaping my obsession. I had momentarily convinced myself that I could eradicate my yearning and create my own personal closure. I felt justified that I could manufacture love through the exchange of online messages with someone who posted pictures

of themselves for which I found sexually entertaining. It ended with me laying down a contract, like the good little Apollonian that I played, of an agreed sharing of romantic pleasures. I stated things for which she resembled as reasons to be attracted to her, or to find her legitimate, so to say. But in the end, do I remember the process by which I was led to hastily delete my POF account and to return to this solitary entertainment of a woman that had me at rejection? Not quite, but I entertained the notion of purchasing one of ms. Delwiche's paintings, with the following message attached: if, ms. Delwiche, you do not want to send me the painting that will be quite okay, I won't tell. But I wanted to make sure you had the money for the purchase of further materials, or to make prints so I could actually have your art and not feel guilty for having taken the only piece of its kind, or for whatever needs the money will serve. I understand that I am a monster, but I am a peculiar monster, a Pokemon monster, who goes by the name of char mar. Lately, however, I've been wearing a black beret in which case I become frenchie and therefore, go by charnone. (I sent this joke to ziggatronn). With this maneuver I had hoped of being able to send gifts for Utah, if that is, ms. Delwiche sent me the painting I chose to purchase. But after thinking better of it, I realized that this might be a trap, a means of getting a restraining order put on me. In either case, I think it's best I go forth without interfering with her life. I lost my thrift store job, or rather was found to be a liability. Because of my felony it was asked that I not participate in the maintenance of the stores market exchange. I thought all day, in between those momentary episodes of one's waking and remaining awake prior to falling back to sleep again, about the hobbesian reasoning of the state and its power. I thought about the injustice of maintaining, as a means by which one can be judged for employment, the criminal record. And then to think how eager police were today in their attempts to charge beiber with a felony for throwing eggs. There is some hysterical madness surrounding the spirit of police when it comes to charging malefactors with felonies, they want everything to be ordered according to the judgement of those who are in charge, when it comes to grievances or revenge. Let the community reprimand the person or let's all talk about the power this person has or whatever it shall be. But it seems there are people who will love to get some such a felony or have the police give some such a felony. Do people really revel in pleasure at others' misfortune? And I constantly feel that every excuse that people give me for acting a particular way is a really a selfish and bullshit reason. There is no justice or right in the argument that I pose a liability because I have a felony, and being as how the thrift store is run by people who are themselves the determining voice, i.e. it is not a corporation with a galaxical ladder of corporate heads, they ought to be comfortable in choosing for themselves the particular mode by which they operate. In any case, even in other places I venture to, I feel as though I am being told many different things, all in the superficial, about some such reason for said person to behave some such way. I'm tired of everyone trying to get me to vindicate their superiority and my inferiority, accompanied with its lacking qualifications. I think there is a particular conspiracy to deny some people certain pleasures so as to refuse to live among them, force them into the streets without a purpose, perhaps. Unfortunate me, I had hoped to have been more academical in my personal retort and appraisal.

1/17/14

LATE EVENING

I just finished ejecting a splurge of secret wonder cream all over my stomach. I don't know why I am so ostracized by women, does everyone remain in their houses and master-bate instead of sexing one another up? No doubt, that is what they would have me think. I hate everyone and everything. I have nothing to look forward to. I don't have any hope for the one's I love, which is to say I have no way of loving them. Just today, in my two hour long shower, whereupon in the end of it, I started playing yogie bear the overweight do gooder does yoga in the shower; it met with very minimal success. I digress. In said shower I concluded that the so called people that

are my current friends, bring out the worst in me, and love that they bring that part of me out. I feel they have no interest to bring out my best qualities or to introduce me to people that would appreciate those qualities (maybe they don't know anyone that I should be co-mingling with?). I find no satisfaction in the person that I am when I am among them, the women they associate with have been ruined as far as prospects are concerned, or perhaps, more adequately put, I have been ruined as far as a prospect is concerned. I am indeed imitating another book, which is indeed why I read, I hope to expand the capacity for expressing feelings. So it is that I can relate that when one needs to rid oneself of a place and writes it down, it does indeed seem like an eternity. All this that I have laid down, is one long soap opera of confounded masturbation. It is a sad monologue, this penis monologue. I digress. I'm not sure I look forward to any place or anyone in said place, except—. I have been living in the quiet hours of the night. I usually awake in the afternoon after a few hours of sleep with much agitation, feeling the heavy awareness of a consciousness that has no profit in any community, or pleasure, but I don't think they are indistinguishable. I say to myself, it is in the middle of the day, for christ's sake, that is too much day, indeed. And I go rummage into the depths of my sheets and quit my consciousness, until I feel the darkness outside my windows. It's weird, one can always feel, despite it being a dark room, the darkness cover the earth outside one's unlit bedroom. I feel a bit guilty, because I had wanted to exercise to improve my physique for my imaginary girlfriend, who comes most to reality when I please myself alone. That guilt, however, rubs off as I reckon that I have gathered enough strength now to encounter tomorrow with great vigor. I then realized I said this same thing yesterday. I feel a pleasing sense of comfort when i'm asked at the grocery store, after having dressed and cleansed my teeth, how my day is. I just say it is fine, sometimes, if it's a woman, I tell them it is just starting. I don't feel like men understand despair. Or at least, the busy men. Women will at least listen to it. That's as much as any one can hope for. I feel disparaged when I have to tell a man i'm depressed. I feel like i'm confessing his victory. Unless he's my psychiatrist, I don't refuse anything to my psychiatrist. All the male psychiatrists i've encountered have been reasonably very good looking men. It always makes me think, am I gay. I was able to get my two fingers about an inch and a half up my butt. I don't know if i'm executing bi-curiousness or just practicing self-exploration, or self-expression with a tad kinky to it. I think people are disparaged, concerning the members they choose to sleep with. So everyone is out to found a self-image that will bring pleasures, rewards, and profit—a little sex here and there. There's a database for this online, it's what google secretly communicates to the world. Although my self-image is alienated by women's legs, I find a lot of success in online payday loan application approvals. That's why I have everything nintendo has made. I also have great health care coverage. Maybe I'm stretching the truth in directions that are a bit ludicrous, but dear heavens, if only you remembered the things said on Friday nights; their stretches cannot be as nearly as benevolent as mine. Concerning stretching, I remember very fondly, proclaiming as I stood up from the ground, that I stand-up to points of differences only for the serious execution of stretching my limbs, so as to lay down more comfortably. No matter where I went, there, in the bay area, people were always willing to get me drunk; some of them even wanted to feed me. Still others, were willing to take me inside for a bit. Speaking of men, I don't feel as though one can have a strong connection with one unless they are some accomplice or competitor in some love affair or love of sport (and the night scene is certainly a kind of sport). Otherwise, I feel men are simply a bunch of nuisances. They ask for worldly reasons and you are upset to have to explain it to them, because you realize they are little thieves, taking from you what they will eventually be giving to women. The day of a man, is essentially one long excavation for the benefit of a group of women or woman, if they are taken for. I understand the aphorism I had only previously pretended to understand. Man: seize forcibly the wench for whom you feel. Women don't rob, they steal. What is being stolen? What is the difference between robbing and stealing. When one robs, only a little is taken from the whole, the whole is able to go on and continue its existence amongst the others. When one

steals, however, all of the thing has been excavated entire and nothing is left over. What do women steal? Why, it's themselves. Women steal themselves entire from the man whom is seeking to possess. That is why men are so brutal. If woman had a kinder soul, a more tender hearted gift-giving virtue, men wouldn't be so absurdly violent. Look at that ms. Delwiche. She has not only stolen herself from me, but she has even plagued, with vicious venom, all hope and thought of her. How can I think kindly of past experiences concerning a woman when she has made me the worst thing that has happened in her life. If a man is generally a softy, a saint or peaceful seer, then this is irreconcilable. How can a saint cope with the world he has accepted as a raging beast for which he will meet with peaceful comprehension only to find that he is the one judged to be the claw of that very raging beast. I have spent years in horrendous guilt and shame of myself. All the well, though. I have made steps to cope with my violence, accepting and then sublimating, or at least trying to sublimate, the brutality within. Such things, no doubt, were unavoidable in pursuing that career laid out in beyond good and evil. But that ms. Delwiche, she ought to have been a bit nicer and took a lesson from that gift-giving virtue. All well, though. A woman's violence is the darkest, just look at how mother's punish their boys—vicariously, through another, only to rush in upon them with embracing arms and words of. . . correction? She'd sooner say wisdom, listen to what your mother says now. I hate my family. I digress.

1/24/13

APPROACHING THE DELWICHE HOUR

How does one come to comprehend and accept order? Order?—does it express any love? Let me share my introduction to order. The walking stick is the greatest achievement nature has created as a gift to us humans. Nascent man, no doubt, learned a lot about his nature with the walking stick. Some say nautical man was the ape. I digress. With the walking stick in hand I dreamed I was walking a labyrinthine of a forest, pure nature. Simply, however, I was walking back and forth along a minor trail in an underdeveloped neighborhood. I never initiated my older brother into my awareness. He was simply someone who just happened to inhabit the similar space as I myself did. This particular day, however, would prove a nearly unbearable truth, or half truth, let's call it. He approached me and asked me to help him build a fire. I don't quite remember what he looked like that day. One would imagine such an expression would implant itself on me forever, verily, we are going to see that many things concerning appearances that day faded into emptiness. . . the emptiness of my soul—wait, I confuse two separate events as one, while yet they remain, inseparable (another sad truth or half truth, I learned through the consequence of events). Build a fire?—such things never fascinated me. Verily, fires scare me with their heat and unjustified violence. Walking the earth with a fine piece of wood to balance my steps proved a far dreamier occupation for my soul. Naturally, therefore, I declined his offer. Dear heavens! What ever became of that walking stick? Are we going to take the natural course of consequential prejudices? I digress. He never threw swift punches. Maybe I blinked? I was never able to see moving objects very well, as they motioned through the air. But he possessed within his arms a peculiar strength and power that easily overwhelmed mine. In any case, I felt that the direction of my will met an obstacle designed to bend it to its direction. First political lesson, it seems. But my nature was to dream and get and go along. I like to belong to the world. Verily, I often encountered stories of older brothers beating to death younger brothers; these stories sent shivers within me and only now do I question the depth of his intention. Enough of that. Naturally though, to one who goes along, I helped him build his arena for which would house the very fire he wanted. Quite fortunately, we were apprehended by another whose awareness I also did not much take into much consideration. I am sure my older brother was in the process of lighting matches, and perhaps, even setting some greenery to flames. And With a great vigilance, our Father, ushered us both inside. We came to a great deal of crying. What I

remember most strongly was my older brother receiving the harsh reprimands for which I told myself I would soon be given as well, having participated with him, albeit out of a sort of self-preservation? My older brother let out a great deal of cries and tears. I remember very clearly a lighter being held under his arm. I waited with patience for my reckoning, giving no effort to rescue my brother, how could I! So, my turn came. The lighter met its siege upon my arm, but I don't remember if I felt the heat. In the past I had explained in my head or to others, i'm not sure which, that I had been slapped around. I'm not so sure this time, I have no profound memory of it. I followed suit and expressed cries and tears, for much of this was frightening and I searched experience for the way in which I was to behave towards this and my brother led the way. The ordeal eventually ended. Or so we had thought. How does one forgive another human? What is forgiveness? There are degrees of aggression and often I have been proclaimed a passive aggressor. The poor animals, whatever is their understanding of their world? Someone very influential, but not one whom I have much experience with, Addrienne, says the natural or silent wisdom of animals moves her to wonder or inspiration or beauty of insurmountable heights. This poor dog was my companion. I thought of it as an extension of my soul. I have no memory of the shape of its appearance or any profound and exact details of its appearance, verily, questions such as: wasn't it like thus and thus? Arise in my mind. And I have no representation of it. So it was, though, that I approached the animal with perfect desecration, with perfect co-existence. I expressed the perfect ridicule of the object of my temper, as one who is passive aggressive would, and without any awareness to the feelings of those others, certainly not this poor animal, whom it could not even understand our human language on the souls of whom it is directed and of course, the object by which I used as conversant, despite all its finesse in being man's closest companion, could never hope to participate in reply. Another political lesson? One that perhaps will never be fully learned? The poor animal, whose name I do not even remember, received a beating more brutal than anything I had ever seen. I watched it in silence as I had watched that of my brother's. The whole while I expressed inwardly that this was to be my destiny soon upon. All the meanwhile, my mother, whose person I was also only vaguely aware of, proclaimed In shouts of exclamations of all sorts with the basic demand for this father person to stop beating the dog, whom I am convinced was her dog from teenage years (my mom was probably 25/26). That unfortunate animal, who never asked for anything, was beaten to death with the most unfavorable poundings. It was the most brutal and scariest thing I had ever seen. The order of things. I received, hence-from, decent beatings from both this father and brother figure. It seemed to have been the order. The whole while, I contemplated and dreamed of the peaceful and least harmful way in which i could escape. I never believed in authority, yet their authority abused me. I never believed in hitting another person, and I have only rarely done so and almost always without thinking, yet I allowed these people and others to hit me often. I let the world contradict my values. I am not sure I want to know the reason for this, maybe I will be content to let it just be as it is. One cannot hope for too much self-knowledge, if one hopes to live a bit longer so as to achieve it. I don't know, what does the human who knows itself do? I could go on and on and on with these tales of violence and then of tales of violence given out, but am I to speak of what is really frightening? Would I have to account for all the violence I have committed as well as all the violence I allowed to be committed?—in order to justify my intense love for Ms. Delwiche, for order never stops, one is constantly committed to discovering the order of things. Her blog, the first one I ever encountered of her's (faucetclock) was rejoined a bit tonight, encouraged, no doubt, by the solicitation I had sent her. I read the last few entries. The worst beating I had ever received, though, saw that I was knocked unconscious for an amount of time I have no account of. When I cam back to consciousness I was frightened, the most frightened I had ever been. I think I said the most scarred I had ever been was when I saw the companion to my spirit beat to death, but I don't remember. So let's try to make a distinction between scarred and frightened. The former, might simply be a feeling directed at an object

while the latter is empty of an, let's say, immediate object. When I awoke from unconsciousness I was frightened by a sentiment of a kind that is characterized by not knowing what I had done nor what I was to do. I knew I had done something wrong, but I didn't know what it was. I now have conspiracy theories as to the meaning of that beating, the main being the fact that I half-kicked a girl in the head and I was being delivered a justice by which I couldn't refute. On the surface, however, was the reason that I had simply ignored the confusing requirement that I tell my father all the abuses that are done to me, as though I am to tell on all people and to tell on all people to him, who is most certainly not the companion to my spirit or soul. In any case, I have a psychosis that is baffled by what the actual order of things is, and what it is that people are doing and talking about. I am frightened of the objects of my love because they tell me I am brooder-like or critter-like or hing-like. There isn't anything I want in the living-experience than the reciprocal pouring out and exchange of total sentiments with Ms. Delwiche, for she is the one whom I fell in love with in the second part of my life. I had as a child a profound love and that for whom I fell in love with I do not remember and whom became sublimated into the perfect art: the dream. And the dream lasted every night for some week(s). It was beautiful. I dare say it made me want to live and sleep for which consciousness. . . I digress. The second part of my life i fell in love with Ms Delwiche and I want her and I want to give to her. Going through her art(s), I thought upon myself, how could I possibly be Werthie of her, so to say. What really matters is, whether I can interact with her perfectly, like a true companion. Sometimes I have this notion that my inner voice is either in communication with her's subliminally or she is monitoring mine through technological devices. So, as one can surmise, I sometimes pretend that she is my childhood lover/ghost and is the product of destiny. Oh these order of things, indeed! What confusing paths this life takes. And to think of all those reductionists out there? Why, how could they deliver the utter most or uppermost or outermost point of the abysmal principle.

1/25/14

DELWICHE HOUR

I do believe it is unfair to question the social worth of an individual. The great disparity of both wealth and private ambitions—wait, what is a private ambition? The vicissitudes of art, mr. silly. These diaries, my desire to write books for publication, which then will become a public attempt to earn a wage, my lust to learn how to play music and my questionable desire to understand the world in the most perfect metaphysical and philosophical disposition, are the ingredients of my self that never get expressed to others, most prominently because I do not like to share my work, if that is, I am even able to get myself to work! I find it amazing that all of epistemology hitherto has refused or ignored the sensation of paranoia and guilt and despair over the process of thinking such and such a thing as true. Rousseau is probably the only one who serves as a case study for the discomfort of representing the political order or social life in the art of letters. His paranoia represents the extraordinary affair of his psyche. Nowadays we call it a psychosis, this cataclysm of disrupted self in the world. Anyways, I can go no further with this tangent. Having grown up in a small town and having consistently lived in small towns is incredibly corrupting. Small towns seem to represent conservative values in the social life. It is impossible for a self-image to be buried in the mass, for there is no mass; verily, there is only the representation of self- images. I sense that I almost need to experience a validation by an other without a thorough examination, i.e. some form of casual sex; for quite frankly, I spend too much time attempting to validate myself through the conscience. Or maybe I have it wrong, maybe I need a perfectly thorough validation by an other, but a very particular other as in the case of raskolnikov. I sent the following e-mail to Ms. Delwiche: I want to make sweet, sweet, passionate sexual love to you. I'm not as cute as I once was, i.e. the last time i asked for your VG, but GODDAMN IT I have grown increasingly passionate in two directions: OBSESSION

over your body, spirit and art and incredible HORNINESS to the point of extreme LUNACY. will you be MY VALENTINE.

p.s. Michelle Branch was wrong about Everywhere. Everywhere I go, you are not there. WTF?
 p.s.s. Willing to give it another and another and another load, ad infinitum if I am not cured. . .
 and definitely if I am cured---by it. She has yet to respond, however, today, as I walked out into the common area, I found a huge red flower fake plant, I mean the thing was gigantic. Was it for me? Where ever will I put it? I don't know how anything good is ever going to happen to me, again.

1/27/14

AFTERNOON

There are times when I awake in the clutches of my greatest enemy, the mattress, and the magnificent rays of the sun blaze and bathe through my window a bit too violently and I find myself beside myself with annoyance, exclaiming, why, this is far too much of day—wait, did I write this already? Far too much of day, indeed. Speaking of that great enemy of mine, the mattress, it foiled yet again my attempt to live during the day. So I missed both my classes. In the introduction day of my english class I found myself telling my professor that I am an aspiring winner of the nobel prize for literature. I impressed her momentarily, that is, until she asked me what I wrote. I failed. Told her I wrote my life, sublimated into fiction. Heaven forbid, do we indeed have someone who lives here? I then proceeded to tell my classmates that my hobbies entailed despair, depression, madness, anxiety—the stillness in the room grew heavy and the girls perhaps thought to themselves, why this chub won't find his way in my bed for those things certainly do not entertain. What am I to do? Go where i'm accepted? How does one unwind the hidden meaning of their words into the ears of another body when what is perhaps only wanted from that other body is touching and caressing. And then I tell myself, I am to hold out for the hope—hope! What am I mad? ms. Delwiche, on my lap. There used to be a romanticism to my life, when I thought I was lost in the maze of sociability and taken with a grain a salt. When it was impetuous, but promising, getting between a woman's legs and not so story-ridden with social structure. When one exudes suffering, a long term suffering, from the very surface expression of one's face, its foremost cause is the long ago vanished pleasure of the body, that simultaneously pleases the spirit. I have created within my mind barriers that turn me into a slave, such and such a social worker wants this behavior, this execution of narcotic self: sobriety is also a narcotic, folks. I sense that the addict of sobriety most take in the pleasure of the social construct they worked tirelessly to build. . . I reverberate between two dating sites. When I feel as though I have appropriately ran my course on one site, I delete said profile and engage in now a new dating profile on the respective rival's site, that has seen an improvement, so to say, of self. Women, consequently, that were once a high match now, then become a bit of a lower match, and women who were previously a low match are, then, a bit more in tune with my dating objectives. I find this task keeps me fresh, if not indeed appearing ridiculous to the very women who may not be so forgetful or aloof with thought and dream.

1/28/14

MORNING

There is at least once in every childhood where one experiences the comfort that their happiness is being cultivated. That the little place one is enslaved to, is something of a garden of joy. As an adult, I find myself being rebuked for my attempts to seek vaginal gratification. Through Craig's list, I happened to exchange texts with someone whom eventually revealed that they charge. I retorted with a text that exclaimed “I do too.” I remember when I used to indulge in drugs so as to escape my body's necessity to feel loving caresses. If one isn't having sex, I

suppose one must terrorize and be proud of their work or indulge in intoxications and be proud of their wit. It is a lovely way to put it, when one describes one's getting dressed and made up as a way in which one gets ready to exist. My past roommate tyler, spends a lot of time getting ready to exist, but his existing consists of laying down in his bed. There must be some terrible psychological scar he suffers, for whatever could he be contemplating. The human episode is quite senseless, indeed, for just the other day, upon returning to Davis via the west sacramento bus some white thug began to exclaim his anger at some such woman and profaned how he was going to deliver a vehemence of physical abuse unto her. What ever could a human being possibly do to warrant a beating. What is it that we humans do, other than simply move objects around and exchange money for said objects? Why are we ever being hit with fists? Earlier today, I contemplated the acquisition of a cannabis card. I feel no satisfaction in the excuses Americans proffer for sobriety. Sobriety welcomes the desolation of my body's pleasure. I feel angry and violent at everyone as though they were responsible for the terrible sensations my body feels. And there is not a single woman whom I am able to find to spend hours exchanging whichever words there might happen to become between us and then to encourage episodes of kisses and caresses. How is it that love, has become so distant from me? And I feel I have lost all personality. Through the quotidian exchanges of monetary goods, a lackluster enthusiasm escapes my body to welcome these 'workers' with tedious boredom. I give simply, the most basic necessity. I suppose if one were to really think about it, metaphysics is the most basic necessity and shakespeare is what being in a good mood is capable of. Hegel, had he been happier, would of written who knows what grandiose. . . wait, he did write fiction, didn't he? A metaphysical fantasy. I once posted on Facebook, have you guys seen Hegelian thought anywhere? It didn't engender much praise, no one has any desire for Hegelian thought. People come up with their own thoughts and excuses, and whenever I give mine, I am thoroughly ignored.

2/05/14

MORNING

Is being truly deservered no more than being enrolled severally into a language game, as Wittgenstein says? Bringing sexual or romantic matters to the fore, nothing more than having the appropriate language to invite such an act. Just now, some brother approached a pretty girl sitting next to me and began his spill of, well, i'm not sure it had a title, verily, it seemed rather poorly performed. The poor girl was kind enough to let him realize his silliness without telling it to him. In any case, he excused himself. So it is that language occupies the lives of others. On the bus here I couldn't invite a form of dialogue that would cause me to mingle with another. The whole spectrum of the problem of existence unravels through my mind and it seems as though I have a far more urgent conversation to settle with myself. Heavens rest assured, however, I did not arrive to any aristotelian manifesto, so to speak. Nothing close to the Hegelian dialect. In any case, I owe this entry to sharing a smile with a pretty lady because some sisters were entangled in some fierce drama.

2/07/14

AFTERNOON

I spent yesterday evening with munchie and Cassandra in the Davis arboretum, in the patch of herbs and flowers. It was a nice excursion, to be sure, however, at one point I was certain Cassandra said to her counterpart on the phone, for which she was occupied upon our arrival to the arboretum, that she was here with munchie and some creep at the arboretum. It hardened my heart for a moment. I let myself be overtaken with my native american flute and revealed stories that seemed to be fairy tales even to me, as though I am far from being the person I

once was and am now just a shadow of my strong self. In any case, it was wise to bring my flute, for I received the compliment from Cassandra that some spirit really likes it. I originally interpreted this as though a spirit were tied deeply into the very structure of the flute itself and, therefore, revealed the story by which I came upon the flute. Later she articulated that she saw a spirits' lights waver near my flute and that spirits were heavy in the area and were engaged with my flute. Such a thing pleased me. This led us to discuss our understanding of the world. I found myself saying that although I do not believe in superior beings or a supreme being as the creator of the world, I strongly believe that our bodies are engaged with existence in such a way that we create our spiritual relationship with the world and then it is up to our will to will such spiritual existence into being. I used as an example, my ghost and ms. Delwiche. I said that on ms. Delwiche's birthday I visited the uc davis' garden of ladies where there is a particular spot devoted to the Dark Lady, my dear Ms. Delwiche, and I placed upon her bed a flower I picked from another location on campus. I said this act satisfied a spiritual need my being possessed. I then shared my 'hallucination?' of the little people in my house for which I met my first real love. Munchie then explained that aliens visited the earth many ages ago and had little people mine for gold. The coincidence shocked me and I expressed the connection this made. I feel that our bodies undergo a kind of stress that our need to comprehend the 'reason' for this, causes us to create a spirituality of the event, which then is up to us to will into the world. This is the basic creativity of human kind. In order to cope with my desire to sex up these ladies, I expressed to them the thoughts that were running through my mind. We talked about sex and munchie shared her revolution of mindset concerning sex, that she was no longer interested in base sexual relations or sexual relations with negative energetic peoples. It made me feel my negligence as an energetic person and confront the realization of the long voyage I will have to make in order to share sexual privileges. She informed me that we have to overcome the instinct of attributing sex as the answer for things, but that, although, in some cases, it might be, however, there are always other spiritual alternatives. In my philosophy classes and literature classes I find myself attributing the sexual act, as the good little freudian that I am, as the fundamental finish line or natural finalization of all questions. If anything, though, this ought to betray my physical necessity, however, everyone that I encounter seems to have gone over the sexual act, at least in the case of casual encounters. It seems I have no other alternative than to become— —light-heartedly hardened. I shared with them that everywhere I encounter the expression of bridling the passions and overcoming our base sensual pleasures and much to my sensual misfortune they defended this. It was then remarked that I must learn to listen. On the way home, Cassandra asked me if I wanted to sit in the front seat next to munchie, whom was to drive us to our destination. I accepted with pleasure. After getting out, I asked Cassandra if I could hug her and she agreed, and then munchie had purposely gotten out of her seat, so she could hug me, and I shared a nice hug with munchie. Her body felt pleasant in my arms, which caused my mind to drift to the sheets of a bed.

2/08/14

MORNING

Something Cassandra said the other day struck me, quite solidly. I told her that at the thrift store I at times felt obliged to offer a lower price for an item when I thought one was incapable of paying the full price. Cassandra retorted that I was letting people pay less for something that wasn't mine. This notion of power that we all want to feel in contradistinction to the hard fact that we do not possess it. Most people possess little power, if no power at all. Myself, for example, I possess no power, whatsoever, but I am also, for the most part, left to my own—natural—devices. I used to work a number of jobs where I would excuse people certain expectations because I did not feel that those expectations were truly valid necessities. When one thinks about the common order or prejudice of people, they often feel a certain dignity and satisfaction

that some or a lot, do not meet standards in certain categories proffering gratification. Because I am obsessed with sex, we'll take for instance, this notion of what is sexually available, / permissible as partner-wise. There has got to be an explanation why I am neglected, while so many others are not. We are going to examine this in the existential aesthetic and to be quite frank, I am overwhelmed with anxiety and social apprehension in the existence of activity—and the mind must write, whether it be madness, despair, comical or tragical —the act goes on, so to say. Just this morning, I found it difficult to interact with Bradley; he explained to me how a customer asked the other day if grocery outlet loaned umbrellas for customers that walked to the store on a rainy day. He found it unreasonable to ask for such a thing. I explained how they probably got the idea from the nugget, of which has little bin baskets filled with umbrellas for those who need them. He rebuked that, yeah, but how many of those umbrellas get stolen. I simply shrugged my shoulders and then we excused ourselves from interacting with one another. I master-bated last night, with a mildly erect penis, in front of my open window—an exploration in self-kinkiness. How unfortunate for the audience, but in all fairness, the view by which I opened to the public is not easily accessible, if accessible at all. I'm planning on writing my philosophy paper on some topic concerning sartré, camus, virginia wolfe's the waves and the gay science. With camus' stranger I notice that, oh dear, do we even know the man's name? Well, in any case, he is a bit obtuse in matters requiring justification. When advice is requested of him, he seems to let the one whom is seeking a confirmation of their instinctive behavior confirm the validity of that instinctive behavior. So, when Raymond asks if his wife deserves to be beaten, this stranger, has no consideration for the tendencies of feminism and let's Raymond confirm for himself the course he was already set to take. The stranger seems to not think about things and let's the course of the world turn its wheel, which results in his being imprisoned. It seems to suggest the world, if let to treat you as it wishes, well, it is quite unfortunate. The real mystery is what led the stranger to shoot the Arab. Instinct? Also, the stranger is always under some environmental distress or discomfort when he performs unfavorably according to the other's standard. Self + other + environment = world/being- in-the-world. So we're going to see the stranger come to an existential awakening, is it only strangers who can come to an existential awakening, and that maybe those who are, as Heidegger would say, deseivered are sans the need of an existential awakening. Everyone in the stranger is deseivered, save the stranger, who feels a certain wonder at things, yet nevertheless enjoys his sensual pleasures.

AFTERNOON

Why do I love the gay science so much? I am realizing that the book is possibly one long love letter, aimed to convince Nietzsche's beloved for conjugal union. I might be in a lot of trouble if I don't have adherents or allies on my side. I certainly don't believe I have any friends.

LATE AFTERNOON

After a panic, I am left to the devices of my own self, and I feel the expanse of solitude and the realization that it must be a dreadfully sad thing when the world has run out of love for you. There is the wide world outside, but I don't feel that any love out there belongs to me or at least, immediately for me. All those sad hours and sad reflections of heartbreak twist and contort my soul to sensations along the spectrum of despair.

2/10/14

MID-AFTERNOON

Well, I will be meeting up with someone for a possible casual encounter. I was stung with a bit of paranoia when an old woman, crinkled with age, said something to the effect of “i liked you.” I felt that I was walking into death! All because I might elope with a woman! I told another that I

think ms. Delwiche is spying on me and testing me to see if my love is real and it has severally driven me beyond the limits of madness and lunacy. I'm also not so sure how attracted I am to this woman, she holds a slight attraction for me, the devil take it! Let's hope this is a fun encounter. I found it difficult to answer questions on Wittgenstein's on certainty. It annoyed me, bear with me, just trying to trudge on through, here; at part here, a part there, about this so called language game we play and whether we can create a certainty in our very language game. It was an interesting read all the way through, but today I feel a bit drained and exhausted. I did not want to traverse the realms of my thought on such an encouraging topic. So there's an I and a Me in the transcendence of the ego. There is a reflective and a reflected consciousness. I suppose if a psychologist were to set his task to the affairs of a diary such as mine, would he be able to see this reflective reflected clearly and in all its—wait I just want to get laid, I don't have any nuances. I digress. Simply, the Me wants to get laid and the I is busy translating onto paper its anxieties. Nietzsche had said that the slavish ones in the world are the non-philosophers, perhaps, he was suggesting that most people love and fall in love with slaves. I am convinced part one is a love letter pleading its case, and it ends with the answer being Art or Aesthetics. To create an internal distress. Everyone else, in the world, creates an external distress which keeps them occupied with the world. Save for my sex drive, I have generally fallen out of the world as it is sociable. Just three years ago, I began my existence of overwhelming solitude. A tropical soul in the realm of art, so an Alcibiades of an Artist, instead of world leader/world willer. The gay science saying yes to democracy and the rule and byg&e saying no and asking for conquerors?

2/11/14

EVENING

After reading so much, one almost has to write; upon having been carried to places so far one now needs, by images and words, to carry places with their own words and images. I hadn't wanted to dwell on this yet, but I must. I met Lauren last night, but we couldn't take ourselves, through speech, into the sheets. She gave me a chance to, though, but as she said, she didn't feel comfortable yet. I expressed some half or quarter-sided pieces of myself and she expressed some of her's. Only later did I notice the quirk in her b-day being on the 28th. When I congratulated her, she said I was the first. It made me think that maybe this Lauren was some childhood Lauren, whom I had ensnared into dreams. This a peculiar batch of self-journey I have been sent on. I have concluded that I hate the way I feel. I feel no happiness. I feel empty, cold and vengeful or hateful. I have nothing to look forward to and I feel no hope. I bury myself in volumes of words and ontological science. But I haven't found my ability to reconstruct these things into a play of joy. Something I was able to do when high on marijuana. I do not understand sobriety, what is the point of it? Am I supposed to feel self-righteous or that I am entitled to certain money making positions because I feel vacancy and despair? Is that sobriety's argument? I have explained intoxication times over only to meet a blank understanding. Am I to be blamed for the lack of other people's comprehension. I asked my psychiatrist for Xanax and he informed me that it only lasts for an hour. I let him evade my right to be prescribed such a thing because he is content to having me feel this vacancy of satiation. Tomorrow is the anniversary of my arrest (six years ago). Friday, is the seven year anniversary of lustfully lashing out at Ms. Delwiche (i'm convinced it was her and I hate everyone who made it difficult for me to reach out to her). It's true, I haven't quite come to peace with my sans(ual) love life.

2/13/14

AFTERNOONf

Bolano makes me want to write. It is a dire thing that we writers must suffer and pass judgement on circumstances, people and our selves as though they were nothing but creations of our minds, despite their having feelings quite their own and tears and sadness and joy and laughter as real as anything. Verily, perhaps only the realest thing in the world. It apparently seems natural for women of other countries, whether poorer or more socialistic, to display a stronger lascivious nature than our american counterparts, either that or I haven't learned the american language, yet. Whatever goes on in the minds of women when they refuse a man? They heighten the pleasures of other men, maybe? Women tell the world what is virtue and what is just. Want to change the order of things? Change the taste of women, for no other creature can produce so much shame as a woman and no other creature can enliven change in man's nature than woman. Poor story that it must be about me. I once said I was only the Shakespearean clown in the story of my life—the tragic-comedy. I feel an urgency and strong affliction for the sharp sensation of a truth—for the intensity of sex; it makes me want to rush outside into the world and find women in their quotidian transaction and ask them to send lunacy through the minds of their male workaholics by giving me a blow-job down straight in front of the world, the sharp sting of a cold shower, the harsh condition of a storm, a devastating freeway wreckage.

2/18/14

AFTERNOON

To think of the ideal of American democracy, as what is socially superior, portrayed through the mainstream media? I am so far removed from it that I find mainstream media to be a nauseating experience. Why go forth with sobriety? The more I think of it, intoxication brings complete satisfaction to the body so that the spirit can spill out of it, flawlessly. And the spirit for some of us, needs this intoxication because our body's have been harassed and transformed into cages and prisons. Our body's are a prison and we pour spirit into it, until at last, we must lull the body with intoxication. People who disparage intoxication often are benefactors of sex and hold financial superiority and what there might be is a social game there is conflict over women they want to subdue in bed. The intoxicated are taken care of already, by themselves, so that they can entertain women. Those who fear themselves and are ready-empty, those who can't laugh out of themselves, they need sober rules and laws and religions. ms. Delwiche called it, sobriety, the entrance into the day. And now, what is this political order, this griping over how one behaves in relation to all the others. People are full of the weakest excuses and use the full intimidation of their bodies and the power they wrested from the order to deliver their legislation. Everywhere I find thou shalt not, it is a real thing, people tell me I ought to refrain from this pleasure and that pleasure and instead work for this obstacle and that obstacle.

2/25/14

EVENING

I read something incredible and not altogether foreign (Nietzschean) in Pessoa, that of developing a science for the inner sensations of man and how the inner self is something that requires patient labor in molding it into a space that develops the crevices of sensations. I continuously think about whether I should be indulging in drugs, specifically marijuana and whether this will ease my heaviness and stunt my anxiety and open up my soul to people, paper, activities. . . in short, redefining myself and acclimating a severed self in the now through drug use. This is what I had done in the past and when it was asked of me to be sober for having behaved too wildly and I found my severance and my impassable gulf. Everything, moreover, had been a training for wholesomeness, but what if one is destined for sensual drugs because of the maltreatment of their sober self, that maybe there is irreparable damage from years of physical, emotional and psychological stress and abuse. That therefore, the body refuses to feel happy and light and now needs to be tricked or sensually engulfed in order to feel

the love of existence, the kind of love and victory that extorts beauty and purity and deservered truth. What exactly is the argument for sobriety? Is everyone fighting over the feeling for bliss? The man that tells me without a strong logical reason to abstain from marijuana and alcohol and parties, simply because the laws or the puritan or the converted refuse to use drugs and refuse to be creative, and refuse to listen to the creations of the past—how am I to accept these souls? Not a single drug counselor reads Nietzsche, or Hegel or Beckett or Woolfe or hopes to contribute works on equal levels as those and yet, them and their fellow social workers try to dictate the appropriate manner of life as it is to be lived, lived in such a way that has me solitary in my little coffin. Well, so I am entertaining a gym membership. I will concede a purpose to this sobriety, to this insurmountable pain and toil I feel, this sans hope for sexual favors, which seems to be the greatest pleasure by which I am able to obtain. When the average man wakes up, what obligations does he feel he must satisfy? Does he concede the possibility of failure in his work, in his obligations? Does the average man even look upon life as something that can be failed or succeeded or to be a tragical occupation or a fairy-like stage. I have a midterm in the coming hours of the day.

3/01/14

AFTERNOON

I spent much of late last night talking to this girl named Raven, whom is goth while yet nerdy. At times I felt as though she were lying to me, giving me things that were created by another as her own. And then towards the end, she made me feel as though I were betraying my tastes simply so I could get physical with her. It is so difficult to find someone you actually connect with; this Raven, shared a great many music videos and songs she liked and none of them struck a chord with me, my initial sentiment was that it sucked, however, I quickly buried that sentiment and encouraged an acceptance so as not to hurt her feelings, if her feelings could even be hurt; she said she wouldn't judge me and if I judged her she'd kick my ass. What is this of not judging another. I work hard to have strong, pure, lively thoughts—supposedly. Well, about the imagination, her tastes are more childlike and ungrounded in what is considered literary. Nevertheless, they are still flights of the imagination; flights of the imagination enmeshed in a crevice of pop culture, however. In talking with her and with Munchie, I discovered that a lot of people are superstitious and have sensational experiences of spirits and ghosts and the supernatural. It makes me want to re-read Nietzsche's what is the religious, for although I can account for my supra-spiritual as an error of sensation with the external world, I can still build upon it and act upon it truly. I suppose it's an intellectual or spiritual consciousness that separates us, here—me from the great majority. I am inclined to think that my overall experience with Raven was negative, that it was me accommodating her. I played my nautical woman for her and felt extremely bashful about it. I ended up stopping before the song actually ended. I don't know if these experiences should give me greater confidence and more charge for leadership, or if I should be cutting myself or some other form of self-laceration. After my Skype with Raven, I posted on Facebook: I see three reliable solutions: drugs, gym or cutting myself. My friends encouraged the gym. I think the gym would be wise, but something very special is alluring about cutting myself, or some other form of self-laceration, particularly, whipping the back of my body, and because the cold shower isn't going to work.

3/08/14

EVENING

How much satisfaction of the senses does one require in order to exert that special influence in externality that is considered the rewards of the self. Some people, supposedly, do not need to feel sensual levity in order to express the pleasantries of personality. I feel as though I am going

through my mind or personality, so as to locate the obstacles I have created that forbid me happiness, and then, hopefully, eradicate them. What else could the total sobriety of the sensuous be aimed at? I feel as though I need, however, to demand a day or two a week of lubrication with intoxication from my psychiatrist.

3/16/14

EVENING

One needs to avoid things, for a while anyways, avoid the strict determination of the sentence. Well, it has been avoided and, perhaps, not long enough; contact with ms. Delwiche erupted into a sinister reproach, if these people are even capable of exercising sinister—they're best reproach is an ignoring and an avoiding—. This Jon fellow, whom I'm not even sure what confiding tendency ms. Delwiche has for him, sent me a series of e-mails, where it was asked I not contact the one for whom I lust. Then, our Mr. Teplitzky, who is all fine society, played his sorority girl gossip project quite admirably, the perfect use of the sarcastic, nonchalant, uncaring brevity K THANKS; well, we argued a little afterwards; it had him enforcing my tendency to Nietzsche my way out of things as a thing that would not be permitted a place on the table (quite the opposite! I'm always trying to Nietzsche my way in!) whereupon I retorted, that my new thing was hegel. Synthesizers. Well, I still like his facebook and twitter posts, but a little disappointed that he's Jon Jon's lap dog, for it was no doubt the Bray way that found Teplitzky (for some reason I want to use Teplitzky as a pun for tipsy—Alex your writing get me so Teplitzky, but this request you make of me, is certainly out of character, please have another drink and Teplitzky yourself back). . . found Teplitzky reaching toward my direction with orders. Enough of this. I read Ellison's introduction to his invisible man, and what a pleasure it is to read writer's on the process of their writing. For me, anyways, I feel as though fiction is really running out of space, for one's own life has the perfect character story already furnished for one, all that is required is for us to act out our hidden, our freudian, motives. And then one can even experiment and exercise anger over having failed to act better than the fiction that is out there. But how you treat these people! Well, that's just it, America has granted the protection of inalienable rights, everything else is merely filler for purposes of artistic transcription. Really, one oughtn't to be so penalized for giving into the acts of existence. When one thinks the worst act is the violation of another's body, whether physical (men) or sexual (women)—i understand these are stereotypes, that each sex ought to be placed in both categories, but generally speaking, well, one never wants to speak generally—then what are we so offended over, when one speaks in retort about performing a particular task, or being in an elevated mood of self. I was talking to my professor about the sun also rises, and she upon her first reading of the book, thought these people were living a romantic, fun-filled adventure, but now, however, she feels these people have terrible coping mechanisms and are a complete emotional wreck! Alcohol, as it is taught in today's socially educated work environment, is a terrible coping mechanism and a terrible way to spend one's recreation. And every social worker just about holds this law of illegal drugs as a cornerstone of truth that is almost thought divine. I've been realizing that certain people undergo schisms of self so traumatic that elevated sensual feelings is almost requisite for a return to healthy individual self. I had an opportunity to address my felony charges and because I lived all night I had the unfortunate obstacle of sleeping all day. I missed, therefore, the opportunity of free, or freer counsel (uc davis law students). To think of this world! It really is all arranged so as to dictate who is able to get laid, is it not? Or for permitting pollution. So what is my role? I'd certainly like to get laid, but I certainly do not want to behave or act with the values of one who is able to get laid or rather, who currently gets laid; because, my values are certainly cherished by me and I act by them rather steadily (I believe I have come to realize that most people ought to get what they want, and that those who will work, will work). Now, the world has been most unfair to me, for I have toiled and toiled and never got laid. I am always toiling and I

am neither validated by the affections of the sex or by the affections of the economic society. I feel that the jobs I have had in the past, that I have exerted a most just temperament, yet always without receiving a really truly effective recognition. I like to play out the fact that I have no pleasure to look forward to, that, indeed, my only pleasure will likely be self-laceration. What do other people want? She might possibly have a boyfriend and that seems so unrealistic, I can't fathom how she has a boyfriend and I feel so jealous. I certainly don't feel deservered in the things i'm doing and the things that I want to do; I don't feel any hope for success and I don't feel the promise of any pleasure. I don't know if there is an extended society, one where people, but whom would they learn these things from?! Who spreads gossip? I think most people's estimation of self-worth is very likely simply based on the pleasure chemicals in the brain, and perhaps people don't like other people doing drugs because it gives said people a feeling of self-worth that they in actuality do not possess, for I can't quite think of any other reason, and the things said under such conditions! Unbearable!

4/08/14

EARLY EVENING

With almost every lecture I attend, in my english and philosophy classes, I come away with the notion that there must be a certain systematization of society that has forsaken me amongst the alien, in short, a conspiracy theory rooted in the philosophical and literary movements of our twentieth and twenty-first century. My actions and refusal to open up in the past has cemented me in a most uncomfortable place, and that people are engaged in some uncomfortable debate, with forced petty and pretended actions, so as to use as a kind of evidence for a particular clause, but merely acted out.

5/25/14

LATE MORNING

What conditions must be met for two to come together in a gratuitous love. Or how would we exemplify a gratuitous love affair if we can't speak of conditions. Gide was interested in the gratuitous act, i'm interested in the gratuitous bond between lovers, specifically lovers of different genders. I want my ghost story to portray this.

5/28/14

EARLY EVENING

Eve as God's rival to Adam. Woman, as symbol of man's project/law?

6/04/14

LATE MORNING

I am astonished people don't trouble themselves more over the purpose of their living. Not life, but the reason to continue to live life. As one who accepts the nothingness of the world, I must continually strive against reasons for losing the grip to continue to live. What in existence contains me? What in existence propels me forward? For some, and at first for all, it is that inner will, however, over time, this inner will becomes enervated and one loses touch of one's true individuality and, therefore, must seek purpose and reason in the externality of existence itself. So we have careers and families and creative projects (actually creative projects if done alone are the work of the inner will) and political activism. I, however, wanting a pure individuality, will never rest from the debate of destroying myself as an alternative to living, for I am indeed a violent soul and as humanism is naught, but only a question instead of external or internal violence, I will be preoccupied with my own self-laceration. Humanism? Can't that

merely be a subject of how one is a master over oneself rather than subservient to violent dispositions towards others. . . or even towards oneself in the purity of humanism. Perhaps I am only a corrupted humanist, yet an extremely respectful corrupted humanist. But seriously, humanism is impossible, we are too naturally alone and too subjective; although, some seem to entertain a synthesis between their own subjectivity and an other's subjectivity, which is really probably merely a subjectivity that is less hostile to different value judgements of another subjectivity, a kind of slackness in criticality against an other, perhaps.

6/13/14

AFTERNOON

I met someone through higher education whom only sees me as someone who is mentally ill. She'll socialize with me, but only under the guise of someone who volunteers her time to accompany the mentally ill, to wit, she'll visit me, once a month, during the mental health social. I feel insulted, for I myself never intend to associate with these ridiculous socials that give us volunteers from the community who only have faux sentiments for us, as they give themselves only proximally, out of a good will that protects them and elevates them among their peers. It sickens me and I become angered, vengeful, enlivened with an extremity of hate. It is as though society takes its revenge on me for having to provide an allowance for me; verily, it vaporizes my potential as a human being to befriend and be befriended by other human beings. My public payroll costs me my social identity.

6/17/14

EVENING

There is truly no greater tragedy than to be imaginative, for then even the best products of your spirit are merely actions of the imaginative. My best pieces, my greatest achievements and merits of glory are when I lay incapacitated and drooling in the stasis of the imaginative. So I will never have in externality, or outside of the imaginative, anything that can validate the worth by which I esteem myself. I will never equal the value I utilize to judge myself and, therefore, never attain to those gifts or treasures that make labor so rewarding. The only labor left me, therefore, is hard labor, sad labor. I certainly oughtn't to mind if I take my time, then! Why rush to my mines lit with lanterns of whippings and candles of bruises. Work is no joy if there is no pleasure by which to leisure myself in comfort. Romanticism? My soul is bruised and I can no longer prick the ears of today's woman, so confident in her success and so comfortable in her security. I, who finds his virtue in his own ineptitude, what lofty eternal feminine is flirtatious enough for that. Oh, you healthy Rodger, you! Everyone wants the validation of the arts, or rather everyone wants their body to be recognized as a creator of the arts. Artists want to be symbols for cultures and demand recognition and validation. Haven't you seen the smiles on their faces when they tell you they're artists. I feel ashamed when I say I write. I'd sooner say validate my nothingness. Now my words spoken to you in the eternal instantaneity of being-in-the-world. If I failed your esteem, the world never promised you my gratification. I hate this place and your rules and your vanity and your happiness. I can't wait till I get my own place. I hope it happens soon. I would really love the idea of having a black cat as a roommate. Extra plus, plus, if that black cat is loving and radical. The last black cat I shared a house with was left upon the porch of a veterinarian hospital—because its eye ball was gouged out of its socket. I loved that cat. One time I picked it up and took it with me to the couch; I lay my body on its back and I put the cat on my chest. We both fell asleep, I don't know for how long, but we both awoke to my dad hitting me in the forehead with the handle of a pair of scissors that I was supposed to put away for him. It wasn't long after that that the cat was found by me, with its eye ball dangling below its face. The cat sat in my lap on the way to the veterinarian. I think we left the cat in a box on the

steps of the veterinarian's office. The way my family has treated animals is unforgivable. I hate them for it. I'm still obsessed with ms. Delwiche, she makes me so sad. I'm supposed to be seeking therapy about it, scheduled to meet the therapist Friday. Katie's pictures are no longer viewable and she's now a naturalist, too, in addition to her humanism. Love it. I can't understand why she won't be nice to me.

7/05/14

EVENING

Whatever is going on in the world? Seriously, though, i'd love to get my hands on someone reputable and ask them what is happening in life and what is going on. What is this thing life. Earlier today, I approached a woman and confessed: I need to get laid, would you be interested in having sex with me. She said no thanks and good luck and then cycled off with her bike. With my eyes I undressed her shorts. Consequently, I spilled into concepts and various meanings about culture and life and how one must arrange oneself and their thoughts about how exactly they are to join the sexually privileged. It's almost all forgotten now, but, no, no, it's forgotten. What i'm seriously growing impatient for is my housing choice voucher, by which I would then be able to purchase some music equipment. I was thinking how eventually i'd like to do something french america, where the art is in the french language. There was incredible lag experienced while writing this short entry and it provoked me to great escapades of outspokenly foul language. Why is it difficult to unravel that thought, that novel or even that simple sentence. What could I have locked away in my subconscious? And isn't it scary to think that consciously our actions are in dialogue with a subconscious need or desire? When we have made our knowledge instinctual, have we thereby gone passed the threshold of being able to really know ourselves? Maybe we are lost to that time where we either win it or lose it all completely. So i'm also awaiting my time with dr. tootell. I think about my lack of society and wonder how I could have been so bad a person! Or rather have protected bad people. The manner in which I have utilized my judgements, giving each what I thought they needed; and now i'm merely given what I am needed and how little they think I need! Everyone definitely thinks I need patience! So, everything is such a long wait. Always waiting, it's dreadful. Today I thought of humpty dumpty. My mom used to tease me saying that they couldn't put humpty dumpty back together. My mom tried to insinuate that I myself am a humpty dumpty and that once I broke I wouldn't be able to be put back together, again. I use to urge silently, how victorious i'd be, there, in the distant future, all put back together. Left completely alone, but free and independent. A master. Children are such silly creatures!

7/12/14

EVENING

How many thousands of diaries must exist before the penultimate one arises, the one destined for the world. Pessoa always stirs my voice. We need to exist in our little world, no matter how significant or insignificant we are. By existing, my needs exert themselves here. Because I live, I have to rise to victory and overcome that nothingness that is inertia and write or play my imperfect tune of a song titled bubblegum dreams. It has been really difficult for me lately. I feel a prisoner of this little bedroom here in Davis, except for my time at the gym. I don't feel free to roam the streets, so much anymore. I certainly don't feel the urgency to step into the night time streets, and only precursory or wearily do I go out in the day. Only to basic isolated places. The heaviness of my mind, the inescapable deadening of sense that makes me the victim of the strongest gravity; maybe I just pretend. I want to make music and good music. Why must we want to do anything good, or well? Why is that if we do it well it is an encouragement to continue doing it? What little vanity of a monster and demon is our little esteem for ourselves and our

lives. Do I think I write well? Does it encourage me to continue? Does my poverty discourage me? What an odd tincture of a machine we are. My musical voice was stirred while I listened to Nick Cave albums. I daydreamed about making a punk album titled Punk Off and further daydreamed some more about songs, specifically thinking of some particular people whom I hoped to please with my work. To of had to of worked for some time to please people in no such way desiring to please, to then want to work without having anyone to whom to please, my, what a little narcissist we must be in order to live. And to think so many thought narcissism a disease or personality fault. Why, narcissism saves lives. Look at these shootings, if they had only been healthy narcissists, maybe, just maybe, they'd lose desire for society and social responsibility. Is everything only being done through the work of community and democracy? Are individuals truly over? My goodness, three entries in nearly one month! Is my daily life filled with so little? Have I shrunk?! Seriously, though, literature never really comprehends the unbearable passage of time. One could read diary entry after diary entry, ever keeping before their eyes the time and date of each entry, and still never come closer to experiencing the void that one suffers when it is not writing or reading. Everything not transposed to literature is a void, what I don't tell you I read, here in this diary, is a void. What I eat, when I shower, the gym, checking my mail, all these things are voids, unless they transpire in action here. And those voids will never be able to express the pain experienced in having to experience itself. You'll cycle on, reader, through these three entries in a matter of half an hour at most, and it took the accumulation of 36 some on days to reach the flooding point of transcription. Life is so painful, at times.

7/18/14

EVENING

To be an artist, as propelled by Nietzsche, is to be an adventurer in the only frontier—the internality of images. What are feelings or emotions but the blossoming of our product, which is art. We adventure into images of the shape of reality in order to, hopefully, mold into existence that fictitious image that is the explanation of our internality of the image, what others call reality, where some take things as seriously as to bring death to their fellow creatures. Some don't get to be master's of themselves and, therefore, find themselves incapable of creating manufactured images (whether they be plastic or non-plastic) and other's may not even need to feel the internality of material images, or reality, and therefore, lack a certain depth in their person as human, but that is only a materially human problem and matter of discourse, which is why there is human tragedy and aesthetic tragedy. But how are things determined and how much order, or real freedom, is there in the world. Whenever one develops a criteria by which things are judged, or a new justice, if you will, about the world how is one arranged in it. Is there really anything being asked of us as humans? I don't think loving me makes anyone happy.

7/19/14

AFTERNOON

In Katie's latest profile picture one can see in her eyes the reflection of the starlit midnight sky and by looking into them one captures a glimpse of the immensity of pure beauty.

7/23/14

AFTERNOON

Why does one have to explain or justify the indulgence of pleasure, or even why they are suitable to receive such pleasures. Drugs require money and illegality and other such uncomfortable forces. Sex requires the accidental placement of place and time and persons and

the myriad voices of culture. How does one represent the meaning, or existence, of the whole spectrum of desire. We are all given ourselves, yet we desire additions, we desire something from the conglomeration of existence foreign to ourselves. How can anyone consent to indulge in pleasures with me, with the question of why me? As if there is an explanation or meaning for myself. There is one and it is simple and an alarming one, I simply exist and you have a choice, but no one ever chooses me.

7/26/14

LATE EVENING

Thought for a fairy tale: the opposing stubborn's. One woman is stubborn about not loving a man and the man is stubborn about loving the woman. Their stubbornness, directed at each other, but in opposite directions, creates a conflict in the happy-go-lucky world where everyone is normally bent on pursuing all pleasures as they come in the fleeting moment. Because of these stubborners, factions arise between those who help the man and those who fend off the man, at the behest of the woman, thereby creating culture. Possible title: two too stubborn.

8/01/14

LATE AFTERNOON

My psycho-analyst asked me if I smiled when my dad brutally murdered my dog, as I smiled in the retelling of the event. I said no, and then what I didn't say afterwards, i'll say here. After so many years of repressed pain and fear, that experience is now like a child grown up into its essence, its adulthood, and it now looks foreign, different, but beautiful; for I have the victory—i am on my own in a world that doesn't understand pain and fear and sadness, because it has never lived in such hostility. I have outgrown the war, I have surpassed the winter. Now it is spring and my skin sings, sings its tune of frightful death and injustice and it sings it with a smile, because we did not smile originally. I was tortured in childhood and now. . . now look at what I am—i wear peach shirts and jewelry and when the weather permits it a black beret; my musical voice opens up when I listen to the musical tale of the violence of stagger lee; I am cute; I am neither evil and far from being good; I am the uncomfortable; I smile now, because I can; I feel the joy of what was so terrible. I am the dionysian aesthetic.

8/06/14

AFTERNOON

Essentially, when one speaks metaphysically one is explaining why they aren't doing anything. This diary and all its complications is a product of my lackluster life of action. I am to be measured by the regret I have of unfulfilled desires, and my ability to overcome them against my fellow idealists. Some of my fellow clansmen have written some extraordinary pieces of literature and have succeeded quite well in overcoming their regret, or distaste, or resentment, or whatever negation occurred in their unfulfilled active life. What does our activity, my clansmen, actually seek? We're looking for reasons to deteriorate those who have condemned us to solitude, and it is only once we have gotten used to this solitude, that when we were first were lovingly introduced to it, that we had ourselves torn away from the world, and as a result we begin to fly and really become ourselves, once again. Such difficulty! Is my philosophy the product of a distaste for one-time friends who have gotten on with life, or as I say, changed costumes? When you live a life of action there is no choice but to live it as an actor. People are just playing their roles and how they got those roles is quite a question! Why, act your way into it? My goodness, that is such a terribly lugubrious procedure! We idealists are too busy searching for the feeling to get into it and unhappy us, there is often an incongruous reciprocity between our feelings and opportunity, and as our good Nietzsche proclaimed, us being the

feeling beings we are, once we have that opportunity at last given to us we have exerted too much feeling prior to the event to follow into the action; and so therefore, we enjoy the opportunity for what it is not, perhaps having experienced the feeling for what it was not, or as Nietzsche would say it, having merely been the living example of a higher nature and, therefore, we naturally transgress to something that is rather comical, being the natural essence of speech and words.

LATER

I am so furious. Seeing the complete perfection of feminine beauty in the graceful representation that is Katie Delwiche while having earned, so early in my life, her complete disapproval fires up in me a rage so insurmountable that I can almost jump off my bed in an hysterical yell. I would kill, but I am so fragile a creature, yet, however fragile nothing forbids me my violence in daydreams, where I come nearly close to murdering a thousand times a particular individual I like to blame for my rejection. I am so furious with rage. She is the babe of babes. Looking at her makes me so sad and, yet, I am addicted to it like a drug. I wish I could shake her shoulders and shout at her, my dearest witch, how are you in a rage against me, explain this disapproval. God, I'd only be harassing her. I'm almost harassing her now, by doing such as I do, only secretly, however, it commences. I am so upset. But she's someone who probably has hundreds of admirers, and supposedly a boyfriend. The rage in me. I am only an alienated bedroom dweller. I did spend a great deal today looking through Amazon at all the furnishings I'd purchase for my upcoming abode that seems to be glistening on the horizon like a special joy, sent from a heaven that only pays all its attention on me. I hope it's a beautiful and large enough space for me. I'm thinking courtyard village apartments, which, however, I am somewhat disappointed about its lack of true dining room space, but it seems to be much more affordable than Savannah at Southport, which is a really attractive pad, with the size of its one bedroom apartment. Nevertheless, I can see myself happy at courtyard village apartments, with its very large bedroom of which I can fester about for hours before roaming into my living room for new hours of festering, gathering about my kitchen utensils and food. I haven't enjoyed life in a very long time. I first started to enjoy life with the aid of drugs. That has been taken away from me. Now I need to find it in living, which has been such a gruesome chore for me for quite a while now, if not for nearly all of my life. I think it makes me a little sad that I'll never get high again and I am almost certain I may never get laid—that is the worst! I hate life, how are there those that love it, how could existence unwind itself so pleasantly for so many—and I'm not even living in a war country! Poor babbling soul that I am!

8/08/14

EVENING

Came real close to posting this on Katie's Facebook: since non-Facebook friends are responding, all the scenarios of this comic are NOT scenarios of women being hit on, but instead are all scenarios of harassment and generally, as from my perceived notion of culture, men often approach women (when approaching from motives of sexism) NOT with a sense to the woman's being-in-the-world or their general person but as an object related to a form of satiation for said person approaching. I, being a fellow harasser, ought to know a little something of this and will experience my moments of regret and sadness and shame, but being a naturalist at the same time, will follow the repercussions of my missteps to the very grave itself. Such a tragedy, it often has me disliking life very much. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, Ms. Delwiche deleted the post with the comic before I could post my much proofread comment.

8/13/14

AFTERNOON

The most difficult desire to suffocate, without at the same time endangering key elements of one's personality, is the sexual desire. Perhaps, society has interviewed particular individuals when they were at their highest, so as to determine their effects upon society and people at large for purposes of deciding for whom is to be allocated the privilege of sex. In this case, it would normally be rather blunt edges that get the rewards of society, if this scenario were correct, which I most doubtedly believe it is so, for there are rather very cool people who just absolutely must be getting naked with others—how could they not with that personality of theirs! If anything I do is destined to become a reward for others, it would most assuredly only become a reward to those who already find life rewarding, which would then be a rather very painful destiny for my sans cherished work to serve. To think of this thing, that it is already people who find life rewarding that determine what is going to be additionally rewarding, which means that they lose nothing in avoiding, ignoring and alienating a particular foe. The savagery and the demonic nature of some philosophers! Verily, Hobbes must've been so damn alienated that he could only account the reasons of his peers with an insatiable fear. When is it ever appropriate to approach anyone for love! How did I miss this information in sexual education? To digress, while on lsd, with the Engberg, we found the topical portrait of language very humorous and in keeping with that experience, to think of excavating metals from the mines, really means to excavate the treasure from what is mine, or self, what is deep in the mines is also meant to be what is deep in the self. I think this is so funny, considering my line in dream thinking, regarding the scene of meeting theodote. I suppose this is very superficial stuff for those who are so well cemented on the surface, but the topical can either make one interesting, comical or thoroughly stupid, which is why marijuana can be such a nuisance of a drug. But my goodness, so many women have incredible butt's that I would love to message. If life is something that is worth living and we are to take the appropriations of life seriously, why are we so determined to ensnare the appropriations of a sexual partner? Why do we not enjoy the sexual pleasures as the best of things, in which case it is to be enjoyed for the thing in-itself. I bring this up, because I feel as if I have to be in a relationship to potentially enjoy sexual pleasures with others, or rather, an other. To approach a woman and her silly sarcasm of “why don't you want me forever” —to be fair, there are some women deserving eternity—is such an elementary piece of garbage of a social interaction, that it upsets one dramatically. Why, from whence are we to educate women about life and its circumstances, in order to present her with the proposition of enjoying bodies. It is this circumstance that has Nietzsche ordering the re- education of men for the re- education of women. Supposedly, men are to approach women and educate her on all of life's intentions in order to convince her to share herself—am I really going to be so misogynous and say most women only have a body to share? Or even worse—the previous educations of her past suitors? Why what an empty vessel I hold so many women to be! In all truth, women are perhaps the most unjust of all creatures.

8/18/14

AFTERNOON

Spirit is something that becomes itself, or is developed, or determined, through an entire process of existing. It is perhaps, for some, the most frightening kind of logic to encounter. Our spirit can become deeply impressed by or to, rather, an event that may very well shape our actions through years or even our entire life. The existential aesthetic is the existentiality of both spirit as it is in the existence of a person that exists and the work of that spirit into the mode of art, which is the aesthetic. Some people talk about using something up, which means to do or to perform, or utilize an experience, or a material, without a purpose, or without a reward, for a synthesis to a new form or material, namely, art or something that is engraved into spirit. The existential will always suffer the strife of not having or knowing its existential synthesis, thereby constantly encountering itself as a life form that is continuously being used up. Existential is to be used up without synthesis. It is for this reason religion exists. In any case, the existential

aesthetic will encounter its creation as an existing person with spirit, but also as something that is used up and missing and having to reach into nothingness and grapple with nothingness and suffering and pain and solitude and shame and guilt for what motives stir one and the conditions that stir it to create the aesthetic as a sort of tears or laughter that expressed itself for humans having to be human. Boy, I am all over the place. The existential aesthetic is the personal accounting of one's being non-concealing itself. The existential aesthetic is the great, or total, non-concealment. The existential aesthetic is the only true revelation and it is the personal accounting of one's art that maybe even too, is something that is used up, us being rooted in nothingness or purposelessness.

9/01/14

EVENING

I had a quick thought that is all but lost now. It had something to do with love and the way in which we are to behave about the world if we don't experience love in our life. I don't think that even now, I can appreciate how uncomfortable some of my past environments have been. Ricky, Rick, Quincy, Ashton, Michael, Dylan and other little peasants have really made my life very difficult and quite unnaturally hostile. How are their actions and behaviors explained? What in the hell motivated them? I fell into the abyss at an incredibly young age. Falling into the abyss is frightening, especially when the external world is presenting such an intense hostility in your immediate vicinity. Are you confused, reader? The abyss: that moment when you fail to reach into yourself to exert an action when your surroundings are calling upon only you to exert action. People have their values so firmly cemented and unquestioned that they will put another human to death for it. Me, however, my favorite childhood companion died because I questioned myself and found no appropriate answer. I watched it beaten to death while I searched endlessly within, rather, fell deeply into my abyss. I reasoned that my fate would be similar to my companion, verily all I had to do was wait my turn. I felt and knew I was powerless. Whoever empowers anyone? I had a rather pleasant run-in with a human, a woman, in fact. She was perhaps the dearest thing to me, that day, and, in fact, for quite some time, as far as gratuitous interactions are concerned. All she merely did for me was listen and then she offered some very sound advice. It had such a strong impression on me that later that day while on my errands I fantasized of what it'd of been like if she had accompanied me on those errands; going about and looking for good furniture. She was rather good looking, which is unfortunately important, especially for fantasies, although I can't quite fully recall her features. Her name was Martha and I thought that was rather lovely, given its vintage and quaint characteristics. I find it a bit attractive when beautiful women smoke, and she enjoyed a cigarette for that short while we talked. I nearly felt inclined to post a missed connection upon craig's list, but then realized how pathetic such a thing as that would have been. Oh, well.

9/13/14

AFTERNOON

As from the depths of my hypnosis, my wisdom animal, the Ox, while churning with its resilient mouth its fodder, the grass, transposed to me the next stage of my healing: writing. Now, although, this is all it relinquished as far as the next stage of my healing is concerned; it meant this in its immediacy, I am to write additionally in my Dream Thinking. Now, of course, the following stages of my healing is going to encompass more than just today's work and more than just writing; I am to involve myself with music, yoga, exercising, outdoor activities and hopefully, social excursions and, even better, social relationships. This is all going to ensue henceforth. It was recommended that I write down my goals for the next six months every week, however, instead I'll write down every Saturday my goals for the next two weeks. So, I hope to accomplish some things in the next two weeks. I'd like to go running at least four times in the next two weeks, that is about two runs a week. I'd like to be more active in the writing and

planning of my novel. My novel is a source of extreme guilt and pain, I do not know how to cope with its messages and its apparently naturalist tragedy. I'm not even fully aware of its total message, which makes it difficult for me to proceed and has me often relapsing into soliloquies of purpose and madness. The tale itself, however, is looking for a message. I don't know if this is burdensome for the readers or not and hope to keep such triflings to a minimum (a more literary developed opinion would call it post-modernist inter-dialogue or maybe its intra-dialogue?). I'd like to memorize my newest song Shipwreck. So,

1. write and plan novel
 2. run four times
 3. memorize Shipwreck
 4. read some of your books
 5. play some video games
- I think these are good goals for the next two weeks.

9/19/14

EVENING

It has become clear to me that I have taken with me into solitude, nay, into the recesses of my cocoon, by whose fruits I am to emerge a free creature, all the pains of abuse, fake love and unsuccessful yearnings. I have as my semen the diseases of alienation, of profound blunders as no man as a man of himself is able to forbid or prevent and, of course, the social misunderstandings and, therefore, the natural amount of social welfare with the appropriate accompaniment of a social stigma. To wit, I have very few resources by which to drive forth my esteem of self and by which to color my love. I have but mere trinkets of victory and reward. I am the reminder of sadness and despair in a world that has given itself only reasons for casual contentment. To go forth with expressions of pain, I will be a mere entertainer, in the end. But, that is how us poets console ourselves, we, the natural heirs of the great despair. We live on our own power, we feed our own souls with what is ours, taking as examples our brethren who also console us, as the only one's who can console us. But to have come so close to love to only lose it so badly and at an age when we are supposedly given limitless freedom; that, that is almost enough to break the last sturdiest resort of self-confidence. How can I be confident in my life if I don't feel myself as the sole and complete source of power by which I determine my existence and its behavior? That has always been my most prized possession of self, that I act as I do because I determine myself, but now, to have myself shackled by the stigma of madness and social welfare, to have to at once expressed oneself as weak and proud, to be forsaken to the ruins of poverty and determined a matter of asocial caricature —this alienation, this mistreatment of aristocratic life deeply bruises me. My peace seems far off, but soon circumstances will change that will increase my benefits nearly seven fold.

9/23/14

MORNING

The extremities of feeling, drive me to such depths of despair and violence, that I realize it will be one of the more difficult tasks that I will have to accomplish, this coming to peace and serenity with the voices of today. The fact that I have given myself to the hero and tragedy of my play, simply because the comforts of luxury are distasteful to me; that the recluse and pain and emotional drainage of being hurt, have embedded themselves in my ideal of hero, have made me surrender to fits of total anguish. I often find myself losing the strength to move forward and translate my state as though dying were the better choice. When I see with what I have been granted and compare it to the easiness of others, and that this easiness is what is celebrated and rewarded and I'm looked upon as a creature of foulness, is so disrupting to my high esteem for myself. The fact that we all seek to be proud of ourselves, makes living such a difficult thing, especially when the world is seemingly bent on compelling your pride deep beneath the ground.

I have my comforts, to be sure, however, I do not have those associations that once made me so happy, and it is not a mere chemical game—and that I let myself be looked upon as the fool, while the heavy lot enjoyed their easy estimations and reciprocal exchanges of pleasures. Just laughed out loud about the time that I massaged Alcibiades' shoulders while he was being taught Plato. After that day, the professor asked Alcibiades not to bring me back to the class anymore. The first day of class I had caught the professor's attention with my remark that Alcibiades, as the ideal political leader, in the end, disappointed Socrates, the ideal philosopher, thereby revealing the natural antagonism of philosophy and politics. . . as lovers, as Socrates had found Alcibiades lacking the intellectual empathy he required after sex. Thinking is a very depressing activity and I thought I had found the cure with the amalgamation of gay science and marijuana. Now, I need to try to find it with gay science and healthy life choices, translated as a healthy lifestyle, which means I need people, women, sex, and a little bit of society, or at least, that is what our social doctors seem to be prescribing. I want to feel free again, and it is really hurting me that the people I loved don't love me, and that I seemingly let myself be used as Alcibiades' charity token, which plagiarizes the kind of person he really is. The artist and musician are just higher modes of production, in the total field of work and society, the philosopher, however, is still apparently misrepresented in society with its pleasures, largely because it is the thorough nature of the philosopher to be unproductive. And everyone is still saying, what good are thoughts? And the thorough program of remaining in the now, as though one isn't to make a self out of that string that is the identity through the years, the deepening abyss of one's personality. I hate so much about the world, because I have to be by myself and when I am given alternatives I am given alternatives of the world's crappiest people. Quincy, Jesus, my current neighbors, the woodland crowd. We philosophers specialize in the craft of how to look at yourself. If that is not enough to explain all of our faults, then we're not sure you're human.

AFTERNOON

I feel really terrible about a lot of things, right now. This whole morning going back to last night has been awful for me. Everything about America and society has me confused about what to feel about my life and the way it has been lived, and the way in which the people I want in my life refuse me, which compels me to nearly total ruin. I don't know what happened to the first girl I expressed my sexuality with, and I desire Katie; and I don't know why people have hurt me and why people have allowed people to get away with hurting me. Feeling powerless, abandoned and unloved is the worst.

9/24/14

AFTERNOON

I need to approach my novel with something that has a dialogue with my present condition and the conclusions I draw from the novel's unraveling. I can't make it seem to tiresome. What am I realizing? Is the world an expanse much like the self is? Is there truly a linear way or just hot flashes sporadically encountered. Part of me wants to improve and then pursue. I want her. But us barbarians! Are we to not appreciate our rejections, comprehend them, and then bind our wounds. I don't know. Is the text the only thing that survives? The only triumph? Maybe. Why is the world stealing so many of my pleasures. Pretty happy that I'm in therapy; I'd really like to be able to exchange words and sentiments with the delwiche, but at least I can work through these sentiments and obsessions and get some advice about how to express them. I need to focus on doing things in the today that will make me feel good and strong and happy.

9/26/14

EVENING

Some people are able to create their own spirituality and then will it into existence. The existential political will maneuver its foundation and its judiciary and placement of persons upon the individual's value system. I see a possibility for education to be tyrannized and for some people's spirituality to be oppressed if it is unfavorable. I also believe this might be Orwell's big brother, that social democracy is so well founded in its system, that all it has to do is exist as it does. Either I was selected for a major translation, or I am in a lot of danger if I make a mistake. The existential aesthetic is the creation of one's own spirituality and then its expressive or repressive story.

9/27/14

EVENING

So, it's been two weeks and I about halfway accomplished what I wanted to do, however, I only wrote 700 words in my novel and failed to memorize shipwrecked pt.1; although, I did write an additional song, so now I have two songs! And i'm coming into contact with my psychosis, which might actually be real life events unraveling with its purpose to teach me how to reshape the trauma that has prevented me from accepting my true love. Sometimes I get paranoid and think of myriad vehicles of women in the case of whom the true love is, but I always hope and return to my obsession of katie. I'm to begin EMDR therapy, which enlists the way in which our perceptive powers, both visual and audio, interact with the environment to produce emotional stimuli. Our rapid eye movement is linked to our emotional and thought projecting patterns and reshaping or altering their behavior or the way in which the environment interacts with their behavior (i've only read a little bit about it) is able to revamp the psychological tendency of our emotional and thought projecting behaviors or valuations. So it's really interesting stuff, however, very scary at the same time. I feel like I might have either killed or raped someone. Just earlier, I was afraid I had killed a childhood friend whose memory I have little retainer of. I remember a picture of us in a bathtub and I have a distant fear that maybe I drowned him and that's why my family has been abusing me. Also, the profound love affair I had with my mystery woman is subject to all sorts of speculations, not at all kind. I fell asleep after sharing a consensual sexual experience with her and sometimes I think that maybe my mind witnessed something I am unwilling to admit, either a rape by me or brother/mother. And then, I think that maybe I committed a rape on the very Ms. Delwiche herself during one of my wildly drunken black-ed out nights. So the afternoon today was a little discomforting. I also think the EMDR therapy started the moment I entered yolo bus after therapy, which makes me think I am a child experiment by society or culture for some unkind reason, thinking especially that all these shootings occurring are experiments gone awry and hoping that mine can at least be a success. So, what i'd like to accomplish in two weeks:

1. Successfully move into my new apartment! The overall success of this is going to be difficult to measure and long term and ongoing always. I have a tendency to dip into self-lacerating thought projections when left entirely alone, as per the times I've contemplated suicide. So being comfortable on my own and in my own environment without inviting unhealthy people into my space (as in I am usually embracing of many sorts of people when I change environments, rarely on the guard for mischievous intentions, so very weird!).
2. Completing all appropriate paperwork and asking and receiving for assistance to move my furnishings.
3. Not melting down and releasing my inner demon on the people I currently live with. This place at homestead is getting really uncomfortable for me.
4. Continue to develop my voice for the two songs I have written for my ukulele. My voice is starting to sound pretty darn good with these songs, so just develop the special character of each of these songs.
5. Read EMDR and chronicle the map of your thoughts in some form
6. Try to write 700 more words in your novel.
7. Run at least 5 times the next two weeks, with at least twice a week.
8. Play video games.

9. Be a big kid.

I have also been thinking about how I hate people! I am the worst!

9/28/14

AFTERNOON

I slept a lot, today. Last night, I realized the ultimate goal is to develop my art and let those whom I love come to me. The world isn't designed for man's desire, however, that is not to say he can't ask his object of desire for her gifts. And I have asked katie and expressed my desire to her many times over, and she has asked me to take them back. The world's design is for the expression of aesthetic values, us as a nation of culture and leisure and higher needs and most of all freedom, have a responsibility to ourselves as a creature devoted to our understanding of the world must, therefore, communicate that understanding. We belong naturally and most thoroughly, only to ourselves and though there be attempts to make contracts we cannot deny the will's absolute need to express its inmost need or desire. What scares me, is that I feel I am being watched, I also feel, moreover, incompetent in regards to the aesthetic judgments of my peers and I feel lonely and sad, with a heavy physiological and psychological trauma. I think when I wrote my feelings in my dad's holiday cards, I developed a trauma as far as writing is concerned, that I can only write and develop the authenticity of my thoughts under great distress. I remember nearly having panic and anxiety attacks with a part of my mind shutting down and becoming overwhelmed with the expression I finally enlisted in his holiday cards (birthday's, etc.).

Now the others I find a bit scary; I have always found the others scary. And I have always bullied my way into their acceptance. It's sad, but unfortunately, I don't think most people want to accept me, which makes me afraid of this world.

10/01/14

AFTERNOON

Sometimes I think I'm about to inherit a lot of money from my grandpa and that everything has been a measure of training for when that day occurs. But in any case, I think I ought to be happy that the things I want to accomplish are indeed possible without extravagant miracles. I also think that certain inappropriate sexual expressions I committed when young have caused people to interact with me differently and with difficulty. I keep on thinking that society is some entity that is maneuvered against me or is measuring me. I think that I have a bigger family entity that is also either maneuvering me or measuring me, for some unknown purpose. I keep wanting to qualify my circumstances by something grand or with some overarching purpose. I think it's the funniest thing that Dennis often said that he had to laugh in order to keep his sanity (Dennis from ChemDry).

10/12/14

MORNING

I was really worn out yesterday, so I didn't write my goals and revisit my accomplishments. So let's do that today. I managed to adhere pretty closely to my goals. I only ran, however, three times the last two weeks, although I went walking once. So, here are my goals for the next two weeks:

1. write a first draft of apology to Matt and Jon
2. exercise at least four times, twice a week
3. write at least 700 words
4. play video games
5. explore west sacramento
6. get a few things for the apartments
7. play the ukulele

I realize that the davis folk are attempting to put me to shame and break me and my philosophy. I am not sure I want to interpret myself in good and bad actions, although there might be a

question of healthy and non-healthy. I may not have acted with the greatest health, but I certainly acted according to the health of my passion which was to win my novel, albeit still possessing those desires that were involved in the novel. I realized I made enemies with people who do not see the world the way I do and that, although I want pleasures and comfort, I might have to forgo them. In any case, my main concern right now ought to be expressing myself, reading things that will help promote my expression, and then understanding the new course my life is to take, which might just be the hidden fantasies I have been entertaining all along sans the intoxication. I need to gain confidence and love for myself and it was that that attracted me to drugs, the confidence and love as well as the comfort to write and think and talk.

10/18/14

EVENING

Heidegger has some good things to say about openness and truth and comportment. Women as possibly opposing, even necessarily, opposing men who claim to love them with varied tactics and social collisions so as to demonstrate the character and purpose of said intentions. What does this mean about my lack of life? Geez, am I a dog, or is it really too less of me to ask for sex? And why does no one invite me anywhere? Do I have too hard of a thing to say to people about the way they're living their lives? The epigram to existential aesthetic: Heidegger was brilliant, he just wasn't a poet. The openness is the existential aesthetic.

10/22/14

EARLY EVENING

I'm re-working dream thinking. I didn't like the voice, I found it becoming drudgery and bland and too fantastical without any grounding in the real life, which makes dream thinking so necessary. I'm reworking it as more of a biography that is going to have leaps to dream thinking. I don't quite know how I will make this happen. Some characteristics will be kept the same and I may borrow some material from the first working. I want it to be more personal, more lonely, more self-entertained. I feel like I'm entertaining some unknown spectator with the first working, not enough of my own personal representational playground.

05/08/15

EARLY EVENING

The heavens, I endure too much at times. It's been a while since I've written.

05/19/2015

EVENING

I understand you attempted to have mutual friends disarm me, Lady Katherine, but I have no friend, least of all two!—and what are enemies when I am already unto myself? Verily, a man alone is a man in war. Jon and Alex nay, all the ones you know that I have released a part of me unto cannot disarm me. I am alone and with desire. I am alone and with my heart. I will come for you. I am always hurt by your criticism and I think it wrong and unfair. Indeed, I have always been careful about approaching you, even to the point of watching privileged men exercise their inalienable privilege, when arguing against you for their privilege's recognition, and here you speak of my ugliness, verily, an ugliness because I do not chose to be ruled, I do not chose to succumb to my weakness in the eyes of better beasts—their victory. Though I be gloom and liberated with things-in-themselves, I do not respect the social authority you would have me recognize, that social authority who borrowed your power to feed off my aesthetic will. I can't help it that I have the power to outstretch time, which I define with my very existence; an existence I use to challenge this very concept as a means to laughably utilize it as an apparatus whose totality I dare to use to measure my unmeasurable strength, which is the existential definition of reality, my perspective. When you meet your nothingness and wasteland at such an

early age to only have it continually displayed through the reaches of existentiel being, your only choice is survival, the very definition of privilege, for what is it that lives that does not have given what it is owed, which is what is its own and what is our own but our inalienable privilege —call it pleasure principle. Lady Katherine, I do not accept your prison, nor do I accept anything short of your dream. If I do not come alive when your eye lids close, the largest beauty that I've ever seen and the very point on which I DESIRE to lay my first kiss, or most tender kiss, if it comes to hidden things, then I will use my existential freedom and responsibility as one who is in-itself and for-itself, namely, a human animal, to will into existence my necessary exertion, and although there be humans that want to see me dead and would love no greater victory to their devices as human cognitive saplings than to will me into my own self-denial, I will accept my necessary role as one who means to commend into the dialogue of the ages of freedom. . . and demand, at the same time, your privilege. Now, the normal craftsman cash in their justifiably supported arrangement and non-contestant living, while I tread laboriously. Jon and Alex? I see these creatures as ones who have never met their nothingness nor ever dreamed up their aesthetic ideal and necessity, true one may be a craftsman while another a commentator, but they do not recluse as beings into their own will for their own necessity. In short, I see you calling upon a society that did not put itself into motion, a society for which Jon and Alex meander unto as role players, though entertaining, they are nevertheless, devoid of their own construction—as people that move themselves. What are they but the engineering demands of their destiny. While my parents may have engineered me, if that is, it is as all has seen itself unravel as the natural course of destiny, then I have no real danger at all and only your little kitty to await through aesthetic labor and yet, still remaining is our unconquerable mind that puts them in motion. But, my still Queen of the night and rectress of witch illumination, if things are not arranged so peacefully, then I only show my hard-hearted heart directed at pleasures of the greater kind, and while Jon may signify the highest member of privilege he certainly does not signify the highest member of feeling and it is this reason these others fail to capture the whole imagination of a generation. Verily, even Jon's mother betrays his engineered position with the fact that he merely doodles, while someone such as yourself are the natural consequent of individuation and desired dream. I can't promise my success and even in failing you, I still demand your continued imagination which I have hoped to solidify in its individuation of liberated feminism, though constantly courting, for my heart demands its identity. Lady Katherine, through the course of my exertion and desire to mangle myself into the corpse of aesthetic existential dialogue, I hope to fulfill our dense aestheticism identifiable through the principle of our togetherness or at least through our push pull retract now painfully tease and react together again, from the beginning now. Unfortunately I may end tragically, again, and if I end madly, again, I swear to the very heirs of your love, I have only recognized beauty. But as always, Lady Katherine, do not expect the rule of immediacy. After being reprimanded with a conflagration (really do not know the meaning of this word, let my imagination prove itself worthy in this one instance, at least) of logically causal rationality, to wit, Lady Katherine, you demand a series of causal fallacies that I do not always understand nor digest with full comfortability. Would of loved to have left you on a high note, such as your beauty, but my spirit stirs and reaches and feels and desires and travels through certain existential and logical necessities to express itself and it can't always be alone. I sometimes, really need to talk to you and you have denied me much. True I am not the greatest craftsman or the greatest worker, but once we get over this hill, I hope their will be too much fun ahead. I am a little frightened however, for I have had your absence too long. Projects currently investing in: Nautical Woman EP, tentatively brainstorming what was once You the People I the Individual is now seemingly transforming into Lorenz contra Maldoror, still progressing on Dream Thinking although at a dreadfully slow pace. I have secured certain things from you. Lady Katherine, in the end, if I can't have you as a lover, I want you as an ally, if I can't have you as an ally, I want you as a collaborator. I hate you repulsing me, stop it, truly stop being cruel to me.

