

The Government of David

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Pittsburgh

2014

Self-published with Amazon

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Author's note on terms used in the text.

Mode Thinking Schema:

- ~Alpha, layer one thinking: intentional thinking, (“mode”).
- ~Beta, layer two: automatic thoughts, ruminations, (“quasi-mode”).
- ~Gamma, layer 3: outright insanity – voices, (“non-mode”).

[If You Look to What's Written, You Die](#)

If you look to the right, “you die”... Translation: you'll die. (~However you look..) (“Exactly” codes for God, “art” codes for Arthur Janov, “always” codes for mother. “Realize” decodes as ‘real eyes’.) David Therapy is my recent effort, which has grown out of a struggle with schizophrenia, and LSD flashbacks, more specifically. Was it the bad acid I took, two days in a row, in 1997, (leading to three days of extreme discomfort)? Is it some rare variant of the schizophrenia I was diagnosed with, in '97? Am I not being medicated properly? Whatever the case, every two or three days, I have an “LSD flashback” condition, which lasts hours, (up to eight hours). Things get super-colorful and intense. I hear some voices, have some intrusive thoughts. I feel like I'm tripping, there's some eye rolling and anxiety. It can feel like a nightmare.

David Therapy is the model I've built to cope with these repetitive events. You might ask, “Isn't it arrogant to title a therapy after yourself?” But I seem to be the only one complaining about flashbacks. So this therapy is designed by me, for me. Today's realization is the additional key, Form Therapy, to complete the picture. David Therapy (DT) is ~transformational, ~translational, and ~teleological (goal-directed). Form Therapy, on the other hand, is “open”. It is the simple awareness of what is – the “forms” that consciousness takes. DT aims to mitigate the flashbacks. Form Therapy ~is a flashback. It is the open becoming of the forms of consciousness, through time. The belief is that if you can

discipline yourself to know the truth in this way, the flashback will eventually subside.

New David Theory, Therapy

The gist of the therapy is “self talk” -- explicitly talking in your head. But DT is more developed and complex than just that.

You just need the 17 concepts; explanations are extra. The concepts are good to be contemplated through time; they are tools.

The reason for repetition of D and T is to make the group memorable. Other letters could have been used, with other groups of therapeutic concepts. This is not the only or best possible group, but the one I’ve found in this real world.

By “memorable” I mean it is relatively easy to bring all 17 to mind, during a time of stress or not-so-stressful contemplation. The following is the sequence I favor..

dialectical transformation... diametric therapy

descriptive treatment... developmental testing

dual technique... discourse topics

determinate translation... dynamic tolerance

dream telos... dysphoria transcendence

delay timing... dimensional transfer

disguised thought... different talking... discovery tales

decide today... deprivation torture

Dialectical transformation.

Transformation by using language. Do we want to transform? If you're in the market for a therapy, whether you know it or not, you want to change something about yourself, your mind, your life. If you wanted to stay the same, you would not need therapy. Trying to stay the same, you need no help.

Why "dialectical"? Language is a powerful human system. Language is the way this therapy works. Self talk, and other talk. You talk to yourself in your head. You read the texts. Text is language. I would imagine you'd talk to your therapist. You talk to your support group, friends, family, strangers, chat rooms, translate apps. Wherever language is happening.

Diametric therapy.

A complete turn-around. From suicidal and depressed to life-affirming and euphoric. Is that possible? To turn one-hundred-and-eighty degrees? That's what a therapy would aim at doing. From looking at death, to looking at life. Complete revolution. If I wouldn't have had therapy, I would not be here, looking at life from this angle.

Descriptive treatment.

You have to express what's going on with you. "Anything on the way to expression is good" – Janov.

Developmental testing.

How do you know where you are? Is there a way to test yourself? "Life is an intelligence test" – Mike Smith.

Dual technique.

There is always an alternate way to do things. If you don't like one way. Try the alt method. In therapy, in life.

Discourse topics.

These are all straightforward things to talk about. This is exoteric. Scientific concepts to be publically discussed and debated. No secret clinical manual, like for Janov's Primal Therapy. The DT manual isn't dangerous. The therapy isn't dangerous if used by unskilled practitioners.

Determinate translation.

What does it all mean now? Sure it meant that then. But what does all that mean now? How do you interpret the universe today here?

Dynamic tolerance.

Primal, cognitive and meta-cognitive levels, which you can choose between, allow you to tolerate a wide variety of subjective conditions. Dynamically you should be able to tolerate almost anything. Some people are tortured, hopefully only temporarily, but they survive and come out on the other end. That might not happen to you, but the difficult passages might still be pretty difficult.

Delay timing.

We can always wait until it gets better. The longer you wait, the better it gets. Time heals all wounds.

Dimensional transfer.

You are not a one dimensional self-point in your brain, you are an extended structure of self. You can travel between points in your consciousness: transfer dimensions. You are not stuck on the primal level, or cognitive level. You can easily transfer between them, and outside to the metacognitive level, the big picture.

Disguised thought.

It might not be obvious, what you're thinking about. Mind reading in the magical sense is not possible, so we have privacy, so far.

Different talking.

You can change the way you're talking, thinking. Maybe to think differently you have to talk differently.

Discovery tales.

It is a day of discovery. "You can't write your own Wikipedia page; but you can write your own destiny..!"

Decide today.

Always, today is the key day. "People defer, defer, defer – and then they die.."
– Mike Smith.

Deprivation torture.

If you deprive yourself of DT, it might feel like torture.

As you can see, a tall order. Powerful, yet with a simple enough structure, DT, to be able to be remembered and worked through in a ritualized manner, at various points during the day. Still, however powerful it is, I needed to take it further. A flashback cannot be avoided. Its Form must be respected and known. Thus, Form Therapy. This book is an elaboration of these initial conditions into a wide variety of expressions – "forms"..

DCB, June 27, 2014

Scanning: How-to for Brainwashed Children

~This. What you do, what you contemplate. As you would figure. Different ~styles of writing. What style of discipline you're down for. You ~were down for. How "it went", in your life. How did "it" go? Not well? And people can tell – by looking at you? How your life went? I don't think that's rational. I don't think that's ~real.

Explosion -- nuclear explosion. But I'm not sure ~that's what will happen. Insanity. Well – maybe some of that. But you ~want to know what psychosis is like.

The Normative Matrix, NM. I guess I'm actually on its side. History. I vote with the winners. I'm on the side of the wealthy. The rest of the world doesn't matter. Apart from it crashing in on us, we don't care about it. This is what happens. What you'd figure. Us or them. That's a competition, that's a market. I've come to a turn-around, a realization. A complex realization. I realize whose side I'm on. With technology. The wealthy. That's what I want to be. I want to have a good income. I'm American, in America. I have that edge. The rose-tinted glasses they handed out at Mt. Lebanon. You didn't have to wear them. They have their agenda, I have mine. Number one. First in the world. If you're on the side of the Pitt philosophers. The most successful philosophers.

I guess I'm having a realization. I want to be on the side of the ~victors, in the war of life. The Pitt philosophers, and Aristotle, Kant, Hegel. This is what today's realization has been. What we could consider. How we could figure. Why always choose the side of the losers in life? If you have the option, the choice, why not choose the winning side, the winners? That is my new

realization. What I'm interested in – power. Power of expression, power of conceptualization.

The Pitt philosophers are the most powerful people around here. They are who I should focus on. If I'm interested in power. Although I don't have to ~write Pitt philosophy. I can write ultra-fictional philosophy, UFP, I can write popular “stream” stuff. But it's good to know the powers that be. Who is actually considered to be the tops in the world. Wouldn't you be interested in that?

Corrupt? As Ether would say? You don't always agree with Ether. For instance, in his evaluation of you. I guess it was all possible, it was all necessary.

I'm not just interested in the "winners" in philosophy -- I'm interested in ~all of it. The whole picture. If such a thing can be imagined. What philosophy has to offer. It's useful. It is instrumental – does work in the world. I guess I drifted pretty far away. UFP. Almost the opposite of philosophy. Maybe though something I can succeed at. Voice and voices can be the ~opposite of “philosophy” – but the better I know philosophy, the better I'll know its opposite. This is what happens. What we figure.

If you were going to write. Communication is key. Between different versions of the self. Different I's. I think I ~am interested in “language”... Brain language, or other language. Even, machine language. Maybe you need to be aware of both senses. You want to speak brain language, but it's good to know about machine language. It's good to know the mechanical attributes of people-entities. We are objects, mechanical functional entities. In addition to being spirits, persons, souls. What you would have to consider, if you were to come this far. Thus far. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

Depending on your agenda. What you wanted to look into. Pitt philosophy or not. Your attitude, your vector. Trajectory of Desire. It can be pretty complex, your humor. Can involve the way you can speak, your voice. And of course your Voices, your gamma material. You want to segregate gamma material. You want to isolate it and experiment with it safely. Pure gamma material is dangerous. Can trigger people to do dangerous, non-normative things.

You ultimately want to ~reinforce the Normative Matrix. You ~want “order”, beauty in the world. Organization. You are ~not for chaos, anarchy. On the contrary, you are for the most sublime organization of human behavior possible. I guess. I don't know. Gerd. Computer help. Seeing what you're good for. If you were to discover certain things. Then, I would consider. I would suppose. How carefully you had looked into it. If you had never looked into it.

I guess, I know. As it would happen. A realization. Power and wealth are what I'm interested in. That could have been a component of my difficulty. Going anti-

NM, anti-system. How do you think that's going to turn out? Not very well, usually. In the grand scheme of things. A difficult position to take. What you discover. If you've changed your attitude. If you had a slightly different attitude, in the past. Anti-Normative-Matrix. However that would turn out. The Pitt philosophers. Some of the most powerful in the world.

What you consider. "Philosophy is corrupt." Philosophy is useful. It serves power. What you consider, as you'd figure. Things. You have going on. Now that you realize, your project, is to get rich. Is to ~be powerful. It's not to always be on the margins. You are more interested in being in the center. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

As it would happen. As you would figure. If you were to suppose. Writing a book. A decent, clean book. My first book for publication. How that would go. How you would imagine. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. As that would happen. Seems to involve a lot of downtime. These "conditions"... I live a good life. I am satisfied with my life. So what, I have flashbacks that disable me. They're not ~all the time. Just sometimes.

How that would go. If you were to. As you were to. Different things. Almost exactly like. It's almost exactly like. Certain people would be curious. At least ~some of the time. Curious what "type" of thing we've been supporting. What the upshot of all this support has been. How much time are you going to give him? I don't think it will be a problem. As it goes, as you figure.

Taking a shower is the most erotic thing a human being can do. Taking a shit in public comes close. I think we can guess what David's idea of sexuality is. This is how that would happen. Composite would like to know. Would like to inquire. What David is doing today, who he is calling, what they are talking about. What you would figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is what would happen. If you were to. Fairwood. Certain doctors. The doctors told us to leave you that way. Stick out your tongue and say "Ahh".. This is what must have happened. If you were to.

As you were to. How they treated David. When David was growing up. What they did to this poor boy. Since then, he's got some payback. Some reparations. Decade of no work. No employment, rather. Plenty of "work"... Trying to become a great guitar player / composer. Trying to become a great writer. How difficult that might be / become. If you were going to. Exactly. Why the insanity? Why the explosion? I thought you ~wanted to explode – I thought you ~wanted insanity. To find out. Again and again. How that would go. How you would figure.

If you would consider. As that would go. David Theory. What is going on in David's brain? Can we wonder that? Should David be put in prison / Prism? Should we be curious what sorts of indecent material he is churning out? At thousands of pages per year. I thought it was okay. I didn't realize. I could be triggering people. Maybe I'm ~for the NM. Maybe I'm not anti-NM after all. I like normalcy. I think the normal American way to be is pretty nice. America is treating me pretty nicely. History is rational, history is fair. The good win, the bad lose. That's what meritocracy means. If you have merit, you rise to the top.