6/14/15

EARLY AFTERNOON

What can a dog do? In alienation one comes to grip with just the ingredient they find most desired for their seeming satiation. Solitude can show what one has always wanted, been denied and now hungers with hate, over its apparent impossibility to attain. A lot of my distress has relaxed as I browsed through some of these diary entries to realize an obsessive craving, but also a magnificent skill. I fear, yet again, that I have chosen badly in trying to secure living arrangements at the same time as trying to rush into meeting and opening up to people. Yet again, I am merely at a rest stop. West Sacramento, while possessing trees, contains a rather nauseating stench, when, that is, it exhales its summer's breath, which may seem unending at times and always without warning; and in the winter one smells the toxins of America's crippling food choices. I believe, that essentially, fast food is meant for those stuck on the streets, whom have rebellious desires for drug use and for children whom parents loath and/or for self-loathing people themselves. Through a series of combinations, such as realizing in actuality my aesthetic desires, while at the same time recapitulating the distance between me and Delwiche, while fostering a difficulty to contain violence for the comfortable artists, I come in contact with my unsolvable hatred for America, which seems to only afford personality to those whom are in favor by the people. So it was I suffered some uncomfortable social interactions at Sunset Villages, coupled with minor threats from a social worker, hinting that I am indeed running in danger of losing my housing choice voucher, simply because I seem to display to her uncomfortable mental cognitions regarding the space I am in. Don't get me wrong, my space is good, but the people who shove themselves into it are not. There is, however, the pleasant alleviation of an old man named Mike, whom I am able to extract some compassion from him regarding my desire to intoxicate myself with beer, for which he rewards me with 2 or 3 buds. He even has the good sense to let me drink his beer by myself, in my own apartment, without having to entertain him. Some old folk acquire a certain honesty regarding human interaction, and I won't insult them by saying anything more, however, other older persons, like to mangle the appearance of reality so as to drive you into their own deceptive entertainment which will leave nothing but soreness in the reflective organ contributing to certain particle chemicals that lets the body feel good about the way it has behaved. These persons contaminate the community room, where I utilize wifi. I am going to dedicate myself to certain life choices that will hopefully please me, reward my inner voice, while encouraging that inner voice to enter into the comfortable space it has found itself. I had thought on a project called Lorenz Contra Maldoror, however, I fear West Sacramento oughtn't to be its central location for this project's development. It really is rather difficult to become alienated and it is rather special when one is good at remaining alienated, however, incredibly dangerous. With solitude and alienation one has a rather special ability to express and say and sound off rather unique and amazing things. I think that is what Nietzsche had secretly hoped to express with his BG&E. I have been expressing my musical virtues, not obsessively, but in a way that is revealing my love of self in that field of expression. It is not skill at an activity, but the love of your self while conducting that activity that makes the activity good. So it is that the more and more I reach out for sex in which I only encounter bad sex experiences, I seem to become less driven to desire such a thing. Yes, another encounter with a body I did not love or admire. Later, I came to regret it as the woman was such that when she spoke, she in fact had revealed nothing, and relied on my ability to relate and compensate for the lacking valuations in her expressions with things that would be my expression and only expressed in thought and then she would use my facial expression, which merely expressed confusion (for now I was using *my* thoughts and the thoughts behind those thoughts to account for her devoid spirit) to represent a symbol of not only understanding and meaning, but of a genuine reply, which then encouraged her to speak more words that only resembled her manipulative interests. So it was a difficult experience for

me. There are people who do drugs, but almost none of them do it for the reasons I choose to use them for and I think I am becoming better and less destructive about my choices, although not without the help of certain poverty restrictions.

I perused some of Faucet Clocks' thoughts and when I read it, I see such an immense expanse of space between me and her. *You accept us, but we don't accept you* or *We are your friends, but you are not our friend*, both of these clauses is what the majority of social society portrays to me and it doesn't fail to put me in a rage. Also, that while Faucet Clock revealed some things of herself, it also prevented disclosing some rather interesting facts that only close friends are able to know, such a bully I must be!

Pretty sure computer generated manipulation occurs with my account activities and it is merely another episode of the world, and those in power, attempting to disarm the personal power of expression. Many of our artists today are trained or are permitted to test their amour-propre in their respective desired fields at ages when it is comfortable to align yourself among these activities, and the saying that old dogs can't learn new tricks, is merely the world suppressing people, till it is nearly impossible to comfortably learn and develop skill and amour-propre at an artistic field.

My poor refrigerator has suffered a rather obsessive scrutiny regarding its behavior and I sooth its discomfort at being harassed with permanent glances and encouraging remarks that it will one day be enormously famous. The poor refrigerator responds with a little gloomy lighting up of its features, as I open its door to reveal its internality for the digestion of my perception in digital permanency, and I tell you, the sad thing is poor.

EARLY EVENING

Beginning July 12, 2014 Faucet Clock proceeds along a rather Apollonian path that causes me to surrender to an immensity of rather total destruction. I feel like shit when I read this part of her blog. She seems to be justifying the then terrible treatment I received by the Davis folk, or maybe even, a complete dichotomy to the struggles I endured during that time and all the while, defending productivity as though those who are productive really had a choice in being productive. The very natural life and being of humanity is exertion of the will, however, because the people rule and because individuals don't really know how to be individuals, the only people who truly get to exert are the rebellious or the supported and how little rebellion occurs these days! Hence, the absence of surrealism and French isolationism and German integrity. Meanwhile, I, being the victim of everyone's manipulative dismantling and suppression. . . I digress. In being suppressed while living in oppressively dangerous situations, I realized that American Capitalist Democracy, with the institution of Family, is nothing other than the People's Aristocracy (a term I had hoped to use to found my own political regime, but it already exists). Parents and Social members of a city use their wealth to hand pick the ones they want to express art, which almost always ends in suffocating those who are under-privileged. Davis? I was the only one who struggled, I feel like everyone else possessed all the tools, pleasures, social benefits (friendships, meaningful get-togethers, a sentiment of being wanted). . . while I was proving my will to refuse abuse and, as a result, I got reprimanded with arguments and logistical fallacies over my seemingly monstrous lack of productivity, from those who were never denied their intellectual rights or property rights or desired rights. The latter half of Faucet Clock seems to want to blame me for refusing to exist in the work place, that sphere where people abuse the honest dreamer, who has dialogues with his existence because it is the safest, most accepting, and reciprocal place there ever was for it, while the world and even those who are comfortable artists (because were they really self-propelled wheels? Did they really sacrifice for their art, as Faucet Clock seems to suggest all her artist friends did?. . . what did they sacrifice? Social Victorian Economy for Artistic Victorian Economy? Please, don't pretend!). There are some people I voluptuously crave delivering ruin unto, because they are blind to their manufacturing, a manufacturing which is nothing but the product of the wealth of

their parents and while private wealth supports them, private wealth seeks to ruin me and refuses me their support and they, in choosing their comfort, sought out to ruin my right to be accepted by the community. I hate so many people and sometimes Faucet Clock is one of the hardest things to read, and then when I combine it with what she says years later, or now rather? I am in a rage and my poor refrigerator has nothing to offer me. Sometimes I really hate Katie, she makes me so mad, the fucking bitch. Why must I justify my relationship in its interaction with the world, when the world demands I merely and only receive its abuse, simply because I entertained the temptation of christ. So many people do nothing but bull shit, dismantle the real representation of socio-economical being-together, for the mean profit of their sick satisfaction and entertainment, or still others, demand that I permit them to use my intellect as a mode by which they can find themselves permitted to enter that sphere of a higher order (the higher order I aspire to), so they can plunder and damage the very ones whose esteem I hope to win, because I feel a love there and then the faux artists run away and leave me to be either ruined through the social reputation that this beast hopes to use and then misuse or even better, cause in him such a discord through the only acceptable way to deal with savages: insult upon insult; and genuine degradation the fucking dirty little puppy---Quincy Adams (how much trouble am I inviting, here?). My hermitage and its freedom, which when left in its comfort and its profit, is good and has been stolen away from me; and while I enlist myself in endeavors to return to it, I only find criticism for my lacking ability to be the person other people want me to be. While I judge and hate being reprimanded for judging, what really is occurring are people are approaching me either directly, indirectly, or some other such and saying let us judge you to your ruin and make you feel guilty about protecting yourself, you god damn coward. Those are the secret words I find on the grins and cordiality of every human I encounter.

It's almost to the point where Faucet Clock becomes a negative interaction for me and I can no longer be alone after experiencing portions of it, yet there is no where to go. My friends in Davis, were far from friendly, and it seems as though *they* got what they wanted. And on her side, is her criticism over my lacking Victorian skills, my underprivileged position, and inability to exist amongst those who are oppressive. She criticizes me for being weak, and what am I to do? My strength isn't represented or admired in our days. I belong amongst those who the people fear teaching, because it ruins their power and we all know how much struggle and war the people endured to reach their power. Who really is unproductive? Is it productive to destroy, oppress, enslave, and satisfy your entrails? I only see monsters given permission to waste, and the worst of it, they contort the meaning of monster and say it is I who is monster, that fallacy almost invites firearms (is death approaching?).

6/17/15

EARLY EVENING

Woke today at about 5 in the morning. It really pleases me when I am able to express my personality in the diversity of my body's instinct. I fear many people demand a rather determined consistency in behavior, reception and expression, so as to justify for themselves and for others, the treatment one is made to understand they deserve. I did some laundry and realized I want a web presence for my diaries, snippets of my novel, photography and hopefully sometime soon(ish) videos and of course, more musical expressions. I've been thinking about a numbering system for sequenced style music, simply SEQ NO. --- KEY SIGNATURE, NAME OF COMPOSER. So, SEQ NO. 1 KEY SIGNATURE, Lorenz. I'd like to know what actually makes a symphony a symphony (quite remarkably this is perhaps incredibly easy to find out, however, I don't feel as safe and encouraged to interact with the web in the presence of other people—in fact, behaving with objects, people, and values and their expressions in front of people, has always been difficult for me. . . well. . . not always, but I've been thrown out of my comfort. What I like about the electronica that gets me excited is that there is a liberty in the portrait of its melodic and harmonic rhythms, and the tonality is rich, unique, new—

undiscovered. Although I am capable of getting excited over our pop synth, I seem to find myself a bit dissatisfied with not only these genres (which are far from the worst) but a lot of the genres that are held in monetary and popular esteem—their formulaic rhythmic personality, which often has a formulaic melodic and harmonic personality. Now some formula is unavoidable, but the formulas that really get me are the free ones. Some post punk bands have this freedom too, they aren't simply using guitars for melody and rhythm backing, but as another piece of the lyricism contained in the song. I digress.

Free to choose, seems to be something that might prove useful and helpful and maybe something I can learn from, but it also seems as a tool to passively force its participants into accepting sobriety and surrender. I have a decent idea of what I'd like to pursue for my chemical welfare and I think Free to Choose just might be the County's attempt to challenge that ambition, and although there are lacking social habits in my being-in-the-world, I am in fact being manipulated into social interactions with people who want to compel me into the responsibility of their social law. I am rather certain that I portray all the qualities of a hermit and people use this as a means to transgress against me, for being naturally devoid of adhering to what they prescribe for themselves. It is unfavorable when I open up, which sees me volunteering information, information that does not meet with its reciprocal requirement and yet, when others open up to me, they play with me by volunteering contradictory sentence values so as to entangle me into their web of unjust interaction, displaying for me what I ought to have avoided being a victim of. Yes, this hermit has claws, but even so, people usually prevent me from receiving genuine interactive value, not that I am going to solve people's problems and this is what perhaps prevents people from being genuine with me.

I feel that people only align themselves with artistic tastes that society or those in media's power proffer as deserving esteem, which means true talent does not decide value, but only the consensus of a social setting, so mostly all I encounter are people appreciating only what is supported by the gun, that new form called wealth—we have Locke to thank.

It was interesting how sober communication was a topic in Free to Choose and refusing to offer its alternative, intoxicated communication, thereby closing admittance to the party, and often it takes so little for people to justify their maltreatment, which is to say that people are indeed judging, while demanding the individual not judge, so as to better enjoy their comfort and rule and injustice. Basically, Yolo County is demanding I be their customer, when most of the products they sell are things that attempt to put me to shame for being the remarkable person I am, and true greatness has only but ever proved its continual lack of friendship, don't mistake me, I would like to have some friends, but so many people fall short of that ability for me, and then I am made to suspect that it is my fault and meanwhile I am suffocating from immense poverty.

I see Yolo County attempting to force me into the workplace, where they then are granted their self-made justification to tamper with my sensibilities.

6/17/15

EVENING

Sometimes I feel that the burden of my alienation is my total responsibility, and that my failure to make connections and design togetherness out of ordinary instantaneous successions of banal activities, such as grocery shopping, is going to encourage a deeper course in this destitution I am swallowed in. It strikes me with great pain that without support, encouragement, and monetary assistance, it is almost impossible to accomplish anything great by yourself; couple this with my lacking sense of happiness and comforting self-approval, and I am almost a dead person in the streets. I feel like people are surreptitiously suggesting that it is my fault that I am so alone, as people aren't interested in me and it is I who must be interested in the people, which means that people lose nothing over my sans connection and the hostility of having fallen from the social circles of people that I really wanted to have meaningful relationships with,

people that parted with their peers satisfied and with comfort, while I lost all my aspirations, earned a rather difficult label to defend, and then, was scorned for entertaining hopes of accomplishing the fulfillment of my lost love.

The worst is when I have moments of triumph only to be ensnared into a social web of rather gruesome, nauseating and terrible effects. Such as with my family and almost all the interactions that occur in West Sacramento, save the grocery stores and a few stores specializing in trinkets, albeit these trinket stores are not without their infusing anxious toxins, as all ware sells are apt to do.

I am pursuing another chapter of therapy and a series of dialogues regarding the use of intoxications. I want to be guarded and apprehensive about my therapy. I am unwilling to accept that I am merely inveigling the real representation of the world, that people are cordial, satiated, and programmed into their little sphere of communally approved productivity (terrible that the world seems to be the one determining the lot of individual and that we are indeed far from inheriting the real virtue of individuality—self-propelled wheels of character, ambition and expression.) I digress. What is therapy going to attempt to persuade me to accept and deny? I feel like these social workers only proffer advice that will indeed merely introduce me to greater alienation, for I will be seen betraying and ignoring certain aspects of my self that are judged to be either admirable or detestable. If I surrender my ambitions to re-unite a dialogue with my lost love, do I simultaneously nullify all the art I hope to release into the world and, moreover, will I be received as someone who is searching for romantically charged dialogues, or will I merely be proliferated as one who is encountering the world so selfishly, and without any promotion, that it will almost be criminal when I step into the social exchange market. Will I be bullied into guilt for having transcended the democratic abuse laid upon me by the personages of a combined California? The way the world has treated me, giving my parents free reign to mistreat me when a minor and then to disown me when I fail as an adult in my attempts to provide a meaningful life for myself, without catering to the disarming influences of my family and their cohorts. Quincy was a lethal instrument of my family, I am sure of it. Positive that when I was on LSD and went outside I saw Quincy's urgent invitations coupled with fake encouraging greetings from my Mom and Dad. Ashton? There is no mistake he is a member of the female guard that wants to trespass my lethal declamations against Democratic Victorian values. I keep on moving to such terrible locations, or rather locations too eager to insult, disparage and disrespect me. Some of the people at Sunset Villages are real nasty and they enliven a rage that wants to mete out violence, and if only I wasn't such a pansy of a fighter, which is to say if I had a nastiness that equaled theirs, they would get just that which they desire—a broken body. What I sense is really going on here, is that petty and vulgar insults are done to me by those whom are probably rather easy to dismantle, if words came to shoves came to fists; however, this would only invite the ones who really want to harass me, for now they have an invitation, according to their fallacious logic, to question me about defending myself against disrespect and rather ugly insults. Christianity really turned the people into nasty little dogs—although, I'd sooner say little puppies.

Rather expecting this free to choose dialogue to be an incredibly irritating rash, like chicken pox, as I see attempts being made to encourage a distaste, through tone, surreptitious remarks, and logic so full of the insidious causal connections of the deepest ingredient of a banal mind that I just might have to circumvent them with the decision to subtract them henceforth from my person, which means I'll simply quit the meetings, but not without hostile gossip as to my person's deserving denigrating treatment in my workings with those who claim to save me with income at the expense of my accepted elucidations and rather difficult chains to remove in order to do that which I want to do, like get the fuck out of these terrible small towns, full of small town hoes and small town bros, rejuvenated by their own lustful incest.

I am rather displeased with myself, for I failed to enjoy an interaction in which I could express my self, its desire, its curiosity and interest. These expressions are something that have never been legitimized as an individual in the community.

6/30/15

EVENING

It is perhaps one of the most distressing effects of hermitage, when it is suspected that the community harbors a secret judgement on your actions, while attempting to utilize your very own self-appraisals to corner you into a predicament of criminality. Nationalism is upon us and I sense that there are rather economically and socially powerful people in the land that I occupy, who seem to want to use the argument that only those whom they choose are capable of exercising the privileges of the system, and that it is still an affront to be someone who only exists according to his own desires, liberties, and self, for people seem to want to say you ignore me and my existence, which has an account in the workings of things, so now I will exercise my will upon you. As it is, I do believe some people read my diary and hold it against me that I continually fail to do the good of American values, which is none other than oppression, or, rather, suppression and repression for a person like me, who has no real supporters or encouraging privileges and benefits. When people attempt to condemn you for adhering to your word or words and fail to comprehend how one is able to say I experiment with what is good for me and I only accept my experiments, well, it urges a rage in the people.

I'm slightly disappointed that the salt dispenser and grinder that I bought a week ago, for a rather larger price than I'd of like'd it to be, does not permit refills. When this is coupled with my exercise of the Wells Fargo system's privilege of automated dating system for debits and deposits, by withdrawing some value of cash in exchange for agreeing to pay an overdraft fee if Wells Fargo ends up paying for it at the end of its debit deposit cycle, one really sees that the people in its communal power really take a despair over not having been successful at making profit off of you and they see me, making my own profits and agreeable life that is founded on attempting to find a place better than my current location, so as to fully open up, if that is even possible anymore. Seriously, with so much disagreeable social interactions and disagreeable communal habitations, one really does become calloused and despondent. I had felt guilty and hardened with a sense of fear over destruction and ultimate death prior to writing out these thoughts, thanks to the reason that my nature does indeed need to express itself and only finds its salvation in reading and writing and music, although, it is not against me to find acceptable people by which to belong—and am I to cower and fear and tremble before the grumbling folk who seek to benefit off of the weak self-esteem I hold myself in and for the conscience I have tribulations against, for attempting to exert the spirit that I want to be defined by existence and not those common people who would have me exert my own death for being the to easily promoted foul monster or rather idiot they can so easily convince their peers of.

And maybe they want my cordiality? What? My cordiality and my solitary hours of hardened self appraisal with its unfulfilled desires, lackluster liberty through an attempt to reckon himself a non-plastic artist, and this rather dangerous, but curious dialogue he has with existence? Granted, an existence nearly no other's share in, and it might well be just that that encourages their hostility.

What phantoms! you'll have yourself say, yet, if you only knew this town's tragically hostile christian attacks! And that my psyche in its reception of appearance when contributing a thought according to the movement of my eyes have been deciphered and nearly completely mapped out! All the herd have to do is compel my eyes to move into a series of conclusions so that I become a victim of my own natural loathing! I am a long way from my place of comfort, it seems.

And what am I to proclaim about this great national event? That men have been bullied into combat for private interests, desires and wealth? Oh, for the values that define the

community, hear! hear! And now that I, insensitive to the lofty greatness of this liberty granted community, might just endure the torrential oppression they are terribly capable of, which I hope reaches some hearts to determine these fools are merely perpetrators of aggression, slavery and oppression. I digress.

Saw someone whom I recognized from my years in Woodland and became instantly nauseated, as I was tempted to ask the shit if he was stalking me and then thought how fortunate I'd be if he did this hermit the good service of not inviting himself into commerce with me. The only commerce apparently available for me is bad commerce, except, however, when I take advantage of the Wells Fargo system's privilege regarding time signatures in debit and deposits.

While walking to Raley's, someone loitering in the shadows let their words soar through their darkness and out of their despondency into my amplifier's wave length, which had me comprehend their request for my money. West Sacramento is teeming with people of the street, however, the secret they reveal, is that, like me, they receive monetary subsidies through the nationalism of this land and that, like me, seem to run out of it at the end of the month's revolution. I have allowed myself to be duped into thinking these were real despondents, but they have their days of bread, beer and dessert and desert, just as I have mine—they just want to bully mine out of me, save the desert. Maybe there are some that are really despondent—well then, let that Nationalism come to them!

Well, lofty diary, it seems you have rescued me, yet again.

LATER

I am reminded of a real son of a fuck, someone from Davis, and I hope I insult him by leaving him unnamed, as with the other. He does nothing so that he can manipulate people into doing things for him and he encourages compassion and twists his life events in such a way as though he were its victim and tragedy. He tried to swallow me, make me his partner. He was the kind of person that was only good, because he didn't have the wealth and power to be bad. I like to think that I am bad, because I don't have the wealth and power to be good. I also like to call this the game of Police and Civilians with the iteration of which one are you? It seems as though people are intent on allowing wealth to determine one's rights, its unfortunate, for then, those who have rights may not, in fact, deserve those rights, while yet, using that ancient argument that might makes right, and in this age, economic might, non violent aggression, makes the only right and only law. And war? The wars are for those troubled souls who cannot be contained by economic might, which is the meaning behind my Dad's advice for the military—but it is the economy and the society that wrongs me, has wronged me and continues? Some may even want to say, that in the end, it no longer becomes necessary to question what is being done, but only to do what is being done.

7/01/15

LATE EVENING

If I were President, I would give a speech unto the people in the vein of what follows, on a day that celebrates liberty.

So we are at that anniversary of an epoch that won for the historical man that notion of freedom and liberty amongst men contracted unto another. It is a wise token of our Nationalism, that we understand that men had thought themselves destined to co-exist among one another, that the circumstances of life made it impossible to exist alone. So we are left with liberty and freedom in society, as a form which begets the social contract in such a way that provides for the health of the individual. This thinking was two centuries ago before the world went into a catalyst of globalism founded upon widespread bloodshed and indiscriminate murder of people because of race and culture. This tyranny that exerted itself in the past and in some parts of the world today still exerts itself, this tyranny which has values founded upon a form of livelihood

that dictates laws and customs, which must be protected and defended at the expense of another human being's life, because their life contradicts these values, well this is a consequent of that thought that we must form a social compact that demands adherence, respect, and obedience. This thinking caused in our world at a time not so distant, some rather dangerous wars that nearly defeated the very definition of humanity and what we are left with is a newer philosophy to mangle and meddle into the original purpose of a tradition that gives so many people pride over their existence. Namely America, Liberty, Individuation and Existentialism. We respect that liberty and freedom have been won and defined in the Nationalism of America, however, what is liberty and freedom if one cannot be an individual? We might have a Nation of Liberals, but far are we from having a Nation of Individuals. Liberty and Freedom is something that can only be realized when an Individual proclaims he wants to exert his personality because he is himself, maybe it is self-love rightfully understood. Individuation will be the new definition of liberty.

This speech is more difficult than I had imagined. My Dream Thinking will intend to define the character of this meaning, Individual. Is it no wonder we feel a pain at having to enslave ourselves to production, a production commanded by one who cares little for the welfare of an Individual amidst the world of production. If you are not a means of the assembly line, which has been modulated according to favorable Victorian values and defined according to favorable political and cultural welfare, when only populace, its power and wealth, at the behest of those who only spend money to dismiss indiscriminate liberty, why this is the very destruction of the creative power of individuation. What is really celebrated with America? The rule of persons capable of instituting themselves in the crux of private wealth's systematic revolving clock cycles. Are people happy that they have something to do? Are people justifying the fact that they need to exert their will in order to exist and that they are utilized to do so with benefits that make them feel comfortable? And then they are granted their high esteem of self, by denigrating others with arguments that only defend their basic natural impulses, their character. And then the lot of them have organized themselves in the world according to an exercise of power that demotes those who really only want to live for themselves and their love when it finds its integrity. The common people, say you can love anyone just as much as another, because what they are saying is that you are only a contract maker and not one who feels. Contracts don't feel nor are they even honored. It is a mere question of whether one wants to read it or not and do as it requests. The common people believe they have a choice to either listen to paper or not and do as what they conclude that which rewards their comfort. I see America's revolution as a piece of defending what one's private wealth is determined to support and uphold. The common people, do they want private wealth and positions of power so they can exercise oppression with what does not agree with their palate. Individuals are a law unto themselves who only look for what identifies with their expressions, that kind of law frightens people who need a community to define themselves. That is why Individuals are hard pressed with issues of morality, criminality, religiosity—that ancient idiocy. Two centuries ago, nay three, people believed they needed to be defined by a system that earned its existence by the will of a community. Now a community ought to be a mere playground for individuals who have ambitions that refuse to ask for permission.

I think in the end, we may all have a wish that life be not so hostile, or is this perhaps merely the world-weary?

In any case, and again, in any case.

7/02/15

EVENING

Had wanted this to be destined to Delwiche:

Do I nauseate you? I've always wanted to know how my messages made you feel, going all the way back to those telephone calls where I felt so much shame when you teased me that I talked to you about poopy underwear. Interestingly enough, my Grandpa pooped his pants on the way to Disneyland when taking me, my brother and our Grandma on a Grandparents and Grandchildren trip. I don't remember the experience too well, but I fear that I was a bit too harsh on my Grandpa, not really understanding why they decided to turn around and wanting to know what had happened. And then not too long afterwards, he was diagnosed with cancer and would eventually meet his end about a year later. Anyways, it's interesting how our spirit ends up defending certain exposures of our own experiences. I confide these things to you, because I feel that you are perhaps the only safe person whom I can communicate unto. I'm actually going through a rather difficult juncture in my life, what with benefits and social workers attempting to flex their authority unto me and having to deal with alienation in a community that seems bent on destroying hermits. I'm convinced North is my haven. I keep on making terrible mistakes when it comes to choosing where I live. And now, I might have made the most terrible mistake of all, admitting certain activities done in my apartment that are considered illegal, namely, giving others the liberty to get high in my apartment. I wrote most of this letter last night and then woke up this morning in a panic about my welfare. My social worker, whom I believe manipulates things and thought processes in my life so she can justify her paycheck, has led me to believe that I have been acting in such a way as to lose my benefits, so thinking that the world is watching me, I gave license to my honesty and confessed, like the good little pansy I am, the things that may dismantle my long awaited independence. I'm in West Sacramento now and it's just an ugly place and the people seem to be very hostile towards me. You know, California might have a lot of trees and wilderness in it, but I keep finding places that are only superficially encouraging the graces of nature. For instance, my hometown, San Marcos, has trees and bushes and greenery galore, yet the only way to experience it is by getting in a car and driving through it. I need a place that welcomes individuality and presents a natural forestation that I can get into with my feet and body. California doesn't have winters anymore, or, at least, where I end up being. It's all heat and exhaust. What good is anything? She ignores me now and almost everything I send her.

7/03/15

AFTERNOON

I fear I just ruined myself by volunteering and confessing the liberty I allowed others to exercise in my apartment. And I fear I let myself be bullied by the malevolent attitude of my social worker who was adamant about making me feel as though I were acting in such a way as to warrant my termination of benefits.

It's been a really long time since I've experienced something beautiful, safe and encouraging. Everything I get, comes with restrictions and limitations, I am not able to feel like I can do what I want and be what I want and let others feel accepted as well. All the input I receive from the world are notions that the way I think is merely a form of paranoia and that it's a disease in my mind that makes me think that, and other devaluating remarks about my person. I receive input that I am prone to and which puts me in danger of making decisions that would cause people to harm me, as though being myself is something that permits other people to hurt me, that I have to live according to the rules, laws and regulations of others. I have to let people inject me with chemicals whose explanation of its true nature in the production of my biological composition and the way it makes me interact with the world is avoided and ignored. I am constantly having to explain myself, the world and my conception of its behavior to people, without them ever returning the necessary reciprocal input. People get paid to toy, dismantle

and inflict guilt, pain, despair and fear unto me. The comfort of America oppresses me. And now I must await the verdict of other people's liberty to exercise power over me. Is it because we don't have the same value standards? That they are incapable of understanding and acting in accordance with my value standards and therefore, attempt to rule and dismiss, when possible, the liberty to express my value standards. Now don't get me wrong, the people I auditioned for sociability really did prove to be a harassment and I do not identify with them in the bit, but I feel like people are purposely looking for excuses to harass and depress me.

I hate that people get to decide whether they want to take my things away from me.

7/04/15

MORNING

Some would like to think that confessions of mistakes would earn us a recompense and prevent our loss of privilege and benefits, that we are exercising the values of a christian nation, so to say, yet, is this really a christian nation and what facets of christianity are really being purported and exercised when one speaks of the system christianity. I'd sooner say this is a nation of war and oppression, with some people and communities being good, supportive and helpful, or so we hope, and other people and communities being bad and oppressive and encouraging slavery in the form and structure peculiar to our militant Democracy. And what good does the war and oppression in America serve? It seems it makes people feel really good about hurting other people.

7/04/15

AFTERNOON

People in this community are pretty good about making me feel bad about myself. My personality is capable of such light-heartedness that others seem to take an affront to it. And I swear people enter my apartment and take my food. At the housing choice voucher meeting it was remarked how people complained about this very thing and that they were rebuked, yet, if there are many who complain about it, then there is probably some truth behind it; oh the two-sided face of popular opinion!! Only when it works in the favor of those who judge with power and authority.

7/10/15

EARLY EVENING

I need to resume working on my dream thinking. I had let myself become suffocated by the absence of the benefits of sociability and there being no pleasant sociability available. It is rather difficult to penetrate the truth of my destitution and struggle with the absence of fulfillment. I have faith that I will once again immerse into sociability, that I will find people that excite me and are eager to share their rewards with me. I have faith that I will once again live somewhere that gives me the heightened sense of victory each and every time I step outside to engage in commerce with the perception of things. People have made me suffer and I will encounter a greater joy because of it.

I have ceased taking some of the medications I allowed myself to think I needed and I feel, according to the common phrase, myself. I had some emotional lows, coupled with dream-drinking, and feel things becoming easier and more comfortable for me. If only I could soon release myself from the anti-psychotic they are seemingly forcing me to take.

Going through Katie's writings on 2/12/08 I find an incredible wealth that really stirs a lot of emotion in me, yet, I seem to find myself accepting the situation. I still intend to move North and I am uncertain of my ability to absolve the link I hold her to me in my heart, but I also intend to let myself be carried away by the accomplishments I hope to complete. A lot of the people from those Davis years were exercising the contracts they enrolled in and now today they are capitalizing on the profits of those positions they were accepted to set out to fulfill. It's

unfortunate to realize this, but perhaps my failure is due to America's desire to see me accomplish nothing in society. I think of all the abuses against me and the troubling and difficult circumstances I faced, and all there is of the People against me, yet—let's not succumb to the other's privilege to define me!

My whole life has seen me enter the doors of acceptance only to be bullied out of them by some gross power, which I realize to be my family and their adherents. Unfortunate the institution of Family, especially my own, which only abuses.

Katie wants to use and be used, which reminds me of that hit 80's family song.

7/11/15

EVENING

When the pieces I have selected for harmonization in a musical piece turns out to present the terrible portrait of disastrous and ugly dissonance I become infused with a terrible criticality that makes me feel worthless; yet, I comfort myself with the sentiment that one must unravel the process of the song, that devising the song is at times a series of terribly mistaken visions. Anyways, I own a guitar, once again and this makes me happier. It is all black, yet is merely an introductory electric guitar—fool! Am I not an introductory electric guitar player! Nay, my visions run ahead of my skills, while mechanically I am elementary, with visions I am almost an expert, laughable! As if I knew all the guitar's hidden secrets! Okay, calm down. I digress.

I traded my ukulele for the guitar and an amp and 20 bucks, happy drunk! Oh the gods show us a great mercy, indeed. I am stressed that I have to write, soon. I always fear it not being perfect and I hate modulating literature, I just want it perfect in the first scoop, what a dreamer I am!

Watched the Witches of East End and found some enormous entertainment. I love magic, witches, sorcery, and blades. Hence, Willow being a top shelf score for my viewing options. I found The Secret Circle to be pretty good too and am glad I have found a spiritual successor in the Witches of East End, however, the male protagonists are rather comical, almost the very certain dissonance of my actual self, heaven forbid this world if women expect *that* from me!

Today was a good day and although lonely, without anyone to love, am to some degree content. I only wish I had bakery in my life, tough chore Veganism is for us Americans, so many hostile souls stuff the wrong things in rather very fine things. And now that I've joined the vegan society meet up in the Sacramento Areas, I find that it is even harder to betray that solemn discipline that is Veganism. Oh, just one little pie, the devil take it! I only have so much money for the next few weeks' dietary necessities. Okay, thanks for listening, I'm going to masterbate now and then watch some Netflix. Next time! On the hour of solitude.

7/13/15

AFTERNOON

Musical concept I'm working on: The Solicitors—Solitude, A minor; Despair, C minor; Envy, E/G minor; Resentment, E/G minor.

Returned from West Sac Tech Exchange, and David, the online sales manager, is rather adamant about informing me that he was able to sell my roland cube mobile stereo amp and I think it's because I had originally just given it to him, because I wasn't certain it worked. He may have said if he got it to work and was able to sell it, then he'd give me cash considerations the next time I came in, so he keeps on informing me and I continue to leave him hanging. When I leave he says, next time Rambo, which makes me slightly uneasy because I don't normally like selling my stuff, which is normally under the conditions of necessity and urgency. Really trying to hold onto my camera and hoping I can avoid having to sell it. Nearing down the wire here with my July bills.

I really like that I don't have to go to my apartment's community room in order to use wifi, basically, having my own internet connection serves my personality and comfort and needs well. Soon, I'd like to venture more into Sacramento, only its troubling that I can only travel via foot, what a misfortune! I do miss my bike.

8/02/15

AFTERNOON

I feel immensely destitute and buried into the abyss of despair. I fear I have contracted HIV/AIDS. I fear there is no happiness in sight for me. I feel as though there is an enclave of people manipulating events about me and then judging me according to my own ruin. That I have to satisfy some secret watchful eye. I do things by myself, although I can't say I'm having fun. When I make attempts to reach out, all that's at hand is danger and destruction or some other secret manipulation meant to encourage a bad action on my part, so that I may suffer more turmoil and more justification for the abuses done to me in favor of my abusers. The ones I want to care for, either make it impossible for me to succeed alongside them, or reject me outright, labeling me with signs that distort my image. And yet, I want to hurry into more musical purchases after running into a series of anxious juggling of goods to meet needs and obligations I made difficult to meet. I also want to resume the working of my novel, yet I also feel as though there is not a soul who cares to see me succeed as a writer or musician; that none are encouraging my aspirations and that many think I am a contaminated beast undeserving of life's rewards. I titter-totter on the balance of obsessively loyal devotion with an ambition to prove my heart's purity for Katie Delwiche and the desire to reach out and enjoy my present state of desire and joy's yearning. I find it difficult to ascertain what is my happiness, a distant hope of winning Katie's affection and care and company, or finding another person's affection and care and company and whether there is another whom I will identify and marvel over as much I do with Katie.

I really hope I don't have HIV/AIDS. I performed oral sex on someone after asking them if they possessed any std's/HIV/AIDS and she said no, yet, I fear that I may have overheard two other girls a month or two prior saying unto each other, how said someone was raped and contracted HIV/AIDS or might have HIV/AIDS—a rather picturesque tragedy, if you ask me. This someone wasn't really sure what had happened to her and was keen on making it known that she should be dead and that a miracle returned her to life. It was difficult to retrieve specifics on the matter, for what was important to her was the miracle of life and most importantly, her continued life. She almost put in my head that she was someone who was actually dead, but walking as though there is a symbiotic sphere of bodies, dead and alive, for she kept on promoting life after death. I realized that I was gathering into the realms of fantasy or nonsense, so put such thoughts out of my mind and focused on our naked bodies. The oral sex I performed was a rather difficult task as she quite unnaturally stunk.

Sometimes I run the fear that I'm not drinking enough or that I'm drinking too much. That again, the secret watchful eye, is ascertaining my final judgement of either happiness or ultimate ruin and that unless I make the values of other people happy, I have to fear their temper and punishment. I also think I am being judged and held at bay by just about all the people I encounter, whether through online dating or market place exchanges (grocery stores, etc.), because I am determined mentally ill by the federal government and am provided with income and other subsidies from which without I'd be homeless or in jail.

I feel slightly less burdened after this spew. My writing has been rather sparse and ill-encouraged, lately. Perhaps, because I have been focusing on music a lot, which at times I am discouraged by my technical limitations.

This morning I found another bug that resembled Bartholomew crawling on my bed, as I lay awake pondering the early morning hours and the despair of being awake at such a time relegated to emptying out the last remnants of our fantasy, as it relates in the nighttime dream,

and did it the good service (in my book, perhaps not in its) of putting it outside, but yet unfortunately, not in any grass, just merely on the ground out front my door. Much to your dismay at this, I do not own any slippers and was, therefore, barefoot and did not want to travel through my upper balcony, littered with residues of heinously appearing dirt stains, and down the steps just as uncouth as the balcony (my neighbor cleaned the area in front of his door and windows, so along the whole floor of the upper balcony there is one clean spot amongst the dust trodden porch). I'm supposed to go running, but I feel like buying two 24's instead. I feel a little bit better, it's tough keeping things unexpressed.

8/07/15

AFTERNOON

Sometimes I fear that the animosity that people have entertained against me as a child follows me through to the very present and that I have outside awaiting me hostilities and alienation designed to ruin me. Couple this with the mistakes I made as an adult and I have an even greater war waiting to destroy me. I'd like to feel relaxed and comfortable about my present and the surroundings that encompass it. There are times where I am driven with an urgency to reach out to Katie and continually I make the mistake of messaging her. I wish I could find peace with her refusal of me and quiet those desires for her. In any case, I need to focus on being comfortable in the present, which for the most part is starting to develop quite nicely, however, I fear the abrasive judgement of those who don't understand necessity for intoxication and quieting the nerves with feeling so as to be able to express ourselves and feel a happiness over existence, will harken trouble for me and cause in me a series of thoughts residing on guilt over my existence and the way it manifests itself. Maybe I really ought to reread Nietzsche once again, as it appears my soul needs it. . . and Rousseau and my other kin. I'd like to move deeper into Dostoevsky, however, he was saved and permitted to write his great works while being one who was salvaged from the abyss of despair and destitution, so, therefore, it is easy for him to teach his prescription, woman and christianity, and although I'd agree with woman, I wouldn't contain Christianity in the equation.

I am on the verge of resuming my memoir, yet something contains me and holds me back. I am on the verge of relinquishing the first few sentences and then am overcome with irritability and criticality and displeasure and upset about the whole affair. I am once again in some of the sphere of the social media layers of the globe of some of those Davis folk and feel a bit gayer about my media presence. I sense that I greatly disappointed Alex when I failed to send him a book I had informed him I'd send him. I got excited and entertained buying a book and sending it to him and had planned on doing just that and, therefore, acquired his address, only to find, through each successively passing week, a failure to manage the purchase of the book with my limited funds and then when I finally did buy the book, it was for someone else. In my favor, I had long since lost the address of his place and some years had passed since I made that promise. The heavens have little mercy for poverty, it's as though the world jokes, he wants to have friends, but he's got no money. What an easy way to ruin someone, refuse them money. And then the world does good to work it into the minds of those they don't favor, that they don't deserve money, or that they don't deserve positions in the work force that pay well. Maybe my family really does deserve a lot of blame.

In any case, I'm debating strattera once again, and if that road is taken, it will require the assistance of an actual anxiety medication, that which I believe I have demonstrated the need and indeed require, but has been refused to me, perhaps, through this corporate exchange of expressing needs in a manner that finds itself acceptable by those in charge. Always, always, this catering to power determined, apparently, by the very philosophy that is attempting to ruin me and, perhaps, many others.

I don't think I quite appreciate how much danger I may have put myself in when I allowed myself to enter familial affairs by attending my Grandma's funeral. I think much of the world

abuses power and privileges and then there are some who simply just have fun. I want to be able to have power and privileges that make me feel good and have fun while at it. I'm tired of feeling like I'm under constant inspection that is meant to determine whether I deserve death or not. Why am I so wrong, according to this phantom judge? Why do I deserve despair, displeasure and unhappiness?

8/14/15

AFTERNOON

Animals are weird and the sun does something to the mind. Just came from my laboratory blood draw and it seemed things were arranged unfavorably for my digestion. The walk there was about 35 minutes and the walk back was about 30 minutes. I digress. Are people attempting to demonstrate my failure to provide their care and concern? In any case, I arrived to the building, a large complex edifice with suites inside designated for various departments. The suite I needed was 170, Quest Diagnostics. Upon entering the building my main concern was the location of this suite and I found a group of people hovered together near the building's main entrance door and next to another door to the right of the entrance. In any case, I had hoped that that wasn't Quest Diagnostics as I wasn't looking forward to waiting and wanting to eat as soon as possible, as I had been fasting since 10 or 11 the night prior. Verily, this morning I did not quite want to get out of bed, because I wouldn't be able to have my coffee and other snacks; therefore, upon investigation, I found that the suite for Quest Diagnostics was in fact located elsewhere and I was quite pleased that no one seemed to be waiting by the door and that it was quiet and rather peaceful. Well, not long after sitting and waiting, people began to gather unto the space and I feared it may have been the people that were waiting near the front of the building's entrance; that, perhaps, that was where people needed to wait, some unspoken propriety. Well, when the door was finally allowed open, one of the people beckoned my entrance after I beckoned his entrance, and he said that I was here first. Let it come to pass, fortune blesses me. Well, in any case, I turned in my paperwork and went through the formalities of the greeting and then took my seat and then decided the seat I took enabled me to see too much of the other people, so I changed my seat to yet another seat more designed to hide my view of the other people. Not long after the seats were taken, a somewhat prettier woman, about my age, made a gesture that seemed to seek an invitation to sit near me and I allowed my body to adjust itself away so as to give her room and then she sat down. Now, there was a row of five seats, I was at the end of the row, then an empty seat and then another empty seat and then occupants. She sat down in the empty seat not quite next to me, but the one after that. And heaven bless her phone, keeping women entertained to save them from the alienated, not that I would indeed be confident that I would identify with her and find her entertaining. Let it rest. Now, I was the first one served (I made a 12:45 appointment the day before through Quest Diagnostics Online Services) and I went through the formalities of some more greetings, yet again, and much to the annoyance of the lab technician. Verily, he seemed incredibly annoyed with me. And then came the pee pee goes wee wee in the cup. I ventured into the bathroom he seemed to designate for me, and there, in the very center and almost to my miss-happen step, was a large puddle and some paper towels strewn about without warning. I was debaced by it. How to approach the toilet, which was un-flushed and apparently rather messy. I walked around the puddle, tip toed up to the toilet, used some toilet paper as mittens to lift the seat and then peed in the cup, which I was a bit worried would be too much pee, so I set it aside after some urination occurred and let the pee pee trickle out its remaining remnants. I put the cup on the counter for which the lab technician designated to me prior to entering the bathroom, and then found him in the receptionist desk and said farewell and some words about the cup's location and then left, feeling rather jipper. What can I say? I had completely forgotten about the puddle. The sun does something to the mind.

LATER AFTERNOON

I received an increase in my Katie's little ghoulies credit card and bought a camera and a more telescopic telephoto lense. A package deal. Got my guitar yesterday from when I opened up my verve credit card. I have like 2500 dollars of credit card. . . debt.

8/26/15

LATE EVENING

Just watched a documentary on American horror in film, and that while it prevented truly deep analysis of the cultural war, it presented a general introduction into the complexities of our taste for mainstream horror and its commentary on our mainstream agenda. This has reinforced my desire to make my own documentary, founded on principles of individuation, and on myself; because my existence defines my reality, and that I am one who demands I have my own feelings represented in the world, so that I am encouraged to follow Rousseau and Maldoror and have a biopic in documentary form, complimented with creative musical scenes. Now, we say we are free and democratic, therefore, any one with a voice counts and is argued to indeed be the only one who counts, thus I ought to find support by my contemporaries, here, in America; nevertheless, I am one who is on guard to those who may be willing helpers and am one who desires to be the single-handed curator of my portrait. Things that will be focused into the discussion are my childhood and the complicated relationships with my family members founded upon the spoiling love of my Grandfather and the rather playful nature I revealed during his wake. Surprisingly, I am one who has yet to express grief over death, I feel as though I am rather something of a Cyrus and an anomaly to the human expressions of death. Perhaps it is an incurable vanity, no doubt a manifestation of true individuality. There will be discussions of my first love affair, the state of women from our childhood culture, and our present state of affairs, my alienation in childhood and the crippling abuse I received from my older brother. There will be music and we will sing of such things as culture vs. civilization; critique the mainstream for its abusive alienation of individuals who wound up committing mass murders followed by suicide. I fear there is a cultural monopoly on sex, that the actual cultural warfare of the sixties and seventies failed and was either abused by the actual counter-cultural movement, or there was a handshake and there is a world of two sides aiming to undue a true freedom. We will speak of senses and they're abuse and manipulation, mostly by the hands of authority, who don't want people feeling good so as to misuse them in the workplace, at home, and to generally upset the boundaries of inalienable human individuation. There might indeed be a rather terrible device at work in society, the levellers, bringing dreamers and aristocratic gifts to a place approachable by at large power residences. I will revisit The Confessions, Maldoror, as well as The Philosophical Discourse on Modernity. Will attempt to write many notes and engage myself with documentaries so as to arrive at some general understanding of the current state of affairs. Will not promise the reading of news papers. I have reliance from certain twitter accounts and facebook alliances that will help encourage my familiarity with voices in the now. I smell household cleaning products seeping through the vents of my air conditioner and am overhearing some arguments or rather louder communicative devices in the realm of interpersonal communication and I am sensing a need for a tall can. There will continue to be the indulgence of alcohol.

8/29/15

EARLY EVENING

Sometimes, I think my alienation is insurmountable, that the pillars of the comfortable have retracted forever my privilege and pleasure of society. Feminists propose woman's liberty, but forever and as always, woman demands that society and image proclaim what is acceptable for her. I never see women advance themselves upon me and what rewards await her for such things? I am out of her element. A woman only knows her existence in the greater dialogue of

her peers. The better the woman, the more sophisticated the peers, perhaps less mainstream, or, rather, less approachable. I think people pretend, and pretend badly. Also, they might just be only jokers.

9/03/15

EARLY EVENING

There are times when I feel that people have only approached me so as to mitigate actions out of me and, perhaps, actions that would help endorse my slavery and abuse. Mostly, things are unravelling okay, but that I can't exercise my true sexuality and that I am so often indoors and do not have any people that make me feel accepted, hurts my quality of life and can have the effect of demonstrating a kind of violence of varied natures, whether against the self, society at large, or some other such things. Violence continues to find its existence and people continually pretend that what needs to be done is restrain access to guns and not, rather, to change the rules of association and permit a more egalitarian reception of people so that there can be a sense of belonging for everyone. Instead, we restrict transportation, execute poverty conditions on people and stigmatize people by encouraging popular satisfaction with last man ethics. As far as my newly rekindled ties with some facebook friends, there is only a commonality in page reference and not rather a true home of friendship. I am on my guard and realize that the people closest me, the Woodlanders, merely perceive me as one who has unsolvable equations in emotional chemistry. They are not going to be inviting and least of all promoting. They may simply use me to justify their diversity in the world and American tolerance, which is a joke. Being a mental health patient has substituted institutional prison with a social prison. I am surrounded by people who only have an education to be capitalist participants or Victorian enthusiasts. My experience in Woodland was perhaps one of the most socially stagnant and simultaneously socially embarrassing episodes of my life. The people in Woodland were rather superficial and shallow and incredibly spoiled with stupidity. There illiteracy and desire for comfortable intellectual expressions nauseates me and ruins my appetite. Woodland feeds people shit, which is all they are capable of cooking and then they try to look as though they are endowed with superiority. Let us hope these negative thoughts and hostile attitude does not conjugate my personal creative verbs I execute into reality into something I despise. Basically, my Woodland experience was one in which I went to live as a writer and philosopher in a town that doesn't read or philosophize and I expected to whet my social appetite.

I've almost never picked up a book since I've been in West Sacramento, which is another story, a story currently unfolding.

Well, now, don't I get into a mood after dinner. Verily, eating oft puts me into a violent stream.

9/24/15

LATE EVENING

I haven't changed; only always growing and returning and sometimes, even departing.

11/02/15

LATE MORNING

When she calls me a repulsive stalker does that mean she realizes that I spy on her but that when it comes to finalizing our union, (realizing our principle of identity), the sameness of our magnetic charge causes me to move away from her, frustrating her, then frustrating me and thereby causing that dance she once spoke of marveling about? I'm really trying to develop an understanding of the world that will eradicate my faults and leave me happy and united with love. I'm tired of being scared of her and I don't want her to be scared of me and I don't want to feel like I'm imprisoned and forbidden, from going to places that I feel like I belong. She has

embedded in me a dangerous stagnation, for I can't rescind my feelings or understand the true causes of its rejection.

11/17/15

LATE EVENING

The desire to sound great at all times, and even, at times, better than your current capacity, to reach into those hidden recesses of our body's yearning and innermost feeling is what constipates my written effort and exacerbates my energies as a musician. To capitulate what I wrote elsewhere, that I am in my second wave of freedom, which is true, however, I am going to remain attached to this diary's series. I want to start realizing myself as an individual unto itself, with capacity, energy, desires and needs that are capable of being exerted. I think the reason why Jonny Bray wrote that I would be a rapist was because there might be a secret force against me, keeping me alienated all through the ages of life, and that because I believe that the will exerts itself without a natural reason to it and with little care for permission, that I would be a social menace. The social menace is the Victorian world that alienates, rejects and denigrates. For the most part I have been rather incredible, but no one acknowledges me for the great things I have done and only look for excuses to imprison me in this nothingness of human fulfillment.

I am unhappy with the weight I have gained and I want to resume my efforts to regain my lean figure. I am so tempted to buy, buy, buy. . . everything! I need to save my money so I can move to Portland. I do not know what will await me there, or what incredible hopes I can fulfill, but it will be big, green, and poetically serene. I go out shopping and I try to insert personality into the transactions I involve myself in, but I only find lukewarm reception at best. The online outlets are appalling and the values of its people are rather disgusting and totally nauseating. I have been trying to validate my existence with people and find nothing. Other times I am not in the mood to insert comforting pleasures, but have a need to purchase things. I think my November song will turn out to be pretty good.

11/18/15

LATE EVENING

I have been alienated for 8 years with little sprinkles of social amusement and social failure; previously, I was merely mildly immersed into a society. I was underprivileged and a topic of everyone's jeering. Prior to that, abusively alienated with the realization that I had no hope for a fulfilling life and that I had lived in such a way that I wasted my youth. I feel in the back of my mind a certain force united to punish me for possessing over-man qualities at a terrifyingly young age. Death, departure? what one belongs to is their self and what one looks for are other individuals, that are treasures unto themselves, yet, what pains me with Katie, is that I never was given an explanation for her rejection or why I was neglected from that society and then I find everywhere else, seemingly, people making excuses to treat me like shit and at an alienated distance. Moreover, I feel as though Katie possesses the necessary profundity and identity by which I can reveal my being and by which she can reveal her being (or so is my prejudice, for I really do not know how Katie sees me as that which I am able to proffer her). My underprivileged status remains, only now, I get to tell people I am mentally impaired when the truth is I am spiritually elevated and mentally ensnared into the complexity of existential meaning.

My family rent my existence with work and oppression and solitary uselessness. I was beaten many times. My needs were mostly ignored. What was given to me was taken away. My values were subjugated to the values of the more powerful members of the family. The way I wanted to explain the world wasn't accepted or respected. I was introduced to a lot of racism and other derogatory prejudices, so my parents could sabotage the social allies I might hope to win. I digress.

I am going to honor my Davis years with what I want to honor in myself, literary and musical and philosophical art. I may never find lasting companions. I think I'll stay in West Sacramento another year, while I navigate a healthier credit score, reduce felonies and then dismiss my cases. And then I'd like to move to the Pacific Northwest. I feel I belong there, I am mostly happier in the winter and I feel at home in nature, where I like to walk. I want to start feeling freer and In Charge of my life and passions. I have experienced many cases of lost love and almost always, I looked on for something more akin to my nature. Katie boils the blood of my yearning and disintegrates my happiness into a painful stagnation that rages against itself, for the river of tears is all dried out and now there is only the terrifying sadness that might just look lovingly upon death. I feel such an immense pain, especially when I look at my rivals, Jon, Madouche, Jesse, and some others whose names escape me and who really never penetrated my estimable membrane of honorable valuation. Some were merely jokers, and how I will always loathe it, many women love merely only the jokers.

12/31/15

EVENING

I am more and more absolving my ties—maybe obsession, for Katie Delwiche. I find myself becoming interested in certain women whom I associate with in the economy, although, I check myself and realize that I need to at least preserve the integrity of my past so as to put myself in a position of being able to translate those years into the arts of my choice. At times I am overwhelmed with happiness and eagerness over the contributions that I will make, daydreaming my creations, but then after a few beers and a little work and spying on some of those Davis folks and perceiving the mainstream dialogue of the letters and arts, I find myself feeling a bit nauseated, that although I am indeed a feminist, I feel a slight embarrassment over those whom are honored, because they are not as self-propelled as I'd like them to be, or as free in thought, or as original—and maybe I too lack some of this intensity that I hope to find Today. A lot of people are concerned with the the economy and wealth and power positions, that while I was always denied favorable places in this network, I nevertheless possessed an existential integrity that is without rival in our time, or so my vanity will remark it. Deseverance almost forbids one real knowledge, and when one finds things foreign and itself as foreign and also a victim of oppression in the midst of people who really have always been privileged and too cool to really surrender their company to me or other unfortunates and yet write about their feminism and their intersectionality—I see a real camouflage here. I digress. I just read some of Mel B Glover's Wordpress. Maybe I really need to let go of all the Davis folk and stop spying on them and looking onto them for inspiration and perspectives on the world, but then I really have fallen to the very bottom. It's tough traveling through social seasons, especially when I've been rejected by one social season in which I was particularly attached to. And then I wander without meeting any real acceptance. But I have my work and only if I could be confident in my work and patient in my work.

For years, I was a shadow to Katie, sending her love letters, personal confessions of the person I am, the shame I felt, the sadness I felt, the weakness that has haunted me. I feel that a lot of people receive positive reciprocation and then they try to control the needs of other people who desire positive reciprocation and who go out to seek it, while criticizing them and putting them to shame for perhaps not being esteemed desirable for reciprocation and then blaming them for having the inalienable need that has no other choice but to seek, but then not being the kind of seeker that they want them to be. Now granted, there are indeed abominable beasts, who really take a pleasure In abusing, tormenting and hurting. It bothers me how feminists ignore the relationship of the sexes and the needs of the two and really ignore the dialogue of liberated women and what that means and the discussion of how is woman liberated if she and society is only emasculating their opponents. Moreover, I find a lot of feminists ignoring the living institution of family, as though an offspring is through natural rights and

extension a possession of its birth parents. I find today's feminism to be rather elementary. It really only focuses on emasculating those not acceptable by culture, another institution whose existence is unjustified. I'd like to really penetrate the thought process behind the juxtaposition of civilization and culture (and no, it is not culture and counter-culture, although that may be its foreground representation as it is in today's world). Maybe if woman can see herself as an individual and not as a piece of a collective, then she would be able to achieve her own will, but as of yet, I think a lot of women perceive the world as a collective that is determined by, largely, a democratic presence and therefore, focus a lot on group politics and not on individual necessities. I think a lot of people seek to have themselves determined by the collective, or to prove themselves to a collective for a position that it wants to fulfill. How weird, the iPad is rather insufficient and lazy in its autocorrect activity in the app Pages. HmMMM.

Well, anyways, I'm really working on liberating myself from people who don't reciprocate and in which I have failed to see the end in, and from people, such as my family and others, who will steal my love and energy while depressing the true expression of my person and what it wants to be. Woodland was really difficult for me, I was stuck there, in my youth, with many potential gifts and desires for growth and I met people who could not comprehend me and only wanted to comprehend me in a way that would have me their slave. They really toyed with me and maybe Davis wasn't so different from what happened to me in Woodland, although, the women and the men were better in Davis and I wasn't denied the chance to reach out to those who I wanted, and I made my little attempts, but was overtly devastated by the economical and political and social oppression of my person that I could not find myself solidifying any true connection; and some people, moreover, manipulated me into my ruin with those that I wanted to be with. But Woodland, Woodland lacked everything that I find to be beautiful, save me. In Woodland I lived among plebeians and they stunk.

I'm in West Sacramento now, and the most promising thing I have for myself are my benefits and the few instruments of creativity that I have acquired. No meaningful connections with people, and I may not find that until I find where I want to really nestle into. I'm thinking that place will be Seattle. It almost can't be Portland, however much I feel I identify with that city. I think Seattle will be good. I've been considering a Cannabis reconnection through prescription and in Seattle I'll at least they have the statewide legality of Cannabis in my favor. I really do have a lot to look forward to.

1/14/16

LATE EVENING

So, the past has really come back to haunt me and I have been suffering its sorrow and unmet hopes in very troubling emotions. It is difficult to suspend your will into the crevice of the in between of participation and growth, and then unbury all those events of a past into a perspective and narrative that transcends what has been by others, perhaps, thoroughly buried. I do indeed feel very much like November. I have been uprooted and then dissolved and then alienated from all the seasons of my society, and I seem to carry nothing forward and always seem to be looking to depart my present with more of just myself. I have a real gripe with Family as an institution and practice, and am almost certain that everything I have in life and will go through will just be affairs, however, the mainstream district of the American populace have cemented into the dialogue of interaction that affairs are unworthy. Verily, belonging is certainly a huge source of comfort; but generally, I'd like to belong to myself and what I truly identify with. I was psychologically convinced that that was Katie, however, I am working on unraveling that thought process; I allowed herself to inject her person and aesthetic as my ghost and lost child love and then developed, at times and in stages, the thought that everything had been manipulated to either settle me into her or destroy me and that I had no real agency and if I had agency then it must be demonstrated in such a way that reaches out to her or I trespass against the world and the powers to be. I understand that I can use this as an artistic portrait, but not

something that can be and ought to be acted upon, for as all the signs say, it is a madness that has driven me to this destination, which is okay, although. . . I definitely have plans for my dream thinking, which will unravel, so as to reveal some of the perhaps at large social factors out there designating themselves against me (although I'm told this is psychotic), as consequences of the values of society against me in my childhood actions (which as far as I remember, I don't believe they were too devastating and I think I was more of a consequence of misguided behavior with too great an independence and knowledge, and that I found myself in social circumstances that did not envelop me as I would have wanted to be enveloped and in which I would identify with). In any case; I find myself becoming interested in certain personages here in West Sacramento through my daily financial dealings, most of the night life, however, is in midtown, not very conveniently accessible for me. I'm hoping to get this loan from Argon, which I hope to utilize for further development in music instruments (tr8, 61 key keyboard, and very likely the jp 08 and better iPad) some debt consolidation and then some clothes and then an ever revolving debate of Nintendo. Sometimes I feel guilty about passive entertainment, but it is really enjoyable. There is also my felony charge which needs addressing, because again, there might be some demand for me to work a little bit, however, I'm not necessarily someone who is capable of prospering in the work place, as people are very manipulative and I just don't have those skills, necessarily to defend against that manipulation, which has caused so much trouble for me in the past and resulted in some rather difficult conditions that I just couldn't overcome. I am very much a thinker and very much a dreamer and I've become a little bit less abusive in my interactions with the world, largely due to the world becoming less abusive in its interactions with me, thank the philosophies! Earlier today someone tried to walk into my apartment, him thinking someone else lived here, the joker, I feel he was definitely up to no good, and it reminds me how unsafe West Sacramento can potentially be, which is a bit upsetting; I don't know what's wrong with most people. I digress. I really dislike thinking about my family and it bothers me sometimes that I think my family is out to ruin me, as they have apparently been so adamant about doing. It's definitely tough writing love songs as I feel I have to remain faithful to someone who rejected and dejected me, and then I sometimes feel like I won't be allowed to write love songs by the community, granted, they're going to be a darker kind of love song, like unrequited to some degree, and unfulfilled love songs, but I'd also like to be able to open myself up to having a sex life, which is something that many people have been seemingly working to deny me. And belonging scares me a little, especially as I have had so many abusive relationships and I do not identify with religion or Gods and I am desperately moved by alienated literature and music of despair and sorrow. So I definitely have a tough aesthetic to live up to, and sometimes I just want momentary pleasures. It bothers me what my Mother said to me over voicemail and my inability to decipher it and digest it and then defend against it, hopefully telling her I don't want her and the rest of my inherited family or natural family in my life and operating affairs in my life, will suffice. And then sometimes I think everyone is trolling me so as to revenge upon me for the words I delivered unto Jesse, who maybe deserved to hear them, given all the success he has had contra my situation and what I've gone through and go through. I definitely have my rivals and I don't want to emasculate my right to be their detractors. I digress. It still makes me laugh when I think of my speech class and my final speech on the radio, and how I farted right in front of Lauren's face while walking to the podium and that all throughout the speech my devastating asshole of a stench penetrated the very tubular recesses of my classmates' sensory organ of smell. Yes, through those three minutes of a haphazard dialogue on the abuses of commercial radio my classmates found themselves in a dire turmoil of necessity and disgust: to breathe and live with the inhale that nauseates, or to suffocate on dry land—and then they had to laugh when I mentioned how Daft Punk would never be on the radio, their excellence too grand and embedded into the clutches of hipster paraphernalia to be permitted a place in the right wing dollar machine that is the commercial radio—oh, I made them suffer!

6/04/16

Very Early Morning

It is hard to read and write in West Sacramento. A place is literary to the degree of one's ability to produce and recline in literature in said place. When the environment uproars in violence, as I designate myself for the literary, I am overwhelmed with the sad fact that my inner voice translates into the spheres of becoming for the population to harass me for it. And West Sacramento becomes hostile as I become ensnared in the thought of words. I digress.

I dreamed and I loved in Davis, but no one dreamed or loved me. My spirit in these two things enchanted some people, so I was permitted their critique at parties that beckon a woman's desire to be entertained with an intellect on a subject her partner, through their English virtues, is able to reveal to her, her desire. I am poisoned by my continual depravity and the memory of those comfortably cemented in banality. It's true, however, I know little of their struggles and was permitted to be such a close partner of the outer most shadows of their spirit and personality and lives. And they ignored, so comfortably, all the oppression I endured in their midst. Oh, how lovely is our degree of self reliance! How they pretend they stood on their own! I am too poisoned, I say, to defend those easy hearts.

Through a series of poverty and alcoholic desires and debt incurred to expand my spirit's participation in the arts, I have suffered droughts in medication dangerous to stop and start and stop again. I find myself on the brink of tears when simply watching a movie that relies on the theatrical for emotional dialogue, indeed, cinema is too theatrical, too simple. If only it cushioned itself with accepting that it's message can be told at a length, and maybe in many parts, and not simply in a deadline. Verily, cinema is a drought, because it doesn't lend itself length, it aims to entice the most basic and on the surface of thoughts. It bothers me; however, I found *Breathless* to be magnificent. *Blue Valentine* and *Saving Private Ryan*, however, I did not find magnificent. *Blue Valentine* had no real girth to explain the falling out of love of the woman. Perhaps, slightly suggesting her desire for corporate, and strictly Appalonian males, as she found herself aging. The American career man, how distasteful! And the movie was supposed to reveal a significant dialogue on love, perhaps only a dialogue on household management. Will we ever rid ourselves of the institution that isn't family! And ruin the reign of the Appollonian? It seemed to me *Blue Valentine* demonstrates that women do not want existence, but again, holy banality, or, our good simplicity. It actually disturbed me, how many men made sexual advances on a married woman and I found no real fault with the husband, a little alcohol, and maybe my only fault, too much smoking, but there was no monster there, save for when presented with the break up. I've lived with an alcoholic monster, and have delved into my own alcoholism, but I don't find alcohol an attribute to denigrate, although, it is the least preferable of the intoxications. I digress, from film, now.

The ancient moon. Is the ancient moon, pursuing a woman? *The woman*. Probably not, but ever again, I find myself entertaining a paranoia of extra-curricular manipulation by a force that might be at her hands, with a surprise that will explain and save all at once, the fool in me! Likely, the ancient moon, will wander the earth, now, the earth that wants my ruin, seeking, searching for a love that will never exist, seeking and searching for a pleasure from the sexual, from the romantic, and from the spirit. The ancient moon, it wanders as the enemy, because it is alone, it wanders as an enemy, because it fails to identify with everything that it has so far been presented with, or, rather, an enemy because it has failed to find reciprocation from all its exertions, so far. An enemy, because it doesn't stop, fails to end, and revolves and reveals the darkness of that which goes on unseen. Maybe I comfort myself too much, but not nearly enough, yet! My little poetic comfortings, all I have. The ancient moon. I digress from these thoughts which will see *Ancient Moon* pt. 2.

Poverty, it stinks.

6/08/16

Very Early Morning

The plight of the genius is that it'll only ever be taught how to think for itself. A lonely occupation.

Mateusz informed me that he thought of me, late last night. Like a good plebeian, I responded like a scholar. No one ever thinks about me, even less do they let me know when they do think about me. It was rare for me, to receive a handshake from a close spirit from my past. Even though I hate everyone, even the one I desperately love, from those Davis years, they crowd my mind, for better or for worse, often stealing sympathy from me, and in quiet ferocity, stealing violence. Matt opened my musical mind. I used to daydream about us being the next Gaspard and Xavier, and that although his influence was largely in the context of the contemporary, it was a contemporary that honestly inherited the brilliance of what I now soak myself into. I am terrible at music, in fact, I suck, really badly. And I will suck for a while longer. But, I also sucked at writing, like really fucking sucked at writing, and only under the extreme pressure of an incredible internal demand, did I find myself producing the little glitter of a promising talent. That glitter, indeed, excited me, excited the secret bearers of privilege, and so lent me the time. So it will be with music. It is a difficult struggle, no doubt, and I encounter much to be impatient over. To return, however, to the one whom thought of me. He reached out to me on Facebook, using as catalyst, his involvement with my favorite film while in high school. I secretly entertain reunion fantasies with those Davisites, and I wish I could tell Matt that it disappoints me that he doesn't attempt creative exertions. He has taste, he has critical insights, he has a vision unique to his individual body, which is to say he has a personality that belongs to itself, yet. . . He refuses to translate that energy into his art. It's odd, it took me a long time to indulge in what raised him, namely, Hesse, while contrarily, I was raised by Stendhal. I would say to Matt, that despite Hesse, existence is not a euphoria, but an aesthetic exertion. Seriously, though, I do not know what he does! He used to be so concerned with spirit and then he told me he wouldn't dj unless he were paid a million dollars to do so, yet, to be bad to me, though, I could not tell him the sound of another's should never be your exercise with the arts, but your own mind's passage through its relationship with itself as translator of your being out of the nothingness, i.e. Become a musician. Maybe people fear the non reciprocation of society for their endeavor to represent their nothingness into form, or maybe, they fear their own form itself developed out of their own nothingness. It took me a really long time to become enchanted with my writing, when it's good, and sometimes it's very good. My music, however, is far from even encouraging my participation, yet I struggle forth. So it was, that in my early days of writing, I tore out many pages and murdered many sentences of my voice. Even destroyed blogs in which I spent days on end for a span of a year and a half exerting the excitement of my mind's consecutive and non stop energy. I lost a lot of words. I lost a lot of philosophy. I exerted a lot of words that never found recordings, and I exerted a lot of philosophy that never trained itself into an essay. Music, however, I have to entertain into a piece that is recorded for playback in order to enjoy the exercise of the piece. It irritates me! I am incapable of flying immediately into the uppermost heights of my extreme and perfect imagination with the sound that surreptitiously hides in my innermost depths, which merely deeply erupts the most basic elementary forms into my exercises of becoming a musician. It is slow and painful, and then I must toil away my tools, because of poverty, because of intoxicated need, because of a need to destroy the piece being developed, so as to remodel my approach. It disheartens and at the same time comforts me. I realize I am in a process, a process of attempt and distraction, so as to elevate. I wish I could see my old friend Matt, who opened me up to so much inspiration and, most importantly, community during our companionship, to share a journey similar to the one in which I have embarked upon. Likewise, it pains me, that the one in which whom I found total dream identification with, refuses to relinquish her work for my viewing, namely our Katherine, whom it has that I have revisited again her cognitive saplings. I peek a boo little clues of her invitation to storm her, or at least her invitations from the past, in which never saw my strength

manifest into an unlocking of her locked doors, locked so as to. . . What is woman? Why does woman lock herself up? How can I be invited when she shuts me out, only to invite me to violate her door that she sets up purposely in order to riddle me for her . . . Entertainment? How the sexes misunderstand each other! That is why I hate people like Jonny boy, who never found his uncertainty, never found his going under, only always his going in. I think that is devastating for me, that there are some men, who are very proficient in their art, but their art never required their going under. Their art never required cruelty. And I want to say to myself, as a comfort, that their art will never be beautiful, their art will never have the token of excellence and astonishment, because it never had a self that inflicted a question mark upon itself, a riddle that couldn't be solved, an hour of pain that was saved only by its transcendence. Yet, they find only immense esteem, they reveal ubiquitously in their exertions the beautiful, the trained, the *work*. And the women crowd around, and the gallery crowds around, and the privilege supports.

To rescind some advances, in Rite Aid, last night, as I bought my thirty pack and betrayed my dismal talent, I found only the crowd's enjoyment over my self deprecation and their encouragement that the best was self taught. That is a lie! The best? They were reared into their work. They settled themselves into the activity of exertion with years of leisure and playing around. Jonny joked with his art for decades before he began to contemplate more sophisticated pieces. For all we know, Mozart's first symphony at the age of three was a devastating, though seriously intent, piece of jokery. Josiah played in a band, in which his keyboard playing was completely inaudible, before he reached out into his own sphere. The best are cradled in their incompetence for decades in order to develop their intensity in beautiful sophistication. I lost my years of training, and now I only have critical attempts to steal back from the time robbed from me. And meanwhile, the people laugh themselves to glee, at me, this silly fool, who cannot live without denying the token of satisfaction in my bad creativity. I lament, because I cannot be accepted, because I want to work at being good, but I will lose all the years in which it is important to be accepted. And I can't be accepted, because I am not good at that which is necessary for acceptance, and I refuse to work so as to justify an acceptance, and I don't mean work, in the sense of the pursuit I am making to be good at that which I want to excel, I mean the economic work necessary to represent the justification of an adult. And thank the heavens I have a mind incongruous with the mental capacity to be a layman. So I lament, and I self-deprecate and maybe, soon, self-lacerated. And I become a beast, and I become a God.

6/09/16

EARLY EVENING

West Sacramento is home to beautiful creatures who most beautifully went astray. The tragedy of humanity.

6/10/16

LATE EVENING

I devoted a lot of time declaring myself to Katherine. And then when I lost my ability to ricochet her reason back to her, I declared my soul to the wayside communities of my present location. As I visit cognitive saplings on that 12th of February, I feel the weight of her cruel criticisms, the hostility of her half invitations, half encouragements, and half availability, in the way only woman can be, in the way that she requires to be willed.

I feel devastated, because I fear that love will never blossom with so much promise of spiritual reward, let alone actual copulation. It pains me that so many experience copulation without the aesthetic wealth of a journey, and that I am held at lengthier necessities than my counterparts, and that I find empty lanterns lighting new passages to new tabernacles. I digress, shortly.

Met with some mental health providers and sometimes it is a difficult experience dealing with social workers, they reveal nothing regarding the motive behind their relationship with you, offer no real advice, provide no comfort in the form of mental development, and seem to merely perpetuate the stagnation, or rather, alienation, that I have been made to suffer, nevertheless, I revealed my life motives with the nurse Jen, explained some of my goals and my habits. She nauseated me though, through some of my experience with her. I am so bothered at having to explain it, though! In any case, intentions remain to move to Seattle, Washington, despite Bernie's likeliness to not win the nomination, and become president. It's terrible, I live in a country of madness.

I drank a little today and played some music, then ate some tacos and now I feel pretty good. The Warriors won, who, very satisfactorily, play my kind of basketball and whom, have some very talented shooters on their team.

I wrote a little in my novel. It hurts me when I look at pictures of Katherine, that beauty of her's is so unrivaled and something so deeply solitary in me, a passion only I can connect with, that resides in the special way I inhale, while contemplating the special meaning of her image, erupts quietly, and at the same time profoundly irritates my complete and pathetic solitude, the insurmountable distance that will never open itself up in a way that would empower me to approach her (in the aesthetic manner that I had determined to be the height of what is rare) as I once found myself, in the past, empowered to do so by my yearning for her. Though woman be willingness, man almost cannot overcome her barriers, if they prove to be inserted into the very veins of his spirit's personal doctrine and the will's most profoundly basic psychological instinct.

During my psych inspection, Jen asked me what I would find in Seattle that I don't already have here. I almost asked her to not ask for too much gratitude from me! What have I found in Yolo County after my tale living days? After my friends and beloved turned away from me, and encouraged me to painfully turn away from them, and then struggled with despair because of it. So, I explained what I had hoped I'd connect with in Seattle, none of which Yolo County possesses, nor Sacramento, not to mention that the people of these areas do not include themselves with the things that I have revolved around my heart, of which Seattle houses venues for these things and would include, hopefully, opportunities for me to make promising connections. And the weather, and the environment. And the education and the employment opportunities, if I were to seek such activity.

6/23/16

LATE EVENING

I no longer understand politics and political agendas as a sculpting art in which types are created, verily, I no longer feel families themselves, in raising their children, know the art of creating personalities. I surround myself with pieces of political thought on constructive orders and the science of it, but it belongs to a time that did not belong to individuals bound to the globe as a whole, with the power to choose their own type. I feel we politically belong to a time in which the will is so singular and existential, that we no longer need generations of rigorous instruction to finally produce *that* spirit. The individual, in itself, possesses all the needs to demonstrate its own ends, it's own tensions and over-comings. Oppression, today, as it imbues itself in the conservative and neo-liberal rhetoric, in which it defends concentrations of wealth, industries of violence, cultural acceptance or alienation through wealth participation, is that last struggle by which people, who are incapable of global insemination, create the machinations of virtues that make small. Once we belong to ourselves and seek out the voices of our aesthetic identity, developed through experience and experimentations, through liberated existence, we begin to question political virtue by what empowers, liberates, and diffuses obstacles and obstructions and constructions of virtues that make small. Individuals as experimenters of their own identity, a going away and returning and creating and developing. . . What needs do they

have for systematic devices? Trump and Clinton are clients operating systematic oppression, systematic privilege and systematic virtues. They belong to a dying order that has been under criticisms for two centuries regarding that stench which is democratic values. Political rule? What motives entice one to seek out democratic political power? An age old question. Rarely does it involve one with political vision and curiosity and even less an empowering liberation necessary for individual victories in the aesthetic and scientific fields. And when I think of science, I think of a playful organization about how one would study the human as that which makes the human a Dasein. I really hit on something that could of been good had I been smarter when I developed my ruse on the scientific study of the 22 year old's itinerary for a night of partying. When I think of our political future, I think of an eradication of borders, a complete dissolving of other worldly religious proclamations on the exercise of human actions that aren't defined personally and individually and exercised through consensual agreements. I think of a time when children do not belong to the institution of the family, but to the communities that they choose themselves for purposes of their will that determines their own educational pursuits and their own environmental fantasies and needs. The fact that we believe humans belong to genetic heritage, at least in modes of exercising power or sans privilege, upsets my logic of individuation. We are centuries away from this, but meanwhile, the fact that young adults, or even older adults, can't pursue education in an institution devoted to professing educational wealth without having to endure an outrageous debt, if they are not favored by the wealth we are enslaved to serving, is nauseating. That there is nothing being done to address alienated labor, that a basic provision isn't given, and affordable housing isn't allowed, and that we, verily, encourage private profit at the expense of a human's desire to have a place for itself in this world is the very virtue of exploitation. That we must be permitted ourselves by the other, the community and wealth. We are a long way from being ourselves and far from being one belonging to ourselves in a way that we would create ourselves.

I digress.

Dream Thinking is going to need to provide a dialogue on my individual identity and how I seek to have that identity defined, developed, and finally maintained and cemented. I think, what we are going to find, is that my identity isn't anything that is going to be connected to anything other than myself as disconnected from anything lasting. That I am provisional, my identity is provisional, and the people in my life are provisional. I struggle with my desire to belong to someone I love, and I struggle with having my identity revolve around Katie, and I suffer the notion of sexuality and being permitted sexuality and the conscience that bites when I fail a woman's desire. And then I have the madness and paranoia of being spied upon, studied, and finally as one who receives judgement that will suffer the damage of a bad judgement on me. And so we have the Christian and English virtues that proffer shame and guilt on the one who cannot be grasped and held and reigned in. The one in the night.

6/28/16

LATE LATE EVENING

McGough asked me if I was still Dionysian. He spoke in the vein of the people, and I made the mistake of talking with the people. Dionysian isn't simply a behavior or a habit of intoxication, it is something that runs through the veins, that determines the way one thinks and perceives and in which they express themselves. One, Dionysian as an art, is non plastic, it avoids structure and form and material and delves into the whimsical, the emotional and irrational and, of course, driven by the impetuous. It is sensual and sensitive. Bray, Rutkowski, McGough, they all thought it was a lifestyle one could pick up at will and practice or not practice according to profit and benefit. Dionysian as morality is a cruelty one has with the world and with the self. It is a psychological force. Dionysian is beyond good and evil and attracts and yearns for a going under and a going over, a destruction, and period, and then another cycle with newer needs. As far as my moral Dionysian is concerned, I am less hostile and more

giving to the needs of my environment, having been provided for, but this, as another cruelty against me. I feel the darkness beckoning through the corridors of my loneliness, begging for eruption. Morally speaking, in the sense of action, I don't think there'll be anything necessary for me to commit other than the act of the art of the eye, of the reflection of my state and its surroundings, the way in which I will find my incision. As my world exists in the world of action, I really have no world of action. My solitude is all, and I encounter humans as though they were another species, verily, I sooner speak to animals requesting their friendship and their hugs than I encounter my vehicles of address to other humans, whether beautiful or ugly, when in the free space. I almost know no means by which to entice a beautiful woman, let alone seduce her, verily, been thinking how to devote myself to the moment when I devote myself to expressing longing and sensations and love for one not available to me, not for any necessary persuasion to her, but to proffer my art. A slow digestion, I suppose. Though, I do entertain thoughts that she is guiding me back into her, her who is fascinated by the lost and found. I don't think I have an explanation for my sexual desire. More often than not, when desire bursts with hunger, I think of self-satisfaction, not social devices to manipulate for PIV. And woman, no where does she invite me. I suppose I deal myself the cruelest act yet, through how nice I am to people. Why am I so nice?

I digress.

Music: the Apollonian tendencies have been structuring music far too much. Though Nietzsche agreed that the folk song was the musical mirror of the world, the structure of its poetry, and the structure of its rigid rhythmical tones devote itself too much to the Apollonian. I find myself, too often, trying to write lengthy verses in my music, to unwind totally the complete feeling of the message in language to be put to music, and that is not the style of dream school. M83 as a contemporary influence of dream school. His *Before the Dawn Heals Us*, and *Dead Cities*, *Red Seas* and *Lost Ghosts*, were beautiful tokens of dream school. It's the influence of Katherine, who keeps me coming back to vociferous vocal writing and total lyrical commandment that uproots my style and has me trying to sing too much! Also, my enormous poverty as a keyboard player and sound designer, prevent me from playing the true notes of dream school. Jarre, Hoenig, Froese, and Schulze, as true instrumentalists of dream school. The perfect Dionysians in music.

I digress.

When one writes with the blood, the total mixture of itself as expressed through the complete psychological structure of the person, pours into the writing with the total demand of total being in the time being wrote of and in the days in which the writing occurred. Blood-writing as something that dialogs with the complete ricochet of the evanescent spirit and the self that met itself through a series of triumphs and defeats as they occurred in these ricochets. The time behind the writing has a relationship with the blood being written. That is Dionysian. Apollonian doesn't have a blood relationship with their art, their art is a material force that has a being segregated from the person as an artist.

7/16/16

LATE EVENING

I feel a sort of scorn overcoming me, largely responsible by the distance that separates me from the people around me. I have no close friends, no love life and no hope for connections, here in West Sacramento. I know I will need to move. I have been lusting for a new place. Only, I find it difficult to completely sever my attachment that Delwiche is the one for me, as though another dream is impossible to conjure. I know the place will have to be Seattle and if King county doesn't accept me, then I don't know of anywhere else than Portland, her current residence. The last couple of weeks have been focused on witnessing the political climate, and there are some rather incredible animal thinkers in our human kingdom. I'm baffled and can't imagine how anyone could think America is good. The political puppets are

nauseating, however, I have hopes with the Green Party and Jill Stein. Realizing that Sanders merely toyed with the youth and other potential supporters of Jill Stein, so as to lead them into a Clinton endorsement. I'm really distraught and disgusted with America.

7/18/16

LATE EVENING

The pleasure of my body is firmly rooted in some determinate attitude, in a sphere of time represented in immediacy, by needs that seem to allow a genuine contentment. Through body satiation, and I only know the self inflicted kind, or the kind experienced only with the self in feeling the self, such as intoxicants, a distant maybe, masturbation, is able to instill a love in the moment, but as far as the destination, as I am now, I find myself aesthetically imbedded in Delwiche. I still lurk her and yet, I try to designate myself to a different destiny, telling myself that I'll never change her negative reactions towards me, and then I criticize myself that she is tired of distant declarations, and that I need to bring her to my arms face to face. How does one look at the world? A man of many loves? What does my love want to do? What do I even want to do as a person and is bondage appropriate for that task? How am I going to dictate my will? It appears appropriate that it attempt a new episode and chapter, only that sad suffocation I experience, when I see pictures of her, torment me. I think the problem is, is that I am in an incongruous place for my spirit, I find little to attach to, so I attach to longing and the coffins of love. It is so unfortunate, though; I don't encounter whimsical pleasures, in woman, supposedly the most whimsical creature of them all! I'm going to do my best to remain resolute in Seattle and new beginnings. Thinking about pursuing a cannabis prescription in August. I'm genuinely feeling rather positive. I suffer and find little reciprocation, healthy reciprocation that is, as though amongst peers, although I have two good neighbors in Mary and Mike.

7/20/16

LATE EVENING

How long can one go without love? Without being able to look for it, or have any kind of promise for it? There are indeed times when I am overcome with fear that nefarious attitudes exist regarding me, and that I am in the mist of destruction. I'm going to have to once again receive a loan on my synthesizer, here, in the next week. I nearly spent all the money needed to prevent me from doing that on vinyls, and I'm not too sorry for that. They are lovely tokens to have. I really want my 3ds back, I feel like that would make high anxiety nights, such as tonight, easier to deal with. I feel on edge, given our political environment, and afraid that I am in the mists of the very people who support my obstruction and destruction. I keep on landing in provincial towns, where things like existentialism, post-modernity, deconstruction, and high art are languidly sprouting into the horizon. It makes me fear that I am being dissected and toyed with by everyone, which is a nuisance for my tormented heart. Today, some lady said, "You know how humans work," regarding her concerns for privacy in talking with the community manager. It really makes me fear this place, which might be a nest of snakes! It disturbs me that there are people looking to manipulate things so as to either throw one out on the street, or into incarceration. The Republican convention has some real demagogues on stage. It's frightening; what they are calling Liberty is oppressive actions they hope to commit with the power they are seeking. They have hoped that people didn't watch their primaries so as to avoid policy dialogues and instead infuse a monologue about the beauty of the constitution and freedom and liberty, but behind all that is their menacing desire to withdraw that true freedom and liberty from America, which has been perhaps dissolving in many places here in America. And Hillary Clinton in the later stages of the Democratic Primary, adopted Bernie Sanders' rhetoric so as to minimize his impact on voters, and to avoid really showing the devastating differences between them, which I haven't had the full ability to stomach, the American political process being generally nauseous. Part of me kinda wants to get a guitar with some of the

money I receive from my loan. Slow Dive is so beautiful. I bought Souvlaki, New Mexico and Mirage.

7/24/16

AFTERNOON

My past haunts me and I feel like everyone is arranged to entice me to danger. I once didn't believe in danger, and now I feel like everyone is against me, however, I also feel like I can do what I want if the action speaks to my identity. I have questions regarding overcoming and whether there are people preventing me from overcoming my bad conscience, or even forcing me to overcoming my love and what I love most: my dream thinking. I understand a new chapter is in play, but I have a certain Dionysian conscience and way of interacting with my conscience that I indeed enjoy, however, sometimes I think people can force thoughts into me or hear my thoughts. This fear over the self has been instilled into me, I believe, by some of my enemies defending Jesse Lee Miller; and it is probably true that no one from those Davis years appreciates me, or considers me as a friend, and I do indeed fear them and fear interacting with people, indeed with a lot of people, the Woodlanders and etc. I fear people are antagonized by my desire for sex, its attempt to explain that sexuality which is rooted into the very core of my existence, with an explanation of how it interacts with its aesthetics and privileges, as well as its safety and empowerment. Sometimes I come to the conclusion that there is no one for me to have sex with. that I will never be loved, and that I have been enslaved by the under privileged resources made against me by the world, and most specifically by America. I like to believe that I belong to myself and that I will find people who will be interested in me, but that no one is interested in sharing themselves with me, aesthetically, personally (friendship), resources and of course sexually, and that instead what they are doing is watching me and having it aired to the world. The most difficult thing is the lack of comfortable outdoor experiences, limited natural beauty, although, walking through midtown felt incredible, but destroyed my feet with blisters (as I wore some rather uncomfortable loafers). I've talked about solitude, and how it compels a certain kind of self infliction of the conscience against the self, but my attempts to find people who will accept me in the aforementioned manner meets with difficulty. I tried watching Gravity last night and it frightened me, triggering a lot of fear over the language that was used with what I was watching, and not really being able to pay attention to what it was that I was watching, and instead focusing on my inner self and its reflection of things in its thinking in conjunction to the movies dialogue, which surreptitiously instigated my thought of an impending war. Now, I'm trying to think what that war would be fought about, and thought about my brother and the first woman I was enticed with, then about the inheritance that I thought I was going to receive at a certain age. I talked yesterday to Joel about social media, and how, in many respects, news coverages have become empowered by individuals through their ability to portray their thoughts and news links through online resources of information. He then informed me that he heard that many people deleted their Facebook, so as to avoid hearing the resources that opposed their party; and so I worried that maybe the few Facebook friends that I acquired had deserted me and, furthermore, I feared over Katie because I lurk her every now and again, on Instagram, and became infected with the fear that she was using Meth, as she had lost a lot of weight. This amalgamated as a logical sequence, because Caleb told me that guys that get their women involved in Meth are the lowest scum bags in the world, and my previous endorsement to her of cannabis, heightened the suspicion, of what else could I have had endorsed to her to do, in my lunacy for intoxication's gifts. I don't know if my lifestyle is dangerous and negative, and that although I felt tempted to contact Katie to ask if she were okay, I'm probably the last person she wants contacting her in regard to her safety, if even at all. I remember Jon telling me not to contact her, even to ask of her well being; but Jon stopped being my friend a long time ago, even if he is my facebook ally. Trump said that if I crossed her path I would be killed, but he was speaking of America and even so, that language is terrifying, because America, fueled by

the conservative logic of the Republican Party, which Trump is being set up as the Presidential Candidate, has crossed the path of the world for many decades now. And Americans have been fueled with oppressive logic.