Reading DeLillo in German, makes you realize. How much ~content he has going. How ~little content you have going. If you want to. Write something popular, like White Noise. Voice and Voices: The Stream of David, might have to take a ~different approach, to popularity. You were not a popular child. With the other children. They in general did not like you. You had some serious social problems. I'll just mention Alexa Main, although I could mention Shankara also.

What you figure. What you'd suppose. To have come this far. Thus far. Then, you might imagine. You might suppose. That the ~ultimate solution. Housing. You need stable housing. This landlord has been giving you anxiety. You need a decent situation. That will be so nice, when you get there. When you've finally "arrived", where you want to be. Yes, moving is stressful. Perhaps, though, not as stressful as staying here. This is what you figure, consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. As it would go, as it would happen. Things. You could be thinking about. As you prepare to move. That would be, that would mean. You'd have to box all your shit up, and carry it down the steps, and out the door.

As that would go. As you would figure / consider. Different things.

Just supposing. That you would. If you could. This is like "poetry", tic's going automatically and randomly. It's like a festival of tic's. What we consider. As we'd consider. I guess. I'm into participating more in the world. If that were possible. Gerd has whatever going on. He has some energy and vision. I seem to be lacking it, currently – might as well hitch on to what he's doing. If I can be a constructive part of things. As that would happen. As you'd consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it would happen. As you would happen. If you were going to explode, with insanity. Isn't that what you ~want? To see this far, thus far, into it? Isn't that what it's all been about? I guess, I don't know, I just suppose. As you'd figure, consider. As that would go. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose.

As that would happen. As you would suppose that. If you were going to. Gerd offers a way out. He's a hustler, in a good way. Always thinking of the future. I'm a writer. But I know my computers. I can help with the technology. This is what happens. How we figure. I guess, I don't know – I just suppose. If you were going to, as you were going to. As that would happen. I'm not sure. Tic's. Automatic composition of sentences / lines. No thought involved. Just ticking them out. Ticking out the lines.

I guess it's life. It's a life. Whether or not it's a ~good life. Is yet to be decided. The market will decide. What I've given the world. I am flying, finally, no longer falling. I fell for a ~long time. Five books' worth. That's a lot of information to give the world. If you get known for Voice and Voices. They might be interested in what you were writing before that. What the ~formation of the Stream of David was. That's what people might care about. People might consider. If you were to suppose.

As it happens. Housing. Central allowing you to live until your lease runs out. Paranoia. What level you're on. Short hair. Presentable, able to go out and do things. Join in the game. Not what we have going on. Willing to help Gerd with his technology issues. May as well be of some use to the world. As it would happen. As you would suppose. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. As that would go, as you would figure. If you wanted to, if you were to. Public intoxication, never pressed charges. Do you have a criminal record? Are you disabled?

Finally, I can be free of this horrible situation, this terrible apartment scene. I can be free of it. It will only improve me. It will only make me better. Everything. The discipline. What style of punishment. You were looking into. Certain types of punishment / discipline. That certain doctors, who know your dad, might be aware of. What you could consider. How you could figure. I guess. I don't know – not really. This is what I have to do. What I ~want to do. ~Want to know repeatedly what it's like to go crazy. ~Want to explode onto the scene. In the end. If you look at which version you're running. Which exact version. I guess. I don't know, not really.

When I suppose. When I figure. Different things. If I were to suppose. Better to be slugged out, than in flashback. The PRN medication, the anti-psychotic, seems to be working. It seems to have the desired effect. I started taking it at the same time every night – nine or nine-thirty. I then realized that even if I was in a full flashback, taking my evening meds would work to relax me and cure the flashback. Which makes me think that Zyprexa can be used as an anti-

psychotic. Taken when needed. It's not good just to automatically take it at night, every day. This is what happens. This is what you'd figure.

If you were to figure. Consider. I guess. I don't know – not really. When I have things to write. When I'm able to treat my disease / disorder. Even if it does tire me out a bit. That would be what I'm thinking. What I'm supposing. At this moment. Certain channels? How crazy would that seem – if you decided to be a “certain type of channel”? How bad can it be? It can be pretty bad. Depending what points you were looking into. Doing. What you were thinking of doing. Time. The time you were looking at. If this. Alpha-mode pressure.

How could they have kept quiet for so long? That would take a lot of mode control... If gamma pressure, layer-three pressure, were impinging on your consciousness. Then, I would think you'd get a kick out of returning to alpha / beta layers. If you were able to. As you were to exist. Things. I guess. I don't ~really know.. I just suppose. What you do, what you consider. How interesting is a flashback condition? To certain people? Why the word “certain”? Because your mom said it?

Is that what – sense inside your head – slave language – under control, under the influence. Under the influence of voices in your head? Which you were always looking into? Isn't that how everyone would feel? Being brought up? Or just ~certain people..? Maybe normal people feel normal. If you have anything “special” going on. As Thorsand would say it. A lot of this relates to Thorsand's pronunciation. Smart kid. What you would have had to have been looking into. I guess. I don't know. Like the worst kisser, ever. This is what happens. What you'd suppose. In five classes with Gillian Kapua. Which gave me enough of an edge. To go out with her. To, in a sense, fuck her.

“They played me the tape.” “You can talk to me now – I'm on meds, I'm recovering..” Things that Lucas might consider. As you were to. If you were to. Books. This “big”... If you were going to open the discussion up. For the people. So the people can speak freely.. That was your project. Freedom for the free. I thought that might help someone. To sacrifice yourself, though... Is that really necessary? To “fall”? Maybe it will be better, now that you're “flying”.. As you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

As it would go. If you. As you. As you were to write. Things we have going on. I guess. I could read about it..? Would you want to read about it? “It”? What is “it”?

This is what you should be thinking about. What you should be doing. If you want to be a writer. If you want to ~write. Then. I would imagine. What do you want to write about? A schizophrenic writer? Or – you already did that. The

“missing books” did that just fine. Now it's time to write about a ~different kind of writer.. A recovering writing. It's what I'd imagine. You to want to talk about. Write about. You wouldn't want to perpetually stay in schizophrenia mode. If you had an option. An escape, a way out. I would think you'd take it.

What, when. Things you do. ~Everyone is "here" -- you are not unique -- everyone has arrived. This is what you think. As you continually battle with insanity. It's not just during flashbacks. It's pretty much a continual battle.

You might discover that you have an affinity with the commitments and sensibilities of English-speaking philosophers. Whatever “philosophy” is good for. Different things. How we like the argumentation. Guidelines of what to talk about. Concepts and judgments to argue about. If you would get into a grad seminar. If you would like that kind of experience. Depending on what type of philosophy you personally are trying to develop. Contact with other philosophers could be a boon. This is what happens. What we consider. Supported in Pittsburgh. Alive and functioning locally. Like a grad student or professor. Not much income. Lots of reading and writing time. How that would go. Depending on the kind of philosophy you're developing. UFP? Maybe that's it.

Maybe it's what your theory runs to. You don't claim to have the truth. You don't claim to be “better than”... You just claim to be saying things. To be doing things. Delusional. Warn readers of the potential for delusion in your writing.

What options you'd take. Certain options? For a certain condition? Certain medication – anti-psychotic medication? Is that what you're taking? What you seem to be taking? For a certain psychotic condition? You won, you want, you one. Gamma radiation, emanating from your eyes? Is that what they're “good for”? Radiation of insane energy? Is that what you were imagining? How you'd figure it? As that would happen..? How that would happen? “Happen” – groovy? Is this groovy to you? Studying points, of this kind of madness..? I guess. I don't know. Not really. I don't ~know how the brain functions.

The strongest point of them all, hasn't even be mentioned.. This is what we do. “Do” – like it's a drug? Could you get addicted to energy / clarity / unclarity like this? This. What we've come to want to escape. Certain codes. Speaking in coded modes. What mode would you want to be in? As you, if you. If you wanted to escape, from your imagination – the works of your imagination? Is this how your imagination “worked”? What “work” you “thought you were doing”? I guess.

I guess if you just wanted to write about insanity, you could churn out a lot of shit. Highly evolved shit. As shit would evolve, over time. Over seemingly unimaginable lengths of time? I think some of these writers can imagine. I think

it's imaginable. To certain kinds of writers. I would imagine. As I would imagine. I've developed a new reading technique. I only read a page or two at a time, then go back to the menu. As it would happen. As you would imagine. If you would imagine. Imagine how crazy that might feel? All the time? To have people looking for points in your eyes / I's ..? Is that what you asked people to imagine..? Yourself? Certain selves.. Maybe this is what it's "all about"...

What you were claiming to do. Who you were claiming to be. The point. The most powerful point of all? Is that what you'd define as "the" point? Could you ~define the point? Or does it have to merely be given to you? Can you describe the point? Can different people have different points? What was the point of all that time we gave you? All the time, always. What was always the point? Point? In capitalism, it would be to "make money".. I don't think this is a purely capitalist system. At least as it applies to me. Seems more social. Seems to care about me as a person, not just for what I can help sell. Sales don't seem to be the prime modality.

I Was a Brainwashed Child

The prime point. If you were to imagine a point. To what I had been doing. As it was going. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. If you were to look into. Continually. It must seem continuous. The view you were getting. Perspectives. “I bet you've had a lot of perspectives..” Said by a feminist? About porn viewing? Excessive viewing? Could be. Depending what you were to think. As you were to think. If you were to. As you were to. What we're afraid of.

Everyone? Is everyone afraid of me mentioning the strongest point? What the strongest point could be? If I were channeling God? If you were to buy into that belief. On a periodic basis. It could seem. Like certain channels were being opened. Open channels. To God. That may be a “d-lusion.” A David-illusion. What we do. Like an open book. The kind of clarity. Or unclarity. You could have been thinking about. Getting on some of these points. As you were thinking of turning them on to certain material. Gamma material, let's call it.. Voices from the other side.

You were so keen not to be labeled as gamma. As certain gamma activity. Could be seen. Better tired than flashback. What you've been looking into. As you've been looking into it. Won. A certain amount of clarity, for yourself. Reading. Visions. Drifting to the left. “If you look to the right, you die.” Looking right on into it, you die. You take your chances, when you die. Taking chances with your eyes? Rolling the dice? “God doesn't play dice with the universe.” What you've considered. Why would you listen to gamma activity? Seemed believable. A dead end street. A big DEAD END sign on your street – the best kind of street to grow up on. Knowing that. That you're dead, at the end. Good knowledge to impart to children.

Reproduction of society? Would you like to “reproduce that”? What happened to you? Or was it unique? Something like “that” would never happen. To anyone else? “That”? What you were looking into? You're in a unique kind of trouble. What you could be in trouble for. What kind of trouble. Only trouble is interesting? What you've been interested in looking into? Time? Lengths of time? How you consider, how you suppose. Philosophy of mind. A bad

philosophy of mind? Who is the best philosopher of mind? Freud? Is that what you could have been considering – except with Janov? Thinking Janov had some special sort of access? Primal access? Primal with a capital “P”? Only Janov's clinic. No other clinic. Clearly looking into. Some of Janov's points. You could be clearly seen to be “looking into”... The point. If Janov wasn't God / correct..

As clear-cut as Janov sees it? Are things not so clear? As he might imagine? Love? Is that what we're after? Love? A ~need for love? May become very unhappy, when it's time to react? Seems true, in a certain extent. To a certain extent, for certain individuals. Not always, I don't think. I don't think Janov's point always reigns. I could have been looking into a slightly ~different point...

This is what I could have been looking into.. Looking to be “into”.. I guess – I don't know. Usually. What would someone usually say, having been shown this? Type of world? Do they come in types? Is that what you were really wondering? The focus, or lack of focus. On a given point or points. What you could forget? How could you forget? Letting your eyes drift off-center... Giving in to the gamma activity about not looking to the right.

What you won. You-one. Make one of them “you”... Make one of them a follower of you. Where is David leading us? Tonight? What is tonight's take on this reaction? Reaction to this tendency? Is this what could be happening? All the time? Times.. You were “wandering around”, wondering about. Is this what you could have been wondering about, the whole time? Wandering “about”..? Is this what your movements were “about”? Is that how we should say it. When someone is like this. A certain way. Could you hope for understanding..? A certain amount of understanding, for your works?