I didn't like that Jon withheld knowledge from me that would of enabled me to open up to Katie in the way necessary about who I undressed in Delta, which I think it was her, and which would of allowed me to demonstrate that the said act was the result of a derangement of my senses, that thereby encouraged a misrepresentation of the situation and the very atmosphere, indeed the very environment, of said situation.

EARLY EVNING

I both think and talk about difficult things. I am mostly firmly rooted in the grave and certainly do not joke around as much as I'd like. Just earlier I was trying to sooth myself about having my reveries, that sometimes I think my reveries are being judged with hostility that is waiting to be reacted upon. It has been a while since I've been able to be comfortable with myself. I have become my own antagonist. I have become, moreover, so concerned about being loved and being a possession so I could exert love onto someone, that I lost focus on being me, and designing interests that revolve around a creativity more than just Katie, love, and sex. I really do like video games, and I think I will need to get my 3ds back, soon. Another reason why music without language is really nice, is that the synthesizer can seamlessly conjure a short song, or dainty, with the creative works of my camera, without having to overburden me with the complexity of the work itself. I was watching True Blood, a really entertaining show, but sometimes, it gets me reverting to thinking its a message for me. Interestingly enough, I think Chris Bauer did the music for True Blood, who, I think, is a folk musician from Nevada City. I love a lot of things about True Blood. I'm feeling a bit tired and I think I will now take a bath with some books.

7/25/16

AFTERNOON

I'm so afraid of people. Learned a little bit about CBD. I think I'll have to stop my Invega and my Paxil because of drug interactions with CBD/THC, which I think will be a better medication for me than the experiments I went through with mental health medical adjustments over the past eight years. I saw Mary today and I left her a balloon for her b-day. She was grateful and it eased my nerves a bit, for I was thinking paranoid things such that her family was showing up to kill her, that maybe she was my Grandmother with a face lift, or that my family was showing up to kill me, or, again, that her family was going to kill me, because Mary had me kicked out of her apartment a few times, one when I was drunk with her and Linda, I think they thought I was trying to fuck them, while I was just being well, drunk and excited, no real intentions to sexualize them, but I was dancing dirty and of course, the classic theracol. And then she kicked me out just recently, because she was trying to tell me something about the black steel door across the street that she wanted for her place, and I kept on remarking about the people outside, of which is what I was seeing, and how I couldn't see the door. Then there it was it emerged into my vision, but I just kept on talking, while she was trying to tell me something about it, with the result that she got upset, so, therefore, she slammed the door on me. It was kinda funny, but I fear that sometimes I'm always misbehaving, or difficult to be around, or, even now, not desired to be around with. I suppose, the psychological repercussions of being rejected by someone I can't segregate from my emotions and which prevents me from being involved with my surroundings, which scare me, and then scare me because I once was outrageously filled with a monster of a desire for physical affection that then saw me approach people for it, as when I talked to Jackie and some other woman about it. Truly, I sometimes think Katie is going to come to me and worry that people will attack her if she is with me. I also worry that I wouldn't be dissolved into her spirit, if she were to visit me, and, of

course, my enormous fallacy in thinking that Katie is designing me through the environments that I happen to be in, which is pretty much the southern tip of the triangle of her home town. It's also difficult not to have wifi and not to have my synthesizer, or my camera and 3ds. Practically all my stuff's at the pawn shop and it's really difficult to have the patience to be stilled and reclined. Maybe people are trying to show me that I can work again, but finding the right job is difficult. I'm sometimes afraid of being around people, even people that I recognize. Sometimes, I resent having to go to the pawn shop, even though the people there are really nice. Perhaps it's the anxiety of having to get a loan to meet needs that I would rather not have to give my stuff up for. Now, I got a check from Bank of America today, but it was from my savings account worth a couple of dollars, but my checking account was overdrawn by like 70 or 150 dollars. The accounts are more than a couple of years old, and I feel like it would be unfair of me to take advantage of my savings account, because I have the negative balance in my checking account. I would like to make good on my debts, but I'm so suffocated by poverty and the desire to be artistic, and that I have little support monetarily from any one, negatively impacts my credit score and prematures my goal to relocate to Seattle. So I think of Jon, who on Facebook, constantly demonizes Hillary Clinton, without even demonizing Trump, and goes so far as to think that a Trump presidency could do better than a Hillary Presidency all because, of the repercussions that Americans would wake up to, which I think is really unfair, for someone like me, isn't as privileged as he is, who is in a safety vacuum, and I, who rely on progressive politics for my future, need an as close of a liberal ticket as possible. He doesn't need a just candidacy, he'll be protected by the privileges of his parents with their privileges and his religious affiliations' support. And now, he even has subsidized income, while being able to live abroad. The antagonism of Conservative America, I feel, wants to kill people like me or throw me out onto the streets to perhaps run into danger there. So, I owe credit card debt, Jon, Mike Cui, payday loans, pawn shop loans, and I owe AMS on payment plans, and Han. Today I called the Public Defender's to talk about my felony reduction. That task is on my agenda. I think I need to go for a walk and yes, I'm going to bring my iPad and listen to some music while on the walk. I'm also giving up alcohol, as that is a negative reaction with CBD/THC. And it's been two days, so far. I have an eight dollar credit voucher to Raley's and 1.92 in my checking account, so I'll be able to get some food which will be nice. And my legs fell asleep.

EARLY EVENING

Sometimes I focus on things that I love about myself and that I think are cool and, therefore, I think that I deserve Katie's love because of it. The problem, however, is that she is saying she doesn't love me. or will ever love me, or even could love me. I get sidetracked by what I felt to be a romance about my life in the way that I was living it and in the way that it was presenting itself in that Davis community, that her words lead me to question that maybe people didn't love that, nevertheless, that although I made many errors, I made many triumphs as well. And I have a hard time of letting go of those triumphs, which I think deserve honest recognition, that I hope can salvage my bad conscience. Katie did say she also never thought of me as a friend. I think I'm going to be okay with getting over Katie and going forward. I really need to get into a city, where I can be new again and involved with something healthy and rewarding. It's hard here, because people are very aggressive and really just not my type of people, but West Sac was always only meant to be a short term solution and a spring board to my true destination, which I hope will be Seattle. I think I will really like it there. And now I'm going to go buy some food and deposit that check.

7/27/16

AFTERNOON

I didn't deposit the check, for I do indeed owe Bank of America money, the only problem is, I have very little money available to me and too much creative passion and not enough

support from the world to be creative, so I constantly go back and forth between monetary needs and future purchases to get me the things I need. I fear that because I have a THC medication that West Sacramento is conspiring to throw me out onto the streets, which would ruin me, for how would I get back into my own housing, which I've desired for a long time, but never was able to attain. I have a lot of problems, I just don't have the wealth to fix them and, of course, I would like to eventually get a part time job or volunteer job, so as to not feel like I'm taking advantage of the community, or perhaps let myself be consumed by school.

Unfortunately, I sometimes fear that everyone hates me. Even at A Therapeutic Alternative, I felt like Rich wanted to hurt me, it felt like he had tears in his eyes, revealing that he hated that he was providing me with the medication that I felt I needed and wanted. Reid once harassed me angrily about my smoking weed, once many years ago, while I was living in Woodland. I've been seeing a lot of Police lately, and of course, they continue to frighten me, not sure if they are attempting to excite me to criminal activity, or if maybe, they are protecting me and preventing others from committing criminal activity against me. I recall now, how I sold a guitar and then ended up giving out like a hundred dollars to people out on the streets. I feel for homeless people, for I was once was homeless, and I do not want to go homeless again. I don't think I ought to be oppressed, because I want to live in a dwelling, while I satisfy my sensations. Hence, I feel a little more at ease. I'm trying to remember the name of the woman I just met at the clubhouse, for I may have been cruel to her one day when she was trying to exit out the building's disabled door. I started to close up when I thought she said I was going to get the bolt and didn't understand what that meant, or maybe she said you are going to get it dolt. And then what would I get? I talked about how I wanted an iPad 4 and that I was using my iPad app program for a step sequencer. I also talked about my other stuff, which sounds rather bad, because I just don't have money, or even a lot of ability to pay back what I had borrowed. And she talked about bankruptcy. Now I'm worried I'm going to get AIDS, because I was insensitive about it with my bleeding on the counter at the Fast and Easy market. Oppenheimer Analysis sometimes scares the shit out of me. Like everyone I know is in West Sacramento, and if I go out, they will try to harass me, kill me, or maybe even meet someone who will love me, but then the menaces who want me dead will attack them. I was worried about my LSD trip, and thought my family and Quincy were outside to attack me, for which Ashton interrupted my complete cognition of the sight by immediately closing the door. He, furthermore, kept me inside, for which I then mapped out the celestial kingdoms of Christianity in my mind and thought I was in purgatory, followed by the thought that I had killed Ashton and then that we blew up in our apartment and that I was, hence, reliving my death over and over again. It was pretty scary, and now I'm worried that that is going to happen again. I thought I saw my older brother Ricky outside on his bicycle, for which impelled thoughts of doom. I sometimes fear that there was someone I murdered when I was young, but just a baby practically. In any case, I need to go for a walk to the library and return a book. What if everyone is going to come to my apartment and steal things from me?

7/27/16

EARLY EVENING

A lot of people have been rude and mean to me, and it just doesn't feel good. At the supermarket everyone seemed to manipulate themselves about me in such a way as to prevent me from moving to the places I desired through the aisles of produce. For instance, one such person totally abandoned his cart in the middle of an aisle, with other carts trapping passageways, and then, when I deigned to move it myself, he returned and apologized and haphazardly moved it to the side of a small passage and said Got it? I told him I don't think I can fit through there.

And then everywhere I go people are being hostile towards me, mostly passive aggressively. I'm generally nice to people and was wondering: why I should be so nice?

Nevertheless, I don't want to be a jack ass, although I might want to maintain my smart ass, if it's my instinctual nature that emerges with the said virtue. The only problem is. is that I'm in a place that is hostile and looks for any excuse to attack, but I have to get through this. It's hard because I've stopped drinking, which generally makes me a nicer person, reduces my anxiety, and my inner turmoil. Mental Health has really put me through a difficult year, that I believe was rather unjust. But I'll see a psychiatrist soon. I think people haven't been liking how I've been opening up at will, and especially to people at their work, so I've got to cut back my speech and focus on myself. Meeting people is going to be a distant ways away and I ought to let myself be invited to speak. And this is what I meant by why am I so nice; of why I would share myself ubiquitously. I don't necessarily know how to be interested in people and, moreover, in environments that seem hostile to my values, with a counter-culture that stirs me to paranoia.

LATER EVENING

If only I wasn't such a rigid paranoid fart! The other pathway at the grocery store that stood without passage was an older woman in a driving cart trying to reach for something off the shelf and it didn't occur to me to offer her my assistance. Maybe what the gentleman who asked me if I got it, was trying to suggest that I needed to be more helpful of people, or not just so intimately involved with myself. When Beth was talking to her co-worker, I was afraid to listen, for fear that maybe Beth didn't want me to hear what she had to say about her life, although, maybe that is just the way girls behave, by talking to other people in front of the person they want to demonstrate a facet of themselves. Katie used to only talk to people I was adjacent to, and never to me, for which I never understood why and, therefore, felt that she wasn't interested in me and, moreover, I often had a hard time listening to what it was she was saying, being far from understanding it. Beth mentioned a cruise today and then some other things for which her co-worker said, "don't tell me that, I don't want to hear that." Beth laughed.

7/29/16

EVENING

It's hard giving up alcohol and reconditioning yourself to your sober temperament. As I'm by myself, it is hard to keep myself full of love with a semblance of connection, but what makes it hard being by myself is the low income, lack of my creative stuff, no 3ds, and being in a place without friends. I think I also have reverse seasonal affective disorder. I'm not a fan of summer. Only rarely have I had any good summers. I like winters, fall, and spring in that order, those, truly, are kindred. I haven't watched anything new in some time, as far as television is concerned. I'm feeling depressed right now and earlier I was wishing I had a cat or a woman to hold. I had to forfeit my New 3ds to the pawn shop, and hope I can reconnect with Nintendo either for Xmas, or in the spring, with the NX.

I need to begin my ghost story, which is going to be multi-part and comprehensive, then try to write in my Dream Thinking, and of course listen to music and play music. I'm really liking the direction I'm going. I will become comfortable with myself and have a semblance of a hearth here, until I move somewhere more permanent, which I'm certain it will be Seattle. Same old story, for a part of me wants to contact Katie and tell her all about the art I'd like to make and the ideas I've been having about the ghost story, then whether if they are indeed real to each of our lives, about how we can reconcile ourselves to that, if it is indeed true. As is stated, I think paranoid thoughts about my childhood, as if something sinister was committed by me. Of course, there are some of the sinister things I'm aware of, but that shouldn't be haunting me, as far as I know that it shouldn't, and likely isn't. Definitely need to start enjoying more tea in my life. What a turn around, I'm feeling rather positive.

I like Andy Oppenheimer and Oppenheimer Analysis despite it scaring the shit out of me. I am taking its larger National dialogue and applying that to myself as an individual in dialogue

with his madness and the story that resides in me from that madness, with Katie as my enemy lover, and the world involved in revolving around that. But that has to be too insane!

7/31/16

EARLY EVENING

Plans to put in portability paperwork to King County in July 2017, nearly exactly a year from now. Reduce felony to misdemeanors and dismiss all my cases. Plans to call public defender next week and arrange an appointment to turn in paperwork for my file, such as declaration and Carmel's letter of recommendation. In October, I will solicit Kayce for a letter of recommendation. Try to have a date set for the courts in January or February, maybe even in December 2016. I will hold off on video games and music purchases until I move to Seattle. Will get my stuff back from the pawn shop, keep using my old iPad, and wait to record anything substantial until I move. Just focus on playing music and learning music. In fact, the only music equipment I'm likely to purchase is another keyboard for my Pulse 2, then a 35mm lens for my camera, and maybe sell my 18 55 for an 18 105. Expenditure of about 375.

8/07/16

LATE AFTERNOON

I'm in a conflict. Part of me feels like I need to situate myself and become comfortable, here, so that I can work on my music and novel and then take the step of moving once I finish those pieces. I feel like it's going to be a process longer than one year, that I'm not sure it is wise to move while still being incapable of being involved in new designs. With my felony, I feel as though I might have to sign wave, earn some esteem (sign wave of course as a volunteer) and use my volunteer hours to solicit a recommendation from my volunteer organization, perhaps, Capital City Loan and Jewelry. I want to make my apartment beautiful and comfortable, so that I can feel at ease working in it as a musician and writer. Long term plans as a volunteer sign waver, until I become more ingrained in my comfort levels that would enable me, with a cleaner to clean criminal record, seek out volunteer work in an organization I feel more impassioned with. Me being a mental health patient and a felon, I feel 2-4 hours a week, or maybe 3-6 hours a week of volunteer work, with a company I do a lot of business with, would help endorse my request to the courts for felony reduction and all case dismissals. I'm starting to feel better about myself. I don't believe people get to control my actions or command my feelings or behavior, but. . . I'm not about to commit aesthetic suicide, solicit favors in the form of sexual gratification, or even romance until I feel secure in what I've produced in conjunction with the temperament of myself and whoever said person may be. Decided to avoid casual encounters not developed through trust, friendship, attraction, ideals, aesthetic and style appreciation, and respect. I am also making an effort to refrain from self-gratification, so as to promote cleaner and more focused thoughts on life, music, literature, etc. I appreciate and maintain that my public subsidy is a necessity and also a privilege that I am grateful for, but will look for ambitious volunteer opportunities and a more empowered vocational involvement by the economic and administrative privileges that ought to be inalienable political rights of our economy. Of course, however, as a volunteer, and as one focused on the thing itself, rather than the economic rewards of said occupation. I appreciate my independent structure and want to imbue myself within the arena of executing vocation. I am one who is capable of keeping myself involved with mental and emotional activities and with little violence occurring, with a somewhat wiser social participation than those more brutal souls on the street. Don't get me wrong, I am more a beast than I am a Victorian actor, and, therefore, maintain some primitive inclinations and habits, but nevertheless, I involve myself individually without heinously trespassing boundaries. Yes, I think this is going to be the plan. I have been lately, really loving my trips through midtown.

EARLY EVENING

I'm probably the friendliest smartest person in West Sacramento, which makes staying here hard and going out uncomfortable. It appears there's manipulators everywhere. I don't quite understand the notion of the inalienable right to oppress and the notion of the inalienable liberty to control. People trying to steer my thought and thoughts into certain crevices to serve their oppressions, it seems? It's that way with a lot of America right now, with two terrible choices for president and people being segregated into such a discomfort, so as to excite acts of terrorism, or is that what is happening? Is there even a war about me, now? West Sacramento is burning with hostility; I feel it everywhere I go, and it even seeps through my walls in the agitations of my neighbors.

8/08/16

EARLY EVENING

I don't think I'm going to sing in my music. My music will have to satisfy my more primitive Dionysian needs, representing what I can't form with language. Played with Waldorf Nave on my iPad and it felt great. Had the arpeggiator running and going through 1/3 1/4 1/5 twice to 1/6 1/4 1/5 in D minor with the bellish wave table. It was fantastic. Thinking that will be the basic architecture of Ancient Moon Pt. 1, where it feels something is violently traveling with tender solitary passion and arriving somewhere distant. It's nice.

I wish I had a t.v. I watched Lost River the other night and it was a beautiful movie, genius in fact, although I didn't quite understand everything it contained, being of a certain cinematic magic and a dystopian surrealism.

I can't wait to get back my blofeld and drum machine back, so I can get some work done. Damn, it's tough being without my stuff, out of money, and without my apartment set up the way I feel it needs to be.

EVENING

I'm going to request strattera and buspar and remain on Paxil when I meet with Dr. Sharma on Wednesday. I drank Sunday after going two weeks without a drink, but I feel like it's best that I return to a more comfortable production of living. Working on being calm and mastering myself without alcohol or cannabis. That's right, I threw away my cannabis and glass pipe. It was rather impetuous of me, but smoking cannabis was making me feel odd, for lack of a better phrase. I had some good experiences with it and I definitely feel that smokeless cannabis is wonderful, but the environment in which I'm in, where no one is truly making me feel welcomed, makes it difficult to enjoy the cannabis. Furthermore, the money I need to save to address my financial disasters, will be easier to accomplish without having to add into the budget a cannabis diet. I really want a happy life with genuine love, if even that love for a while was only from myself. I went a whole year without being able to address my medication needs, which was my main reason for dismissing Dr. Ming, and Yolo County Mental Health pretty much just toyed with me. It's really upsetting. I hope Dr. Sharma will accommodate me and give me what I feel I need. My anxiety has been completely ignored in my mental health relationship with Doctors, which is upsetting, simultaneously frustrating and, of course, brews hostility in me. Never mind I'm keeping the cannabis! But I'm going to ask for Strattera and no buspar. Cannabis, Paxil, Strattera and Invega. I need to work on developing a variety and balance and a carefree conscience. I feel so persecuted about everything that I do that might please me! So worried about the law and being thrown out and under the wheel. You know what? I don't know if I want strattera.

8/11/16

MORNING

I'm starting to become displeased with Yolo County Mental Health, as though they are no longer the safe and encouraging providers they once were. Just yesterday, I overheard Jen tell someone that going to the hospital isn't a coping skill. I'm starting to feel that there are predatory providers in Yolo County Mental Health, leaving me to wonder who is there to trust, now. The person is once again, NuRSE Jen and she really strikes me as a bitch. Now, with Dr. Sharma, I think she tried to say that she changed my diagnoses to depression and I didn't know how to respond to that, nor why she would even behave with such senility. She, moreover, looked incredibly disheveled. I really need to put down the bricks and stop being so razzelled in fear and shame.

Seeing at least some wisdom in pragmatism, in the sense that I need to look out for my advantage in some way, but I'm never made to feel empowered with what I say, which is usually dismissed as dead weight. I was once really good alone and then I was forced into constant company, which was all bad company, therefore, I am alone, again. I am poisoned with agitations, riddles, and almost no hope, which is of course ridiculous, when the people take what is its own advantage.

8/19/16

EVENING

I feel like I'm in the lions mouth. I'm surrounded by Trump supporters and they interrogate me constantly, perhaps maneuvering against me. I am constantly reminded how terrible America is and how terribly America has enraged the world; and in the midst of those with counter-revolutionary rhetoric, I fear I am a long way from belonging to anything that will be good. Part of me wants to stay and enliven my apartment into a sanctuary, but then what hope do I have for love? For realization by the other? Here everything is manipulatory. I fear there is a rhetoric of laziness against me, though I occupy myself quite satisfactorily, despite the low income I receive and sans love being shared with me. Maybe, even love is a kind of economy, with women attempting to manipulate sex into, wait. . . I've been here before. To be quite frank, there is no one in which I'm really interested in befriending here. I haven't met anyone with real substance in a long time, substance that matches mine.

I have plans to unite with a hookah. I think that would be nice. A hookah, cannabis, incense, my apartment, and my work. I feel as though I need wifi, sooner rather than later. It's becoming troubling interacting with the club house. Just too much opposition of views there. People are even trying to solicit me into buying there worn down stuff, after hearing about all my financial troubles and debt reparation plans. Rather disheartening. Very stupid emotional connections that I'm receiving. And then even today, Johanna asked me if I wanted a soda. I've explained to her my positions on American corporate greed and its nefarious attitude regarding the sale of usurped labor, usurped resources and tainted goods. Soda is like the worst thing. But maybe so is tobacco, although, I'm hoping shisha, with the hookah, will help create a calm relaxation during episodes of reprise.

I manipulated the brightness of my apartment with blankets and hope to create a really wonderful atmosphere in my apartment, if only it weren't for the violent obnoxious noises from the family below me, who have proven to be a terrible pain in the ass my whole time here, so far.

I helped Mary rearrange and prep her apartment and I feel so used. I don't necessarily consider her a friend, she's my neighbor and a Trump supporter. Very patriotic. She's in a wheel chair, so I feel for her, but she has her family and holds onto a familial rhetoric and, very likely, a familial duty. I have received very little help so far, since being here and verily, one of my first contacts with this population was violence and everywhere I find people enlivening me with their conservative values, their judgements, and then their trying to entangle me into games to uplift themselves. I don't like it. And I almost always have to succumb to it, because I'm poor and I need to interact in public spaces. I had to listen to Mike today tell me he doesn't like

Muslims and that immigration strains the American theatre as it's occupancy is full. I had to correct him with an explanation that metropolitan places are looking to increase their population, infrastructure and economies and not only metropolitan areas, but probably rural areas too. I then gave him the example of Seattle, with the Wikipedia information of the Mayor's plan to increase it's population in the coming years (I think it's like 5 years or so).

I'm reading the essential writings of Hegel and it feels fantastic, although, Hegel's shortsightedness perhaps kept him involved with a generally conservative rhetoric regarding identity, realization, and political involvement through economy and civics. With our mobilization and our global economy, our identity and its ability to achieve realization!, one may not be so obsessively determined upon a single other, as is my case, now, or even upon duty or labor. The conscience with its ability to posit itself as an other, enter into dreams and even dream obsessions, with the ubiquitous availability to engage in artistic crafts that help realization exert a personal duty on the will and its identity, as is the case with mine, permit a certain expansion of global freedom and progress of dismantling borders. But what's interesting, is the life in the form of potential fulfillment in immediacy and the life in the form of realization in actuality. So, can I attempt to achieve all my aesthetic needs and all of my physical and emotional needs at once? Or must I remain alienated and fall into the traps of conservative rhetoric that wants to make me a slave, so as to encourage an outbreak in me that they can then capitalize upon with their industry of criminalization and economic and social oppression. And of course, I continue to have my paranoia and my empowered consciousness that finds itself unique. Or maybe I've been in a long war.

Again, the involvement of culture, mobility, and the growth of metro places with enhanced and empowered travel, encourages an identity that focuses on its needs more purely aesthetically with its relationship in communities, that it hopefully can mobilize into for realization. Unfortunately for me, I have been made to surrender to abusive work and family environments that counter-actively enforce destruction on my realization with the oppression of my identity. And the people were so easily satisfied with the excuses for it.

8/22/16

AFTERNOON

When my diet is strictly dinned on poverty, I become depressed, hostile and violent. I will have to turn my blofeld back into the pawn shop for about 12 days and this annoys me, however, I now have some food. I have changed my diet to include sea food and I am much more happier about it. Still, I will remain vegan on the land, but will hunt in the sea.

I need to not double dip my creativity. My novel is about Davis. My album Dream Synthesis needs to be more firmly rooted in newer designs. I will keep The Haunt as the first song, followed by Dream School, and then Ancient Moon Pt. 1, which will not contain lyrics. I'm not able to sing very well, if indeed at all. Dream School has only one line, Welcome to Dream School. I want my music to be spacey, dreamy, and non definable. It's the weirdness in dreams and, therefore, not applicable to basic rhythms inviting lyricism. As a poet, I am encouraged to write lyrical verses and as a musical enthusiast, that admires vocal tokens, I am surreptitiously convinced that I can imitate those vocal song structures that I so much admire. For me, one of the more upcoming and innovative musicians on YouTube is Tomorrow the Cure/Dreams of Wires, who, although very minimalist, accomplishes his musical task with remarkable accuracy and efficiency.

I want to eventually start brainstorming a film. I believe I'm going to be in West Sac for about another two years. In this time I'd like to finish my first novel, finish my first album, develop my philosophical and literary education, as well as do some kind of film project or brainstorm a film project for when I move to Seattle. I don't want to have to explain myself to someone who is going to make me feel like shit for wanting to be involved in their life, which is what would happen in Portland. Katie really broke my heart and the whole Davis scene really

worked hard to silence my literary potential, through immediate alienation. What they did to me was unjust.

Philosophically I'd like to understand Hegel and Aragon's unionization through surrealism. Surrealism is an Hegelian science, while being guided by Nietzsche's more wiser honesty about the world and man's place in it. German philosophy and French literature is the height of aesthetic magnificence.

8/24/16

AFTERNOON

I'm hurting because I have no friends or love in my life. I tried to buy a pie today, but was overcome with a desire for fruit and healthier veganish items. Someone reminded me of Rory, from Gilmore Girls. It hurts a lot, sometimes, being alone, destitute, and in poverty. I'm trying to arrange things that will make me feel comfortable, and I don't think cannabis and alcohol are going to be ingredients in that task. Safeway and some other places, here in West Sac, are becoming less viable options for shopping, and, therefore, I think I might subtract them from my list of places to shop at for food. I really want my internet back so as to have a greater dialogue with the world in the comforts of my own solitude, because it's not as easy to relax and indulge in media while in public. I want to reach out to Caleb in Woodland, but that task isn't as easy as it could be.

I rented the Pagemaster from the library..

8/25/16

AFTERNOON

Sometimes I'm overcome from such a strain of antagonism that it escapes my spirit in a hostility that results in retraction from others, encouraging suspicions of abuse. I might look into Rose's computer, as I mentioned to her about my desire for seeking alternative recording methods, as I don't expect to be able to purchase a better iPad anytime soon. I could use, moreover, a computer for updating my hardware's OS and for adding the 707 and 727 to my TR-8. I'll have to ask her about it in the coming days. Johanna is a sweet heart and I shouldn't be so impatient with her kindness, although I still think soda is terrible for the environment, the economy, and the people of the planet, as far as what it does to their bodies. Mike, that although conservative, has a warm heart and is fatherly towards people, although sometimes it's hard hearing his complaints, as they derive from an older perspective that is fading from the political arena, or so we hope! Mary is a dear, but again, her conservatism makes extended time with her a bit of a debate, which is hard to be around. They're spraying our apartment tomorrow and I had a crisis about whether or not I should check on Mary, to see if she needed any help with her apartment. I have to run a few errands, as some of the fruit I bought yesterday was bad, demonstrating that the Rory like lady did indeed mention something about some returns, and getting my money back, and, therefore, I think she was referring to the nectarines that her and Ryan were too blatantly aware of as being spoiled, with perhaps Ryan making fun of me about it to her. I was dumbfounded, because I didn't know why I would be getting my money back, nor did I clearly hear what she was referring to in regards to a refund, for which my ability to cognize her rhetoric escaped me in the immediacy of her projections.

I wrote a little bit in my novel which is undergoing a section in the shroom trip called Subreptions of the Dream, where my attempt to satisfy my pleasure principle, with the strains of sensuality are going to be manifested in some form. I think when I finish the novel it might be an okay book. Definitely a bit different, with the inheritance of Hegelian, Nietzschean, and Shopenhaurian thought displayed through the French way of explanation in the form of images wrought with thought, literary, to be sure.

8/28/16

EVENING

I'm beginning to feel myself. If only I had the patience for my poverty and the wherewithal to work on my aesthetics. Romanticism, as it plagues my soul, keeps me bound in inertia. I suffer from a great alienation, because I don't know how to participate, but the participation that greets me is funded by old and unenlightened values that seek to subject and enslave. This conservative and neo-liberal world bullies me into fear, repression, suppression and oppression. I'm beginning to feel better about myself, if only I trusted in my ability to exercise my sexuality and didn't think that the way in which I exercise my sexuality would be open to punitive measures by an unrestricted and unknown power, that if I simply didn't think that my will was being watched with, again, unrestricted and unknown powers, trying to inveigle me into oppression. The problem is, that I don't necessarily identify with most of America and, yet, I am enslaved to poverty stricken life by America. I interact with many beautiful women, but there is no shared identity between us. So I must attempt to branch out to more places, once I receive my stuff back from the pawn shop.

Again, the same old debate of whether I will sing, have a singer, or be largely instrumentally driven. Some of the beauty of music is that it expresses feeling without a critical message being pronounced and it is that gift, the gift of profundity without linguistic judgements being oppressively and frighteningly delivered as the opus of the song, that I wish to give to my audience. Truly, it would be special to have lyricism with a message that can be appreciated and recognized as beautiful, but that is why I am also a writer and poet. I want my music to be rather more involved with the theme and character of Impressionism.

What I love about music, is its ability to interpret and reveal geometric space in a way that painting can never do. The intellectual sphere of cognition through dreaming is that space by which sound is able to strike its portrait into and onto. Dream School synthesizes that realm with the purely Dionysian.

9/01/16

EVENING

One of the key factors of my paranoia is that I belong to Katie or some cultural power, that if I misbehave and try to satisfy my sensations I'll be punished. I need to say, fuck them, I belong to myself, for which I will satisfy myself accordingly, to meet both my artistic and spiritual needs.

9/03/16

EARLY MORNING

I tried to hang out with Mary again, but I find, and find definitively, that she produces a negative sensation in the palette of my conscience. She turns my thought processes into poor reflections, much in the way that the Woodlanders do, as unprogressive philosophical citations of being. Mary asked me if I was gay, told me that my thought process of belonging to Katie was a fantasy and had on NBC news, which reveals all the people being prosecuted during that day. Politically, people try to create a person into a permanent object for a strict and oppressive ruling by which they can be subtracted from the pleasures of being.

There are times when I feel the community is against me and tries to encourage unwise spending habits from me. And so I must buckle down and be wise in whom I spend my time with and whom I lend my mind to, for my conscience is fragile and sensitive and no longer so capable of dismissing triggers by people attempting to produce foul tastes into my being's relationship with its conscience. West Sacramento is highly an unfavorable place, but if I can manage to enrich my space with the tokens of my personality, I feel I can strive here and surpass the difficulty others are trying to burden me with, so as to bury me.

Dream Thinking is difficult, because I have a hard time objectifying myself in my conscience for relating it into a piece of art. It irritates my body at times and I feel weighed down by the inertia that I succumb to.

I did just bake a pie and it is about 6 in the morning. I woke up at 5 in the morning. I have to say, often times, having money in my pocket is a mood elevator. Today I have plans to retrieve my Blofeld, which will be a beautiful reunion. Still debating lyricism in my songs, for there are times when I am enlivened with such a good opinion of my ability that I think my words in conjunction with my musical arrangements will be both products of genius and beauty. But then I hear my voice in the microphone and through the timidity of my projection am depressed with the truth of ineptitude. I digress.

I am really looking forward to getting all my instruments back and making a new order in November. Now, sometimes I feel like contacting Brian and telling him all about my love for his sister and then asking if I could buy either a guitar, or effects pedals for his sister, so as to encourage her to make more music. And it is a lovely dream of mine to make music, film and literature and of course, love, with Katherine Stephanie Delwiche.

9/08/16

EVENING

I got my blofeld back and it feels great. I am becoming content with just making sounds with it and developing purely instrumental works. I digress.

In becoming more for myself I must learn how to belong more to the present and focus on what will make me happy in it. Yes, I want to be a writer, so I must write, but it is a joy to write, as I am realizing myself as a writer. I want to be a musician, so I must play with my instruments, but it is a joy to play music, because I am realizing myself as a developing musician. It is also a joy, because I exert my creativity. I think I am doing fantastic, however, my sexual desire and my desire to belong to people reciprocally, whom I can feel at "home" with, often times haunts me with a bad conscience. I see hardness, ugliness, and roughness everywhere, while very seldomly encountering soothing interactions, which boils my blood with more depression and harder thoughts on myself. I need to overcome that. My environment is not a reflection of me, though I wish it could reflect into me something dreamy and romantic. It most certainly does not, but inside my apartment, it is becoming a better place for me. If I can get the internet back, a mattress and maybe a 3ds soonish, that would please me and increase my quality of life, happiness, and contentment. Friends and a sex life will have to follow. I need to follow through on my court stuff and try to find some way to be interactive in the socio-economical world.

I'm reading Thus Spoke Zarathustra again and it saves me, all the times, it saves me. Some of my more intensive criticality that encouraged divergent behaviors from me has evanesced more and more from my soul and I am, therefore, becoming comfortable with myself, and hopefully capable of being the person that I want to be, as well as happy as I can be. I do indeed want love in my life, but I don't want to force it, and I don't know how exactly it is that I fall in love. Now, I need to focus on being me, and trying to live according to the single life. I agree with casual sex and having fun. I want these things, it's just that I am so much surrounded by bad attitudes that it is hard to feel at ease here.

9/14/16

AFTERNOON

Sometimes I freak out! I don't know if New Star's Carrie is my cousin Carrie, who is surreptitiously working behind the scenes to disrupt my life and steal me back into my family for abuses. I think she said "we got you," or maybe, "New Star's got you," or some other such thing, I'm unsure of. I feel like people are maneuvering around me to deliver punishment on me for the mistakes of my past. And then I try to take deep breaths and relax. New Star will be sending me money tomorrow, albeit from New York. I'm running low on things here as it is. I digress.

Intoxication is a personal relationship that one has with their conscience. Sometimes the body is open for intoxication and can be open for a realm of differing transcriptions of the senses through intoxication, but it has to be the individual that decides they need to use it, and then not be harassed by people or institutions because of it. In Dream Thinking, Werther meets Chris, whom he had a conversation about drugs and their bad influence on people, and at the time Werther was overwhelmed with the arguments of conservative culture, however, Werther realized that drugs began to allow him to withdraw from the burden of institutional abuses by persons arguing that they control power over others by the position they were placed in by the institution to control him, such as father in family, managers in the work environment, with hard work conditions coupled with low and rather slavish pay wages, etc. Werther found he could answer to himself under the intoxications of a tune that was a solitary dream reverie, while allowing his body to unbend the abusive regimen put upon his body by oppressive labor. Verily, Werther began to feel his liberation and his own definition for himself through the help and assistance of intoxications. Later, Werther realized that his time with playful melodies in body's sensual Subreptions evolved and now required a retreat into sobriety and staleness. The question after Dream Thinking is whether there is then a return to sensual play, or maybe an evolution into what has hitherto been avoided, namely sexual sensualness, which was not open and available to Werther at the time of his living amongst the Davis crowd. The play of the senses and how the institutions seek to dethrone individuals from their sensual power. Either through petty jests meant to enlarge the psychological fear of the community's people, or etc.

9/18/16

EVENING

I ache for love. I want to feel the comforts of another person's love for me and my love for them. Only, I do not know how to fall in love, again. A lot of it has to do with my alienation and segregation. I don't know if I want to pursue someone or where to look to find that someone to pursue. I wish casual sex was more available to me. That would be fun.

9/21/16

EARLY EVENING

I'm refocusing my musical direction. To be more determined upon ambience and states of feelings. No vocals. Abandoning Dream School for the time being. Changing it to, A Dream State. Album title: An Early Dream.

9/26/16

EVENING

I'm going to sell my drum machine, get my camera back and my 3ds back as well. I reverberate with ideas and the unskilled attempt to manifest these ideas into a form. I struggle and get disheartened. Tried to make a vocal song, again. Sometimes, I become ensnared in a despair that ridicules me with disparaging abuses on the hopeless attempts I make to become a musician. I become depressed and at times succumb to my worthless manifestations that are empty of any thing that would enable itself to be witnessed. I digress.

I have no ability to manifest any kind of love for another person. I feel obligated to Katie and imprisoned by her without the ability to appeal against her, so that she could welcome me back into her life and meanwhile, I suffer because of my alienation and its unsuccessful attempt to rise out of the nothingness of life, in order to become something that would welcome esteem, recognition and love.

How long can one go without a manifestation of love? Without physical love, emotional connection, and companionship I feel my days are deserts. I feel emasculated and unwanted. I suffer from immense poverty and isolation. Only irritation welcomes me. I feel foreign and out

of place. West Sacramento is unreciprocated in what identifies with me. I have been suffering ever since I've been here. It's been a long time since I've felt at peace.

I'm going to grow old, am growing old, as one who has never been loved in the free realm of conjugal love. I digress.

Politically, I'm not sure I have representation. I don't identify with the regime in America and how people seek to antagonize me into failure, self-doubt, and self-afflictions. My neighbors grin when they contradict my values through inappropriate work, as in today, when Clifford power washed the ground. The people surround themselves around the ignorant dialogue of political justice. I'm uncertain if I should vote and the access to information on candidates is difficult to come by.

I've never felt so alienated and uncertain of my ability to foster talent in the things that would enable me to exert my aesthetic feelings. I feel enchanted by so much ambition, but thwarted by poverty, alienation, sober depression, and intoxicated angst.

LATER

I don't give a fuck! I'm keeping my drum machine. I wrote lyrics to a really good song and I'm going to find a way to make a successful recording of it. I just need to find its sound. I'm getting my 3ds back and a video game. I'm going to work on my dreams. I'm going to accept myself. A lot of times I become disheartened. And I just got to push through it.

LATER, LATER

I don't know. I argue with myself a lot. Trying to become new and open myself up to new possibilities, but then holding onto a lost love that has no promise of fulfillment. Read the past month's diary entries. Romanticism as a failure, because the satisfaction depends on a whimsical desire that seeks to manipulate power relationships in the form of extracting a kind of duty from another person, in the name of love, rather than focusing on extracting the pleasures that come from Romanticism out of life as it presents itself in the chance of location. I think that is what Aragon attempts to reveal with the Paris Peasant and what I hope to understand in his preface to a modern mythology. How to enter into sexual exchanges remains an unknown course of development. Is it a problem that I am not recognized as especially talented at anything. That I have very little materialistic productions of my own creativity. Is it a problem that I am alienated from labor and that when I performed labor I was harassed by identity problems, including mental computational errors.

If only I knew what my needs were in Romance. If, perhaps more importantly, I had a clear ability to perform creative projects with other people. If I had the emotional confidence and rewards for self-assertions. I'm getting my 3ds back tomorrow and buying a video game. Keeping the drum machine and the synthesizer. Will seek to understand what my artistic needs are with my musical ambitions. If it was clear to me where I was going to be accepted with what I desired and for whom I could be sure to be with in conjugal love, as in if I could have faith that my love would reach out to Katie and could be reciprocated, or if I could be at peace with its sans fulfillment, with the need for it to translate into an aesthetic for purposes of my spiritual relationship with existence, as well as for this to be able to be performed while not neglecting the needs of my present state.

9/27/16

EARLY MORNING

I'm sorry Nintendo, but I'm going to follow through and get my camera back. It'll be a tough week for me, because I'll have very little money, but I'll do my best to prevail.

9/27/16

EVENING

I feel really depressed and disconnected from the world. I feel that no one loves me and I don't know who to love or who to invest in. I feel lonely and my body is aching for touch, love, and cuddles. I ache. I saw Katie's boyfriend in a picture with her; they were wrapped in Christmas lights and Katie had her arm around him. I almost broke into tears because of it and then I wondered, could I still love her? Could I be a match for her? For anyone? It hurt me that I saw that she is so part of something, while I, dejected from the lap of her love, imprison myself into this tragic selfless desire for her.

So, I need to rekindle myself with people. I need to try to make myself available to people once again, for my own recovery, for my own needs, and for my satisfaction. What is a story that suffocates one with so much rejection and dejection. I can't go on without reciprocal love. I can't love someone who doesn't love me, it hurts too much. And then it hurts when I feel weakened in the marketplace and uncertain of whom to connect with, whom to attempt a belonging to.

I'm so lonely in this world, for which this world cares not for my pure heart, or my honesty regarding my needs, both physical and emotional, at times at odds with one another, but yet pure in its needs and desire for mutual protection regarding vulnerability and pain. The world hurts me and my silent shouts reach no comforting ears, no comforting responses. I sit lonely with the void in my breast, in poverty and surrounded by degeneration, with occasions to violence.

The communion of the public revolves around the sphere of my denial. And I don't understand why I can't be loved. I, also don't understand why I can't find anyone by whom I can mutually fall in love with. And I hurt with my needs to be embraced by another, special in their beauty, special in my reception of them, whom receives me in the specialness of my beauty and special in the reception of me.

9/28/16

EARLY AFTERNOON

I am so relieved and rejuvenated! It was Katie's brother Brian in the picture with her! Secretly, I had hoped it was her brother, but wasn't sure that it looked like him from his old Facebook profile picture. He does have long hair! I remember him visiting Katie in Davis, and when he shook my hand he bowed. He was very gentlemanly and aristocratic, in the best uses of those terms. I'm going to continue my fight for Katie. It's hard waging secret wars and remaining steadfast in the stagnation of the pleasures and uncertainty of fulfillment. Jon said she had a boyfriend and she mentioned that she had a boyfriend, but I think I'm going to steal her from him. Plans to move sometime next year-ish around winter. My credit problems are going to be my biggest obstacles, as far as getting an apartment of sorts. But hopefully, I can be the kind of person that would impact Katie's life as well as her circle of friends, if they permit my entrance, with positivity and inspiration.

EVENING

Woodland actually has really good food, but the people there for friendship and emotional connection were mostly bad matches for me. Most of them failed to connect with me and offer me genuine support. Of all the people there Caleb and Daniel, my latest roommates in Woodland, were the most helpful and supportive people in my life at the time and were very much a better influence on me than anyone else there. I digress.

I'm renewing efforts at sobriety and non use, such as cannabis. I don't feel love from it anymore and I get paranoid that people are going to hurt me, because I'm using cannabis. I feel vulnerable in my surroundings by the apparent hostility that West Sacramento is capable of. Maybe there really are places where the community refuses to let people look for love in. I'm not sure there is love in West Sacramento, at least I don't feel it from the people that are approaching me outside. The people out on the streets in West Sacramento can be violent,

dirty, disrespectful, and damaging. It's not only a tough and uglier place to live in, but is a place that is not conducive to my mental health and quality of life. My loneliness is really tough to live with and just today I listened to David Bowie's *The Next Day* and freaked out a bit, as though everything's on my shoulders, where I'm being invaded by judgement, surreptitious plans, and hostile maneuvers.

My ADHD and anxiety is getting the better of me and I need to have it addressed immediately. My social worker never notifies me of my next appointment and tells me she'll e-mail me about it, and then never does. I, therefore, have to e-mail her and get her to answer, which she hasn't done as soon as I would have liked. So her slight incompetence at administrative affairs makes me feel like she might just be hostile towards me or is planning against me. Man, I am all worked up!!! I'm also letting go of coffee. I bought *Earth Bound*, as well as got my step sequencer back, and then sold my drum machine, so as to become more ambient, with more rhythmic tonality, rather than being rhythmically percussive bound.

What is Rock n' Roll? A love of two that fights the world? I might have to get a cat. I really want to cuddle with love right now. Sometimes I feel so depressed and truly, I haven't been right after seeing my family, where I shortly afterwards got my ass kicked and then went through medication changes. I wonder if it's finally time I get 51/50 or 52/50? I feel really unnerved right now.

9/29/16

EVENING

The heights of hope in a lost love reverie, brought about by the incompetence of location. To be honest in the pursuit, when the pursuit is merely the art of failure. I can't go to Katherine. She perhaps plays with my mind and tickles my desire, but never to endorse me or to mingle into me with herself. It's odd, I have forsaken family as an institution and have become ambitious in the new development of the self, as an individual. My needs belong to me. My heart is the art of longing and the desire of immediacy. When I find myself attracted to certain women whose bodies resemble beauty, I let myself be inculcated with desire, however, I don't often find myself wanting to belong to them, to anyone. I want to belong to a city and the freedom of those in love with their romanticism in the manifestation of that city's immediacy. But it's weird, I have long lost love rekindling hopes, the belief in a true identity with only one other person. What is really the problem is the failure of culture and not me. I am entangled in institutions and a location that fails to meet my needs as an individual.

10/06/16

AFTERNOON

In approaching an aesthetic style one must encounter the topics of how one wants to not only impress upon the audience what their personality wants to translate in the being of the world, but also the expressionist motive behind the process of the product. With me, I feel more and more at peace with merely impressing my personality through sound, for my vocal box is largely cemented in the disguise and imprisonment of literature, however, as the perfect Dionysian, I reach into the depths and dethrone language in focus of a sensation that asks you for its value in opposition to the Apollonian, as a structure of forms.

If only I were this talented.

10/08/16

LATE EVENING

I am frustrated with my inadequacy to make perfect songs. I continuously reach into the rhythm of my designs, and those whom inspire me, to foster lyricism, as though I am bound through some determinate force to reveal my poetry that otherwise wouldn't reach an audience,

the general audience around me being, rather engulfed into receiving ideas and the ideal, through sounds.

When I listen to music, however, I am at war with the musician, because I want to refuse their judgement and focus myself on the beauty of the instrument. There are few lyrics which make me feel as though I were in a dream with their diction as my itinerary. Such as Slowdive's Souvlaki.

Apollonian music, though, is dedicated to vocal poetry, it's instrumentation of tertiary importance. First the lyrics, then the rhythm and then the sound. For me, it needs to be first the tone, then the rhythm, and if necessary, the lyrics. And as far as my lyrics are concerned, I fear they are far from being profound and identifiable by the public. Perhaps this is why I appreciate only sound, for then my mind is able to wander and take it's own diction on voyages identifiable only to its own in solitude, and/or good company.

And sometimes I fear the steady sequence built with my sequencer will bore the listener, and that not enough is being done in the song. So I want to infuse lyricism into the mix so as to pad out the song's texture. And so I reverberate between this spectrum of musical identity.

Unfortunately, most of the music today lacks real profundity and the poetry in their lyricism, with their sound, is far more nauseating than anything that can be respected. Verily, the disaster of so much bad music in the world is contaminating the aesthetic will to really invest in its own needs to find intoxication in the market of creativity. Again, senses are dulled by the market place monopoly of successful music, which force feeds bad sounds to people who have no real choice but to endure the environment that fosters such nauseous torture, which then is able to dull the appreciation for intoxication of genuine music. So it is that if someone is successful in the music industry, it is almost a sure sign that the said person or group are nauseous and stale.

DAWN

The only problem is that I am not talented enough of a musician to be carried away purely instrumentally. Verily, the skill of one's musicianship could be measured by how easily they are able to maintain a song through the prowess of the instrument's design. And of course I like to write poetry.

Earlier I was remarking to myself that stuff like Berlin school must be a kind of prose compared to music with lyricism, which thereby is more poetic.

Nietzsche was wise because he continuously overcame his body, as that which was continuously encountering its hour of perish. I digress.

10/16/16

EARLY EVENING

Music is boundless and overwhelmingly astonishes me, however, the search for my sound, and my aesthetic obsession, denies me real immediate success in my work, because my Davis years revolved around values exerted through a lyricism, where as my music must begin to insist that it represent the lightheartedness of new blossoming moments in the form of sounds and only sounds. I don't think I can be the kind of musician that is imbued so utterly into reality, as my dream thinking was, and I'm fading more and more into fiction with my thoughts on future projects.

I want my music to be imaginative gateways to other worlds, almost space like. I'm creative with sounds, but that I attempt to have them serve an over arching and encompassing theme slows me down.

10/19/16

My internality is far more independent and individual than my externality. Verily, my inner world rejects that outer nature of things, and expresses that rejection in a mode that I could

never manifest with my will, in the act of exerting my body or speech, that is, upon someone or such institution. Therefore, it is almost impossible for me to sing with my music, for my lyrics are much bolder than I can make myself sing them, and to sing them with an infused attachment. My voice almost always rejects its power, causing me to criticize my speech and ability to say what I mean, and am, and want to be. I let other's education dictate my esprit. I hold back and readjust myself accordingly, instead of infusing me and only me into the circumstance. I am being forced to bow down to the audience, and that audience isn't necessarily encouraging me to approach it as the conquering one that I am. So my music must master the science of composition, and I must excel at post-modern and abstract architecture for my pieces, because I don't think I can be the kind of person that makes indie pop, or synth pop. I think I demand too much individuality out of myself.

Things that are holding me up are the adapter arriving from China and my drum machine at the pawn shop that I am waiting to get back. It is really difficult to demarcate one's shape in the sphere of aesthetic laws and structures. I am the meaning of my own aesthetics.

10/26/16

EVENING

Dream Time: a lost love and longing compilation is coming along fine, however, I don't have my drum machine, so, until we get it back, I'm going to work on Music from the Moons. I'm expecting a guitar, the Squier vintage modified Jaguar. I'm excited about it. Going to keep the EADGBE tuning. On Craglist there is a chorus and a distortion pedal for sale for which I hope to acquire by getting a loan on my 3ds. Strike that. Keep the 3ds and turn in the guitar, so I could get my drum machine back

12/13/16

EVENING

It's been a while since I've written. My days feel lonely and monotonous and I am overwhelmed with dissatisfaction at my music. I know in time I'll be better, but it pains my soul that I'm not there yet. I have plans to enroll in classes at sac city for the spring semester and will register for classes tomorrow. My drum machine I ended up selling, and then I bought another drum machine of lesser value. My guitar is sold.

I listen to souvlaki with such appreciation. It is such a beautiful album.

I intend to take a photography class and a music class. I really want to be a part of something, but enduring poverty, because of impulsive buying decisions, harasses my comfort. I really need to be wise about my music purchases and my overall budgeting. I'm quitting tobacco and couldn't be happier about it. I fell short in the beginning, but I feel more determined now and am in a better routine. I need to make friends and I need to start going out. Being involved in school will help me with this. April and May are going to be good months for me, for then my bills with the music stores, now two (Zzounds and AMS), will be paid off and I can focus on new needs more wisely chosen. I need to write more.

I 52/50-ed myself and it refreshed my soul, although being there was difficult to endure. I realized that the staff that works there tries to pester and instigate the patients, it marveled me. I was told by my Doctor that I was really sharp.

01/01/17

EVENING

I'm reading close to 40 books at once on rotation. The book of disquietude reflects the state of my soul so romantically and lyrically. The stagnant loneliness I feel is overwhelming. I keep myself busy with television, music and reading. If only literature would enhance my quotidian activities, so as to feel empowered by activity, but something in me is going to eventually need to make connections. I look forward to school.

01/02/17

EVENING

For a very long while, lately, I have been experiencing a moral review of my life. With each withdrawal, I've made, I felt combatted by morality and the feeling of the moralist perspective against me. So it is, that I find refuge in Nietzsche and the general moral skeptics. It's when I fear that the moralists are at me and that they are watching me, setting me up for failure, through their various institutions, that I succumb to a grave fear, but in the end I keep faith in myself and the philosophy that supports me. I question whether Sacramento will have people I can connect with, for I feel alienated and want to find hope that I can make connections.

I wrote in dream thinking today and felt immensely relieved, and so, I settled into cannabis. I hear very intimately a lot of noise, sometimes distorted, other times rather clearly and it discomforts me. I feel they are attempting to involve themselves with me and manipulate my goals and my mind. I wish there wasn't such a snotty stigma against people with mental health conditions and the little assistance that comes with those conditions. A lot of people here might even try to convince people that there is nothing wrong with me, as with Mary who often says she doesn't see anything wrong with me and doesn't understand how I can't explain what's wrong with me in a way that she'll understand, as if my disabling factor will only exist if it's seen, or projected with her diction and syntax. Though alienated, I feel I lack a certain kind of ability to co-exist, what with my mental prowess and how I approach my dialogue with existence, in conjunction with the special way in which I converse with myself that makes it difficult to enjoy and belong to things, makes it difficult to develop peace at my place. Verily, I am excited by immense anxiety, and feel awkward about how I arrange my schedule with my noises and sensations. For instance, I'm finding it difficult to gear myself into the comfortable pass time of video games, although I am reading more, and I have been spending time with DVD Netflix or the occasional library rental. I remember a particular blog post by Katie, with her experience at the turtle house, where she recounted certain episodes where noises would be made after she experienced something of her own in her room, and that, therefore, she wanted to attempt to dislocate the self-criticism of solipsism in conjunction to the external world against the self, that sometimes the two are merely parallel and nothing more.

I'd like to draw inspiration from that for my place here, at Sunset, if only, the family below me didn't harass me as much as they did about my carefree living style and how annoying it was for theirs. I had to sit through mediation where I encountered an array of complaints that weren't suited to the only real one, which was my 45 watt amp that I played music to. They claimed I pounded on the walls (which now occurs from their end upon mine), stomped on the floor, threw dishes around (which now I hear an eclectic spectrum of noises arising from them), basically, everything they complained of they now perform aptly well themselves.

Part of me wants to add the woodland folk onto my Facebook and take a lesson from the saying that we can sometimes hate our friends, or something like that, something about being nice, but also having hate for them, anyways, I can't say I want to make reconciliations with the Woodlanders, and I really miss the Davis folk, but they set me to sail long ago.

It's tough living in a place that's not beautiful, for West Sacramento, along the strip of streets that I incumbent, is rather very ugly. It's hideous. I have no wilderness to connect with, no public place to linger upon and call regular, where friendly faces are seen and conversations are to be had. And the public transportation is not as convenient as I'd like it, not to mention, that funds for travel fare are sparse, well, until the semester begins, anyways.

01/05/17

AFTERNOON

I often become magnificently fascinated with my works and become paranoid over the consequences of it, that the populace harbors and attempts to manipulate me into their

victories. Criticism of moralism is an attempt to prevent the will of an aesthetic, and often, moralists will destroy aesthetically willed portraits, or hold them accountable to their criticisms of it, hence the need for post-modern political virtue.

To replace my love for Katie with a love for myself and the work it produces, to at last become still in the development of any romance or sexual gratification.

01/07/17

EVENING

Raindrops flutter outside my window as I immerse myself in Klaus Schulze's Mirage and I feel a longing for my future and a certain disdain over how much purgatory I must endure before getting to that state that finds itself connected in perfect harmony. My tools are in the pawnshop, again, and I have no internet in my apartment, which leaves me anxious, for the inspiration I'd like to seek from YouTube and other informational passages are forbidden to me. I don't feel comfortable enough to brood in public. I need to withdraw from local ambitions such as school and concentrate on getting my things back from the pawn shop, regaining the Internet, and paying down my debt, so that I can move further north. The details of how I'll get there remain a mystery, for I do not know if I myself will drive a moving truck there, or hire people to do it, or try to invite a friend from my woodland days to help, the likely person being Caleb.

When I play music I feel like it is missing a certain talent and movement that other musicians I watch on YouTube have. Sometimes I catch myself in a trance over my repetitions and wonder that if it was sketched out more solidly, with focus and purpose, if it would be a good song. I also continuously marvel that what I have to say cannot be projected into a lyrical song, that my prose is too distant from tonal pronunciation. But deep in my soul, there is a whisper that sings, while I dream alongside my ineptly playing; and I dream the perfect tune of what I am playing as I play it, so that I am not listening wholly to what I'm playing, but am, rather, in between my imperfection and perfection, which consoles me, for as that Schulze says, perfection is in quantity, and that a musician marks itself off by how often they can hear their instrument make noise. That after so much diligence with playing and withdrawing into the soul while playing, that what eventually becomes the song will emerge in time, that one is often led to the minute details through these long rehearsals by a combination of instinct and trial. Often times, I will begin the first start of the song over and over, and then go and listen to something else, to at last return to how my song will begin in order to demonstrate to my ears that what I play is indeed good or, at least, stimulating for the senses.

01/08/17

EVENING

I'm going to attend school, it will help me be productive and help cure my loneliness.

01/09/17

EVENING

Due to a mismanagement of funds, I will not be able to attend school this semester, as I will not be able to purchase the books, of which I had planned on renting. So be it, I will arrange to regain the Internet in my apartment and focus on going out. I may even purchase the books in April and teach myself. I must concentrate on making myself feel loved and loving myself in return. I'm really enjoying my 3ds, I played Ocarina of Time last night and it felt great, but I would love to get a Wii U and an HDTV. It's hard not having friends and feeling like the friends that I do have are little interested in me and don't really have a keen desire to include me in their true inner circle. I sent Facebook requests to some of the Woodland folk and feel that maybe that was a mistake, but so be it.

02/14/17

EARLY EVENING

I'm feeling a lot of nostalgia, humility and gratitude for what I've been given. I'm excited for my solitude and its engagement in the world. I have plans to eradicate my record, attend school, and receive money to which accomplish my dreams and to despoil my debt. Feeling very grateful indeed.

2/26/17

LATE EVENING

My synthesizer broke and I couldn't but feel an intense heart ache for it. I am possibly scheduled to receive financial aid, which I intend to use to upgrade my stuff and I will just have to buy the blofeld again, hopefully the keys version. I'm quitting the hookah, which has dominated my life the last few weeks.

04/25/17

EARLY EVENING

I have been stagnate in my personal reflections and the counseling of my inner passions. The hierarchy of desires are being rearranged, where I hopefully commit myself more to expressionisms and devotion to individuality, instead of desire for companionship and immediate sexual gratification. The last few weeks I have heightened my senses through intoxication of a rarer kind, for which I couldn't have felt more relief and ease in discourse. I suspended my internet and the lost of comfortable online access depresses me a bit, as it is so convenient to access music and movies through internet activity, rather than through rental devices, such as DVD Netflix mail and library rentals. Feeling connected while involved in solitary romance, through a love of yourself and its productivity, has been withheld from me. Verily, it's one of the few things I miss about living with others. Just having their interaction in even its most basic form is enough to uphold yourself in a sense of comfort and replenishes your existence in its more pressing matter of pursuing its individual goal. So it is that going to school will greatly enhance the destitution of isolation I feel and make my private activities more rewarding. I get to register for classes in about ten days and I hope to enroll in basic musicianship, introduction to photography, and two literary classes, college composition and a class surveying mythology in literature. A full schedule, where I'll have one class a day for six days out of the week.

I recently encountered the concept of psychic space. Allowing people to enter my psychic space is something I have failed to guard against in the course of my mental illness, and at times, the burden of the other in my psychic space is so daunting that I become unsheathed in my solitude with a destructive paranoia and stress that is unidentifiable for others and incurable by health providers, whom can only provide a session, in which I can voice my problems with those concerns of my cognition in the short time I have with them.

That being said, I am once again being assigned another psychiatrist and it is something that proves difficult to endure, for each new psychiatrist refuses to study my files and instead demands I open up without guidance in a soliloquy meant to define my situation as a mental health patient, of which is a stressful activity that draws out of me a magnitude of unbound portions in the sentiments of hostility. So, I become dissatisfied with their role as provider and angry at the whole system of public health and its demands for those like me as a consumer.

Friendship is important. Having souls to open your spirit to enables your existence to be cemented in something tangible and reciprocal, if only friendship for the sake of itself were the design of everyone's motive for communal participation. Instead, friendship is the device by which many use to infiltrate the resources and services of others for their enhancement. Caleb, is probably one of the more purer friends I've encountered since I've dethroned myself from the

Davis population through my need for individuality and then enhanced through the stings of jealousy.

I'm still slowly progressing in writing my Dream Thinking and I hope it to be a rewarding contribution to those who will one day read it. Overcoming the shame of my mistakes and then translating them into a pure representation that demonstrates the art of the millennials, will, I hope, be something that can receive respect and appreciation and win for me a unique place among contemporary writers. Submersion into the vicissitudes of aesthetic representations, without a conscience that stings, is what enhances a person in the realm of art. The capacity to depict without feeling responsible for the negatives represented, demonstrates a truly liberated artist, and that's what I hope to accomplish not only with my art, but also with my will. It is that of the philosopher of the future.

Forgive the incoherent unfolding of sentiments and thoughts in this entry. I've had a lot on my mind that hasn't had an opportunity to be vented into this diary. Hopefully, I'll recount myself more regularly as time goes on, in which I have a balance of solitude and productivity. Too much solitude can encourage a stagnation, not to mention that I've been indulging in alcohol, which closes the door of my desire to write, read, and translate.

514/17

EVENING

I reached out to my family for Mother's Day and then my Dad's birthday. I wrote my mom and step mom letters that were posted to their messenger account, and for my dad, I wrote almost 3 in a half thousand words of a letter I mean to print and mail to him with my mugshot profile pic and doodle of me wearing sunglasses and smoking a cigarette. I feel so guilty for my mistakes, that it makes it hard to write, but deep down, I don't want to be an unhealthy projection of passion, desire and communion. I want to be genuine and true. I feel I have many experiences in my life of manipulation and unhealthy projection, both by me and others. It's just I feel so bad about some of the meaner acts I've committed. The philosopher of the future is destined to destruction if it can't be at least accommodated and accommodating. Testing the pangs of conscience is dangerous, and is usually the result of a highly internally distraught form of criticality for the world and the self in being able to enjoy its place in the world. It takes revenge on the present, for a past happening that is ingrained in an instinctual behavioral output. Julien Sorel, on my second reading contains that criticality, that very criticality that I had with Lyndsey, for which ruins moments and then grieves over its failure to achieve a valuable experience, not really knowing why it blindly went forth with its trespass.

I accomplished a lot in this past fort night, at least in the realm of real relationships. I wished a happy Mother's Day to my cousin Carey, to my Aunt Becky, and then wrote long letters to both my Mom and my Step Mom, followed by a half essay for my dad's Bday letter. I'm feeling really positive and encouraged about exposing myself to people that are probably genuinely interested in hearing what I have to say about my life with them, the falling out that occurred with us, and then my life after leaving their watchful eyes. And I hope that they will want to expose themselves to me in return, so that we can maybe manage to forbid my critical hatred, at least in true existence, of the Family as a unit of value in culture and society.

MID-EVENING

I had to retune this. The troubling task I have with my novel, is the fear of not meeting a deadline held by me in the novel itself and then maybe fortified by an unbeknownst force hovering above me, for either requital, punishment, or debasement. This is scary and redacts the joy of creating.

5/15/17

AFTERNOON

A mind's fluidity and permeability is determined by how severe it translates signatures out of context and then through a myriad of contexts.

5/26/17

LATE EVENING

The task of having to overcome so much feeling, passion, and despair of my own experiences from my Dream Thinking years hardens and de-tunes my energy to focus and work on translating this tale. My feelings blockade my ability to externalize the story, as though it were being writ by an unbiased and objective artist. To be sure, however, the fact that I begin my artistic life through a work grounded on *my* tales heightens my spiritual chemistry. Although, I suffer from the fact that I am none other than one incredibly vain and self-righteous human.

That my work, moreover, sits constipated in a festering tube of organic translation distances me from engagement. It is a work of solitude, as all my works will probably be. Strangely, I find myself evacuating from the need for woman's sensual and spiritual love and instead find myself in between a reverberation of intoxicating desires and sober coldness. With the former, I run the risk of becoming an enemy of a jealous community buying into the war on drugs, and with the latter I risk the banality and forbearance of heightened mysticisms.

Now, my family is ebbing into my life again and I participated slowly with them via letters. Perhaps I'll visit them for Christmas break, although that is uncertain. Its' amazing how many Christmas' I've spent independently of my root family. It's as though we are now strangers, perhaps.

Today, and with a rather irritating disappointment, I was burned by the street that left me forty dollars wanting. What a tragedy, for I sold my volca beats (which in justification wasn't sitting well in my mixes, volume wise, that is). But I have plans to get the TR-8 again.

I'm really looking forward to school this fall, and may the powers to be, bless me with a sizable Pell Grant. That will almost assuredly encourage my success with the endeavors I want to embark upon. I really want, and need to work on being, creative, productive, and involved in literature in such a way that I will enlarge my chemistry as a writer, thinker and musician.

6/07/17

AFTERNOON

Matt introduced me to all the things that my soul lusted for. He gave me the theater of experience of the very things that would ignite my spiritual poetry and resound through me the very ambitions I have entertained since encountering my education while enrolled in college and for which saw its dissipation in the lifestyle being lived while enrolled at the time as that student. I owe him a gratitude beyond recognition and I regret all the wrongs I committed against him. I truly hope to one day win his forgiveness.

12/27/17 EARLY EVENING

I have furrowed my spirit. My perspective of the world has been rearranged, as a result. I re-enrolled in community college and earned promising marks on my classes and have the goal to admit myself into the University of Washington in Seattle. I begin piano lessons in mid-January and I am envisioning my musical picture, Dream Synthesis: An Introduction to Dream School. What was once so demanding has eroded as I now seek sublimation. I am more focused on productivity than sensual satisfaction. This mindset could not have been achieved if it weren't for my relapse with Methamphetamines.

My conscience continually stings shame into me as I weep over my past transgressions and find difficulty in recovering my ego's strength and independence from persons long out of my life. I seek a self-knowledge of myself and the world as a cure. My Dream Thinking is progressing well. I am entertaining a philosophy on music. It might be an inheritance of the infinite melody of Wagner. As I develop I shall be better equipped to discuss music theory.

I received a lot of money for going to school, which has enabled me to acquire instruments for my art. I have an iPad and a camera, already and a great synthesizer and a drum machine (in the pawn shop as of now) and soon to be MacBook Air and lenses for my camera. If I could only achieve a romantic perspective of life to cure my heart ache and ease my mind of the shame I feel over my past actions. I've made a lot of mistakes, but those mistakes saw me in dire living conditions with oppressive forces acting against me. I don't know if I'll ever be understood or accepted. But may I find the power to understand and accept myself!

I'm an uncle now and I couldn't be happier about it. I don't envision a personal family of my own, but a family from my family is possible and has occurred for me. I visit them in June after Spring Semester.

Welcome me back, now.

1/09/17

EARLY EVENING

I am submerged in fear. I am constantly beset with shame and a presentment that I will be persecuted or made to bear official penalties for the mistakes I have made in my love life with women. If only the romantic heart could still survive! But it is all lost and I suffer the ineptitude of working on my projects. I want to make it a purpose and fulfilled goal to devolve into an intellectual discourse in these diaries to eventually find themselves turned into works of thought and art. The Existential Regime, On an Existential Mythology as the Foundation for Post-Modernity's Emergence, Dream Time: An Existential Mythology and of course the ever developing Dream Thinking. These are more itineraries for the future coupled with the musical picture Dream Synthesis: An Introduction to Dream School.

I'm playing my synthesizer rather regularly, though for only a short while. I am developing the foundations for each of the songs in Dream Synthesis.

The most disheartening thing about politics is that we are all rabble, now. Though so much the better. I disagree with Nietzsche about socialism and communism. I think nothing is a better cure for our future. The problem is going to lie in discernment, for now no institution will mark the categories anymore. Childhood education will become serious again, as it was in the Ancient Greek world. Discernment is something the woman are battling to win as an inalienable right. They are striving for the highest power. Perhaps we should give it to them. Women will control the field of sexual favors and men will either sublimate, be favored, or suffer or worst, commit faults in advancements and be labeled criminals. Right now the economy justifies benefits and favors in the what women esteem. Economic constrictions will be their means for devising the favorable.

Is it any wonder that we find ourselves in the midst of the world with ourselves in a systematic development and evolution beyond each individual's control and voice to demonstrate their power? The existential regime must proffer rejuvenation and end the Christian mode of shame, guilt and punishment. Soon I will read the Gay Science, again, and find more friendly salvation. Schopenhauer, of which I'm just about to finish his first volume of Will and Representation, was a treat, though his nihilism and ethical views stand counter to my own. Nietzsche is the closest friend I have, though I break with him ultimately in the political end, favoring a more open atmosphere of individuality determined by movements, internal and external. 2015 and some of 2016 saw me moved internally by my new external nesting in West Sacramento. It is still being adjusted to suitability so that I can find my comfort in productivity. My internal movements have been the reading, writing and sentimentality I suffer and continue to employ in suffering. If only the other weren't so frightening, a meaningful conversation could be hoped for! Adieu.

1/21/18

AFTERNOON

I am engulfed with despair. Financial Aid delays and uncertainties have me stressed and depressed. I dropped one of my classes this semester and so am only taking two classes one of which is online. I will, consequently, only have to go to campus once a week. This opens up so much space for time on personal projects. If only I can overcome my inertia!

In my English Bible as Literature class so many of my students are enchained in literal and complacent interpretations of the scriptures and lack independent thoughts. They are incapable of severing themselves from accepting the "word" as truth and cannot distance themselves from biblical logic. They are not free thinkers.

I will begin An Existential Diary as a project for my Susurrus submission. It will chronicle my days from here out to the submission date. I will attempt a greater energy in productivity.

Next fall I have plans to actually finish the attempt at ENGWR 300 and take Basic Musicianship. This semester I am attempting A's in both my classes and I am certain it is within my capacity to accomplish that.

Exercising energy in a product helps alleviate the despair that my inertia and poverty encompasses me in. Farewell.

1/29/18

AFTERNOON

I dropped my classes and so freed up a lot of time to work on what is personally important. Lack of financial aid after its dismissal notice helped encourage my despair and made me feel unequal to the task of accomplishing my educational goals, not to mention the depression I am feeling from having gone two weeks late on my main anti-psychotic. Despair has colored me well, so far. As a cure I will make attempts to get outside more. I must work on my projects and read from my library. I have started exercising and that helps greatly. Unfortunately I feel so depressed and unequal to any task involving work. I am, moreover, fearing interactions with others. I want to write a Notebook of a Wanderer instead of An Existential Diary. I must feel passionate about my thoughts and their translation into literature. I must work on my projects! Especially music and photography! Farewell, and may I not regret my withdrawal from school. A part of me, however, feels it already, as though I failed some entourage of persons. Farewell.

4/30/18

EARLY EVENING

It's my birthday and a great day to institute some changes. I need to clean up my act and become a cleaner person. Take care of my apartment, exercise, stop masterbating, write more and play and study music. I'm also quitting cigarettes and remaining steadfast on not drinking or using drugs. The semester of school is almost over and it has been a great success. Need to cram for my final and be prepared for it come May 15th. Must go to campus tomorrow to post flyers and get some work done and write letters to my family. Today is the first day of changes. I'm going to become my actualization.

5/11/18

MORNING

I've had a few relapses into my bad habits, yet I now feel invigorated and determined to institute my change of spirit wholeheartedly as of now, in regards to unclean sexual expressions and attempting to keep my apartment clean and on Wednesday I will seek out a prescription for nicotine patches. I must remain focused and determined and engage in walks, photography, video, music and rest and recreation. My summer commences in five days. Thankfully.

5/16/18

EVENING

I've had my final relapse. I am to commence a make-over. So far, an admirable beginning to quitting cigarettes and masterbation. I find that I keep my apartment relatively cleaner and that I focus on creativity. I need to focus more on being present, meditating when it is difficult to engage in activities, so as to stave off sexual thinking and desire. I feel really good about the school work I've accomplished so far this year and have grown a lot because of it. Public activities are still difficult for me, with negative thoughts swarming, unwelcomed, through my mind. Hopefully, if I focus on making myself more present with my mind and being and have greater fulfillment accomplished, I can overcome and eradicate those negative thoughts. What it is, is that the greater dialogue of the nation, which is largely negative, penetrates into my core and realizes itself as something that exists and I feel as though I am responsible for those negative outlooks, I'm not, just a mere ant in the world of war, strife and destitution. I will need to write more and exit my apartment more and begin taking pictures and working on my musical storybook, which I've decided is going to be Sandman. Feeling positive, despite the setback that just occurred.

5/20/18

LATE AFTERNOON

I'm ready to master myself. After just relapsing into another self-fulfilled satisfaction I am encouraged to end the habit of masterbation definitively now. I have also taken the training wheels off of smoking and threw away all of my cigarettes, well, put them by the apartment's trash can for them to be found by the ramsackers. I ran today and that felt great. Will begin running and weight lifting more frequently now. Soon my music center will be set up with nice equipment and I can begin practicing and exploring soundscapes. I visit my family in two in a half weeks and I lament leaving my apartment and being away from playing music, but the change of scenery and some human contact will do me well. I also want to control my vocal outbursts. I get so excited at times that I undergo an outrages attack of vocal proclivities that range from non sense to sheer profanity. It's a bad state of affairs that I want to conquer and do away with. Must be clean!

9/08/18

EVENING

I've joined a gym and have quit cigarettes alcohol and drugs and have been slowly ebbing myself off from masterbating, such a disgusting habit. I feel empowered to strike into motion that what had just occurred would be the last one. How can one say the same thing so many times, though! Enough!

I feel distraught and emotionally vacant. I'm low in spirits, frustrated with my musically developing skill that is too slow for my ambitions, but I remain steadfast in being patient with the process. It's all a process. And the work will be accomplished and it will be good. I must have faith in myself.

School is troubling at times, the work stresses me out, though I've been managing to complete the work and I feel unwelcomed amongst my peers, who probably don't feel as though I am their legitimate peer. Nevertheless, the professors are sincere and motivate me. I really like my English professor, Professor Angel, she's amazing. Great interpretive lectures and a wonderful sense of humor and the ability to connect on a human level with her students. It's not pure academia its life with her and she captures that in the classroom, which manifested itself significantly in the Susurrus class and is carrying over in this English 300 course, which is College required Writing. I'm also taking Sociology and there is a lot of work in that class, but it's online, so it is convenient.

My novel is coming along slowly, but coming along. If I wasn't so afraid of myself and dissatisfied with my voice the work would arrive sooner. I must reward myself by spending time in emotionally healing activities, as of now I spend a lot of time listening to music and delving

into self-pity, but brainstorming musical ideas and then experimenting with them on my instruments. I don't quite have rhythm worked out when I play key styled instruments, they're uniformed in quarter note successions that may appear to be boring, I assume. In any case, I have bought some music literature to read and play from so as to introduce moves, if you will, to my experience with music.

10/22/18

LATE AFTERNOON

I am heavy with despair as I feel there is a surreptitious conspiracy to ruin me. I fear homelessness and the loss of what has taken a lot of energy and self-sacrifice to attain. My housing inspector claimed that the entry way floor area was soft and needed maintenance done on the sub flooring. So it was that Jorge overcrowded the sub flooring with what felt like an eternity of screws drilled violently with a scent of malevolence into the flooring. There is, however, a firmer feel to the entry way, however there is now a slight aberration in the rising of the carpet at the edge of the door. Could it be that I have been manipulated against so as to endorse my defeat? Am I to blame for all of my inconsistencies and explorations into the spirit beset by a broken compass?

I must attempt to remain positive, though and make good my relationship with my family. If I suffer what I fear I have no one but them to save me and I don't know if I deserve it. I am stressed and depressed and school infiltrates my psychic space with multi-faceted speculations on my relationship with the world. Am I known through out it all? Am I only my guilty conscience? I remain, nevertheless, attached as best I can to conducting a solid effort to succeed in my assignments and maintain a quality chance of obtaining A's in my two classes this semester. Both are extremely demanding and tax my spirit greatly. The establishment pokes into the membrane of the free spirit testing its own accusations and its own ideality disrupted by a reality suffering from contempt enveloped through repressions and bad experiences and self and other suppression.

My writing comes slowly. Verily, I move slowly. But all rush unto me and I am left with astounding dumbness. How can I comprehend it all! It's as though the whole community moves in solidarity against me, well prepared and ready to execute.

I have slovenly experimented with meat again and I hate myself for it, however, I will be eating sea food again. May the ocean receive my blessings.

Patience is difficult when there is uncertainty with the security of what will provide me with the necessities to accomplish my tasks that I have set before myself, despite moving slowly in every facet of those tasks. It is hard on me to balance my fares. I've been doing my best to meet my educational duties and then goofing around on my synthesizers acquiring a taste for tonality and basic timing. Brainstorming literature, reading a little and thinking a lot. Making a strong effort to quite tobacco and remain tobacco free hereafter. I do enjoy my caffeinated teas though. And so half moraline in my diet.

Nietzsche speaks of harboring contempt and then also possessing compassion. I linger in the in between of these contrary obstacles. Both concern the self with the world at large and everything is strange when one founds oneself alone in the world. I sincerely hope I do not lose my housing and if I do that I can be saved by my family in a way that doesn't see me harmed in the process. And I mean that in its totality.

10/23/28

EARLY EVENING

Moods from day to day slide on the pendulum of my habitual circular behaviors. I am mud and bad mud that struggles to overcome itself and achieve pure aestheticism. I get bogged down in stagnation as I am overworked with the short tasks at hand. After committing a bad habit that I loathe I succumb to the ambition to succeed in my overcoming it. Derrida said

he'd most be interested in the sex lives of his most kindred philosophers. We know Rousseau had a distaste for self-pleasure, and pleasure! To think that there was a time in the history of humanity that men pleased themselves with animals! How disgusting men are! So it is that woman has been the fairer sex. Cleanliness favors women far more than men. I disagree with Nietzsche, men become cleaner when in the company of woman. I still harbor yesterday's negative thoughts and hope that I remain secure. I need to exercise restraint and increase my productive activity. A step to do this for which I intend to take is to enroll in two online classes next semester, thereby freeing up my time to accomplish my extra-curricular ambitions. Why must writing always be focused on psychiatric dissimulation. Why do I focus on my body in the literature of my spirit? My mind is clogged and I must drain it of its bad blood. So it will begin. Despair will lurk me, I will sublimate my sexuality and focus on my work. Solitude will grow and I will recede from public appearances on school campus so as to wander effectively in my environment and write, photograph and record music once it has been drilled to what I can perfect.

11/07/18

EVENING

Despite loving this time of year, I wonder if I'm doing okay. If I am safe and secure, or if the world and community plot against me. If my family urges my destruction or if they even want me to return to their lives. I avoid phone conversations like a plague, but will need to call all of them soon, it's been far too long since I've last talked to them all. Only, I am so bogged down with school work. I'm making an effort to keep clean and eradicate bad habits. It's slowly becoming a part of me, my new self. Self-actualization of an independent thinker, writer, musician, and photography and film making. I brainstorm many ideas and curate musical notions through thought. It's all about following through and practicing exercises, though basic, to develop mechanics and reading schematic works to understand style. My fall semester is drawing to a close and I will finish with great triumph, if only my housing specialist doesn't ruin me! My apartment did not pass initial inspection for maintenance upkeep standards and so will be reviewed again this coming Wednesday. I look upon my youth with so much curiosity, how could I have been so unharnessed! Despicably wild! And it hurts that I might suffer more from it, that there are enemies that will not forgive and forget or understand. Do I even understand? I feel the effects of my psycho-therapy giving me a new perspective through my Nietzschean lens, which is adopting a socialist attitude in lieu of Nietzsche's fundamental doctrines. I suppose I'm an anchor and harbinger of the people, too—my good Sartre. I'm approaching greatness, if only I don't get swallowed by those hungry for retardation of the stranger. I can surely expect a few laughs at my expense, though, for just writing that.

11/18/18

EARLY EVENING

Two minor relapses into old habits this week in moraline and sexual self gratification, one each after going a long time of abstinence, eleven days, apparently. I am beginning to feel more confident about my work and am relieved that the semester is drawing to a close. It is terrible what has befallen my neighbors, though, namely wild fires which has devastated their world and even took some lives and meanwhile their misfortune favors my laziness, or really, the opportunity to work on myself without school demanding my attention. I feel remorse over it and my heart sinks at the hardship my neighboring communities suffer. I am becoming more involved in the nation, as I voted in the election just recently passed and remain mindful of the feelings of my fellow creatures. A compassion for humanity grows in me, something which my youth lacked. Is this sentiment attributed to age? How old was Stendhal when he wrote the Red and the Black? A book very much counter to philanthropy. Though I am not wholeheartedly philanthropic, I blame that on my lacking resources themselves rather than a sentiment of hard heartedness. I'm gearing up for writing again and I look forward to exploring with my camera and working more on my understanding and playing of music. So much for today's confession. Oh, my

housing was secured, thank goodness. Talked to my Mom a little and texted my youngest brother. My family is doing fantastic and I am following through on my plans. I did decide, however, to abandon the project of making the musical novel of Sandman, as it would be too large of a project to undertake right now and I want to focus on my Dream Synthesis. I haven't been in much communication with my Dad, though, but he seems to be doing well, as we make exchanges on Facebook that are humorously gratifying. I have intentions to visit my family next November, although I told my Mom it would happen as soon as September, but I will revise it for November.

12/28/18

EARLY EVENING

As the new year approaches I intend to succeed in my new habits and find continued success at school. I want to exert myself much more in music and literature, as well and find recreation in Nintendo. It helps alleviate the brooding that goes into the depths where its filthy. Earlier I was just thinking of my comparison to Pessoa in what distresses me and what distressed him and I must be a petty little animal in lieu of that. Minor wounds indeed. So I intend to spiritualize and sublimate myself, hopefully, that is, and get beyond only of what is considered pleasuring myself. Maybe I'm still too young. I play music still and my playing is improving, though I want to know if what I play is a sound worth listening to. I have plans to study the language of music so I can translate my shadow's echo into songs. But technical musical instruction is dry literature indeed, or so I hope it's not! Family affairs are drifting well, save for that with my Father, who seems to be burning bridges with his sons. Verily, a sad fate. Looking forward to my next visit with my family, nevertheless. My mom sent me Christmas presents and it was well received. Some pajama bottoms, grooming care and a gift card. Very kind of her. I was too broke to send anything to my family, but we talked on Christmas Day and it was all well.

1/12/19

EARLY EVENING

I haven't been able to write as much. I am overwhelmed with inertia. Began my cessation of cigarettes on Friday and it is developing nicely. I no longer have legitimate distresses, it seems. Is that what invigorates? School is being accomplished successfully at a half time status. And a lot of my energy is poured into that activity, however, because of that my other interests fall behind. I am goofing around on my synthesizers with an increasing desire to study mechanics and theory, so as to compose my own work. Will begin a regiment of that on Monday. Soon I will be rewarded with a lump sum of money for which I intend to purchase more things for my apartment. With my second lump sum this semester I plan on paying Han 800 dollars for the rent that failed to see itself paid while living at 7th and B. I will be proud of myself for doing that, as I have taken care of Jon and then only Mike Cui remains, however, I want an iMac or MacBook Pro before I pay Cui. I have lost interest in transcribing my thoughts and it has proven unhealthy for me. It's inertia that makes me small. I need to work more and be involved in activity. I spend a lot of time engulfed in listening to music and passing away hours without translation of any spirit. I started to re-read my novel and will continue writing it soon, hopefully! Enough for now, I'm in the mood for an early turn in.