Is that hope or “dope”? Are you allowed to have hope? A certain amount of hope? Is there any hope for you? Are you “lost”? Wandering among unknown points? Like at VA Tech? Lost in the “would's”? People you could have turned on to you. In some cases, actually did a certain amount of turning on to. Disconnected, ultimately. Ultimately, it was a big disconnect. Should we remember? Is this like one of the key points, we should remember? Like? What's this good for? Connecting to what? What kind of neighbors? Should we be warned about certain kinds of neighbors?

What you could figure. As you would consider. Different things. Why this type of life has to be possible. For you, for the world. Why it ~could be possible. For you, for the world. Different things. As you could be looking at this. As you'd want to look. If you always use certain coded language. Coded modes of control. What he was controlling. How you could keep someone's eyes closed to this. “I's” closed – selves “closed”. Lie to them, in other words. Do

not tell them the truth. Do not mention the truth. No use, or mention, of the truth is allowed. What you could be imagining. As he would say. What we would say. What he would say. What she might want to say. Or not to say, as the case may have been. Writing a book your parents would want to read. Not always what I was doing. Looking into..

You have to remember what you've done. Somehow you have to remember which one you're using. (When document formats cause a file to go out of synch.) This is what happens. What you'd figure. As you'd figure. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What you do / consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you're ~really thinking about.

This is how it would go. If anyone connected the dots. What they would see. What people might see in your eyes. As they radiate gamma energy. One look in my eyes. At the right time. And you could tell. Certain landlords can tell. What you figure / consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What you're really thinking about. Continually. If that. As that. “You're dementing yourself.” To have gamma material online, broadcasted and advertised, for free. That's “falling”... Now that you're “flying”, you can see what the difference is. Almost. You almost fell to the bottom of the abyss. You learned to fly. Finally. It took a long time. What you'd consider. Suppose. I guess.

If I were to write the truth. To care about the truth. Abstract. “The more abstract the text, the more immortal.” Are you looking at immortality? A certain amount of it? In any amount, wouldn't people care? If you were immortal by any amount? What would an abstract of this text say? Can it be abstracted? Or isn't that the right procedure..? Or do you just not want people to know, what you've written about? Or do you want people to read the text, and not the abstract? Is this what you've figured.?

Read about the historical details. This is what people do. “I don't think writers design their works to be read by their parents.” Their ~revolutionary works, at least. What type of revolution? I had to revolutionize myself first – and then my world. What we'd suppose. What we'd figure. I guess. As a writer. Famous as a writer. Famous-for-what? Do you trust the crowd of strangers to be faithful to your subtlety? ~Do you use subtle arguments? Or is it kind of obvious, what we're dealing with, here. This is how it goes, how you'd figure.

As you would. Different journeys you could imagine making. With someone who was crazy. As that would go. If you, as you. Different things. I guess. I only suppose – I don't ~know...

What I do, what I consider. I guess, I don't know. Been a few since I wrote (typed). Not into doing this as much. More into the craft, editing. I guess you

try different tastes. Has the music enhanced my taste recently – or is it the layer one? I don't really know. I feel like I have an enhanced appreciation. Very enhanced. Maybe the flashbacks are starting to pay off. LSD Primals starting to open up my sensorium. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you'd do. What you'd consider. If you, as you. Different things I could be doing. Getting tired of my own voice.

Hollywood “A”. We always knew he was destined for something special. Living the dream... I guess I've fallen out of the habit of saying, “You're living the dream.” If you don't write (type) for a few, you really lose your technique. You lose your voice. I think you should keep it up. Even if the craft is the ~ultimate destination. You should still type. I guess.

I guess. What I would suppose.

What you figure, what you consider. I guess. If I've come to a realization. Complex, or not. Simple, really, when you come right down to it. The matrix provides you with life. Gives life. To be ANM is to be on the side of death. It's as simple as that. But boy, until you find this out, you could be in for some difficult conditions. Some mind-warping conditions. What you signed up for. How that would go. How you would figure. If you were to consider. Philosophy, the Academy, would not want you. Because you sit around for hours, waiting for Gerd to call. That is a sign of how deluded and socially backward you are. Myopic. Short-sighted. You can only see this room. That's as far as you were looking. Just to your current room. That's as far as your imagination stretched. If you had opened your eyes to the wide world, you may have discovered things were going ~slightly differently than described by your ANM theory. For instance, ~you. The phenomenon of DCB. Alive and free in the world, having contributed nothing to society. In a sense, having been a ~drain on society, to this point. As of yet. A negative factor. Still, supported and given freedom. Amazing. What you'd consider. How you'd suppose.

Where You'll Start is Where You'll End

Each editing decision, each filter you place on the text, improves it. Everyone has arrived, everyone is here. You would not be the only one who is “here”... If the game were real, everyone else is here also. Life is not a “test”... It is more like an experiment. Test has academic implications. It's not a game either. Although philosophy is like a game, although not like a game of chess. The guidelines and rules allow for much more complex and beautiful patterns to emerge. The guidelines are there so people with certain sophistication levels can be filtered, and organized into groups. Without the guidelines, it would just be an angry crowd. You have to organize, to filter, to select. That is what philosophy is for. Ultimately ~not for “text”... More for the ~society, the ~culture, the human organization. To allow people with similar mindsets to find each other.

What you do, what you consider. I guess -- I don't know -- not really. Things that you'd have to have going on. I am just a beginner. The game I am capable of playing. The position I want to take. What name I choose for my problems. This is what happens. This is writing, this is life. Guidelines exist for a purpose. They enable people with similar sensibilities to find each other. That is what the Academy is basically a system of. It's a system of human organization, like society is. People want to find like-minded partners. It would be an angry crowd, storming the gates, without organization. People seek to organize themselves into patterns and groups. It enables conversations to take on increased sophistication. Philosophy is a game of sorts. It has, not rules, but guidelines. They seek to encourage people to formulate ideas at their maximum personal sophistication level. To enable people to live up to their potential. I don't think I've done it, yet. Gamma material was eroding my truth structure, eating away at my psychiatric stability. Now that I've decided to move beyond that, into “mode” thinking, I at least have a chance at playing the game.

As you'd go, as you'd figure. Why this particular fantasy? Different triggering terms. A certain brother's name. How that would go. Losing battle. Safety mechanism. It's set up. So anyone seeking to destroy the System will be stopped. Flashbacks are a safety mechanism. The Normative Matrix is ~that

powerful. You can't go against it – if you do, be ready for some trouble. This is what happens. If you're nervous about the next flashback. Even if it's not happening now. You look forward to it. I thought you were through with them? Maybe. We'll see. With my new philosophy. NM. On the side of the System. Wanting victory, wealth. Wanting the best for America and Americans. What we'd do.

What we'd consider. Tic's, automatic thinking. I guess it's valuable. If it's what you choose to write. Why complain? Why not simply write your tic's? Why the negativity? This is what happens. What we suppose. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. Is Adorno my favorite anymore? Difficult, German. Unorganized. Stream of consciousness. I should be into that. I would think you're into that. Translations that can't be trusted. The speaking of language, of English. Can't really believe these people know English as well as the best philosophers. As it would happen. As you would suppose. If you were to, as you were to.

Different things. As you'd have, going on. If you'd have. Listening to music. Drinking coffee. Up from an afternoon nap. Unbelievable amount of down time, in my life. What my life has had to deal with. What I have to deal with. I guess. I don't know – not really. I need to find people with similar sensibilities. I need to know ~what my sense is. What exactly am I into, what am I all about? Not about the Five. At least I know that. The Five were sadly, sadly mistaken. Now this new thing I'm writing will be my first decent book. Gotta have decency. What you'd consider, what you'd figure.

If you were to, as you were to. Unless you have something “special” going on. ANM philosophy? ANM speech acts? That's probably special. Considered special. What you do. If you were to. In there, and so forth. How that would go. If you have the ultimate analysis. Then. What do you really think about? Upcoming SI, upcoming flashbacks. The move. Women you recently avoided. These are some of the things. What do you have ~now to think about? How I'm going to spend the next six hours, before bedtime. What that's going to be like. It stopped raining – could go for a walk. Could / should. Distinctions, that everyone would be making, all the time.

God? Looking in on your little life? Giving you occasional signs? What are the signs for? To reassure you. No, you are not alone. The Matrix is not out to get you. It would be ~your Matrix, in a sense, if what you've been believing is true. Why would you want to destroy your own Matrix? Doesn't make sense. That's why you were so mixed up. Could be why. ANM, you're basically at war with yourself, your world. For no reason. For a myopic philosophy. Only

this room is visible. Peering out the window. Life reduced to a room. Some of the stuff Janov was talking about. Needing love, in critical times. What you defined as “love”, you didn’t seem to get. Help with surgery. Until you asked. You had to ask for it. Believe it, or not. Hard to believe. That’s what it actually took. I know it’s hard to conceive. What did you think would “do the trick”? What did you think that would look like? Or weren’t you really thinking about it? Or, it being ~all you were thinking about. Didn’t have a clear picture. Explosion. You were afraid they would explode, if you asked. Is that really what you were afraid of? What were you afraid of? Revealing your secret? But they already, always, knew. Wasn’t clear about that. It wasn’t really a secret, to them. They already knew.

Are you living this now, or reliving it? What you’d have to consider / suppose. I guess, I don’t know. Not really. Not in the ultimate analysis. Depending what you have going on. The night is the highest good. Tarry with the negative. Look the negative straight on, in the face, and live and survive it. I’ve dealt with a lot of ~negativity. That could be one of my strengths. On a job application. Almost insane levels of negativity. And I survived, I prospered. It might not get that bad again. I might have already seen the worst. This is how that would go. The worst might be over. ANM might be over. It’s a philosophical question. Are viruses alive? Are these living beings, we’re up against? Are you anti-Normative-Matrix? Why? Why would anyone be against the NM? It’s what we grow out of. You’d really have to be into chaos and anarchy. Or think you were into those things. Pretend or falsely believe.

As you might think. Vocal sounds, singing. Scat. Things I have going on. What DCB could be thinking. As he were to write UFP. If he were to write that. If that can be written. I think it can. You just have to be willing to “put yourself out there”... Whether you follow the guidelines is a further question. I think you ~should follow the guidelines. Assuming an ANM position pretty much rules out conversation in a normal space.

It feels better to cook your own food. Just a suggestion. Just something you might want to think about. Before you order the next meal. What you have going on. How loudly you listen to German radio. What that would signify. How ~closely you get to the language. You would get to the language. If you had to. I’m not ~sure knowing languages would help you write better philosophy in English. I suppose knowledge can’t hurt. No matter what it is knowledge of.

What you consider, how you figure.. I guess, I don’t know – I just suppose. Seems like you messed up. You made a mistake. Damaged goods. There’s no such thing. What you consider that you said in groups. What

kind of “role” you were playing. What kinds of roles are available. “What do you do?” “I’m a schizophrenic.” Is that what you should answer? Maybe delay that realization for her, for a minute. Maybe don’t come right out with it. Name, major, origin, number. What you’d be doing, meeting women out in the world. As that would go, as you would figure. I guess.

I don’t know – I just suppose. I guess. Not really. That’s not really what happens. I guess, I don’t know – I just suppose. Things you could have told Todd. I go to the Pitt library also. Not just the clinic. What you consider / figure. If you were to. As you were to. I guess – I don’t know – I just suppose. As that would happen. Cooking a pizza. What else could be going on. In your life. However far into it, you had looked. Everyone has come “this far” / thus far, into it. That’s what just about ~everyone would be feeling. I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. How that would happen. I don’t know, I just suppose. As it would go, as you would figure. Things. You looked into. You looked to be into. As that would happen. As you would happen. What you’d do, what you’d consider.

Relying on the computer, for a lot of your happiness. I don’t know how smart that is. Really, if the computer were to crash... What would you do? You’d have some accounting to do. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose.