1/14/19

EARLY EVENING

I feel a change brewing in me during this inertia. A genuine refocus to spiritual efforts in the intellect and arts. I will begin to devote a majority of time to music and writing and reading as I flower out of this inertia, as a caterpillar flows out of itself into a butterfly. I have been nesting, sincerely. I still take to flights of fantasy regarding Katherine and my Davis years stay close to my heart so I can finish Dream Thinking, however, it is getting myself to do the work that I can't get over to. My conscience pains my motivation. Music, consequently, has shown me that it is the more loving of the arts. There's little conscience involved in seeking out that melody and deciphering the counterpoint. So with the plastic arts, too. Only reason to crown literature as the highest of the arts of will power. The gravest of spirit and the richest in rewards once it's been conquered.

1/15/19

LATE AFTERNOON

Gide talks about appearing to be something and being something and whether one appears to be that thing while being it or if one be's that thing but doesn't appear yet to be it. I'm in the middle of being and appearing. I'm developing myself and always make the case in regards to writing, that I'm a developing writer, a step more advanced than aspiring and that with music I simply goof around with it, a step lower than aspiring to it. And with cleanliness I am arriving to it, which is a continued strained effort with sprinkles of failure surrounding it. Each day must be perfect otherwise a dangerous relapse into the totality of my bad habits will lurk behind me and I must stand erect to overcome them. I loathe my body. I'm overweight at about 200 pounds and can bench a measly 65 pounds only. I have a gym membership, but because my bike is out of service until the next three weeks getting there has been a scarce effort, for the gym is about a mile and a half away. Today it has rained all day and I glutinously treated myself to a Tuesday twelve dollar large vegetarian gourmet pizza with extra creamy garlic sauce. Ate the pizza throughout the whole day, scribbling a slice here and there into the linen of my tummy.

2/03/19

EVENING

I despair much and a lot of it is the total solitude of myself. I have a hard time moving my will to create and to develop a lifestyle that sees me romanticized. I'm not merely talking about having someone to dote on, but to live in the moment a nostalgic lifestyle. I'm trying to quit cigarettes and it is extremely difficult. I suffer the reverberations of quitting and committing to old habits, of what is recognizable. To shed habits regularly and constantly meet a new self. This ever transformation is difficult, for the intermediary stages harken unto an inertia that is deathly. I do far too little for myself and I have pathetic energy.

I must exercise, clean, practice the keyboard and work on my album. I need to get outside, too. West Sacramento is incredibly uninviting. I have no lust for the outdoors here in West Sacramento. Inside I dwell and decompose. I waist away, despite finding incredible success with school, yet stressed over the work I must complete and finding that I do complete it. But that is about all I'm able to complete. I want to write more, vent my spirit. Read more, as well. I find that I lay away on my bed listening to music counting the hours till I can sleep and be done with the day, to be done with time. To be done with inertia! So is all I'm able to compose today.

3/01/19

EVENING

There is no doubt about it. I have been hibernating. Finding success in quitting old bad habits and reconstituting my composure. I've been practicing the keyboard and am progressing, though still far from being qualified. I dropped one of my two classes this semester and remain enrolled in my appreciation of music class, which introduces me to the fundamentals of music. I read a little more and write a little less. Still engrossed in music. I want to take up again my Notebook of a Wanderer and resume my Dream Thinking. Spring will be good to me. I have a gym membership and my bike seems like it will be rideable within the week. So much more inviting, therefore, to go outside. Pedestrians decline as a source of intimidation the more one progresses up the ladder of transportation. It's walking, public transit, bicycles, paid vehicular transportation (which can be almost as suffocating as the street), self driven car. I will evolve out of my inertia, hopefully with the awakening of spring.

03/08/19

EVENING

I finally got my bike put in relative order. The inner tubes for the bike have been installed, though with the tires that came with the bike, which show some moderate to severe wear. Especially the back tire. Nevertheless, I will now be able to embark upon some journeys. I have been evacuated from the prolific self-circumcision of the self. I find my thinking enjoys, lately, the mere passing of time with thoughts that are not pressured to be stenciled into anything concrete and everlasting, if this journal or my other stops are ever going to be considered everlasting. Likely they will, but only for me. For our life is all that can be used to measure for something like this. Posterity is a wishful vanity. Either success or solitude, those are the only options for work, any kind of work. I have been keeping the training wheels on for the evanescence of my bad habits and feel as though I can now take them off. Carnal lust though overcomes me so vehemently at times that I have no choice but to close the doors of my conscience's

sense of cleanliness and decorum. I have no counter measure and I am led blindly through an animalistic exercise of extreme manure. And all, sometimes, after being in the clouds of thought! Anyways, enough of this, real change is approaching this Spring.

I continue to bat my way through the waters of musicality trying hard not to drown. Some of what I do I like, but then I don't know where to take it or how to organize it. And the literature instructing this is overwhelming and what I find is that I am a very lazy artist. I hope to overcome my inertia this Spring and come to an exertion of decent productivity.

04/01/19

EARLY EVENING

I hate being approached on the street by the rabble of West Sacramento. They are all uncouth and nothing about them resonates with me. This without a doubt is a terrible location for me, despite some entertaining banter with some of the companions I have established at stores and in my neighborhood. But the street! No, nothing from there. I was approached by someone today who wanted to mingle and meddle into me for no apparent purpose and for which I exerted self-defense by walking away. Walking away is the best thing one can do, just turn around and walk away. Originally, the person was in their car and hollered at me and beckoned me to approach him and I ignored him and then he got out of his vehicle to track me down. The courage! He had! He ended by asking where I was from for which I knew there was nothing to be gained and walked away to proceed with my errands.

I am stressed with school work. It consumes me entirely and yet I am stagnant in many ways. I dropped one of my classes and then added a Shakespeare Theatre class to substitute it. As a result I saved my financial aid, for this semester anyways, but there are no plans for next semester.

I plan on possibly asking my Mom if I could move in with her next April when my lease runs its course. But then I would lose independent housing that can be transferred just about anywhere with some very special luck. My thoughts have been enervated and I haven't been reading as much though I have much to read and have it laid out on an inviting plate. So much for now.

4/15/19

EVENING

Today is the first day of the rest of my life, so I say to encourage discipline and work. I will resume my novel soon and begin elevating my musical exercises. I have only had four cigarettes in the past three weeks and have fallen ill to sloth only once the past three weeks. I had a hard fall on my bike that saw me sidelined from activities for a while and have healed to the point of resuming work. I dropped out of my classes as the stress and depression I was experiencing was overwhelming. Hopefully I won't be penalized for the financial aid.

Whenever I read Nietzsche it's as though he has personally written for me, though I have my own distinct ideals for the future of humanity that run contrary to Nietzsche. I really look forward to getting some writing done and experiencing the intellectual rigor of disciplined thinking. Wherever I end up, whether with my Mom or abandoned here in West Sacramento, I think I will succeed in accomplishing some great things.

On instagram a musician remarked concerning my set up that it was legit as fuck and then I dreamed about my bashfulness over my ability to play the keyboard, suffering from ineptitude and cowering away from demonstrating my private playing for public display. That dream kept me in bed till noon, so heavily disappointed with my talent was I that I didn't want to get up. And then I arose with temptation calling my name, satisfied by Mike, my neighbor. Two cigarettes in the morning and then a blown load this evening. So sickening am I at times. Henceforth I want a better drama to dispense itself into these pages. Solitude and sickness and dirt offer little enlightenment, especially when it's all about itself and what's closest.

05/06/19

EARLY EVENING

Tomorrow I intend to resume my novel. Perused portions of it and found myself impressed and satisfied. It is making profitable tread. I resumed cigarette smoking for the week and then bought patches so as to restart from the initial stage the process of quitting. My younger brother Nicholas sent me money via western union so as to achieve this. Very grateful for him being back into my life. He's

having problems with his fiancé and it pains me. He has two beautiful daughters with her one almost two and the other approaching one. They are adorable and I can't wait to impact their life with art and critical thinking, if it's in me to be a part of their life. I have plans to move in with my Mom at the end of my lease next March, but I fear she may not be comfortable with the idea. I'm visiting her in November to December and I talk to her about once a week or so and we make an effort to connect, as best as I'm able to connect to anyone. I've been pregnant for a long time with my novel and other ideas waiting to see fruition that I hope that I haven't gotten rotten. Too much brooding will lead to rot. Heaven's forsake me! I must recapitulate the inertia that swarms about me.

Music is approaching slowly and I'm teaching myself how to read notation and play from scores. It's daunting and frustrating, just like learning how to type the keyboard back in Junior High. A half hour of practice and a half hour of exploration is what I intend to manifest each day so as to grow and then as I become more adept I can allot more playing time, verily the frustration at this early stage forbids me from engaging in long intervals. So much for tonight.

05/27/19

EVENING

My old habits are dying hard, or perhaps hardly dying! What a bad joke and what a bad effort. But enough of that, failure prompts continued beginning, ever departing.

Music confounds me. I arrange things and then realize it is utter garbage and pave a new path then revert to the garbage and retry the new path, which is also garbage and then begin all over with something yet different again. I'm lost in its maze uncertain what my sound is. I remember how difficult it was for me to find my voice and to retain it and develop it, as it is in such manner. So it is with my music. My sound is out there awaiting me, or yet, buried deep in my experiments tempting me to flower. I never know if I am going to sing. I listen to cold wave and minimal synth wave and it tempts my ambition, but when I even hear myself speak in colloquial conversation my voice embarrasses me and fails that spiritedness that makes all great voice strike our admiration. But then I would have to abandon some of my influences and go in the direction of my ambient forbearers. And for that I am not yet genius enough.

My family is growing drama on my soil and they seem to be attempting to pit me one against another. Especially my Dad, who last time I spoke mentioned rivalries and confrontations. I love good earth tea's message that when the past knocks at your door tell it to go away, for it has nothing new to say. A good sermon to live by, at least when it comes to conducting relationships with people, for we all have our inner necessity for the past, but to hold grudges and entertain revenge spoils good soil. But most importantly with my family is that my brother Nick and his fiancé Stacey have worked out their differences which saw them quarrel for a few weeks and they are back in their routine of family life. My nieces are so adorable and Stacey is great and Nick delivers. Really happy for my family for the most part, except when alcohol and emotions mix. My family needs to learn not to take the liquor emotion cocktail. But enough of that. Wrote in my novel some weeks ago and plan to tolerate Davis past my doctor's appointment whereupon I'll write some more and trespass the University for photos and reading and writing. This will be Wednesday afternoon. My Dad and Cindy did send me two hundred dollars which helped immensely, but my foolishness spent it too quickly. I really want to play video games, but I feel guilty about that leisure, but it soothes and sedates. Nintendo will be in the future, as I have a library of games now catalogued for play, if only I can overcome my inertia.

0603/19

LATE AFTERNOON

My inertia is unbearable and I am overcome with despair over my inability to activate my production and exercises in the arts I want to succeed at. I lay in bed trying to brainstorm musical structure by imitation, which sees me listening to a lot of music that I try to purchase on vinyl. Just today, I was overcome with extreme vividness that I don't do anything, for the most part. Or perhaps, the little that I do do needs inertia to recuperate for further exercises. I find that often I am unable to pick up a book without having had some experience driven by me. Remaining indoors is hostile to my creative health.

Just today I attempted to run my errands before the heat really overtook the city and found myself with a tire travesty, namely, the tire came off of my bike wheel! I had to push my bike back some eighth of a mile. Then I fixed the bike all by myself, whereas other times in which my bike required fixing I'd have

my neighbor help me, performing most of the work. His apprentice did a fine job. Only the air receptacle is slightly askewed and needing adjustment at some future date without urgency.

I want to play music for the majority of my day or have it allotted an hour of practice of exercises through reading notation and another hour of developing songs for my project and then some time for studying the theoretical concepts of music. And then read, of course and write. If I can find myself writing over my lamentations for poor productivity I will find the first steps to productivity ignite within me and feel appeased at this level. I am restarting my three tier steps of nicotine patches and will hopefully quit for good this time. My nature demands some human contact and asking my neighbors for cigarettes appeases nicotine desires and promotes a certain amount of human conversation which refreshes my solitude. If only I could find a way to achieve this without asking for a cigarette. Sometimes it can be achieved other times, without cigarettes I just want to stay in bed and nothing is achieved then.

I've been brainstorming my next phase in the novel, first the Rock It and then the song in G major and then on working, where I'll quote Ida No of Italians Do It Better on the yin and yang of work and play. It's all about finding the work that will accomplish the permission for the play you desire and this is hardly achievable, sometimes too much sacrifice is demanded and the wretches out there looking for their easy paydays abound upon the adolescent or idiot, if you will. So much for this.

06/09/19

EVENING

Talking to my Dad sometimes puts me in such a depressed mood. He rehashes the past with such a severity for validation and justification and I don't see where he wants to take the conversation and I'm only left with the position of confirming everything he says. Truth be told I've become so overwhelmed with my free years that I don't contemplate my childhood and teenage years so much anymore and those years are so ingrained into my Dad's consciousness that I have to relive those moments I have so strongly sought to subvert. I only played music a little bit today, but have become comfortable with what I have designated as my first song to dream synthesis: an introduction to dream school. I want to play with my camera more and read more and write more. I do not know what days I want to have scheduled for writing in my novel and I feel as though I must follow a schedule or do no work until one has been labeled out. But I should let the devil take me where he will.

My Dad doesn't seem to want me to move in with my Mom and the disputes between my brothers with each other and their current living standards as with my older brother proffer a drama I do not want to play in. It pains me that there is so much contention within my family and so much demanding and disagreeing. I want comfort so as to pursue my creations and to focus on advancing my life and finding a new ring of belonging. After talking with my Dad I wondered whether it would be better to just stay up here in Sacramento and live out my days in solitude and try to find employment here. I don't think I have as much luck of finding friends here as I am too obtuse and bruised from alienation.

I want to read and write more poetry. My mind is too akin to prose, but I'd like to write some poetry or at least some prose poetry. My Dream Thinking has prose poems in it and some of it is very good. I'm working on November for the next installment of the Dream Thinker's release into the novel before it is overcome once again by the dream.

My family fights too much and holds too many grudges against one another that it manifests such tension and indecision in me. Is it wise to relocate into their arms? Should I keep my distance permanent? My younger brothers are incentives and so is my Mom, but my Dad is full of disputes against them and instills in me doubts and obstructions. I don't know his motives and I wonder if he means well. Sometimes, however, I think my family will sabotage me and develop me into a homeless position through abandonment when I schedule my move into their home, which is to say that I entertain the thought that on the day they are to arrive to relocate me into their dwelling through a Uhaul they will not show up and I will be left standing in the dust with no where to go.

I ran today and it felt great. I have the goal of obtaining to the weight of 150 lbs. by the end of October, approximately five months from now, which will see me drop away from 190 lbs.

06/17/19

EVENING

I wrote nearly nine hundred words in my novel the other day and it relieved me of great stress. I have to have my writing fester in me before it finds actualization. I am like a pregnancy with a need for

my embryo to grow before it must burst into existence relieving and giving pain. I am reading more, too and I find that I have been successful on keeping myself on my running schedule, but if I could only supplement my runs with some weight lifting at the gym, which costs me nearly fifty dollars a month, I would meet my goals.

When one is alone it is important to find occupations to busy oneself lest inertia harken dark and somber thoughts and moods. So it is that I run, make small talk with my neighbors, read, write and play music. And now I renew my efforts with school after failing to finish Spring 2019 semester with a music class this summer and an Introduction to U.S. Government in the fall. Both classes completely online, so as to enable extracurricular pursuits. It will be important for me to go outside. It's nice to have sunshine on my body, so it is that after running I am enlivened with good spirits. I have been gaining ground on quitting smoking cigarettes, only had two cigarettes yesterday and less than one today. I'm feeling stronger, if only my skill with music would progress quicker, though! I mapped out my first song, Sunset, and am now exploring my second song, Ancient Moon pt. 1. I absolutely love the synthesizer. Such a beautiful product of technological post-modernity. I would like to write a poetic piece that strikes wonder in my audience, but I am too involved in my current tasks to develop any thoughts in the surreal market for that desire. I am eagerly awaiting my introduction to magical realism, after I finish the ten to twelve books I'm currently working on. I am really enjoying Thomas Mann, however, I am two hundred pages into Doctor Faustus and the connection to Faust hasn't been introduced yet. The atmosphere that surrounds the protagonist in his desire for mastering musical craftsmanship is fascinating and edifying, but has something of the bore to it. So much details of life that have seemingly no relationship to anything tangible. It's all wayward. The Magic Mountain, however, is full of wonderful insights that stirs a mystery and entertains desire. But I must say, it's nothing like the feelings I had when I first read Stendhal and was thereby infused with love and romanticism and dreams of fulfilling tomorrows. Verily, my literary explorations are somewhat lacking that romanticism that would instill hope into me. I am, conversely, re-reading Crime and Punishment to discover the connection that I have with Raskolnikov. It's a better translation than the one I read at first reading and I like it. Raskolnikov is someone who dethroned the apparent world. Beckoned onto himself as one and only one and found himself studying the meaning of a world that truly has no foundation of meaning and purpose. The spirit that connects the world had lost itself and what wanted to be found was the individual's creator.

06/18/19

LATE AFTERNOON

I want to transform myself and get out of the mud. When I satisfy one bad habit it's almost a license to satisfy another bad habit. Will perform smoking until August and attempt to quit with determination and discipline then. When I smoke while on the patch it's a recipe for failure. I have to quit totally with the aid of the patches and refrain from keeping cigarettes at hand.

I practiced music today and I'm getting better at sight reading and will tomorrow begin playing to a beat at 60 bpm's. Wish me success.

06/19/19

EVENING

A successful beginning. Went the day without a cigarette and accomplished errands and laid the framework down, albeit basic, for my second song. However, with so much solitude and biting inertia I wonder if I am an okay person. Must I scrutinize myself with morals? How am I too feel about myself? I read today, finishing Kafka's beautiful and strange novel The Trial. It's as though it represents society's judgement of the individual or of minorities for baseless claims and justice, which ends in tragic death.

It's difficult being a dreamer. Carried away with fancies that constantly cannot come to fruition and yet we spearhead our actions and justifications on these dreams. We grow either bitter or hateful at the world over the failure of their fulfillment. The whole family of Raskolnikovs are dreamers and arrange their lot to the dreams that will satisfy their egos and save their life from poverty. So I believe it was that Duchenka consented to marry and Raskolnikov led himself through the world as judge. An economical justice misguided by the thirst for blood, for revolution.

I watch television and wonder if I'm spending my time correctly, if it's okay to be healed with entertainment. I debate playing video games with the same question. How easily ought I to permit myself to be comforted? Will things get better? With so much stress to create and the slow movement of

the work I become instilled with despair. My devious nature and immoral character haunts me and my grey skies levels me with trembling. How ought I to repair myself?

Alienation is an enemy, but so are people. Where are my people? Will I find it with my family? I see them in a few months for almost a three week visit and my Dad and Step Mom want to visit within the month of July, a few weeks away. I dream of the happy connections I want to make with them and the role I'll play in their lives and with my nieces and brothers. I also want a social life with peers. It's funny how drenched social media is with people video taping chance encounters with one another so as to demonstrate an accepting world and the overall kindness that ought to prevail in it. But then just today I spotted a sickly creature digging through the garbage for recycling so as to manipulate cash into her hands for who knows what purpose that has her in such a deranged lifestyle. How did she fall so low and why is she blamed so much for it. Her very sight itself is a crime and tragedy. It's the Neverwhere of West Sacramento.

06/23/19

EARLY EVENING

I wonder if moving back to Escondido with my family will be the right thing for me. What do I hope to accomplish? How will it heal me? I will lose my independence, encounter the expectations of interaction and accomplishment. And, moreover, all while in thought I dissolve the family as a unit of existence. But then I would have to dissolve the desire to create my own family with woman. Which I do in thought to some degree, already. Never really been one to expect to have my own children.

I feel depressed and without the ability to belong to the industries of creation and expression. The culture that requires character determinations have no place for my lost spirit and deviant past. I feel my crimes are waiting to surface against me, though they aren't as serious as some of the more severe things that go on. Everyone seems to expect angels out of the human race. And of course angels only mix with angels.

I wish I could throw my despair to the fire, and encounter mood elevators in life actions, but West Sacramento is so devoid of attractions I find it difficult to engage in my world here. This is a hideout where only the dwelling of my apartment, a cell block, is where I exist. I find it very hard to engage in activities for thoughts about my past, the work I need to undertake on my novel, music, and film project all have me in thought and contemplation, but not involved in any work, for I fear the active life. The people of West Sacramento are very discordant with me. I feel like I'm everyone's enemy. Nevertheless, I'm slowly working on my book, having written a thousand words the past week in a half, and I'm exploring the sounds of my synthesizers and brainstorming film projects. I want to go out with my camera and take pictures of things that strike my eye, but interaction with people that might be aroused thereby discourages my hobby. In any case, I want to do that this week. Monday, tomorrow, I have a blood test appointment and Tuesday I want to go to the gym and next Wednesday I have my injection appointment.

I watched Mitzi Akaha's the shit show and was pleasantly entertained and enlightened on the industry, but then depressed with how distant so much of life is for me. Part of me wants to move back to Davis, but I'd be alienated there too. Perhaps it really is best I seek solace from my family and attempt to regrow and become again in Escondido.

06/25/19

AFTERNOON

I need to perfect myself and become whole. Each day ought to be a new beginning and continuation of work. Despite diving into the mud today in one bad habit, I found it was for the best that my neighbor Laurie could not spare a cigarette. That is something I really want to depart from. NO MORE SMOKING!

Returning to North County will be new for me and an opportunity to re-start my life, as each relocation has been for me, despite my entrails still yearning for Ms. Delwiche. With North County, however, I will be burying that obsession. And I will open up my spirit to the climate of that area. Not that I expect the rewards of a relationship, but a fitting place within the economy and culture of Escondido and San Marcos.

I have been vocalizing my dissent with the views of my neighbor Mike and I believe it is proving to give birth to disagreement, in any case a dispelling effect I believe is occurring between us. He is very attracted to Trump's worldview and I liberally oppose those policies. Verily, I am with the Green Party and

find that the Democratic Party isn't progressive enough and is certainly not honest enough either with its behavior and political rhetoric. Big money, war mongering, and wealth and racial inequality are far from being overcome with their work. The debate for Presidential nominations begins tomorrow and goes till the next day and then we'll see the campaigns ignite for power and prestige. It's a tense time in America during election years, where neighbors are secretly held in contempt or embraced openly in brotherhood. Opinions flutter and everyone knows how their man will solve the problems if only the majority would get behind said man (or woman). The next few days will perhaps see a political participation in these diaries. I've been debating whether I ought to vote democrat in favor of Bernie Sanders and if I should even re-register with the Democratic Party, but I'd rather remain committed to the Green Party, which quietly fights for radical change and is nevertheless left without power in the offices of government. It's pathetic how we are committed to either/or choices in the political world. Democracy in America is poor.

06/26/19

AFTERNOON

Just smoked a cigarette to complete the circle of self-gratification of habits that I want to kick. It's so hard to evict smoking when I socialize with those who are so given with their smoking resources. Enough of that though. Practiced some music and found pleasure, but honestly the language of music is unknown to me, I'm just fiddling around with my instruments, not really knowing how to use them or how music is organized. The literature I have to instruct myself on these matters are so cumbersome and I find that I am always saying tomorrow I'll begin instruction and tomorrow never comes, consequently I just go around and around in my own darkness. I'm debating buying Chinese food where I'll eat meat, which is something I do not like doing, but it is too convenient to have food prepared for one and meat is at the center of our culture. A shame really. In any case, I will now make some potatoes and read literature. The debate for the Democratic Presidential Nomination (the first) is tonight on MSNBC and CNN. I'm not really sure which station to watch. I believe MSNBC is the more liberal station, but also thereby more establishment related.

07/02/19

EARLY EVENING

Commenced the initiation of restarting my attempts to quit habits from the very beginning. It's all a bore how a beast complains that it's not an angel. Such are the sad ways of corruption. The Democratic debates were filled with energy and enthusiasm for self-promotion of themselves for the position of power. When we have an arena filled with a platform that is endorsed by many, how do we select the few who will administer the platform? I find this question to be the core of representative democracy. And how do the masses feel about themselves as masses? I have decided to begin my political research into theory with Hobbes and Livy and moving onward through my library as such. I want to start developing my treatise of post-modern politics of the Existential Regime.

Nietzsche heals me and encourages me to fulfill my destiny, that of innovation. But more on that I have nothing to say. However, playing my first song Sunset satisfies me. Mostly I design songs into circles and arbitrarily determine its design. I don't think Dream Synthesis is going to be a video, though. However, I want to make a musical film called the Occult and experiment with camera filters and atmospheres and try to make something spooky and surreal. Been trying to brainstorm something on that topic and part of me wants to start diving into Poe for inspiration and ideas. I have his complete works, which surprisingly contain some rather uncustomary pieces compared to those for which he is widely known for.

Tomorrow I have my appointment with Wesley for my injection and I've decided to give him the duplicate copy of my Sandman, thereby putting to rest the debate on a musical comic. It would have been too tedious of a project. In any case my mood is elevated. I've exercised twice a week the past four weeks, however, have not lost any weight. But it takes about eight weeks of consistent exercise before the pounds begin to drop and drop they will. Tomorrow is my uncle Kenny's birthday and he sadly passed away through a tragic affair some few years ago and I greatly miss him. I would have loved to have had a relationship with him at this stage of my life where I find myself urged to create and learn. I miss him and loved him very much. He was such a glamorous figure for me all through my childhood and I never knew why we didn't see more of him. I regret that behavior on my parents. Verily, my parents

never spent copious amounts of time with relatives, we largely stayed within our immediate nuclear family. I think that is tragic. Here's to my success.

07/14/19

LATE AFTERNOON

I've been reading Pascal in tandem to Gide's journals from which Gide speaks of the edification that Pascal has on him and I see it enlighten me two fold because of this double reading. I ought to have jotted down the thoughts I had when reading Pascal last night, but lo and behold I am too lazy. My thoughts come swiftly and quickly depart and my ignition for coming here is mostly caused by a fault in character or relapse into the ugly. I feel like I'm a Calaban of sorts. Still not smoking but just stroked it like an animal. Please by the almighty power that resides within you, do not smoke. Carry forward with renewed energy and maintain your celibacy. Just thinking of Zarathustra on the celibate and how they are more carefree, happier and funnier people. I have my moments of lightheartedness but for the most part I am too somber and despairing. Today my Uncle Kenny died some five years ago just after his birthday on the 3rd, which is my mark for quitting cigarettes, I actually had my last cigarette on the 2nd, but the third is the day in which I succeeded in removing smoking entirely out of my life.

I've been taking a break on music and will begin my studies of it and practice sessions as well tomorrow, every day playing, but Monday, Wednesday, and Friday studying theory in both music and photography. Are we motivated through the grotesque? It seems that's the only mover in my vehicle. Must transcend! So much for now.

07/27/19

LATE AFTERNOON

I've relapsed the past three days with cigarettes, but have since re-established my destiny to dismiss nicotine from my life. Besides that I have been clean and stern. All the while, however, very lazy. Reading little, goofing around only sparsely with music and writing almost nothing, wait, truly writing nothing. I spend a lot of time shooting the breeze with my conservative neighbor Mike and it's astounding that it seems like it's only America where two opposing virtues manifested in two different people are able to converse and enjoy a camaraderie and take into account the other's needs with a helping hand. Mike, although much against my desired efforts, offers me cigarettes and other such niceties and will allow me to keep the change for things that I pick up for him, be it cigarettes as in today and then yesterday an item he needed for his car for which could only be had through an internet purchase of which he has no involvement in. So he provided me with cash to deposit into my account and I made the purchase and then there was seven dollars left over and I was allowed to keep that. Despite his right wing mentality and his conservative thought process there's a good heart and an integrity and a sociable attitude. On my end, I mostly just learn from what he gathers here and there from the news.

On Monday I will begin my work regiment of practicing the keyboard and exploring music theory and working out more. I weigh almost 200 pounds now and it's ridiculous. I need to eat healthier and less and work out more and become more active. Once I finish the steps from my nicotine patches I will be going outside more and begin taking pictures and learning how to use my camera. I visit my family in late November till early-mid December. Really looking forward to that. And then I move back to my origins in March of 2020. I'm eager for growing.

EVENING

If I weren't so obsessed with my faults and needs to improve perhaps I would have available a better discourse on life. And perhaps if I had a social life and position within society I wouldn't have such a dire need to improve myself, as I would be avoiding bad habits, thereby, or so it would be hoped. My motto has been to stop smoking it and to stop stroking it. And I have for the last time indulged in both obscenities. It's odd how the clock of habit operates. It's easy to achieve minimal success but complete success requires a whole revolution and then totalitarian order. I must become a tyrant.

07/31/19

EARLY EVENING

I wrote a little in my novel yesterday and have, therefore, approached that part of the novel in which my common sense and good reason fell victim to my self-loathing and criticality. I wanted to subvert the imitation of Julien Sorel in his boldness to reach out with his hands in the dark to covet and

excite a woman's sensuality. Therefore, I performed a sexual advance upon the woman whose relationship with me proved to be that of transgression. She welcomed me into her embrace by declaring her capacity to withdraw from my friends, however, I could not nor did I have that capacity at that time. Later, that capacity would find itself fulfilled, but for the need of independence and another woman. Her's was perhaps a love that wanted sacrifice. Mine was a need for new things. I hate that I am a product of some sort of rape culture, though I did not extend that far into the culture to have had actually raped a woman. There is little guidance in sexuality, and I think women rely on the culture of their peers for determination of suitors. The esteem that follows one is the place maker. The wit and popularity accrued in the city or town of one's residence plays no small role in the granting of woman's favors. I wonder how much is actually a factor of individuality. I wouldn't be surprised if it were less than what one thinks of themselves in the context of being self-sufficient and self-reliable.

08/03/19

EVENING

It is difficult to command restraint and consistency. Our desire for gratification blinds everything. I would like to understand the operation of morals in a mind without universality. I am this thing. But I am unable to delve into the depths, at the moment. My pedantic mind needs nourishment from other thinkers. And I have weak work ethics.

My brother called me today and we shared our excitement for my move into my Mother's home. I look forward to it immensely. It will be a new beginning and I will work on my rehabilitation into society. I hope to complete my novel before as I turn forty. That'll be in about three in a half years. I want to write so much and read so much that I have as a result a terrible inertia paralyzing me with all the work that I entertain to do. I must overcome myself.

08/06/19

EVENING

I've been having a hard time quitting smoking and will have hopefully had my last cigarette today. This diary has surrounded a lot of my ineptitudes and made large distinctions on my lacking satisfactions. I want to transform my dialogue with life. They say if you want to change your thoughts you must first change the thinking of your thoughts, which require a transformation of input and output. And so I have been reading, studying theory in photography and music and practicing playing my synthesizers. Let's hope for successful things for myself.

08/07/19

EARLY EVENING

To arrive at political greatness, which ought to be the laying of the foundations of an organization of power that rules according to the virtue of the individual it is interesting that we must first reason what a human is and the characteristics of the human's nature that must be accounted for in the political regime. Our metaphysical foundation is the first layer of signifying human nature and which then designates political justice. Some preliminary thoughts of my existential regime's discourse.

08/12/19

EVENING

Work is developing slowly and my revolution of the self has commenced well. It is hard to get me to work, yet I manage a little bit each day. A lot of time is required for me to hibernate into my new person. August 9th I restarted my steps into quitting tobacco and I have been clean otherwise for about a week. For lack of intellectual efforts I remark on my habits. I have three piles of books totaling about twenty for which require my reading to complete before I depart to SoCal for my winter vacation of three weeks. I will have mailed a midi keyboard there where I will continue to practice while vacationing. I absolutely love my synthesizers. If only I can dedicate more energy into playing, I play for about a total of an hour to an hour and a half a day. I need to devote more time to playing. About three hours, ideally.

Writing? I'm at a shameful piece of my history and there is a lot of shameful deeds that I have committed, which makes the literature an existential crisis for me. It's like the pale criminal. But I will proceed and write my life and then overcome my faults and prove a better human.

08/13/19

EARLY EVENING

The revolution has been slightly thwarted and I have no one to blame but myself, being the commander. But enough of that. I swing to and fro between wanting to sing and wanting only instrumental music. I want to try and sing. I will need to practice my voice more now and work on writing lyrics and developing my music. Played and practiced today and received an increase in good feelings. Read a little, too. Smoked some cigarettes today and played a little with my member last night but did not ejaculate having realized how creepy I was being. Truly. How much inertia we must endure before genuine thoughts emerge in us. The inertia is what is exhausting, not the immersion into severe thought. I will need to go on more walks. I was supposed to go to the gym today, but I woke up late and I also felt disgusted at myself from last night's creepiness. We must have clean thoughts and actions prior to introducing ourselves to the public.

08/14/19

EARLY AFTERNOON

I'm not going to sing. I much like the expression of myself through sound and sound only with of course images. Received a wonderful package today from Italians Do It Better and I am absolutely in love with Jonny Jewel. His music and art is amazing and touches the surreal in me. Synthesizers are so dreamy!

08/16/19

AFTERNOON

Trespasses of the self in the virtues it wants to live have no accounting for. Being the judge of oneself and commanding the self are difficult tasks indeed and I understand Zarathustra better now because of my trials. I waver back and forth with habits that feel good in the moment, yet are dirty and to be clean and focused on work. Nicotine is the worst, it alters the mind and plays tricks on it. And what would love be without sex and how easy it is to overcome a lost love simply by focusing on the desire and need to fulfill our sex drive. So it is that the celibate are able to remain ensnared in a obsessive desire for another without finding sexual satisfaction or perhaps self-gratified satisfaction. Rousseau in his confessions mentioned his repulsion over seeing a peer masturbate and his observation of his self regarding his sexual purity, which led to his being a man of feeling. Sensitive souls have a minimal sex life and may suffer from inverse gratification and spend much time alone in thought. If only I could find my thoughts exercising their greater projects than focusing so much on what is low in life. I ate three muffins today, yet I am losing weight due to healthier eating.

08/23/19

EARLY EVENING

Today is the beginning of a new epoch. Having trained myself and set foundations I can now move forward as beginning my new self. Returning to familial bonds and harboring thoughts for a political regime not centered around family. If children weren't so adorable and providing a bedrock for co-existence we wouldn't have the need for family structures. But I can't live by example, or rather, my family provides a new frontier I otherwise would not have. Returning to the work force, having a society by which to immerse myself in and developing work in security. I will still need my medications and psychiatric assistance, but will hopefully be able to compliment my benefits with a part time job.

I see the existential regime calling into question fundamental structures of a political regime, such as laws and constitution. How did we encounter the logic for political systems and how will they adapt to arising generations. I want to engross myself into political thought and metaphysics and strike a unifying chord between them, one that is post-modern. And what makes post-modern that which it is? Is the post-modern that from which we emerge from Kant? Recognizing that our intuitions are the foundation of everything? That our senses determine the world?

09/03/19

LATE AFTERNOON

Writing would be easier if it didn't dwell so much upon what is good and evil, exploring exploitations and violence. So it is that moments of poetic power on everyday occurrences that normally

go unnoticed are serene recourses that give us strength for the dirt in literature, namely the prince and the villain and their battles. Wrote a little in Dream Thinking last night and felt stronger because of it. Finished, very likely, the poem November and am reconstituting my efforts to evacuate nicotine and sensual self-gratification from my life. Habits are so difficult to break. But I am determined, will be disciplined and eager to transcend.

09/13/19

EVENING

It is so hard to confront my moral aptitude in the character of my life. When dwelling on the past so as to translate it into existential literature I constantly confront myself in its rivalry with public opinion and therefore stress over consequences, as though I am totally surrendered to the judgement of the other. I didn't do anything today except run and listen to music and I am starting to think that I will make dark minimal wave music. But I still want to explore music and experiment with what my sound will be. If I didn't have such a terrible vocal expression I could be more confident on relying on only myself in this musical voyage. But enough of that. Whenever I encounter film or television media I become paranoid over this moral world order and my place in it and I feel completely estranged and at combat with the world. What foundation does one have for reckoning one virtuous and just? Today, anyways, it is the amount by which one is acclimated to the public and enrolled in life's activity as it revolves around the public. I eagerly await my reading of Shakespeare's speech on the Happy Few. If only it wasn't so hard to pick up a book everyday and read, whereas things stand now I only read about every other day. And I'm reading a lot of different books, about thirty all together. It is amazing how one is able to concentrate on a whole theater of literature. When I first began my literary career I would only focus on about one or three books at a time and now I must indulge in multiple course meals. Speaking of. meals, I will now depart to retrieve some potato salad and macaroni salad.

09/14/19

EARLY EVENING

Habits are so hard to break because our bodies are a clockwork of sensations and when the sensation calls on schedule it takes a whole force of the revolution to dethrone the habit. And dethrone my habits that lead me into sloth and bad health I will. No one will find this interesting or necessary, but me. It's a marvel that we have a few trunks of literature from private conversations of a self with itself that extend beyond the momentary. Their personal dialogue was elevated and imprisoned with the very stuff of empires and spirit. I hope to learn from them.

09/19/19

EVENING

I'm struggling with quitting cigarettes and have been suffering more inertia. It's insurmountable how desperately desolate I feel. No writing and limited reading and playing of music. I can't seem to get myself to do anything except lie on my bed passively allowing music by other artists penetrate my spirit. I feel so discouraged about life and not knowing what would console me. Being alone is a superior test and I sulk in its massive nothingness. I am failing to move myself to activity. But! I hope to overcome this and begin actively engaging in pursuits of the body's physical and spiritual exertions. Exercising, reading, playing music and writing all need to be done every damn day. Even if it's to complain about inertia. Sometimes that too can be beautiful poetry, as in the case of Pessoa. Sometimes I am overcome with all that I have to do to accomplish my goals. And instead of doing a little at a time I do nothing at all and say to myself that tomorrow will be the day I begin. Will let it be tomorrow then!

Sleep sometimes refuses to replenish my energy, for my nicotine is at its lowest in the morning and therefore I am unwilling to sprint out of bed for the glorious day. As a result the day loses its glory and I confront my emptiness. Sometimes I realize that there is nothing about life I should feel excited about, as I am below my expectations and I fail to find the energy to put in the work to raise my talents to those expectations. Everything is heavy for me.

Romance doesn't exist for me. Even though I found the woman who never like any other had so much of my heart, I do not possess any possibility of union with her and therefore it is as though I weren't in love at all. And then I realize that love is something that just can't come into my life. I'm not available and I do not possess those worldly skills and economic securities that enable a partnership. Verily, I

either have only myself to rely on or, what will eventually happen, I will have the need for the security my family must provide. When I move in with my Mom, I will need to have her help with my brothers' as well to provide housing and support. I will be tied to them for perhaps the rest of my life. This however, is something that I'm mostly excited about, as I will have society again and the interest in pursuing employment to some adequate degree. But, I see myself as being a figure in the family unit and not as one independent on its own terms, so to say. I want to support the education of my nieces and develop my new relationship with each of my family members. But to be one who can introduce a wife into his life is something that feels foreign to me. I have too great a relationship with the craft I want to master, literature and music. But despite this desire to master these crafts I feel as though I have lost too much time to see them come to fruit, that I have grown too old. It's as if its the age of lethargy.

09/20/19

EVENING

I'm convinced one writes more when one reads more and that with a sans exercise of one leads to a perfect counterpoint in the other. So I have been flattering the inertia of both lately. I wanted to capture this thought before it slipped into inertia as it was last night that I entertained it. Will now try to find something to read.

09/24/19

AFTERNOON

I want to try to mark today as the truest day that I cease cigarettes. Every morning is a challenge and I encounter in the morning such an immense drought of energy and am overcome with such a Great Depression over having spent much of the morning in bed that I feel that I can only overcome this desert with a cigarette. I had two cigarettes yesterday after going two days without one and today I have had three already.

I practiced playing the piano with a very basic piece and I am playing with a metronome and I am very unskilled. I practiced for about fifteen minutes and felt good that I was playing. Today I feel like just reading and watching the Chilling Adventures of Sabrina. The problem with most entertainment is the source of the villain. No one really knows what is evil and what has been represented as evil has a better place in stupidity, where the villain's values were just basically primeval with little thought in how to judge the world and move nations to greatness. So it is that race is so much the concern here. People are not able to extend beyond the starting point, which is what race really is, just the beginning of what is recognizable.

09/26/19

EVENING

I find it difficult to truly relate to some people and having engaged in extended conversation with them I become uncomfortable with the action of socializing. The disparity of values and the incongruity of perspectives finds me swallowing a meal of the spirit that nauseates me and gives me paranoia and strikes my mentality with annoyances and questions that I would rather not have to answer through the vein of that interaction. So it is that I would like to withdraw from interacting with my neighbor Mike, who though he has in some ways a good heart, distracts me with opinions and assertions and perspectives that are at odds with me and my personality. I want to start focusing on my work more and developing my skills. A lot of social interactions for a long time now has failed to find a truly genuine common ground and reciprocal identity and is a problem for me in life.

09/27/19

EVENING

I have gone three days without a cigarette and have relapsed again in sexual gratification. Habits of pleasure are a severe knot to untie. Last night I talked to my Dad, who is obstinate in every way. Everything is subordinate to his justification and it all leads to the righteousness of his actions. He is dogmatic par excellence and with an oppressive perspective on the world.

Concerning evil, it all truly stems from exploitation. Being exploited is perhaps the greatest wrong that can be done to one. For it impregnates strife and oppression and repression. The war for freedom is the only war. And capturing essences of spirit that ignite the beautiful is the only true value to attain to

and extract from the market of society. All poets are dry leaves driven by the wind. Everything else in economy is a bird, but we counterfeit one's are free for we are the wayward and we are mistaken for the common.

I put aside Rilke and am therefore now reading twenty eight books. I read about three to four books a day at about a half hour each. I brainstorm a lot, especially about music and film and today I practiced the keyboard for about twenty minutes. All in all a good day and I have reset the clock on my clean life and will move forward triumphantly on my sans smoking life. I chew a lot of gum in the morning, which helps.

10/01/19

EARLY EVENING

Went six days without a cigarette and then today on my Grandpa's birthday I bought a pack and smoked fourteen cigarettes. I feel like a piece of shit about myself because of how I tried to hurt my Mom about smoking and its relationship with the tragedies with my family, as in my Grandpa Chuck dying because of cigarettes and then my Uncle Richard dying because of chewing tobacco. In any case I resumed my efforts and will to do my best to see myself quit. Today I failed in all my routines which no doubt upset my efforts. But enough of this.

I need to start writing my novel again. Art is slow, very slow and it takes time to develop the strength to recount oneself, especially if one is a knave and immoral. My slowness is a result of a certain despair I face in looking at myself. But look I will. I see my psychiatrist tomorrow, I talked to my Mom today and am set to visit my family in November and I should be feeling good, but I feel time is slipping away from me. That I do not work hard enough at the things I want to be good at and that I waste away, which I do. My mornings are so difficult to overcome, so I must exercise in the morning and then maneuver into work. It's tragic that I'm not young anymore. But the things that I have wouldn't have been possible to possess ten years ago, so it seems everything comes to fruition at just the right time, despite the race of energy.

EVENING

Today, therefore, marks the definitive quit day of my two atrocious habits to honor my grandfather, whose love knew no bounds. He was a people person and very loving and easy going. My cousin Carey remarked today that she remembered him very well, whereas I only have a few, though incredibly fond, memories of my Grandpa, who was very influential in the community and in the family. He was a glue man, kept everything together.

If time wasn't such a test of our will. I believe time is more involved with the will than it is with representation, though there is causality which is the fundamental character of representation. In the existential regime this character of causality and how it cooperates with the other in society and its diversity is a fundamental problem when it comes to disputes and reprimands.

I have a lot of projects on my mind that need to be worked out and for which I must dedicate myself to. I read some of Gide's journals tonight with Stendhal's book on Love. If we didn't possess the institution of Family what then of Love? It's not society that fosters love but the family and it's ideation in the lovers. I think a woman imagines herself more in the institution of family life rather than social life and breeds love and its amorous characteristics in this ideation in the vestibule of domestication. I think we are still at Nietzsche's understanding of woman, where she only has for herself the answer of children and everything is related to that and grows from there, not that this is bad, but it prevents the way to the existential regime.

10/07/19

EVENING

I had a great day today. Woke up at six thirty in the morning, had my tea, cleaned my fridge, enjoyed my favorite snack (apples with pepper jack cheese) and practiced playing a basic musical piece that I have been working on for a while now. I also helped my neighbor Mike put together his bed frame for his bedroom bed, though his main bed is in the living room, like mine, for I use my bedroom for my instruments. I also read. It is amazing how much of the intellectual movements of modernity evades the literature of contemporary America. I'm reading the Electric Kool Aid Acid Test and Naked Lunch and they are without the groundings of philosophical reflection and crises. They are too developed in the profane, though without the beautiful aesthetic that say European surrealism achieved. I'm getting close to

translating one of my most horrific actions in life, a blatant sexual advance in a most inappropriate condition because I hated the imitation I was acting. Suppose we have arrived where we are so disgusted with imitating the beautiful, like the sick man, and therefore dissolve to the ugly, which might not be so grotesque, yet it sits bad in the digestion.

I talked to my brother Ryan over the weekend twice and I am looking forward to having him in my life again. Verily, I'm excited about living in the vicinity of my brother Ryan and his girl Leah and in the residence of my Mom and two brothers and sister in law and nieces. Despite some differences between us in philosophical values we are (hopefully) going to support one another and enjoy each other's company. Leah asked me if I wanted to start a band and it would please me if I found success with music and was able to be successful with my family with music as well. In a world that doesn't dissolve the institution of family for culture there is little hope of community for me. So I must compromise and remold myself and influence the future through my creative works. My family will refresh me and hopefully I will be a good and positive addition to their unit. It must be reciprocal and I must achieve in order to receive.

I'm trying to set an exercise schedule for myself where I run Sunday's and Thursday's and weight life Tuesday's and Friday's. I want to be more active and engaged and healthy. I am succeeding in the refrain of my two bad habits and I feel strong. I bought a lot of books with my income this month and. Paid some bills and will have a lot of income next month and in December and will start to have an excess of money for saving. If it wasn't for the difficulty of dwelling on my immoral behaviors and immoral attitude towards the world I could almost say most things sit well with me. Also, if it wasn't for my paranoia that lurks quietly behind my perspective and anticipations that there is imminent danger awaiting me I would feel cozy. I'm happy Autumn has arrived and look forward to this winter. I visit my family in late November to about early mid December. I have plans to move in late mid March. It'll be nice to shake Yolo County off my sleeves. A change is needed and more growth will occur and be welcomed.

An interesting episode that I experienced with my psychiatrist was when I confided that I feared my family would manipulate such things in such a way that I would end up homeless again by not showing up when I would be scheduled to move out and that I would be left with a great calamity and she responded that they were my family, though and therefore, if I could not trust my family who could I trust. I had so many battles in my domestic life that these forebodings prop up in me and my philosophical adventurous spirit compels me to think the world welcomes insecurity in my living condition so as to spite me and, therefore I fear the future. Security is so ephemeral, we don't know what promises it. That's why I wish America was more socialist and more culturally reliable. In reading Hunger I see very clearly why it was so easy for Europe to move into it's Socialist regime and why the culture (I assume) is so forgiving and providing and rewarding.

10/09/19

AFTERNOON

There is so much contention in the criticism of race and nationalism that it's absurd to be in public and my paranoia makes me think it's all my fault. After listening to a tirade from my neighbor Mike I found it incommensurably congested to be in public and interact with others. Furthermore, I made a disgrace out of myself when I failed to acknowledge David by his name David, mistaking it for Paul, merely because Paul has been manning the store more often during my visits than the others. I really like the Dino mart which is becoming the Circle K Dino Mart. The other stores, however, feed off of the contentions in the public forum. It's amazing how much defense is required to excel at life, and where defense lacks then a secured vacuum is required.

Power outages are occurring in California with resentment over taxes and misplaced fortunes stirring a restless agitation. On Facebook my political party, the Green Party, explained that the outages are the result of Corporate consumption of profits in place of maintaining safety and obeying regulations and therefore now there is a debt needing to be paid and it comes at the cost of the public's comfort. All meanwhile trying to justify their party's preference for correct rule in the lobby of power. It really does feel like a Hobbesian scene of all scrambling for power without rest.

None of this is perhaps understandable without having had the context of the experience I had today, which I fail to devote my time to fully translating.

10/13/19

EARLY MORNING

It is painful how slow it takes to learn and master a craft, such as writing and musicianship. I must have patience with my dreaded skills.

I want to recede from the social world in West Sacramento and begin working on my crafts and to achieve this I plan on reversing my sleep schedule. Perhaps when I move home I'll seek a night shift job. The benefits of those jobs is that they're almost always in demand. And I intend for it to only be part time, so it would only be a few days out of the week.

I talked to my brother Nick today and it was good communicating with him and I look forward to our renewed relationship. He wants to learn the violin and I want to try to buy him one for his birthday in December. I want to make some movies with my own music or with both mine and my family's. I think Rylee and Paislee, my two nieces, will be really successful in life. They are absolutely adorable.

I'm reading *The Magic Mountain* and *Doctor Faustus*, both by Mann, and they are rather boring, especially *Doctor Faustus* where everything is rather insubstantial. We are led through half the book before it actually begins with the dramatization of the devil with *Levurkuhn* and then after that we are led through some chapters that are really very bland. The chapter on physics and astronomy has very little bearing on the drama of the book and is pointless. *The Magic Mountain* disappoints because no one in it strikes us as being physically very beautiful and therefore we are left with a wanting in our imaginations for the most immediate pleasures of love.

10/15/19

LATE AFTERNOON

I've had some minor cravings but I have overcome the temptations. Every day is a challenge and victory. And with that comes my anticipation to my new career with my family and the location of SoCal. What will I be? Will I permit another love affair as a possibility for me? My work will be easier to accomplish as I will have the support of my family and the consolation of society that comes with that. The institution of the family is a bedrock, but only because we do not invest in society or culture. Everything is what can be done in two's compatible with the unit that spawned the one. I'm coming to the end of *2666* and I really love Bolano. There is so much depth in his many layered and long-winded story telling. For instance, I had just underlined this sentence in the Part on Archimboldi "A father, he said, is a passageway immersed in the deepest darkness, where we stumble blindly seeking a way out." So profound. Mirrors my relationship with my own Dad. And about my Dad, things don't seem to be going well. He is a very contentious person and has a perspective on the world that is always trying to determine everything as right or wrong. I should call him and try to repair the relationship and hope for the bond to extend to other members of my family, for right now none of my brothers are talking to him. But there will be time to work on it, I really want to spend most of my time in my visit with my family from mid late November to mid December with my Mom and brothers and my two nieces.

I came close to masturbating twice and craved some cigarettes and overcame those temptations and refused to satisfy those terrible habits. I say to myself, no more stroking and no more smoking.

10/19/19

EARLY AFTERNOON

I overcame another temptation to uncleanness and have gone eighteen days without a cigarette, though I utilize nicorette throughout the day to curb cravings. I woke up today at six in the morning and took some pictures around my apartment and am beginning the process of familiarizing myself with photography. Also worked on my Occult album, which is really going to be a silent film once I dream through its story line and develop its sounds, for I want the music to drive the plot, rather than the film. I believe that was Wagner's intention with musical dramas, which I'm reading and had picked up yesterday.

I wanted to go outside this morning and work on my Notebook of a wanderer, but that will have to wait till next week. Every Saturday I want to wake up at six and do photography and work on my Occult drama. Sunday's are for rest after running and philosophical reading. Monday through Friday is for music practice and study alongside reading and whatever writing I can accomplish. I'm feeling better and better and am excited about my future, despite the low level of my talent in the things I'm pursuing.

I played my 3ds the last few days and felt immensely relieved of the burden of inertia. Therapeutic and relaxing. I must pay off my debt, however, before I invest in the switch.

I have selected some interesting gifts for my family for the holidays and I hope they like them. An assortment of General Hospital books and DVD's for my Mom, a board game for my brother Nick and gift

cards for Stacey and Ricky, a dvd set of an anime I watched with Ryan when he was wee little for him and a book of lsd culture in the sixties and seventies for Leah. For my nieces is a casiotone keyboard for playing around with and a DVD or two from Studio Ghibli. Unfortunately no one in my family is talking to my Dad, including me, and I don't have anything planned as far as gifts are concerned for that side of my family. Everything is so contentious with my Dad, where he is always looking for an opportunity to turn an experience into right or wrong, justified or unjustified. It's really tiresome. Hopefully things can improve in the future and it makes me want to talk to him and work things out, but he is very overbearing and domineering in the topics in which the conversation travels. But I'll have time to work on our relationship when I move into my Mom's, despite him not liking my moving in with her. I want to focus on hanging out with my Mom and nieces and chilling with my older brother Ricky.

I told my Mom that I was paranoid that my stuff would be stolen while I visit, for which source is the fact that I was to blame for my friend Ryan's stuff being stolen by Quincy and because I was also to blame for my parents' stuff being stolen when we lived at Barnham Villages, for I had let slip through an inquiry by a stranger some of the stuff we carried in our apartment's garage. However, I did not mention to my Mom this source of my paranoia. But if my stuff gets stolen I'll just re-engage in purchases through Zounds and rebuild my arsenal all over again and postpone my debt solution.

I'm trying to read more and on a schedule of days particular books I have on my bed. I have some great books and I am excited to read them all. I got a little ahead of myself and now have a wonderful back log of books (and video games) to indulge in.

10/24/19

AFTERNOON

Talking to my brother Nick I find how much distance has erupted in me with basic social disputes. Having been alone and on my own for so long I no longer know how to respond to social settings that are contentious and drama filled. In any case, I hope to be a stabilizing entity in my injection to my family's life. I think of elective affinities and how that might apply. With my baby brother Ryan and his girlfriend Leah there seems to be a negative polarity with them interacting with Nick and Stacey, my other brother and his fiancé. The disputes seem extremely out of place and I can't understand their foundation.

Regarding disputes, I think of my heinous reaction to my family after returning to West Sacramento after my Grandma's funeral and how awful of a person I became towards my Mother. I need to write her birthday letter and will try to begin that this weekend. I want to really write something nice and endearing. I think I have some really good gifts planned in parallel to the words I want to soothe her with. Things seem to be unwell with my Dad and all his sons. It's unfortunate, but he was always standoffish unless you were completely under his grasp. It was a kind of emotional incest. I am both excited and apprehensive about moving in with my family, for I have been having ambiguous dreams about the decision and I realize I am losing my independence, but what good is it if it breeds stagnation. I am hoping and wanting to grow and develop. In West Sacramento I feel as though I bask in the wasteland. I haven't found the freedom of being no one completely exhilarating. Yet, in my family's atmosphere I hope to be a minor chord. Involved in some way, yet established in my own unique routine. A contributor to the excellence of my nieces and a comfortable companion to my family members. I just don't understand all of their quarrels and the ignitions for them. It pains me.

10/26/19

EARLY EVENING

What would I be without my kindred spirits in the letters. They inspire and guide me on my inner founding. Hesse, introduced to me by Mateusz, inspires inside me the dreaminess of music by portraying the art in its literary glorification from the musician's perspective, so that I, in practicing music and in reading Hesse, am able to enjoy the full effect of music's ability to touch the innermost recesses of my dreams in its relationship with this art. I am beset by literature filled with its beautiful diction on the romanticism of musicianship on one hand, and then the activity I exert on the other hand in becoming musical and so become overflowed with richness in my inner world and its relationship to the musical. I just started Gertrude and I finished Magister Ludi about a year ago. I am also reading Mann's Doctor Faustus, which however, doesn't strike so profoundly the spirituality of music in the way that it takes command of a person who is relentless in its pursuit. However, I like that the devil in Mann's work charms the post-modern Faust with art and its unrivaled excellence as the only pursuit worthy of demanding of

oneself rather than with the modern Faust and his lust for pleasure and experience and not just any experience, but the experience with magic. The rare for the rare. But what point is there in having the experience without using it as a foundation to create an art from it? Mann's post-modern Faust may just be a sacrificial ascetic and Goethe's Faust an obsessed pleasure seeker. And then I'm reading Man and Superman and there seems to be another account for the letters and arts. With Shaw however, there is a desire for acquiring wisdom for purposes of influencing the state of affairs. Mann's Faust is unto himself. Goethe's Faust is an uncontrollable bohemian without, however, contributions to arts and letters and, finally, Shaw's a political intriguer. Each of these on their own is somewhat of a disappointment.

To end the discourse I overcame another temptation to sensual self-gratification. Talked to my family today and heard the good news that Paislee, my currently youngest niece, had a successful first year birthday party. My Dad showed up for whom there has been some disputations with among me and my other brothers. At last, I talked to my Mom for a little bit and she's doing swell.

1028/19

EVENING

Every evening I say tomorrow is going to be a good day, because I look at the work I'll be immersed in; yet, when the morning rolls around at the time I declared the night prior for which I'd awaken I toss and turn into slumber and more slumber overcome as it is with lethargy. No doubt it is the nicotine levels in my body transgressing against my energy. I'm approaching the end of the patches and will likely have to go another month with nicotine substitutes in the form of nicotine gum, which I am currently utilizing as a compliment to my nicotine patches. Temptations for cigarettes are at large and I sum up all my strength to refuse them.

Today someone cleaned my heating and air conditioner of all the tar build up from smoking indoors and he mentioned Kavinsky's song Real Hero in tandem with the movie Drive and then sung it's catch phrase "You are a real human being," which I found both funny and scary; for I wasn't sure if I was being mocked and smeared. So be the exacerbations of the mind and its place in inter-personal communication.

10/31/19

EARLY MIDNIGHT

I broke down and fed the bitch sensuality. It is amazing how fierce eroticism can be in our lives and the way it manifests itself in its behaviors. For instance, I am almost incapable of practicing eroticism with another human being and am penetrated with shame when I exercise it by myself with the aid of videos of others' eroticism, which is really disgusting. Today in the grocery store I saw an overweight man and wondered if said state would be my fate if I fail to eradicate my bad habits. And I will eradicate them. I will have to aid my tobacco sacrifice with gum, now, as I've relied too heavily upon it during my step 3 phase of the nicotine patches.

I wrote my Mom's bday letter and can't wait to see her and my family, despite the ill brooding that I fear from them in the form of abandonment and retaliation for how menacing I was to my Mom. I want my bad habits to dissipate and I am re-triggered to manifest my ideal self into actuality.

VERY EARLY MORNING

Hesse is amazing. He is able to achieve in literature the transcription of the other two major arts, namely, music and painting. With words he dissects these two arts and portrays the romance of creating with the utensils of these arts beautiful relics new and unexpected to the audience. Music and painting become dreamy and desirable and real in our thoughts as we read his tale of the hero who creates. And, moreover, there is so much parallel I find between myself that is both translated and not translated in my own work in the heroes of Hesse's novels. Hesse is very much my friend.

EARLY EVENING

In any transformation of the self, which is revealed in the external behaviors of the self in the form of habits, one must fall in love with the subtle changes that surround the transformations. It is a process and it must be appreciated in the slow development that discipline achieves in that process. The little victories, the slow changes over long periods of time must all be recognized and appreciated. One must

feel grateful at every day and the rewards that that day brings in being allowed to demonstrate the change.

11/04/19

EARLY EVENING

Relapsed with sensuality again, because of the influence of the eroticism of some of the literature I have been reading. It's amazing how open sexuality has been before it blew to the ubiquity that it is today and that though ubiquitous it isn't rampant or as free as it once was. Gratification in anything is a fault of the moral code of society, lest it be food that is enjoyed and who knows—maybe even base food.

I want to start writing some poetry, yet I have difficulty in penetrating the beautiful with poignant terse and concrete language. I'm too abstract and unsure of the experience for which the poem will manifest. I want to be spiritual and profound with a literature and music to match. Read some music theory today and must practice as much as possible, for which I did after going three days without playing. I decided I'm going to use my iPad synths to practice sheet music and then work on my two musical projects throughout the week, Monday Wednesday and Friday for Songs of a Wanderer and Tuesday Thursday and Saturday for The Occult.

I have so much more on my mind, but will attempt to endorse those thoughts into the Notebook of a Wanderer. Must start going outside again. My transformation grows steady and powerful.

11/07/19

LATE AFTERNOON

Woke up at three this morning and found great productivity in reading, thinking and exercising. I feel refreshed and energetic with strength accumulating to meet my fears with calm. These fears range from some arranged game to take place during my visit with my family for the holidays at Disneyland, where the existential mythology will be tempted. And then I fear that my tools of music will be stolen while I am visiting my family and then finally the final fear that my family will not show up when it is time for me to move out of my apartment thereby leaving me empty handed and abandoned. All fears from an inability to trust my future to something healthy, safe and contented.

I am excited for Saturday, whereby I will carouse West Sacramento with my camera and some poetry and work on my Notebook of a Wanderer and try to write some lyrics to my songs for Melodies of a Wanderer.

I have been chewing a lot of nicotine gum and am back to about 21 mg of nicotine a day. The next days of the week, however, will only see 16mg and then steady drops the next few weeks until I completely forgo the nicotine aids. Nevertheless, five weeks without a cigarette and I feel amazing.

I bought my Mom a lot of little trinkets from her favorite show, General Hospital and I hope she will like them. It's so difficult to gift things to your parents, for they are so used to being in the position of provider and we, the children, are so unused to demonstrating skill in providing tokens of love in the form of tender and affectionate gifts of things they like. Verily, it is almost certain in every case of parent child relationship that the parent knows what secret desires their child has for the world and the parent from the child's perspective is unknown and mysterious.

I didn't play any music today, but I'm going to go at it strong tomorrow. I was not without my thoughts on lyricisms for my songs, however. And I have decided that I'm going to work on my Melodies of a Wanderer album first and then tackle the movie music drama The Occult.

EVENING

I'm feeling really depressed right now. Not only do I harbor fears over the security of my future I feel devoid of the possibility to fulfill my romantic drive. I must accept that I will not find satisfaction in my sex drive as it plays its role in romantic relationships and as I realize this I am reminded of my initial desire to flee to Europe, where I believe I would have found great success in my art, living style and relationships. Despite that, however, I always saw myself as transient. Without possession of anyone and unpossessed by anyone. If I didn't feel the unjust weight of affordability for low income individuals I perhaps would have withheld my desire to move in with my Mom, however, I also wanted to profit off of the sociability that comes with living with others and to reconnect with my family, believing the relationship to be healthy. Solitude really is only for the strong and I caved under its weight. I must have society and a city I feel comfortable to step outside in. I never feel good going out doors in West Sacramento, lest it

be for my running. Everything else is uncomfortable, yet I look forward to Saturday where I will practice my photography on the streets. It is just discomfoting that I may meet unfriendly and busy-body people. It's amazing how much someone outside will sometimes feel it is necessary to illicit a response from another that has no ability to connect, because connections require so much affinity that a moment never meets its requirement and most times people are so diametrically opposed to one another in thought process that nothing can be achieved in brotherhood. I'm going to try to write more in my novel while outside on Saturday after tramping the ground with my camera. I really want to move forward in it, the pain of conscience is really a bitch. It's as though I am looking at someone that isn't me at all and for which can't be fathomed to have suffered such a terrible experience of the execution of my will.

11/09/2019

EVENING

As the night draws on I become bequeathed to despair and discomfort. I can't listen to music or pick up a book and I yearn for self-propelled productivity in the arts. It's dismaying how much instruction I must endure in order to produce the spirit of my music, that is, of finding my sound. I can only go so far without guidance and I need to learn the technical aspects of the art in order to find my footing to be taken seriously as a musician. Every time I'm asked about it, that is if I play, I remark that I'm learning—and how slow it is! But that is okay, for art is slow they say.

I desperately hope that my stuff doesn't get stolen, which would be an excuse for society to continuously oppress me for the wrongs done at my expense, which will defend their theory of Karma—nothing more than culture expunging themselves of the bad conscience of revenge.

I did not go out today with my camera or write in my novel, but I did work on my Notebook of a Wanderer and played a little of Piano Reflections, a very elementary exercise for very beginning piano players.

11/12/19

NOON

It's important not to force anything. If it's difficult, let it fester. This will tempt the nerves and cause constipation and pain, but when it is ready to be released and worked upon then the outcome will have been worth the care and attention. So it is that I have finally resumed that part of *through an existential window of shame* and I feel stronger and up to my task now. Music is going to take some time to come along. It is unfair of me to think I would possess the skill and talents in such a short time that I need to realize that my study will be long and slow, but at least I have the instruments that I will utilize for a long time to this purpose.

In approaching our fears, we must realize the vulnerability that we must place ourselves in along with everyone else. It is all about opening up and accepting the fate of culture, for that is where fear dwells. Culture is always the determining factor, however everything done in the name of what culture immortalizes comes behind and under culture, so there is injustice.

EARLY EVENING

I am conflicted with my decision to move back into my family's life and am riddled with fear and disquietude. A too voracious moralizing introspection of myself makes it difficult to accept change and new beginnings. Flipping pages is a horror for me. Will I be safe? Is it not all just a pretext to resolve upon my ruin? I do not know if I can trust anyone. If my family is a foundation for me to grow on, now at this time for which I have been on my own for so long under the care of the State. Will I be expected to rejoinder past communities I held in my office of that particular culture at that time. Will I have to fight? Will I have to justify myself? All of it is overbearing and exacts too much from me. I feel my failure and ineptitude and don't think I belong anywhere say here in my already established abode, where I must try to balance my budget and work and find comfort in my alienation and solitude.

But then I am reminded of the need to evolve. I cannot let myself become stagnant and without opportunity and a game of risk. Leaving oneself open to the unimaginable may enable a blessing. A trust in a future at the cost of some nights of restless fear.

11/14/19

EARLY EVENING

I have lost my footing in the foundation of the spectacle and have terrible manners in my connections with life. I am outside of it all, devoid of a bedrock in relationships. I have no idea what my future will be for me. Can I trust something comforting and good to occur? Still the same fears loom over me and I have no idea if I can secure myself in desecration. I am tempted to withdraw my intentions to move in with my family, but then what is the alternative? Stagnation and no involvement in any intercourse with society. I have no social network and my family is the only resource I can find that promises a new epoch. Granted, I'll still be working on my Dream Thinking and developing all the projects that erupted from those fruitful years that found their ripening in my long road as a mental health patient. I need to evolve and attempt participation in society. My family urged me on with my first steps, which saw me reduce and dismiss my criminal record; and now, I hope they will see me through on this circle with them in my attempt to land a position in the economic world and compliment my subsidies with that economic position.

Insecurity is so great a fear when one possesses articles of property that are dear to them. The fear of losing what I have accumulated for myself as an emerging artist and writer makes the paranoia of betrayal that much greater and harder to endure in the episodes that entertain its vitality in the mind. And then I fear that I will be physically hurt by society, perhaps even murdered. For, they might say, aren't you asking for it with your boasting of so much charisma in the whims of fate in the at large world. I don't know what I can do. Just go forth towards it.

11/16/19

EVENING

I'm feeling more positive and confident about my future. In any case of its outcome one can only hope for the best of which is to remain calm. Learned from Leopardi that life is pain suffering and boredom and that the world is dirt. . . so be calm. So I must trust in the invisible forces of fate and try to accommodate my ambitions accordingly. Had my last relapse with sensuality and am going strong with my desire to remain tobacco free. Just got to finish these last steps of nicotine cessation aids and I will be without nicotine for good. Really happy about this progress.

My mom is actually quite the writer, too. She posted a beautiful poem about her Mother on Facebook and was quite the joy to read. I myself posted a memorial about my Grandmother, too, however not as elegant as my Mom's. I leave Wednesday to visit my family for three weeks and am really looking forward to it. And not much long after that comes the move. In December I will be buying some more music theory books and will begin studying and playing music to a greater degree. Also, hopefully my writing will resume to a greater degree as well. Just this week I resumed writing in Dream Thinking and planned out a poetry project titled Dream School. Not sure what the latter will be about yet, but will continue to let it fester in me, until it finds its inspiration to transport itself from the shadows into the light.

Today was a good day.

12/12/19

EVENING

Got back last night from my three week vacation with my family, where I spent a lot of time engaged with my family. I spent time enjoying television, food, music and playing around with the children in the family room of my Mom's house. I played a little of the piano in exercises of basic fundamentals, took pictures and wrote nothing. I also supported my Mom in the errands that needed to be run in order to maintain the household in its basic thriving position. I was a part of a community and it was renewing me with possession. Moving in with my Mom will be fantastic and I look forward to the new life I will be living in a more fulfilling purpose. Hopefully I'll have some employment position that won't extract heavily the energy of my spirit and I will participate in the affairs of my family and continue to develop my projects of art for art's sake.

121319

EVENING

I despair over the time I must endure to exist and I have nothing promising happiness in these hours. I feel discontent for some reason, at a loss of comfort and disjointed. I feel as though I have lost something.

It is no small contributor to these feelings that I just mentioned that I rarely get out and participate in the world. Being house ridden in such a small enclosure harasses my temperament. If only I could get out and make myself feel at home in the world and a participant of my self in being in the world. And I will start to do just that. I will begin excavating the streets with my camera and begin walking again and resume my exercising. I have no society for which I belong in Sacramento and I have been abandoned and ignored. However, my family is allowing me to solicit them for a reunion and I have prospective opportunities with them. It is something I look forward to.

12/16/19

EVENING

I ignored a phone call from my dad and thereby perhaps saved myself an uncomfortable drunken conversation. Nevertheless I will have to talk to him and will likely call him Thursday or Friday. I have been lazy these last few days accomplishing nothing and lounging around and sleeping. If I must focus on all the little bureaucratic business of my life that taints me with annoyance I would never reach the departure of philosophy or profundity. No one ever has to eat a meal or defecate in their re-imagined lives. It's all pin needles.

12/25/19

EVENING

I've been sleeping a lot and finding it difficult to work on projects. I do commit to a little exertion, however, yet it falls short of my needed requirements. It is a depression that doesn't have any exact or specific cause. A somewhat ambiguous state of being that has me suffocated with lethargic sadness.

I spoke with about half my family today, save Ryan, Leah (I did exchange texts with her, though), and my Dad and Cindy. It is a large chore for me to speak on the phone and guide the conversation with the required social etiquette of one belonging. Nevertheless, I am ecstatic that I am soon to be moving back into my family's union. I hope to accomplish a lot in this next stage in my life. This move will hopefully see a lot of growth and completion of projects that I have been working on. But enough of this and to return to my uncomfortable lethargy.

It is without demonstration of any definitive cause that I sulk away. I find it hard to be up and engaged in activities and I am tired and heavy weighted with inertia. In any case, I am working on music, for which I fool around with my instruments just about everyday for about a half hour to an hour and work on developing my musical personality. All art is a portrait of a personality and interpretation of expression.

I would like to devote more time to playing music. I have introduced recently the best reverb pedal, in my opinion, there is to enhance my Roland D05 and also acquired a digital stage piano with piano touch keys. I love my equipment and am excited with what it promises if I put the work in to develop myself. It is difficult to shake off, however,, the inertia that combats my ambition. Everything returns to the damage of alienation and unaccomplished social attempts, which has me enveloped in self-pity and an acknowledgement of the need to reshape my expectations of life and draw new motives.

I realize that my sex drive will not find satisfaction. Also, I will not marry and produce offspring. It is a contradiction to my philosophy that I am reuniting with my family, yet that is just the tool needed to investigate my introduction to the world of a new order. I must enhance myself with the spirit of today in order to reveal today to my notions of tomorrow. It is amazing to me how love and relationship display themselves in the fabric of society and how everything evolves around a woman's fulfillment of child rearing. Marriage and the biological assertion of the sexes harasses the liberated demonstration of union between Individual and society. Culture focuses on what can be attained for. private life in the special manner in which those individuals juxtapose their private life with what the market in the public sphere. So everything is a market for private exploitation of public. I'm afraid I can't go on anymore on this topic.

12/26/19

EVENING

I am so overwhelmed with inertia. I can't get myself to engage in anything and so I dissolve into the worthless. I did, however, manage to exercise today and hopefully that will help me to accumulate the energy and wherewithal to be better engaged in things. Tomorrow begins the day of penetrating activity. It is Katie's birthday and each of these days for the past decade I have been entertaining obsessed and fantastical thoughts regarding her and making these days cornerstones for something to leap from. I am

really quite blessed. I have all the instruments I need to make the music I want to and I have some great books to read both in literature and musical craftsmanship. It is amazing, musical technicality can only go so far, one must be able to channel their emotions into the work. On the Musically Beautiful, a book I have on my bedside pile to read, seems to suggest that music is non-emotive and therefore is founded on something else hitherto unthought of. The book intrigues me, however, I feel I will think it hostile to my own thoughts on music, which has it in the emotive and as representational of the spirit.

12/28/19

LATE AFTERNOON

I spend a lot of time listening to music in the form of YouTube streaming and, therefore, get lost in a lot of passive activities. Verily, I suffer from a lot of reclining and listening and find myself gazing into dreams and wherewithal that leads to no where at all. So it is that I want to eliminate more of my passive activity and attempt to engage in more active entertainment. Such that if I want to listen to music I want to play music. And if I don't play music and have a desire for music to be in my way I will use my record player and attempt active listening.

I also want to read more and began writing more. I have so many projects and desires for intellectual accomplishment that it is sometimes distressing and overwhelming. In any case, I need to take it one day at a time. I must also reward myself by playing video games and watching some good television or movies. I have DVD Netflix and Streaming Netflix and a Studio Ghibli DVD Collection. All great things. So to participate in them is a severe necessity, rather than give in to what has been harassing me lately destructive sleeping. And on that note I want to take a nap. And naps are fine, however, they must not extend beyond reasonable lengths.

I have been having cravings for cigarettes in the morning and at times of inertia and I have been successfully avoiding relapse into that abysmal habit. Thank the heavens for that strength that I have been able to muster in fighting off that temptation. All in all I feel rather positive for the things occurring for me.

I played some music today and I really have no idea what I am doing and I just fool around and feel myself accompanying the familiarization of tone's imagination in its brute and most natural form. It is as if I were five years old and being introduced to an instrument where I fiddle around with notes hither and thither so as to build judgment and philosophy with said instrument. Almost like when I had my Native American flute while homeless in the Bay Area. Monday I begin to really work on my projects.

01/01/20

EVENING

One tries to grasp what can be determined real and actual. We linger on our measurement for these things and sometimes one must abandon oneself to the impulses of the immoral and find in it the implication of one against the many. Perhaps one only comes to grasp truth when one breaks something. For then one encounters judgement and is able to entertain a place amongst the determination. However, the judge doesn't possess the truth if it is a judge other than the one whom is acting. Hence, my state of fear in regard to the many manipulating my thought process for their benefit and justifying their morality at my expense. In any case, I save myself for not having gone too far and not of having accomplished the deed without meaning. Verily, I forsook the deed because I could not account for it and this made me real and actual.

I am excited about this new year and this decade which will see the eradication of my thirties and hopefully the completion of my first novel and my first musical drama. I have intentions of being the heir of Wagner in some degree regarding the musical. I hope to enhance myself in far reaching success.

01/04/20

I have been slow in realizing my new self, but today starts its development. I begin on Monday the studying of music theory. Also I am to practice technique and sight reading, as well. I need to write more and work on my novel and poetry projects. I will take pictures as well. These pep talks are really only for me and hold no value to anything else. It's amazing how we, nevertheless, must write them out and encourage ourselves with determinations. What would one do if one didn't encourage themselves? Even in Gide's journal, which he haphazardly maintained on a whim aside from his many other writings and other journals, which suited other purposes, found itself with self-encouraging words and

determinations. Without the self-help aimed at the self, we would be bogged down without recognition in the mire of obstacle and obstruction. We are a race of up building discourses. No other animal develops the spirit like the human does. That spirit is a manifestation of a self is an amazing phenomenon and makes it a little easier to understand how others believe in God, despite my reluctance to pay them any heed.

So, enough of that. With my piano I find it difficult to maintain a continuity in playing, for my fingers have an uneven distribution of strength in them and I find myself struggling with the piano's action. Also, I can't wait to dive into Plato's notion of music for the masses and how he believed certain music ought to predominate over others in the perfect regime. And this topic has not been without merit in our civil history and life. Verily, even today, music is seen as a marketing agent for purposes without any foundation. These one hit wonders have been going on ever since music hit the industry of monetary gain, but the aesthetic discourse on the style of sound has been without any discussion. I would like to approach this subject in thought and literature, in my own estimation and that of others.

01/07/20

Joined the gym down the street from my apartment as a better alternative than the one two miles away. I want to work out Friday's late in the evening. I would love to reverse my sleep schedule, but then I would be incapable of achieving tasks that require business transactions in person with my apartment and social benefit providers. It is important to realize what conduces to the highest level of creative output on a schedule that is meant to tailor to that creative output. Most people are coerced into living a schedule determined by the economy and, therefore, never develop a schedule personality. That everything must be done during the day is upsetting. I would love to enjoy the quietude of the night. The peace, the silence, the sans social output of conformity all make me partial to the night. Despite this, however, I love the morning. The morning is just like the midnight. With the morning one has the upper hand against society that is consumed with its lethargy. But with this, the night owl is able to enjoy both the midnight and the morning and enter sleep at the high noon of the day's breaking.

I still suffer from a distraught of the mind in regards to my relocation to SoCal in my Mom's care. I fear she will betray me and, therefore, harken my dislocation of housing security. As a result, I will be abandoned to the street once again, being forced to anxiously develop an immediate plan to safeguard my possessions through the attainment of a storage unit and then relocate my body to either Davis or Woodland where I will attempt to re-enter supportive housing. Opposed to this, however, is the desire to escape permanently Yolo County if I end up without housing and betrayed and relocate to Portland and begin my invasion into the hearts and minds of those in the city in connection with my desperate love for Katherine S Delwiche.

And then yet again, a part of me wants to accept my long earned defeat with my hope of reunion with Katherine and attempt to reorganize my spirit to be opened once again to opportunity and new community. Hence, the wise decision to relocate into the arms of my birth family. With them and our reunion and reconstruction there will be a display of overcoming and founding of another epoch of my spirit in the world.

Now on to a confessional display of laziness and the intense wonder at its cause. I read very little these days and I write little as well. I spend about an hour to two hours practicing music and I recline to a great degree of my day's length to listening to music and surfing the online stratosphere of the market of goods I want to spend my money on, for it is one of my greatest past times in the entire catalog of activities to spend money. I love money magic. It soothes and it concludes a faith in the geography of my republican partners, whom I will never enter into interaction with, that we are in a mutual organization through the activities of postal packaging and delivery. The internet which connects me to their business and then the living souls who arrange the transportation of their goods away from their locality to my distant hearth engenders me with the union of the Globe.

So, here is where my thoughts have wandered. And on the wandering, I feel compelled to abandon the notebooks of a wanderer and begin focusing more on my novel and poetic projects and brainstorming the future endeavors I have been entertaining in preliminary thought processes, such as the Existential Regime, Dream Time, Dream School, and of course finishing my Dream Thinking.

01/11/20

AFTERNOON

I've been failing in my attempts to excavate myself out of my apartment and engage in activities such as the gym and walking for the sake of experiencing the outside world. I have, however, been successful in running twice a week for the past week in a half and prior to that I ran once a week for three weeks. I wrote in my Dream Thinking the other day and felt relieved because of it. I am reading again, but slowly and a little at a time. Music is progressing well and I have my first song written for The Occult: A Dream School Film. It is going to be a surrealist musical picture. I want to start filming in February and work on accomplishing as much of the music composition in this month. I need to continue to focus on music theory and practicing sight reading. I have a lot of advanced sheet music and then some elementary sheet music scores and it frustrates me that I am only at the level of the elementary.

01/16/20

EVENING

Received news today that my youngest brother is in trouble with the law again and might suffer cruel and unwarranted circumstances. It upsets me how police officers interpret actions for the maximum punishment available. This is something about the world that has caused innumerable tragedies. The overestimation of an act for the profit of punishment. There is reward in policing the population. And culture itself, now to move towards my affairs, is also a juggernaut of judgement. So it is that I am at that stage of my novel where I reveal one of three terrible sexual advances I committed out of the madness for desire and unique demonstration in contrast to what I have withdrawn from the cultural aesthetics of civilization. I had to overdo my predecessors, but of course not cross any serious boundaries of etiquette. But one will be surprised by how much one is able to nevertheless transgress in this matter. It is the irrationality of the drives developed out of the will to power. We have no cultural instruction designed for the universal satisfaction of every human's drive in its own peculiar world. Everything is negotiated by cultural powers and decided by that power as it reveals itself to the people. Or is that how it is? I do not know, I read too many books. And I'm not sure I want to investigate the world thoroughly for this answer. I do, however, want to continue with my Dream Thinking and it is difficult to confront this stage of my novel. Verily, my novel is consuming less and less of my thoughts as I develop my efforts on learning music and brainstorming the total package of my thought. In any case, however, it still lingers and pokes me from time to time in order to remind me of my first task. So it is that next Wednesday I will attempt to write some more in the Dream Thinking. I will have to open my mind and prepare it for its development. And it amazes me how minuscule some writers are able to delve into the forensics of the scene they paint with language. I envy this about all the great writers. On how they can lose themselves in a scene and testify it with long drawn out descriptive powers. They take us into the senses only to develop next the abstract which is then clarified once again by the senses. I need to inherit this. Only I am without the proper descriptive power. I am too focus on the basic and abstract. As my writing career develops I hope to accomplish the picture perfect novel that will define my aesthetic goal. Likely to be revealed in Dream Time: An Existential Mythology.

01/26/20

AFTERNOON

My Mom remarked the other day that life is so fragile and this in response to my cousin Tyler's loss of his girlfriend due to the unnoticed cancer development in her body. She died after being sick for three days. So tragic. And then today, Kobe Bryant died in a helicopter crash. It is amazing that we all hover around the famous in all aspects of their life and are able to remark upon their status with impunity and with a sense of the third person. It is different with our own lives, where we expect little empathy in relation to our fortune, being not as significant as the mainstream, or rather as the saying goes being one of the million in a million. But I can't accept this. While I find Kobe's passing sad, and tragic given his celebrity, my cousin's loss and that of the common are more heightened. As things stand, I can't accept the way of the mainstream celebrity life and while my talents may not match any of their's I still choose myself over them.

I am still loathsome, though, because I have still been succumbing to bad habits, however, I have been exercising and abstaining from cigarettes. Everywhere about me there is the trigger for relapse heralded by my environment and the neighbors for which I find in this environment. But I will hold out strong and today marks the end of self-gratification. I do not know whether I want a girlfriend or if I even want to exercise my sexuality, but I do enjoy not having to explain my terrible skills as a musician and lazy

work ethic as a writer to anyone. Society always asks for an explanation for what returns you are yielding. If you yield a return you are engraved into the acceptable. If however, you forestall and develop at a snail's pace, then you are thought the less for it. Satiation goes to the yielder's of a return. It doesn't even have to be good as long as it is marketable. The market place is what matters today. It is nauseous to me. I can barely engage in anything mainstream these days, so disgusting are their demeanors and pride.

To return to Kobe Bryant's tragedy, my Mom mentioned that it was most severe in that Kobe's daughter and some other children on the helicopter were killed and this was more heartbreaking than the parents on board, for no parent wants to experience the loss of their children and the significant other's who survived their partner's loss is experiencing also the loss of some of their children. I quite agree to this and felt this little truth in my mind of itself, but didn't remark upon it. It is amazing how many thoughts behind thoughts we have that never get to be exerted into the light of day. Perhaps out of laziness?

01/28/20

EVENING

I am absolutely amazed at my immorality. Even more amazing is that immorality requires society. Without society immorality diffuses into an honest individuality alone unto itself. With social engagement there is so much tension that builds up in desire and ego that one is suckered into poor behavior. Bad behavior is so easy and is tempted by society. And if one is without empowerment and constantly degraded from their own entitled display of power and person then they are likely to fall prey to an uncommon display of action. So it was with me and it is so hard to transcribe my past into a memoir for literary profundity. In any case, however, I will attempt to write again tomorrow. Trying to write at least once a week in my novel until I am able to develop the courage and endurance to write more and often.

It's amazing how we must live with others. My neighbors and I enjoy a special relationship. That while we are on opposing aisles of the political ideologies we make common ways with one another. Nevertheless, I have retracted my services as an errand boy to my elderly neighbor Lori because it had become to exacting upon myself. It got to the point where she would ask me to run an errand for her everyday and sometimes twice a day. It just no longer suited me and I realized I was in a use and abuse relationship. The parasites that exist in the world are amazing and even I would not escape the definition of a parasite, being on the public payroll and all. Nevertheless, I would like to try to start working again. I want to feel healed and a part of something. I want to feel engagement is an option again. I've gone through spectrums of the self and I want to realize my potential and develop it and find romance once again.

All this being said, I am feeling stressed about moving. I still hold in the back of my mind that I will be betrayed and duped into becoming homeless again, whereupon I will have to conduct counter measures to secure my things and then re-enter supportive housing. And then I fear that I will encounter difficult trials in Escondido where I will unravel and end early. It's a huge life altering change. I will likely never be able to return to individual living again and I will be firmly reliant on the support of my family, which I haven't had for a really long time and now I'm asking for it. Is there a reciprocal desire for unity here?

LATER

I want to try to minimize my passive involvement with the world, which I refer to my obsessive devotion to doing nothing but listen to music and meditate without contributing anything to work. I need to listen to my vinyl's when I want to listen to music and then dedicate time to preparing for reading by getting my mind set to focusing on activity. I need to prep for the mood in order to read. And then I want to watch movies and go on walks more with my camera. I never go outside with my camera and that depresses me. I also need to practice music and study theory. I can't stress this enough. I have no real idea what I'm doing with music, say some very basic principles. I want to change that and develop my style. I am amazed at how much contemporary musicians rely on the instrument to play for them. That is in regards to electronic music. Most of it is supplied by an appreciator or sequencer and very little else is done in addition. It's all a facade, in my opinion. There are some who are really talented, but then others I feel have only mastered the technique of genre. Some songs I only hear a percussive routine with vocals nauseously filling out on top of it. Some vocals are just painstakingly gruesome to hear. A lot of it is in the pop genre. And of course radio music. It's cringing.

01/29/20
EVENING

I didn't write in my novel today, because the subject matter exceeds my strength of translation into the literary. I will, however, equal my task as I work on digesting the experience and empowering myself through the association of the literary works I admire. It is so difficult to represent anything new. The weight on the conscience is too great, especially if one had to represent the transgressions in order to introduce a dialog on morality. But in any case, I don't feel as though I am too new in what I develop and this said so as to enervate my ego.

On my first song of The Occult I have settled for a very basic expression of musical technique for the song. I can't have it any other way. I am just too enveloped in the very basics of musicality. I don't know enough, nor possess enough skill at musicianship to have a more complex song. However, though, I am satisfied with the mood of the song and like some of its elements.

A real change is needed in me and I am starting to implement it into my routine. Every day will be a challenge, but also an accomplishment.

02/08/20
AFTERNOON

I feel so lazy! I am ridden with inertia and have a distaste for doing any work. I am annoyed by how much I have to exert myself in order to accomplish my goals. I am heavy with despair over my long journey and how many years I had to endure in order to just begin. And behind all of this is the half entertained dread of moving. Of whether my Mom will indeed show up or if it's all a plot to endorse my homelessness. Part of me wonders if I am indeed doing the right thing by returning to my home town. If my family will be healthy for me and if I will be healthy for them. It's a new chapter on my life, no doubt.

I did make it to the library today, however, to donate some of the plethora of books I have set aside from the comfortable collection I have amassed over the years. I love my library and it pains me to part with some of it, but as long as I don't have to forgo the nucleus of my library I will escape happy. At the library I approached someone exiting the building with a sign to put out front with the question if she worked at the library and she responded that I was at the library and then I repeated my question and she responded differently saying that if I walked straight in I'd find a librarian and then I repeated my question one last time whereupon she finally capitulated with a negative. It amazes me how stupid and stuck up people can be and everyone at the library is passive aggressive no matter what your occupation there is. This lady was a designated volunteer with the free tax preparation workshop being administered at the library. In any case, however, I am very much like this lady. I hate being disturbed out of myself and having to think for another. For instance, I was once asked what time it was and I responded with the question of whether the person had a phone. This ignited the greatest anger in the person and it's like fuck off chap I don't owe you nothin'. The person looked at me and saw that I was wearing a watch and so shot that question at me. And it is the biggest pet peeve of mine to be asked the time.

In any case I think I'm going to revert to being an asshole more often again. I'm tired of being so universally nice. It even pangs me to be nice to my neighbors by saying hello everyday and what have there else that needs to be done to encourage community bonds. But then I am also grateful that I can rejoice in neighborly friendliness. But that is about all that we may share in common, is that we are neighbors. And that's okay, we're all still human and feed off of good manners.

I intend to write a letter to James McCloud thanking him for his services with YCCC and helping me through the years with my mental illness. He helped me a lot and saw me grow a lot too. I don't know if I will do anything with the people I met in Woodland as friends prior to leaving. Things seems to be torn apart with us as things stand now. We haven't really communicated in ages.

02/12/20

My anniversary of being arrested some ten years ago and then being saved by the social state is today. I've come a long ways to developing my spirit and finding my place in the world. It seems as though I will be completing a circle, as it were, and returning to where I began. I have mixed sentiments regarding this turn of events. In some aspects I'm thrilled to reunite with my family and work on having a meaningful relationship in the basic class of social culture, that is, the unit Family. I will be in a position to watch my nieces grow up as I had watched, in part, my younger brothers grow up. And I get to reenlist myself to the thoughts and behaviors of my brothers again and reintroduce new tokens of culture to them,

as I have gained them through my experience aside from them in the world. But they are a bit different than I and we have some fundamental differences, but overcoming those differences and making a friendship and familial bonds develop is the heart of sociability. It's amazing to me how family is able to maintain itself. When I was young all I could dream of was escaping my home town and my family and running ramped through the culture of the world. How impossible that is, though. Unless one is content to be a vagabond it is impossible to exist upon oneself. Life is too expensive and people want explanations of meaning for communicating.

But let's put this aside for now. It's amazing how much one is opened up by an orgasm. I have convinced myself once again that today will be the last self-jerk episode of my life. It really is disgusting and I'm so creepy about it! Almost anything revealing on the internet will *put* me in the mood. But that will be the last of it. Also, I'm tired of acting like a stupid clown. I get so manic in the mornings and through certain periods of the day that I heave exclamations as ridiculous and retarded that one thinks I am downright insufferable. It really is outstanding how bad I am. I don't like it and I don't want to be stupid anymore. I want to work on developing a sophisticated spirit. And if I find myself wanting levity I want it to be endearing. I am repugnant, as of now.

I will restart the workings of my novel once I move. I really hope my fears aren't rooted in reality and that I will find salvation in returning to my home town and that I will find myself in comfortable conditions to continue my work as a writer and grow as a musician and develop my film/photography hobby. Everything is self-centered, my work explains itself by beginning with me. And it unwinds through the explanation of my experience.

02/19/20

3 AM

I wrote in my novel earlier in the day and was relieved of a great exasperation. I'm trying to reverse my sleep schedule so as to endorse a higher level of creativity and learn how to be quiet instead of harboring so much constant noise. There is something special about the midnight hours that welcome a discretion in how one utilizes noise. We become aware of our footprint in the market of our habitation. Or at least to some degree when, that is, we assume empathetic sensibilities. In the past I have exercised absolutely no discretion in how I exerted noise. I was a tyrant. Now I'm trying to assume responsibility for my way of life in a way that compromises between my needs and the impact those needs have on those around me. If only I could escape the noise that my neighbors exert upon me in the discourse of my minds dreaming. What I mean to say is that I believe my neighbors have access to my thoughts and exert noise in tandem to those thoughts so as to strike a psychoanalytic process upon the way my mind processes information. I have to be careful and maintain my strength.

Now to move onto other matters. My Mom is really catering to my habitation in her home. She has purchased a bed and frame and has bedding in stock for it and is setting up my room for me. She is really an angel. I'm looking forward to this re-enlistment with my family. We will have our differences of opinion and philosophy, but we will no doubt encourage each other and be there for one another in helping each of us achieve our goals. And such is what I expect.

02/22/20

EVENING

I had a minor relapse today and smoked nine cigarettes and it made me nauseous and filled me with disgust. I am now determined to nip this habit in the bud and forbid all temptations to smoke. Tomorrow I will run and resume my exercises. On Monday I will make a trip to the pawn shop and sell my looper and a bracelet and hopefully come away with thirty dollars for food. I recycled some cans and plastic today for almost eleven dollars. My neighbor Mike helps me out by donating recycling to me.

I talked to my younger brother Nick today and he's doing well and will maybe come up with my Mom to help us move me down there in the next four weeks. I've already begun to pack and am getting my apartment ready to vacate. I will be leaving a lot of furniture behind and will perhaps be penalized by my apartment complex for this when it comes to returning my security deposit, but so be it.

Was just interrupted by my neighbor Lori, because she wanted to offer me some cookies, which I gladly accepted. Not always a wise thing to do. Sometimes her food tastes a little funky and makes me wonder, sometimes. Also, I don't want to invite her to reason that she could resume asking me to

endeavor trips to the store for her, which was always a hassle. Especially now that I am almost always in my pajamas.

02/23/20

EVENING

Despite waking up early today and finding myself exerting some resemblance of productivity by running, playing a little music and reading over the latest developments made in my novel so as to prep myself tomorrow's work, I feel unmotivated and depressed. I've been laying in bed the past three hours unable to accomplish more than three quarters of an hour of reading and day dreaming to music playing. I listen to so much music and often without serious attentive meaning so that I fear I am becoming desensitized to sound and will fall short of being that musician I'd like to be. It is certain however, that I want to play music for about 2 to three hours a day. Two hours of practice on the piano and an hour of working on my Dream School project. And of course I'd like to invite another half hour of music theory in my schedule and then as the day unwinds I tot he evening after dinner I'd like to write in my novel. I must go outside more, though. So between music and dinner I'd like to walk around outside with my camera.

I will need to start cleaning up my apartment. Despite the evidence I fear that I am being inveigled into a trap of homelessness or persecution or crucifixion for my mistakes in the past. Namely, the inappropriate sexual advances I made on some women. I have really been awful. My writing is good and I have a good story to tell, but I'm not the good guy. I waver back and forth between a desire to redeem myself by my reader and one of utter disgust and sans remorse for what heavy blows fate and or fortune will deal me. I must be strong and find the patience to achieve the perfection in my novel hat I seek. My conscience bites hard at times and leaves me utterly immobile.

02/25/20

AFTERNOON

I accomplished a crucial passage in my novel today. It left me strung out by dosing myself copiously with caffeine and nicotine, which tobacco I failed to forgo, but will be moving along now with my cessation. I am utilizing nicotine gum for this purpose.

I relapsed into thinking Katie is at the heart of my destiny in that if my Mom betrays me through failing to return me into her embrace I will make the voyage to Portland and let Katie find me and reunite our ties thereby. But I can't let this thought process corrupt me. I must accept that my lost love, Katherine S Delwiche, is gone for me. I must reinvigorate my image and become new, once again. I must evolve and find a new setting, which will be my hometown and the services that I will receive there.

I want to find some kind of employment to complement my disability services and work on developing new interests in people and opening up. I must refresh my heart and allow my losses to fade into grey.

I went to bed last night at about six or seven in the evening and then woke up today at one in the morning and dragged myself to the gym at about five fifteen. It was much too crowded even then for my liking and has made me realize that my gym time will be at about two or three in the morning. I like waking up at just about after midnight and going to bed in the early evening hours. This mid shift is peaceful for me. I have the majority of the solitude of the other side of midnight and just enough day to investigate if I so choose. This inclines me to think about accepting a graveyard job somewhere in Escondido, like my Mom. Only, my Mom is able to revolve her schedule acutely in that the weekends she is graveyard and during the week alive in the day, so as to watch my nieces. And I want to participate in the daily lives of my nieces and enliven them with culture and creativity. So I'll have to see what compromises I must enlist.

If I am going to be betrayed by my Mom and left in the dust I really don't know what course I ought to take. I can't let myself be the villain in someone's life, as I have already done so. So, the likely course would be to try to re-enlist into housing services with Yolo County Mental Health programs. In any case everything is exciting and nerve racking. I harbor many fears about it, but hope for the best, which is contrary to my general philosophy, being that hope is something ridiculous. Passions are brutal and inflictions and its contrary have no foundation in anything concrete. So it is that I recall Leopardi's verse that life is pain, suffering and boredom and the world is dirt—be calm. And if I could only be calm and achieve what I must at the same time I harbor all my fears. I feel there is a hidden hand out to get me.

02/26/20

AFTERNOON

I've decided that I'm going to smoke. The devil take me!

03/02/20

AFTERNOON

I feel so enervated. I've decided I'm going to quit smoking and have made arrangements to accomplish just that. I won't be able to accommodate my Mom with very much for moving me into her place. I'm less than two weeks away from moving. It's exciting and nerve racking. I need to clean my apartment and finish packing.

It is difficult for me to limit myself to just a few books to read, for I want to read everything and I have a huge back log of books to read. I need to not buy anymore books until I accomplish the completion of the one's I have, save for the Dune and Earth Sea series.

My music is coming along and I'm learning by simply playing around with notes and reading a little here and there to complement my understanding of musical language. I do not know if what I have for the first song of The Occult agrees musically with anything, but I like it, despite how simple it is. I plan on packing my synth station up this weekend and keeping my digital piano set up until the final night, so as to have something to play, but this weekend I pack much of everything remaining in my apartment

03/06/20

AFTERNOON

I'm very cyclical. So I wonder if my movements lead me nowhere. I reverberate on my first song of The Occult. It is very simple with me having little knowledge of whether I utilize the language of music correctly. After playing it over for some time I realize that I like it and that it fits the picture the sound is to represent. Despite some philosophy, I believe very much that music is the language of the passions and emotions. Music and emotions are both cyclical and not one being linear, the emotions, and the other cyclical, the music. I would love to expound on my theory of this, but my experience with musical composition is too limited at the moment to achieve my thoughts expression.

I caved in and gave into bad habits today. Hopefully for the last time and it really is time to evolve and demonstrate my new self. I am excited about moving back to my hometown and living with my family again. I hope to be creative with them and have a strong relationship. I don't know how to feel about romance. So long ago I realized that I was going to be trespassing the earth with no settlements, but that idea developed with my goal to achieve it in Europe, where movement and recreation are thoroughly endorsed. In America things are so stagnant and re-structuring of the self held in such low esteem. It seems to me that everyone wants a label to fit indefinitely. Shedding of the skin is not a popular value in America. Prejudices follow the body everywhere and a moment of action that harbored bad results are demanded to be irrevocably attached as a penultimate judgement of one's character. It's the Christian value that prevails in America and it disturbs me greatly.

I don't know how I want to renew myself or what my new values will be. I am enlisting myself with my family and that will be the foundation of my excursions. I really want to concentrate on music and literature. If my experience is barren at least my spirit's artistic expressions can have stimulation in its concentrated exertion.

LATER

After playing my song over again I realize that it is pathetic and I will make attempts at rectifying its just quality. I have a lot to learn and I will undergo an immense trial and error. The key is to have patience and explore and enjoy the process.

03/09/20

EVENING

There is no way to meet adversity but with humor and love. I don't know what awaits me when I'm wished good luck about my move to my hometown where I will renew ties with my family and reignite my entry into the workforce and society again. I will need time to acclimate myself, but once I'm settled I'd like to see what Mental Health Services can do for me in regards in promoting some kind of employment and allowing me to have access to the economy of people and activity. Part of my paranoia makes me think I'll have to explain everything when I am not in the mind state of possessing that kind of

knowledge for all my actions, which await their transcription in my novel, which is making way well. I still think I will be audited one last time by Katie and given an opportunity to win her over to me, but this is utter lack of lucidity, isn't it? In any case I hate being told good luck, but to respond to such remarks I merely say if it wasn't for good luck I wouldn't have any luck at all.

In five days I meet my Mom and brother Nick to move. It will be a nice ride home with my stuff in an attached trailer to the truck rented. I am grateful for this opportunity given me by my family to renew myself. In any case, however, I hate harboring fears of destruction and loss and death. I would like to overcome those negative thoughts and feel safe and sound. I want to be involved. Only, though, I don't know if there is a romantic life available for me, anymore. I lost the one whom I felt was perfect and better than me and didn't know how to trust myself in being loved and can't see anyone matching the qualities I so admired in her and in the story that unraveled there. But that is gone. What emerges on those ashes, though? Can I become anything new for anyone again? I don't think I want children, though. It is enough for me to be an Uncle. I don't know why it is such a penultimate task for women to be mothers or degrade themselves in unhealthy activities for which precludes them from being mothers.

I'm looking forward to renewing my running once I move south. It's been a while since I've ran and I'm sure I've gained weight and I hate my body and really want to work on attaining a pleasing physique, if for no other reason than to wear the clothes I aesthetically am attracted to, which usually caters to a slim physique. I have third trimester right now, and it is a beast.

03/19/20

EVENING

I have successfully moved home and have had fears dispelled, yet I still harbor the thought that all are arranged in conversation with me. In any case I am happy to be home and my Mother has set me up with first rate care. I need to work on being comfortable and open and present with my family. It will take time to develop this, but I look forward to the journey. Just today, however, my little niece Rylee had developed a rash and has put everyone in a scare and I hope it is not serious and that the counter measures the doctor ordered will suffice to suppress the outbreak. I sincerely hope it wasn't my stuffed animals and baby blanket I brought home were the cause. I'd feel so outraged at myself if it were.

I have to call North Inland Mental Health soon to verify their operating hours. The corona virus has everyone hyped on hysteria and social distancing has taken full swing.

I will engage in writing more soon and want to start brainstorming my first film, The Occult. I want to play with time and follow the Ancient Greeks by beginning in the middle of things. I want it to be mysterious and magical. I want to awake every morning at five and read, practice the piano and study musical theory before the day starts with my nieces and write in the evening and/or the afternoon when my nieces sleep.

I'm really excited about the books I'm going to be reading and have just come from reading some now, particularly Gertrude and On the Genealogy of Morals. With the latter, if morality is exploitation and the right of the strong how do we account for the conscience, is bad conscience just a symptom of perversion at the behest of the populace? I don't know how to feel about exploitation. I am feeling as though it is a source of narcissism and a product of bad morality. Not one of agreeable intentions. I am happy to be home, in any case. Just the other day my family celebrated my older brother's 38th birthday and it was a joy to see him happy and sharing play time with my nieces. He has grown a lot as a human being and am looking forward to spending time with him.

The early morning hours must not go to waste. Also, I must eventually look for employment to complement my subsidy. And I want to start running again. I'm beginning to enter my own and am happy my family is back in my life, however, I feel as though my Dad has estranged himself from us for good. His negativity and his inability to rescind it has alienated him from his children and grandchildren. It's too bad.

03/27/20

EVENING

I'm still adjusting in my new life and accommodating my lifestyle with work in affordable periods of the day. I'm trying to rise early in the morning so as to accomplish my tasks, but I'm too lethargic. I will need to exercise, so as to accumulate strength and energy. Will resume my runs this Sunday.

I am beset with perceptive vacancy. Just today I feel as though I was led astray as to the mechanical devices that were supposed to be in my brother Nick's car. The event went as follows: he mentioned something in his back compartment and nearly half an hour later when he opened the back hatch I failed to recognize its non-existence. It's as though my mind accepts everything in words, but then fails to apprehend it in perception or representation, at least not until I am alone and am able to digest and process my experience in safety, is it? I lament the troubles my brother Nick suffers in his little bouts of difference with his fiancé and the indulgence he grants himself with intoxications. I want to see my family prosper and I want to prosper as well. I am making some headway in music, with my practicing at the piano and developing sight reading skills, however, when it comes to theory I fear there is a lacking of understanding. I am given examples in the literature I read with very brisk information on how it all works. The language of music is not afforded a proper teaching and so I lament my frustrations. Also, I haven't been able to set aside time to write in my novel Dream Thinking, yet I have been brainstorming the next piece. Nearing the end of Through an Existential Window of Shame. I focus so much on my personal awakening, though, that nearly so much else is lost in my life. Talking with Nick I seem to have misplaced experiences that occurred. This was necessary, though, for I needed to pull myself by the hair out of nothingness and work on developing a new epoch of person. And I will need to develop another epoch of person, soon too. It is difficult to do, though, when I focus on my novel Dream Thinking while simultaneously exerting a new me with my family and the society of my hometown, which is another display of a new epoch.

I haven't talked to my Dad, for which my brother Nick inquired and I think things will dissolve between us. Nick and Ryan have fonder memories with him than I do, where they were given a freer reign while I had to endure a life of strict adherence to the total control of my Dad. And then he grants himself privileges that are not justified, such as his thinking that he can hatefully display an attitude of violence whether in words, actions, emotions or financially because he is a patriarch. It is not an attitude I support or condone and it might have to just be admitted that he isn't going to be a part of my life anymore. I feel ashamed at myself for mentioning to Nick the thought I had about the serendipity of Mother's Day and my Dad's Birthday on the same day lending itself nicely to a visit to Oma and Aunt Sabine, but then that would be a terrible transgression against the love I have for my Mother and the desire to grow into her life again. But it was a thought that spun into my mind some days ago, for which I shut down with the realization that I'd rather be with my Mom, Stacey, my nieces, and brothers. Some of my thoughts really traverse all the manners of the sea.

03/21/20

AFTERNOON

I had a great day with my Mom yesterday running a few errands and hanging out with each other. Had a great dinner and then watched a movie with my Mom and Ricky. Is it better for art to ease history with a story that revalues the events to make the past feel less horrid. So it was that Once Upon a Time in Hollywood rewrote the murder of Sharon Tate and made good prevail, thereby making it easier for us to revisit the event and feel transcended into a better time.

I'm still working on my schedule. I was up till about one one thirty in the morning and woke up today at about ten thirty. It takes a lot of chewing of the cud before I am able to exert an activity. It's frustrating how much I suffer from inertia. I get paid in a few days and I am anxiously awaiting the opportunity to purchase some things to complete my set up in my room. A few blu-ray dvds and a blu-ray DVD player and some other essentials for my bedroom, which need not mention.

I am terribly overweight and I'm trying to exercise and eat healthy. I need to tone down on the cereal, but otherwise I've had a good diet. Went on a run on Sunday and should go out today, but I think I'll skip the exercise today and run or walk with my Mom on Thursday. The route is gruesome, one hell of a steep incline hill followed by a smaller sibling almost right after the bigger sibling is overtaken. My pace is almost that of a total walk.

I don't know when I'll resume my Dream Thinking, but I am letting the event fester in me. Soon, I just don't know when it will be an agreeable time to write. I wish I could read voraciously every day, but I'm not able to hold my focus everyday and am only able to read a lot and then recuperate.

04/06/20

DEAD OF NIGHT

I've been sleeping a lot lately, as though I needed a vast slumber in order to accomplish my goals. In any case, I want to start exerting energy into the things I want to accomplish. Just now, however, I awoke from my sleep, which began around nine or ten and then all in order to satisfy my lust. It pains me that I am so attached to the disgust with self-gratification in porn and that I can't transcend it completely at one go without relapse, here in my new epoch, like I had wanted to. It is strange that whenever I go out in public I feel that they are all aware of me and watch me so as to extract something from me. I awoke tonight at almost two in the morning with curiosity. What if I stroke it a little bit? What would happen? Could I stop? And now I realize that it is something I no longer want to indulge in.

Reading is lagging. There are some days where I read a lot and then I need to recuperate from so much reading. And some of the books, especially Thomas Mann are slow and a bit boring. Doctor Faustus lacks events and a proper drama. Adrien has little first person action and everything is viewed as from the friend, who has no interest to us as the reader. Magic Mountain is a better book. But the romance is distant and slow to draw itself up. We aren't given the passion enough and the discourses, though interesting, are as though they mean very little, just a matter of passing time. After saying this, I hope I'm not a similar victim with my Dream Thinking. I am reading *Either//Or* and I absolutely love it. Probably Kierkegaard's best work and most accessible.

I'm reading *Dune* and it is really good. Such beautiful fiction and pleasure in the make believe.

The Covid19 pandemic is gearing up and I hope my family will come out unscathed. It makes me want to read *Love in the Time of Cholera*, which I have, but am saving when I reach the romance reading list.

I really don't know what I want out of society. In a week I have a telephone interview for my Mental Health assessment and it is to be two hours long, approximately. It's amazing how much work is involved in being mentally ill.

I really want to work on being clean and getting fit so as to achieve my ideal body. In May I want to join a gym, although how to get myself there remains something to be addressed. I don't feel like it is very wise to be biking around here. I want to join Planet Fitness or some other nearby gym. And I don't want to be going there while it's busy. How wonderful it would be to remain unseen, but immersed deeply into the spirit of aesthetics. But one cannot have art without the experience that rises up to that art. That's why its difficult for me as I compose my *Dance in G major*, where I'll reach the De Cappel region and must understand myself as a renewing attempt at something. Is it romance? Or is it the person of my romance? What will remain constant? My lust for Katie transcended into the realm of art where in *Dream Time* I chase her in the dream or is my romance constant where I renew myself with a better and more enlightened character. *Dream Time* is about having lost your love and finding it in the Dream where she has become the ghost and culture attempts to rob you of her in your dream and construction of your ego. Although, the ghost was the woman of my childhood and then thought to have been Katie in Davis. And now, she is the tempter of my literature, as far as what she means to me in my personal experience. But reaching out to her is over.

I'm nearing the completion of *Through an Existential Window of Shame* and am happy to be finishing up on this stage. I surprise myself with such disgust. I just cannot get over how mad I allowed myself to be driven.

i'm now going to have a cup of coffee and read.

04/18/20

EARLY EVENING

I am devising a schedule. To write in my novel *Dream Thinking* on Thursdays, Friday's and Saturday's and play music Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. I am to read music theory in the morning before playing. Also, I will need to start reading the news more. I relapsed with nicotine for a week and am now renewing my efforts to eradicate nicotine from my body and am no longer drinking coffee. I still feel lethargic almost all the time. It is because of my body's withdrawal from stimulating narcotics. I will still drink tea with caffeine, however.

Our family friend, Jack Henry, has contacted me and invited me to photograph with him. We are schedule to make a trip to Julian this coming weekend and I am excited about it. He will be providing me with a film camera, the Miyama Sekor 500tl. I will also bring my Pentax and some things for props. I want to explore possible scenes with my Occult project.

I'm reading Either/Or and it seems to me the plight of love is that there has been little availability with renewal. Elvira's sorrow is the result of the stagnation of society. Without renewal and transplantation there is no hope from despair. And so there is hatred, suicide and sorrow. It amazes me how love envelops one and if I could only analyze myself deeper. This will need to unravel in my Dream Thinking. Nearing the end of Through an Existential Window of Shame and it has exhausted me for a while now.

04/19/20

EVENING

I was unable to do anything today, well, nearly. I worked out the bass pattern to 1 in the Occult and failed to go much further. I tried to watch a movie with my family and suffered the ignition of paranoia. The remarks in the film about certain personages only having seven days to put to order their affairs caused too much stimulation in self-reflection and the fear that I will only have seven days to accomplish my tasks and then the end of me will hammer down on me. I smoked six cigarettes today and hate myself for it. I hate nicotine and tobacco, yet I am powerless over it. It will require a tremendous strength to overcome this addiction and I will hopefully find the power to achieve abstinence from it.

I want to purchase some walking canes for my mom and I and start walking about every day with my Mom, when she's available and all the other days by myself when she is obligated to work. I am really excited about the next few weeks as I will be receiving 1,200 dollars from the U.S. Treasury as a stimulus payment to ignite the dormant economy of the States during this pandemic we are suffering, which has us ordered indoors and has minimized business operations. I want to save two hundred dollars and treat myself to goods to comfort myself and enhance my possessions. When I near the end of my current repayments of a debt I will enlist in another repayment plan of another debt. I originally wanted to pay off one of my debts in one go, but I want to seize this opportunity to indulge. I might buy another lens for my camera and most definitely the Nintendo Switch and some other things such as movies, music, and what things I can't seem to recall at the moment. It's all arranged on my web browser. I count down the days. I really am excited.

I felt really good today when I lethargically participated in the removal of some shelves in the laundry room with my whole family and it made me certain that I made the right decision to come home. If only I can be productive at the right time, though. But I think I'm going to have Sunday's be my lazy day. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday music and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday literature. Some involvement with the community through employment or volunteer exertions will be maneuvered around this.

Tomorrow or the next day we find out about Stacey's health in regards to her possible attack of cancer cells in her body for which she underwent surgery earlier this week and I hope to the best of humanity that she be cured of the growth in her. And now I'm going to turn in.

04/21/20

EVENING

I haven't been able to achieve the productivity I had wanted to achieve. I have accomplished nothing, except the abstinence of some cigarettes; but then I self-gratified my sex. I couldn't help it, I was laying in bed and my body expelled itself of the pain from the thirst it was suffering. But enough of that.

I need to reframe my schedule of activity. I will need to practice the piano every day and I will need to read every day and I'll write when I can explode from the festering of energy.

It is amazing how difficult it feels to be a single unit here. It's because I am with my family in a communal relationship and it's different from when I lived alone and was able to avoid human interaction to some degree. But I do love being here with my family. I went shopping with my Mom today and ate a delicious salmon dinner and was able to contribute to the purchase of the food with my CalFresh grant. I will soon be getting my stimulus check of 1,200 and will buy a 35 mm lens for my camera at about 500 and then buy some Blu-ray/dvd anime's and one or two records. In addition I will also purchase some walking cane's for my Mom and I. I don't know if I'm going to get the switch lite. I have so many video games on my 3ds that I should play and finish before I invest in another system. But then I say to myself that I could get the switch lite and then only one game and not anymore games until I beat the one's I'm working at. I would love to have about a hundred or so dollars remaining to start my savings account.

It's amazing how boring and annoying my diary must be, at this point. I starve for transcendence and need to accomplish the development of my sublimated spirit. It's so hard to criticize the world when one is afraid of being their judge. Perhaps that's why fiction is so popular. My diary is also immensely mundane, but it's only for me and those close to me who will inherit it at my death. And that consoles me.

But in any case, I want to start focusing on more meaningful things in this world. It hurts that the books that I'm reading are not thoroughly inspiring. They are slow and distant. Not much in it is uplifting.

04/23/20

MORNING

It's been an eventful thirty hours, as my buddy Koda, the husky that sleeps on my bed, went missing all of last night only to have been found by a very distant neighbor and returned to us through the efforts of another neighbor, who sent out a block e-mail chain notifying the missing loved one. And then this morning my Mom fell and fears she had broken her ankle. I hope it's not severe to that degree and that it is, like with my wrist when I fell off my bike, just a strain and hopefully not a severe one. My wrist ached badly and made me think it was broken, but my Mom isn't crying out in pain, which is a good sign and is probably, just like me, scared at the severe soreness. In any case, too much excitement for me.

05/01/20

EVENING

One must have the patience to exert the self. And lately I haven't had any patience. Everything is so toilsome. I just sit and smoke and smoke, but today I am making the effort to start my true quit day.

I have about twenty books that I'm reading right now. And two video games that I'm playing. I am eagerly awaiting my Economic Stimulus Payment for which I'll purchase a 35 mm lens and some things from Amazon and then endorse into my savings account about two hundred and leave available in my checking account another hundred. I need to start paying off my debt and improving my credit.

I'm expecting speakers for my synth station on Sunday or Monday and am very excited about it. Hopefully I can start to play music more thoroughly and envisage into concrete material The Occult.

My Mom is too good to me, gave me a hundred dollars for my Birthday and had a nice celebration with her, Ricky and my two nieces. It was a very pleasant day and then again on Sunday I will feast with my brother Nick and his fiancé and their two daughters, my nieces. Two celebratory days with them. I love them very much, despite the energy they drain from me. I want to encounter a peaceful, focused and working self. I want to be engaged. I also want to start exercising. Sundays and Wednesdays are for walking and Mondays and Fridays are for running. Will start this routine this Sunday. Once my Mom heals from her sprained ankle (thank fortune that it didn't break) she'll join me on my walks.

Everything is pleasant down here, I just need to adjust to productivity in the time frame that I have it. I need to work when it is available instead of working at any leisure time for when I was on my own, for then I had only myself to address. This particularity of living and acquiescing to loved ones is new to me and is requiring adjustment. One must devote time to them and time to oneself and when I have time to myself I must force myself to exert activity.

05/09/20

AFTERNOON

Had a small relapse with the vape after going five days without any tobacco or vape. I need to fortify myself and hammer down on my dedication to quit. It's been a while since I've written in anything besides my diary and will write soon in my Dream Thinking and in my Notebook of a Wanderer. I've decided that I'm going to read from four books a day every day and work on my music as well. My Mom has asked if I'd help watch my nieces as she is planning on revising her schedule so as not to have to work all weekend. I see that she may want to have a day to herself without having to watch the children or having to work. Which is good, because it can be tiring all that she does.

Mother's Day is tomorrow and I've written something for my Mom and Stacey and plan on giving Stacey my Nord 2 vape device, which comes in the mail today. I need to start exercising so as to instill energy in my body and continue to eat healthy. I eat a lot of processed vegan foods that are meant to invigorate the body with protein, however, I want to also to start eating foods that I prepare, such as rice and lentils with sautéed ingredients. Also potatoes. Yum. Anyways, I want to start delving into my work more and I want to play my Switch, which my brother Ricky bought me and I am extremely grateful. My

family has been really good to me. I can't wait to develop myself. On Monday I have to call Yolo county to speak to a MediCal liaison about transferring my benefits down here in San Diego county. All this red tape is tiresome. I feel really good right now, that I can indeed quit tobacco and nicotine. This morning I was just too exorbitantly tempted and I fell into that temptation to reach for my Juul. Let's eradicate this habit!

05/11/20

AFTERNOON

Mother's Day yesterday was really nice. My brother Ricky cooked a great Spanish meal with bean dip and carne aside and I had a vegetable sautéed mix. I'm feeling really determined to quit nicotine and after relapsing with my new vape device today I have resumed my patches. I am going to do my best to make the days we don't have the girls as creative production days with writing and music and work on reading and practicing the piano during the down time I have when we have the girls over and for when they leave before dinner and a movie with Mom and Ricky. This transition to being communal is taking some getting used to. It reminds me of my time with Elliot street and Homestead. Of course those weren't my best communal days, as when I lived with Mateusz, Jon and Albie, but the notion is the same. Doing things with others is taking some getting used to, but I still have plenty of time to myself. Only I am finding it hard to transition from interacting into individual activity. I want to start running more and playing more video games as well. I have so many great video games to play and I have some great anime and a few good movies to watch. I have the 1984 Dune movie and I'm reading the series. I want to finish the first book in the series before I watch the movie, though.

I haven't called Laurie yet and I need to do that. I feel bad its taken so long. And I need to call Yolo County Health and Human Services to speak to a MediCal liaison. All this red tape with health care and benefit details is so tiring. It's gruesome, really. I'm set to read A People's History of the United States and am eagerly excited about it. It's supposed to be a good books and will help level my aristocratic thinking and influence. It's so now to care about silenced voices that I hope I don't seem artificial. In any case I'd like to know what the historical sense is with many millennials. And not that it is only focused on silenced voices. I want to return to that state I had when I was living at Homestead in A1 where I was exercising vigorously, smoke free and inspired and working on my tasks. That's what I miss about Davis. It had such a strong sense of belonging for me. West Sacramento and Woodland did not. However, here so far it is promising. I'm eager to see what I can accomplish in Escondido. I want to ride my bike to and from some kind of part time employment. I want to meet people and have a social life and get out at will. I know none of this will happen soon, because of the quarantine with the Covid19 and I feel many people are feeling what I have felt through the majority of my mental health status. Namely the existence in Woodland and West Sacramento. Davis was experienced as a college student, a worker and as a disabled person. In all cases it was thoroughly enjoyable. I miss that town a lot and want to transfer those characteristics to here. I've been brainstorming the following sentences to Through an Existential Window of Shame and it will flow out of me soon.

05/16/20

AFTERNOON

I was inspired by the moment and, therefore, wrote in my Dream Thinking and am nearing the completion of Through an Existential Window of Shame. Despite the accomplishment I am waking up late and sleeping early. No doubt I am depressed and feel little agency among myself. I rarely venture outside on my own and had the previous night wanted to excavate myself out of the house and into the streets for some photography and exercise. But I woke up at eleven and felt over burden with despair at no particular thing. Nevertheless, I am vexed at having not received my stimulus payment yet. It really does seem as though there is a hidden hand out there to disquiet my comfort. I am always last in the state of things. My friend Alcibiades received his stimulus and it made me feel that that was so typical. Everything is always handed to him and how easy it is for him to account for that.

I'm investigating political philosophy and it strikes me with wonder at how we arrive at political rights. What are they derived from? It has to be experience and very few have an intellectual conscience of the political attached to their experience of political virtue. That is why politics is such a nasty affair. And it is more and more becoming the mere administration of finance. Yes there is the outcry of rights

and offenses against liberty and person, but that is mostly used as a weapon for demoting a figure in public to a lesser stature or even to imprison him and win a note of distinction for said cause.

LATER

If thinking is the work of mysterious instinct then how can we think politically and determine the correct administration of power, activity, and the arrangement of wealth.

I hopefully smoked my last cigarette and determined myself on a path of exercising strength. I want to get out more. I want to wake up at seven in the morning, have my tea, read the news (so as to communicate with the public—much to my distaste) and go for a walk where I intend to take pictures of my surroundings and get acquainted with the functions of photography.. i want to play music more, as well. When I return from my walk and bathe myself, followed by the application of a nicotine patch I am to practice music.

I am eager to move onto newer books, but i must exercise patience and finish the one's I have been trudging away on.

05/28/20

DEAD OF NIGHT

I put to immediate end my distasteful habits today. I have been reverberating between clean and dirty for far too long and I desire a kind of ascetic lifestyle. I don't know who I quite am in my morality, whether I be beast or priest, and there is a little something common to each of them. The beast and priest both share strong wills, but one usually succumbs to abuses from the other, while the other is quick in striking back with a moral compass the other doesn't have. I fear I am the priest and it needs to be my duty to build a bridge between moral disquietude and bourgeoisie comfort. I am withdrawing from certain ambitions in life, such as those most commonly associated with bourgeoisie comfort, while yet maintaining a relative place in that bourgeoisie comfort, for while i myself won't make a family I will stake my claim in my family and thereby participate in a family life.

I'm excited to expand myself. I'd really like to see myself complete my novel Dream Thinking within the next three years and have a musical film completed by that time, as well. Also, I want to accomplish the cessation of my bad habits, namely smoking and self-gratification. These two habits are so painstakingly dwelt upon that it bores and irritates to speak of them as much as I do. The exercise of sensation is such a prominent part of life and we are so caught up in the propriety of it that we have made ourselves the slaves of a required culture that demands obedience in order to fulfill those sensations' desires. How is my font?

06/05/20

AFTERNOON

I finally finished Through an Existential Window of Shame and am relieved. I'm on my fifth day without smoking, but succumbed to self-gratification. I am trying to explore this perplexity of love and sex. How am I going to find myself in the world, what will I make myself? Will I overcome Katherine? When I finished up On the Genealogy of Morals I felt a sense of renewal. Of strength awakening in me. Of excitement for completing projects and brainstorming future projects. I don't know if I'm a priest and I suffer from the will to nothingness, most certainly.

I filed an application for the housing choice voucher in San Diego county and am now on the waitlist for said application. I want to move to a city in about three to five years, however, if I find that I have grown too attached to my family, which is what I foresee, then I may forfeit the voucher. However, my Mom has been considering moving to Georgia in a town just outside of Atlanta and if so, then I may accept the voucher and port to Atlanta. Then my family would have a port for which to shuttle in when they visit the city. But I don't know. I keep dreaming about moving to Portland, but I don't think that would be wise. Another option is Boise.

I need to work on capturing my thoughts on concrete things for which I engage in when I read, rather than accepting the banal. It perturbs me that my transcendent thinking eludes me.

0612/20

EVENING

It's amazing how alienated I am from the world, that nothing which transpires in the world reaches me. I feel my novel is distant, too. That it will find little impact in the market of voices taking shape today. And I encounter the world through distant media's. That nothing is participated. Only my family life and my individual life. I tried to look for meet ups for writers in the area and couldn't find any, but not to any surprise, given this lockdown. I hope I can find a community of creators here. I have a fellow photographer in Jack and I enjoy his company and hope to go on some trips with him.

I'm reading A People's History of the United States and Livy and Hegel's Reason in History and I want to make connections between them. It's peculiar how long it has taken for history to forgive, or rather it is still forgiving. But how do we inherit this history? How is history a part of us? I came into this world with no stake in the past, but am told that that past has erected me and witnessed the destruction of

others, and I agree. Only, the good existentialist in me feels foreign to the past, that I recognize it, but can't account for it. I see what's being done today to BLM and it's true that the identity of some are in tune with oppressive behaviors and a logic that justifies their racism, which also lies about its racism. I don't have an identity, I feel. I feel as though I have been left behind and allowed to lose my passion in life. I'm 37. God that feels terrible. I'm fat and I live with my original family. Prospects for a lover are zero. The philosophical accounting of love is zero. I don't feel attached to anything, though I'm trying to lay a foundation with my family. The hierarchy of goods in life are unaccountable. I do not know which is good nor which is bad. I don't know what to hope for nor what to work for. The possibility of passions are not within the scope of my understanding. I don't even know what I am working for, or whether I have the strength to develop it. Sometimes I feel as though I've surrendered to something. In other's that I need patience and perseverance to finish my novel Dream Thinking and work on my understanding of music and read to keep me sharp and informed of the ideas of humanity. It's amazing how much power I concede to the history of ideas than to the condition of humanity in that history. Why do those ideas transcend the condition of humanity.

Foma and Werther are going to have a discussion on Aristocracy and the political condition of post-modernity. Foma would often remark about who chooses the aristocracy and Werther always responded that they choose themselves. Political conditions are for combat, however, today it seems as though its all by reputation and money. And really reputation depends by how often one is able to emerge into the public's awareness on a grand scale and not really anything by character. And to emerge on a grand scale often money is required.

06/19/20

EARLY EVENING

I have to let my thoughts ferment to severity before I am able to write. I've been speculating my next phase of A Dance in G Major. Namely, now, the sickness. There is, I think a parallel between the spirit when it acts sickly and then the body's response of it. Or at least that is how I am defining this odd sickness my body endured shortly after my incident with Lyndsey and how I punished myself by continually smoking cigarettes even when my body found them to be revolting. I don't want to sound like a scientist though. No matter though. I'm trying to decide on which days and what time during the day would be most profitable for setting aside for writing. I am torn asunder with spending time with my nieces, starting meals with my family and then spending time with my family and having moments of decompression for myself where I spend time maneuvering the objects of nothingness to hearts content. And then for reading and playing video games which enrich and patch up my spirits.

I've been reading some good things, namely, Nietzsche, Marx, Bolano, Hesse, Dune, History and some music theory. Beginning tomorrow I will awake at seven in the morning and set to work. Music theory in the morning, followed by playing music, followed then by some writing and reading throughout the rest of the day with video games and t.v. to intermission said activities. I want to be more productive and involved in my spiritual treasures. It won't be long now before I start to work a little. By the end of summer or mid autumn I'll probably have a part time job. I want to get out more too and read and take pictures of the world around me.

06/25/20

AFTERNOON

Every writer has a peculiarity regarding the manner in which they write, their mode or method of writing. For me, it is slow with a high boiling point and a kind of severe brooding over language and the experience that gets digested and then expelled into that language. It is a mode of digestion. I like to inhale the experience and then excrete it slowly out into language. I like style and syntax. A poetry of prose. None of this lazy post-modern style that is quick and too elegant for sentence structure. Nevertheless, I rarely edit that which I write. Or so far, I haven't. Tomorrow I hope to write in my Dream Thinking the chord of V, that which is The Food.

06/27/20

MORNING

I feel depressed because I haven't been able to be productive and work on my projects, save for playing the synthesizers a little yesterday. I have 20 books that I am reading right now with the hope of

completing about 18 of them by the end of summer. It is a sad fate of reading when one has invested a good amount of time into the book only to find that mid-to-late way through it it is uninspiring and fails to capture that innermost admiration we all have with a good literary accomplishment that makes its author treasured for generations. The books I allude to are Doctor Faustus, The Magic Mountain and The Tin Drum. The Tin Drum is at least mysterious and funny, but Doctor Faustus and The Magic Mountain are laborious, dry and fail in story. With The Magic Mountain I am at the Walpurgis Night, which has me interested in the scene, but I fear it will be a still born birth of the uncanny. Doctor Faustus is just straight boring with no depth regarding Adrian or the scenes of his experience in society.

I want to pick up the Divine Comedy, already and begin that wonderful journey and delve deeper into Dostoevsky and revisit Stendhal. Also, I have a collection of Greek plays. And I want to work my way through Shakespeare's history plays. I have so much to read, in addition!

I put myself on the waitlist for the housing choice voucher in North County San Diego and I don't know how to inform my Mother of this. I don't know if I want to move out, but I wanted to keep my options open, just in case I decide that I want to live alone again, or that I want to make the attempt to port out of California and into a city of another state. It's difficult to devise one's schedule so as to make time to share one another's company and I have grown too use to letting my time develop without any consideration for others. So I find that I am lethargic at some points of the day, which would be key to productive projects (being as how I would have that time to myself opposed to dinner and movie hour and play time with my Nieces allotted to other intervals of the day). All this arrangement of time in company with my family and then time to myself has me juggling with difficulty my ability to find time to simply space out and decompress and enjoy breathing and rest. The rest cure, if you will. Thank you Magic Mountain. In any case I hope to adjust in the coming months. And soon I'll have a job of some sort and will have to adjust to that as well. But with some labor I might find myself giving over to greater productivity, not wanting to lay waste to myself given the time I dispose of in the labor and relationship market. I'm hoping everything will develop nicely. I feel as though I've lost five years of time to unwise behavior. I let a lot of things slip from under me, I feel. But then again, I probably wrote 20 thousand words in my novel, increased my knowledge of music to the beginning level that it still is at and found a good combination of instruments to use for my work. I also completed some schooling, which enabled me to acquire a decent iPad and DSLR camera with two acceptable lenses. Not to mention I grew as an individual, or at least I hope I did. I feel I'm nicer now and not so mean and stuck up. But then, I still have a shyness about me, a kind that is reserved and distant and disdainful of approaching people in public.

06/28/20

EVENING

Today I rid myself of those bad habits that have plagued my diary. Verily, this has become a daily journal of shall and shall not and it is remarkable how many shall not's I shall do. I'm approaching the de capo of my Dance in G Major and it will be about renewal and beginning again. Everything is supposed to pass away and nothing is to be permanent. I am a continual attempter with nothing permanent.. I am destined and obsessed with the impermanent. I withhold because I have lost and I seek because I have a longing for possession. I am divorced from the inheritance of modern custom. And so I look forward to my developments.

I want to start going out with my camera and working on my Occult: A Dream School Film. I need to take notes of what I want it to represent. Right now I have very little idea of what it is to be.

Discovered the word Acedia yesterday and fell in love with it. It is something I totally suffer from. I want to begin exercising mental fortitude and occupations of the mind for transcendence and sublimation. I want to erase lust from my perspective. It's amazing how much thirst there is in the portrait of the world. How much we demand of our senses and their satisfaction in culture. It pervades everything.

I look forward to participating a little more in society with an earned income through minor employment. I am curious as to what kind of work is available through my mental health organization and what opportunity in experience it will present for me. I want to write, read and play music more than I do. I am such a sloth at times and I deserve to be disparaged. But I work at a peculiar pace, nevertheless. Today, for instance, I fiddled around with my synths and explored possibilities with my first song in The Occult. But enough of that.

It strikes me with wonder how one gets ensnared with habit and how that determines the aesthetic practice of one's personality in the arts. If one has a sensual circle does that indulge the character of one's art? When I find that I go in circles with my physical and material routine I mimic a circle in the exercise of my aesthetic works. For instance, I make attempts to rid myself of cigarettes and self-pleasure only to succumb to them at trigger episodes and then find that I return to certain characteristics in musical style after having decided against them. So I revolve in all manner of expression, physical and spiritual. And so, with this realization in readiness I will henceforth cleanse myself and develop and explore the sublimated expression of my physical and spiritual personality.

07/02/20

EVENING

Lost time weighs too heavily upon the spirit. With it we feel as though we lost the possession of happiness and fulfilled passions, which enervate us to the core. I feel as though I lost the time to progress and develop and now it feels as though it is all a waste of energy. I should have started what I am only now beginning over a decade ago. Everything about me is old and lost. Yet, there is consolation in that the tools I now possess were unthinkable at the time for which I was rescued into the system.

So, I really need to begin working with a passion and developing my aesthetic works. Literature, film, photography and music. I talk a lot about how I want to be involved in these pursuits, but I work in them with such sloth and laziness. I put too much time into brooding and not enough into work. It doesn't help that I am dedicated to finishing some of the uninspiring novels I invested in in order to gain an estimation of a part of literature that is renowned in the 20th century. But it behooves me that I feel as though I need to enhance myself beyond that which is merely identical to myself. It is not enough, perhaps, to merely expose ourselves to what identifies with our spirit, but to observe the landscapes of diversity. Nevertheless, it makes for lazy days where I'd rather brood than work or undertake the playfulness of video games or anime/films.

LATER

I wrote in my Dream Thinking and have thereby accomplished the completion of The Food and now only need In the Rain and De Capo to be completed. It amazes me how often I traverse the circle and fail to transcend. So, once again, today marks that beginning. And it will be started and I will find success. Being house ridden makes it difficult for me to feel connected to nature and the uplifting parts of the world, namely man in the world. I want to take pictures and play music and read and create, but I feel so exhausted all the time and want to brood and fester. I fear I don't eat well and that I am stuffing myself with ingredients of fat. I am terribly over weight and can't stand the condition my body's in. I will exercise more forcibly now, too.

07/03/20

EVENING

I feel quite depressed and empty. I've become nothing and sulk because I can't get out into town and mix and match my passions with my community. I want to establish a greater independence here and work on my projects, but lately I've been so lethargic and have consumed time so wastefully that I am overcome with despair over myself.

I did go for a walk today and just read some of Kierkegaard. His Either/.Or is a wonderful treat and I wish I would read more and not look upon it as such a chore, a disagreeable one at that, for which requires the energy that I don't have. It has been my habit to arrange my books into classes and read a particular class on a particular day and progress in this matter and I think that is what discourages me, for if I don't feel up to the class at hand I go the day without reading which festers up in me an enervated feeling of a lack of accomplishment and then I feel wasted away. Now I'm going to tackle my books by most agreeable and work on the mound that has piled up.

I fear my alienation will not be overcome and that I will go this life having missed out on everything. I've only been able to experience a little of a little and have been discarded over trivialities in my book, though there is indeed some calumny involved. But the devil take your etiquette. I only hope I can restart here and find an outlet for myself that will satisfy my thirst for life. In reading a letter of Flaubert to a friend he remarked how thankful he was that he could work eight to ten hours a day on his literature and not have to endure the pettiness of social life. I enjoy socializing to some degree, but I do treasure my solitude.

07/09/20

AFTERNOON

Some days are more productive than others and if I could only sustain that confidence that I am progressing and developing in the moments of idleness then I feel like I could escape this harrowing despair that overcomes me at these moments. I am slowly learning how to read music notation through playing songs and I am working on *The Sound of Silence*. It is slowly being learned and I will spend considerable time at it tomorrow. Today I want to watch anime and play video games. I received, today, though, a music notation journal, which I hope to sketch ideas and begin teaching myself composition.

It is very difficult to be house ridden, which I went from one house ridden scenario (West Sacramento) to another (Escondido), however, there are greater possibilities here in Escondido and I am grateful to be here. I've been exercising and accomplishing feats in reading writing and playing music. I've decided to put aside *The Occult: A Dream School Film* and work on *Songs of Sorrow*, which was originally my first project and am excited about this change of focus. I like reading music theory, despite not understanding it all to its fullest extent and only being able to put about a tenth of what I read to practice. It's a slow process that will occupy me for the rest of my life. I only wish I could have started sooner. Part of me thinks it would have been best to have forgone the fines for my felonies, so as to acquire my instruments and then pay off my felony fines through the course of my probation, instead of getting braces. Then I could have really developed at a more energetic phase of my life. Now, I'm despairing over a life wasted by poverty and alienation and bad counsel. It seems at every turn I made I was led into submission and surrender and exploitation. It infuriates me at how awful of a place America is and how difficult it has been for me to find happiness here. Everything here is contrary to my principle and lacks a fulfillment of my needs. I'm beginning to dismiss Katherine from my occupation and am focusing on a rebirth, nevertheless I want to utilize that obsession in my *Songs of Sorrow* and of course finish off my *Dream Thinking*, for which she plays a part in. But as to the direction of my life, it feels as though it is open to opportunity.

07/11/20

EARLY EVENING

Sometimes I entertain the action of throwing away my Thomas Mann's and Gunter Grass so as to move onto what seems to me more entertaining and fruitful books. I'm suffocating under 21 books to read with so many more waiting for me and I find it difficult to set myself to work, because I am adjusting to devote some of my time to my family and engaging in activities with them. I don't resent this, only it is an adjustment that is taking some getting used to. It's a schedule that I am unaccustomed to, previously left to live a life without any schedule or shall I say a kind of responsibility?

It is interesting to note that Plato felt music instilled a sort of way of thinking and a notion of emotion, but some moderns argue that music is not a vehicle for intellectual thoughts or emotive devices, that it is rather a mere science of sounds to be taken for its sonic representation and nothing more. I am uncertain where I stand on this. I remember my Dad saying to me about the music I indulged in that he didn't want to listen to this liberal crap and I had to tell him it is apolitical and not a property of political affiliation. But then when I encountered Ed Banger Records and delved deeper into electronica it felt as though I was discovering a liberal expression of the world, but this could be mere coincidence as it was I who was this liberal expression in the world as my person and its way of life. Nevertheless, certain musical styles accompany life's expression in the way it chooses to live.

I want my music to be rather science fiction and romantic. There is so much work I must undergo and I find myself sulking in not having the energy or complete time in of itself to focus on my work. But what needs to be done is to make adjustments and work when opportunity presents itself and leisure when time lends itself to that as well.

This Thursday and Friday I want to write in my *Dream Thinking* and get closer to the completion of *A Dance in G Major*. Only two more sections left. And then I can copy paste November and move on into life as a worker and then the parts with Brasidas and Alcibiades and then a shroom trip, which contains acts of writing and then I'll have to brainstorm the next development. There will be the parties at Theodote's and Katerina's where I meet Nikhil and where Brasidas gets asked to leave by Katerina and for which I instigate my friends' and my boycott by joining Brasidas and leaving the scene with him. There

will need to be the suishi scene with Theodote and my getting caught, etcetera etcetera. So much to go over. I don't want to over indulge myself.

With work there is always those who are asked to do the more difficult things while those others who conform are allowed to ease their way through the day. About me its always been said that I am a hard worker and what exacerbated me with work is that I always had to work hard for the lowest amount of pay and was given a life that failed to support itself with the work I did. No matter how genuine my efforts have been my work always tried to own me and dictate lifestyle and life conditions upon me. And it was unfortunate for me that I had to work so much at such a young age which neglected my ability to develop as a person and artist.

I want to start going out with my camera. So far I only go out to walk. But in three weeks I will have completed the patch program and will no longer resent the perspiration I undergo in this summer heat. I will be allowed to shower as many times as desired without having to preserve resources such as the number of patches at my disposal and if I want to sulk in sweatiness I can do that without worrying that a patch is finding itself to prove less effective being that perspiration dissolves its adhesive. I starting to feel better about things and am excited about entering life here in Escondido.

07/16/20

EVENING

I find it such an arduous task to sit down and read music theory, no doubt from my sans sufficiency of sight reading. And also the task of sitting down and learning how to play pieces. Verily, the biggest obstacle is beginning, once I've started the business isn't too gruesome and is even enjoyable; but to do this every day in and out with passion is taxing. I find myself succumbing to acedia and I don't know how long the spell will last. Hopefully with my now becoming better diet and exercise and tea drinking and the last remnants of nicotine in my body (just two more weeks and I finish the patches) I will be able to find myself working harder and more regularly. I want to return to that work ethic I had in Davis just prior to leaving for West Sacramento. I worked, watched anime, listened and played music and enjoyed life with bike rides, grocery shopping, and exercise. I want to enlist all this here and start participating in things in the community, like a job of some sorts and creative intercourse.

I don't know what my future has in store for me. Sometimes I entertain the notion of porting to Portland when and if I get section 8 here in Escondido and attempting decelerations to Katie. But maybe I really need to fend off this obsession. I don't know how to arrange myself. But I want to produce music and literature and film and photography. I have no idea what to have as a film for my music. I only have little sparks of images that come to mind at my brooding hours and I think such things as *that's good*.

07/17/20

AFTERNOON

The thing is to be excited about the process of work in learning a new skill. The toilsome redo's of an art are necessitated by the process of developing understanding and muscle memory. All of this will need to be inherited from the beginning of tomorrow, which I hope to be the first day of my new awakening. Of work and behavior of living, for verily, tomorrow I start step 3 of the patches and lay to rest my sexual sloth.

It is peculiar to me that I have found Katherine online in facebook and instagram, for which had been barred to me previously. I don't know what that means, though. It is also key to note that she spoke of her experience in the trials of love with another. I don't know if it is possible to heal and rebuild that bridge to her. I don't know what I want my future to be, if it's possible to find another to love or if its even possible to develop a relationship with another person, given my disability, sans ambition in the economy and the fact that I am tied to my Mom's place. But what I can do is learn music, finish my novel, enhance my intellect through reading, and engage in new literary pursuits. Also, I can try to find part time employment and seek creative spirits in Escondido. I can work on discipline in cleanliness and develop good habits. Exercise and work on eating healthy. I don't know why I am so depressed I have so much to look forward to. Hopefully I can overcome my obstacles and become someone I'd be proud to be. It's all about making yourself and defining your principles upon desire and reason and instituting that with habit and behavior and of course creativity. Everything is creative.

To come around to public discourse, my brother has had the habit of saying that it's not Black Lives Matter but that Black Criminal Lives Matter, which misses the point. For one, it's the media that is

cultivating the stories that some of the deaths of BLM have been from criminal apprehension and that they provoked the lethal action from the officers, but I like the conversation going in the direction it is with the defunding of the police, for we don't really need to be criminalizing behavior and actions, especially if they are non violent. All of this BLM victims have been the subject of non violent apprehension with police brutality going far beyond the bounds acceptable for a nation that prides itself on life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, which is only being supported for a few. And this conversation about people not wanting to go back to work. I don't think work is essential and that bullshit jobs should exist just so a few can profit off the labor of the many. So what if people are skeptical of returning to work or if they want more time to recuperate and stay safe and figure out what they really want to do. I know some businesses have been really hurt with this stay at home, but that because the government allowed businesses that could have abstained from bailouts to receive bailouts that were supposed to go to the lower tier family owned businesses. Capitalism is always making sure the rich remain rich and that the many remain exploited. Some people have great jobs and get paid, but they shouldn't declare their ambition and ability ought to be the standard by which the whole populace is to be judged. I'm not on the side of Weber (whole I actually haven't read, yet) of the work ethic of Protestants in the Capitalist self-made world. There's going to be many conversations between Foma and Werther about the economy and political institutions or at least a few to drive home these thoughts I've been having that haven't been able to express themselves fully, yet.

07/23/20

EVENING

It's hard to control the appetites and so you've guessed it I started smoking again. And then I put on two 7 mg patches so as to evade the cigarette and have enlisted the ambition to go three days with this method and then transcend to just one 7 mg patch.

And now I find it so interesting how literature has evolved through the ages, from Ancient Greek to post—modern literature. That literature has gone from speech to fluid flourishes of great descriptive power to broken havoc expressions of the hidden. And I want to try to enlist greater flourishes of descriptive scenery into my literature, only my mind doesn't perceive life like that. How did a Marquez or Stendhal observe a room on just a casual approach, one found in a lazy breeze as though one were walking through a room to bed to sleep. What emotions did such a thing elicit. What industry of the mind! And how lazy I am compared to their art! Oh if only I had greater industry, more patience and a harder lust for work.

07/27/20

EVENING

I'm going to let go of my obsession with Theodote, but i don't know what that means for my availability. Would love to exercise my sex drive and enjoy some escapades, but would also love to find an identical connection with someone that I find to be admirable. I've set low standards in the past and went with goats, but I don't want that anymore. If I find that I feel something for someone I want the courage and strength to make it known and ask for reciprocation. I don't know if I am akin to what has dominated love, that is the relationship closely associated with religious marriage. Well, I suppose even the pagans had marriage too. Basically, the institution of marriage and its mimicry in the dating scene doesn't agree with me. I much prefer all to be free and the moment and circumstance decide the elopement. I want to renew myself here, in Escondido.

I wish I understood music, I've put together a song and I don't know its quality or if I'm satisfied with it. I do know that it was what I discovered and fleshed out in a process. As I play more and study more I'll become better at discovering and fleshing out in a process.

Today I read two books, wrote a page in my novel and copied pasted a poem I had written for the part to come after the Dance in G Major (which is complete, now), exercised and played video games. I like rpjs jrpgs, and basketball games. I have a huge backlog of games to play and more games on the horizon, for which I am excited about getting. Sometimes I feel guilty that I indulge in video gaming, but it is part of my leisure.

I'm going to try and write thoughts when I am overcome with immense desire for cigarettes or sexual gratification. And i need to be more productive. My body has been adjusting after I started the patch on the 07/25 and I am adjusting to a routine that wants to see me rise earlier in the morning.

08/03/20

AFTERNOON

Something is wrong with me. I'm incredibly depressed. I sleep twelve hours and take a two to three hour nap after being up only a few hours. I am scorched with fatigue. I have little impulse to write, play music or go out (where would I even go, am I even allowed to go out). I feel my independence has been lost and don't know how to engage in my things, despite finding that I have time to do them. I lay and do nothing, listen to music, read merely a little, despite having twenty books to read. I don't know what's overcome me, I'm unmotivated. I hope to break this spell soon. Part of me wants to break down and smoke cigarettes, but I realize that would be to give into a hate of myself, to dislike my growth and improvement.

I've reshaped the song I put together and need to add another element to it. I don't quite know song structure or melody writing techniques. It's as if everything is done in the dark. I want to practice the piano more. I hate that I am so lethargic. My sister in law Leah is supposed to give me a haircut today when she returns from work. And that exhausts me, already.

My nieces are so funny though. They love to come into my room and put on my lip balm, jump on my bed, play my instruments and display happiness. I slept in so much today that I missed hanging out with them for the greater part of the morning. They spent the night last night and we gave them cookies to eat after they had some toast and they swallowed them down with joy. And then they passed out almost immediately afterwards. I realize, also, that I haven't been indulging in my tea, which dispels caffeine from my body and inspires fatigue, perhaps the fatigue I've been feeling. But in any case, the past two weeks or so I haven't been getting out of bed until at least eleven in the morning. I hate that I'm so tired all the time. Even if I do work I feel it will all be pointless, that nothing I do will be good enough or will find an audience and it will just meet with laughs, me the good comedian, but not the kind that is lauded.

08/04/20

AFTERNOON

Again I woke up in the early afternoon, at about 1:00 pm. I've realized that happiness just doesn't come to one, it must be willed. The dream is not gratuitous. I'm having some difficulty with my arrangement here. It feels as though I clean up after a lot of my family more than I'd like. And my youngest brother and his fiancé are practically slobs. My brother rarely flushes the toilet, even if it is a big dumperoni. Every morning, if I'm not careful to flush the toilet before lifting the lid, I am infused with his shit. The bathroom is a laundry hamper, also. Moreover, they create garbage that they never take out, create dishes that they never clean and I'm at the center of what needs to be done if it's not done by my Mom, who works or my brother, who also works and only does the kitchen on the nights that my Mom works, although not the case last night.

I feel like I've wasted my day and now that the day is wasted I feel like it is pointless to do anything. I'm having a hard time self-propelling myself into occupation, although yesterday I played with my synths and realized how much I suck and it frustrates me that I want to be a musician, but I lack all the time to develop. But, you know, there are so many musicians out there. What does it matter if I'm left in complete obscurity, unless I find my style and ability to be self-sufficient. My friend Jon is always talking about sales on paintings and it feels as though he is more concerned with the profit and fame of art than art itself. Even though I entertain grand ambitions and rewards for the literature I hope to create, it is still done in the dark and alone. I hope to encourage myself to accomplish my goals and to invigorate my productivity. I need to stop feeling so sorry for myself. I am inculcated with a sentiment of despair that lingers and enervates my will.

08/05/20

EVENING

Sex creates culture and in ours we have lost the propriety of designating relationships that have held sway for millennia. Even in reading Doctor Faustus and encountering the procedure of how one had to court a woman and win approval of the family members I see that we have enervated social ties to such an extreme case that societal functions have wax and waned to enervate certain occupations. Nevertheless, there is still ambition in the economic sphere, so as to enhance one's cultural value, but

organizational offices of a city and members of a group are so fluid and in flux that it is hard to validate solidarity.

It outrages me how relaxed our political environment has been when it has come to the accommodation to the economic burden of its citizens in this second wave of the pandemic and its waning benefits from the first installment in stimulating the economy. Now the Senate is going to go on a month long break with all of their benefits secured for themselves and their associates, while the laymen of this country fiddle with who is and will benefit them the most, so as to win their vote in November. It's as if Republicans want to secure a package that will show them to be the salvation of the moment. A stall is most advantageous for them. A rushed flowering package would have favored Democrats, while a conservative, albeit sufficient, package arranged around November's vote will show advantage to Republicans with voters who have short term political memory. Voters will be seized with whoever seems to be the culprit of accomplishing the economic package. Accounting of course that voters still vote with their wallet.

i'm on part 6 of Dream Thinking. I will need to meditate its next unraveling score. Like music writing a book is also a discovery, though it demands a stricter adherence to causality and the functions of some kind of descriptive logical cohesiveness. Music is allowed to transcend barriers of cohesion and have flares of eruptive passion. In both I am still an amateur of form, but I hope to rectify that in the coming years. It is truly tragic how old i had to become in order to obtain the devices to create my work and how much time is still required for me to develop before my work can be worked on.

i had a good day today. My Mom took me to my vision appointment where I was fitted out with a pair of corrective lenses, however, I fear that I was sabotaged by my vision care provider, because it seemed as though she gave up on my examination by not having me run through the full lens experiment that would dictate the lens' corrective character. My mask kept on fogging up the lens dials that were meant to show how much power was required in my lens for correction of vision. And so, therefore, I think my Doctor decided to end the examination prematurely, which sucks because I am going to be very disappointed if the lenses fail to enhance my vision as needed. Despite this, however, I loved the glasses I selected. A pair of Oakley's that are somewhat transparent in frame color, a clear kind of color. I'm afraid my glasses will be swapped with something i didn't pick so as to test my vision memory, which is really weak and which makes me think that is why descriptive language often fails to find its way into my writing style. English is a descriptive literature where as French and German, as attested through translations, are inner and psychologically powered. Although, I am amazed at Marquez' diction in Love in the Time of Cholera.

08/06/20

AFTERNOON

I feel like my time doesn't belong to myself. I have a hard time arranging productivity in my projects and find difficulty in arising in the day. I sleep far too much. I go to bed early in the hopes that I'll awake early to get some work done, but then sleep in till the late morning early afternoon only to find a despair that I've wasted time, because I have to go to bed early in order to get up early to do what I failed to do that very day. It is hard adjusting to community. I find a stagnation in my work, because i don't know how to arrange my efforts in a productive schedule. Just now I was suffocating with an immense desire to smoke a cigarette and my brother Ricky helped talk me out of it. Self-infliction is such a characteristic of my sprit that it is hard to improve myself. I feel depressed over the quality of my work, which keeps me in bed and prevents me from working on improving my skills so as to attain a proficiency that is enduring. Will read very shortly. I am exasperated over the ugliness of my body and how overweight I am, despite the exercising that I've been doing. I need to work on eating healthier. I eat way too much cereal, peanut butter and I don't know what else, because I am a tunnel visionary hungry hippo.

08/06/20

AFTERNOON

I'm trying to be a cleaner, more spiritual and productive person. Overcoming my bad habits and sustaining activity and spiritual cleanness is difficult when one gives into boredom seeking an outlet. If only I could go outside more. But with these patches I'm only allowed the use of two a day and one patch usually only lasts about ten to twelve hours if under cool temperatures.

I have no idea what my Occult is going to be. What magic exists for one in a city. I'd like to read strange things and fairy and magical tales, so as to enliven my imagination for the Occult. I want to film in mostly black and white and only use color to emphasize a point of magic for an item or scene.

I'm trying to be productive and will contentment, but I'm overcome with fatigue and impatience. Today I practiced The Sound of Silence and played my synths and worked out yet again the scheme for my first song in The Occult: An Introduction to Dream School. I know I'm going to be pleased with reading the Divine Comedy and I want to pick up Shakespeare as well. I think I'm going to make an effort to read one Shakespeare play a weekend. I need to control what I eat. I weigh two hundred and eight pounds and I look terrible. I feel so lazy and fatigued today, though and, therefore, that is why I won't exercise today. But I'll have Friday to walk and then I think I'm going to walk Monday's, Wednesday's and Friday's. It's time to will my creativity.

08/07/20

EVENING

I need to be more committed to my work. Today I spent the greater part of the afternoon playing video games, which felt great and is okay but then tomorrow I need to awake early and practice the piano and my synths. I'm realizing my first song more and more every go around at the synth. I don't know if it's good, though. It's experimental with its noise and it has a mood of the uncanny to it, but otherwise it's not very sophisticated. I'm reading Tchaikovsky's lectures on music and he says composing is a process of discovery and discarding. You realize what you don't want and begin there. Then the discoveries take place and your song is formed. I've been working around the two sounds of my synths as the core and adding the blofeld and a four on the floor bass drum beat. It's to be the introduction to The Occult and it leads into the first real movement, which is the second song. This song is only one minute and forty eight seconds long.

it amazes me that humans require the need to see the naked body. That the lust for physical pleasures are so strong in us that it dictates the laws and propriety of culture and society. I didn't do any reading today and have still to meditate on my Dream Thinking. I also didn't exercise and weigh two hundred and eight pounds, now. But I am going to designate exercise on Monday's Wednesday's and Friday's. It's very true that I don't remember what I write in my previous entries. I'm blind and am always in the moment. I retain very little. But enough of that and this.

08/12/20

EVENING

The goal is to find some kind of schedule by which I can work. I want to try to arise each morning by eight and allow myself to shake off slumber's after effects for two hours and then play the piano for an hour and then do some chores and read later and then end the night with my family. And then on nights that my Mom works I ought to work on my novel or watch the occasional anime with my older brother.

It strikes me with wonder when citizens complain about fellow compatriots receiving benefits at the hands of their taxes. It's as if they refuse to allow themselves to care for those incapable of possessing the fortune to earn at the hands of capitalism and refuse to allow socialism the goal of creating a society that works for all. We want to have a country that identifies with its citizenry, but citizens will not allow citizens to be accommodated without a bad conscience.

In developing a dialogue on everyday matters one must be careful not to fall into a routine of recycling thoughts, which I realize I display at times in this.

Dream Thinking will need to be worked on this week. Probably Friday. It's difficult because I am torn away from complete abandonment on this project and I feel guilty on not devoting as much time as I can to music, as well. I read three books today, however.

It really is important that I allow myself to renew my canvas here in Escondido. Things are now new for me. I can begin to explore passion, again. Setting up a character is possible once again and I can allow myself to once again fall in love. Katie is gone and away from me. Nothing will make it possible to earn her back into my life. Nothing warrants me to remain obsessed to her, for then I commit crimes against myself and those who have to exchange with me, for I am revealing that I belong to one who doesn't want me or care for me. It's crushing and it has ended. Some goals to achieve are finding some kind of employment for myself. I still don't know how I am going to arrange my transportation as it seems unsafe to bike here. But I will encounter that as time develops and as we get closer to ending our

quarantine due to COVID-19. Soon I'll receive corrected lenses and if they fail to enhance my vision as needed I can have the exam retaken and new lenses put in the frames as verified by my insurance carriers when I called them earlier today.

I think the strangest and most difficult obstacle I face in my new situation is not having my nights spent alone and at my own disposal without feeling the necessity to be awake and at hand during the day. I'm used to fluctuating schedules and being at hand only to myself.

09/23/20

EVENING

I had a good week of work with my younger brother, Nick. I'm learning to let go of the things that are out of my reach. Namely, the love for one in which it is not reciprocated. To begin anew is the period of my life at which I find myself. I went a week without writing anything and had little to report upon. I was seized by the labor that I gave myself over to. I want to arise at four in the morning everyday and find an hour to practice the piano. This week will be nice as I don't have work or will only have one day of work. Will likely get my glasses soon, too. This will enable me to seek out a driver's permit and begin the process of obtaining a license and enhance my life with more movement and power. With everything that I've lost I've gained with becoming new. Everyone has so many truths and are able to garrulously speak upon a subject with such clarity while I am invoked with such a brevity that betrays emptiness. I have many things for which I can speak upon, such as the meat I ate this week, the jokes my brothers and I shared and all that, but I am seized more by the absence I have for things. The books that only got looked at. The sentences that didn't get written in Dream Thinking. The notes that didn't get played on the piano. The theoretical displays of musical literature. A life determined more by its desire to create than to live. A life that wanted to live with Katherine Sarah Delwiche in a happy creative union and atmosphere, but instead lost her respect and ignited her scorn.

I hope to write more and with deeper meaning, but today's attempt was merely capable of this lethargic display.

08/24/20

EVENING

The time one must put in to study to learn a new skill taxes the energies of age. In youth we have a stock pile to spare for such endeavors, but as we age to spend that time is to lose a piece of our life in the experience of person, such as with women, friends, family or work. We encourage question marks as to why we even bother to develop ourselves at a period where development has faded to grey. In any case, I will not allow myself to wither away these years without learning the skills of musicianship. I will have to give myself over to the literature of theory and then take that into lighthearted playing.

I smoked five cigarettes so far today and want yet another and I feel desperate over myself for falling short in quitting. I want to utilize my money for better things and as I write this I feel the urge to smoke slither away, as it should.

A re-reading of Dream Thinking is approaching and I will write the next opening section, soon.

08/30/20

MORNING

I look forward to starting a new week with early risings at five in the morning for which I set an hour or so aside for waking up and then an hour for playing the piano and if I have the day off to then segue into reading and learning otherwise work. I'm looking forward to working and getting better at my job. It's labor and has no reward beyond the moment, but it exercises the body and bonds me with my brother Nick. I saw my nieces yesterday and realized how much I love them. They are so adorable and I hope for great things from them. Nevertheless I will have to remain attached to my own ambitions.

I have not worked in Dream Thinking, yet as wanted. It will occur, however, very soon. I want to re-read through it and get acquainted with the total accomplishment, so far.

LATER

Love strikes me with such wonder. That we have created the institution of the Family so as to materialize the passion of sex with the virtue of love and failed to get beyond this ancient institution and not even attempt to evolve makes me wonder. But marriage is something dictated by age, location, propriety, acceptance and consent. That we do not experience the global world and ourselves alone in it

with a view to only satisfying ourselves as a free agent is a paradox. We instead are conditioned to seek out a community to belong to and then a partner for which we share our economy with and participate in the biological condition of our species. But that we have to possess the child is such a scandal. In order to achieve a true freedom and liberty the Family must be destroyed and the individual must satisfy themselves according to chance and momentary availability.

09/02/20

EARLY EVENING

I'm trying to improve my lifestyle and habits and involve myself with the things that make me passionate. When assessing oneself in the midst of the world when alienated from that world through the absence of certain activities and outlooks it is easy to discern one as desperate and empty. I want to overcome this to some degree. In thinking whether I'd accept section 8 again if offered to me I believe I wouldn't, despite wanting to have more time to myself. Instead, I want to learn how to adjust to my new role and find new hours of productivity. Right now I have plenty of time that I waste away through an inability to perform because I am still adjusting to acceptance of my new role and carrying out the duties of that role. I look forward to growing here. When I acquire my driver's license my esteem and ability to strike out on my own will enhance significantly, for I intend to join a gym, grocery shop a little for myself, and explore the world with my camera, thoughts, and being. I think it is significant to an area whether there is readily available public transportation and when it is lacking I believe that demonstrates the power of private life in a succeeding role, whereas those incapable of private transportation find themselves stagnant and not welcomed by the community. A community with a strong public transportation system encourages a communal love and shows a care for the environment and a wisdom for public necessities that are inherent rights.

I saw the doctor today for my prescription to the patch and was able to participate in the joy my Mom encountered in improving her position in the hospital she works at. I am really happy to see my Mom happy and I hope my brothers and I can deliver on her request for fixing the main gate to our house and updating the garage opener with a higher technological device. It would also be nice if I can purchase for her the newest iPhone and thereby inherit her's, for she had mentioned that she wanted the newest model and would allow me to grandfather the model she currently uses. I encounter the usage of grandfather in lieu of inherit from The Godfather Part II.

I have yet to read Dream Thinking, but I have been brainstorming the next few passages. It is hard to settle time to myself at night, for my family desires to watch shows with me and I am used to fiddling around with one show here, reading then there, writing maybe here and returning again to another episode or jumping into a video game. But I have so much time to myself during the day when I don't work that I need to learn to utilize that time for my creative activities. I need to adjust and to make it happen soon. I am excited for Friday as I will be getting a better step sequencer and a nice dedicated bass synthesizer.

My weight is still out of control, but I am starting to hone in on the discipline I need to exercise in order to lose the fat I have accumulated through bad habits. I will be really happy with myself if I succeed in my goal of attaining a new weight of 165 lbs. by Christmas Day.

09/07/20

EVENING

My brothers want me to work harder on the things that I love and to put it out there for the world to view. They say what do I have to lose and I answered my self-respect. I want to be satisfied with what I create and until I reach a definitive phase in my work I will continue to toil and waver between trial and error.

I am still struggling with my attempts to transcend bad habits and it tires me how much energy I put into reflecting upon this subject. It is amazing how we have organized the expression of sex into a scheme of love, family and children. Sex and love always bound by the biological thereby displaying the devastating fact that we have evolved very little. Nevertheless it is amazing how much pride we take in witnessing the development of a child and how much love we have for their experience in the world and their process of becoming what we are, adults. I want to vivisection the Greeks compared to our Christian world and how we will evolve out of Christianity into something that has learned something from the Greeks. I know I'll find my way it will just take time. I'm trying to eat healthier. I'm always telling myself it

is how and what you eat that will assist in the losing of weight. I need to court employment services from my Mental Health Agency. The job with my brother is too difficult for me and I see that I let him down with my inability to perform at higher levels. Despite this I will continue to put forth the effort to work for him until employment services allows me an alternative.

It amazes me how often i indulge in this diary, yet have little causal connection with what I have stated earlier. I just write when the opportunity beckons and when I have the urge to confess on my proceedings.

09/09/20

AFTERNOON

It is said that being nice is no condition for good treatment, that no one owes one anything because of their attitude. The world loves to treat individuals with discontent. I am experiencing that in my life as it is. With medical treatment I meet rude providers who seem to not care about my needs and are perhaps jealous of my benefits. I'm awaiting my glasses still and it seems my care providers for my vision services are rude and treat me unfairly for reasons I do not know. One can be as nice as one wants, but it doesn't guarantee a fair exchange of care and service. I do not know why I meet such great opposition in everything. It's as though the world hates that I've been able to make it that it owed me the little I have extracted from it. But enough of this vent.

I played music a little today and am starting to develop my first song and am becoming better at my timing. To play in rhythm is a difficult feat for me ad requires practice. I've been failing to wake up early and, therefore, have been unable to practice the Sound of Silence. Tomorrow I hope to achieve that end. Verily, I do wake up early, but then I eat and return to sleep.

I am so anxious, to return to my previous vexation, for my glasses. I want to be able to see, again and I fear that I'll have to undertake another examination and get my glasses the true prescription they deserve and all that will continue to prolong the true possession of my glasses. It's as though they are trying to wear me down. It's all upsetting.

09/10/20

EVENING

Virtue seems to me to be the manner in which we occupy our habits and arrange our reactions to external stimuli. Habit and reaction. On these two depends our character. In arranging myself I need to work on being whole, engaged and productive. Two days ago I sent an email to SD Goodwill personnel for the Social Security Ticket to Work program in my community. I am trying to arrange employment for sometime beginning November, however, I haven't received a response yet and I fear I may have to telephone the person. I hate speaking on the telephone, but then perhaps my ability in verbal communication is not much better in person. The things that occur behind doors and my past seep into my present and affect my ability to respond, engage and maintain. In written performance I am adept, but i lack a certain capacity for descriptive power. I am too involved in the abstract and idea then to be present in what the five senses experience. It was this that was brought to my attention by my past English professor Jodelle Angel and she was without a doubt one of the best professors I have ever had, right up there with Baldwin and Peterman.

To have to pass the time with oneself and deposit into that time habit and reaction stresses the passions and has unlikely affects on one's virtue. We are left to endorse ourselves with activity and that that activity encounters urges from our neurological and sensual system upsets our ability to maintain a cohesive and devoted self in regards to character and profession.

I played my synths today and am certain of the first song of my project and will attempt a recording of it upon completion of the next two weeks for which will be devoted a serious attention to rehearsing the song. Nothing I do is very complex and my arrangements are simple, however I hope they will be effective nevertheless. Some artists achieve great miracles in sonic presentation in what is seemingly very simple methods. I hope with my project that it will begin in simple terms and then develop in more complex expressions, largely because I have developed in that time a more acute understanding of music and my ability to play in relation to that understanding. Right now I want to set the goal of composing and rehearsing a song in the first three weeks of the month and then in the final week of the month devote that time to recording. I want to also develop at the piano and work on writing melodies with shorter durations of sonic expressions. Right now I am pleased with my ability to play with strings

and pads (to some degree, for I haven't developed a decent polyphonic skill or the use of counterpoint in my compositions), but when it comes to sonic expressions in quarter and eighth notes I lack skill and understanding. Sonic expressions? Don't I mean melodies?

It requires a dissatisfaction of myself to exert myself to expend the effort to write in these diaries and I wish I had more initiative. I hope to rectify that and work on my literary projects. Dream Thinking is still lurking and developing in its festering posture.

09/26/20

EARLY MORNING

My eating habits are a disaster. I desperately want to lose thirty pounds in the next three months. Originally I had wanted to lose about ten pounds this month and aim for 165 lbs by Christmas, but that isn't going to happen as I had merely wavered to and fro the two hundred to two hundred and four lbs mark. I always said it starts with what you eat and my diet is terrible. I eat peanut butter, chips, and too many bocca burgers. It's time I exercise with greater diligence and eat healthier foods. Eggs, apples and a dinner entree. I am sick of how fat I am.

Hopefully I am able to obtain a driver's license next week, for that would significantly improve my life.

09/27/20

EVENING

I smoked six cigarettes today and it was because I have a difficult time mustering the energy to execute an activity. It is so difficult to arrange productive time for myself. I am always in development and on hold to spend time with my family that I am reluctant to utilize my downtown sufficiently. I am, however, enjoying the time I spend with my family, despite the turmoil that it is suffering. My younger brother Nick is having marital problems and is struggling with work, finding that his job doesn't provide enough for him. He works two jobs for which his main job, that of welding, is constantly releasing him from work, so as (according to my brother's intuition) to have him perform the duties of Kelcor (a company run by the friend of my brother's welding company's boss). And he very well may be an alcoholic, which complicates matters.

In any case, I found that I was able to write the other day and contributed more work in my Dream Thinking. I'm trying to let go of Theodote and transcend into a new territory. It's difficult because I am enthralled with everything about this woman. I love the way she represents herself and her philosophy and personality. But I haven't been anything to her, except an harassing and creepy stalker.

I'm applying for two positions at Goodwill San Diego and I am excited about the prospects. I really hope I get hired and am able to start work in the middle of October or as soon as possible, really. I hope to reacquire my driver's license on Tuesday, which will improve my life considerably. I won't be able to drive right away, for I'll have to prove to my Mother that I am a competent driver before she releases the keys to her second vehicle. In any case I have a lot of promising things occurring for me.

09/30/20

EVENING

I got my driver's license yesterday and I made today the last day to smoke cigarettes. Verily, not but four hours ago I threw away the newly bought pack after of about six smoked cigarettes. And now I am overcome with a little depression. Part of me wants to dig in the trash and retrieve those cigarettes, but that kind of desperation is self-loathing. To re-organize the self requires self-love and self-respect. One must exercise the transformation and hold onto some form of dignity.

I'm trying to develop my work and become better at the things I admire. It amazes me the virtue of a book. It's beautiful to read and encounter the art of literature, which is more than just a representation of beauty, but sometimes that of derangement, despair, and illness. Plastic art is so concerned with representing something attractive. Literature doesn't. Music wants to manipulate the senses. A perspective of beauty is the selling point of plastic art, whereas literature I feel wants to impress one with a scandal of some sorts. And music is perhaps a means to an end. Literature is a story. Plastic art a perspective of perception and music a form of something for whose label escapes me.

10/07/20

EVENING

I failed my brother Nick. He had a minor accident today while being distracted by the over-reaction of his fiancé and my Mother for driving up and down our private drive way with his truck and therefore, hit his brother-in-law's camper. As a result, the brother-in-law wanted to collect the insurance after my brother was arrested for child endangerment, because his daughters were in the car with him without designated car seats for them, which is to say they were just seat belted in there like any normal person would be. And so Mark, my Mom's ex-significant other, gave the insurance information to the brother-in-law, who rarely cares to show gratitude to my Mom for letting him store his camper on her property free of any strings. And so, I just sat there while my brother's brother-in-law recorded the insurance information.

I seem to lack the appropriate ability to inject strength into situations requiring defense and offense, namely a kind of action. I am incapable of bending wills into directions available for bending. It seems Stacey, my brother's fiancé is unfair to my brothers in how he interacts with his children and how he behaves. True, however, my brother is an alcoholic and there are defects to that, but I do not think it was just that he was arrested. He didn't seem to be drunk while changing the oil with his daughters or while driving with them up and down the drive way, however, after the commotion he did drink a little, or so it seemed. For he carried a can with him, but i was never sure it was opened. He seemed more inclined to smoke a cigarette for which he could not locate.