What you do. I guess. Thinking of. What you were thinking of. To make it this far. In your imagination. What you were doing / saying, in your imagination. Or in reality, to certain clinicians. Is that something you actually confessed to? To actual clinicians? I guess. I don’t know, I just suppose. What you do, what you consider. If you were going to tell the med students everything. Reveal the true dimensions of the story. If you wanted to do that. Next time, maybe. Maybe better think about next time. Different things.

“You’ll be a good spokesperson.” As I would consider, as I would figure. Things. Almost like. It’s almost like. Exactly like. You wouldn’t want everyone looking at this, all the time. Or ~would you? What’s the real analysis? Do you ~want to go crazy again? Repeatedly? For the primal experience of it? I guess it’s what you get. This time. It’s okay to be negative. If you have nothing positive to say on the issue. Negativity is part of life. It is, indeed, most of what clinicians have to deal with. This is what I do, what I consider. If. As. Is. Things you could have been wandering wondering about. The whole time. If you had told certain family members, the whole time. How long this might last. For you. How long a flashback might seem to take. LSD? That takes a ~very long time, subjectively. If you wanted to “re-live”

~that... You'd be down for some intensity. You'd have signed up for some intensity.

As that would go. As you might consider. If you were to "learn" a foreign language. "Learn" can have multiple senses.. Grow familiar with. More familiar, over time. Why would you want to do that. To enable you to realize some things, about your native language. If you have no other language to compare it to. Then you might not appreciate some things, about language and philosophy. It's good to "learn"... I would want to have to ~learn, to actually know... This is what I consider, what I figure. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Things that could be happening. In DCB's world. "How followly you were closing me." How closely you were following. Would depend. On what they could see, in your eyes. If they had looked as closely as possible. Into your selves. Into what your selves were doing.

LSD? Help me to set my watch, while you're tripping on LSD? Different trips, you might recommend, or not, people to take. Certain types of warning. About the addictive nature of drugs. I guess I didn't believe "addiction" would be so bad. Does it sound good? To be drug-addicted, and alcoholic? I guess not. I guess after I've clearly considered. Then. I tend to think. Is this what you'd usually say? Asking for an excuse, about why he cut you off for three days? Excuse me. Please, excuse my conduct. The Americans are good with rephrasing language into closely related forms. How doing that could help one to get clear about what one was thinking. If you were to read philosophy written in native forms. If you were able to do that. If you desired to do that. Instead of reading so many translations. Of questionable quality.

Probably high. Probably. Not definitely. How that would go. If you were to. As such. Such as. What you could have been looking into / doing. I don't know why I put a "/" there. Seemed right. At the time. I guess that's an excuse – "Seemed right at the time." Seemed like the right thing to do. I had my reasons. Must have been very good reasons, to break rules so powerful. I must have had my reasons. I wanted to look into certain points. Such as.

What we could be in the midst of observing. An explosion? Explosive force of insanity? Or sanity. What force will your ~sanity have? If your insanity is that explosive? What shall we expect from your sanity? Hopefully good. The "nice" type of explosion. If that's possible. If that could be possible. Here. What we were looking into, that whole time. What we had always been looking into. Suddenly it would make sense. Too much sense, perhaps. If you could get tired of this.

As it would happen. Again. Tripping. Rolling. As closely as possible. The place, the character of the place. What it would see. If it could see into your head. The things you've seen. This is what happens. I guess I forgot how bad addiction really is. That's why I relapsed, after six years. This time, I'm going to Double Trouble – trying not to forget about addiction. I'm going for the lifetime achievement award. This is what happens. Such as, as such. If you've mentioned it. You've let certain people know. You've let us know. A bit of how this could be like. What is it like. To be you. Having looked, off-balance. A split. Neurotic versus real? Or simply different modalities of the self. Different selves. A self is what it remembers. So different memories – different selves. This is how that would go.

If you would consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What you'd do, what you'd consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What we do, what we consider. You're in for it, now. Caught. Day video. Caught on tape. If we had a camcorder, for that. Self-surgery. I was able to cut about a centimeter, but too much blood started happening, and it looked like a bad idea to go further. I guess. What I did. What I looked into. As that would go. As you would have it. Different things. Books. I've written the Five. People were into them, in a way. In some sense, people were somewhat into them. What I describe. What I'll have to describe. What I'll have to say, do, think. I guess. Different ways of saying the same thing. What you could consider.

What you do. What you consider. If you care about the things people write (on Slashdot).. Then, you would ~read them. I guess you really don't care, what peeps write. What "writers" write. You only care about ~authors. Only about the most substantial efforts. Only about the profound, the powerful, the intense, the interesting. Maybe a forum like Slashdot is ~impossible to be profound in. This is what happens. How you'd create. How you'd suppose.

If you were going to listen to ~some jazz. If that's what you would do, sometimes. For some of these times. This far, thus far. Who would say that? But someone who believed it? So what if it's true..? Dreams of writing. The best dreams. And now you can do it. When waking. You can write. You can even write some amazing stuff. When waking. Not just in dreams. What you'd have to look into. How you'd have to suppose.

Jazz music trying to recreate what's gone before. Great music is kind of like that, although it uses more skill and virtuosity. As far as being a writer? What would that be like? What would you consider that to be like? If you were going to do it. The purest of the pure. Some people can see seven point type at fourteen feet. People whose vision is that good. What can they see, into your life? About

you? What can people tell about DCB? I don't think anything, really. They can just see him.

I don't know if I do want my time to be "programmed". What I consider. How I figure. I guess. Things Fassbinder might show me. Things I might discover on my own. If I were to. As I were to. Things. How you would suppose. What that would look like. The picture of humanity. How humanity would look. If you were shown a realistic picture. For once, honestly. What that would show you. How you might learn. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I don't know if I do want to go to some programming. I guess, at least not tonight. Double Trouble already today. Brainwashing me into getting back into the program? Is that what it's about? What is it all "about"?

Primal terms.. "The" is a primal term. Bairdian primal. Bairdist. This is what we consider. If you were going to relive. As such, such as. If you were going to live these times again. It would be seen. It would seem. A split not just in the self – but in ~reality. As amazing as that seems. Multiple selves to reality. What you'd consider, figure. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Don't know about the ritual. The ritual events. Once a week may be plenty. Once a week may be enough. You're lucky you had it to give to him. What we consider / figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Under the table. As you were dealing it to him. Dealing him his two bucks. That's eight per month. Significant, in a way – in another way, not much. What you could always look into.

What you must always have been thinking. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As that would happen. I guess, I don't know – I just suppose. As you'd looked into it. As far, thus far. This far. If the place could see. What the primal place must know. Primal, what that could mean. I guess. Different things. The women / girls you lost. All the chances you lost. You didn't just deprive yourself of them – you deprived them of you. Although that's not really true. No one is dependent on a chance they didn't get. Everyone can hook up, if they really want to. You're not responsible for those women / girls. They lived their lives, they had plenty of chances – just not with you. You're the missing piece of the puzzle. What part of this picture don't you get? How would you figure, how would you consider? I guess, I don't know. How it would seem. How you would consider. If you wanted to assert your reality, to posit your argument, to prove your theorem. Then, you would have to... You would want to.

What you'd consider. I guess -- I don't know. The ability to ~write..! Think about it..! It is like in your dreams. Except you're awake. You can control your mind / language. You can write whatever you want. It doesn't have to be coded. It doesn't have to be true. This is what you do. Sometimes. When you

think of it. In your imagination, or in reality? Is that how it would go? What you'd have to consider? I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Would a spirit want to be channeled by you? See what you see, feel what you feel? Would any spirit be down for that? What you'd consider. Why is this happening to me? LSD poisoning? Bairdian primals? I guess that might be it. If you're going to primal when you're psychotic. What that would do to you. To "fall" when you're completely insane. What that might set up. The conditions that might set up. The load of pain you have. Unconscious, primal pain. That becomes active in a flashback. Maybe you're reliving going crazy. Maybe that is your primal reality / scene – going crazy. Maybe it's valuable enough to relive. This is what you figure / consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose.

What you consider / figure. The type of thing. If you could have sex with yourself. Would you be attracted to yourself? Fat and ugly? Maybe that's a key realization. You wouldn't want to have sex with yourself – so why would you ask a woman to? Maybe a woman would be into your type of man. Maybe that's why you'd find a woman. This is what happens. What we consider / suppose. I guess. I don't know. Think about talking before you think about intercourse. You'll have to talk to her first. Do you need sex? Is that a need any longer?

Love? What about ~love? Do you believe in that? Do you need that? What would that add to your life? A lot, probably. It's unimaginable. It's almost beyond comprehension. You almost can't conceive of love – that's what love is. Something you have to ~have, to know. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Philosophy is a language game. As it's played by American philosophers. It's a game whose purpose is to organize its participants into groups of like-minded individuals. You want to find like-minded individuals. In a crowd, this is impossible. You have to use a language game.

I'm not really interested in playing guitar. It's not even an instrument (voice) I'm really into, anymore. Textual / philosophical problems. It's ~not "visual", what you "did"... It's textual and maybe cinematic. If you didn't realize that. If you realize that ultimately what we're talking about is a ~textual phenomenon. Your mind. It's not really "verbal". Voices don't matter, so much. As much as ~text.

Sugar-mind

Asshole tuning. What could be the case. Your "doings", while visual and cinematic, were primarily textual. But the books are. That is why your intervention has to be ~textual. Your intervention into your own thinking. I don't think anything could have gone differently. You ~had to have those flashbacks, those misunderstandings. Only through ~them did you learn the ultimate truth. Stored in the brain, language is more like ~text than speech. Speech is temporal, but all truth is stored at once. It does not have to unfold like a recording. There are multiple text expressions. Multiple texts. Maybe that is what you are thinking of. Don't you like this? The detail / colorfulness? I thought you'd like it. To be here. To be this primal. Bairdian primal. This is what we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know.

What it goes. As it does. What we can defend in Hegel's writing. Too positive? Too convoluted? I don't know – I just suppose. This is what I'm doing. The Pitt philosophers are good. Are they talking about the country, about the environment? Maybe not. Maybe this is not why we turn to philosophy. Philosophy is the highest, most sophisticated elaboration of the conceptual. It's going to be a bit abstract, a bit complex. That's what it's for. If you want UFP, then you turn to UFP. Some people will indeed turn to me. They can't all read the Pitt philosophers. Maybe they are for ~me to read. So then I can in turn write whatever I want. Whatever I'm capable of inventing. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. I guess, I don't know – I just suppose. What we'd do, what we'd suppose. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What we do, what we consider.

This is how it goes. You learn all sorts of things. You keep learning. It doesn't stop. It never stops. If you were going to accomplish something, would you have done it by now? I don't think so. It could take a ~very long time. To accomplish something. If it were easy, you would have already done it. Everyone else would have also. It must not be easy. To accomplish something philosophically. The subject's most intimate object is language. Easy enough to realize, maybe. But a beginning. A beginning of my philosophy.

I'm ignoring Ziporyn. Reading him then ignoring him. I don't need Buddhism. I have my own truth and my own sources. Adorno is a better source. People learned things, over the last few hundred years. We've made progress. It hasn't been fixed since the Middle Ages. We have progressed. I'm not entirely sure. I don't know what I'm in for. I guess for some kind of ride. Trips are cool. One looks forward to trips. They're not to be feared. Unless you have UFP online, I guess. Then, just about ~anything can be feared. UFP online is a recipe for stress and anxiety. What we figure, consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. How it goes. How you consider. If you were going to. As you were going to. What have you learned? How did ~that go? All that? Can it be known, can it be contemplated?

If you did change the world. If you were able to accomplish revolution. What kind of revolution would it be? You've given them the texts. Literally ~given it to them. What more can you do, as a writer? If they won't listen? Not your fault. Nothing you can do about it. If humans aren't ready for your truth. Yet. I think one day, they will be. They will hunger for material like that. Maybe not now. Not yet. I would think there would be a certain hunger. Eventually. In the world. With the world. Being what it is. A strange world. How strange are they willing to go? We'll see.