The police were called by Stacey, my brother's fiancé, because she was stressed from an over-reaction and overly emotional from her innate desire to control situations.

10/08/20

AFTERNOON

My sister in law told me the other day about a book called the seven habits of man or some such title as that and it made me reflect on my inability to break the more grotesque habits I have developed in myself. It is too difficult to transcend in these pandemic times, where we are house ridden and deterred from outdoor activity. Especially me, in this new relocation where the walking score of the city is very low and my not having won the confidence of my Mother to drive her spare vehicle. But in time I will achieve the independence I have been seeking, whether here with my family or renewed alone with section 8 or through the earned income of a full time job, which is the eventual goal for myself with the Ticket to Work program. And about that: it seems as though I might be passed up on Goodwill and denied a position in their employment. And that's too bad. I was really excited about that position, but my job recruiter told me there would be other opportunities just as promising as that. So we'll see.

There is a strength that consists on the page and in letters and then that which is exhibited in action. It is an old tale and everyone calls it book smart and street smart, the post-modern rape of dialect has it at that. Post-modernity has fallen very short from being elegant and profound and prides itself on simplicity. So much the worse for us! But in any case, that while I have my identity in myself when i read that enables me to develop my language and philosophy, I lack the action of that identity in displays of the will. So I am weak is the reputation of myself. And so I am left to my pitiful position in society. But as I reflect on my failure in college I think I couldn't be happier with where i am at life, developing as a writer and slowly edging my way into the musical vocation. i don't think I would of been happy in life as a busy body lawyer with my Dad parasitically feeding off of me and my activity, for that is what my Dad had hoped from me. I can see clearly that he would of fed off of my resources and sought to control me and my actions even as an high earning official and that he would of continued his abuses on me for as long as his life. My Dad is not someone I want in my life anymore and i am thankful he has been secluded from it.

What I suffer from now is my own inertia and its inability to find itself productive when it has time to itself and the circular drive of my grotesque habits. With some activity for employment and greater income I will find more time to develop the things that I love, the product of my dreams and mental activity.

10/28/20

Yesterday my older brother Ricky told me I needed to be dedicated to my decisions. And so I remarked that he was right and that I would do my best to follow through without hypocrisy. But then today I ate meat when I am said to be pescatarian. Even eating fish makes me feel bad, but fish and fish

oil are very good for the body. My brother Ricky helped me out by forwarding me some funds to purchase step one of the patches, so as to reunite my efforts and dedication to quit. It's amazing how one re-orders the body. And my brother Nick is experiencing his re-ordering as well, with his sobriety from alcohol. He is out of jail and is likely to beat the case against him, however my sister-in-law is refusing to let us participate in my nieces' lives. It's amazing how cruel family disputes can be and how vindictive human nature is. I have seen my own vindictiveness at work, and that shames me. In any case I want to attempt greater activity, steadfastness, and overcoming.

i read from three books today and played the piano for about an half hour. It feels good to play music despite my low level of expertise. If I dedicate myself, however, I see myself becoming quite good.

It's amazing how people can sit for hours at their instrument and play and play. I hope to reach that stage someday.

10/20/20

EVENING

I feel really depressed even though I was very productive today. I worked on song 2 and did some online education for a retail position at the mall. Still need to go through the interview process, however. The online education is a prerequisite for the consideration of an interview. I'm slowly discovering song 2, but am despairing over my lacking skills as a musician. It'll just take time. I'm supposed to spend Saturday with my Dad and I'm not really looking forward to it. Yesterday I read a lot and relieved myself of some built up stress over the desire of wanting to read everything I have, but not reading it due to obstacles I have placed before myself. On my third day without a cigarette and can feel positive for that. I received a call today from NOBUTTS, but didn't answer. Well, truth be told, I wasn't around my phone when they called, but even if I was I still wouldn't have answered it. I don't really want to talk to anyone, despite feeling lonely. I would love to date and would love to isolate at the same time and stalk Theodote. I haven't called Mike or Lori and I feel guilty about that. It's amazing how difficult it is to keep in touch with people. Haven't talked to Matt in a about a week in a half. Hope he's okay. Tomorrow I'm going to plan on running. I don't know if I want designated running days or if I want to run when I know my body is ready for it. I would love to start driving again and get a gym membership.

It's awful, I won't be able to see my nieces for a while. My sister-in-law has gone mean and vindictive and has succeeded in blocking my brother and our family from spending time with Rylee and Paislee. It's unfortunate.

10/24/20

EVENING

I had copious amounts of caffeine today and it has unsettled me. I hung out with my Dad and Step-Mom today with my brother Nick and it was really nice. My dad is a big joker. Despite feeling paranoid in these moments about going to jail for my mistakes in the past, I feel like I can accomplish the meaningful connections i want to make. I don't know how I ought to move on from the chains that weigh me down. I don't know if love, independence, self-reliance is possible for me to achieve. It feels as though the market of today is harassing me. I get paranoid over little things and find myself dissecting its meaning. Such as the appearance of a fire truck, placements of drug paraphernalia and how people act around me. Are their actions hiding a meaning I am meant to discover in my reflecting moments? Why must I uncover meaning behind actions. I finally had a burrito today and it was delicious.

I wanted to convey some thoughts on my condition and how it is desiring to grow. How i want to remain loyal to my obsession so as to accomplish the book Dream Time and only find myself giving myself to what I am in love with. It can't be helped that I am without the possibility of falling in love. I met her and it ended. No one has shown themselves to me. All I can do is create in the sphere I find myself in. I bailed out on my retail training and have abandoned the job opportunity at the mall. It's amazing how little developed my thoughts are. How I am incapable of extending thought beyond the premise or paragraph statement. I read Stendhal and it amazes me how much a brilliant writer is able to express their scene and the thinking in that scene and all its nuances.

10/31/20

LATE MORNING

I haven't smoked since the sixteenth of this month and pleased myself for the last time today. There is something about hot showers that gets the blood boiling and when one wants to accustom oneself to focused desensualization one emerges oneself in colder water if not outright cold water. Only it is getting colder at night and i sleep with my windows open. So I am enthusiastic about getting out of bed when I think of a hot shower.

I am nauseous when ever I think about going over what I've written so far in Dream Thinking. And I haven't worked on it yet, either. I'm at the juncture where I want to discuss employment and work at the theatre and then do the Part on Brasidas followed by the Part on Alcibiades and then into another shroom trip and then I'd have to see where that puts me. I see references made to me from what I've written to what I've become in those actions i displayed during that time. And it all seems to be to make me uneasy and prevent me from feeling powerful so i can create. But I will overcome it. If only I could get a job and get driving again and start doing things on my own again. Having that taken away from me and being locked up here enervates me. And I get in this cycle of sloth, which I will overcome definitively today with self-pleasure and today as far as continuing the program from the sixteenth.

It makes me wonder how we are able to manifest political rights. Are we only allowed to know political right based off the contract or tyranny of our regime? How does the mind come to know what is politically just in the Kantian sense. Reading Schopenhauer makes me wonder how we can intelligently design political right on just grounds without us having any of those notions a priori. My friend Matt doesn't vote and I have voted two or three times in my life and am likely to vote for the third or fourth time in the next few days. I used to be apolitical and asexual in my life, but have overcome those separatist outlooks. I will be following Dostoevsky in that I will have dialogue that will hopefully spark interest, but whereas his time was religious our time is political. So things on the regime will emerge and the operations of the economy will enter into discussion.

My music is fifth rate, but i enjoy the toys. If only I would play with my toys more than with myself. Okay, okay, enough joker.

11/01/20

EVENING

What unravels as the daily bread. Our habits are defining our dialogue and with bad habitual practices we become enslaved to their tallies in success and failure. I want to break out of this mode of notation and enter into the sphere of pure spirit. The dialogue of intellectual discourse on subjects beyond physics. On the course of my novel. On the political realization of the human individual. These things dominate the better part of my day, however, they find little affair in this diary because I am infused with power after the practice of a bad habit and become necessitated to refute its ongoing display. it is marvelous how an individual comes to concern themselves with things beyond their control and beyond their daily bread. Now that such things do not encourage virtue or promise a just life how can it be apologized for.

I resumed the Notebook of a Wanderer and will permit myself to develop the tale of SoCal. NorCal is over. Theodote is over. I am healing and beginning, again. And then I will relocate either with my family or on my own, depending on power and accomplishment and what appears profitable for my designs. For now, however, I will settle and develop here.

11/10/20

LATE MORNING

My body refuses to rise early, being bombarded by dream sequences between the hours of three and ten in the morning, thereby infusing me with a lust to sleep, sleep, sleep. And then I get depressed that I have wasted my day and that I am incapable of accomplishing my goals that I have set myself to task with. And then as I lamented I satisfied my sensual pleasures so as to rise above that despair I had fallen into. Nevertheless, I remain adamant on not smoking. Overcame the temptation the other day when my brother smoked in front of me and realized that I did not want to sink into self-loathing by smoking one with him. Any recapitulation is a self-loathing, you esteem yourself less of the ideal you have yourself reaching out for and succumb to those habitual monsters that have characterized you as a base spirit. In any case I am going to practice today around one this afternoon and then begin the routine of rising early tomorrow. The goal is to rise at seven, drink my teas and infuse myself with energy and begin practicing by nine to eleven or twelve. And then maneuver into reading.

I tried to get a haircut yesterday, but it was twenty five dollars! Inconceivable! So I had to cancel my request as I did not have enough money. What happened was I put myself on the list of clientele and then looked up the price guide while waiting and then confirmed it with my brother, who was waiting in his truck outside and then returned and cancelled my spot in the queue. I would really like to go out walking and photographing, but I think I'll wait until next week to do that. Oh, I might get a job at Big Lots, received a call and was told I was being considered for an interview. Let's hope some magic works in my favor.

11/19/20

AFTERNOON

It is amazing how much we are slaves to appetite and that our conduct of appetite defines morality and morality defines the politically justified. Anyways, I am certain to conduct myself with greater determination. I have acquired a part time job for the season and if I excel I may be able to convince my employer to keep me on the team for beyond the original intention. But in any case, I have acquired recent employment so as to convince any prospective employers that I am employable. I have been entertaining the idea that we are all consumers before we are producers of anything that defines ourselves as artists. We are grown up as consumers and we consume that which influences our style and then we produce, yet we are asked to consume what is produced by society so as to produce our own end. And for the great majority, the production they contribute is economical or materialistic and then they are able to consume the art of the people's chosen electives. So many are concerned with an ethical way of life so as to justify the popularity the majority is capable of giving in our aristocratic democracy. Despite being democratic the majority produces its selective idols.

If only I wasn't victim to the uncomfortable criticism I believe I am subject to by those involved with my surroundings it would be easier to overcome the failure of maintaining my stoic diet. But I fear as though I am criticized by those involved with my activities and that I am on a trial of some kind. But in any case I will begin exercising the needs I require to find success in my newly developed life. Exercise, exploring, employment, music, photography/film, writing and reading. These are a few of the things I love.

11/25/20

EARLY EVENING

I quit my job at Big Lots because it was enervating. My body was experiencing extreme lethargy and I was constantly confronted with the realization that I was underperforming and its conduct was well aware by the managers and my coworkers. Part of me believed that I was in competition with one of the early recruits for a full time position and that she sabotaged me by loading up my stocking cart with items that did not have a designated place, thereby consternating me with the impossibility to meet my stocking quota, for we were expected to stock so many freight in an hour. Butt enough of this, well almost enough. What I want is to interact with people, exchange bills and provide a human element that isn't so concerned with disparaging or denying humans their fair goals. I sent an email with my attached resume to Motel 6 and would love to work there. That seems like a low key environment. My Mom and brothers rebuked that desire with the observation of the traffic that area attracts, yet that kind of traffic doesn't disturb me too much. In any case I will find employment at some point that will align with my spirit.

Tonight I want to read and write some in one of my projects or perhaps just jot down brainstorming topics here. I ordered a ukulele for myself and my niece and for my other niece I'm going to get her an harmonica. I'm looking forward to the holidays. Worked on my second song of The Occult today and realized that sometimes less is more. Subtracted the drums and bass and kept the drones and the melody sequence. Might add some ukulele strumming, perhaps if I find it acceptable. I don't really want to involve my ukulele in The Occult, but I do want to start a folk project with my use called Poems on the Beach and work on writing lyrics and setting that all to my ukulele.

11/27/20

EVENING

I am despairing over the lack of production I engage in. It is almost nearly impossible for me to do anything productive in my room and the music hall I possess. It's as though I am a slave of the hours which I count down to dinner and the after meal show with my family. I lament that I can't have that time

to myself because I go all day without accomplishing anything and then I am bogged down by the chores I must complete, despite having some very expedient help from my Mother and brother when it comes to the times I really want to avoid doing work. I need to get out more and start exerting control over my transportation. I am depressed that I quit my job at Big Lots, because the money was nice and now I am struggling to keep a balance in my account past the first week of the month. But in defense I've been buying things for my family in regards to the holidays, not much, but a little something for each of them. My nieces are getting some instruments, a ukulele and an harmonica, my brother Xenoblade Chronicles DE and my sister in law Wolf's Rain Blu-ray and my mom a board game for the family. Nothing for my brother Nick and sister in law Stacey unless I get some money through employment. I really had a neat gig with Big Lots, but the work really was trying o me. I applied to Motel 6 and today when I showed up for the interview was told that they already filled the position. Today when I got home I applied to Welk Resort Escondido Lost and Found attendant online and will receive news in the forthcoming days. It's difficult to belong to myself and the art I want to create when I must juggle myself between me and together. I need to start running again and a lot of times during the week. Ideally three. I missed how good my body felt when it was eating healthy and exercising. Now I eat poorly and lament in bed all day long.

I want to read more poetry as well and work on my twenty book course meal. I wonder if by having music on all the time in my room that that hampers the energy I would otherwise use to exert activity in another direction. It's as though I am mesmerized and lulled by the sounds of my internet connection. It's amazing how music can enervate when we accustom ourselves to passing the time with its measurement. The time expires and we find that we did nothing to fertilize ourselves with the energy to start an activity.

I will find success, though. I am determined to become what I am.

12/08/20

If only I could remain elevated at all times. The fluctuations from transcendence to bestial expressions creates a conflict and circle of self that defines me in a way that has me ashamed of myself. And on shame, it seems as though our time with the influence of Christianity thinks that the harshest punishment one can inflict on one is to bring that one to the awareness of their shame. And that we think that they must live with that shame in an eternal conflict with their conscience as though personality is a state of continuity without transcendence and overcoming and evolution.

I'm trying to understand my political thought and the confusion one has when one attempts to understand how political liberties are arrived at, that the question is is it a product of experience with history and its arrival to that state of complete happiness and freedom. That liberty is the experience of the human race through its institutions in its conflict with the common man and the ruling man.

I have developed my second song in The Occult and I like it. It's serene. Dream Thinking, however, is suspended in thought and hasn't seen development since I last wrote. I want to portray the work environment and how everyone is seeking to establish their conditions upon one another, the one who is elevated beyond the work and must enslave themselves because our economy dictates equality without understanding the peculiar conditions of each upon themselves as individuals. At Regal Cinemas despite my transgression of being high I performed incredible work that no one else did, yet they were all favorable and accepted and allowed their quirks because they did not have the need to develop their senses into the realm of experimentation and transfiguration. We see today that Oregon has allowed the decriminalization of drug use at the state level and that this is the ideal goal of all Regimes. Translation of the senses is the peculiar experience of the experimenting individual. Why must we criminalize and persecute those who have made it their life to develop their spirit in accord with experiments. Now, for me, however, I have overcome that state of transfiguration and now find myself with the need to develop sober habits and concentrate on transfiguration in the realm of the arts. But without that experience of my youth with its experimentation of the senses I wouldn't be enabled with my surrealist character. I don't know if I'll ever return to sensual temptations, but I do know that I must elevate myself with sober necessities such as healthy dieting and physical exertion. And of course a true dedication to the works of my art. It's amazing how lazy I am and how seldom I am able to find myself working. Though, it all starts off small and grows into something larger.

12/21/20

EVENING

I've been stagnant with my literature for a while now. I find little enthusiasm to engage in reading and writing. And I don't think it is a result of my spending more time playing music. I feel like my time doesn't belong to me. That my evening hours, if not led into guilt at abandoning movie night with my Mom and brother, are reserved to my Mom and brother and that I can't arrange things for myself according to my own desire. And I am becoming exhausted here after performing so many chores. It's as if I do it all, for so much is left undone and then if I don't execute those actions to complete these chores a reckoning would be at hand. So I want to move out. I want to live alone again. I miss doing things on my own time, belonging to myself. It seems everywhere I go I meet with humans bent on tearing me away from myself and making me a lever for their convenience. At Homestead, at YCCC at Sunset and now here. Everywhere I am a piece of the other for their ease. I hate it. So I am planning on saving some money, paying off my debt and working on finding a job that will allow me to relocate whether it be with the aid of government funding or not, namely Section 8.

It pains me that my bad habits are a catalyst to writing in my diary. It seems as though I am awakened after every bad execution and while I maintain clean behavior I find myself in limbo and stagnant and unproductive. If only I could encourage myself to expend more energy and work. Dart down some thoughts whatever they may be on a more regular intercourse. But behold I am acedia. I am a beast.

I find it amazing how upset I get when I have to take a shower, as though it were some terrible chore with so many disagreeable characteristics associated with it. I can't stand the thought of getting wet. Of having to wash myself and endure the specific details of water. It bothers me to no end. And then I can't stand being dirty. Of smelling and lubricated with a film of sweat and grime. It's disgusting. The whole affair of hygiene is a marvel and annoys me to a fantastic degree.

We are set to receive another stimulus payment to help keep our economy afloat. I intend to buy some shoes, blu-ray dvds, ukulele gig bag and some underwear and then save about a hundred and a half and keep on ready hand another hundred in a half. I'm continually applying for jobs and just recently applied to Home Depot in the cashier department. This would be a good position to acquire. I don't know how fortunate I am allowed to become. It strikes me with wonder at how one is able to manipulate themselves into economic tranquility with a quality job that doesn't spoil the spirit of oneself nor those of others, as well.

12/25/20

LATE EVENING

Christmas this year extended itself to a two day celebration of family, food and gifts. It was a very wonderful experience and rejuvenated my enervated spirit. It was such a blessing to celebrate love with my family in the expression of Christmas characteristics. My nieces loved the presents I got for them, a drum set, harmonica and soprano ukulele. Of the three the drum set and harmonica tied for best reception, the soprano ukulele being a bit too big yet for Rylee and of course Paislee. I loved the presents my family bestowed upon me and the gifts I gave to those whom I was able were also well received.

I do not know the course of my future and I often stress over how I ought to plan my goals for the future so as to achieve the appropriate position that will enable me to create without having to be judged by what I create. Attempting validity with one's creativity is the harshest characteristic of the artistic life. It ruins all good motivation. It compels one to vivisect themselves to the point of realizing the futile purpose of art for art's sake when they realize that any form of validity comes as the expense of honoring the Other. And I want to be independent and alone so as to escape this, but then how am I to have prodigy's in the form of exchanging influence or rather transferring taste to another human in the art of education. That is what I hope to do with my nieces. And my Mother and brothers are to help provide security in housing and society and love.

I hope to acquire a job at Home Depot and I feel as though I am mimicking my Father and think back at that time when he received the announcement of his hire to the company. He was so relieved and grateful. And he became a leading member of that company. I don't quite hold such lofty ambitions with the company, but I do want a position in the company and to be able to obtain the ability to transfer to another store in another locality should I deem it necessary to live on my own. Home Depot would provide a living wage to a greater extent than its competitors and I would be able to afford my own

housing. The thought is if I should follow this path I would relocate to the same area as my family but have my own apartment so as to remain dedicated to my projects. For now I am going to step back from working on my novel and realign myself with thought and literary inspiration found from reading the many books I have amassed lately. I want to work on developing the concepts I want to portray in my Novel and develop a deeper level of thinking and literary technique (which really only comes from exercising the expression of literary work). So maybe my novel will still develop at this time, but at a much slower pace until I become more certain and firm in my thought and emotional posture. I must be able to withstand the difficulties I find in relating myself in the form of literature and overcoming my shame and developing a self skilled at perspective and self-examination. These are difficult if one isn't able to maintain a safe distance from oneself. To relate everything back to oneself in the form of immediacy is a really exhausting exercise of self-criticism. And that we must always be critiquing turns the brain to mush. We get lost in that labyrinth and are unable to hold onto a firm foundation of self expression under the terms of jovial temporal dimensions. And now I retire to bed.

12/31/20

EVENING

I don't know why I am overcome at times with such great despair and weariness that compels me to retreat into myself. I need to have alone time and experience myself with just myself. And so I feel guilty at declining the new year party with my brother and sister in law and nieces and my older brother Ricky. I just need to be alone at times. And it is this experience, solitude, that has come to see itself in such scarcity that has me becoming depressed and overcome with helplessness that I cannot find my groove in developing my projects and establishing myself. For instance, I am unable to establish a course of routine that elevates me and encourages passion. Instead I find myself sleeping a lot so as to arrive at that energetic level of production needed to accomplish my goals. And it is amazing how we set goals for ourselves to accomplish that have no market value. And so I am devoted to that life that has its rewards in its own experience for its own experience. It is now eight thirty and I am contemplating bed. I did wake up today at six and took a two hour nap from eleven to one and have plans to rise again at six.

01/01/21

EARLY AFTERNOON

I failed to implement my new schedule of arising at six and napping at noon and working on music in the morning and reading after my nap in the afternoon. I am so lazy and it must be my diet. I am lethargic, depressed and grotesquely overweight, standing at about two hundred and five pounds. I have a third trimester as a stomach. It's awful. In any case I will use today as the starting point of my new year actions. I want to run on Sundays and Thursdays and go walking on Tuesdays to photograph. I have self-earned the satisfaction of my lust for the last time and continue with my established habits forsaking cigarettes, alcohol and drugs. I wrote in Notebook of a Wanderer last night and felt good about it. I'm feeling a bit better today and sometimes the best medicine for despair and weariness is some magic, whether as producer or consumer.

01/08/21

EVENING

I find myself overwhelmed to cement myself in repose and give myself over to exhausting rest. But I did get employed by The Home Depot and begin on Tuesday. I'm about to record my second song in The Occult but I don't necessarily know what the cinema aspect of The Occult will be. I'm in a limbo here about my condition of self in the availability of love. To remain individual and attached to a Ghost or to cross over and begin anew. I find myself contemplating my next destination. I want to pay off my debt this year and next year acquire a motor vehicle appropriate for relocating and traveling to my next destination.

Despite failing to wake early in the morning I still find myself engaging in my activities, albeit in a small degree concerning the amount of time I spend engaged in those activities.

01/19/21

LATE MORNING

I am overwhelmed simultaneously with gratitude and frustration. I am grateful to have the support of my family and the state's ability to endorse me for employment and my new company's understanding of my condition and their flexibility with that condition in my job activity. I have worked twenty eight hours at Home Depot the past nine days and I have two terrible blisters on my feet, one on each. Well, the one on my right foot is in truth significantly more painful than my left. I have had to call out three times and went home early once. I hope I am to be fired and am allowed to continue with a minimum reprimand of a talk and warning. I want to excel at my job, but this morning and those other days I just could not walk. And my job is comprised, to a great degree, of walking.

I am coming into my own and want to start making my Mom's house the place that I live, which means I need to start feeling comfortable taking time to myself to do the things that I love, read, write, play music and video games and watch the movies that I love. It's so hard to subtract myself from the evening watch list with my Mom and brother Ricky because they love to watch things together as a unit and spend time in that mode. I have become so accustomed, however, of watching my things alone and on my time and in a manner where I spend some time watching something, then transition to music, playing music, reading, writing and then further transitions back to watching something.

I find myself sleeping too much. It's as if I don't get rest so I can wake up in the morning significantly earlier than everyone else so as to have time to myself to do the things I couldn't manage to propel myself to do earlier than I have then it is as though I have wasted the previous day by going to bed early and then wasted this current day which followed by waking up late. I haven't found my balance, yet.

I am very excited for my future and want to excel at my Home Depot job. I want to put the effort into creating. I have the weekend off and intend to do a lot of work then.

01/27/21

AFTERNOON

I have purified myself and am inspired to ferment into my destiny, whichever way it happens to spawn. There are still many things I do not know and am uncertain as to what all is possible, but I want to transcend my past and become new again. I cannot be obsessed over anything other than my art and I am determined to make myself its proponent. It is amazing how this may require that I pursue a bachelor's life, but I am reconciled with that. Katherine is out of my life and she has made it definitively aware to me that she is not mine nor will become mine. I need to eradicate the paranoid thoughts that have her instilled in my thought process. I can become available for new people and new people are important. Life is a voyage and nothing is permanent except that peoples are always happening in new discoveries. I have made today my quit day and the beginning of my transcendence. It will require constant work and dedication and I must succumb to the process. I have been working up to this day the past few years, now and it is coming along nicely.

Home Depot is great. It may be that some people are annoyed with my crazed enthusiasm and that I am unable to sit and talk and am constantly finding stuff to do, save for when I want to avoid something that is just truly annoying: as in the bottle of glass the size of a gallon that may have housed some liquor of some kind, just sitting there along side a parking spot. I purposely walked past this item countless times and avoided its discarding. But other than that I work really hard and the job exhausts me. I get paid this Friday and am excited to a great deal. Getting nearly more than half of what I typically get in a month from my ssi and ssdi combined. 571 dollars to be exact. But enough of this.

My music is coming along nicely, however, I am convinced I'll need a better ukulele, but for now the one I have will suffice. I still love it tremendously, however I feel as though its volume and tone could be better and I feel as though I'll need either the Breedlove emerald tenor ukulele or the Kala all solid mahogany tenor ukulele. The Cordoba tenor ukulele that I have has solid mahogany top, but laminate mahogany back and sides. And it is this that instigates the desire for a definitive ukulele. But after I develop my songs for the folk EP then I will invest in a solid and more definitive ukulele. I really need to be saving my money and working on getting out of debt.

Now to hit up on some literature. I need to reread Dream Thinking and become reacquainted with what I have written and become more keen on where I am going to go in the next few sections of the book. It is amazing how we succumb to our own exploitations in order to sell ourselves to an employer. And how the interview process is all about how much our employer is able to confidently hire one that is qualified for the necessary exploitation. This is what I want to hit up on during my work experience at Regal Cinemas and how that position played out. But I want to become more familiar with my story, as it

has been a long time since i have been associated with its ideas and notions. And i want to read more. I take the Divine Comedy with me to work everyday but have only read it once while on the job during my lunch break. Otherwise I have found myself eating sushi and drinking an energy drink and giving over to the time that I am able to spend off my feet.

There's a woman at Home Depot named Cassie that has attracted my attention. She calls me Charlie in such a sweet voice and is extremely nice to me and very pretty. I don't know what to make of it, but it is nevertheless something to look forward to.

02/05/21

EARLY EVENING

I called out of work tonight for the fifth time and have thereby jeopardized a job that I otherwise like, despite the heavy toll it takes on my body. I told the manager that I was suffering from depression, which was no lie for I was brooding over all my failures and my incompatibility to succeed in the things I admire. I find little time for myself to pursue to an all encompassing degree my passions. nevertheless I also enjoy those diversions that substitute myself for those things. If only I can find the energy to be more involved. To say the least after a year of living here and now with my job it is difficult for me to find the proper adjustments needed to be myself. I have to relocate myself to the day with the activities i like when I have closing shifts and readjust to the night when i have those day shifts occupying my time. I will be disheartened if I lose my job at Home Depot, but I am trying to succeed there. The other four times my body just couldn't show up to work. I was drained and barely able to walk. In. any case i'll see what i can accomplish with my current set up. Tonight i want to read and eat dinner after i clean the kitchen. I want to wake up tomorrow at seven and get to work after I have my breakfast and then ready myself for a seven hour shift at Home Depot and get back into the swing of things.

09/09/21

EARLY AFTERNOON

I have been sleeping way too much and have been struggling with quitting smoking. My brother is someone i use to transgress my attempt to quit, for he always has cigarettes on him and he is a very giving person. But I am making my resolve now to quit. i will overcome.

it is amazing how top personages appeared in all the literature of the renaissance and in reading the Divine Comedy I entertain an impersonation with my Dream Time, which will contain personages of a more common stock, but perhaps by no means of a lesser importance. Celebrities and world leaders play little roles in our lives, save for when we want to demonstrate in the streets and hold discourse on where our allegiance falls. But otherwise the kings and queens are very remote from our lives and political arenas seem but all too lacking. Work and school and social hot spots seem to be the arena today.

02/14/21

AFTERNOON

The important thing is to get out of a rut and prevent the writing over of the same thing. I'm still developing myself and attempting my goal, which is the execution of work in art. I have spread myself thin amongst too many books and have caused a constipation of sorts in the mind. So I have set aside books I really want to work on. Livy's history, Nietzsche's Dawn, the Anti-Federalist papers/Federalist papers and Dante's Divine Comedy. In the Divine Comedy much is given over to descriptive power of the scenery of hell and in my opinion this seems to be the weakest part of the comedy. Do we really need landscapes in our literature? It amazes me with any literary work how the writer wants to paint a literary portrait of vision and prides themselves on this matter. It is the least attractive skill of writing in my opinion. I want spirit not perception. Even with LSD trips it is the conversation, the intellectual journey of that psychedelic experience that is wanting in my interest of the trip. It matters little to me if you see new colors or hear new sounds. What matter is that. Leave that to the execution of music or painting. When we write we have thought, emotion and motive. These things are the playground equipment of literature. Painting and music cannot capture a concept or descriptive powers of feeling and guile in the portrait of human will power. The way a book sets up its characters in their various motivations and designs of will is much more pertinent than how a room is described in relation to the character's portrait in that setting. A lot of English books and foremost American books have descriptive elements of the senses in the

forefront of their book and not the emotional and underlying intellectual elements of their protagonists. So I continue to believe the best English writers are the translators. And how much I may have dwelt on this topic in the past nine years have gone lost on me and I need to start developing my own books. Tomorrow I intend to begin reading *Dream Thinking* and I want to clean and run and play music.

On music I'm stealing Goethe's poem which contained only one line being "A dry leaf driven by the wind often looks like a bird." This will be the opening line in my folk song *A Dry Leaf*. It's amazing how one is able to develop a song and a poem when we must patiently wait for the conceptual organization and will power of the spirit to hammer in the inspiration that is the execution of the verse and musical expression. In reading on Verlaine, now, I want my folk music to be impressionistic and symbolic. I want to be the expression of sensation and feeling in its fleeting moment in what is treasured and lost all at once.

To awake with thoughts and pursue a course of development and expression is a constant need of dedication and discipline. I am going to remain clean, steadfast in my avoidance of bad habits and mentally engaged. Hard at work in my job and resourceful of my time, hopefully. It amazes me how much people need to talk to one another while on the job and that people want to converse in the workplace as a narcotic that makes labor enjoyable. I become anxious over having to spend time conversing and hope to go unnoticed save for when labor beckons, although I hate lifting 90 lbs bags of concrete. I don't mind lifting what is within my means but when that weight overpowers my strength I become discouraged and annoyed. Nevertheless I love coming home and feeling my body slink in repose due to the—oh the word escapes me. If only I could maneuver into philosophy like Machiavelli after his laborious day with the common folk. And enough of this for the day.

02/19/21

DAWN

I want to write to overcome some frustrations. It seems as though one must attempt to create space from oneself in order to achieve transcendence. One must fail many times and indulge to lesser extents until finally that space has been created and one has accomplished a journey. So I am on my journey and while I have been painstakingly demanding immediacy it is a process for which I have been underway for quite some time and I am overall happy with my results. The painful part of one's journey is the criticism one meets along the way and the need to mentally block out the other for the necessity of maintaining sanity. How can one perform their duties in this money making world if one has one's criticism always at the helm. They are the gaping jaws of a dog and one really needs to put one's foot down its mouth which takes the form of politeness and a hard exterior that borders on the uncaring and steadfast in performance of tasks related to duty.

Just today I was told after thanking one "You're welcome, faggot." And then I succumbed to my terrible habit after entertaining thoughts of sensual satisfaction and pleasure with my new surroundings. But truth be it, I will likely go single and unloved and unsatisfied by the happier sex because I am incapable of sharing my humble skills that are asking for top priority. Even here in my new home I have trouble finding the time and mental fortitude and discipline to exert.

And on that exertion. It is required of me to revisit *Dream Thinking* and start thinking of my style and critiquing my personality in the word. I must seek out my weaknesses and develop for what is wanting. I want to write more. I want to play more music, too and read the literature I have on music style and theory. I succumb far too much to repose into nothingness and more is developed here than any where else. And this here is nothing more than sweet nothings to show that I love myself.

03/06/21

LATE EVENING

I feel as though I am being watched even in my bedroom and that I'm being judged by what goes on in private so as to satisfy what society wants me to be. But even so, I still meet with my disappointments in laying the foundation of my spirit. It feels as though society wants to punish me for the habits I keep and struggle to forgo. In any case, it disturbs me that I only find occasion to write after failure. That all the thoughts I harbor and entertain in the realm of spirit fail to facilitate into written thoughts and that only after the senses have found gratification that I encounter that facilitation.

I want to write in *Dream Thinking* tomorrow. It will focus on the exploitation that employers hope to gratify in their hiring process. We are selling our will to the economy. The economy looks for those

who can maintain their exploitation and functionality in the business. During the interview we attempt to perform the sell of ourselves as a competent function of prospective duties. Maybe certain quirks of the personality attract the employer, no doubt, but it is debatable whether an employer wants a companion or a worker without boundaries. And if the worker transgresses in a function of the job then does the employer find occasion to exploit the worker on account of this? This is manifest in my Regal Entertainment position where i always performed work during the slow day while my co-workers were able to disengage from activity and sulk in easiness.

it amazes me how the mind functions with language and writing. Whether one must work to form their prose and troubles away with scribbles and deletions and crossing outs in order to arrive at their particular expression. Reading Valery's notebooks it surprises with an effusion of well turned phrases and i wonder if it just was the natural way his mind functioned. That with so much dedication to thought and feeling he was able to capture his prose in perfect harmony with the poetic. Even so, though, Valery is almost too dreamy and lost in the ethereal. It is abstract to the point of emptiness. What grounds a sensual poet who finds salvation in the dream? For me it is the senses themselves and their gratification. Not so much anymore with drugs, but always something sexual seems to propel an instigation to contemplation and the act of writing. This will change starting today. I have the world against me, ready to pounce upon my spirit its punitive designs, but I must be secure in myself and understand I performed a function that doesn't know how to exercise itself in the concrete with another person. Largely because so much literary ambitions surround my abstinence and unrequited love to Katherine Sarah Delwiche. I am truly obsessed with this woman and constantly entertain madness in regards to paranoid conspiracy theories about her that really would embarrass me if I had to explain them to somebody.

Yesterday was the anniversary of my release from jail to Beamer Detox Center and I recall how dreamy that all felt. And then that day was ingrained a great misfortune to my family with the arrest of my brother Ryan on some trumped up charges regarding an incident with an Uber driver. And now the American Justice System is attempting to ruin my brother's life. But we will prevail and overcome his obstacles. He's got a great defense and there is a likelihood that the one for whom the charges were raised won't show up to the trial in which case the charges will be dropped. And then my brother can pursue his dreams with his wife and achieve the things he loves.

The thing to remember when dealing with societal pressures is that I AM an existentialist. My existence defines my essence and not an essence of whatever kind defining my existence. I move to my own pace and development and not that of another party. that is why it is okay that I keep myself alone.

03/10/21

EVENING

It has been about a year, now since I've been home and living in Escondido. I have achieved a lot and have failed to achieve more at the same time. I've been employed twice and am exceeding at my second job and have barely written anything in my novel, but have played music a lot, despite not having learned already how to play a complete song on my piano. I have only recorded one song for my album, and even then am not able to play it expertly. It is amazing how much time is squandered. I am back to two hundred pounds in the course of two days. Two bowls of potato salad and one gigantic chipotle burrito. I am sick. I want to start running again and actively lose weight. I need to eat smarter. My diet will help dictate a more productive lifestyle. I've decided to eradicate coffee from my diet as it increases my anxiety which makes performance at my job difficult and gives me the jitters. Strong tea is much more preferred.

it's amazing how details of daily life fail to stimulate intellectual passion. Things such as healthy living are benign symptoms of inner beauty, but without it we wouldn't be able to dedicate anything to it, for a healthy body is able to perform and execute and enjoy inner sublimity better than one that squanders itself. So my goal is to get my health in check, again and achieve a body weight of 185 lbs by the end of the month. I think that is achievable. I plan to eat very little tomorrow. I would love to go running but it is going to rain. The best thing I did today was clean my room, however, i still have the bathroom and loft to sort out. So plans tomorrow to finish cleaning my living quarters. Tonight I rest and digest.

03/16/21

LATE AFTERNOON

I feel weighed down by my employment harassed by a depression of having myself belong to another entity that weakens my body and spiritual capacity. Home Depot is very physical and I find myself questioning my ability to perform. Moreover, the time it takes away from me makes it difficult for me to find TIME to perform my spiritual work. I wish I could have an employment option that would find a kindred match with my spirit. It is difficult for me to find this. So far the jobs I've had have taxed my physical ability beyond its acceptable performance. I wish I could have a retail job that only requires merchandise selling. I miss my time working at a thrift store. That was without any doubt the best job I have ever had.

Why must so much of my reflection occur around the quotidian doses of materialism? Where is my transcendence? I live somewhere, now, where it is antagonistic to roam about on foot. This is the location of the automobile. I miss the towns that welcomed pedestrian modes of transportation. Or bicycling. Nature has succumbed to concrete, oil and metal. I can't go anywhere. If I were to walk to the grocery store I would easily overcome a few miles. Things are extended to accommodate the motor vehicle. And now, already, I must leave for work in about an hour and I must extinguish my exhaustion through some rest. Just the anticipation of work exhausts me.

03/19/21

AFTERNOON

I actually enjoy my employment, but it is a matter of being productive around it and finding myself creating at the pace required for excellence. It is strange how an economy connects individuals and how these individuals must create private life out of public life. And then how to arrange the character of one's emotions and intellect around an employment foreign to one's spiritual character. And on spirit, there is a philosophy, a music, a poetic and a reality born out of the absurd, which is the process of determining meaning out of our nothingness. How does one understand the conflict between the varied personalities of creative work? If one is a philosopher how can one be a poet or musician or even a plastic artist? Does one lose a part of themselves when they specialize in a particular product of the spirit. How grateful we must be to the multifaceted society of creators. While we are forbidding one sphere for ourselves to participate in we can relish in the work of another who has been determined to excel in their production of that sphere that they have made to define their spirit. I don't believe in gifts. If life is absurd then the determining factor for a skill lies in the peculiar psychology of perception and will. This mystery eludes us in how we can explain any kind of product of art in the exercise of a particular character's production of their art. It behooves me when an artist must fend for themselves in distributing their time between money making so as to afford the life necessary to create when they're not working in order to afford to create. Can't we just re-imagine the economy to support life without enslaving a population in poverty and enervation. Labor detached from creative production enervates and tries the strength of the spirit to perform when it finds itself relaxed from labor. It almost must require a will to be an artist. One can have the representation of the genius but without the will to evade the toil of life in order to perform the work of creation one will not produce the product of their profundity.

04/05/21

EVENING

I've slowly been overcoming my defects. I have slight temptations and then I suppress them and realize my goal. I wrote in Dream Thinking the other day and I will be developing the story of Regal Cinemas. Work has been exhausting. But it feels good to expend oneself. I would like to hurry through reading my course so I can enter into some more romantic work. It's difficult to exhaust the literary world and be among elevating works of romance. My lust for romance and love yearns for tales of such things. But I have forbidden the course of romance for myself. Despite being interested in some women at work, it is difficult to imagine any of them would be interested in me. And then the chains I wear. I would really love to start driving and developing more independence. It is difficult not being mobile. I want to rework the song 2 and copy some elements from Philip Glass in Einstein on the Beach where the opening scene of the first act has a long drone of two notes or something to that nature. It will be D and G and then move into my sequences and the change into a chord progression alongside those sequences. I think this will be better. None of my songs so far have complexity about them. But I hope they are soothing. I want to start playing the piano and working on learning how to play The Sound of Silence. It has been forever now since I have been working on that song. It amazes me how Gide would put aside two hours

a day to work on Beethoven. It's difficult for me to find time to work on my stuff. It's amazing how people complain about the lack of production of their coworkers and how difficult it is to manage an organization of product and production. Everyone wants to do their kind of work and not be harassed about it. Managing ability is perhaps the hardest part of leaders in the work force. And we are outside of politics and the rule of the Regime. It's now labor and economy. When I think of immigrants and their desire for America it's for the ability to be a part of an honest economy where the country is surrounded by the attitude of labor and recreation with family and friends. We don't suffer so much from organized crime anymore or religious wars. Our mode of life is around the economical and that provides a kind of safety in the public and private life of the members of society. Everything revolves around the growth and exchange of monetary value and if one is open enough to participate in the work force and is keen on being a healthy product of labor then they ought to find a place in the way of things. However, in Davis, it is true that i did not earn enough capital to support my lifestyle and i was harassed by creditors and landlords and the need to have time and money to support my spiritual necessities. Spirit is the leisure to produce a product of one's individual will through the translation of it in the representation. I think Schopenhauer is incredible in his insights into this and Nietzsche really took it over to greater interpretations. i really miss reading Nietzsche, but i must develop my scope into greater things. In Dream Time I will be focusing on the conflict of belonging to one without having one and foregoing that sex drive in order to develop oneself alongside a true love that is desperate without hope and found only in a dream. I don't know what other facets of cultural motifs I will investigate and that is why I must broaden my horizons and focus and focus and focus.

04/14/21

EARLY AFTERNOON

The important thing to realize is that one cannot accomplish everything in a day. That work is a flow state and a continuity of committed repetitions. I have had four days off and I recorded song 2 and read, watched movies, wrote nothing until now and thought. I am going to compose Ancient Moon pt.2 soon and it will focus on the detachment process to Katherine Sarah Delwiche. I am becoming free again and I want to unravel myself from fantasy attachments. Dream Time will still be about the ghost and will find itself completed in a future date when I finish Dream Thinking. I haven't played much of the piano, it is all about trying to find one's schedule to be productive. With my focus on quitting cigarettes I find that I pass a lot of time simply doing nothing but chewing nicotine gum. It amazes me how the infinitesimal things occupy one's time and steal away productive work. I wish I was mobile. It depresses me that I am prisoner of my own living quarters. I can't go anywhere on my own, I have no independence. And sometimes I get depressed over the contributions I must make in living in a household with others. I miss my own duty to myself and only to myself. But this is an adjustment that will take time. I want to start exercising again and once the weather warms up that will occur for me. All in all things are well, albeit being depressed over the state of my skill as a musician and my constipation with literature (despite the brainstorming I undergo with said literature). I do read, though. I want to excel at work and find a place in it that doesn't have me exhausted and worn out. So far it's not that bad, but I do have some strenuous work shifts, though this four day break has done a lot to comfort me. I spend a lot of money eating out and it is a nice luxury, but I need to be smarter with my money.

04/15/21

EARLY EVENING

I wish I had more time to myself; despite having five days off I feel as though I belong to things that aren't me. I despair over the future that i don't have and have difficulty feeling content and in the flow state in the present. I also despair over my inability to maneuver in the community and do things on my own. I really wish I could drive and explore. Being locked inside all the time drains me of my romanticism, which finds itself in communicating as a consumer. Just to run errands on my own enlivens me with gaiety. Being only in my room drains me of so much. And I am struggling with saving money, though I made smart decisions with my 1400 dollar stimulus check. And just today I upgraded my drum machine and should receive it next Friday. I want to make good music, but i feel as though I am late. That I was robbed of desperately needed years of development and now I am rotten. Even so, though, I'll do what I can. It amazes me how much solitude I will require in order to achieve my dreams and that the best things communion affords will evade me and be forsaken. I want to write more in The Notebooks of

a Wanderer. i want to next discuss vegetarianism and animals. And I want to take more pictures. I took some pictures today of a shoot I had been planning in my head for a while now. Frustratingly enough though the black and white filter I applied to some of the pictures with my camera's setting were reversed by my iPad. I would love to have an easier job, my current one taxes my body too much, though it's good for the overall health of my body. I want to start running once it gets warmer out. i miss feeling healthy.

04/16/21

AFTERNOON

It's difficult to maintain a content temperament in the face of our capitalist world that steals away out time to ourselves and robs us of the spring of our solitude. But to keep ourselves motivated we must realize that monetary compensation for stealing our time to ourselves enlivens us with purchasing power that endorses a higher quality of life than outright poverty. Materialism is a capitalist quality and giving in to the trade off of working for material and using material in our time off is the pendulum of our state of affairs. I must continuously tell myself that work is okay and that I can accomplish my tasks and perform all my duties. My private ambition and my public ambition will be satiated. To work and create. I must keep myself on target with my goals and understand that working assists in the accomplishment of those goals.

04/26/21

EVENING

I think Ancient Moon pt. 2 will focus on my need for identity and how Theodote symbolizes that identity an reinforces her as my ghost and yet unobtainable for me. I started rereading Dream Thinking and will begin working on it again once i go through it. It's actually quite good. I'm undergoing revolutions and working on my honesty and being a good employee, brother, son and uncle. I think intoxication is fundamental to growing up, but oughtn't to be a permanent virtue. I'm rereading the Gay Science and it is amazing, but eludes me. I want to focus on my stuff more. I'm going to try to play the piano before going to work tomorrow. I haven't been engaged too much with music or activity at home. Really focusing on conquering my enemy nicotine and tobacco. Was feeling uncomfortable today with paranoia and anxious thoughts. Too much caffeine and not enough sleep or eating. I need to give up energy drinks. I gave up coffee and will only rely on tea. I also want to start writing some poetry or working more on my folk songs. I am not as elevated in thought as i used to be. I literally spend hours just chewing nicotine gum and fading out listening to soviet wave music radio on the internet.

i really want to start driving soon and i hope my Mom gets the new iPhone so I can get my brothers phone after she passes down her current phone to him. I want to feel more independent. More in control of myself. More free to move around where I desire. I also want to try to start making friends, but i don't want to be torn away from my creativity. I have a hard time staying in touch with people. Didn't call my dad today like i wanted to and I don't know if I want to call my West Sacramento neighbors. They're sweet but we have different perspectives on life. But it would be nice to catch up with them. All in all Ill focus on one day at a time.

05/04/21

LATE AFTERNOON

I had a good birthday and enjoyed time with my family. My Mom purchased a buy one get one free if a new line is added from verizon, so today I am expecting the arrival of my new phone the iPhone 12 and I couldn't be happier and more excited. I want to try to implement myself into people's lives and work on my social skills and be a better person and more involved. I have great accommodations and I have support and it will all just take time to develop. I need to work on conquering my evils and manifest into the artist i want to be. It amazes me how so much in art is about the look of the individual. How they model themselves and commodify their identity via social media and with people. I want to try to find some like minded friends and engage in some activity and work on being less stagnant. I'm about a third of the way through my Dream Thinking's rereading and it is amazing, however, it has some low points; particularly the sexing up of Katerina. I just don't appreciate that scene. But otherwise it's got some powerful stuff and it will pain me when I capitulate all that needs translation, for I have done some mean stuff. That is the double pain Nietzsche speaks of in the Gay Science, your conscience biting and then succumbing tot he opinion of others. Hurt by the self and hurt from how others judge one.

I want to be whole and clean and healthy. It amazes me how feminine I am, that I have nastiness in me and that I need to hold myself at a distance in order to conform to a good opinion of myself. It helps that I work, but I am not capable of full time employment and need my breaks from employment. I deleted my second song of The Occult because it was too simple and boring. I need to work on developing a keener skill in melody writing and proficiency in harmony.

I decided i don't want vocals with my folk songs, merely instrumental with the ukulele and the piano and perhaps my tr8. And isn't that wonderful! I got the upgraded Tr8s and i love it immensely. The 707 is groovy as fuck. I wish I was a lyrical genius like Katherine, but I'm not; however, i think I am good with sounds and will work on my skill as a keyboardist and understanding of musical forms. Today i didn't do much in the work of my stuff, however, I ran and fought the urge to smoke. I am very happy with my progress and am working on bettering myself as a person. One must keep their mind clean and fend off the demons of lust in order to penetrate deeper into the spirit.

I'm trying to wake earlier, and today my Dad called me (bless his heart) at seven in the morning, which met my annoyance and i dragged myself out of bed at 8 but then rehearsed the slumbering score till ten and then made my way through my chores and stimulated myself with nicotine gum all afternoon until my run. It amazes me how much leisure is spent merely brainstorming things and anticipating activity with mere thoughts about the activity one will do. It's movement before movement. And move I will, when the time arrives. One must wait for one's eruption. Tomorrow I hope to be very productive and Thursday i receive my injection, thank the gods, for I have felt some paranoia creep upon me and it unsettles me. Despite that, however, I always confirm Leopardi's estimation of life that it is pain, suffering and boredom and the world is dirt, be calm. And that is the keenest insight I have ever encountered from another. Calmness is all we can hope for when we are thrust against ourselves by discomfort.

05/12/21

LATE EVENING

I don't really know what is going on in my life. I'm rereading Dream Thinking and it is amazing and I am uncertain if I have enemies attempting to control my voice. Despite everything I make an attempt at authenticity and work on my art. It's painful to feel as though there is judgement at the other end of the day that there is pain awaiting. In any case, i must remain calm, productive and at one with myself. Value is so intangible that it is difficult to foster one's core with it. I'm working a job and maintaining my productive hours and receiving the necessary accommodations from the state for my poor mentality and trying to accomplish my goals. Feeding back into oneself what breaks out has the danger to collapse oneself from within and pains one with terrible spirit. I need to hurry along my rereading, so as to continue my journey with my book and develop further literary projects. I'm playing music and today i had pleasure in what I accomplished, perhaps a foundation that will meet satisfaction in its continual development. Certain in perceived commentaries have me sensing fear and discomfort, but I am powerless against them. All I can do is continue to create myself. To be myself in the midst of a world antagonizing me for so long. I only have the joy of my discomfort.

05/13/21

AFTERNOON

Cultural motifs invade the mind of the solitary and uproot it with discomfort. When I spy upon the world the world invades me as though it were feeding off of me personally and determining my fate in an absolutely terrible force. I become so important and pivotal in my thought process about my relationship with the world and the world's relationship with me that other humans become agents of culture and determine my place and well being. In short my impulses and actions which have no foundation other than execution become a moral judgement by the world and I become either evil or good.

Yesterday and today I have been unhinged due to too much caffeine and I realize that I must encounter a better diet. I must relinquish coffee and cigarettes and improve my health with exercise and tea and healthy food. I suffer because I have transgressed others with my impulses simply because I was so disadvantaged that I couldn't find a healthy ability to implement myself into the community and find a place of belonging. I realize wholeheartedly the negative impact my Dad has had on me and how he is so fundamental to my failure. That he has and still does represent an unhealthy relationship. Just recently I had to listen to his venting of problems that I have no part in and am unable to solve. Talking to him never satisfies me. It always leaves me uncomfortable. I might have to subtract him from my life.

I'm going to be driving more soon and eventually I'll be master of my own movements. I need to find hobbies to engender myself with the outside world. I wish I could sit at a piano for hours and lose myself in an activity that saves my mind from so much moral inquisitions. Why must we value ourselves on actions that originally have no proper education meant to guide our place in finding ourselves. We are thrown into community and determined by the powerful how we'll be placed for rewards.

It is difficult to find intimacy. I don't even know if identity with myself and others is possible. I no longer want to dissect myself according to principles of crime and punishment. Sometimes I feel as though I am horribly guilty of serious transgressions, when in fact they are mere behaviors of inappropriate gestures. Infinitesimal mosquito bites. I will allow myself to develop, overcome and prosper. I will become new again and find success. Adventures will open up for me and I will develop the skills I admire.

05/14/21

EARLY EVENING

I'm looking for my identity, which amounts to no more than the development of one's artistic character according to an intellectual and aesthetic consciousness that doesn't become abashed at itself in its reflection upon itself. It's something that lives with itself without any reserve. Total desecration. Today I played with my synthesizers and I realize I like voicings that resemble strings and pads that resemble atmospheres with a rhythm underlying them. However, my talent in melody writing is so elementary and bare that I fail to incorporate a melody in my playing. With literature I have a strong prose, but it is so vain, because I found my literary tales upon myself.

I want to start driving soon and reading more work on the style and behaviors of music. I also want to begin using my camera more and work on a film set to music.

05/15/21

LATE AFTERNOON

I'm really looking forward to my future. Tomorrow is going to be the first day of the rest of my life. I want to awake every day around five, stretch, perform sit-ups and pushups and then engage with the piano and music theory and then play my synthesizers and then practice the ukulele with the metronome. On days that I work I may only be able to play the piano until I come home. And then I want to read more, too. May 14 and May 15 are my quit days with my bad habits. One must love what one endures. Being powerful is accepting with confidence one's position in society and attempting to carve out one's place with honest emotion. Spirit determines ourselves. I lost my Aunt Judy yesterday and I feel incredibly pained that I lost the opportunity to tell her I love her when I was on the phone in the background when my Mom talked to Tommy Gallegos, while Aunt Judy rested in the background with Tommy. It's sad how we come and go. That relationships are so evanescent.

05/20/21

AFTERNOON

There are times when I am seized by an immense urge to write only to succumb to the raw fact of extreme pettiness. That my life's day was surrounded by total minutia. One characterizes themselves around the activities of their day, meet with the inspiration and goals that surrounded their day and decide whether there is any profundity to relate. And sadly enough I have none. Although my activities were banal, I will relate some of them and comment on my progress. Drove today to the blood testing site to get blood work done as requested by my psychiatrist. It had been a while now since I had the request made to me, but I don't see my psych until mid-June. It's amazing the contrast of public and private transportation. I think I'd prefer public transportation as there is something romantic to loading oneself aboard a public unit to get to a destination with others and meet yourself in the world. Although private transportation saves one a many disagreeable encounter there are also times when one can connect with another in a complete serendipitous experience. Being public is such a tantamount aspect of culture.

I haven't been reading as much lately and so have no thoughts on the thoughts of my peers, but I have been playing a little of music here and there. I bought some energy drinks, as I have extreme lethargy in the morning and hopefully this will enable an easier rise in those mornings. I masterbated (knock on fortune) for the last time and really want to work on being clean. It's amazing how much the sex drive is controlled by society simply through the means of cultural trends and social status. I don't

think I'm one that ranks high on those lists. Women must be very fickle because they are so much a part of cultural laws. A woman can not sever her position in a cultural hierarchy and must rely on the social esteem of her peers.

What I really want to do is just concentrate on work and creating. I sense that I'll soon be in the driver's seat on my own and then I'd like to go exploring with my camera. I want to work on being a good employee and a good artist. It's amazing how lazy one can get and how defeated one must feel when the afternoon rolls around and one hasn't engaged in any activity and then feels the weight of an afternoon nap encroach upon one's drooping self. Tomorrow I want to run and continue my goal of losing weight to a comfortable 160ish by the end of October. So far I'm at about 185, which is great as I expect to be in a comfortable 183 by the end of this month in the next 11-14 days.

The world is a nasty place and one's existential dialogue with the self in the world regarding its character and problems is most peculiar based upon one's location and how one develops their sovereignty of self with their spirit in that location. I don't understand why we as global humans restrict the travel of one's life in a place to another that might call out more favorably to one's character than another. Being enslaved to a place and among people that don't identify with one's spirit is the tragedy of this post modern world. That we are so global yet so determined to restrict the exploration and experimentation with culture and the solidifying of character in a place that matches its spirit strikes me with so much indignation. Transportation should not be a luxury and should be free and up building.

06/02/21

EVENING

I maneuver back and forth between new possibilities and old obsessions. It's important to find identity in the world. Lost loves imprisons one and ghosts haunt our dreams. When the one is nowhere to be found what does one do? And this will be my life. Despite my desire for twosome ness I lost the one I love and want none other. I will make my art around this motif. I constantly debate moving to Portland and winning the hand of our Katherine, but she has made it known that that is impossible and I would be a villain if I did. Perhaps in ten years once I finish my projects then I can make myself available again for new skies, but old skies harness me now.

06/06/21

LATE EVENING

I'm in a great contest with the development of my spirit. My addiction to nicotine makes me want to familiarize myself with self-overcoming. So far I have had no cigarettes today and shot down an offer for a smoke and then recapitulated with a request for a cigarette that was shot down. Spiritual growth is something I yearn for. I have been able to forsake self-gratification and remain clean, yet my desire for tobacco still lingers. I try to occupy myself with work and reading of literature meant to uplift and inspire. It's amazing how humans have been able to develop literature across generations that reach for one and calls only us as we are alone with it. It's as though some of these books were only written to speak only to me and then I enter the world with that inspiration.

06/10/20

LATE AFTERNOON

I'm ready for what the world throws at me and I'm ready for realizing my goals and achieving my spirit. Despite being exhausted today I managed to perform at work very well and was acknowledged today for my hard efforts and therefore was awarded my first homer badge. And then someone today tipped me two dollars, which I lost. The same person complimented me by saying that I was a gentleman and a scholar. But lo and behold what do I do when I get home but none other than stroke myself. I'm through with this circle and am ready to become myself. I want to work on my physique and build my body and wear the clothes I desire. I didn't get any work done today during my lunch, but last night I laid out my reading list once I accomplish the completion of my first set of books. I want to write more work. This is merely the circle of achievement and failure. No progress. No transcendence. I need these things in my life and I need for my labor with Home Depot to be positive and empowering.

At Home Depot I was asked by my manger team if I'd work the garden lot on the weekends and I happily accepted for this would enhance my schedule with more leisure to accomplish my goals as an artist. I've been developing my look and it strikes me with wonder how we must present ourselves to

viewers. That our body is a decoration demanding interpretation. And I want to be my best looking self at the age that I am. So much of my time has been wasted and I'm tired of my unfocused production. June 8th is my quit day with cigarettes and today is my quit day with self-gratification and the beginning of my development as a person, artist and philosopher. It amazes me how we must abstract concepts from the personal drama of our life as normally captured in a novel or play. That we need an anchor of reasons in transcendental thinking that tells us the meaning of our judgements, behaviors and morality.

I hate that I caved in and undid my development, but fall and get back up. Try again and try harder. Do more and follow your convictions.

06/12/21

AFTERNOON

Katherine is the one I love and my obstinacy and will to power will transform it into an aesthetic phenomenon. Everything will be about developing a religion on post-modern love. I do not know how I will understand self-overcoming so as to be new again, but sometimes one doesn't find identity and so has no other choice but to yearn for the ghost. And then one is led by their solitude to develop their condition to new terrain and search for identity. I don't know what my future holds in store for me, but I want to work on my projects. I need to be more productive. I must dissect the values of our world, borrow from my pre-history and develop my aesthetics. I will give a name to our day. I don't know if I want marriage to be our finality, but it seems to me that as we age we become accustomed to determinacy. I do not know why family is such a long standing fact of our human condition. Free spirits cannot find themselves expressed in this world when it is focused on attachments. And the greatest attachment I have for myself is the ghost I commune with because I fail to find my today equal with me and I roam the dream because only there am I finding life and expression.

06/13/21

EVENING

If you don't pay attention to your today then how will you be relevant to what your today needs. So you have ever upon you the clamor of that marketplace and the interest of your person with the affairs of your contemporaries, however, when you find that it is all filth and low then you retreat into yourself and become transcendental. The problems of our nation are surrounded by such unintelligent demagoguery that it is impossible to have a real discussion in the market of these affairs. So much is reliant upon sound bites and small phrases meant to elicit passion that we go nowhere in progressing our position in the world.

But enough of this, for now. I love diary oriented works. The conversation one has with oneself amidst the world is one of the greatest literary traits ever developed and I am thankful for the Savage Detectives, Gide's journals, and Pessoa's The Book of Disquietude. I have let them infiltrate my reading digest once again. I'm excited about reading and I am excited about writing. Also I am excited about music and film. I want to start filming and making my music. I will need to acquire a MacBook Pro soon. Very soon and begin my work. Meanwhile I must invest myself into dreaming up my work.

06/15/21

EVENING

I have pretty much mapped out my second song and I hope it doesn't bore anyone for it gives in entirety to Wagner's notion of the endless melody. It's about four minutes long and it will characterize the film aspect of the knife and its discovery. I hope I can manage this project to where it'll meet appreciation. In any case I want to work on being better at what I do and do more of it more often. I sulk in inertia too often and leads to despairing thoughts and the regurgitation of bad habits. Inertia and boredom can be vices too. But more often than not a coming to be of something great. So I hope it is with me. I am working as best I can to be good at Home Depot and comfortable at home with my chores and projects occupying me. It is painful to have to do chores so often and to be drained constantly with chores for money and chores for self-love. I want to run tomorrow and I have been doing little exercises at night after I shower for the day. I'm getting stronger and toning my body. With just the little I've done the past two weeks I've noticed a difference. It's amazing how there are literary and artistic giants that have managed to escape the family and then can donate their time to the pure pursuit of their art without having to maintain relationships divorced from their work. So they can materialize in their journals and

diaries their art as it is first and foremost. In our day where family harkens upon us we have goals different from the pursuit of projects. Even now I know of artists who are fathers and mothers and their art is just something they do beside the more important relationship of life which gets dismissed when one behaves with their art, which is to say when one converses with the project that was made. No one sees the son, brother, mother or father in the artist. And those things are dismissed in relationship to what is important in life. One is only a star of the job that is recognized by society. Even the spectator become alienated from their perspective relationships when they converse with the project. Their relationships become benign in so far as the project doesn't call attention to that peculiar fact, which is to say unless the art being conversed with is meant to bring attention to life's peculiar relationship of a peculiar fact then that fact is swept underground. It amazes me the fetters we put on ourselves, even with me I have the fetter of the ghost upon me and I cannot break loose of that stronghold for better or worse. I would need to be saved by someone for that fetter to break and meanwhile I must obey its command despite my little misbehaviors.

06/23/21

EVENING

It's all about what you dedicate yourself to in what you allow to possess you that becomes your defining virtue. So my love to Katie materializes into Dream Thinking and my love to the ghost becomes Dream Time. Ancient Moon Pt. 2 will map this out. As the ancient moon I dedicate myself to the Earth and become its mistress and circulate with its dreams. I bring the night to it and a purpose for the Dionysian.

I will need to get a MacBook Pro soon, hopefully for Christmas so I can work on my musical film. The second song does indeed please me, however I will have to work on it some more in the sense of practicing it. I will need to work on music theory and developing my musical consciousness. I finished the Gay Science, again and can now work on other books and work on completing my volumes. I don't really want to buy any more books. I feel complete.

06/27/21

AFTERNOON

I really don't know what to do. Sometimes I become so stagnant and run around in circles around tobacco and I become anxious over nothing. I feel unhappy here and part of me wants to wait until the moment comes when I can relocate to Portland and run happily into Katie. But I realize that it is over and I have been obsessed over her when she has been well beyond me. I must try to plant some roots into the now and become present and available to whom it happens that I can meet. It just sucks because my values are so different from everyone else's and I always run into the wrong location and meet people with different views than me. I don't know why I am forbidden my people and my happiness. Everyone is so fermented with God, Money and Country it disgusts me. Nothing calls out to me and I am alone with no one to match me.

06/28/21

EVENING

I was in such despair today and totally enervated in all things. Chores inflict such a cruel pain in me and disrupt my days with a schedule I'd rather not have to keep. I read and played video games today and accomplished nothing more. My soul yearns for romance and I am aging fast and losing my ticket to love. There comes an age when life has passed you by and all you have to show for it is some kind of income and property and humans for whom surround you that you can say you share a reciprocal love for. I'm 38 and I have nothing. I am completely lost and I have no prospects. I live with my family but it feels a kind of prison for me. I am at the behest of their decisions and must adapt according to their laws. I have given up my agency, an agency I have been fighting for for a while. But even in West Sacramento I had vultures leeching onto me and struggled with my agency there, too.

07/02/21

MORNING

I feel much better now. I still accomplished very little this week, but I've been brainstorming my music and recuperating my spirit with rest. I feel like I am a Wagnerian and an inheritor of Berlin School.

Dream School is going to very much rely on drama and the effects of film with the cooperation of my music. I am an actor too. Much to the displeasure of our Nietzsche. I need to develop a keener taste in how I make music. Right now it is a little boring and there is too much sound at once. I have two pads and endless melody and a bass line and they all corrupt one another. They need to interact with a perfect correspondence and I need to practice and experiment and find my sound with them.

I feel consoled that I am loveless, but part of me realizes that I must unfetter my spirit so as to become free and available for the multi-faceted aspect of life. But then it's about virtue and willing the dream and accomplishing the art peculiar to my person. I seek identity and not convenience. It amazes me how biology still rules the social strata. That age and location determines one's providence. I'll be working quite a bit the next week in a half and I want to talk to my HR and enroll myself in the process of becoming financially independent and unleash the aid of social security subsidies, yet manage to still keep my social security insurance benefits. I want to rely on myself and not have to engage the state anymore for the reliance I have been accepting for some twelve years now. The goal is to work some thirty hours a week and then accept that income as my source of power. I will introduce myself to those thirty hours in increments. Twenty six in a half hours a week for four months and then thirty to thirty two hours a week henceforth. It's time I become more self-reliant and shake off those safety nets that I fell into.

07/05/21

EVENING

When people at work seem to say I appreciate it I think what they're really saying is you're a piece of shit and I think of my grotesque habits and my inability to transcend that has me earning a more difficult labor than others at Home Depot. I'm trying to become whole and self-reliant and pure. I need to take my iPad with me every time I work and work on my novel during my breaks and read. I don't really like to talk during my breaks and I don't like to hear noise either. My Dad asked me earlier today about my music and I was too abashed to wax philosophical about matters that I'm merely just dipping my feet into. My sound is still as yet undiscovered and I know very little about the mechanics of music and the theory I want to achieve. I was contemplating buying a guitar for Leah with my next check but I think I'll wait till Xmas to get it for her and work on saving money for myself and being selfish. I work very hard for my money and should spend it wisely and focus on my needs. I really want a MacBook Pro m1 edition. And I want to start taking photos and videos. but first I must accomplish my sound.

I was reading the Charterhouse of Parma and it strikes me with wonder the magical portrayal of war and the enthusiasm youth have for combat. Nothing could be further from my understanding than that of combat under the guise of nationalism. What is the goal of a regime and its desire to flex military might into the world, is it really the proponent of private wealth? is our honest economy really the ally of a corrupt military campaign? And when I see people proclaiming they don't want to the government dictating choices to them do they not realize the government is not an agency of anything more than the people it represents that the government is the people and freedom is freedom of being ruled by each other? How can you not trust a government in a democracy? That seems so illogical, your government is the weal of the people in its defining decisions. To withdraw from the government is to withdraw from the people. To not trust the government is to not trust yourselves or the leaders you vote in. If your party loses what you really distrust is the opposing voice or voices of your democracy, of your neighbors.

I'm really upset about my inertia, I need to exert myself.

07/17/21

LATE MORNING

I have so much difficulty producing work because I'm so nauseated with myself. It's always ugh this is me! In reading Dream Thinking so as to catch up, so to say, I am confronted with myself as an artist and I feel as though I am in my own bowels. It's always a confrontation with my excretions. I can't stand myself is the problem. It really behooves me how anyone is able to have a good opinion of themselves and with a happy conscience produce work and feel the contentment of a decent let alone excellent artist.

I see the evolution of political characteristics in the post-modern world. It's as though everything has shifted to economy and labor. That mere government is a hoax and merely a vehicle for the distribution of a commonwealth's resources in the mode of financial business. The real politic is in the

workforce. When encountering Machiavelli and others we see that our relationship with our labor determines the conduct of our political actions. Which is to say, in a place like Home Depot our work and its defining role is the realm of political values and political character as it was in modernity and antiquity has shifted into labor. Protecting our job values and our job position and our job tasks is the political. Work is our phenomenon. And the government is an administration of finance. Unfortunately we still have war and police and sovereignty and constitutional bickering, but we are edging closer and closer to pure administration. International relationships will therefore also have to eventually evolve and manifest into an administration of choice location. It behooves me that international politics isn't about finding your region and co-existence with identical cultural values. That instead it's a hostility over the identity and protection of some false identification of nationalism and sovereignty that is always in reality redefining itself. Which is why travel is so invaluable. Unfortunately I mostly choose the wrong places or am introduced to the wrong people. Everywhere I go everything is about God, country and Money. Or as in the Woodland crowd the inertia of easy entertainment and bland philosophies. I've been here for a year and I haven't met anyone that I identify with. I've met nice people and interesting culprits of culture but no one that is in my realm. It only reinforces my ancient moon.

AFTERNOON

My music is too stagnant, I play a boring wall of sound with synthesizers and there is little attraction to my sound. The thing with synths is the excitement of a fast attack and a strong bass line or a dreamy sound sequence with then an ethereal drone or multiple moving strings. My skill leaves something to be desired.

07/24/21

EVENING

I have slipped up and those in charge of my destiny will make me feel uncomfortable for it, but nevertheless I must accept their disparagement against me and prevail and work on being better from here on out and I am up for the challenge. Tomorrow I will go to work and do my best and on Monday talk to my HR about dropping my hours down and only have half day hours and making that work around my re-entry into school here at Palomar College. I'm getting the tools for my creativity and I want to make it work. It's difficult being in public and engaged with others in activities. I feel as though I leave something wanting. I doubt my ability and I need to start practicing and studying and performing. I must achieve my goals.

The other day I was reading Spinoza and it amazed me that we think of God as a perfect being and all knowing, that he would create a creature with undefined attributes and then allow himself to be thought of as not being a being in experience. That he doesn't experience becoming. God would have a relationship with his creatures and learn their spirit as he learns his spirit in the spirit of his creation. But to subtract God is my desire and leave in its place the history of humanity. The history of the Regime. Liberty as experienced in its becoming of freedom. The Regime as experienced in becoming and evolving in its display of organization and activity and destination of human.

07/26/21

AFTERNOON

It is amazing how one must endure the discomfort of conditions in order to excel and achieve their desires with the economic power granted to them through that endurance of discomfort. What is being said is that one must endure employment where one provides services in exchange for purchasing power so as to be able to participate in the economy to their heart's content. I felt like calling Home Depot today and quitting, but I thought better of it and realized I want income so as to achieve my goals and acquire and preserve my interest in the arts. It is difficult to endure poverty and to have to sell one's self to labor so as to have resources for investments.

08/06/21

LATE AFTERNOON

I feel depressed and lethargic. I've only been practicing music minimally, however, I did write the lyrics for A Dry Leaf and I have Beene experimenting with my electronic music. Yesterday I completed the process for enrolling into three classes at Palomar and I don't really know where if anywhere this will lead. I feel so alienated and out of place in the midst of things. So dislocated. I don't know what to expect from

life. I wish I could feel free and open and available and not so rejected and dejected. I read a little of Dream Thinking yesterday and am getting caught up. Everything is so tough and I have such lows sometimes. Work is exhausting and leaves me drained. It takes two to three days to recover. I hope I can manage and endure.

08/11/21

LATE MORNING

I started smoking again and I'll know when it's right to quit. I'm going to let go of Katie and work on being available and accepted on my terms. I have my work that requires attention and acceptance. We're all encased with a history and that history makes us us. I'm going to work on me. I enrolled in school and am very excited about it. I look forward to my coming accomplishments.

08/18/21

EARLY EVENING

I feel so depressed as though I've fallen into the depths of despair because I am failing to be someone I can admire and live a life that brings me happiness. I feel as though I am disconnected from everything with little to hope for. My future seems undetermined and I don't really know where to go in my life and I feel like society is purposely making my job difficult for me, so as to force me to quit and bring upon myself a complete destruction. But I must harness these emotions and channel them into something productive and wait for the moments when I can manage to exercise production. School will start Monday and I'll be able to get out of the house and find parks (there's an arboretum at Palomar, supposedly) and connect with myself and the world. I miss the feeling of just being able to walk outside and be in a city or a clash of things. Here you walk outside and you're a trespasser, encountering neighborhoods and houses wondering why you are walking around there stuff. But I must defeat my negative thinking. I want to achieve a sense of calm and excitement over my affairs and feel blessed in my mode of life. I think tomorrow I'm going to do some stuff with my camera and computer. Try to take some video and photos and work on my music. Dream Thinking is almost caught up. I'm at the difficult part of Through an Existential Window of Shame. I really can't believe myself, at times. But I must feel comfortable with what I'm accomplishing and work. Next week I'm going to join a gym and begin working out and hopefully achieve a healthy body and healthy mind. I would like to work out at night around nine in the evening. But we'll see. I might not be able to join a gym right away, because I have to purchase my nicotine patches. So maybe September. I feel a little better now.

08/23/21

LATE MORNING

I feel almost as though my life passed by me; that I have lost my self in the despair of experience and lack of experience. Even though, however, my mind is strong, yet despair harkens upon me at all times. As a result one must exert themselves to enter a positive mind frame and remain dedicated to their convictions and the attack upon their convictions. Everything requires patience and activity to fend off the boredom that incurs in the mode of practicing patience for the arrival of the event.

08/24/21

EVENING

I feel a bit more positive. Started school for which I'll receive the HEERF grant and accomplish the reduction of some of my debt. At class, however, I didn't speak at all, but I don't really like open questions to volunteers, I want to input, but I'm too shy and reserved. It's a good class, though, and I think I'll have a lot of fun in it. With photography I feel as though I were missing the eye or rather not having enticing surroundings for my vision. And I'm too shy with my camera, too. I like to take pictures of my family's gatherings, but I need to branch out more. I started the filming of The Occult: An Introduction to Dream School and have the opening scene; a whole 21 seconds worth. I'm struggling as to how I'll select the scenes with it. I still have a lot of work to do. Played my synthesizers for five minutes today and had to quit almost immediately because of the heat in the room.

I'm trying to give up using gum and I'm on the second day without a cigarette and twice today I fought back the finishing of a jerk. It's amazing how universal we become in our habits and how what we do in private extends itself into the public. I must achieve my comfort and be myself and excel in all the

things i want success in. I also went running today and am beginning to return to my exercises. It felt great.

09/13/21

LATE AFTERNOON

Sometimes I feel like everything is so pointless and that I have gone beyond the age of possibilities and am now too old to begin the things I am starting and that I am terribly out of place. I feel so devoid of passion at times and that I am hopeless in the things i want. I don't know how long it will take to complete my projects and sometimes I feel so disheartened to resume working on them. In some ways I miss Northern California, especially Davis, how I've loved Davis. And now, I don't know where I'll be happy, or if even happiness is possible. I don't think people are interested in me and no one from the fairer sex seems to be attracted to me. The difficulty is I don't know how to become new again and that is what I want to experience. Holding onto Katie is ruining me, because it is so hopeless and the time and energy to get there with no idea of knowing whether she'll accept me is tearing me down. I have to accept that she doesn't want me and that I am creating fables in my mind that she watches me and passes judgements on my activities.

10/0/21

EVENING

I feel despair because I have a weakened agency and some of my time belongs to another. I don't get out enough on my own or purview the city to my liking so as to achieve something that makes me feel me. I miss my time in NorCal on my own with my time belonging to me and not having to answer to another. Now I have responsibility and belong to a household and I struggle with being happy. I think i am naturally a solitary agent. Although I believe i could be a good boy friend or husband. But in any case I want to start getting out more. My job still taxes strong on me, but i am managing well and making it work. I want to write more and haven't written much lately, but I've been playing music and i got a new camera, a true professional one and now I just need to collect lenses and practice the art of photography. i want to explore my surroundings and participate in the locale. I think I'm making a friend out of Adam from Garden at the Home Depot. He plays music too and has been working on mastering his craft. His genre is hip hop and he's not half bad. Listened to some of his demos and they were good. Me, however, am more ambient oriented and defy genre, so to say. In any case, I worked out the framework of my second song and the project The Occult is forming. Played my Switch a little today and was relieved. Video games are so cathartic. read a little bit too, Down and Out in Paris and London.

10/03/21

EVENING

I'm going to invest myself into Escondido and become new again. I will continue with my creative projects, but I am on a journey of the Dawn.

10/09/21

LATE EVENING

The Occult is possibly going under a reconstruction. I don't think I want it to focus on a lost love, for that paralyzes me in my investment in the now and here and in Escondido. So I don't really know what I want it to be. Maybe I ought to just focus on making the album and focus on a separate film project. I have a bit of a crush on Vanessa, the garden cashier at Home Depot. I enjoy conversing with her and taking an interest in her affairs. But I don't know if I am acceptable for a boyfriend to anyone. I don't know what I have to offer or if there is a shared interest in the things I'm passionate about. Tonight I tried searching for Katie on social media and its certain she has me blocked and i don't know why I hold on to that obsession. It's almost safe to be obsessed over someone unreachable, but it's also crippling, too. Lately, I've been despairing over merely the fact that I don't have time to belong only to myself. That I have responsibilities and duties and that I can't use my down time for fun things and instead must rest and reflect on the sad condition of my affairs. I don't know why I'm so depressed, but sometimes i just sit in my room and reflect on the impossibility of achieving anything that I want to excel at. I'm surrounded by my instruments and my books and my writing and it isn't enticing, it's as though I've gone a step back by becoming less reliant on myself as being the sole agent in my life. I miss being on my own, there's a

certain romance to it and if I'm going to get back to that stage I'm going to have to pay off my debt and look for somewhere affordable to live. I think I'm going to have the Occult as an album, Dream Thinking my novel and brainstorm a better more involved cast and story for a film when the time comes. But The Occult as a film poses many problems because there isn't any action in the film, it's all scenery and I can see how that would become both pretentious and boring. So I'm going to readjust myself. I'm going to let go of this obsessed love for one that hates me and look into myself and try to feel good about myself and love me for the things that I'm doing, which means getting myself involved in the work that I want to create. Without a doubt, though I am excited about joining a gym and start getting back into shape and feeling good and looking good. Or rather look good feel good. It's going to take some time to establish myself, but it'll happen. And I really want to find myself working on Dream Thinking soon. It's amazing, I'm so shy about treading new ground, which is really nothing other than treading upon my soul. I feel as though I won't get it just right like it ought to be and that I need to mull things over many times over until I find myself. And then sometimes I think others will lead me to myself, but then I just find the prehistory to myself and am back again where I started. So onwards.

10/21/21

LATE MORNING

I've been calling into work a lot, mostly because I feel depressed about having slept in so much prior to having to show up to work and therefore failed to get any music practice done before going in to trade my time and energy for money. But I will have to start making it into my shifts, for I have just about used up all of my opportunities to call in to work and not meet with a final reprimand. I realize now that I have a lot to be grateful for and that I just need to overcome my self-pity and start to achieve my work. I don't really know how the Occult will turn out, but I have the music developing. I think I am ready to give up on my obsession. Letting go is so hard for it involves a space without any attachment, for one cannot replace it with just anything and for a while one will have to be empty. And so I will march forward on my own. I need to work harder at my job, because sometimes I am overwhelmed with fatigue when it comes to lifting heavy bags of concrete and it irks me when I find the pro loader avoiding his main responsibility so as to make his day easier at my expense. This is the politics of labor. But in any case, I have some good scheduling occurring on my behalf, so I am very grateful at that. Soon I'll resume writing in Dream Thinking.

10/21/21

EARLY EVENING

I am so happy for my dad who just got his disability approved and now has some security in his life and something to help him transition into his new role in the lives of us, his children and the dynamic that is occurring here in Lendee Dr. My days are split into sections divided by feeding my dogs at ten in the morning and five at night and then shortly after feeding them dinner my dinner occurs and then that is what is left of my day. I get so caught up in trying to find my time to perform my work and accomplish my tasks for school and achieve rest till my next day of work at Home Depot. It seems I have difficulty adjusting having my time divided up to others. It's been the most difficult adjustment so far in my new role in this life here in Escondido.

I think I am going to go forth with The Occult as a film, too; it's difficult trying to envisage footage that will take up the time of the length of my songs which is the real beef of the project. I don't think there is going to be much action occurring and a lot is dependent on atmosphere and mise en scene.

Dream Thinking is at that juncture of introducing the politics of labor in the workforce, as in micro labor and not macro labor which is economic policy. Micro labor is the real life situation of a job for the employee of that job. So I must encounter the rarity today of how one looks for employment. Going up to establishments and asking for availability. Filling out a paper application. Waiting for a phone call. The interview. And then the acquiescence of work attire. And then the everyday unraveling of job tasks and relationships developed from job attitudes. So this is what I'm trying to arrange right now with my novel.

It's so nice seeing my Dad so relieved and in good spirits over this Social Security decision and his happiness take flight. I'm really happy for him.

10/24/21

LATE NIGHT

I've realized that i am not in love or infatuated with anyone other than Katie and that that is perhaps gone, but the realization that she matches my identity for beloved is unshakeable. And i want to remain steadfast in refusing to find happiness in a substance. Underwent an extreme test today in combating my desire and temptation for a cigarette or cigarettes, for that matter. I'm embarking on a good course. I'm remaining true to myself and working on my projects. Today marks the last day of masturbation and my quit day for cigarettes was September 13. I'm looking forward to my career with school and today at work I had a great time and will be working harder to be a good employee and make my attendance better than it has been, for I have been calling out for a while now. I'm getting close to resuming my Dream Thinking, I just don't know how I want to emerge back into it. I'm working on the micro labor thought process and I am letting it fester in me.

10/26/21

EARLY EVENING

I started filming a few scenes for The Occult and am happy with my progression. I slipped today with my sexual cleanliness, but I will work really hard from here on out to be abstinent. It's amazing how I can even expect any romance, today; my passions are so solitary. In any case I'm becoming better adapted to my way of life here. Although, i don't know how far I'll go in school. I definitely want to complete this year and then reassess my goals over the summer. I might take a semester off so I can find more time to write and play music. It's amazing how I am just running with musical ideas without having a theoretical foundation in musical language. I know such basics as moving along the triad with impunity when devising a melody and much of what i work out is experimenting and letting my hand configuration and the peculiar key speak to me on the keyboard.

I have so many books that I want to read and it's difficult maintaining my own education and buying into the education of an institution. Jack talked about the education of an institution and how leftist ideals are mainstream institutional propaganda. i disagree, though, for both aisles are represented in the works of thinkers or writers that we study. Though there is a general trend that works against the conservative mindset in the thinkers and writers that have made themselves prominent in the history of ideals. There's detractors to ever thing, though and one merely chooses one's company.

10/27/21

I must devise some way to venture out more, so as to feel my will involved in a world. I feel so estranged and desolate and sad. I am not in open love with anyone and it is hard to find myself feeling a romantic life worth living. I need to get out and work on my work and resume my writing. i read a little of Nietzsche and Goethe and today i recorded Ancient Moon Pt.1. my disability payments are entering a new stage and will be dwindling down and now I feel the effects of greater poverty upon myself and it will be very stressful. My future is uncertain, but I will attempt its success.

10/28/21

EVENING

I must accept that this is where I am at and I belong no where else. That my Occult project is the letting go of Katie and the cevelopment of my sound and visuals. I will be exploring my world, yet steadfast to my origins. That despite the loss of Katie I have her as the ghost and my work to reflect the ghost. Things are open, once again and as long as I remain committed to my work and work on my career I'll find my success.

10/31/21

AFTERNOON

I am letting go so as to grow and experience. To hold on to a phantom is to negate. And I am going to extend my interests, here.

12/19/21

AFTERNOON

My despair continues and I've been entertaining suicidal thoughts and harvesting paranoid thinking. I feel as though my work is trying to force me to quit so as to ruin me financially and I feel that every time I relapse with self-pleasure the work place becomes more and more hostile. I have been

calling out of work a lot lately, but thankfully I have been allowed my accommodations. I did really well in school this past semester and look forward to next semester and want to pay off my bills and produce music, film and photography. I don't know why I am so displeased and incapable of performing my extracurricular activities. I did map out my next two songs, The Labyrinth and Nautical Woman. I just need to practice them and gear up for their recordings. I received medication adjustments and I hope it will help. My job is really extracting a toll on me and I crumble with exhaustion and depression. The politics of labor is so brutal. Everyone burdens the undesirable. Culture is paramount and I have little place in it, however, I do have some allies and I only hope they are greater than my enemies.

12/22/21

LATE EVENING

Today is my definitive quit day with all my undesirable activities. I want to be more productive and wholesome. Tomorrow I want to do a lot of cleaning and work on Nautical Woman. I recorded Ancient Moon pt. 1, The Martyr and The Labyrinth and it is coming along well. They aren't masterpieces, but also, I am not yet a master of my craft, hence the introduction to Dream School. My songs will increase in quality as I progress as a musician. I want to do some writing tomorrow too. I am starting to feel a bit better and had a good day at work today, despite being in a foul mood this morning, very likely because I had to be up at four in the morning and I hate waking up so early and making work my first thing to do, and then it wipes me out for the rest of the day. I want to start staying up late at night and doing the things that I am passionate about and giving into my leisure activities such as playing video games and watching t.v. I feel great about my future, despite not having the answers to my love life and whether KATHERINE is possible for me. And in that regard it would be unrequited love. I talk to Vanessa a lot at work and I like how she reciprocates and opens up to me about her life and has no reservations and participates in my conversation, however, I do not know if I am possible for her or if she is possible for me, but I do know having her as a coworker makes my day better.