As, if. Things you have going on. If you were to turn to ~text. What that would mean. If you had done your homework. If you had done ~all your homework, what would have happened to the research and experimentation? This is what happens. What you suppose. Consider. Such a cute little pup. What we figure. Textually, what you could have going on. Alternate texts in the mind. The dynamism of self-evolution. The split. If there were only one self, one text, where would the dynamic be? What you consider, figure. I guess.

If you consider, figure. Text. The term can be used a bit repetitively. The usage of the term gets a bit repetitious. Maybe will force you to new composition. To new readings. If you keep monotonously repeating that term. It's a ~concept, don't forget. You don't have to use the "term" -- as long as you use the concept. You can adjust your activity. I don't know why that's happening. Why it's fucking me over like that. I guess it will do that to you. To one. If one decided to write radical works. Push the limits as far as humanly possible. Then. Then one's word processing program might fuck with one. If you consider, if you figure. Different things. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose.

As it would happen. What you do. Hopeless, down, depressed. Glum, numb. Different things. You could have been thinking about. The whole

time. Text, the concept of it. What you could consider. How you could figure. If you wanted to. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As that would happen. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Things. You'd almost have to figure / consider. If you were going to. Writing. Bob Marley. That took a lot of soul. For that to happen. As you would consider. As you would suppose.

You reach a point. You don't need to read any of them. Fiction, philosophy. It's all the same. All “pap”, as I used to say – pulpy crap. This is what I do. What I consider. I guess. I shouldn't stop typing. Even if I'm crafting writing. Should always keep up the typing. You get better at it if you constantly do it. You get real rusty real quick, if you stop doing it. This is how I consider. How I figure. If I were to. As I were to. Just because you don't value journal, doesn't mean you shouldn't write journal. You're just a poor schmuck like the rest of them. You have no way of gaining anything in the world. You were allowed to ~write. Perhaps that much can be said of you. You chose to write. When other career paths opened up, briefly, you always turned back to writing. No matter how hard it's supposed to be. Or, it actually is. The hardest thing a human being can do. Imagine that..! If that were actually true..! Maybe though it's also the most ~rewarding thing.. That's what I consider.

As this would go. As it would actually go. You're writing, now, not so much to create a needed text. Rather, your writing itself is the thing in question – the act. You need to keep your act fluid and articulate. It's what you've decided to do – writing. Obsessively re-reading journals. That's what Lucas said. You've done a bit of that. Over the years. As to what it's done for you? Maybe nothing – or maybe a great deal. That's what we think. What we discover. If we were to. As we were to. Things. You could. Beta material? What is a tic – if not Beta? Maybe it's a special kind of alpha. You're in control of it. In there, and so forth. It's not just “happening”... You decide to do it. Obviously, it might be nice to be able to write without ever ticking. As far as if that's possible? Hard to say.

You seem to have reached a breakthrough point. You seem to have been able to perceive the full clarity and detail, without the flashback gamma activity. Colorfulness, detail – the richness of life in the now. But without the insanity. This is what I figure. What I suppose. I needed the Mode Thinking Schema. I needed a model that detailed, in order for me to fully achieve mode thinking during a flashback. Without the schema, there was too much confusion, too much uncertainty. The gamma material is too seductive, unless you're really ready for it. Then you can manage. Then you can create. I think. I don't necessarily know for sure.

And this is what you do – continue to write. Even if it's not the goal. More text is not the goal -- ~better text is. Editing / craft. But there's time. You have time. You're not on the street yet. There might be time to write / make another book. If you figure. As you figure. Insane-seeming word associations / substitutions. Might not have been helping your sanity. If you associate "mode" with "code", if you associate "exactly" with "God"... I think if you think in an insane fashion, you might indeed go insane. What some people would hope for. As a writer, as a thinker. If you were able to have the choice. Crazy or sane...

Or crazy just sometimes. That might be key. It might be wonderful. To ~really get a glimpse of psychosis. Like almost no one else has. No one else is complaining about flashbacks. I seem to be the only one. I could be unique. For some reason. A singularity. A philosophical singularity. After what I did to my mind. My brain, and my mind. The sensitivity to language. The immersion in language. The books I read. The books I wrote.

What you're threatening. Suicide. How would that improve things? Or a threat – how would that improve things? The hospital, losing your apartment. How could that be good? Don't you keep wanting to push through? Wouldn't it be better to push on through? Put up with the discomfort. Though maybe you don't have to go on a plane ride. Maybe you don't want to do that. I feel like I'd have a flashback. That's how things have been going. Do I care about Matty's wedding? I haven't talked to the guy in years. What I could consider. How I could figure. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. How that would go. Haven't talked to the guy in years. Don't really want to fly. Put myself on an airplane. What you could have going on.

Sorry, doesn't help. Your "text" method has no effect. You were looking forward to another flashback, so you could test your new method. Sorry, doesn't work. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What this could be a sign of. Certain women's interest in you. At certain points. If you fail to respond to signals. Stop or Go signals. If you don't think you can make an adequate response. "We didn't get here a minute too early." This is how it would go. Randoms, interested in you. The shuffle. Have all the shuffles been played? Not yet. How enjoyable that could be. To respond to a random. What you figure, suppose. I guess. Pretty hopeless. In the ultimate analysis. As it would happen. As you would consider. Things.

As it would happen. You could have some interest, some energy – just take the earbuds out. Instead of cancelling the ambient environment. This is what happens. If you were able to. As you were able to. As far as you'd consider. As

far as you'd suppose. Time for bed? Already – before nine.? Maybe stay up a bit longer. If we suppose. Could see some humor in the “point”.. Certain points. If it went down here. This is a place, where it went down. If you were wondering.

Mentioned to certain clinicians. What you can mention, have mentioned. “Web-sight.” Problems. The technical name for it. Exactly what we've noticed. If you are seen to be. Seem to be. Certain people might notice. Points like this. Really? Right? I've babbled away babbling. I appreciate your babbling. Something I didn't say. Not really. Not entirely. I guess. I don't know. What you'd be considering. What you'd be supposing.

As it were, as you would. ~Writing.. This is what happens. If you were to. Different things. As that would happen. Dreams. What do you dream about, David? Things happening. In there, and so forth. Pretty dry on the inspiration tip. Not much happening in my brain. My brain logic, brain language. What would be happening. With me. Ultimately. Are you worried about moving? I hope I'll be ~able to move. I hope it will happen. I don't want to live at home (Fernwood). I like being on my own. If I had the choice. I would live in my own apartment. In the city. Visit my parents on the weekend. If I were going to. As I were going to. What wording like that would mean. If you were going to word things like that. If that's clearly present on her website.

Keep mentioning. A theme. To certain doctors. Certain people might know. What you'd have to. Couldn't respond to interest like that. From a real woman, in a real situation. Not able. Not yet. Maybe later. Maybe in some world. If I'm not having a flashback? Can I count on that happening at the right time? This is what I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Things you'd have to consider. I'm not sure I do want to fly across the country. Anatole wants me to go. Matty wants me to go. I'm not sure ~I want to. If I had a flashback on the plane. How fun that would be. In the airport. And so forth. In there. It's not enjoyable. “I'll go.” Why? Why go to Chipotle, in the middle of a flashback? You thought you could deal with it, with your new technique of pretending your tongue was still connected, not fixed. That seemed to be helpful. At least sitting in meditation. Not up and about. Too difficult to maintain that attitude.

As you would do it. If you were to. This is how it would go. Almost exactly. Nothing seems to work out for me – none of my “solutions” turn out to be real solutions. Things not going very smoothly. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd consider. The Five. I guess. I don't know – not really. I just suppose. Modalities of writing. (Journal, chat, translate.) It's good to get a

taste of the modalities. What we consider. If you were to. Thinking of doing something with women? Not really – that's not ~really what I'm thinking about. As you would figure / consider. I guess. What ~are you thinking about? The Five? Your plans for world fame? The nice kind of explosion is an explosion of laughter. What you could be triggering. As that would go. As you would figure / consider. I don't know. I just suppose.

As you would suppose. Different things. Multi-modality writing / life. Experimenting with all three modalities. Doing it. Talking to the people. Chat. What the world is into. What the world has to offer. What the possibilities of the world are. Reality, the totality. Philosophy is a language struggle. It's a meritocracy. The best rise to the top. The powerful are heavily influenced by journalists, the fourth estate. Philosophers select their peers. Influence is the amount of citations a thinker's work gets in the literature. There is always room at the top. I found myself saying... What we consider.

If you allow your tic's to function. Throwing away garbage books. Not even worth donating or selling. That's how low of an opinion I had of some of this stuff. I guess. Maybe impulsive. Neurotic. Psychotic? I guess I do have some crazy still in me. An amount. I can't help the flashbacks. I'm going to feel crazy on a regular basis. In a regular manner, I get insane a lot. They can't explain it. They claim I'm the only one. If that's true, then why is it happening to me? Why me? What did I do? I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Textual? What I've written? I don't think that could do it. Destabilize me. Having radical stuff online, all the time? Maybe – I guess it's possible. What you were supposing. I guess. I don't know. I don't have a lot of sophisticated language going on. Not compared to some people. I am pretty bland. Pretty dull. What I consider, how I suppose. If I were to, as I were to. In there, and so forth. What you have going on. I guess.

See, I think that would be the thing. If you were going to write. Then. What would happen. What you could consider, as you were going to write. Whether it be tic's, or original information (future tic's).. This is what you do, what you consider. This is what happens. A disturbed child. Childhood is difficult for lots of people. Although some get rosy tinted glasses. This is what happens. As you write. As you were to write. You'd think the truth could just flow out of you. Like in a dream – although dreams can be difficult. There is often a struggle situation, in dream. Things are not going smoothly, in some respect. Kind of like a flashback. You'd think it would be enjoyable – to trip and be crazy. It doesn't work out like that. Text doesn't help. The idea of text. That your problem is

textual, your solution is textual. No help at all. I guess I'm back at square zero. No progress. No help. No ability to deal with them. What you consider. As you'd suppose.

This could be an original text. What I could be turning to. If I were to learn German. As the things I write become more complex. That was the strategy I was using. Automatically generate reams of text. Publish them as books, with little editing. This is what happens. What you'd need to sell. Would that sell? That kind of strategy? I'm not ~against the Five – I just no longer stand behind them. They could trigger someone. I'm more interested, now, in sane decent material. Material I could be proud of, as a writer. That I wouldn't have to be secretive about. This is what I'm interested in. Believe it, or not. What you'd consider. If your grandfather had crossed the Atlantic in a small sailboat. This is how that would go. Almost exactly. What we consider, how we figure.

If your mom were half Danish, half Norwegian. What that would make you. A Viking. This is how it goes. What we consider. What we figure. I guess. If I were to automatically pound out reams of perverse text, and post it online. How that would make me feel. How that might make me feel. What you consider / figure. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What you do, consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What we have going on. If we were to look into the matter. How closely. Then. It would seem. Depending on what secrets you're revealing. Lately. No plan for today. Just going to see how it goes. What you consider. "You were raped." What do you do, when that happens? Kill yourself? It's not ~suicidal pressure. I've felt suicidal pressure before. That's pretty bad. This is ~primal pressure. Like tripping, like acid. I'm not suicidal. Though I do get tempted for an adventure to the bar. Drinking. Probably drugs, eventually. Though with my "condition", it would be idiotic to do drugs. I'm already this fucked up. The pressure would get unbearable. There isn't anything a drink wouldn't make worse. What you learn from Double Trouble. Seeing Ron in Oakland, him wanting to hug. You refusing, and shaking his hand. What we consider / figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Things I could be thinking of. If I wanted to follow. Where the pressure was leading. All the pressure on my eyes. On what my eyes have seen

What we've looked into. As we've considered. Figured. What you'd have going on. If you were to, as you were to. Things. Almost exactly like you can't do anything about it. Scanning. What they should be scanning for. Reading for. Supposed to be reading. Supposed to be having fun. Isn't this

fun? Tripping? I thought you ~wanted to trip – hard. That’s what I thought. I thought that’s what you signed up for.