Next semester, however, I will have to be an early riser to go to school. My classes begin at eight and nine thirty respectively. And then I want to hang out on campus and get some work done there and be a part of my craft with camera work. I want to explore my surroundings and give into myself as belonging to myself. Thankfully we only feed the dogs dinner now, so as to prevent them from bulking up, although we whet their appetite with bones throughout the day and this has invigorated them and keeps them well and eases my day with only one main chore. Having my dad around has been really good for our family and I like his activity with us and things seem to be going well now for my family, if only my brothers could conquer their addictions, which really only Nicholas struggles with true alcoholism and he is working on his self and we are here to support him. For me my bad addictions are nicotine and masterbating and it destroys my center. I really want to be wholesome and become a better purer person. I hate, however, that work sometimes destroys me and harkens my deescalated energy. But I will do my best to prevail. I have some allies and I have some enemies, but I do get a lot of help from society and the supporters that lurk around me. All in all, I am my biggest enemy and greatest obstacle. I'm trying to overcome myself and will mark tonight as the beginning.

12/27/21

AFTERNOON

I've been struggling with my attempt to quit smoking and I am really going to dedicate myself to this day being my quit day. Overall I'm feeling encouraged to excel. I practiced Nautical Woman today and want to record it on Thursday. I am getting a fish eye lens on Wednesday and will have my set up of lenses for quite some time. The only lens I might think to get is a 35, but I like my nifty fifty.

I read Wilhelmina Meister's Apprenticeship last night and it's a very good book. I don't know what more to say, except that as I read, let it be anything for that matter, I feel a connection to literature and feel capable to produce my work. I want to write on Friday and run tomorrow. Wednesday I want to walk around my neighborhood and take pictures.

I called into work today and feel disappointed with myself. I do not want to call into work anymore, but I could not get out of bed early enough to prepare myself for selling me for money, which really should encourage me to be excited about working as I give myself to accumulating wealth for my projects. Only I encounter so much anxiety and depression over not having my time utilized well enough to enjoy the time I must give to work. I sulk too much.

12/29/21

EVENING

Smoked five cigarettes today and threw out Heidegger's What is Thinking. Heidegger couldn't have misinterpreted Nietzsche on so many counts more absurdly than any free thinker of that time. But that he did it so late in his career and not have blundered as a youth does. Everything I encounter in that book is so fundamentally opposed to the basic lectures on Nietzsche's thought in the Universities. I recall my gratitude to Baldwin in reading What is Called Thinking and realize what he meant that Nietzsche said it would take a century before he'd be understood.

In reforming sensations in the habitual mode I wish i could speculate a sure fire way to overcome the difficulty in making that transition. But there's no thinking, only overcoming cravings. Today I was overcome with the obstacle of doing my business while my nieces were over, which prevented me from watching True Blood like i wanted and reading like I wanted, which was really disrupted over my exacerbation of following my Amazon delivery that failed to be properly tracked in its delivery status.

Tomorrow I want to go out with my camera some choice books and my Ipad and inculcate myself into the surroundings and feel a part of my community. I have a doctor's appointment at nine in the morning and I'm debating where I want to truck myself. Thinking of traversing the sceneries of Felicita County Park, but might just walk around town around East Valley Home Depot and get something to drink at Ding Tea and read and write. I listened to The Occult after having finished my fourth song and it sounds acceptable in the film version, but Nautical Woman on its own will require some mastering adjustments. All in all I'm happy with my progress, despite being a novice and nothing special.

My Dad said something to me that unnerved me in that i ought to do want I want to accomplish because some day I won't be able to or perhaps he said soon I won't be able to, which made me think I have looming sentences over my head. But in all things considered, i have performed very little and minor criminalities in the world and suffered enough already. Much of my youth was wasted in poverty and those years I lost to my only companion thought and literature. Or rather thought and literature was all I could afford as a companion in my poverty stricken position encouraged by our Capitalistic Regime, where even parents are encouraged to exercise strict licenses on their children, with the epithet I earned what I got so you must earn yours, too. All alone and only in conjunction with their interests first. Hence my desire to unravel the familial bonds in culture, but here I am reorganized into the family life.

12/31/21

LATE EVENING

Today is my four year anniversary of sobriety and it is also my definitive quit day from cigarettes and self-pleasure. Did not give into temptation with self-pleasure, but did smoke a cigarette in a half. I feel confident I will accomplish my goals. I am working on Touchstone's Lament after having recorded Nautical Woman, which may not be that great and in reality many of my songs may be far too basic, but that's where I'm at right now. I'm going to start reading music literature and playing with my piano and ukulele more. i want to give in to activity and relaxation and spend my time with my things. I played fire emblem today and that felt great and then watched an episode of Guilty Crown. Anime is amazing, it has some really great qualities to it, but then again there are parts that are a bit corny. And what is that. It's something that makes you cringe and feel as though there is a maturity level that you have transcended. But I enjoy my anime's.

Read some history today and it amazes me how we haven't grown out of fatherlands. And even in America there is an historical story over the experience of liberty, freedom, and rights. We are too crowded with bickering and enslaving segments of the population anchored by location that it really is a marvel how we stay united and create these national dialogues when parts of the states in a peculiar hemisphere of America are fundamentally opposed in culture to its better halves. In reading of Rome's squabbles between the commons and upper elite I see us in our own reflections. And I dont' really understand how politics is for the people, when many do not have a political vision other than their passions and prejudices.

And its family that begets those passions and prejudices. How many children respect their familial foundations of religion and politics, encouraged by the culture of that families location.

Sometimes I feel so overwhelmed with repugnance and I can't wait to give in to the finality and lifestyle i seek. It will arrive. And I hope my job doesn't punish me with hard labor that I am incapable of performing. Although I do look forward to going to work tomorrow after having five days off. I work the

next three days and then get four days off and i want to participate with my endeavors and not be so much a sludge.

Tea is such a wonderful drink and it pleases me to substitute a cup of tea for a cigarette and relax with my Good Earth cinnamon tea. But enough of that. So it begins. Happy New Year.

01/03/21

AFTERNOON

I succumbed to disaster, but I can't get too upset about it. Fall get back up and try again. So my true New Year's Day begins today. I have some exciting things to look forward to, no small part of it is the appointment to get new frames and lenses for my eyes. And it appears SSDI is on my side, yet again. Possibly expecting a loss of funds in February I get funds that month according to my online account. I spent a lot of money already at this juncture, but I paid off a lot of debt, too. So I think I managed wisely. I worked really hard these past three days and being on my feet the whole time wore me out. My body is out of shape and I need to start working on my strength and endurance. It's tough when I think culture tries my abilities according to the success of my lifestyle. And today lost all that i was working towards, but only in the self-pleasure aspect, as I have been having a few cigarettes each day for the past two weeks. So I really need to work on developing better habits, maintaining better control over my duties and performing as well as I can. It's amazing how the clock tries our patience in the workplace. Having to exert at expense for hours on end is such a cruel fact of society. Some of us want to stream line this effect and transcend certain peculiarities of labor, but then their detractors argue money will enter a void. And this is where Universal Basic Income enters. It's not feasible for every person to have a job and they oughtn't be convicted of destitution because of it. Culture possesses means to all in entertainment, and this could be interpreted multifariously. It's amazing how leadership acquires authority and given the micromanagement of exercising their authority as they see fit in their realm of exercise.

I don't know where my future is going. I'm still passionately attached to Katie, but I also realize my chains and am excited about my surroundings here and want to grow where I can profit and give the most. I was debating asking my Mental Health Providers about housing options, but I'm not sure I want to depart my family and if my family does relocate that'll be another crutch that i would have lost.

It's amazing the job market here in these suburbs of San Diego and just south of the continent L.A. as it seems to be heavily immersed in fundamental retail and food services. But comfortable jobs that are low key and rewarding and people oriented are far and few. I've applied to Barnes and Noble multiple times without any luck and the sale of the self on paper, with perhaps the hidden agenda of the people possesses obstacles one cannot pin point. All i can do is continue to work hard and follow through on my habitual lifestyle of the ideal I want to achieve in being my own human. Love is lost for me, I don't even know how I would impart myself in a relationship goal with my debilitating circumstances. In any case I would love to find a hideout in public where i can read, write and enjoy a beverage of refreshing quality and feel at my own expense. I also want to find and capture scenes of photography. It's amazing, though; there is so much art out in the world its all a prejudice and marketing gambit to achieve recognition. My music no matter how banal or how gifted it may become through hard work will not indent itself on the world. It's voice is too quiet. There is no market out there for me. I will be forgotten long before I achieve a musical talent that is confident of itself. And my literature can only hope for success in the mere completion of itself as an entity. Right now I am far from success because I haven't finished. And i will reach success and only have that success accountable for certain when the project becomes complete and it will end there. And that's my life. A struggle at Home Depot, being a 38 year old fat masterbater that suffers because he can't lift fifteen bags of 90 lbs. concrete without peril.

01/05/21

EVENING

So today marks my beginning. but only the beginning of being pure. I have no closure with my heart and it seems as though I am going to move to Oklahoma as it really can't be supported that i move to Portland. I hate that I relapse into my bad habits and then the resulting difficulty I encounter at work because of it and then the interests of culture to unsettle my mind. In order to be comfortable I must exercise my goals. And on that, I read a little today and mused around on my instruments. Decided to rewrite Nautical Woman and ordered an effects pedal for my Moog Mother 32 and slid my Eventide over to my D05. I must acknowledge my triggers and overcome them. Snippets of sex will seep into my

imagination and then I become overwhelmed with lust. But I'm not going to look at women with lust in my eyes. I really don't know what there is in the world for me other than my own self designed tasks. What can one ever expect from the world? I have no excitement about it. Hopefully, however, I can make myself excited about my own goals. And these goals don't ask anything of the world and the world doesn't ask anything of my goals. it's a mutual carelessness. I'm going to make an effort at making this the tip-off. Soon I want to resume writing Dream Thinking. I always want to encounter a comrade in the arts that have succeeded which is nothing more than having had completed itself. And then there we can look. Completion is accomplishment.

01/08/21

LATE MORNING

I've been having good talks with my Dad and especially about finding happiness, which is something that is willed. Being established on one's own footing and exercising a lifestyle that reaches from within. With me, I've been struggling with tobacco, which is a habit meant to will something for me, but only steals from me. I do not want to find happiness in a substance. I want to find it in health and relationships or on my own existence being fulfilled within the world. With work at Home Depot it sometimes feels like drudgery because I fail to utilize my time to its full potential and seem to always be preparing for the time that is stolen from me so I can be a part of the economy and for which sees me struggling with my income in trying to meet my over extended self. But I will overcome my obstacles. I will try to remain positive and good at work and utilize my time so as to find romance within myself once again. It's all about setting up Nostalgia for oneself. Living a life that finds itself satisfied with its own power. With work I am accomplishing a kind of self-sustaining entity, albeit half met with the assistance from the state. But that is something that oughtn't to be punished nor abhorred by the public. Many individuals need the compensation from the state in order to live. In my beliefs and what I have come to understand it is difficult for me and many others to sustain the needed load of labor in order to maintain a fulfilled or necessary sustenance in basic living conditions. Granted I utilize my earned income and compensation to achieve more than basic conditions, but that is the flexibility I have managed and use to accomplish myself. In any case, once school starts I want to be more involved with myself and more engaged in the things that i love. I suffer immensely from inertia and need to overcome my depression and find myself satisfied and live my dreams. I have a lot to look forward to and am excited about my prospects. I just need to refashion my perspective regarding work and accept its necessary course and find fulfillment in its activity. It's tough, but rewarding and i will accomplish myself in this life.

01/13/21

LATE AFTERNOON

I am attempting a total revolution and reorganization of the self. To shed certain characteristics and obsessive dialogue to lay out roots that bear better fruit. With this will have to be the endurance of newer interests, and greater appointments with the world. To strike into the imagery of the public a stranger with a critique and eagerness to perceive and evaluate themselves and themselves in the world, for it is impossible to evaluate the world without yourself in it, is the new and inviting task i have at hand. I am being awakened by my new drives and am seeking a composure complicit in these endeavors. It amazes me how literature falls upon one and how one engrosses themselves in it and how they converse with what they keep at hand. It is always exciting to receive a new book until you've read five pages into it. Then it is a bore and a chore. However, those rare and encouraging energetic unions of themselves with yourselves which is really a phenomenon of zeitgeist is so rewarding and are happy findings. It was with Stendhal that i first experienced this of course after my discovery of Nietzsche. And then Dostoevsky and finally Goethe, Gide and Bolano. These I feel are the pillars of literature. And I have sadly forgotten my lost book, the great Pessoa, a song of tears in having to live life. Who could have mastered this strange task at having to compete with passions and dreams in a World that hasn't gone anywhere in the esteem of its greatest adherents. So much is put into this life at all times, from yesterday to today to the aspirations of tomorrow that to find such difficulties in devising a self, founding a spirit, is so unique and belongs only to the creature Human. it's amazing how much is still to a particular agent of humanity and how much is required to bring fruit to the land of spirit.

01/19/21

AFTERNOON

How is despair accounted for, it seems to be the severe symptom of the human race. And I don't mean dejection, which even suffering animals experience, but more of that fatigue in the conscience at having to endure what we have as time and expression in a world that demands your efforts. It's amazing how we have an economy and so many people invested in its rewards and satisfied at the drudgery of their neighbors. I don't think there is an economic conscience in the world yet today. We are developing our political conscience and establishing liberty as it has undergone its history for self-fulfillment, but economic duty, participation and establishment have all but been lost on the public IQ. It is amazing how we arrive at speculations on economy and politics, I am wholeheartedly aware that there is not the Platonic conception of definitive ideas, that instead the spirit of liberty in political and economic life is arrived at through the experience of the Regime and its citizens who have made it a point to develop the public awareness of its nature. And this is so brave, to undergo an evaluation of the modes and orders of the time despite being harassed with so much necessity to maintain one's station and appropriate mental balance.

01/20/22

EARLY EVENING

The goal is too feel empowered and abled. It's difficult to empower oneself when one is always lamenting and judging states of consciousness and lost connections. I find it marvelous that I am attached to phantoms. That I do not feel fresh, new and seeking like a seeker. But be that as it may, I feel confident that when the time comes to establish myself I will find what I desire, which is an empowered liberated self fulfilled by culture and society and productive and producing.

MID EVENING

I desire to truly change myself and reorganize my mind and open up to belonging only to myself and finding what that self can earn in its endeavor with the world. It's amazing how all of my artistic endeavors surround the obsession of what was lost and the incapacity to find satisfaction in new surroundings and meeting only antagonists and therefore developing a representational playground centered on the self and what was once a true connection unmatched by anything hitherto.

I would like to be open and available again, however, I cannot account for my ghost with a new or quasi compromise. I sincerely do not know how one manages to transcend and sublimate for a new other. I find the world in its ways and me forsaken. So, I will change myself, undergo my revolution and become me in the world on its terms for artistic expression. For someone like Jon, he was able to move through the ladder of society and find his romance and familial foundation in his transcending values. He went through the stages of what culture provides to its inhabitants. I however went through culture without making the connections or accomplishing the tasks of one's profession in order to be a part of our times. My difficulty is that I don't align with any cultural values that are forerunners of my place, apparently. Or rather, I seem to want to create new schematics. I would love to topple the family as an institution, but here I am cemented in it and rejoining and reconnecting its value. And if I had succeeded with Katherine (my ghost) what would that be but an offshoot of the institution of family. It would just be the breaking of one part of my family and its history in favor of developing the chain at a different angle. So with my ghost I must confront that she is lost to me and there is no hope for its commitment to lead to our connection.

I think my moving to Tulsa OK would help improve me. I would love a new environment to settle into and explore and link up with the community college to attain an AA and look for employment based on those results.

I'm not going to beat myself up for having relapses as I attempt my revolution, but that revolution has started and it is underway and will hopefully rearrange myself and alleviate my animalistic cravings.

01/21/22

EARLY AFTERNOON

My body is going through a lethargic phase, because of the nicotine withdrawals and I just need to maintain myself and follow through on my designs. Succeeded in not having any cigarettes this morning and got some food and feel strong and good.

01/23/22

EVENING

Becoming new is a task requiring continuous effort that eventually becomes a lifestyle. Each new day brings challenges that must meet with proper coping skills and again, effort that shows immovable determination. So it is that tomorrow as I begin my first day of sustained effort I will likely meet my detractors and encounter frustrations at having to perform my labor at the labor market, but I will only belong to my work for five hours, that I will have some allies to alleviate my stress and that my enemies aren't so determined to see me fail (hopefully).

And on work, I need to perform better, be able to show up by being able to set aside time to have a life outside of work and be productive without feeling guilty that my day was lost to economic necessities or that my day was lost to laziness through a failure to meet those economic necessities. School will begin soon and I want to take my camera everywhere. And write. And work on music in the off hours when I return or before I depart. I really have a lot to look forward to, if only this inertia wouldn't conquer my spirit and debilitate my production in my things.

01/26/22

EARLY EVENING

I feel excited, despite the after taste of my obsession with Katie Delwiche, I look forward to finding what my spirit encounters. I feel spurred on by my desire to create and perform and find my comfort in life again. This area will have to be explored by me and I will have to find my niche in it.

It surprises me greatly how political concepts are arrived at when they are facets of experience and only become encountered in the exercise of what is history. To develop this foundation later. I hope to read Locke and Marx later tonight. I want to feel comfortable in my life and work and play. And not so much in regret in having to find myself here, and instead feel the gratitude necessary to achieve my things. The past is my spirit as it transcribes itself in its work, but nothing ought to bind me to any sentiments of guilt or regret. It's okay that I haven't achieved much, but that I hope to achieve here in this arena is my lot right now in life. I'm thinking I want to sing in my Occult. And so will work on my devices and playing and poetry. Will hopefully work on Dream Thinking soon, too.

01/31/22

EARLY EARLY MORNING

It is amazing at how pertinent and compelled one becomes after sexual gratification and how urgent the state of the self must manifest itself into some definitive notion. And after each self-willed gratification I am overcome with disgust at myself. But enough of this. School starts today and I couldn't be more excited and nervous about it. There's something about meeting in a large body politic to enhance one's knowledge of the world amongst peers seeking the same. I don't know if I belong or if I am just where I need to be. Institutions judge, too.

Just earlier today I completed an eight hour day and it was one hell of an accomplishment. It was difficult to work the whole day and I smoked cigarettes here and there throughout my shift. Indeed, I even bought a pack of cigarettes and then gave what was left after I realized it was something I did not want to endorse to my coworker. I need to stop romanticizing cigarettes and need to stop thinking about sex in my downtime. It's amazing how we defend ourselves. And how we encourage and justify our new becomings. I wish I could develop the needed coping skills in order to change and become the person I want to be.

Everywhere I go at work I am encountered by snippets of Katie, such as wheels today and always pennies. I would love to move to Portland, but it isn't decided, yet. I know I want to accomplish the completion of my novels and political treatise and produce some music.

Today I meet with my optometrist to acquire a new pair of frames and lenses so as to better see the world and I don't know if they will hold my infractions against me. It is clear the world wants me to evolve and I am ready to make that leap. What hurts us, is that we can't change in a day. It takes a succession of days where numerous coping skills are required to be enlisted in order to foster the change from within us. So building a foundation requires time, or the lifestyle that has imprinted itself upon ourselves. Habit is the fortified self.

EARLY EVENING

The greatest injustice is the feeling that your time doesn't belong to you and that your tax against yourself levies too much energy to be on your own ground when you are amongst yourself. So it is with my sentiments here, with Home Depot, School and my creative projects evolving around one another.

Today I had my eye exam and I failed to ask for a receipt that broke down the spreadsheet of itemized charges for the various upgrades I requested on my lenses and frames. So did they apply my benefit to another, will short size me on my requests and give me less than I ordered, or perhaps they simply maneuver differently. In any case I hope I receive a well deserved package on my new frames and lenses. I expect them in three weeks. Around that time, too I'll be receiving my tax return, which is welcomed indeed. My financial aid was lowered and I accept that with some disappointment, but I am still grateful for what I'll get, which is way more than I had ever received from Sac City. All in all, I must be grateful for the new changes in my life. And I struggled today with tobacco having smoked a little earlier this morning and afternoon. I hate how a cigarette stills my time with something that is poisonous. In order to transcend to greater levels I'll have to start exercising and empowering my own volition to escapade through Escondido and San Marcos. It just sucks how old I am! But I truly feel young, though, yet also mature and just where I need to be in the process of my development. Part of me wants to get a guitar, but I need to hold out and accept my work with my synthesizers. It's just that I also really love Dream Pop. And Dream School will be borrowing from Dream Pop but with synthesizers. I want to accomplish a virtuoso with the keyboard. I like my hands to type the keyed and not strum and flex on the frets of a string instrument, save a ukulele, but even then I am crippled. My hands are for keys, not frets.

02/02/22

AFTERNOON

I feel very stressed and mentally fatigued and uncomfortable. Working really taxes my spirit and having to arrange everything accordingly to accomplish my tasks is difficult. It's been a while since I've written in Dream Thinking and it is starting to wax and wane. Why would I love myself? Why feel as though I accomplished anything? To belong to a ghost, to be without fulfillment, without connection is all terribly problematic for me. And I am smoking, too. It's just too damn difficult to quit and I am having difficulty arranging my time that makes it comfortable to exist and feel at home and pleased.

02/05/22

EARLY EVENING

Called into work today and felt the urge to put in my two week notice, only I won't be able to afford my lifestyle if I did. So I must carry on and find strength where I can. I finished the first week of school with decent efforts and look forward to next week, where I'll receive my financial aid, my paycheck and possibly my fed tax return. Money is awaiting me and I just need to be patient and perform and save and pay off bills. It's amazing how sucked in we get when we allot our time for money and how we become manipulated into spending that money. My youngest brother Ryan and his wife Leah moved out and my Dad moved into their room, which left me with a more spacious arena for my music and now I want to exert myself more in its transcription. I am very excited for this new year. I hope my family overcomes their difficulties, especially my two younger brothers. They need help and encouragement, although I believe Ryan and Leah will be just fine as they wanted a place of their own and didn't like living with my Mom. It's too bad really. My other younger brother, Nick, is struggling with the disease alcohol and is in rehab and I hope he overcomes his addiction and can be a good father for his girls and find a satisfying job and location for himself.

02/06/22

EARLY AFTERNOON

I called in again after feeling the depths of despair and entertaining suicidal thoughts and with advice from my Dad rather than quit just call in and explain my condition. And then I moped around for about two hours whereupon I emerged into the day with a shower, energy drinks and the movement of my instruments into its new home and played some sounds and then got a haircut. I also took a couple of pictures of my immediate surroundings at the time and feel pretty good about myself.

It is a pertinent question what I'll do to satisfy my sex drive. I don't know if I want unrequited love to be expressed by myself to seek education from Breton's Mad Love or if I want to try to heal myself and open myself up for new beginnings. It's amazing, when we are young we are so excited about anything

that is new, verily always wanting to experience new friends, places, crowds and experiences, but when we get older we strive for maintaining more familiar trends hoping to create something that is lasting and time worn. I don't know about myself, I had originally wanted to trespass Europe and experience multi volume chapters of ever newly developed stories and experiences, but when I got stuck in America I realized I was attached to my obsession with Katherine and its desire to be fulfilled with her a life of complete satisfaction. This Valentine's I am at a loss whether I ought to ask someone to be my Valentine or whether I bought to experience it on my own, once again and yet do something nice and special for myself, such as going out and writing at a Cafe and taking pictures of the town.

Dream Thinking needs to be returned to. It's been ignored for far too long and I think I am going to try to reattach myself to it and work on it. It's amazing how confined I am and how long it has taken to complete the work I have done on it. I move very slowly, but I am also involved in a lot. Work, School, Family, Music, Film and Photography. It all drains me and I only move a little each day not completing much, but just a little in each thing. If I can finish a Dream Thinking before turning forty-two I would be happy. Originally it was supposed to be finished this year, but that isn't how the project worked out.

LATER IN THE AFTERNOON

I realize that lyrics compel a feeling in contradistinction to how sound compels a feeling and listening to commands, however lyrical and beautiful they sound, most envelop a sense of pain and anguish and guilt, for me anyways. And so, instead of contributing to this circus I want my Dream School to only harass through the beauty of sounds potential with my instrument the synthesizer, only yet I am not as versed in how music is logically developed. It behooves me how to run one form of verse for sound with a continuation of another verse of sound. And I am slow with my hands in their playing. My timing is off and I have a lot to practice at such a late stage.

On Katherine, despite finding a hard time to let go, I must reorganize my life and find my health and deseverance. I have nothing to gain with her, because she has deleted me out of her life and I am only trespassing on her health and serenity, well, only in the proximity of my feelings, so far and the occasional obsession of looking for her on instagram. In the past I had no inhibitions in sending her emails expressing my love, while yet being obsessed with the need for sexual gratification. Now I feel differently, regarding this necessity; wanting it to be healthy and understanding mutuality. Only with one person so far have I investigated into their online personality and I realize it was criminal to do so and have tethered away from it. There really is nothing here for me, but also nothing there for me, too. I am a man without God, Country, Fellow. I do have my family, though; however, we perceive life's schematics differently, but nevertheless we help each other out with life's struggles and offer community to one another. This base is where I'm at and it will hopefully grow if I capitalize on my potential. But being a Man alone or a Man without consequences wouldn't depress me too much, if in itself I produce the things I want to produce.

LATER IN THE NIGHT

I must undergo a total reorganization and disrupt my attachment to Katie and open myself up and perform my duty as a wage laborer and student. I can't keep on in this way and I must seek my happiness where it'll be accepted. I have a lot going for me and I can excel.

02/10/22

EVENING

I'm going to sing in my Occult, my dream school will be borrowing from dream pop and cold wave and mixing them together. I will use a wall of sound with my synths. I am very excited about this. Need to work on lyrics for my songs and start practicing my art. I have a job interview at JC Penny's photo department on Monday and I am very excited about that, too. Can't wait to transition into a job that shares and excites my passion and interests. I just need to nail the interview. I am worried about my mental illness posing problematic issues in the consideration of my hire, but then again work places aren't supposed to discriminate against disabilities. I believe I can perform the functions of the job very well and have high hopes of achieving great success in this obtainable position.

02/13/22

LATE AFTERNOON

Tomorrow I have an interview for a job position at JC Penny's Photography Department and I couldn't be more excited while simultaneously being a nervous and anxious wreck. I suffer from my

depression and paranoia and doubt myself, while at the same time building myself up with confidence that with time and training I can accomplish my goals. I think I would be a great addition to that JC Penny's team, although I would feel sorry about my departure from Home Depot, whom have been very good to me and worked with me during my issues and have given me a lot.

I want to sing, and I also don't want to sing in my Dream School; singing is a filler and makes up for the absence of necessity in instrumental power. In synthesizers, emerged the school minimal wave which capitalized on lyrical power with minimal accompaniment. I don't know how I exactly I want to achieve my sound, but I will no doubt be exploring my talent, well, talent right now for me is lacking. If I get this job at JC Penny a plus is that I will have a car ride of some length in which I can practice my singing unattended, as I am too shy to practice under watchful eyes. It's amazing how much confidence one must have in order to develop themselves when in a community, for in the beginning everything is slow and bad. Nevertheless, I will work on my craft slowly.

Today I called out for the second time in a row due to a pinched nerve in my neck (self-diagnosed) and it is only now beginning to relieve its pressure, thank goodness, for I have to drive to Carlsbad tomorrow for the interview and not but a few hours earlier I couldn't turn my head side to side. During these two days off from work I religiously applied a topical cream to my injured area and felt little by little relieved of the pain that I had been invaded with.

I want to feel good about the position in my life and that it is possible for the accomplishment of my goals to see themselves occur. Mainly emotional stability is required. In the process of time I feel I will achieve this. I really hope I meet with success at JC Penny's.

02/15/22

AFTERNOON

I'm still struggling with my attempt to quit smoking and I still sulk in despair, however, I feel pretty good about the interview I underwent yesterday for the photography job, although, I entertain moments of distraught over the realization that I may not possess the skills to excel. I hope I can manage and be a happy addition to that team if they select me. And if I'm not selected I'll have to redouble my effort at Home Depot to be a better employee and become more reliable. My neck is starting to heal and is feeling about the way it felt before the terrible onslaught of the pain erupted.

I played some music today and made little notes of the things I'd like to do and realize that I don't think I want to sing and instead make the music for itself, which means I'll have to put forth the effort to study its theory and apply its principles to my playing. And I like this, this is supposed to be a dream a little hazy and uncertain.

I need to work on finding my center and understanding myself and what I want and what I want to become for whom and where. I feel depressed because I don't know how to belong wholly to myself and that is something I gave up when I moved down here, but I oughtn't to feel like I don't have agency. If I want to go out for a shoot I should, if I want to play music I should. I needn't be worried by the proximity of my family and what their expectations of me are or aren't. I need to be myself and do my own things. And if I have time to spend with them, then I will. But I need to focus on myself and work on my things.

EARLY EVENING

I feel compelled to reignite my desire for PDX and a reunion with Katherine. I do not know what is best for me and all I am aware of is that I have a strong yearning for Katie, feeling like none other strikes me with so much identity and home. I think I want to wait for me section 8 and if need be endure a little homelessness, which will suffer me some economical consequences as I won't have the easy method of a job if I acquire this portrait position. The certain thing is I do not feel a calling to the place that my Mom wants to move to. I have a strong attraction for everything that is PDX from its transit system to its culinary culture and its art culture to its land and most of all the Nautical Woman who adventures there. That is my home, my place that I have been running away from. And if I meet my demise there, so be it. It may be better for me to keep this Home Depot job so as to have an easy ability to transfer economical positions from here to there and to perhaps keep some form of a job when my Mom moves on and I am left on my own, living in the streets, working and waiting for my grant to affordable housing. I am being allotted a good amount of money from Palomar, which will enable me to eradicate all of my debt by the end of the semester. I want to follow my heart and make its chance to achieve its happiness and provide something worthwhile for Katherine if I do reenter her life.

EVENING

I don't think it is feasible to pursue Katie; it is a compulsion I exert upon the world with my obsession of self after it has numerously been denied and after I bungled all my opportunities. My difficulty in becoming new and opening myself up for new possibilities and being vulnerable is causing me to hold onto my fantasy for Katherine. I do not know what my future has in store for itself, or where or what I really want to do, but I want to try to focus on just being present and working on my projects. I want to get this job as a portrait photographer, I think that'll serve me intensely in my overall mind, body and spiritual health. The greatest difficulty I have is making myself available when I hold onto the next work after my current one known as Dream Time where it is the ghost that comes to me and I participate with her in the understanding and co-existence with her in the world. How can I work on art about an obsession for someone and be able to make myself occupiable for another and then hold onto my existential mythology while at the same time departing from it so as to be able to have a romantic interest and coupledness with someone. I think there is no denying it; I must find a little corner in the world where I can exist on my own and pursue my work without too great of a headache from the world. This will be my last semester, I believe, at school, in which I will then dedicate myself to labor for monetary support and my aesthetic projects for the defining attribute of my real person. I must realize that I am free with a story and history, but that I am without companions, as of yet. Despite there being some very beautiful women that I know, some whom may or may not be single, there is little ability to pursue anything with them and there is no real strong identity between us. Although, Ashley at the service desk is very beautiful and kind to me, but beyond that I have no notion as to who she is as a person or what her emotional character is. It's amazing how distant so many of us are to each other.

02/16/22

LATE AFTERNOON

I am going to work on letting go. It is so familiar to hold on and become stagnant and not develop and transcend. Going nowhere is hide bound, narrow and fears new things. Growth is power. Holding onto experience and history for art's product does not link one's present to the past. Just because one works on their history for artistic production does not mean they are tied to those entities that were present in their past but past in their present. So it is okay that I have work and today's passion. There oughtn't to be jealousy for performing the work related to one's aesthetic passion while emerging into the now with an honest intention of developing a relationship. It's okay that I failed with Katherine. I lost her and will become a new development. Love lost becomes painful when one believes they must maintain a relationship with the lost and sever ties with the future as it makes itself present and new in possibility. So I am new and fresh and becoming and developing.

02/19/22

EVENING

I quit my job from Home Depot and have yet to hear back from JC Penny's. Nevertheless, this does not disturb me, for it allows me to concentrate on my work. I want to start engaging with my projects and following through on their pursuits. It's been four days since I've had a cigarette and I couldn't be happier about my progress. The difficult thing in life is being mentally unsheathed and trying to maintain your balance and stout reserve and being engaged in a healthy atmosphere. I have a face to face meeting with my Radio and Television class and it gives me some anxiety, however, I shouldn't let my confidence wane and be full of pathetic presence.

I'm checking in to make a note that I am beginning the production of my works and spirit and will be working on my vision and character.

02/22/22

LATE MORNING

I woke up late today and cancelled my attendance in my T.V. Radio class and feel downtrodden about it. My Dad offered some really good advice, saying that I must push myself and do what is necessary to get up out of bed and perform. I'm trying to wake up at seven every day and today I woke up at eight depressed and anxious and feeling incapable of meeting my expectations and so bowed out. If I would of pushed myself I probably could've made it to class today, but it's okay, I am making the dedication of having this being my only missed day. Otherwise I am performing very well. Thursday I

have an interview on campus for a cashier position in the Administrative building at the Financial Aid office. It is part of my work study grant and it couldn't be more appropriate for my life.

Today marks one week without a cigarette and I am coming along very well. It looks as though I didn't get that JC Penny's job, but that is okay. I have an opportunity to acquire a job that meets my needs in financial compensation and short term duration as it seems as though we'll be relocating in about a year. I think it's going to take a year to arrange everything. Everyone has their own niche though, but I seem to be the most flexible of them all sans PAPA. Papa has it really good and I couldn't be happier for him. I think I'm going to try to achieve an A.A. or B.A. but at least an A.A. and attempt to find a good job for myself. I am excited about this semester, just a little disappointed about missing today's first in person class with Radio and Television.

02/23/22

EARLY AFTERNOON

Sometimes I feel so stagnant and trapped and under so much despair that I fail to achieve anything and become so full of self-pity. I don't know how to feel engaged and happy. It's as though as coming back into my family's life that I have taken a step back rather than a step forward. I don't feel like I am open to any great possibilities because I have to put my family first and my family outside of my Dad doesn't support me or take my interests seriously and look upon me as some kind of buffoon. At least on my own I could keep my interests justifiable because I only had myself to answer to. But now I have to explain and reveal myself to a public and be something or settle for something akin to the other. This is the existential gripe I have with life. That we must exert ourselves according to the other's judgment and have ourselves returned by the other. At least I have my writing and my hobbyist account with photography and film. My writing is my bedrock though and then second comes my photography and last is music with film. If anything I could always go homeless again with my computer and camera. That would really suck though because it has taken me years to reach this point and now I have only to participate with my things to achieve my desires. To be honest though I'm not sure I want to move, I feel myself being drawn in to this area and making it somewhere for me. Although it wouldn't hurt me to move, however, I would almost like it if my Mom bought an eighty thousand dollar home and had me pay her rent on it which would cover the mortgage and allowed me to develop myself under the inspection of only myself. This would be ideal and I would feel truly blessed if it happened. I am feeling as though I am transcending my obsession with Katie and I am feeling excited about engaging with my college. I have an interview for a part time position on campus tomorrow at two in the afternoon. I hope to work about twelve hours a week, just enough to keep me afloat and pay off the remainder of my debt. I'm getting a lot of financial assistance from my home town and I feel like I have some strong allies here, although my T.V. and Radio Professor has been ignoring my emails and has me thinking she is not on my side. But that is okay, difficult Professors are liable to prop up at just about anywhere. The important thing to do is to keep on one's duty, attend, participate and perform as best as one can despite the discomfort of the arena that the Professor incapsulates. I think Palomar is going to be a wonderful getaway for me, allowing me to strike out and feel myself in the world and allow myself to practice photography and write and interact where it is possible.

I woke up today at nine thirty in the morning, knowing I could sleep in, to the billows of my Momma calling out to Archie, who escaped outside, and then hearing my Momma yell did Charlie not close the door all the way, as though I was responsible for the dog's escape and as though every uncomfortable turn of events that takes place here is somehow my responsibility and fault. My Momma barked at me about some miniscule wood piece to the stairs when it went missing and yelled at me to find it as though I would be the key to its hidden secret and that I was responsible for its missing and had to be the hero in its discovery. And it wasn't even my fault for its breaking to begin with and nor was it my fault in deciding to let it remain half attached on the stair case. Every nerve that gets excited in either my Momma or elder brother Ricky all goes into an attack on me as though I am to blame and am the problem here. Even when my Momma yelled at Nick and Ryan for their drunkenness she somehow made it feel as though I am in the boat of discomfort for her living conditions and that she needs to flee even from me and leave me, the most helpless of this bunch here, at the work of brutal fate. My Momma knows I have no security and am at the behest of her art, so she makes me responsible for all her excitations. If it wasn't for my Dad being here I would really be at a lost as to having a support other than the necessity of my Momma's decisions. I really wish she would've been honest to me about her intentions with her future

and the state of things before I came down here to surrender myself to the community of this family giving up the security I worked to achieve in obtaining Affordable Housing. Even, so, though, I did put myself on the waiting list for Affordable Housing here in North County and I hope it comes to rescue me, for despite liking Bullhead City, it doesn't offer the educational goals I am interested in and I don't know what employment opportunities it has. Things are uncertain here and I have little direction in the definitive path that I will take and therefore I am left in a state of despair.

02/24/22

EVENING

I got a job pending clearing live scan and medical checks at Palomar College in the financial aid office and am so thankful for that. I struggled today and reverted to masturbation to evince my horniness. I am, however, on my ninth day without a cigarette. Tonight I redouble my efforts to cave in this beast. What I need to do is develop action with my passions and realize that I can't be a disgusting slob. I am really looking forward to my work and developing my projects. Part of me wanted to buy a guitar but I realize that I am a keyboardist and not a guitar player. I want to sing with my Dream School and make it ethereal with my synths. It's going to take a lot of experimentation and development. What I need to realize is that my Idols do not practice a disgusting sexual life and nor do they become driven by their desires. We will sublimate ourselves and become our story and release the bad habits. I am really happy with where I am at and tomorrow I will play my synths, do some homework, work on some photography and get ready for the coming week. I woke up today at eight and attended my online lecture for my T.V. and Radio class and had a great time. I just need to continue to push myself, be myself, enjoy the surroundings I find myself in and work on my projects. I have a bit of a headache tonight and will probably cave in early, but I am proud of what I have accomplished and look forward to my growth. I might get a gym membership or just start running more often, now that the weather is motivating us all to exit our abodes. It's terrible, however, what's going on in the world. Russia is antagonizing Europe and has invaded Ukraine and it saddens and scares me. Even so, I am not sure my political philosophy is able to contemplate the severity of this. It's as though international politics shouldn't exist and we ought to be only concerned with the aesthetic expression of our person and upend the force of nations under the prejudice of nationalism and private wealth's interest in the global market.

02/25/22

LATE AFTERNOON

Sometimes I feel so depressed and trapped and unable to do anything that I want to. I am overcome with so much inertia and stagnation and incapacity to perform any of the activities I love. I am hounded by the proximity of doing some chores that I can do nothing but wait and wallow in the mire until its time to do the chores and then I can rest and belong to myself. But the time before the chores are to be done it is as if I can't do anything but wait and wait until it is time to rise. Nothing can be done and I just sulk in a state of depression and think about how awful things are for me when really things are going well.

Today I played some music and realized that I do not want to sing. I want to make beautiful instrumental music and have the song love you or move you to what ever passion I envisage. The difficulty is is that my stuff is so simple and easy.

03/01/22

EARLY AFTERNOON

Just received a tour of the television and film production room and feel as though I am not up to the task of this career. I feel as though my faults prevent me from succeeding and I almost want to be invisible. Although, there seems to be some great encouragement for me. I have the job at the financial aid office and need to work on passing through the administrative paperwork and qualifications in the next two weeks. I brought everything with me to campus, but almost feel like fleeing in a dramatic retreat. In any case I feel in the middle, halfway optimistic and halfway sure of my incapacity.

EARLY EVENING

I need to see what I want to focus on with broadcasting. Radio interests me very much for I am attracted to the music industry, but I also feel as though I have great intuition with the camera. Some of my shots have a really good foundation to them, only they need to better adapt to the formula of light and

I'll have to learn post-production. Also, video editing interests me, too. It's tough being involved with culture and colleagues, but one must overcome their anxiety and realize they are in it with their fellow creature and we are just trying to make sense of it all and work together.

This weekend I want to resume filming for *The Occult*. I wonder if I should work on a story board, so as to alleviate this stagnation that I'm in and mend the inertia overtaking me, because I can't overcome my bad ego in thinking of what follows next cinematically. And then I feel I need to have the music ready for when I film some more, but I have music accounted for already that is missing film, so I need to get to work. Fourteen days without a cigarette. Feel very accomplished, right now.

03/02/22

LATE EVENING

I just purchased a guitar and will work on combining elements of synth wave with dream pop to make my own dream school. Fifteen days without a cigarette and tomorrow will test me greatly as I've just soiled myself and that usually engenders a smoke to even out my relapse. I don't know why one leads to the other, something about the hate and disappointment one has with one self. I'm left in a purgatory and undefinable state with my unrequited, yet unwanted, love with Katherine. It will be as it is. What I want to focus on are my projects. Dream School will have lyrics and the marriage of the guitar with the synth. I will be spending my nights after dinner with my guitar and synthesizer and working with these two instruments during the day in between my class work and my writing. I was at school yesterday and I feel so caged! Even today I felt caged about talking about the things that inspire me, because I felt uneasy and unsure of myself. As though my lesser egoism found comfort in non performance. And I don't know what the state of my family will be. My Mom really wants to relocate, but I don't know if my older brother or my sister in law will. They have so much here. I don't know what I'm going to do. There definitely is a lot more opportunity with Tulsa and Oklahoma City, where my Mom wants to go, but sometimes she's mean and grouchy and difficult to be around. But I have to overcome my negativity and not hold grudges because of someone's ill temper. It's not their fault and one just needs to maneuver around it. Nevertheless, when that ill temper is directed at oneself, then it needs to be addressed and one needs to confirm what is acceptable.

Everywhere I see the message of just starting on your project and working through it, but the goal is to just start. So tomorrow I will begin my projects and work hard at them. It's a busy day tomorrow. I need to attend my online class, get a TB test/assessment and help my Uncle Alan out with his car. And then I can come home and relax and play the guitar and watch some anime and do some writing. It's so difficult, though, I expect my writing to be perfect out the gate as though there is drudgery in rewriting, which is the key to good writing. I need to work and stop giving into lazy and bad impulses to waddle away the time. I'll pick up books more often, write in here and what have you. I will overcome my unattractive habits. Once I finish the steps I'm going to start working on the body I want to have. I am utterly disgusting right now. I will get to that state I once attained when I was at Davis just before moving to West Sac, where I felt whole and involved and at a state of great tranquility.

03/06/22

EVENING

I wrote in Dream Thinking last night and it relieved me. I'm discussing the production punishment of myself in Regal Cinemas and the politics involved in acquiring a job and being capable of exploitation.

Tomorrow I will fill out my employment paper work for Palomar College and play the guitar and synthesizers and work on writing the lyrics to *The Martyr*. The goal is to get the lyrics written and then design the sound around that. It's amazing how sound and language combine together for a powerful effect. I also want to run tomorrow and start exercising. On Tuesday I am throwing away the rest of my nicotine Lozenge's so as to empower my efforts to release me of this nicotine addiction. I'm at 19 days without a cigarette and couldn't feel happier about it.

03/13/22

AFTERNOON

It's been a while since I've recorded my thoughts. I'm harassed by my inner voice in its thinking of itself as the center of the world and feeling uncomfortable about creating art, because it thinks itself not good enough at its profession. Nevertheless, I am going to try my best to create and be in the world and

not shirk my scholastic duties. I kinda hope I don't get this job at the financial aid office, because I'd rather create without any disturbances. Soon I'll be very involved in my photography class and my Radio and T.V. class is also picking up its pace. I really like taking pictures, but it's all about getting out into the world and engaging with it. The benefit of getting the job at the financial aid office is the excuse I'll have to drive out to Palomar college and be involved with outside appearances. But I'd rather do that on my own. And I'd also like to maybe go on hikes with my dad and take my camera with me. But that is my Dad's thing and it's his time, so I need to do my own work.

I'm playing the guitar and loving it, however, my transition from C to A to G is very slow. Namely, the transition from A to G. Otherwise I'm happy with what I have laid as the foundation to The Martyr. I need to work on my singing. It's amazing how difficult it is to create art when one isn't solitary or comfortable with their audience in the vicinity of the art that they create. I don't feel like I am good enough, and therefore, feel like it's ridiculous for me to be pursuing the things I pursue.

Home Depot said they will always have an open door for me, but that place is a really difficult employer to work for. The mental and physical toll they extract upon one is too much to handle and I really hope I don't have to go back there. The managers and fellow employees were for the most part great people, but the customers and their needs are what destroys me. They are lazy and demanding and take no part in their responsibility for what they want. A customer will want twenty bags of 90 lbs. concrete but not want to play any part of its loading up of it in their vehicle and it's like what are you doing buying these bags of concrete then. And most of them say they have physical problems and have a worker at home waiting for them that will unload it for them and it's like why didn't you bring them then, why have them home doing nothing. It's amazing how lazy people are about the things they buy. They want no responsibility for it. So if I go back to Home Depot I want it as a cashier position. But then I would be bullied about product location and product knowledge. It seems as though the public just wants to make my life the most difficult it can have me suffer.

I wrote the first verse and the chorus of The Martyr and will continue to work on it and make it into something special, hopefully.

03/14/22

LATE EVENING

Many times at night I enter such a state of discomfort surrounded around the sensation and wonder of whether or not I am doing okay, whether my experience is thriving and developing and in a state of safety and in all means comfort. I'm afraid of experiencing the external world and wish I could hide away in significance. And then I record these things here and much is alleviated. Tomorrow I go to class and intend to stay on campus all day taking photos and working on my homework and projects. It's so tough to wonder whether one is acceptable.

03/15/22

LATE AFTERNOON

It's amazing how much energy is lost to inertia. I know I am struggling and trying to find my groove, the happy medium of exerted energy and comfortability in its own existence. Perhaps its too much caffeine, the overall condition of nicotine in my body via patches, the non-existence of a physical life. All in all, however, I am treading along and still meeting what is asked of me, despite the struggles.

I have to start over on the nicotine steps and today is my quit day and will hopefully achieve my desired goal. I need variety in my literature, as often one author doesn't supply all the fodder I need for my thinking self. On the faults of this, I penetrate what I read with less depth, spending only a little time on each subject. Even so, though, I am obtaining my goals. I love my guitar and am very happy I bought it. It will complement my synths nicely. With the Martyr I am pursuing an ABAB song structure and have the lyrics all written out. Just need to apply the craftsmanship with the instruments and work on the melody played over the rhythm guitar chorus.

My literature is slowly coming along. I've been brainstorming this passage that is just itching to erupt, where my experience with Regal will unravel itself in as much of a complete entity as it can. And then it'll end with my poem of A Dry Leaf Driven by the Wind Often Looks Like a Bird.

I still sometimes feel discomfort, and it emerges most often in my inertia state of being when I must capitalize on my energetic exercise of some activity and erode the pity I have for myself.

EVENING

The necessity is to take yourself out of yourself with work, such as that in reading, watching a film, playing an instrument and not sulking into one's lethargy.

03/17/22

LATE EVENING

There are a lot of things that I don't like about myself. How fat I am, my addiction to tobacco and masturbation and my unhealthy eating habits. My revolution is floundering and I am dedicating myself to changing and accomplishing my goals. Today is yet again another attempt at a quit date and I will focus on reading, writing and music and photography. I did not use my camera today for my brother's birthday, but he doesn't really look at Facebook, which is where they would've ended up and I wanted to participate without having to worry about capturing moments, I wanted to leave that to the others.

Earlier this week I was stressing out about school, but now feel confident that I'll be okay at it. I think I'll try to go forth for some time and work on my educational goals. I don't know what I'll end up doing, but I want to achieve something and work on projects. I do not know what the public thinks of me and whether they approve of me or what I shall have available for me, but it is certain that I need to sublimate my drives and transcend.

Change requires a lot of work and a lot of letting go and a lot of activities in the direction away from habit. And all this I'll achieve, now. I am sure I will meet with some immediate challenges, but about after a week of demonstrating myself and carrying myself forward I will have earned the trust that I am changing and becoming what I want to be. I can't wait for tomorrow morning when I get to work on my music and get some school work done and then work on some other stuff.

My biggest drawback, here, is that I have a hard time relaxing and enjoying a movie or t.v. show on my own time. I just can't get myself to be involved with the medium of entertainment other than music. I tried deleting YouTube so as to have more incentive to do things with my vinyls and own music playing, but then found an abyss swallowing me into nothingness. So I added it back to my iPad.

I wrote in Dream Thinking the other day and was really proud of myself for settling down and getting some stuff written on paper. I will continue to invest my time into thinking what needs to be drawn out and transcribe into the novel. All in all, I am glad I executed my last trespass and will now work on being the person I can be proud of being.

03/21/22

LATE EVENING

The impetus to write is usually the release of some tension or pressure and I encounter each time something that needs to be said or done so as to accommodate this eruption. Either I was tense before hand and I became loose and then feel stimulus to mark off some goal I want to achieve or some habit to definitively break or I became so infatuated with my brainstorming that I suddenly find the courage to write in my definitive voice. That I want everything to be perfect the first go around and achieve the end result each time I put something on paper so as to not have to go back is a terrible practice. If I felt more comfortable with the process and having a process I'd probably be more productive. And so I want to do this. I want to utilize my diary here not so much for purposes of discussing what habitual practices make up my day, but maybe some sort of discussion of where I'm at in creating my works of art. If I have a dilemma I want to sort it out here and not be afraid of working on my novels and going back and forth with it so as to achieve the proper perfection I want.

Tomorrow I pitch the idea for a YouTube project, which it'll be the graphic novel musical. Having the graphic novel edited to the score of sound. It'll be interesting and quite cool if this or anything involving visuals and music is approached.

I have intentions on spending a good amount of time on campus to get some work done and just to spend some time away from my indoor castle. I want to read, write and take photos. Today I took my midterm photos and I'll maybe do my photography lecture and get the midterms all sorted out for its due date after spring break. I'm still waiting on my job opportunity, which would put about five more hundred dollars or so in my pocket each month. Hopefully I can get away with taking a p.e. class this summer that will allow me to additionally collect more of the financial pell grant award.

03/25/22

LATE EVENING

I am so compelled to confront activity so as to justify the execution of a bad habit. And so I trespass and keep the circle going in a direction that never leads to anywhere or to any definitive transcendence. What needs to be accomplished is the sublimation or the turning into another category of a person to overcome ourselves. Man is something that shall be overcome. What interests me is how we arrange our habitual lives and how we manage our relationships and what we justify those relationships to be in a social category. It's amazing how much is dependent on sexual activity and how we hide that with social categories, such as the family as a unit and husband and wife as the core that justifies the sexual act and then employment that justifies the dating relationship. And then art is the fiasco of this whole arrangement.

I was thinking of doing away with *The Occult* in its phase as it is now and instead try to make a story out of it with a script and have it be about a man looking for his love in the shadows of existence, namely having a camera that uncovers ghosts and the beloved is a ghost amongst the surreal world and the lover is charged with finding her. In short I want to pull away from my immediate obsession with Katie and try to live a life new again and work on projects not pulling from the same single source which is Dream Thinking.

I'm working on *Sandman The Opera* and I laid down the first nineteen measure or so and just need to add some drum tracks and work on the second page before going into the dream sequence that reveals the various characters in their routine and how important their sleep is.

I ran yesterday and it felt fantastic and have gone two days now without a cigarette and intend on keeping that structure and dedication going in on my third day and really hope to conquer this habit. We must be commanders and soldiers simultaneously.

I reached spring break and in two weeks I'll receive the rest of my Pell Grant and I may start working around that time too. If I don't get Work Study I may be forced to find a job in the private sector. It's all up in the air. We'll see how things pan out. During my spring break I want to work on *Sandman* and get as much of it done as possible and get out and take pictures of the world around me. I want to overcome my depression and seize my creative energy and become a part of something great in my arena here in SoCal.

03/27/22

EVENING

I get sucked so deeply into inertia that the only thing that will awaken me is some act of pleasure such as tobacco or sex. And then I confront my escapade with shame. I want to overcome this and sublimate myself, but when one gets it into themselves that they are doomed to the worst flavor of inertia how does one transcend that? I must work it into myself to do something and gain confidence in my activity of sublimation. I will work on *Sandman* more tomorrow and I will go out Wednesday to take pictures. It's supposed to rain Monday and Tuesday and I couldn't be more pleased for this.

Just tonight I received a notification about the Oscars where I was motivated to tune in just so I can see who is snubbed who is praised and who is cancelled. And I couldn't care less about these people and their aristocratic position encouraged and fortified by the people. I do not know why we allow ourselves to be enthralled by the few allowed to own the spotlight of entertaining us or paving the way for political leadership. It all smells worst than my ass. And this cancel culture is ridiculous. It relies on putting one to shame for some uncontrollable or misguided action as though we are all out to blame and maim. I am slowly overcoming my shame and just need to keep a good head on my shoulders and keep working on my craft and hope for the best I'm able to usher into the small audience I have.

I am reading fourteen pieces of literature. I love it, but I also have to read music theory and work on my musical craft. Tomorrow is going to be great.

04/03/22

LATE AFTERNOON

I broke down and bought a pack of cigarettes today and smoked five of them. It is amazing how weak we feel at moments and succumb to the relapse of habit. Otherwise I have been doing really good. I am at loss of what to add here, I only wish I felt comfortable easing my way into activities. I'm going to smoke one more cigarette and then destroy the pack. It's the only way to succeed.

04/05/22

LATE EVENING

Today is the initiation of some changes. Firstly, the recovery of my relapses and the beginning of rising early everyday and then maneuvering into a workout and shower and dressing for the day. Engage in photography and music, read and write and watch some shows/films. This week I arose early everyday, so far and made it to my classes and completed a good amount of work for the week. I have much to do and a lot of growing to address. I also want to stop stalking people that interest me. I don't want to seek and destroy, but to live in what life presents. No more swooning over social media profiles. I have come to realize that my match for relationship probably won't occur as I am under privileged, in the possession of a mental illness and find it difficult to remain employed not to mention that I am dedicated to a work of art, right now, that is focusing its attention on another woman. So the solution is to find satisfaction in my single life and make myself wholesome and pure.

The upsetting thing about porn is that most of it is probably the result of sex trafficking or on some other avenue of exploitation of women. The source of much of the porn out there is unknown and it is so ubiquitous and we are so concerned about our own pleasure deriving from it that we fail to look the facts up and make connections that women are being exploited for sad purposes. I will overcome my defective attributes and overcome and transcend. I talk about it a lot and I make good headway and then a week or so goes by and I succumb to my weakness. There's nothing more I can say other than to start and keep up on my self-care. It's unfortunate that we have sex as a conundrum. Hell even animals succumb to temptation, as just today when Leo returned from the dog groomers he was being humped by Archie, who has no outlet for himself and couldn't but help marvel at how good Leo looked. The sex drive is the chromosome of our social arrangement. Around it is built the fabric of the cultural and socio-political design.

I want to start working on my Existential Regime. I've been reading Locke and will start to work on my political theory and work up my discourse. I have so much thought to work through it really distraught me that I get worked up over my inertia that decides to satisfy itself with relapses. To change really requires a whole revolution in behavioral thinking. New outlets are required to turn to for distraction, and maybe that is all we are trying to do as human animals, namely, distract ourselves from inertia.

04/06/22

LATE EVENING

I woke up today at nine and did some homework and then took a nap. My energy levels are shockingly various. I've decided that I'm going to start eating apples again, for breakfast and then hold out until dinner. I'm starting to feel happier about my life and look forward to its development. I want to begin exercising and I hope to do a short workout in the morning and then walk in the late afternoon.

I shared my Sandman Opera with my Dad and he liked it and thought I was doing good work on it. I'm happy with where I'm at and hope for good things.

04/07/22

EVENING

I feel a little depressed now as the day turns in for closure, because I didn't accomplish a lot and I slept a great deal this afternoon. But I'm telling myself that it's okay, tomorrow is another day to achieve your goals. I would like to wake early, do some exercising, put some money on my account to buy 35mm lens, as I gave my current one to my Dad and then he gave me the money to replace it. And then to end the evening go on a walk. It's tough succumbing to depression and trying to pull yourself out of that rut and inertia that it brings. I did do some homework and attended my zoom meeting with my Radio and Television class. School has me very excited and I think I'll succeed this time around in accomplishing a degree and following through with it. Next semester I want to take three classes, Digital Darkroom Photography, Radio Production, and Landscape Photography. I took a lot of pictures today and yesterday of my nieces. It was very fun and helped me learn how to maneuver with moving subjects, for it is amazing children are very active and are always moving.

I want to start eating healthier food. On Tuesday I'm going to do some grocery shopping and buy some apples and start eating healthy stuff in the morning and as a family we all eat healthy dinners, but it is my snacking around those dinners that destroy me.

My nurse at North Inland Mental Health Systems told me to ease my way into exercise, which is why there is a short exercise in the morning and then walking in the evening until I can get up to the pace of running.

04/08/22

EVENING

I have a hard time doing anything in my room other than listening to music and the occasional reading and watching of a show. It's difficult to involve myself with an activity. I spend too much time wondering if my body and mind feel good and comfortable and at ease. I am, however, accomplishing the tasks necessary for school. About getting a job through work study the matter has been delayed because the live scan results have been hindered by something in the process of their processing. Things will settle themselves nicely in due time. I just need to be patient with myself and trust the process. It's difficult to face oneself and keep oneself in a community in a positive matter. I namely speak of my relations with my family. I spend I know too much time on my own, but I value my solitude and the time I need to take to be by myself. In any case I believe they understand this and that I just need to stop feeling pity for myself. Pity is indeed the greatest vice and danger. Feeling pity for wasted talent, wasted time, wasted energy and great losses of love and friendship.

I'm reading Proust and there is little action in it and yet he is an adult vivisectioning his childhood with perspectives that only belong to the adult. His childhood is vacant of himself, he is the manifestation of his lost time, the time that is not him, but belongs to him in his transcended recollection. The book is a bit of a bore, but I like reading it, it's just slow reading.

04/11/22

LATE EVENING

I think it is amazing with how concerned we become with finding and establishing a family and making our lives a coupledom like queen and king. That we have forced ourselves into a biological representation fortified by social presentations. I feel as though I want to divorce myself from the notion of social appetite in the form of romance as it sets itself up to justify sex. This whole biological determination hidden by family, family hidden by occupation, occupation hidden by pleasantries, pleasantries hidden by the larger economy the larger economy hidden by political party and the political party perhaps hidden by religion. In its most basic form my novel is about the question of my identity as it travels through the only true foundation, which is my death culminating through expired experiences.

04/13/22

LATE EVENING

Retry, retry, and retry. Rework, rework and rework. After failing so many times I might just be able to finally establish myself. The concern here is that I become so infused with inertia that to strike out of it I return to old habits. And it is amazing how we effect ourselves with the conduct of our desires with the habits of lifestyle. In any case, here I am again, beginning yet again. I am really excited about my future, though. It is important to realize that I am dedicating myself to the expression of spirit in the category of the arts. Even if I'm rather mediocre at it. It amazes me how successful my peers are and at how young they are too. It seems as though I had to travel the long road and experience things and passion that many do not consider viable to experience. In any case, I am still pleased with myself.

With the Sandman opera, my professor suggested and was excited to offer the additions of sound effects with my music to Sandman, but I don't think this is a successful addition. Sound effects would, I believe, distract from the tempo of the sound and add too much stimulus to the subject. I want the music to dictate the affair and have the listener become subjugated by the sound with the art and writing. Sound effects I believe would be too obnoxious. I want a minimal and yet effective projection. So I am disheartened that I'll have to send her an email refusing her services and I will much to my disliking have to present my case for this affair.

I really like working on projects at school and having my school performance surround the occupation of a project rather than literature and papers, because I have my own books that I want to read and my own things to write, but to participate in projects with the equipment I want to master is so much funner and presents a more enjoyable experience with school. Of course I have to present the skill in order to excel at my projects' undertakings, but I participate and develop as I go.

I'm reading political philosophy again, and dabbling into Rousseau while under the absence of my medications for two days really unhinged me. I feel better now, though and will do my best to understand my world and project my own thought into its midst. To overcome a habit we must encounter an exertion of a self under the becoming of a constantly renewed being. We just immediately change and never return.

04/17/22

LATE AFTERNOON

I'm having a hard time quitting, it's as though my mood lightens up and I find it easier to participate if I can smoke. Nevertheless, I have reinvigorated my efforts to quit. I find it difficult to engage in activity while refraining from smoking, it's as though by eliminating a source of wasting time that I waste time by sulking in what I find to be difficult.

Starting tomorrow I am really going to enlist myself into the activities that I love.

04/21/22

EARLY EVENING

I want to reinsert my independence, which is difficult to achieve in a household consisting of others and especially if those others carry expectations for you. Most importantly is the daily tasks and activities that transpire and need to be readjusted to suit my contentment. I almost never get to eat my final meal on my own schedule, nor is it determined by myself. Always having to eat what is cooked, which is almost always enjoyable, however, it is almost never vegetarian. And on that matter, I want to go back to my vegetarian diet, however, I lack the funds to support my own food purchases. I have to arrange my matters better and start to budget my money. I want to get some vinyl turntables and a mixer to boot and start djing and prepare myself for radio production. I would love to achieve a degree in the field I am enlisting myself in and acquire a digital and broadcasting degree. I believe at Palomar it is film, television and electronic media degree and at CSUSM it is Digital and Media Arts.

I am slowly working on my projects and I sincerely need to begin studying music theory and playing around with my instruments. I have taken some unique photographs for my photography course, however, they are no match compared to some of my talented peers. But it's okay, I am low to middle of the run and I will encounter greater skill as time progresses and as I spend my time with my camera.

04/23/22

EVENING

I want to feel romance in my life, as though I could fall in love with either the routine and itinerary of my daily activities or that I can become available for finding someone to love and be loved by. I don't think the latter is possible but the former ought to be within reach. In any case I want to love what I do and accomplish creative projects. Sometimes I become so depressed and encumbered with inertia that I engage in self-pity and surrender to enlisting things such as cigarettes into my life to feel love. I don't want to rely on any chemicals other than those prescribed to feel contentment. And I want to feel empowered to pursue anything that strikes my fancy. However, just today I encountered two episode that stimulated my thoughts on Katie watching me and implementing signs to me. I don't really know how to feel at peace in my new lifestyle, it is very difficult for me to accomplish things and engage in rewarding activities. But tomorrow is another day to achieve my goals and happiness.

05/06/22

EVENING

I am very committed to maintaining my goals, so far I have exceeded and I am at eleven days of success. The problem I find myself facing here is that in the past when I wanted to do something I got up and did it and made it happen, where as now I almost need to rely on my parents to accomplish my needs, at least in the realm of dinner. It's amazing how remarkable it is to have your diet controlled by yourself in order to maintain a contentment in the realm of self-sufficiency. And in this matter I miss my independence. Also, I find myself needing to assists in the care-giving of my nieces and this disrupts the tasks I'd rather perform had I no other to care for.

The Existential Regime begins with how one selects political agendas and how one selects themselves and their political vision. It's all on experience and we cannot proclaim agendas based on

religious sentiments. We start with nothing and then build on the experience of the regime in history. But does this make a science out of history? Does the existence of the human race extend itself through the coffins of time?

05/07/22

LATE AFTERNOON

I find myself lamenting the condition of my days, the schedule it is forced to undergo and how connected to a social dynamic I am rather than being utterly alone and unto myself. In some ways I miss my independent and carefree life, however, I realize that now I have a society and meaningful relationships in my life. Although, it bugs me that I must organize my time around a clock not dependent upon simply and only myself. The adjustment has itself taken some time to develop. I wish it was easier to engage in the things I like without feeling pressured by the schedule set up by the household I live in. In all manners, I find myself comparing my West Sacramento life with my new life here in Escondido instead of just living my Escondido life.

It depresses me that I am slowly writing Dream Thinking often going months without a word continued in it. It's amazing how I need this diary more than the work of my fiction, but my fiction is what is going to gain an audience in the world, but my diary is more important than my audience. And the diary has only myself for it, but I rarely go back in time to visit what I've written days or months and even years ago.

I am going to take the summer off from school instead of enrolling in the one history class I had originally planned to do. I need to work on my projects and get myself closer to its completion and develop the skill I want to have. Money will be shorthanded for a few months, but then I'll get financial aid in the fall and spring. I intend to take three classes in the fall and then make the way through German in the spring with perhaps beginning and elementary dark room photography. I like working on projects for school, though I realize I am limited in my skill compared to my peers and it will take some time and energy to develop my skill in these areas. Hence, my desire to really push my activity in these areas this summer.

05/08/22

AFTERNOON

I had two cigarettes this morning and realize that I am in a hostile environment when it comes to improving myself, as I had backlashed at my Mother during my intense psychological stress that it was my Mom's fault that Grandpa Chuck smoked. It was without doubt the nastiest thing I have ever said to anyone. In any case, I must realize that in changing oneself one must choose themselves and incorporate their obedience in their new command. It is difficult, however, when one is tempted by those one wants to be congenial with. I will, however, overcome this, I must look at the situation and assess my own power in it.

I have decided that I am going to take a summer class this summer. I need the financial aid. It will be History since 1650 and is very appealing to me. The sad thing about education is that it minimizes everything to a scientific fact sheet portrayed in what is a text book. We look at ourselves in its manifestation in a simple factual account that can be trespassed in as a short of a time as is necessary for acquiring a market value. The act of study is a market and not an intellectual dedication.

05/13/22

It's superstitious day, Friday the 13th and it commences. My greatest difficulty is that I am caught in inertia and despair and seek a comfortable pleasure to compensate for my feelings instead of working through them and overcoming my inertia and despair.

I am looking forward to summer and fall this upcoming school year. My classes for Spring 22 are coming to an end and I am just about all done with them. So much of our days are rather minuscule and sans profound. So much is spent in isolation and passing time with tasks that do not exceed past their assignment. And there is so much out there in the world to select oneself as the center or even leading members is so unbelievable. It's all marketing though. What captures an audience and holds them within the comfort of the said star.

I want to resume Dream Thinking, but it is so difficult and meaningless at times. I run deep into my why's and who care's. Whatever I have to share with the world are my evils and mistakes. And I'll be

pigeonholed into a category that I fear will not satisfy me. In any case, though, I want to work through it. I want to become myself.

To achieve self-sufficiency again is going to take time. I'll need to wait for myself and catch up to my power. I'll have to find my groove and incur some amount of income that will help me. It's amazing how difficult it is to survive on one's own without culture or institutions taking advantage of your need to sustain yourself. Or at least in my case, that is. I only hope I can reach myself in time to participate in something exciting. It saddens me that the world allows so many atrocities because there is no clash crop involved for the leaders of international politics. America didn't have a problem hunting down terrorists, but they allow a blatant invasion occur of a neutral colleague. I hate what Putin is doing and how ineffective the rest of the world is about it.

05/18/22

EVENING

The spring 22 semester draws to a close very successfully and I am maneuvering into the summer session and hope to complete some good portions of Dream Thinking and continue my work on The Occult.

05/26/22

EVENING

I finished my spring semesters and in the coming days I'll receive my grades for my classes of which is expected an A in both of them. It seems as though I have acquired an economic earning position at the California Center for the Arts Escondido as a Theater Usher and will be earning some income to save for the purchase of a degree that asks that I labor in its institution.

I move incredibly slow in accomplishing my art projects. In literature I have made no headway and in music I have rewritten my effort to become completely ambient and to avoid lyrical gestures in the arrangement of my sound.

I am pleased with the way things are developing. Sometimes I wonder if I am okay and if I am leaving a good mark on the world and the people in my world in its place in the world.

05/29/22

LATE EVENING

It's amazing how one must prepare oneself to write. At this point I don't even know if I can write anymore. So much time has elapsed that I feel disconnected from myself and I am moving forward in a way that demonstrates a new era, yet I still remember and hold on to what is distant. And what is distant is still very much present. Even as I work or as I lay in inertia I recall those moments that were victory to me and also defeated in a sense that I succumbed to a bad presentation of a human being. What is all the writing of the world for, though anyway? Is it for some edifice of consciousness that we must study literature in order to achieve an appropriate position in the economy? As I hope to enrich myself with the thought of others from our history in order to present thoughts of my own I wonder if it is palpable to my contemporaries, if anything worked up over will provide a benefit to my fellow human. What stimulus in life must I need in order to find satisfaction at my will? It behooves me that I must exist amongst humanity and maintain relationships that are riddled with expectation and fond of cordiality. It is difficult to present myself and hold myself amongst a crowd.

I really do like my new job though, even after only one day. I hope I can maintain its position for a good duration of time and earning power. I would love to be able to find a spot in this town where I can lose myself at in the working of my projects away from home. It would soothe me and allow me to feel a part of this world and not so bedridden and house ridden. It sucks that I don't go anywhere nor have the purchasing power to evade my home. I would really love to be able to drive around and take pictures of things, however, I fear leaving my camera and laptop in my car if I am to be away from it. It would be nice to have it at hand in all circumstances in which they surprise you with.

Some of the things that distract are a life of activity. It steals you away from yourself. And one's self is most at home when it spends its time with works of art and winds its way around its meaning for inspiration in what it can create.

My music and film will hopefully be worked upon soon, too. In fact, this week I am going to arrange school work, art work and economic work all into one. I will achieve my things. I am debating

whether I want to renew my insurance policy with Worth Ave Group so as to keep my things safe and protected in the even anything happens to them. Life is really good for me right now.

06/06/22

LATE EVENING

It is now four weeks since I've had a cigarette and I am slowly overcoming my slovenliness. It's amazing how we succumb to such guilt in regard to deviant behaviors and how we feel unearthed by society with these behaviors in the thought that we are laid bare before the tribunal for dissection and harassment. But I will continue to push forward and mark myself myself. When it comes to the possibility of achieving an actual act of sexual gratification with another it will be under a fortified reason of mutual lust founded on identity. Right now I have no identity with another woman. I am alone and lost.

And this brings me to the peculiar fact of the family as a unit. It strikes me with wonder this notion of love amongst a family? Why do members of a biological unit encounter a bond known as familial surrounded with the sentiment known as love? It is a strict fact that a familial bond is cemented because the humans involved in that bond lived with one another through experience over the course of instrumental highlights of a life on its way. The experience with these members amongst themselves is the center and reason for love. But why do man and woman attach so much importance to their biological fact with the creatures that came from that biological necessity? It is amazing how we must live with one another. That a man and woman experience a lust for what in America is suppressed and come away with a sense of pride with what is born out of that lust. Love is so troubling for me. How can we arrive at it, make it into a definite act, live with it in everyday expressions. Defend it with myths so as to justify the institution of the unit family. For me I feel as though I am already married. I met my identity and she doesn't want me with her. So I am forsaken and wander amongst the breath of the wind. I had wanted children of the aesthetic kind, her experience and expression with my experience and expression in the making of creative projects. Now, I am still born, stuck in a severe monologue, trespassing avenues with disgusting behaviors and striving to achieve a habit of severe cleanliness.

And the moment of motivation, stuck in an expression of lust in order to feel inspired and ready to set to work. How does one arise, make oneself the definitive version of *their* work. Transitions are hallmarks of a new expression and an exciting period of nostalgia. So it is, here; I want to believe I have opportunity for me, but will not force anything, nor creep into anything, nor forsake what is important: *identity*. What is available is discourse amongst those I feel similar passions with, and of course, the practice of a new set of arts and the continuation of the work on my literary and philosophical projects.

06/07/22

LATE AFTERNOON

Sometimes I am overcome with such an enormity of doubt in the process of my self-realization which questions the justice of my inner world in its outer display. Basically I wonder if I'm alright. Am I decent. Am I okay in what I do and live through and direct others with what I am. And then I conclude with how my body feels with its senses and how I can manage what I need to feel with my senses. Is there any sensual guide to feeling well and believing one belongs and participates legitimately. I finished some school work, but what is that ultimately? It is the realization of the professor's occupation, of the mark of the institution's bureaucracy and how one comes to ultimately demand a wage paying job in the economy that asks for justification of your presence. But is its act of process in the class worth anything? Do we take anything away that really enlightens us? I do not know if it does. It appears as though its all really basic, and the real matter is stuck in the real pursuit of knowledge through personal study. But really, students just support a professor, when it comes to those classes required by the institution's general study schedules. With specialization it's different, perhaps there we learn what we seek. But not in general courses. Sure there is something there, if one looks for it, but long term impressions are probably lost on one, lest one incorporates the pursuit of that subject in the duration of their life. Things require constant effort.

I don't know where I stand in the fortification of my employment with the CCAE, but I am making just enough to get by. I really don't want to have to go back to Home Depot, though. High scale jobs like that tear one asunder. And I am really disappointed with my agent at the Ticket To Work Program, for she did absolutely nothing for me and yet she's able to collect a decent paycheck to basically just bullshit her way through the day. She is a pathetic social worker who chooses her client's benefits based on some

prejudice who she genuinely will help is dependent on her power and she throws others into the fire whom she esteems unworthy of her benefits provided by her credentials. The world is full of these bull shitters, who move around the economy with sincere lack of concern and little aptitude for empathy and justify themselves with their petty justice. Something in me really turned sour, here.

EVENING

I'm starting to feel suicidal again. There's something about my family that really depresses me and I also feel as though life has sped me by. That women, friends, love, sex and all the good things from companionship has been kept from me in a ploy to cause my own self-destruction through self-hate and self-despising. I lost my independence, can barely afford to keep myself afloat and have no prospects for the future. No one is going to want a thirty nine year old man who lives with his parents, still and even then no one wanted an adult who didn't work for their money or was incapacitated by a mental illness. What about me is attractive? I'm nothing and feel like I got nowhere to go. I feel really alienated and unhelpful.

06/09/22

LATE EVENING

It's amazing how difficult it is for me to change. I must reorder all my interests and sever the sexual excitement I receive from the ubiquitous display of women on the internet. Even when you're not looking for it sexuality in the guise of women, or men, is rampant and promoted and invasive. So I saw to it to unfollow some people on instagram that excite my yearning for the sex act. And its amazing how disarmed I've become in America and how everything is distant from me. And in the middle of this is my desire to portray my love for Katie, who plays with other men for her satisfaction and is only too pleased I don't entreat her with confessions and desires. In any case, I can only work on my art and it is distant when I loathe myself and its place in the world, struggling to find my center and groove in order to find happy expression.

So I am planning on excursions throughout the Escondido area with my camera and computer and other devices, so as to develop my photography and feel part of the world with my inquisitive discourse, however bland it may in actuality be. Certainly, there is an obsession to the beastly mode of my life that only too readily finds itself confronted in these diaries.

I realized that court life has extended itself into the spheres of even our life and how it is prominent in institutions such as college or the work place. I don't know where or how I will fit in and fear the event of not being able to conduct skill in my crafts, but I am making the effort to succeed.

It's difficult to be alone with desire and not have an outlet for it and not meet any identical person for one's spirit.

I work Sunday and last week saw me struggle in the tasks of my job, as I failed to be observant in some manners that would have shown that I can perform my job with competence. The matter in question was the removal of a wet sign warning display that blocked traffic without its necessity at hand. And so another member of the usher team made it his point to go out of his way to remove it and earn esteem for himself because of it. And then I looked like a failure. I'll eventually measure up to my job though and find my success in its practice, hopefully. The point is to be able to digest the atmosphere in order to act appropriately. Failure to observe weakens one's case for social enterprises.

06/15/22

EARLY EVENING

It looks as though I will be receiving CalFresh and nothing couldn't more induce my growing independence. I want to return to my vegetarian diet and start cooking my own meals at the time that I naturally grow hungry. I will be involved more often in the kitchen and will likely be compelled to do chores after those who came before me, as no one cleans up after the main course in the evening because everyone gathers around the television and no one wants to be disturbed, especially Ricky.

I haven't written much in Dream Thinking, and I am moving slowly along The Occult. With music I do not know what I want from it, or rather how to achieve the full language of my design. I conjure up little sentences of sounds here and there and want to enhance them and make a full language out of my templates. I question music as a source of dance and movement and instead want it to be more reflective and contemplative. I want music to sedate, not jingle.

I constantly waver between language and sound with and without it. But I don't want to tell my listener what to feel when they hear me, but instead leave it open to interpretation and personal identification. I don't know if I want to carry through with a film with *The Occult*. But I'm going to want to eventually dive into film making with my own soundtrack. It'll be a slow process, but it'll materialize; I am certain of it.

LATER

I feel as though I am forbidden the opportunity for fulfilling romantic experiences. That I have been alienated from the agreeable compact between the sexes. Everything feels so lonely to me. That all I have is the distraught mechanisms of my mind. It is something peculiar, but love with women is just something that I don't experience. Building a life with others is apparently cemented only with my family, whom of which sometimes cause little irritations with me, such as the case of chores and maneuvering around icy temperaments. And then being at hand for day care duties and having to participate in a community when sometimes I just want to do only my own things on only my own time.

But when you're alone you eat at yourself and you become agitated by a solitude that is open to vultures. Parasites eager to usurp your independence and make you a part of their needs. It's as though there is no happiness in the world.

I don't know why it is so hard for me to write in *Dream Thinking*, is it hate and self-loathing? A too complex pressure for perfection? After I work on my paper tomorrow I'm going to try to write in my novel. I also have to play music, too. I need to work on being productive. Also, though I am proud of myself for having exercised today. I'm gaining energy and getting stronger now without tobacco in my life.

06/16/22

EARLY EVENING

If one is rejected by their object of affection how does one conclude their emotional attachment to said object? It is as though one is stuck in a purgatorial position and suffers permanently. With our age however one must intercourse significantly with society and geography. Removal and transmigration are the necessary ingredients. I, therefore, will mark myself as new and attempt an injection into the world of this SoCal culture.

I want to be able to organize myself around my drives and needs at my own time. The most basic of these things is when one eats and sleeps. I have my clock slaving around my family, because I have not the income to cater to my own desires. But this is only temporary and soon I'll find the needed resources and begin my own journey. It's tough living with my family, though, because they think I am at their behest and they treat me as though I were a tool for their own needs and wants and I come second after them. So I hope that my waitlist for Section 8 arrives as soon as possible. It's terrible that my mental health organization won't help me unless I were actually homeless. There is so many excuses to deny individuals help and assistance. Social workers with power seldom act as though they should and carry into their work their personal needs to satisfy their socio-political affiliations.

06/17/22

EARLY AFTERNOON

With music there are songs that give you something to identify with, its lyrical passages presenting the dream and then there are songs that are just sound and therefore, love everyone. With songs that only give few indicators for identification only have the ability to love some people. I think I am the kind of musician that loves everyone. I want my sound to convey the mood and stir the emotion. Only I'm not yet gifted enough for this. But, I am working my way towards it.

06/20/22

EARLY EVENING

It's amazing how depressed and stagnated I feel myself compelled to endure, because I am amidst roommates, or my family, for that matter. I don't feel like I am free to live with abandonment. I have to consider how my activities impact the household. Not making noises when others sleep and retiring at a time that does not impinge upon the temperaments of my family members. It makes me think of Virginia Woolf's amazement over women writers in the time of the patriarchy, how they would have to sneak in their efforts to be a writer. So, I must execute my time to be a musician, writer, photographer, videographer. Work is nice and I had a good weekend. A long day on Saturday.

06/24/22

LATE EVENING

It interests me that we try to understand what puts our energies in motion when it comes to the arts and activity. To be a self-propelled vehicle of aesthetics is no easy mechanical feat. A certain self-righteous attitude may perhaps accompany that mechanical engineered product. I find in so many places a desire for others to criticize and ill-repute others in public. To draw attention to themselves in a sense that reinforces their superiority in the physical space of the building.

I am working a little less now after having had a few shifts the past couple of weeks. I don't have anything on the schedule so far for the month of July and I am slightly concerned about my financial welfare and whether I'll be able to float myself through the needed tasks and accomplish the completion of my education in its entirety, which will need to have monetary accommodations.

For the most part I am making way with my tasks, exercising, eating my desired diet, working on school, working on music and slowly writing. Tomorrow I want to go out after I call Social Security and inform them of my employment with the CCoA Escondido.

I really want to make some headway with The Occult. I want to start filming it and making more music for it, but my knowledge and skill are beneath the task. So I should play music more often for the point of playing it, but I am so heavy footed that I don't go far from my bed. But I am slowly exercising that task.

I don't know what else to say other than that I need to put forth a stronger effort in being productive, even if that production is watching anime or playing video games, now I am seized with the despair of inertia and a quandary over my future and how to achieve happiness.

06/26/22

EVENING

I began The Existential Regime and it is seeking itself. I am making a beginning with the notion that one must begin with oneself and have a vision with politics. What political vision is, however, I'll have to present. We all manifest a certain personality with our political wisdom. But enough of that.

I am working on The Occult and I don't really know the macro side of song writing. Everything is little snippets of a voice and some character, but the overall definition of the song is missing in my arsenal. So I'll have to spend some time ruminating through literature on music fundamentals. It's amazing how little we penetrate the framework of a song compared to how we vivisection a novel. We are lost in what is created out of nothing by sound more so than are we dazzled by a story.

I seem to find it difficult to pick up books and video games or even watch some anime. I always feel like the time for such things is tomorrow, the next hour maybe, but always some time away from now. And then I find myself wanting to decline early into slumber so as to arise early and begin what I put off for the night or afternoon.

06/29/22

Sometimes I feel so unearthed and confounded with inertia that I succumb to thoughts that enlist my goals as pointless. I sometimes think what is there to do for anything and how will I accomplish the great tasks ahead. I have a hard time feeling content and possessed in the moment that I become overwhelmed with everything that is to come.

To hopefully dispel these feelings I am going to stop drinking Monster energy drinks. Also I am going to begin working out thoroughly and begin the journey to achieve the body and health that I so much lust after.

I don't know what is in store for me. I hope I could find love. Hearing from my Dad getting involved in relationships has its pitfalls, but that is something I want. If anything, though, I really want to be able to go out in the world and do stuff and feel untied to merely my home.

I am eagerly awaiting the semester, however, I realize I'll be putting in a lot of work. I'll hopefully eradicate my debt with the financial aid I receive in the fall, and then be able to put aside some of Spring's disbursement for CSUSM. My dad thinks he's going to move to Arizona. I might be interested in following him, however, I want to achieve something with education and acquire a job in the field of media. As a result I might have to stay. I would love to earn my section 8. In any case, if I follow my Dad

to Arizona I will very likely be purely devoted to my private media interests and work on achieving success with that. And that wouldn't be a bad thing.

07/10//22

LATE EVENING

I really want to set up a rigorous routine of work, consisting of music theory and musicianship in the morning and afternoons, a break in the early evening for chores and dinner and then literature and philosophy in the evening. I feel confident that I can achieve success in the areas of my aesthetic desire.

07/14/22

EVENING

Found out today that I got a job at Sprouts Farmers Market and things couldn't be better for me, for it seems as though I'll be presented with an opportunity to earn money to save for my educational goals and establish an income to achieve my projects. Unfortunately, though, today is the anniversary of my Uncle Kenny's death and it depresses me that he met his end far too early.

07/21/22

LATE LATE EVENING

I feel great, getting inducted into the system of Sprout on Saturday and beginning the journey today of obtaining my ethics. Gone 73 days without a cigarette and am working on The Sandman The Opera and working on my music. Finished my summer semester with a B and now get to focus on me until the Fall of which when it commences I will have been well underway my journey of self-fulfillment. My brother Nick is back from Rehab and he is excelling and my family is doing great, if only my Brother Ryan and my Sister-in-law Leah would overcome their bruised relationship with my family and put aside hostilities we could have a unity together and be profitable in our network. I realize certain things about myself and hope to thrive despite my certain drawbacks and hope to improve myself on some of those drawbacks and to generally accept myself. I want to work on my literature a little more, though and get myself to reading more, too. I realize lately, however, this diary has been a notation of my desires on what I'd like to accomplish instead of being a transcription of serious and pertinent discourse. And that is okay. Not every dose of self-evaluation is transcendent. But, seriously, I am really excited about my future.

EARLY MORNING

For me, what comes first is my photography, literature and philosophy and then my music. And these things will begin to manifest themselves significantly during this latter half of the year. But, to remark on something that is prevalent, namely the enthusiasm of the times that one is stoked if struck dead in the immediate moment of the day because of having contributed the maximum effort of their spirit is something that does not resonate with me. People are proud once they have something to their name and expect the world to congratulate themselves on a completed project and tour the globe with that project instead of burrowing into themselves and moving silently onto another manifestation of themselves. It's amazing how often one sees the artists of our time demanding to be received for years on end with their manifestations and collecting the reward by having it be seen by as many as possible, instead of just quietly accepting that they have achieved their spirit at that point and then moving onto something else because they need to become new again. It is this, the desire to become new that is the mark of true artistry, and not the desire to be seen with what has been achieved yesterday for a popularity that makes them recognizable to the masses.

MORNING

I am distraught with the quarry of being available for love. I do not know if I need to remain attached to my Katherine in order to achieve the aesthetic goals of my desire. It seems as though it is certain that I must. Despite the sex drive, the absence of companionship, and being alone in the course of creativity I find rewards in achieving this aesthetic goal even though she is with her life in its fulfilled vocation. I am not necessarily looking for social rewards in the sense of connections for social functions. I want to achieve a career in media and work on my aesthetic and philosophical projects. My children will be my creative development, my wife my instruments and my friends my admired heroes of art. Everyone else is a coworker or in the intrinsic familial relations my bedrock and support. Even though my family

doesn't share my philosophical or artistic feelings we respect and anchor each other and hope to provide for one another's success.

AFTERNOON

I think I really need to start new and enter the world with no expectations but standards to be kept at my identity. I really just want to excel at the things I'm given to, my job, my education and my art and be positive with my family. Sometimes I wonder what's the point of all this. What am I aiming at and what do I have to look forward to. I just need to remain steadfast, remain kind, and realize that despite what the world may want to do in its treatment of me all I can do is function in the giving that I can control.

07/24/22

AFTERNOON

The truth is I like to play music more than I like to write, but I'm a better writer than I am a musician. So, I must work at my music and let it come to me. My cousin Lyndsey is going to be staying with us for a little while, which is a nice change of pace, people wise in the household and my brother Nick is back from rehab, so we got a full house indeed. My Dad has been getting a little irritated by my behaviors, whether is poor financial decisions or greediness in the digestion of energy drinks. I started my new employment at Sprouts and I am eager to perform adequately. Some people there have been lackluster in their reception of me and I suppose that's okay. People generally play down the acceptance of others, not too eager to show enthusiasm, I mean why get worked up over a forty year old fat and slow to life achiever. In any case I hope I can develop in this role and that I can find success in my educational pursuits, which I hope opens up a career for me. I'm trying to develop through a myriad role in media, so as to have a possibility in this wide range of field something that suits me.

07/26/22

EVENING

I feel so depressed, at times I am overwhelmed with the pointless attempt at achieving goals and even of finding satisfaction in the pursuit of those goals and of the reward of completing those goals. I do not know if I find consolation in people or the art that people create. Is it people or art that satisfies me. Am I satisfied when I create or when I experience a happy time with people. Just in the business of mass market art how do I find identity with those people, who have no hardships apparently and find the world in its total acceptance of themselves. It's as though the world is thrilled to find out the secret facts of some famous person and brings it to life in a talk show that is meant to accentuate the fame of that person and humanize them for our thirsty desire to find common ground with the rich and famous. It's so fake. And today I felt as though I am tired of living. I go into work tomorrow where I'll actually perform duties of the job I was hired for, having spent the two previous shifts with training. And now I am employed and worry over the production competence of my will. I went running today after fighting a strong craving for a cigarette. And it's all so pointless. Even when I make progress in my music playing I feel as though its never going to be good enough to win appreciation. Who would ever appreciate anything that I do, especially if it's some artistic thing.

07/27/22

EVENING

Worked 8-12:20 pm today and it generally was a positive experience, however there were some minor incidents that warrant correction. First, being that my head cashier Tilly demanded that I remove my toothpick from my mouth making a claim that it was against company policy. I really don't understand the baby boomers exceeding need to control behaviors and quirks in the work place. But to be fair, this nasty display of authority exists everywhere, where some are thoroughly convinced they can eradicate anything unique. And then I shut down Sarah about walking through my final half hour of my shift with training run downs. I had explained to her that I had already received adequate instruction on the major course of my job expectations. And then I realized some things weren't gone over and now I've missed an opportunity to be trained correctly. Namely, it is unknown to me procedure necessary for taking out the trash throughout the store, however, I work a mid shift on Saturday and will be able to buddy up with someone to learn the task, as trash is only emptied twice a day, 3 and then 9 pm. So I didn't really lose anything.

I hope I can find acceptance and success in the workplace and that I can excel at school. I still feel terribly depressed and absent of anything really worthwhile to look forward to. But I'll remain patient and hope for a miracle.

08/02/22

EVENING

I want to try to write tonight after I practice playing the guitar. Listening to music makes me feel so inept in my own skill at times and at other times it makes me feel confident that with enough energy and labor I can develop the skill necessary to represent something pleasant. I feel as though my lyrics are more intimately charged with true passion rather than some of the other songs out there that are a bit too stingy with what they represent, however, there are some famously intense songs out there and it is difficult for anyone to compare themselves with some of these gems of modern music.

Work is going well, however, I fear that society may purposely make my work day more difficult for some kind of punishment against me for merely being a human with human desire. And it is amazing how many are bound by God and may justify their pressure on the fact that they are attempting to steer a stray to the path of their Godliness. Where can I find my other existentialists? Where we puzzle over the strange and struggle with the defining elements of our experience.

LATER EVENING

I wrote almost nine hundred words in my novel and then read twenty pages from Proust and felt accomplished. Nevertheless, I am confounded with despair. I feel as though my life has flown by me, that in terms of achievements I have none, in terms of experience I have faltered and in terms of relationships I am lacking. I feel an abysmal whole in the center of my sentiments. I also get unearthed with caffeine and nicotine, which I am going to do my best to refrain from, especially the caffeine. Hopefully I can forgo my nicotine mints, but if not only allow myself a max of three. Up till now, it has been six 2mg mints. I will need to start exercising religiously and I am strongly becoming convinced I need to change my diet to pescatarian and start buying myself some food to eat and making it for myself. I don't like the idea of eating meat, despite really enjoying it at times. I don't like killing animals for my diet and feeding into that cycle of mistreatment and cycle of dominance of humans through biblical ordainment. I am starting to rake in some cash that will help me achieve my independence and my family will understand my tastes, but it's just going about it and making it happen. I don't really know what my cure is, its as though if I really pay attention to everything around me its as though there is subliminal messages occurring to distract me with terrible and vindictive conclusions on my self. Everything is about achieving my goals and being comfortable in the execution of those activities that will allow me to achieve my goals. The missing romance, however, is despairing. I don't have love in my life, as far as it is with one stranger from another, as in from one non family member to another non family member. It's amazing how we have inculcated ourselves in the unit of family and that that must be the bedrock. But outside of that it feels as though the world is saying no to me at all corners and at every instance. There seems to be no one that shares my values in close proximity or in available corners and my desire for Katie is seemingly conclusively out of reach. I want to feel a connection and its amazing how I don't have that anywhere.

08/03/22

LATE AFTERNOON

Requested to go home today after experiencing an anxiety spurt, becoming jittery, confused, paranoid and nervous all about the amount of people in the building and the chores to be done and the new faces to work with. Called Tilly Kathy, forgot Brennan's name, and wandered about the store with go backs with a look of a completely abysmal lost icon. I asked Ryan if I could go home because I was feeling this way. And it is no mistake that the things I do carry over in how I interact with people, that I need to be straight and tidy and engaged with my work in order to feel at ease in my atmosphere. I was certainly unhinged today and I hope to get some real anti-anxiety medication when I see my doctor on Monday. Often they tell me off and I go without needed assistance for months before I see them again and there simply is no real assistance given when I plead my case. However, I feel as though I have received some good care from some doctors, but others simply just passed the time with me. And I need help.

08/04/22

MORNING

I bought a pack of cigarettes and smoked two already. I just become so engulfed over the anxiety of passing time and feel overwhelmed to breathe and take time outs from motion that I succumb to the habit of smoking. Already I feel depressed about it, but I realize that it may be something that I need in my life. I'm going to try to not smoke at work and keep myself from smoking at school, or only smoke at rare intervals. I'll be supplementing my cigarettes with nicotine mints and will hope to have my running regiment down. I need to go running today. I woke up very early today.

I think I want to find a girlfriend. I'm at a crucial age right now and I want companionship and sexual gratification and to spend time with someone. Only I feel as though my work with my literature might make me secluded in availability. But how is it with any other romantic artists? It's without a remedy, I'll just need to be accepted with my work and also with the realization that I am dedicating my present to whomever becomes my lover.

08/06/22

LATE EVENING

I am beginning to regain my contentment and I just need to keep pace and work on my goals. Work sometimes unsettles me when it seems as though I am the butt of jokes, but so be it; undoubtedly many think I am an idiot and that has been my worth for a while now. I am back on the patches again and am working on defeating this addiction to nicotine. Once my current stock of nicotine mints run out I will forgo that aid and rely exclusively on the patches and carry forth my efforts to victory.

I don't really know what to expect from life and my future or where I'll go with my endeavors. All I can do is work on it all and see what happens.

08/10/22

AFTERNOON

There's something about work that really depresses me and affects my ability to succeed financially. I can't seem to justify the struggle I must endure to perform in the labor market and to balance that labor with personal labor in order to be a well rounded individual is something that I fail to accomplish with competence.

08/16/22

AFTERNOON

I feel really depressed and inept, right now. I'm frustrated with my musical skill, the lack of musical understanding that I possess and the difficulty to financial balance my life. I saw my new psychiatrist today and engaged in some medication adjustments, which I hope will help me. I'm labelled as a bipolar schizophrenic and my medications will look to balance me out and therapy has been offered to me. I'm obsessed with Katie, maybe, because she is so fundamental to my art and yet I seek out dreams of finding a mate and many times I believe she is watching me and training me for herself. I seem to find attractive women around me, however, certain philosophical differences keep me on the fence. I don't really know what I can expect from myself, only I hope I can get over these inertia inducing despair ridden days. I did play the guitar today, but I am super slow on my chord changes and I don't know how to implement more to my second song The Martyr, which probably doesn't need more, it has a bass, drum beat, keys section and guitar rhythm with vocals taking shape after the keys section. The keys section repeats before and after the vocals. Putting it all together is going to take time. I smoked three cigarettes today and feel utterly disgusted by it and am going to smoke another right now, damn it.

EVENING

Despite my desire for a fantasy, I'm going to work on letting go and going beyond and becoming in the present, in the city that I live in and in the work I work on. Katie is only a part of my memoir from the mid 2000's and it is okay to have someone in your past who meant a lot to you, but that is no longer a participant in your current affairs. I need to realize this and allow myself to become vulnerable and a part of other people's lives. It's hard, because we think of the tragedy of the past and look at what was lost and think there is only what is lost in life that is always the pertinent thing, but so is acquiring new things, growing and transcending. All this is okay, becoming new again, transcending, developing new loves and wondering at this great global world that is teeming with many. I am going to trust my medication, my

work, my support and work on eradicating my ties with a woman who is long lost to me, however, what I can't seem to shake is the thought that I am watched by culture and that my stuff is investigated and that my thinking is revealed through electronic devices. But I think this might be related to an anxiety or psychotic episodes that results from me being so severe on myself in high volume environments. I'm going to look forward to things now and try to find a lover and hope I can achieve my goals.

08/21/22

LATE EVENING

Work really wore me out this past week, but I made it through the day and treated myself on my last day of the week to a delisandwiche. It's amazing how its our weaknesses that we want to address that leads us to writing or speaking on ourself and developing a goal. But for me, I'm changing. I'm going to embrace the new territory I've been given and try to make some connections and establish a circle of friends. I will continue my music and my writing and my photography and arts all the while. It's great because now money is coming my way and I'll be able to develop a social life that has money supporting it. Even so, if all I can do is travel my locale with my car and photography and laptop and midi keyboard and or ukulele that would make me happy. I really want to explore myself and this place of my hometown, which I never really got to explore while I lived here. I'm tired of thinking that culture punishes me for bad habits and I want to embrace work with the ethic that I'll do what I can. It shouldn't be my responsibility to be the only hard worker in my department. On some days I am great, but after some consecutive days I get drained and it is difficult to perform. The work place is almost a social school for many and I look at it mostly as a means of gaining some exertion outside of the realm of my personal labor. It earns me some money to develop in my personal realm and I establish myself with my activities. Tomorrow I really want to devote a lot of time to music. Today I didn't do much. And Monday I'm back at it again with work in between my class days. It's nice, however, that I'll have the weekend off the next two weeks and that I only work twice the second week of school. My financial aid award letter is soon to be presented and I plan on putting that money into my car and getting it ready to travel around SoCal for my photographic desire and also for my desire to travel my area and engage with nature as it is meant to be in SoCal. In NorCal it was almost as though all you had to do was go outside and you'd be in nature. Here you need a car to get there. I hope to acquire some friends that I can use as aids for my travels. But doing it alone would empower my self esteem much better, for I wouldn't mind camping in my car and playing music while I photograph and make my stuff. In any case I am looking forward to what this next semester brings.

08/28/22

EVENING

I renamed my film The Idiotic One: An Introduction to Dream School and finished Ancient Moon. I saw my new psychiatrist and she adjusted my medications and I am feeling less depressed. I've realized that I want to move on with my life and develop new relationships. I have my family, my new job, my new major (photography) and new goals. I'm saving money, making money, and pursuing a minor degree to acquire a job more suitable to my personality. Work is tough sometimes at Sprouts, but it is manageable and I enjoy my coworkers, despite some of the courteous clerks skimming duties; but I've realized so have I, thanks to the set-up of Ally who misinformed me of the duties of taking out the trash. All in all it is difficult to find your allies and establish a core. I really like my photography professor Caterina. She is very supportive and very talented. I keep her webpage on my phone to peruse her photos and am continuously amazed and inspired. I like the idea of getting out in the world with my computer and camera and writing and photographing my subjects. I need to keep my camera on me, as much as possible. It's too bad the car is too hot to keep the camera and laptop in there. I met Sarah at Sprouts and she is a doll and absolutely adorable. I would like to learn more about her. It's difficult when your philosophy is so much rooted in nihilism and nothingness and are at odds with how to establish a foundation in the world. How can you share that with anyone?

08/31/22

AFTERNOON

Things are getting better and I am happy to be in school, however, my psychosis still gets the better of me. I think society plays with me in order to dissect values in the philosophical landscape and

that culture manipulates the world around me. All this makes me wonder who is on my side, are there friends, lovers, etc. In any case, the idiot goes forward and only has themselves until they find that rare occurrence. I'm releasing myself of the obsession of Katherine, nevertheless I wear a ring on my wedding finger, because . . . why not? I'd like to feel married. It might not actually happen, after all. I'm getting old, uglier, fatter, but wiser and more creative, too. I think my medication adjustments are really helping. The Abilify has now accomplished its initial phase of two weeks and now is on its full dose and I have realized that I am less depressed, a little more energetic and more involved in performing. Today I'm going to clean at 2:00 pm after I encourage myself to get moving. Things with the family are going well and I am saving money. I changed my major to photography and will only pursue an Associates in Arts and see what I can accomplish with that diploma. Being outside sometimes really disorients me, its as though some people are really looking to harass anyone they can induce to be less militaristic than themselves. I don't understand that mindset.

At work I was talking to Jalecea and she mentioned how she would love section 8, but her family would be disappointed with her because of it. This strikes me as strange. Why provide money to the regime if it's not going to be recycled back into its people. This notion of War needs to be dissolved. National alienation is no longer feasible. Money in the form of taxes is for the feedback of provisions. In household management there is a culture and economic hierarchy where everyone provides and receives, its the same in the Regime. And Globally a Regime is a relative to another regime that has family reunions. I can't believe this isn't understood by the World. It baffles me.

09/03/22

LATE EVENING

I really like Katelyn at work, however, she is a christian and I fear my existential values wouldn't be accepted. It's amazing this notion of coupledness and how we approach whether to accept differences or seek similarities. She is really sweet, though. Today we discussed birthdays and I have already forgotten, her's (is it the 26 or the 28 of October) and Itziel's, who is also really sweet. Basically, everyone I work with is great. My favorite head cashier is Kathy, who is really nice to me, however, I feel as though she is getting disappointed with me because some things I fail to perform to its complete duty. For instance, today I was supposed to work on the break room, but I don't really know what I'm supposed to do in there and I didn't really have time to do that. Also, I worked on cleaning the bathrooms and the store sweep a lot and the carts and bagging. I love bagging, even at times when its overwhelming. But when it isn't pressured is when its at its best. I'm fighting the occurrences that lead back to thinking Katie is behind everything. I wanted a tragedy in my youth and got it, because that is my loving aesthetic, but something in us wants a rescue and . . . well I don't know the word right now.

I'm not going to push and force anything in relationships, just go with what comes to me. Work on being me and sharing my daily stuff. I got my fender today and I absolutely love it. I need to really work on my art. But back to Katelyn, I would kinda like to go to church with her and discuss the philosophy and religion of life. I suppose in any relationship the key is being able to discuss the fundamentals of values without being dogmatic and stern and cruel. This has been part of my character in the past, but also not. In many ways I hear out others and take note of it and work on my thought with my books and my unique perspective on the world in its relationship to me in it. Today at work I could of swore some older lady told me to Fuck Off and I just ignored it while thinking "Did she just tell me to Fuck Off?" And then bagged her groceries, however, when she left she told me to have a blessed day. Another older lady completely ignored me when I questioned her about her desire for bags and how she wanted them arranged. I think what is really happening is that some people are investigating what I create and how I live in order to pass judgement on me and manipulate my affairs for their own discernment.

I feel really bad that I forgot the birthdays of my coworkers. I remember more that of Katelyn's than Itziel's, though. Both are wonderful to talk to, but I am drawn more to Katelyn. I haven't seen Sarah in a while, but there is something about her that is defensive. It's as though maybe she was hurt in something and she is moving in a year.

My AM Ryan added me on Spotify and is going to listen to my playlist, he is a great manager and works really hard and I owe him a lot of gratitude for this job. It's because of him that I have it. All in all things are getting better. I wonder if I'll ever be able to kick my SSDI and be able to support myself. Right now that's not feasible, but maybe in a year or a half? How soon do I want to push myself? I don't want to have to feel alienated because I receive assistance. I know there is a lot of judgement out there

on that despite my philosophy that demands compensation for the people based on their ability to function in their degree of personal capacity.

09/05/22

EVENING

Today at work it was overwhelmingly busy and difficult, nevertheless I prevailed and now I am gearing up for a long day at school. Today I took a virtual training lesson and afterwards my store manager James, who is very nice, said "You did it, You did it" with great enthusiasm and with an almost sort of pride. This kinda spun me into a labyrinth as into what it was that I did that warranted so much enthusiasm. Last night I utilized those values I learned in today's virtual training with my cousin Lindsey with my suggestions on Sprouts goods for vegetarians/vegans. And maybe I'm being watched by the circle of society that I participate in and this was relayed to my peers. And then I thought it was about my art and its success and its development, my class assignments that are being completed and worked upon and all these things that I have in my head. Today I didn't really get to have a conversation with anyone, I mostly exerted a lot of effort into working tasks. I printed my bible midterms for which I was going to ask Katelyn if she'd be interested in reading and then give it to her, but this feels a bit precarious. I don't know what is solid ground for approaching coworkers with values in religion, philosophy and literature, especially at the work place. I like expressing myself and trying to make work more than work, but sometimes I am overwhelmed with anxiety and energy to focus just on tasks when it is crowded and overwhelming. I can't relax in a high intensity environment and when I feel overwhelmed to complete so many things in succession it gets me intoxicated with something regarding the nerves, or something of that sort for which I don't know how to express. I really want to try to work on eradicating my SSDI dependence and becoming as self-reliant as I possible can become, despite my continued need for medication and psychiatry. I think, however, if I can keep my insurance or somehow find an insurance that supports me and am able to work enough to pay bills and maintain my wise spending habits with my financial aid I may be able to forgo my SSDI when I prove to them that I can maintain an adequate income that would disqualify me from payments. It's going to be tough and is going to be a process. I'm going to need to continue to show up to work, perform my duties and enjoy the culture of Sprouts. It really is a good culture.

Surprisingly, my photo 130 class has thus far only supplied (as far as my classmates are concerned) a few wonderful photos. But a lot of them felt like they were rushed photo shoots, done all in a day without variation in the mode of the assignment. What I think is happening, is that tomorrow my classmates are going to upload their true photos and really sink me beneath them. But even so, I have come a long way as a photographer in the past year that I have pursued it in the educational sphere.

To keep an art from your history, but to cement yourself in the present presents some difficulties. What is realized is that our life is full of worlds that have come and will come. New things develop, old things wilt, and we work on our life in its aesthetic goal on our own spiritual terms. In some ways this makes it difficult to live with another where you make yourself determined by them in a totality for both you and them in reciprocity. Much gets left behind, perhaps in this arena. But if there is a mutual understanding that we all have experience and that some want to utilize experience for a presentation while maintaining an active role in immediacy then we have behavior and the work from that behavior, or something of that sort, I suppose. In any case, I am working on overcoming my dwindling attachment to past loves in the form of thinking they are renewable. I am entering my place with availability and discovery and activity.

Sometimes, I think my family sets me up for validating their conservative values and I am left in the cultural market as an enemy to all. At Sprouts today, some people were really mean. It's strange, in the training video it shows an interaction in the supermarket that just doesn't exist. Most people ignore me when I greet them and it would be unquestionable it seems to me to inquire on their meal without first an invitation from them. A lot of people scowl at me. Do they know more about me than I am aware and that I am allowed to realize? Even Caterina and my classmates maintain a distance from me despite my approaching and even then I am still afraid to speak in class. I never liked speaking in class and I prefer to digest and absorb than exhale. But sometimes I am overcome with so much excitement when we land on a photo of mine that receives initial praise and for which I am proud of for some such reason and which I want to share why I am proud of it. So many others exercise patience and receive the praise and await questions, which is a striking contrast to my blurring bloating belly (with a baby). And on that baby I

am losing weight and eating healthy and working hard at work to forgo the weight I have gained through so much inertia and laziness.

09/07/22

LATE LATE EVENING

I've realized that I am committed to my art, however, I no longer am attached to Katie. I am not a christian and I enjoy my time alone and working on my stuff and being my creative self. Nevertheless, I would eventually like friends and to be able to develop better social skills. Katelyn is sweet, but I am not for her, I have different values and I am too alienated from the realm of her values. What is necessary is for me to be accepted in its totality of my absolute spirit in its spoken becoming and in its becoming potential. I had a hard day today at school, where my second class (as always, unhinged me and had me acting awkward). It's as though people investigate me and spy on my stuff and maneuver around me and study my behavior. I hope I can eradicate my walls during our field trip and be available for a pleasant outing. I want to bring my beat box and CD's with me for our train ride (poor train neighbors!) and have a clerb. We don't need the volume to be loud on the beat box, though, heaven forbid. But I should try to make myself participated in the volume of the society of my class mates during this three hour train ride. It's hard being the first to set yourself out in social spheres. Sometimes I am very good and when the volume of the environment is large I am at my most reclusive and desperate performance of the bewildered idiot.

09/09/22

MORNING

Happy 909 day! Although my favorite drum machine is the 727 and then the 808. On Wednesday I had to pick up poop and it is amazing how often people tell me to do difficult things without thinking to get the manager to do it, as if the lowest rung on the ladder is the most usable and that everyone is their boss. And about this the boss, the other day a customer complained and told my head cashier, Tilly, who is although stern, very forgiving when it comes to the reality of the ability to complete tasks when its busy (and she is sweet and appreciates hard work), to open another register. Like what is this, a customer thinking they are the boss of customer service atmospheres and can tell employees how to do their job. The whole market of the economy really needs to be rewritten. Everywhere everyone thinks they come first and get upset when a lower rung receives assistance because they can't earn enough monetary power to support themselves in this affluent demanding America. And it's not really affluency that people are experiencing, rent alone destroys people and if you're trying to be creative it is difficult to find time for that and then to work on it and afford the tools for the projects and of course no one cares about the independent artist (unless you're in hipsterville, which is only in like four or five cities —New York, L.A., Portland, Seattle, San Francisco.) because there's the People's Aristocracy that provides all the art for the world. Like just the other day, Sylvester Stallone was yet again in another new movie. Like isn't their enough millennial artists we could inherit. The People's Aristocracy holds onto what is heard before with raging ferocity, constantly going back to their comforts. In a way this happens to many, even me; but the realm of populace and the few allowed to trespass the lime light are so rigid and constantly evolving with the same themes, the same faces, and if something new emerges it must be so safe with the values of those projecting it that otherwise into cancellation culture it goes.

About cancellation and my fears and the populace, its as though their notion of becoming and their values are so rigid they think of permanence and its value as the only truth that it alone is viable and that there is no demonstration of overcoming. And even as I struggle to overcome and follow my path and work on my art in the process of having overcome to a great degree, I still find my enemy, the Christian value of permanent self. In many ways, there's a psychology of interaction and employment, where we have behaviors on how we interact and how we perform our jobs, like, I always almost always do what people tell me to do thinking that I have no ability or liberty to argue back and say no I don't have to do that or that that is not fair for me. And the People's Aristocracy loves these mules of culture, because they almost never go anywhere and feed into their conversation for their aesthetic work, performed by their artists, for their values.

It's upsetting, I was hoping I'd get my extra food benefit amount this weekend so I could finally afford to buy food for myself in its vegetarian form, and my brother Ricky is sometimes such a dick to me, for instance telling me last night quitting your diet are you, like I don't have the money to buy myself

groceries, I pay a lot of money for rent a fifth of my income, and then I buy my own drinks, my own toiletries, my own gas, or half its cost, dinner sometimes for the house, and when I did have food stamps I spent all on my family and didn't exercise the selfishness I needed to in order to have my own independence. And then he is such a jerk about the realm of the house, whether the air conditioner is allowed to be on at night during this uncomfortable heat wave. It's sometimes very difficult to live with my family and maneuver my realm amidst theirs and achieve my stuff. And then my brother Nicholas is going to be having another baby, which is very exciting and great, but it's going to require sacrifices from everyone. It's not as easy as when I lived on my own, but I have better opportunities here and I have improved dramatically and achieved great things, well the start of great things for what I am capable of performing anyways, and have a goal for the future. Photography is hard, because there are some condescending elders in the classroom who are very opinionated and full of themselves and metaphorically insult me in the open air waves of the class room. I don't know if Caterina is on my side, she has to put up with me, because she is a Professor and has to accept the form of competence I provide, but personally she may have another opinion of me and might not overreach her duty as a Professor in her relationship with me. She is a great Professor though and it is because of her that I have become a much better photographer and have grown with my equipment.

Katelyn is moving to San Diego this week (or maybe already) and I couldn't be happier for her. She went to SDSU and earned a degree in Psychology and is moving toward acquiring a job in her field and will be departing my work's social circle, which is unfortunate because she was really nice to me and I enjoyed working with her. I want to show her the lyrics to this new song I discovered The Skies You Climb and ask her opinion on what the lyrics mean. It's such a beautiful song and it's intense. Katelyn will be working at Sprouts for a little while longer so as to maintain her income levels, but it won't be long before she achieves a job in her field, which is great, you gotta be happy when millennials succeed in the economy with their degrees. It was with us that education became an industry and that we were soaked and motivated in it and to go out and get a degree and acquire that monetary debt with the industry's incentive to us that it is the most important lifetime investment to only find an economy not accepting us and still holding onto the baby boomer way of life and their oligarchy in the economy and politics as though we are still infants is very upsetting. I think there's going to be real political unrest this midterm and next presidential election. Trump really ruined things with conservative baby boomer demands and their followers in the counter hipster millennial camp. It destroyed everything the hippies fought for in their rebellion and for which I am the inheritor. In a way, there's a connection to many things and we all have a camp.

09/10/22

EARLY MORNING

Work yesterday was constant with tasks and very busy. Worked with my head cashier Alicia, who is also very sweet and nice and is very receptive to your needs as far as energy and rest are concerned when you are overworked. Like last time, in the heat, I was dripping with sweat and bagging groceries and she was constantly handing me a paper towel and asking me if I was alright and to let her know if I needed anything. Only now do I realize that maybe she was suggesting I take a break. Sometimes I get into such a spell at work though. My mind I realize doesn't really work very well, sometimes I'm just really idiotic and not able to comprehend the calculations of the material world. But oh well, the tragedy of an idealist. For instance, last night my Mom texted with her iPad about the location of her phone and once I found it asked if she needed it and if so I'd drive it to her. And other simple stuff at work I get amiss. I don't know what it is actually, but it is difficult to arrange everything for the understanding for me when I am out and moving and interacting.

09/10/22

EVENING

Practiced both this morning and evening on the guitar and feel inadequate, but I know with dedication I'll get there. It's difficult when you listen to yourself play music that isn't very good when you listen to music that is and it is frustrating to console yourself that it takes time to develop and music that is heard is what was worked into perfection. With my music I want layers with it, or at least with some of my songs, I know every song has this, but I'm working on my own layered song. If I didn't feel so upset over the fear that I'm being watched and crucified over how much I suck it wouldn't be so bad, I mean after all

I'm doing this for myself; I'm not really looking to be a professional musician, I just want to create my aesthetic, I mean I work after all, although I am gifted with compensation. I feel like people are manipulating me and there's nothing I can do about it, only be me and do what I can. I am frustrated that I can't practice more, but I went on for about a half hour over an hour in a half period. And this morning it was about twenty minutes. If I just work on playing twenty to twenty five minutes in the morning and evening and work on increasing that by five minutes after each month I think I'll be okay. I did a lot of photography work today and worked on some photos and took a photo and am doing a photo shoot tomorrow morning.

I don't know how I feel about the bass in my song, the 3 & 4 mess me up, because my guitar is a half step half step four quarter steps. It works when I play the chord changes I have down, the C to E but when I get to A I feel bothered by the sound and I want to stop and I do. Also, my hands have difficulty holding the A chord and the movement to G is precarious. It's because I have rivets in my hands and they haven't hardened out. It'll take time. When I watch shows with my family (my Mom really wants me to watch at least one show with them) I'm going to have my guitar nearby and after I eat pick it up and practice my chord changes without strumming. It sucks being so terrible!!!

LATER

It's as though sometimes I try to come up with a comprehensive path or destiny of myself that explains everything that has happened to me and that will happen to me and I can't be comfortable with the process of the given expression of the present of what is currently viable. I become unhinged and fall into this labyrinth and only come out when tomorrow arrives and I give in to new tasks and continued effort on progressing tasks and the anxiety of a fear of the future that counts down and has me in perplexity of what the whole world means really disorients me and there's nothing I can do but to wait it out and experience the venture when it happens. No one can really help me but myself, maybe. But in any case, the thing that is striking fear in me is my field trip to L.A. where I think I'll be thrown out onto the streets again and left to the whole labyrinth of my past and what it allows for my future. But I must overcome this thought process and realize I am here, working on a photography associates, working on music, making a musical picture, and brainstorming the next phase of my novel, which is just awaiting an accumulation of strength to write that part of Regal Cinemas employment and whether I will soon have enough time to devote myself to its transcription. It will likely happen after this heavy work week. If I can cement myself in the fact that I have a job, a scholarly pursuit and creative energy for myself no matter what monetary or opinionated gratification there is in the world that I just don't care about save for the scholarly pursuit and those who want to take an interest in it when I tell them I pursue this. But after this there is nothing I ask. When it happens I'll leave it to the world when I die for it to be whatever it can be for those who want to seek it out.

09/11/22

AFTERNOON

I don't think I'll be able to practice the guitar while I watch shows with my family as the guitar doesn't suit itself with my set-up for sitting down in an arm chair. I even tried playing in my bed last night and that didn't work. Played a little today and think I'm going to forgo the distortion and keep the reverb, dismiss the bass and keep the keys and strings. When I get there I'll have to work on my voice. Accomplished a political picture meant to demonstrate some contradictions of the conservative landscape and I'll probably upset some enemies and accumulate a faction against me. But that's okay. I realize I really like playful dangerous pictures. Also shared a picture of a closed down market with homeless folk sleeping in the shade, which is sad, but this is our culture and I am participating in my aesthetic capture of it. I fear I may need to retake the Romney Ryan photo because our faces are out of focus. I focus the area on the Lovers of the Constitution sign, which is great, I want this the main object and then for the photo to be inspected and not to show so much everything. But then again, if the shutter was higher than a hundred, say 250-400 by increasing the iso from 400 to 800 or 1600 I had an f10 then perhaps a more focused picture would've erupted. But it was on a tripod. I think it's because I centered the focus plane on the floor (from a previous picture, always important to investigate all settings or reset settings).

I think with a lot of music it tries to make you feel like you are in love or have someone in love with you or something of that sort and this causes me to return to old thinking. I need to dismiss this circle. I'm on my own, I have new opportunities and I have despite this a little fear of things. But I'm working on my overcoming and my tasks.

Caterina gave me a wonderful compliment on my water photo shoot and it was really nice. I really like her. I think she is my favorite professor, followed by Angel and then Baldwin/Peterman.
EVENING

The goal is not to like something so you can be with someone, but to like something so you can be with yourself. I really like reverb and delay on my guitar, keys and strings and bass on the synthesizer. I like existentialism and developing my own perspective from the world's developed values and making myself. I am very much an admirer of Nietzsche and I intend to revisit his works soon to help me through this phase of mine. I'm going to reach my self and I will overcome my attachments to past lovers. Only I think I might always think I am being watched and study, I've seen signs of it all throughout my past and it is something that is probably always going to stay with me, but I really want to work on developing myself, performing my job, acquiring more self-reliance even if it means giving more to my household, as in the form of me cooking dinner tonight, which was a nice effect for us. I'm going to work on being stronger so I can follow through on my goals.

LATER

I really need to hunker down and preserve my resources for myself. I don't really want to share my food stamps or use my money to buy food for my family when I need it for myself. We are developing different eating diets and I shouldn't feel forced to deposit all my given benefits to my family members who are better equipped monetarily than me. And I hate how my Mom tries to control my time and snaps at me with anger and annoyances and treats me like I am her child or pet. She is very mean to me sometimes and I am a man and have grown and for the most part take care of myself. The only thing she helps me with is the maintenance of the Ford, which is her's and for which she lets me use. But I asked to move in with her in the hopes of improving my life and receiving help from my family and re-establishing connection and it feels she just wants to use me. Sometimes it is very difficult being down here, but West Sacramento was difficult too. Even though I grew and overcame my addictions to drugs and alcohol some of my neighbors were very controlling and invasive. I'm always looking for myself and people are constantly robbing me of it. I had a good day today, but I have a lot of obligations and ambitions and don't really have time to watch t.v. or want to lest it be something I'm really interested in.

It feels as though my consciousness allows the remarks of some people to invade my thought process on my destiny or what will happen to me, probably because I've been alienated for so long and have been deprived of true friendship for a very long time. It seems as though my only friend and lover will be the art works I try to make, which means I really have to dedicate my time to them and work on establishing my passion.

09/12/22

MORNING

Things are really tough for me right now, because I am transitioning and trying to rewrite my thought process and trying to understand everything anew and meanwhile engage in activity while maintaining and exercising relationships sometimes has me blasphemy. I will participate with my family and share and let share and try to make it known when it is absolutely necessary for me to devote my time to my obligations. It's just that sometimes I feel I am not heard and considered. But I want to eradicate this anger that I have in me at times, and work on letting go of grievances, obsolete attachments in the hopes of becoming a well rounded figure.

I've realized that I really want to study the language of music and make that the foreign language I learn and work on crafting my skill at the keyboard and the guitar.

LATER

The thing is is to not think about how people of your past connect to your present. Not to allow yourself to induce the past as an invasive metaphor to things occurring in the present. What I need to do is allow myself to develop comfort in my here and now and to develop a distance from my past that is making it difficult to work on it in the form of art because I think it means an impending judgment and action by and this is it, because I am bipolar schizophrenic I feel like I'm being watched and commented upon and I need to overcome this thought process. Work on not letting it unhinge me, work on not letting myself feel fear.

09/14/22

EVENING

Today at work I succumbed to the failure of not being able to stick up for our good Bill, who was insulted by a customer who cornered us both with his cart and body and began spewing his stupid ideological insult. I don't understand some people, as though they are too carried away to attack the workers in their environment. And then afterwards Katelyn gave me what she said was bad chicken, as though that was bad, you chicken. And that is how it is with my life, always a coward.

09/20/22

EVENING

I had a strenuous four days go by. My brother Ryan's birthday was uncomfortable for me and interaction with him and my sister-in-law upsets my mental fortitude. And then I had uncomfortable thoughts all night Sunday, which led to a confession to my professor of my condition and some of the fears I was entertaining and then the compassion to understand my failure to participate in the field trip to L.A. this Saturday. I feel terrible because of it and part of me wants to give up on it all, job, school, life. My Psychiatrist was under the weather and cancelled our appointment and rescheduled for the thirtieth. I feel my medication is working better than the previous one's, however, circumstances are overwhelming and the attitudes by which I am received and that it is at arm's length makes it hard for me to feel welcomed, a part of something and not so vilified.

I believe people are trying to get me to smile less, to enjoy true commaderie, everywhere people are trying to get me to express my good naturedness towards some insult or terrible remark. No where am I finding friendly attitudes, save with Caterina, but even she expresses disappointment with me at times. All really does feel so pointless. I'd like to at least get through this year and then maybe take a semester break or talk to a counselor about what to pursue, my classes are very tough, yet rewarding. I'm moving to the deli department next week, and while excited to be out of the bathrooms cleaning and running through the store and parking lot, I fear for my fingers. What if I accidentally cut one off with those sharp blades of theirs. I'm so bad with knives and machinery. And I hope I am able to fulfill the role assigned me, and about this, I tried to help Breanna out with her cardboard recyclables and she got defensive about it, probably because I was actually slowing her down and not speeding her up, for later I saw she was filling the cart as high as she could possibly raise it, rather than short little trips here and there and some work going hither and thither. All in all, I think people want me to care less, even of myself.

LATER

I think it is settled. I'm going to Portland. Maybe next week. This life here isn't for me.

09/21/22

MORNING

Reasons to Move:

1. Adventure
2. Bigger City
3. More Opportunity
4. Greater area of nature
5. More time to personal projects
6. Experiencing the World
7. Nicer People
8. A Chance to Make Myself
9. MAGIC
10. Following my Heart

09/22/22

AFTERNOON

Decided not to move to Portland. Reason being I want to work on my music, writing and photography skills and not have to restart from the bottom. In many ways I may not be the adventurer I thought I was, although, I have an adventure here that I just have to accept and allow myself the courage to invite people into my space. I'll need to work on establishing myself at school and participating with individuals there. I don't want to feel pressured into having to work a job, for that is difficult for me, as it's

already difficult to just go to school. This weekend I'll need to go out into Escondido (District 1 and 3) and do some shooting and then seek advice from Caterina about the research I should be doing for my sutori.

10/06/22

EVENING

I'm finding it difficult to maintain a creative continuity between all my projects, school and family life are impeding into my writing, music, and reading. However, I am accomplishing my growth as a photographer and I feel the calling towards photojournalism. Something about capturing an aspect of the world and bringing it into the lives and minds of cultural recipients excites me. Learned that my A.A. degree in Photography contains less photography classes than I had thought and many more G.E. courses I had originally thought to be non-existent. So, I scheduled an interview with a counselor at the end of the month to discuss my academic mapping.

I fell behind a bit in school assignments, however, now I am just two assignments behind, while though one contains a four or five part extension.

Next week I will be paired with someone in my Landscape class regarding peer critiques, and I don't know who would be best for me. Maybe Howard, as I feel like I could learn a lot from him. Whoever, it is, they are going to be beyond my capacity and I only hope to learn and engage and hopefully contribute. My Landscape class is by far the most daunting class I'm taking this semester. Next semester I hope to take three classes, photojournalism and two G.E. courses, perhaps an ethnic studies course (Chicana and feminism) and a Civil Liberties course. These social issues combined with my photography interests will hopefully encourage me to facilitate my coming explorations in the field of cultural investigation and participation.

10/08/22

EVENING

I feel as though I am in hostile ground, that my family is agitating me to encourage a suicide, or in any case I am unhappy enough to be entertaining these thoughts. And then the news we watch on cable, it is so obsolete and mismanages some of the real things going on in the world, which I am trying to associate myself with through the subscription of news sources through Apple News. But, it's as though my family and the world are blaming me for all the problems in it and that I am being pestered so as to eradicate my values which might have some support somewhere that does not have any support here in the immediate vicinity of my person. Maybe Nickolas is the only ally I have here, but once I earn my A.A. at Palomar I want to make an attempt to relocate somewhere prosperous to my mind, feeling, romance, and freedom.

Played some music today and made playlist Dream Time 4. Realized I really just don't have a voice in vocals. Will return to instrumentation attempts and must work on my familiarization with musical values. Getting better at my chord progression for The Martyr. Haven't written in Dream Thinking in a while, a month, maybe. Working on my photography and developing. Can't say more.

10/09/22

EVENING

To be an existentialist is to say that I am bigger than the world.

10/21/22

LATE LATE EVENING

We do not have a history we have an historical sense. But to move beyond this, I don't know why everything is so much about love, that love is so fundamental to our lives. I feel so alienated from this feeling and yet it permeates our culture so ubiquitously and I am often fond at moments of dreaming alongside it but then I see it for what it is and that it sounds good and is good to resound to in our lust, but I don't expect even companionship. If society just wasn't so damn oppressive and preventive of keeping individuals individual and unto themselves for themselves and in need of one another when it strikes. Even my family is an enemy. I'm going to rewatch the Adobe lectures, which at first I found inspiring but after thinking it through, processing it and digesting it I realize that it is paradoxical and against me. This will be shared with my Professor. In writing of course, heaven forbid if I have to talk about it.

10/27/22

EVENING

Well, I am pained by lonesomeness and want to reach out and be a part of something, while yet also wanting my solitude. Essentially, I just want some really good friends. Even a girlfriend would be nice, but I feel so inadequate. Being almost forty, amongst twenty year olds and with almost nothing to show for it. In any case, though; I am doing well in school, which is winding down. I really need to work hard this weekend on my photography classes, with Sunday and Monday being shooting days. I might have to think of something to shoot for Friday for my 130 class. Or maybe throw in 130 on my Sunday and Monday 171 shoot days. I'm really looking forward to next semester where I'll begin enhancing my notion of frame and design alongside physical development of film. And then I'll also be participating in intellectual courses and journalistic courses to achieve my dual A.A.

I want to begin spending more time on campus, but I always feel pressured to escape and run away afterwards. I feel little comfort out in the open, save for the days I escape out to shoot for 171. But I have confidence that in time I'll develop the ease that I'll need.

Next semester, I'm taking darkroom photography, civil liberties, chicana and feminism, multimedia writing, and blogging. It'll be exciting, but also challenging. I'll need to begin immersing myself into the culture of today and gaining ground on what goes on around me. I'll need to begin to extend beyond myself.

11/20/22

EVENING

Things have been difficult lately, it seems like the public plays with my mind and manipulates my value of self. It is difficult to feel empowered. Nevertheless, I try to accomplish what I must and escape when I can. I often become the dupe of so much exertion brought upon by others. I'm trying to learn how to say no, to the people who need to have it be said to and to learn how to walk away from the people who need to be walked away from. For instance, despite being worn down and not really wanting to venture out to Poki Poki tonight I ran the errand of picking up food, but the employees there were so rude and unsanitary that I should have said no to them and walked away from them, rather than capitulating to them and explaining my weakness to my family and making them suffer from my weakness. Sometimes, it is difficult to be a part of a unit, where one must sacrifice and perform duty, and then learn how to fend off vultures that want to capitalize on your resources that are trying to be used effectively for the unit. This has been a theme for me.

11/28/22

EVENING

It's been a busy week. Helped Uncle Alan and my Dad in their preparations to move and did some cleaning around the house and will need to continue to work on cleaning around the house. Sometimes I get so overworked with paranoia over whether or not there is some grand design for me to determine whether I'll be with Katie, whether society is surreptitiously manipulating a destruction against me, and whether I'm being trained for anything. But what I really want is to achieve a serenity and focus on the creation of my art and achieve whatever chores I'm capable of achieving to make living here with my Momma and brothers, sister-in-law, nieces, and cousin comfortable and content. Sometimes I fear there is a fight ahead and I am destined to lose, but I want to attempt to focus on what I can achieve and not so much on what I have to fear about the future, which is undetermined, anxious bearing, and out of my hands. I am getting stressed on all the things I must accomplish outside of school, which has family demanding of me, but I just need to focus on explaining what I can volunteer and what I can't. It's hard, though, because it's as though my family sometimes doesn't seem to care whether I succeed in my pursuits. And that's okay, because it's not their pursuits they're my pursuits, but that doesn't mean they come first. I think I want to attempt to spearhead this club on campus called Active Minds for mentally struggling students such as myself to gather upon one another and seek counsel and input on how to develop necessary barriers, boundaries, and coping mechanisms for their illness and its place in family, culture, and society. It's hard being ridden with discourse on things idealistic and not pertinent to immediacy. For two hours I stressed over things out of my control because I couldn't determine whether they were real or not, or even how to prepare for an inevitable catastrophe and then sulking over that terrible thing.

What I want to concentrate on is achieving my A.A. at Palomar and then hopefully acquiring the Housing Choice Voucher and then relocating to Seattle, which will give me the metropolitan hub I desire and a fresh start in a place where I know no one and have nothing but a start to look forward to. Professions will come once I'm there and it may take some time before I can eradicate my need for the assistance I receive.

I have a lot to do this week as the semester winds down. I have to finish the Vista Tree Service edits and print some of them out and put them on a USB and take it down there for them and then I have to finish my Home To Home edits and prepare prints and send off a digital source for physical publication and then I have to finish my Photo 130 course and finalize my BeHance portfolio and complete my final project. There's two in a half weeks left in the semester and then I'll be able to exhale and settle into the winter break, where hopefully I can complete the recording of the Martyr. I'm receiving a check from financial aid in two weeks and will purchase the Hologram Microcosm and pay off some debt and then work on whether I want the Martyr to contain lyrics or be ambient. So far, I have the backbone down, if I go ambient I'll have to institute a direction with a melodic line and not just rhythmic harmony, which is what I have right now, and I think the Microcosm will be able to supply that ability for me.

11/30/22

LATE EVENING

I don't think I'm going to focus on relocating out of California, I really do like it here, however, I really want my own place. I've decided I'm going to relinquish the Escape after school and start taking public transit and walking. I miss the engagement this gives me with the environment and my surroundings. I have a tough time with my family at times, feeling as though they are very demanding and compressing my energies and I want to be more independent and more focused on myself and my things. It's as though they always come first, wanting me to do things for them, hang out with them, be there for them, and I want to focus on my art, education, and solitude. I really do like Escondido and San Marcos and San Diego is great, from what I've seen of it. I'm sure I'd like Washington, too, but here is where I've landed and I'm focusing on my education and I'd like to make some connections here, if it's possible; but, it seems as though everyone hates me. I've decided I'm not going to buy the microcosm or anything else until I eradicate my debt and I want to start building a purse. In January I'm getting contacts and I'm going to get my cell phone opened up on my own line and in my name and make it definitively mine. I share a lot my resources and I don't feel like a lot of resources are shared with me and a lot of my energy goes towards my family and I don't feel like a lot of energy goes towards me. I need to work on establishing myself for myself and keeping myself to myself in as healthy a state as possible.

12/01/22

EVENING

I broke down and had two cigarettes today and now marks the renewal of my energy to enhance a healthy state of myself. I slept a lot today and played some music. I absolutely love my synthesizers. I think I'm going to give my guitar to Leah, it's just not working out for me, I'm too dedicated to my synthesizers and I have limited time to develop skill in an area and need to focus on specializing in what speaks to me. I plan on giving the Streichfett to Brandon, because he's interested in audio and video and I think it would be great to gift it to someone I respect and who is going through difficult times. I realize that I do indeed belong to Theodote, however, it's going to be hard being alone and rejected. But it's okay. It's just my fate. I'm not going to relinquish the Escape. I'm going to keep it and utilizing driving and work on getting out of the car and working on pulling over when the occasion calls for it. Sometimes it's hard to pick up the camera in the decisive moment. One always thinks I'll capture it later. Nevertheless, I want to get a picture of Nickolas' hand reaching out to Stacey's hand and having that as one of my portraits. And I'm going to take some portraits tomorrow morning and I'm going to Vista tomorrow, too. Today was a good day of rest, it felt great.

12/04/22

LATE EVENING

Had a great day celebrating my Momma and Nickolas' birthdays and realize that while I get stressed sometimes and binged down with my self-depredation things are indeed going well and working out for me. I am beginning to have confidence in my ability to succeed and just need to trust the process

and the journey. I am going to focus on paying my debt down and hopefully alleviate nearly all of my debt by the end of next semester. I'm going to keep the Streichfett and keep it in my room and play it at night while I while away the hours. I really want to begin enhancing my musical production. My photography goes well, when I engage with it and everything is all a matter of engaging and producing. It's hard at times, but I just need to get out there and do it. I really like some of the photos I provided for my portrait project and I have one more to do tomorrow morning. I did drink a lot of caffeine today and I need to be careful of this, as it'll upset my clock and interfere with my tasks, however, I do need a little of it to jump start my energy levels and keep me in comfort with social discourse. I'm really looking forward to finalizing my portfolio's for the semester, which I worked hard to complete and I am looking forward to next semester, where I'll learn film photography and re-engage with more traditional intellectual discourse and have a greater enrollment with Palomar. It's intense at times when the family gathers around and there are ricochet discourses and trying to manage not to upset anyone, but I received a good piece of advice from good ol' Sylvester Stallone, "Just be yourself". And my Dad advised me earlier on my spending and helped me realize that I oughtn't to just give my stuff away. I think I feel so guilty over having sold stuff in the past that went to markets that ripped me off, that I almost want something to go to someone I know rather than a market that underpays me and then resells it to someone I don't, but I am going to try not to sell any of my stuff. I have everything I need except for a good pedal rack for my guitar, but I'm going to learn how to play the guitar before I get involved with effects for it. I have an acoustic guitar arriving Wednesday and I am going to go back and forth between playing that and the electric and enhance my synth activity and really try to manipulate recording into my schedule.

It's interesting, tonight my Dad was talking about how Trump was upset that America is the only country that naturalizes infants if their born in America, but I believe that's in the constitution and I don't realize why that's an upsetting thing. I think this landmark re-establishment should be a global example and help lead the way to open borders, rather than a discourse for anti-movement and closed borders and displaced hate on those who are the apparent beneficiaries of re-location. And then, just the other day I was thinking about the discourse on reparations for those disfavored through institutional racism and it ought to be in the form of institutional aid and assistance, whether through housing, education, or trade training. If minorities are disfavored by institutional educational systems then greater funding should be allocated to met criteria in order to assist their development and success and inclusion.

12/07/22

LATE EVENING

I'm going to encourage myself of being more accepting of myself and this new stage of my life. I am in a new environment in the sense there are new people to discover and I want to start getting involved, albeit slowly. I am really looking forward to next semester, working on my book, developing my photography skills, and writing and reading. This break I want to concentrate on music and carry that over to next semester, too (when time abides).

12/09/22

EVENING

The other night I ran into Joe from Garden at Home Depot in Fillipi's and I forgot his name, though knowing who he was. I then proceeded to exclaim how it had been two years and he said, really, that long? And then today I ran into Angie, whom was a successful head cashier at Home Depot and she said she left in February and we exchanged numbers and I became excited over the potentiality of a date and hope to call her sometime and catch up. But the important thing is not to dump emotional responsibility onto her, keep it cordial, friendly, and fun. And then tonight, later, I got to thinking, and I told Joe how I was at Palomar College and he said keep it up and I wonder of this; if it was a roundabout thing about something else. And it appears that I too actually left Home Depot in February. I really can't believe how slow time has gone and how accomplished I've become in such a short a time, though still lagging behind my peers. The thing is I am so concentrated in my creative endeavors and the translation of my memoir and the developing skills of music and photography that I lose hold of practical matters. And then I am holding onto the discourse of many books, which are excitedly awaiting me.

But, to leave this, just today it was brought home to many how Griner was released from Russia in a prisoner swap. One, I'm against the institution of prison. And then, what is an arms dealer who is out of the "game" going to do. My Momma was like, he's got contacts. Everyone in the arms dealership has

those contacts. He was removed and Griner and even the journalist (though I don't know that story too well) is a contact of America. And though she is an icon, and maybe that is why her sentence was so severe, but I like to think that international law and interests would go to protect anyone put in Griner's situation. It's like the movie *Midnight Express*, which is a huge tragedy. Another reason to absolve borders and sovereignty, but then with everything becomes small again, and local determinations of mores comes the difficulty of being in a place unidentifiable and dangerous to one's values, hence the need for free or affordable transportation and relocation.

I realize it is important not to mythologize any potential interests I may have with women. If a girlfriend erupts or relationship or marriage or anything than I may be considered fortunate, but it's not anything available in life. For some reason, all my fortune with women has been bad fortune and nothing has materialized with perfect beauty, except for the desire I had and carry in the form of love for Katherine and its translation of that living experience at that time and its reaching into the present in the need to be a writer and artist that has spirit in the essence of existence.

I realize it's been ten years about since I set out to accomplish the completion of *Dream Thinking* and I fear I have a penalty to face because of it's failure to find its completion and that I will suffer some acute tragedy and that society and culture are terribly against me and just waiting to execute me.

12/10/22

EVENING

I don't think I'm going to call Angie. I want to focus on my art, education, time with nieces and family. Also, I feel her values are contradictory to mine, her being involved with asset management, business, wealth, and retirement. I, however, want to work on the art of culture, engage in re-evaluation of things political, and contribute to music. It's true that my disability makes it easier to enhance these things, but also, I have struggles in arenas and in these things that others without my disability don't face. I am looking to eradicate my disability compensation with a career in educational pursuit I am involved in, as I have tried various markets and I always fail in them.

I don't know who is going to enter my life, but if it happens I want it to be involved in the pursuits I'm involved in. Love right now is focused still on Theodote, and I can't help it, though I'm not looking to contact her or share this with her through informing her of it, I am creating my work on my values and I am not going to let society bully me into departing from my nature. A new lover only arises on shared interests and shared vulnerability and I am also dedicated to my existential mythology, which dates to the profundity of love and consciousness and dreams. This is all linked to Theodote and if I give this up just to have some comfort in a partner or achieve sexual gratification then I lose the major determinant of my life. And I'm not giving that up.

12/11/22

EVENING

I'm going to call Angie around 8 this evening and I did really appreciate talking to her in the past and I have the good fortune of being able to reignite if anything a good conversation. My fear to let go prevents me from enjoying some of the best things of life, whether it be friendship, love, or society. There's nothing wrong with potentializing the present and seeing where this leads with the future. I am going to enjoy myself and make connections.

LATER

Left Angie a voicemail and then she texted me back and we arranged a phone date tomorrow around six. I'm really glad I made the attempt to connect with Angie and will see where this leads. I need to feel okay about making friends or lovers. I really want a girlfriend and to have a relationship and I need to realize that despite my desire for aesthetic work, it can be parallel to my personal life. And when I reach into the past to create something in the present it doesn't have to bind me to the past. If I get the opportunity to take Angie out on a date I'd like to take her to the park with some snacks and play on the playground, swing, ride some, oh, I forget what they're called! The little tunnel things that you go down on. Oh man, on the surface that sounds bad. But anyways. I want to concentrate on Angie and have fun and I'm a hermit and I like solitary things. If it happens that way and if she is interested in that kind of date.

12/12/22

EARLY AFTERNOON

Woke up today in a terribly agitated state, mostly to the text of my Papa at 5:36 a.m. telling me good morning and to have a good Monday, which today is my Opa's birthday and then I hated that I was risen so early out of my slumber when I wasn't ready to meet the day, yet. Then, I almost packed up what I could carry and left my Momma's house, because I don't really feel like it is my house, too. Sure, I pay rent, but I don't know if I'm comfortable here and I feel as though I'm being circumvented (what does that word mean?) For purposes hostile to my well-being as a life and creative artist. Today, I also called CalFresh after calling my Papa, and they shot me around and then I received a call from CalFresh reviews support and they said they would elevate my case and assign a case worker and then perhaps at the very least send me a notice of action. The things the mind can play with this information is horrendous and sends me everywhere, certainly though, I feel discombobulated here and unable to relax and enjoy anything for myself. I don't even really feel free to watch a movie in my room or play a video game or anything. I feel very stressed and full of angst.

12/20/22

LATE EVENING

Had a busy day today; fulfilled my promise to my cousin to help her relocate her storage unit and then played music earlier before departing to assist her; however, today is the day my Opa passed, a very emotional day for my Papa and one in which I could not and perhaps still cannot emotional connect with him, being as it were, dislocated from my own emotional expressions. I remember fondly an experience with my Opa where he enticed all the children at the playground up in Orange County by spinning the carousel wheel at speeds unbecoming anything practical. It resulted in the flying of many little bodies, many of which was my own. And then poor Ola! On the way home in the car I had the vengeance to spew the intestinal disruptions he caused with the motion sickness he joyously unleashed upon me and the other happy children. Poor Oma exclaimed when it was revealed, What did you do Arch. And then Opa introduced me to Nightmare on Elm Street, at an extremely young age and it was one of the scariest movies I had ever seen, but then a decade later when the fifth one came out I was happy to find that Nightmare had become a comedy. In any case, despite the whole affairs of the world demanding emotional attraction and recognition and platforms of social media and airwaves, I hate having to vent feelings over the internet, unless it is a discourse on a larger context, which I hope to establish with my blogging discourse through my journalism studies at Palomar.

But, for example, today my Mom posted a sentiment over the loss of her dear Murphy, and yet today is Opa's passing. So much emotional incest and antagonism seems to be occurring in my family and I have my own emotional and psychological and intellectual needs that aren't really asking for anything but a place to grow and be itself, yet here I am receiving a lot of demands and shut downs. For instance, my cousin Lindsey and I wanted to do burritos for Xmas, and when it was revealed to my Momma she vetoed it as though we needed her approval. I hate this atmosphere at times. And then there is so much competition when my whole family is gathered about with criticisms on others and even perhaps me, too, though with the others. There is always a discourse going on about something and it feels as though there is some kind of emotional manipulation occurring and all I want to do is focus on my art, education, and improvement. In any case, I'm trying to set goals for myself and achieve something I can be content with and find my serenity.

12/24/22

EVENING

Had a great night with my family and look forward to tomorrow, however, I still harbor paranoia and hope my fears are abated by another pleasant evening. Things I want to work on going forth in the new year is working on my art, letters, and music; releasing my attachment to a woman who is not available to me, yet not forcing anything that is not identifiable mutually and enhancing my emotional intelligence and working on establishing a deeper relationship with my family. I get worked up so much at times and jump to so many conclusions and pretend as though I am the center of things, but I am on the outskirts and not the center of attention nor responsible for providing the greatest contribution to the table, which my Momma and older brother Ricky succeed in accomplishing. I want to work on being more grateful and swallowing my pride and working on performing my chores, homework and engaging in

establishing what works for me. I also might be interested in seeking more therapy sessions with North Inland and I want to involve myself more with Palomar, however, Palomar may not want me and whatever becomes available for me I'll try to accept it if it is mutual and if not accept that I have a home base here and a goal to achieve. I want to acquire my degree and pursue employment accompanying its qualifications and try to be involved in things that I love. I don't know how things will stand for me when it comes to cigarettes, I would love to quit but sometimes it is too hard to go without it. I just love to subtract myself at times when there is socializing occurring and it helps me cope with the arena of socializing. If I could succeed in not being a die hard smoker that would be pleasant. But I'll work on accomplishing what I can as it occurs.

12/26/22

EVENING

I would love to contact Katie and attempt a conversation and achieve a reunion and understanding and learn about her, however, this is not healthy and will not be pursued. I must understand that she doesn't owe me an explanation and isn't responsible for my understanding. I am alone on this and will work on gaining new ground in my arena here in Escondido. I talked to Angie and it was cordial, yet she relates the world back to Jesus and Christianity and I just don't identify with that and need to realize that this is not something I can pursue or maintain and oughtn't to trespass her with something that can't be offered. So when she called me the day before Xmas Eve I decided not to answer and didn't return the phone call (but she didn't leave a message explaining her intentions or reason for the call or provide any information) and will let it evaporate and wait for the connection I hope to find emerge when it happens. I had a great time with my family this holiday season and I want to continue to be a healthy addition to their lives and have a maintenance in relationships. I need to fight my urge to run away from the things I am currently pursuing so as to force a run in with Katie. This is not going to happen and I will dislodge this obsession and work on trying to rid myself of my delusions. There is no combating the way my mind works, however, because it is schizophrenic and I am bipolar and I have the mental workings of these things, yet I can manage with my medication, communication and honesty.

01/14/22

EVENING

It amazes me how we arrange our world in clusters of unions, founded on the basic drive of sexuality and that everything emerges from that, socially and politically. Without the institution of family, social and political and economic life would be better arranged for the individual and pursuits suited more aptly for living conditions that enhance a more solitary and self-sufficient lifestyle. I would love to have my sex-drive satisfied, the beast in me, but would also love to experience what the romantics have as satisfied love. Yet, I linger with Katherine, and have put my self on a waiting list in Portland for housing, and I don't know if I ought to pursue this. However, I'm going to let fate drive me where it will. Most importantly, I want to be in a metropolis with my own housing. However, I also want a degree and some kind of career to provide for myself and feel a part of this world, although, only so I can connect socially and politically with other humans. I wouldn't mind having my own place, here in Escondido. I need to overcome my smoking and work on my cleaning habits. I am so focused on being loved and finding love that I lose my stake on the interests I have with my intellect and priorities in the arts as it can relate themselves here in this diary. For most of the day, I am indeed engaged in music, literature, photography, but seeping through the cracks is this delusion for union with Theodote. I want to focus on how I can utilize this into work and not so much into action for plans. Right now, I want my plans to focus on money management, art, and school. And hopefully this will suffice. I'm eagerly awaiting the start of the semester and engaging with my work and getting out more and having an income that provides, as financial aid will enhance my participation in the world incredibly and right now I only have four dollars to my name for the next 17 days. 16 days and a wake up!

01/30/23

LATE EVENING

Thank the heavens, a long wait and payday is just moments away. I feel very optimistic about the development of things for myself. I feel as though Section 8 is within reach and school begins today

when I wake up with my first in class meeting being Tuesday. I am very excited about what I want to accomplish this semester and hope to achieve all the things I want to set out to achieve. I created a website, The Dream School Journal and will use it professionally and artistically. I also joined a dating site and feel optimistic about potentially finding someone suitable for me, but if not, so be it. I may die with American women never loving me, something about them, so selfish, and wanting. If not children, your spirit and poetry without any rewards from them. But oh well, such is the way of the world, women steal.

02/14/23

EARLY EVENING

I am in wonder at what I write here and why? What counsel do I seek? I rarely return to what I had earlier written and I just go forth with ever more counsel, ever more complaints, and it seems as though humans are nothing but a complaint. And it is true, I feel a bit disheartened. I eagerly await the approval of my section 8 so as to achieve my inner demon. The art of independent creativity, spurned by a heightened individualism. I lament not having protected my section 8 earlier, but I thought it selfish of me to continue with it when I wanted to establish a reunion with family, and having established it, I am now ready to venture off on my own again. I dropped my two classes this semester which one being film photography (the whole semester long) and the other Journalism 101 (being the first fast track episode of the semester), thus leaving me my last two fast track courses. I am working on Labyrinth and am reinstating The Martyr into An Introduction to Dream School. I've decided Ancient Moon is no good. I am acquiring a pedal board meant to really cement me into Dream Pop and Dream School and I am reorganizing my music room and everything is coming along nicely. I rarely write in Dream Thinking, though. It's as though I lament and fear being my written destiny. As though I need to be utterly alone in order to produce. It'll happen for sure, however, it'll just take time.

03/01/23

LATE EVENING

It is difficult to know how to approach one's heart when it is forsaken, how to heal it or to encourage it to fight for the reconciliation of the beloved. Is it a trespass to hunt? And what is society and the human race? Am I to close my eyes to all and see only what I have found to love and for which I have lost and lament and with a childlike silliness and delusion think it'll come again year round like magic? I do not know how to approach the world, whether it is something new and forever inviting, available and permeable. It appears there are stakes in this country, which attempt to force a strong adhesion to the core of things, only allowing permanent solutions and unions and nothing free and roaming, yet I found one I want and yet I lament the world's distance for which it has placed between us and then I have her strong rebuke. Am I to console the world and fix it in order to console her and reconcile? Or am I to imagine a new era, and work on my own independence? If I am independent what ever could I want? What ever could I hope to achieve? I have some incredible handicaps upon me, the felony, the disease, the dissatisfaction with today, the inability to perform art at the capacity of my peers. I feel as though the only solution is to continue to work on my creativity, let fate drive me where it will and open up what it will. Not to be too thirsty, too ambitious, too eager to enlist. Only cement upon my own designs. It's almost immaculate perception, but I am jinxed.

03/03/23

EARLY EVENING

I'm feeling optimistic about my future and realize that I want to belong to myself and allow new fortunes to open up for me. My major concern is the pulverizing debt that I'm in, but I'll find a way to circumnavigate it. I'm a little intimidated by school and my journalism ventures, but it is also exciting and challenging and I hope to meet it as best I can. I want to have my blog for my blogging course focus on the arts at Palomar. Reading the painted word really nauseates me with the art world and the whole haughtiness of those involved and chosen by the establishment. In any case, I am trying to implement my vision and work on my creations. I need to focus on greater concepts and work on elaborating my work. I think I need to start to develop a map of my Dream Thinking as I find myself stumped as to where to venture into next. It's difficult, because I am involved in so much and have little time to focus on this novel, so I'll have to work on developing my next phases soon. Financial Aid fucked me again, this spring

semester, much like they did last spring semester. It's as though Spring is my least favorite time of the year, financially. However, if I am awarded an emergency allotment at the end of the semester and enroll in summer courses and receive summer aid I'll find the relief I much need. Perhaps a job might be thrust upon me, however, I feel very inadequate when it comes to certain places that require immediate hires. I am a kind of a peculiar labor. I re-applied to JC Penny's Portraiture and hope to receive an amiable reconsideration, however, I doubt it'll occur. It really feels as though the world is against me and that I have little to hope for. In any case I'm trying to accomplish my goals, achieve a position in the economy through an attainment of a degree and manage my resources as best I can.

03/06/23

EVENING

I'm going to work on rearranging my room and work, using my D05 with the guitar and in my room and implementing the Waldorf Streichfett with my main musical core, as the D05 is not implementing well with my other synthesizers. I really want to penetrate the thought and wonders of romanticism and especially its use in music. As it stands, I have a taste of it with literature, for which I identify with, but how to be a romantic musician. It feels as though everything today is formulaic and everyone draws from a plebeian source, namely the Beatles, though ingenious I wouldn't quite call them geniuses and masters. For me, Post-Modern masters are Vangelis, Jarre, Hoenig, Froese. I want to be self-sufficient and as much a genius as possible with my letters and arts. I need to work on reading music, understanding contrapuntal technique and how sounds interact with one another and how style is implemented in musical thought.

I registered for another class this spring semester and am now at 9 units and hope to receive an increase in financial aid, though the fates and kindness of that office will decide that course. Today was disappointing as I mostly got relegated and subordinated to baby sitting, and this doesn't quite please me. I don't really want to be a baby sitter as there are things I want to work on and can't if I have to adhere to the calls of a little one. I received some recompense from Worth Ave Group, through the successful granting of my cancellation of my Pentax and MacBook Pro policy. And even a refund!!! So I felt very blessed and grateful in that matter. I played some music today and am working on my second project Stages on Life's Way, the musical idea of one's development in life. I will be exploring themes of birth adolescent, early adulthood, virginity, love, the transgression, the fall from youth, and then I will be experimenting with thoughts on what the end of life is. And hopefully I'll get out more so I can photograph and find a quiet place to write, read and think. Sometimes it is too claustrophobic in here to work.

03/11/23

EVENING

Spring forward is upon me and I am excited about the coming semester and accomplishing some things, however, baby Rocky will be among us and I am not looking forward to having to baby sit or provide child care and it seems as though my Momma is just too ready to volunteer me for household chores that make her life easier without any consideration to the things that I am into. Unfortunately, my Pentax ME Super broke and I'll have to have it serviced and at hand before the fall semester, though if I have to wait till Spring 2024 to take film photography that wouldn't be so adverse as I'll have time to accomplish a lot of GE courses and of developing an aesthetic for my personal photographic voice, which is in the current process of progressing. My novel is achieving very slow growth and I finished my debut album and am now working on love poems for which the first song is "You look like a dream, wanna go for a walk." And I came upon this from a liner I sent to a woman on OkCupid.

I am struggling financially and lament the catastrophe that is hovering upon me, though I'll manage as best as I can and attempt to make as smart of a budget as possible. Having my Papa back is great, it's nice sharing company with him, though I hope to fly off on my own in the next two to three years, max. I would love to write more poetry and achieve a greater sense of individuation and movement and feel more free to leave this house when I feel inclined to do so. I want to develop a photographic portfolio project of A Provincial Night Song.

LATE EVENING

I feel really good, I wrote 1700 words in my novel and I want to encourage myself to improve all aspects of my life, from art, to health, to social ability, yet I realize that I will fail in some social regards. As far as love is concerned, I don't really have the answers, and when it comes to enforcing my will or

contradicting others and penetrating them with something that refuses them their notions I find myself being more of a sponge and testing out their opinions in the face of them and then in solitude confronting them with myself and then deciding what I find to be me. And when in public and pursuing a course of action regarding a matter, if I am confronted with a crisis I usually defer to a solution decided upon by the labor performer. I realize, for instance, that I am not going to force someone to do what I please, although, when I set out to accomplish a task in the labor market, I expect it to be successful. For instance, when at the Mens Warehouse the other day, they told me the system was down and that I needed to call to accomplish the return over the phone, despite it appearing in all matters of perceptive obviousness that all functions of the computer and telephone operated as should, for one of the laborers seemed to operate the computer and it appeared the phone range, however, I wasn't going to cause an argument over their deceptive jabs at defeating my desire to achieve my goal. I accepted this and wasn't going to argue with them over the credibility of their remarks and focused on what needed to be done to accomplish my desire, namely, to seek out the return of my purchased online item. They told me what needed to be done and I did it and it was accomplished. What I think they wanted to endorse was an exchange, or resizing, and I stood my ground without causing a confrontation and sought out the solution they provided for the desired goal I had in mind, the returned payment to my online payment method. What matter was it to me the hoops I had to jump through. It's true, the world makes things difficult for me, but I do enjoy accomplishing difficult things and work hard on making as great as I can the extraordinary work of the things I work on, despite being so old and so slow in development compared to my peers.

I am really committed to quitting cigarettes and beginning to exercise through walking. I really want to get out and work on my work and I am indeed doing just that. I ought to be really satisfied with what I've accomplished, I just need to work harder and steer away from my bad habits of smoking, too much red bulls and coffee and eating meat. Sometimes I fear social interaction and fright away from participating in the world's affairs, though, I would really like to find my way, despite the public jesting poorly with me. In any cases, I can only work on the manifestation of myself.

03/23/23

LATE AFTERNOON

I am realizing that I live for myself and everything that is related to me is for the sake of my turn to artistic endeavors and the realization of myself as a the beacon of my kind of art. I am simply, however, awaiting the moment when I am granted my own place so I can control my daily routine with greater efficiency and occupy my space with a greater personality. The fact that this is so difficult to attain is bewitching! The insanity that must be endured just to share space with others, and in my case, it is most upsettingly experienced with Momma. How she causes so much irritation! In any case, I am working on myself and achieving my goals and developing along my lines. It is difficult though, as I would like to practice music more, but I find hurdles in getting myself active, though once I do I manage well enough. Nevertheless, I am a far ways off from achieving my proficiency akin to my likeness. It is also difficult to practice the guitar thoroughly as my hands are suffering from fatigue and sores. I am reading though, and also, I have decided that instead of doing a musical op ed piece on Thucydides, to start smaller and work on Odes to the Night and develop along that path with the acoustic and D05 and maybe some poetry and singing. It'll be some time before I get to the required epoch of my musical craft, just as it took some time for my writing and for which it still develops and grows. School begins soon and I am excited to finally put in some work through that institution. I practically mapped out the song of You look like a Dream wanna go for a Walk. And it is a nice beginning to Hymns to Theodote. I am using the same arpeggio as in Nautical Woman and the same chord shape, as well. CEGB. So be it, I really like its sound, although, there is more to the song as far as variation and texture are concerned as compared to Nautical Woman. Caleb reached out to me, and though he is a good friend and brother, I am one to always go forth into new territories and societies and leave behind what gets left behind as often as I am left behind in what others leave behind. And so is goes my story.

03/30/23

EARLY AFTERNOON

Sometimes I am seized with the acute manifestation of my madness where I am helpless in a state of an excited stagnated circularizing thought processes, where I lament over my inevitable

persecution meant to bring about my definitive destruction. But, in any case, I must meet life with what it brings and present myself as myself and remain steadfast in what fate, fortune, impetuosity, and accident has to offer.

03/31/23

EARLY EVENING

What a weight lifted off my shoulders, despite looking forward to doing journeys with my Papa, I fear a surreptitious design to suffocate me into an obstacle to overcome for which success is my life and failure my death. With school approaching, I had to put my priorities first and evacuate from the plan of making the journey to Arizona with my Papa to sell my unused gear for some extra cash, of which, my Papa understood and comforted with the fact that he would take it with him on his journey, for he needs to pick up my Brother's birthday present from the Pawn Shop, and sell it for me. What I feared was that I would be left in the desert and would have to walk my way, where? No doubt, back here! Here is where I am growing and accomplishing. My stuff is here, my Section 8 wait list is here and I want to achieve my A.A. in my desired fields. And then I fear the persecution of the People, everywhere there is fear ingrained in my mind, with such a violence against myself and in my writing and against the crowd and the organization, in the hopes of evolving and manifesting the core of Existential Thought, and individual liberty and free and true expression in the design of liberated humanity. This has me inheriting so many enemies!

04/07/23

MID-LATE EVENING

Palomar financial aid seems to always disrupt me during spring semester, and again I am experiencing tribulations with them. The administrative effects for monetary assistance is so unfair, at times, and I fell into their excuse to oppress me, though I can appeal it, for which I intend to do. My financial headaches are overwhelming and I'm just merely staying afloat, all while feeling as though my Mom doesn't care not about me, only about how she can use me. I'm always being criticized by her about how I'm slacking in the house, how I fail to meet her standards, how I don't contribute enough and that I am owing immense and eternal gratitude for her as though she has done me a great service.

04/08/23

EARLY AFTERNOON

Sometimes I am overcome with such intense negativity, not knowing what is what, or what is even for or against me; but in any case today is feeling better, despite the stress looming upon me. In any case, I'm going to concentrate on achieving my goals with school and I want to attempt a full time student status next fall.

04/12/23

EARLY-MID EVENING

I realize now that pornography and self-administered pleasure no longer suit my taste for sexual expression, I either want it accepted by another or not at all. I've been steadfast about not smoking cigarettes and working hard at school and attempting to overcome the adversities laid before me.

04/18/23

EARLY EARLY MORNING

I would like to work on complaining less and attempting to overcome whatever adversity is laid before me and working toward my goals and achieving my desires accordingly. I also want to cease feeling so guilty and shameful against myself and overcoming this notion that I am such a terrible person. Just because I'm a hermit and need my solitary hours, shouldn't displace me against the core of humanity. In any case, I am happy with what I am working towards.

04/22/23

EARLY EARLY MORNING

Almost dropped out of school, because I felt overwhelmed with work and the incapacity of myself to focus and get it done in lieu of my artistic designs and desires. But, then after conversing with my Dad

about it stuck it out and got some work done yesterday and now am looking forward to getting it done today. Am now on a third anti-psychotic and hope it'll help me live for myself, accepting more what meets me in the moment in the way in which it promises to please me. I want to stop living as though something is being promised if certain things are done and I act accordingly. Want to accept the world more at face value. Still can't wait till I get Section 8, though or at least an employment offer once degree is attained, so I can afford to live on my own and do something worthwhile, while earning money enough to live successfully and happily. I'm looking forward to completing this semester and engaging in next semester. Hopefully, I won't meet with too great an adversity in my designs. It's exhausting all these hidden messages I think I receive regarding what is approaching. It's never ending. Although, tonight I played Fatal Frame V and it was extremely cathartic. What a wonderful fright!

04/22/23

AFTERNOON

Despite my Hymns to Theodote, it is a healing process and an expression of how I felt when I didn't have the tools to express it. I ask nothing from no one, as of yet, and only go forth to live, think, and create.

05/04/23

LATE AFTERNOON

I'm at the next phase of my Existential Regime, which approaches political vision. And with political vision, there is that of the nature of human spirit and that for which is the direction of human spirit in its organization under the law or the Regime. How one acquires political vision remains a source of mysticism. Does one consult that sphere of public discourse marked by the gatekeepers of mass communication? Does one enter the field of public discourse from a mark of anonymity and quietude as though with a near impossible likelihood of ever being discovered, yet hellbent on practicing the art of discourse, thought, and vision for some unheard of need of the spirit, for which really confuses the populace that is so overworked with matters of communal affairs?

05/22/23

LATER EVENING

I'm trying not to focus on where I'll be and who I'll be with when it comes to the future that will mark the happiness of my life, and instead focus on things of today, things at hand, things I'm working on. Not focusing on any kind of rewards from these things and just the things themselves. The real goal is to get myself into my own place and in a city and with a job and support myself and be involved with something that I have heart in. And then to have by that time have developed my skill. I'm always focusing on Katie and how and when or if or will it be successful. If I'll ever get there. Or if I need to let go. How will I let go. Who will I let go for. And so I comfort myself with this that these aren't decisions needing answering right now. I'm just going to focus on what I have acquired so far in spirit and work on my art and my literature and my political treatise and my music and that'll be enough. I think the biggest thing that has me so taken aback is the sex drive and the desire to have it satisfied and the guilt I have when it is self-administered. The problem is it needs to be sublimated and sex just isn't in the cards for me. I'm too attached to myself and how it wants its story and its expression exerted, though I'm not by any means great.

06/11/23

LATE EVENING

I'm succeeding with GradImages, however, I stumble at times, and become overwhelmed with anxiety over my iniquities and poor habits and suffer from my growing bills. Nevertheless, I'm just going to focus on doing one right thing at a time and one after the other. I need to make good with my debts and attempt this endeavor to retrieve a loan so as to consolidate and pay off debt and arrange a smaller payment. I need to learn how to exert myself, however, I don't mind being a little pensive. It's just my nature.

Instead of buying flashes for my cameras, I'm going to do my best to pay off my musical instruments and I need to quit smoking. It's an expense and lifestyle I can't afford. And it affects my ability to sing. Only, will it be held against me if I quit, that I used the lyric in my song, this smoker spits

against the wind? Let the world cry, I'm keeping myself, I've smoked enough in my life to earn me the title smoker. As far as things stand since last reflection, the important thing is that I'm here in Escondido, I'd like to get to a major city, preferably Portland, but I can't go anywhere where I can't find a job and place to live and right now I have something here for me that I'm working on and towards. If I get a job and earn enough money to get my own place, or am able to save up, so as to be able to move to Portland with a room and job to support me, then I have that to look forward to; but, I am going to get my degree here at Palomar, so as to have financial and educational prospects.

06/30/23

LATE AFTERNOON

I applied to a full time position at Gerardy Photography and hope to acquire a position with that elite business, however, the State and the forces that organize around it seem to be depressing me into a difficult survival. Financially I can no longer afford to go to school and I need to focus on my new two year plan of rejuvenating myself out of debt and purchasing a vehicle, preferably from my Momma. My Mom, Papa and brothers seem to be enlisted at times in making my life difficult, even if they share comforting words at times. It's as though they love it when a trespass occurs against me or when they set me up for a trespass and it's not always a safe environment here. I straddle the edges of introspection amid a populace that is at times on my side against the way my family may want me to be treated by the State or on their side by how they want the State to win against me. I no longer want anything but my own satisfaction, which is satisfying artistic work and time to while away at it and satisfying employment that has meaning for me. I fear that if things go south for me, I'm going to have to excavate myself out of here and take a little clothing with the D05 JX08 a MidiKeyboard my camera and laptop and make my way through the world at proximity here and live with what I can. Sometimes the anxieties of this house pit me against the *circle* in it and really it's not my fault for how things are erupting here. In any case, I'm just trying to be me and do my stuff and excel at my desires. Of course I'll have to bring my Nintendo with me. All I can hope for is some success with what I put myself to. It's difficult coming home to an agitated home sometimes, though, especially when I am struggling against the financial powers of the world.

07/06/23

LATE AFTERNOON

I got a job at PSS Imaging Inc. and I am really excited for the opportunity, however, I'm stressing out over whether I'd be a good photographer and whether I'd have the people skills for it. But, I know it's just anxiety leading up to it. Today I took my Mom to her endoscopy appointment and then walked around and took some fun photos of the surroundings. I just need to have confidence on myself and avoid the negative. Financial debt has me stressed out to the max. It's amazing how we cumbersome ourselves with economics, a plaything of the regime, which does nothing but cripple the mind and emotions with anxieties over whether one is living well and succeeding at things in life. I'm trying to do positive things and contribute. I didn't play any music today and that has me bummed out, yet I need to resist playing the guitar for a few days so as to regain the finger strength to play it! And then, I'm renewing my efforts to quit smoking. Smoking enervates me and drains me of energy, no doubt causing a sincere lethargy within me. I hope I can find my way in this world earning income as a photographer, even if it's a bit bourgeoisie style, I'll always be my Dionysian artist no matter what, and it's just really unfair to ask of the world to give you money for making art, but when one looks at the economy and those who steal millions of dollars so as to numb the populace with something that steals them away from themselves, such as sports, or unsavory media, then it just comes down to recognizing this unfair lot of the economy and what has value.

07/13/23

VERY EARLY MORNING

I want to explore the meaning of decolonizing the Globe. For the existential regime, which by nature, has its true foundation in the West and Western thought, and me, as the spokesperson for it, as a Western Thinker, because I identify with what is European Spirit, it behooves me the movement that attempts to eradicate some of the manifestations of Western post-modern movements and re-establish identities that move away from individual and existential and self-defining, for more recognition of what has been overlooked by Western hegemony. Namely, what has been colonized is attempting to establish

their own hegemony at the expense of global existential non-border individual self-creating reliance. I love that there are identities within the cultural admixture of the Globe, and that there are People's, but the task of the existential regime is to dissolve the Fatherland, the sovereignties of Nations, and allow for People's and individuals if there are no People's for an indie spirit. So, in a sense, there can be a decolonizing of the Globe, but if one attempts to move the globe to a source of sovereignty in the sense of itself as a Globe, then there is a unifying thought behind it and that is essentially the Western Political Thought and its movement through the trends of post-modernity.

07/19/23

LATE LATE EVENING

I've decided I'm going to stick with school and almost hope that PSS Imaging doesn't pan out. I could probably finish easily in a two year stretch. I'm feeling really good and want to concentrate on growing and moving about on my free time into the area to photograph and engage with the climate. Music is coming along slowly and I've consolidated my workspace and then put an ad on Craig's list seeking bandmates, but perhaps it wouldn't be so poor a thing if I struggled for a while in order to develop into the musician I want to be. It's difficult if one must do all the work one self and how long it must take to accomplish all that work for oneself to make the work of oneself.

07/27/23

EARLY EVENING

I'm overcome with social pressures and cultural vultures in the realm of finances, which demarcate the possibility to participate and belong on a level applicable to one's desires. What I've realized is that I'd rather work as a photographer, now and then in the future when time and money permit return to school to obtain my Associates. I have another opportunity with Gerardy in the editing and production department and hope to obtain this position. It would really help solidify me financially and improve my editing skills and enhance my understanding of portraiture and I can then grow from there. I'm to call Sondra in the morning and talk out the position. PSS Imaging is indeed panning out and I have about a two week gig lined up with them, which is immensely helpful. Very excited about that opportunity, too. Money momentum crushed me today, it's embarrassing to talk about it, especially here but such are the things of the world. Financial vultures love to harass and pick at those low on the totem poll. I'm just a little guy after all and with enough of me out there to round up equates to a great immensity of wealth. In any case, it'll be related. Received a call and was inveigled to pay a hundred dollars for a loan that never made it to me and then was somewhat threatened that the loan providers, whom failed to proffer me the loan had my social security number and account number and therefore I ought to be feel inclined to relinquish my user name and password to my account so as to expedite the loan process in a way that would circumvent the other option of paying more money for a loan process through a wire transfer, the fee which was 399. The populace is really against one who sacrilegious life against those close to their Gods and saints, while I stand to myself against them only to be fostered their enemy and target for not having their esteemed worship for their cultural icons. This goes for all cultural caveats, west, east, south, north. I only want one globe, without competition, only cooperation. An open world for individual self-discovery. A city that promotes the individual to find itself for itself.

08/12/23

LATE EVENING

I feel really positive about what I am trying to achieve and the path that I am going on. I don't know my end destination, but the route I'm on now, for the next year is going to be great.

08/18/23

MID-EVENING

Money is that famous fiction used as material leverage for compulsory control to agitate the individual. I need to start managing my household more properly, focusing on me, and letting others know their priorities are not my top shelf. I come before others.