You could be getting into some different points. Seeing Shadyside. Seeing the real deal, the opulence. What you want to be a part of. Property. What you want to be able to acquire. Your writing. The enhancement of your writing. The extreme enhancement it would take. To sell books. To sell enough books to let you live in Shadyside. What that would take. What seems to be happening. As of yet. Now. In other words. What you were thinking of doing.

It ~is amazing. What people are turning on to. A quick scan of Facebook will show you that. The level people are on. Not a very "high" level. They want instant gossip. It's like the tabloids. That's the mentality they have. Philosophy? I don't think so. Not wanted, not sought after. What you do, what you consider. If you were going to be successful in this world. Then you’d have to adjust your approach. To the “level” the people are on. If you want to succeed. Then, I would think. I would just imagine. If you’re able to partake of that energy. If you’re able to play on that level. Then you might want to. You just might want to consider. Can’t use any “big” words. Have to be as simple as possible. As direct as possible. No more indirection. This is what you’re down for. If you want something “people” can relate to. Then. I would just imagine.

Maybe you have to go with it. God. If you realized you were God – then changed your mind. How difficult that would be. If you were god, and denied it to yourself. Maybe ~that’s why flashbacks are difficult. Primal energy, focused on your eyes. All the primal energy, focused down on two points. You won a kind of Primal competition. This is what happens. What we suppose. What we consider / suppose. I guess. I don’t know. If I admit I’m God, will that make the flashbacks nice? This was the insanity, the coping strategy, I used in the past. Solipsism. Or at least deity. If you’re trying to deny you’re God. It might become difficult. To pretend to be who you’re not.

This is what I think. Popular writing. As powerful as that can get. No neologisms, no hard words. You can contain your message in simple words. You don’t need complex expressions. You have nothing complex to express. You don’t have a lot to say about books, or music. Not a good Axis-Tone reviewer. This is what we consider / figure. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose.

Don’t know. Not really. Nothing I can do about it. God. It’s not “true”, but it’s a functional delusion. It helps me to function. It is the coping strategy I originally developed. Once you realize you’re God, it can be uncomfortable if you choose to deny it. For whatever reason. The “reality” you believe in. The

“reality of the world”... Which you think trumps solipsism. But solipsism might be the most powerful viewpoint. If they aren’t going to help you, the clinicians. If they can give you no solution. Then time to develop the functional delusions. What you figure. What you consider. Does my perspective matter? Maybe not to them. Maybe that’s the feminist perspective – don’t judge a book by its cover. I’m judging. How would ~I like to be judged, if I were a woman?

This is what you have to consider / suppose. If this is what happens to women. Judgment. Staring into her eyes. Staring at her, walking by. How would it feel to be stared at, by men? Maybe that’s what they expect, at this point. At a certain point. Something is wrong. Well, on the contrary, that’s not exactly true. Something is ~right. The SI has no power over me. This is not suicidal energy. I’ve felt that before. That’s unmistakable. This is more Primal energy. Double Trouble. If it can help. If it would help with my problem. Then it’s worth it, to do. Is an AA meeting an ego trip? Why do you need to go to your old home group? To feed on the energy?

What if you need to ~write..? ~This is your energy. What you’ve developed. You don’t need to go impress a group of drunks with your wit and intelligence. Not necessary. Only do what’s necessary? Only do what’s ~good. You already went to Double Trouble today. Why do you need another meeting? It’s possible. I could go and compete, go and impress them, go and be impressed. I don’t think I really care about their message. Their message is not one I need to hear. Double Trouble is plenty good. It’s enough. And I don’t like saying “I’m an alcoholic.” This is what I do. Write. It ~would be a different modality, the meeting.

As you would go. This is not a “Primal”... You can call it “Baird System”.. That might be a good name for these cycles. Life is full of cycles. What I’ve begun to experience. How I’ve begun to relate. Closely related points.

As such. Such as. Who would actually say that? A certain brother has been known to. I call voices “messages”, and I think I’ve gotten all the messages. They don’t have much more to tell me. Experimenting with delusion. What part you play. Going fully crazy. It’s almost exactly like, theoretically, you should be able to deal with this. If it’s happened ten thousand times, already. Then this should be your job. To analyze points like this. You’re not just housing, you’re a social worker. This is what happens. What we consider / suppose.

Nuclear Technique

What did that stuff do to you? LSD tripping. Detail and colorfulness tripping. What you have going on. As you would consider. I guess – I don't know – not really. It's a bit less nice without Kiran around. She will be missed. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. What did you ~do to yourself? I never blacked out. I never lost it on acid. I always stayed fully conscious, on top of it. Maybe that was bad. Or maybe it was the falling. Eyes locked on certain points, for certain lengths of time. Could that do it? "Primalling"? Letting your voices lead you through "falling" primals? Maybe that could fuck you up. Post-LSD schizophrenic. This is what you'd consider. How you'd figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Different things. Almost exactly like. Don't you ~want "detail", colorfulness? Isn't that the goal of life? Soul. Bad. I guess I haven't heard all the messages yet. Still more to go. What you figure.

Should I be reading books? Or should I be ~writing my book? Is that the fundamental equation? You shouldn't be reading. You should be writing Explosions of Laughter. This is what I think, what I consider. I guess, I don't know. What am I doing here? It's a bit strange. A bit weird. What you'd have to consider. If the brain is a physical structure. Then it would basically be a very powerful computer. Multi-core, multitasking. This is what would happen. Plastic – reprogrammable. With disciplines, with repetition. This is what would happen. If you'd figure, consider. What you should be looking into. What anyone would do. Follow where you lead. White lies. Not tell the full truth. Spare them the anxiety. Spare yourself the betrayal. If you don't need to betray, don't betray. What you'd consider. What you'd suppose. If that were to. If you were to. I guess.

Cop. What you would then have. A problem. Your reading and writing habits would then be seen as part of the problem. It wouldn't be nice anymore. It would turn into a kind of a bummer. You don't have to tell the whole truth. Don't you ~want "detail", colorfulness? Isn't that the point? Why anyone does anything? I guess you like ~some colorfulness – just not too much. Too much color. Leaky gates. You've damaged yourself. I would call flashbacks damage. I would say your functionality has been compromised. What you do, what you figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. I guess, I know. Different things. If you

were to figure, if you were to suppose. I guess. This is what would happen. Almost exactly like. It's almost exactly like I'm crazy. And then I come right out of it. I thought, a fourth day flashback yesterday – super strong – I probably won't have one today. Oh well. I guess that's an other example of not judging well. What you think will happen. What you'd think might happen. If you were to. As you were to. As that would go.

As that would go. If you would write. What you suppose “writing” consists of. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. As that would happen. As you would consider. If you were to write. Then. What you would suppose. I guess. I don't know. If you had nothing to read. You should be ~writing. Put everything into the book. That's what you have to do. If you haven't figured it out yet. How you should be writing. For that to happen. For a world-historical event. As that would happen. As you would suppose. If you had chatted earlier this evening. Whatever that would mean, consist of. What it comes down to. There's the rub. Where the rubber meets the road. If your addiction was in danger of flaring up again. I would think that would be notable. A notable event. What we do, what we consider. Thinking about your skin tag. Thinking about your tooth. Different disturbing things you could be thinking of. What they could be thinking. If such.

As such, such as. If you continue to write. As that would seem. What it might seem like. Ultimately. If you thought you were God. How the people would treat you... How have they treated ~any God? This is your experiment. As you would figure. Like the OS of your computer. Who you would give that power to. As it would happen. As it might happen. What you'd consider. They didn't like the Five very much, apparently. Apparently that much can be said. I'm so depressed. What that would be from. What's the “trigger”? What would trigger you to seek inpatient admission? You'll have to see. You'll have to find out.

As you do, as you figure. The language you know how to speak. That would be the ultimate goal. To not have to be secretive. To be able to stand behind my work. That is my goal. I pushed the radicality very far. I'm pretty creative, when I want to create some interesting questions. I wasn't trying to disturb them. I guess it was ultimately good. Although I got to share 251frankjazz with a lot of cute ladies. I guess that was something. That was enough, in a sense. If they get it, or choose not to get it. Up to them. At least you gave them the choice. A choice not everyone is given. In this world. Which world? Designed for witches and wizards? Designed by me, or one of my selves. Giving free reign to insanity. I suppose that was the lesson I had to learn. If I were to. As I were to. If you'd figure – if you'd consider. I guess. I don't know.

As it were to go. If you were to consider. Trying to keep up with writing. Even if it's not my prime priority – craft is. I still should keep writing. Just to keep in shape. What I've considered. As far as that would go. What you do, what you consider. Writing about the political situation. If you had discovered anything about reality. Deporting illegal immigrants. I guess that's the plan. That's what the authorities seem to agree on. I live in this nation. I haven't voted recently. I paid a few taxes. Contributed to society in a small limited way. What does the ~writing contribute to society? To make us as strong as possible.

As it would. As you were. Things. Could be considering. Could be supposing. Insane thinking leads to insanity? Crazy associations and word substitutions – a good way to use your mind to stress your brain? Is that what you did? Top-down control of your brain by a mind set upon reprogramming and radicalizing itself. Maybe not the best approach. If it led to this. “The” condition. If that's what the ultimate result is. Not a very comfortable result. Can be super-uncomfortable. At times. No matter how educational, valuable. You'd rather not have them. That's good, if you were causing them yourself. That means you can solve the problem yourself. If you can get into it, you can get out of it. Something Janov might say. I wasn't willing to give up Janov, for a long time. I held on. Primal neighborhood? English a difficult language to learn? Does writing feed into it? What kind of consciousness does writing entail? Do you really have to wonder?

I do wonder. What does writing do? Textualizing your mind. From mental speech to visual text. Abstracting your language. From a living form, to a dead one. Or dynamic to static. Why you'd want to put your thinking into static form.. I guess, so you can review it later. That would assume you are writing things worth reading later. If that's what you've ~decided. Ten thousand years. Before anyone will be that crazy? Maybe. Maybe that's how it goes. How it would go. How you consider / figure. What we do, what we suppose.

As you'd do. What do you have to write? About? About what are you writing? The novel is the highest artistic form. Literary form, at least. What about Aesthetic Theory? That might be high in its own way – although no one can read stuff like that. A novel – people can ~read. What you'd figure / consider. I think you might have to. In a sense. What could you write about? College kids? Coming of age? In today's networked world? Understanding computers? Is that what you could write about? I guess. The thing is, you'd actually have to ~do it. It couldn't just be “talked-about” – it would have to be ~done. That's what you're considering. It's easy to improvise. Maybe it's what the world wants from you. It already ~has

DeLillo. We don't ~need another DeLillo. We need DCB. Whatever he chooses to become / create. That's what I think.

What you could consider. What you could suppose. How often? In what manner / fashion? This is what you do. Nonsensical writing that might not really be nonsensical. I guess. I don't know. I just try to exist. As a writer. A poor writer. I need ~some tools for my trade. Laptop, tablet, iPod, Android phone, stereo, Bose headphones. If I didn't have any of these, I'd be suffering. What you do – what you consider. I guess. It's just a radio. I don't understand why the signal fluctuates so much.

You'd think. You'd suppose. I guess. I don't know – not really. What we do, what we consider. If you were to. As a writer. If you decided to write something. Something ~profound / original. Then you'd have your work cut out for you. Being that. Seeing as that. Already written stuff, like Aesthetic Theory. Which might trump anything you can write. But not many people can ~read Aesthetic Theory. Maybe you can write something they can read. What you figure / suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. How it would go. How you would consider. Maybe instead of further reprogramming, it would be nice to ~use the system you already have. The system you already developed. Instead of the continual reprogramming. Could be stressing your system, to never stay with a stable version. Computer metaphors. People who can use metaphors. How would you transform this into something people would want to read? That is the struggle, the story. The story of writing. As it would happen. As you would suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it would happen. As you would figure / consider.

I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What we could be considering. Aunt Ellen's poem for Kiran. Kiran is no longer suffering. What do you feel? No need for a dog. The dog is a hindrance. You have to take care of it. I guess. Without Kiran around, it's a little less nice here. What we'd suppose. If you were to write. As you were to write. The different tic's you like to rehearse. While you warm up to the writing. This is what happens. Maybe you're rewriting your piece.. Maybe it is a writing and a primal reliving. Maybe you're reliving the writing experience. What that's like. To write. To be in the audience, for a vast show, like last night's dream. People being killed. People being shown on the screen. Hijinks in the theatre. This is how it conspires. What you'd figure.

What you'd suppose. I think, in the end, you begin to figure it out. Writing. If you keep at it. If you keep writing. I don't seem to have much original content anymore. Seems to be mostly tic's. I don't understand it. Maybe I wrote everything. That would be sad. Or maybe it would be ~good. Time to

craft. Move on to editing. You have to edit. You can't just output rough draft. Believe it or not. You need to ~work on the text.

It seems to be collapsing, or caving in on me. My life. I don't seem to have the resources to avert a scary outcome. I guess. I suppose. What you'd suppose, what you'd consider. If, in the end, you were to. As that would go. As you would consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Things. Writing not providing the pleasure it once did. More of a torture, a tension release. Not much enjoyment. Do I ~want to "be a writer"? Maybe I should just get a job at McDonald's, or something. If my ultimate plan has proved fruitless. If there's no chance of me "being a writer"...

What about Explosions of Laughter? Isn't this a book worth working on. So hard. It's so hard, to be a writer. I don't know if I can continue to handle it. Maybe I should "give up"... What you'd figure. Meanwhile, I'm writing now, writing this. Writing about not writing. This is what happens. Maybe the tic's are ~bad for me. Maybe they degenerate the mind. They break down the mind. All this experience you were so keen on getting. What has it added up to? What is the ultimate result? This is what happens. What you figure / consider. I guess. I don't know. If something were to happen for you. To you. If you were to craft a document. If you were to think that possible.

I'm at the end of the line. Feeling great? Time to write? With the transcendent feelings I have now? Is that how it would go? Maybe I ~am a diarist. And I ~shouldn't craft. I'm certainly not drawn to craft naturally. Lucas might have pounded it into my head. I'm warning you, these standards are fairly elitist. As you would. Things becoming difficult. "Difficult"... As that would go. Don't want to end up inpatient. Lose my credit card, and services. As it would happen. As you would suppose. This is what happens. How we expect / relate. Slash distinctions? Everyone, all the time.

If you would have done something that crazy. Almost unimaginable intensity of insanity. This is what happens. If you'd write. If you'd continue to write. Through the struggles. Obligatory. Things you could be thinking about. Action. Some of the acting. Possible. Having an intelligent conversation with a client, and he mentions, "My great uncle was a US President. And his son owns the NFL." I think, "that's possible." This is what happens. You're not just housing – you're a social worker. As it would happen. As you would consider. I guess, I don't know. Not really.

I guess. I don't know – not really. I guess I keep continuing with writing. Am I homosexual? Maybe asexual. I'm not attracted to either form. I don't know why this happened. What the cause of all this is, I'm unsure of. Seeing

Fassbinder at work. Makes it clear that you could never be a great director. You're not enough of a control-freak. You don't have enough opinions on how things should be. You don't have ideas of how events and people should be arranged. Not your fault. Just the way things are.

I'd keep writing. No matter how bad it feels. You have to keep pushing, to push on through. Even if it feels meaningless. Maybe there ~is no "meaning", in life. It's a giant moot totality. It doesn't matter. Really. What you've considered. The meaninglessness of it all. How dark you've gotten. How dark life has become. There's light here. It's ~not dark. There's plenty of light, to see. Things to see. What you figure, suppose. I guess. I don't know. Not really.

People, places, and things. I was seriously contemplating smoking weed. You might not think that. You wouldn't think that. Knowing how good I've been doing. Have I been doing good? I have less faith a human being will attract me. Will be able to. There have to be a couple examples, wandering around Oakland. It has to be possible. What life always promised. The ~promise of life. This is what happens. How good you are. How monstrous and repulsive most humans look. You're not attracted. You don't want to get into their lives. And Abbot on the mic at Magnetic Pulse shows. Complete dork asshole. And their music. Simply bad repetition. And I went in for it. Went out with Gerd, to get coffee, then back to his apartment. What would it take? Willpower? Won't-power?

I think that's how important this is. If you haven't been writing. If you haven't been working on your book. Then I would understand if you got a bit detached from your life goals, your life projects. If you hadn't been writing. I think you have to keep writing. Text is dream. Your ~dreams told you this.

What would drugs do? Alter your mind? Your mind alters itself, just fine. You get plenty of alteration. What we consider. How we suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I could keep writing. Should keep writing. It's not like I have anything else to do. Misanthropic? It's more satisfying to see women you ~aren't attracted to. That gives you more power. Maybe one day you'll talk to one of the attractive ones. Don't judge a book by its cover. The intelligence level we're talking about here. "You guys suck. Godfried sucks. I hate your music." Things better not to say.

This is what happens. I have to get ~used to writing. If it's going to be my modality. Something I do as a full-time job. If this is your full-time job. Then you'd want to be good at it. You'd want to develop your style. If possible. Make it not like a chore. Make it something joyous, something great. If you're going to be a writer. The hardest thing a human being can do. What you figure. What

you suppose. And in a way, it's meaningless. It's only meaningful if you ~think it so.

This is what happens. What we consider. Figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. In a way. In a sense. What you'd be into. If you want to hang out with Santo. As that would happen. As you would happen. If you would happen to Pittsburgh. How that goes. What the point of anything. Sounds like a job that doesn't pay – if you're practicing every week and you only have one show this summer. This is what I do. I shouldn't even be thinking about this stuff. Gerd is back to his old ways. I think he's probably doing drugs. I came close to asking to do some. I can't do that. People, places, and things. Triggers. Bad music. Would I like their music, if I got high?

And Gerd. Not offering you drugs. But just being Gerd. Same old musical bullshit. Same old shitty music. Still going at it. Still up to it. Not going to stop, not going to change. You needed to learn that lesson again. Asking you to their show at the Thunderbird Saturday night. As that would go. As you would figure. Suppose. Different things. Your life. What people want from you. Fucking with you. That's what they're doing. You want to be careful, who you let fuck with you. Gerd, or Santo. Take your pick. As that would happen. If you would figure / consider. I don't know. Not really. How that would go. I guess.

I just write. I keep trying to write. I think it's probably the best thing I could do. In my current setup. With my current capabilities. Makes you realize. What you'd have to ~do, to be a writer. How bad you'd have to act. You'd have to ~develop your own act / style / game. And not let players fuck with you. Gerd is a player. He's trying to play a game. You don't want to be sucked into that. You thought you might want to. Really, no. Probably not. You think Godfried and Isaah have quit smoking pot? Moriz, Rodney? No chance. They're doing drugs. They're up to no good. How serious you'd have to get, about your writing. To make it work. Drugs are not the answer. They would make you feel really creative. Think your writing was great. ~Is it great, yet? Or do you have more work to do? This is what I figure. What I consider.

I would have to be 95% certain that I wanted to kill myself. Maybe even, 100%. If there's ~any probability I'd kill myself, I'd call Resolve. Resolve might not always want to take you. But I think they would, if it were critical. The treatment team lies to you, a little bit. To let you know your own lies are okay, not so bad. It is a kind of a game, an act. You are inter-acting with the treatment team. How ~bad you'd have to get, as a writer. That's what you consider. What you'd have to make happen. If you were going to do that.

Gerd gives you motivation. It shows you what life you're hopefully leaving behind. You get to see where you "came from"... They're still playing the exact same music, as years ago. No progress. Tighter bullshit. What that makes you realize. How you were to realize that. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you consider / figure. I guess. I don't know. Music. It's a bit unhealthy, to be so obsessed with music, and making music. I'm glad I'm beyond that. What you figure. What you consider. If you were to, as you were to. What you've escaped. Almost escaped. If you dive back into the swamp.

Then who's to blame? If you relapse? Maybe take this as a warning. I don't think I can hang around the band, anymore. Don't necessarily want to pollute my mind, with their music. I hate it, in a way. I learned to hate it. I probably hate it more than a normal person would know to. I know what it's all about, I know what they're trying to do.

Sex. Sex is what most people can "get"... It's a fake act. Animalistic. Seeing women I'm not attracted to makes me feel ~more powerful. Don't judge a book by its cover. But women, you ~have to judge. Unless you were to know better. Somehow to know. To learn of her mind, her psychology. To see through the "cover"... Then, you would judge her by her mind. I think that's what you want. You want a mind. Not just a body. The body will decay and grow old and die. The mind will always be young and alive. This is what happens. If you were to.

Seeing people engaged in sex... It's like they're robots or automatons. They're programmed to do it. They have no choice. Seeing the Fassbinder. Seeing the obsession with sex. Being someone who's not driven by it, you can see what the obsession means. This is a higher standpoint, you've come to. You've achieved a higher standpoint. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. As it would go, as you would figure. Keeping care of your appearance. Shaving. You ask women to shave their legs and armpits – and you can't even shave your face? What kind of deal is that? That would be considered a raw deal. What you do / consider. Maybe "slash distinctions" isn't the right concept. There are more than just two options. There are ~many distinctions you could make.

I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you'd have to have going on. Don't be so interested in ~yourself – be interested in ~them. I think that's the key. You already know about ~yourself. You're interested in ~them. They will be the addition to your life. You are already here. Always already. It begins to seem. I don't really know.

Not really. I just suppose. We already know your skills are meagre. What you have going on. In your little life. Even if you don't actually go, this intensity of

expectation and learning has been worth it. But really – don't you want to see if it's really possible, to speak with real people? Not just Gerd? The soon-to-be delirious ~uncertainty. As it would happen. As you would suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. As it would go, as you would consider. Things. Dinge. You have simple desires.

Mixed up. Mixed feelings. Trying to understand. I guess I gave it a try. It was a learning experience. How horrible it would be to actually have to learn German. What we consider. Talking about politics. Different things. You could suppose. I guess. I guess. I don't really know. You were going to invite Gerd. What I consider. Coming back to Fernwood, feeling mixed up. Not saying a proper goodbye at the meetup. I guess that's addict behavior. What you would expect / consider. I guess. If you actually had to live in Germany. Until then, you don't need to know German. How much, how many words there would be to learn. If you wanted to be fluent. If you really wanted to understand. The monumental struggle. The immense struggle. Struggle without end. I guess you were brave, for going. You went. You got the experience. Who is German? What we consider. How we figure.

I'm not exactly sure. Always. Code word for Mom. Exactly. Code word for God. However much you've learned. You've considered. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Different topics. I've been learning German for years, and I've never talked about politics before. What you consider. I guess.

What you do. Interested in your own writing? The product of your own thoughts? If ~you don't care, who would? This is what you have to consider. How you have to create. If you don't like the product, change it. That's what writing is. Changing pages, into what you like. Do you like text? Is there any text you ~would like? I think you have to think about this stuff. UFP. Is that possible? Would anyone care? Do you care? Why do you write, if you don't care? Is this just automatic brain garbage? Word salad? Unmotivated stuff. Stuff that lacks all motivation. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose.

My medicine is legal there. How that would go. If you were to. As you were to. Things. I would suppose. I would consider. I'm not sure. Maybe I just pound out the pages. Maybe it's meaningless. To classify your own teachings as meaningless. That might be the ultimate ~power – to not even let your own stuff have power over you. To be ~that critical. To where even your own shit has no power over you. I think this would be true enlightenment. For a writer. To realize. If you were to realize. Word lies. Why would I want to read your "word lies"? This is the gift you've been given. If the ultimate realization is for ~you –

not your text. If the text is not the point. The life is the point. What you can live. How you can be. What you write, in a sense, is meaningless. It is just a step ladder, to get you higher. To higher levels. No one knows, how near or how far. Unless you let them find out. Unless you were to find out. What's behind her "cover"...

Don't judge a book by its cover. That's your goal, your mission. To find a ~mind – not simply a body. You don't have much use for ~bodies. Human beings. Human lives. You don't want to become entangled with them. They drag you down, in a sense. They introduce problems and vulnerabilities. "I think your songs are getting more tight." (Same garbage as years ago.) Exactly the same. This is what happens. How good you'd have to get. . People who know you.

If you were a writer. Writers write. Coders code. You'd know what to study, if you wanted to get good at computers. Do you know what to study, to get good at writing? Is it a matter of "study"? Do you already know? What is there to know? What would you like to write? How would you like to develop? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. That's the thing. If you give up. Stop writing. What do you think will happen? Clean, decent book, I can be proud of. This is how it goes. What you consider.

What it means to be a writer, what it means to be you. Depending. What you were thinking of.

What you'd figure. What you'd suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Wouldn't Lennon want to be famous? Wouldn't anyone want to be famous? For his life, for him? Your movies of you two, in your room at Sasona. Recovering. How close you could come to relapse. I don't think I'm going to relapse. If I keep playing on the tracks. Well, lesson hopefully learned. How close you are to relapse. If you hang out, with them smoking. Godfried smoking in your apartment. Insisting. Full dick mode. Fuck those guys. Gerd is a nice guy, and all. But you don't need to risk everything you've struggled so hard to attain. This is what happens. What you figure. If you were to figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. This is what would happen. If you were to.

I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. People, places, and things. Disconnect. Detach. Detach from the crew, again. You've done it before. You've had to do it before. The risk. The danger. Maybe you ~do need more programming. You almost relapsed, today. How nice would that have been? You have to catch yourself. Wake up, to what might be happening. Don't go to Gerd's apartment. Maybe have coffee with him occasionally. This is what

happens. This is what you have to realize. What you're forced to realize. As you were, if you were. I guess. I just try to write.

To think you thought you could write like DeLillo. Odd, strange. Perhaps fitting, in this kind of world. Delusion. Tragedy, thought- and behavioral-pathology. Different things. Text as dream, text ~is dream. What we might consider. The jaw held up. Or maybe it was the jaw, that got me to leave so abruptly. I go to my limit. I test the limits. Home at Fernwood, things seem different. Like I didn't need to leave that abruptly. Different things. I could imagine. I could suppose. Paranoia. Jerking. Jerk. What you figure. Lip burn. That's what you get. It's fitting. Certain things. Reid, getting a glimpse of schizophrenia.

I probably won't go back. It's too difficult. Repetition, practice. I don't have the need. I'd ~like to learn German. But if you don't need to, it's not going to happen. People very serious about their language learning. That part made me feel good. That there were fellow travelers. People also into the struggle. Into the same struggle as I am. To learn German. I could have stayed longer. I didn't have to run away. Or maybe it was the jaw. The jaw says leave, so you leave. Different things. You could be considering. Figuring. As you, if you.

Tragedy. Prose, poetry. DeLillo is a poet, and artist. His language rings out with the most sublime colors and tonalities known to the human being. He is ~that good. As it would happen. As you would suppose. If you were to. If you were going to learn about this stuff. I think it was an ideal situation. Any pressure there was created by yourself. You created your own hell. You could have been learning different things, at the time. You didn't have to run away. Or maybe you did – maybe that's your program. How you generally tend to do things. It wasn't a choice. You had no choice, you were programmed. I think I'm not sure. Not actually.

Horizon Event Scanning

The pressure of learning a foreign language. Thank God I don't have to do it. I guess. Feeling pretty mixed up from today's experience. What I could be getting into. How hard it would be to actually learn. Not up to the challenge. SI. I feel like killing myself. Now that I know. I'm a failure in my chosen field. Different things.

The German meetup was a wonderful learning experience. Now you know. It's not for you. It's beyond you. You just like reading and listening. Speaking is for the birds. Now you know. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Seems difficult. To live, to survive. This is why the drugs seemed like a solution, so long ago. If you're suicidal, and you have an unfixable structural problem, then maybe it makes sense to get high. If nothing else in your life has helped. What we consider / suppose. Details. Designs.

I don't feel very well. I feel like life is crushing in on me. Could be due to listening to the TV in the other room. To hear the reality of these people. How open they would or wouldn't be to my own reality. Maybe that's the world. What you could consider / suppose. People are not so easily impressed anymore. What you could consider. Ultra-fictional philosophy? You think you're "good at that"? The best in the world? The one who deserves to be read? What would make you that? Why should we believe that?

I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. FB's? Maybe they're ~stimulating... For a life so boring, so tragic – they're something ~interesting..! That's a way you could think of them. If you wanted a new attitude on them. I think you've decided this before. "Bring it on" was one of your statements. Easy enough to say now. Not quite so easy, when the next one begins. Then the challenging nature of certain points will be brought home once again. Certain points, in a schizophrenic's development. I guess this is what you were asking for. In a sense. In some sense. If it were to be known. Generally. Would this serve as a general introduction to your work?

If you were going to. As you were going to. I guess. I don't know. Typeface matters. Don't stay in Times New Roman. Go unconventional. If you figure, if

you consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As that would go. I guess. I've never heard of a completely generic Android. This is what happens. If you were to. As you were to. Things. Almost exactly like. It's almost exactly like. If people were reading you, as you wrote this. What are you "writing" (typing)? What would that be like? For you? To you? If you were to, as you were to. I don't think you're ~actually tripping that hard. I don't think you're ~actually crazy. It seems a little tweaked-out at times. That's only natural.

How you would figure. If you would figure. As that would go. If you would go. You like writing. Why not do more of it? If you want it to be your full-time job..? Then. I would imagine. As you'd consider. As you'd figure. You'd have to ~write..! And talk to women..! I guess. If you wanted to. As you wanted to. What would you be involved in writing..? The creation of a new world? Which psychosis is necessary for? What would psychosis be good for? Looking into certain points, with certain amounts of primal clarity? Drifting to the left? Because of what a voice told you about looking to the right? Why would your brain try to program you? Wouldn't your brain ~already be in control of itself? Unless there were competing cores. Competing ~tasks. The insanity task.

How that would go. If you were to. The difficulty. That's what I remember from the chat – I can overcome difficulty. I can be creative, in the moment, because I am not high. Drugs make you ~appear creative... Sober, I can actually ~be creative. That's just what I've discovered. Going to meetings. The really farthest humans have taken it. What do you admire? What do you want to get out of life? Sober is an important axis. For a drug addict? Perhaps the ~most important. Without that, all else is lost. If you relapse. There are no rules here. For schizophrenia, there are no rules.

It is like a dream. You have to have some faith. Depending who is watching you. Why would they watch? To see what schizophrenia really is? You'd have to be pretty smart, to want to see that.. They must be pretty smart, to have set this up. If you actually think they're watching you. If you're that paranoid. What do you think is the purpose of life? To observe schizophrenics in their private lives? Could that really be Composite's point? Possible, I suppose. I suppose it's ~possible. Plausible? Not really. No. I think I'm alone. Alone with my brain. My brain which liked to fuck with itself, hardcore. If that's the way it went.

As that would go. Lucas Sullivan being your teacher. As that would have happened. As it actually did happen. Believe it. That's the world. How amazing the world is. If you wouldn't have gone to VA Tech. What would have happened

to you. Hard to imagine. Hard to comprehend. What exactly. If you hadn't have ended up in Blacksburg. Then. You might figure. Almost any other possibility. Not that there wasn't a lot of wasted time down there. Drug-wasted time. Drug damaged life. But you also got Janov, DeLillo, Pynchon, Sullivan. That can't be forgotten.

As that would happen. If you were to write. As carefully. What that would mean. Not just pounding out the lines. But carefully, mindfully, expressing thoughts and feelings. With some art. With some passion. Sex is the meaning of life? Love is the fundamental need? What we'd consider. How we'd suppose. If we were to think about these things. As we were to think about them. Then it would seem.

How ~difficult you have become. The passages. The darkness of the passages.. By this point. Having looked this far. Thus far. Who would say that? Who would be ~able to say that? You or your brother? Or your "brother" – whoever he may be.. Your brothers-in-arms. In the struggle. The axis of your struggle. A phallic symbol. What you'd have to suppose. As that would go. If you were going to use neuro spasms, tic's, random eye movements, as the basis for your philosophy. Having watched Berlin Alexanderplatz four times already. Fifth time through. What that would mean, to your German ear. How active and precise your aural knowledge of the language can be.

If you were going to. As you were going to. American philosophers. What they've been writing in ~English. ~Not in German. What they've actually been writing in your mother tongue. If you could understand. As you would understand. How good they've gotten. How good language sounds. Really good. What you might have been missing out on, reading translations. What do they say in English? Not the translators – but the ~authors. What an ~author would choose to say.

How you'd do it. Tell the hairstylist you're a writer. Tell her about your website. Give her the "gift of David"... That was shitty of you not to. What else do you have to give? Your four dollar tip? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. That is almost exactly how it would go. If you were to. As you were to. Things. Almost like. It would almost be like. The "patterins" you've followed, including pain/tension followed by drug and alcohol abuse, are very well-established. To break these patterins, might take some doing. This is what happens. How it goes. Engaging, or re-engaging this tension. Lying down. Better go to bed, than shoot yourself in the head. This is what I think.

Maybe I need to get serious about my recovery. Start the program. If it's what I want to do – stay sober. Sobriety is the most important thing in my life, you

could say... If I don't have ~that, nothing else will go right. What I figure. How I consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. If you were to, as you were to. Things. Almost exactly like. It would be almost exactly like. If you like to write. As you like to write. How ~serious you'd have to get. I am ~really close to relapsing. Gerd didn't offer me any, he didn't smoke in front of me. Still, being with him at his place, I was just about ready to relapse. Not that he would even let me smoke. Or maybe he would. I don't like that feeling, of being close to relapse. It's not something I want to repeat. Recovering addicts have to be really careful. I guess I wasn't being careful enough. What you do. What you consider.

Maybe another year here. For me to get my act together. Write a book and sell it. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. That's what we consider. If you don't like telling women about your website. You might face loss and difficulty. If you're not a promoter of your own site – who would be? That's what today's lesson told you. I guess. I like difficulty at times. Chat can be difficult. But philosophically if you push through it, you can have a good experience. Philosophically, if I can overcome these problems, I will be stronger. As it would go. As you would consider. I guess. Even so. If you were to. As you were to. What writing tic's does to you, for you. How fluid your language has become. What you consider / figure. If different people were to have your link. How that might go. If you were to give your link.

As that would go. Without the fb's, maybe you would be feeling something ~else. Without that pressure on your eyes and mind. Maybe you'd have found another pressure. If it's so good to be you. What you realize. Without your recovery, you wouldn't have ~shit. It's ~that important. It's the most important thing in your life. It is the final piece of the puzzle. The piece without which, the puzzle could never complete. Insight. You know this. You've learned this, with help. Infinite amounts of help. Maximum wishfulness. This is how that would go. If you were to. Speaking your language. Maybe look into philosophers speaking English. With a translation, your odds of a decent writer/author get at least halved. There's twice as much chance the author might be an asshole. Some translators are great. Some. You really want to know the language. Ultimately. If you were to consider. As you were to figure. What have the Americans been writing? I think it's what you should be interested in. As you consider. If you figure. Things, going on. In your life. In your world.

Maybe you should write more often. Sit down to the laptop. If this really is your quote-unquote life/job. Then you'd want to make it really natural. Get really good at it. It's amazing you thought you'd make it in music. Delusional – but

amazing. You must have been really good at guitar. To have that vision. A vision of things happening for you. Maybe you need a vision for text, as well. Seeing what can happen. How good you'd have to get it. Make it. It would have to be out of sight. For an explosion to do well. You'd want the text to be amazing. Not like bullshit.

I participate in God's bullshit world. God owes ~me. For my participation in his bs world. That's probably an extreme position to take. Not many people. Recovery. Bars attracting me to walk on in. Got to resist that. Bars are evil, for me. Where I'm concerned. Maybe not for a moderate drinker. I don't know how you could be moderate with a substance of abuse. Not me. Poisoning, here we come. What I figure. What I consider. If I wanted to write. How badly I'd want to write. What you would figure / consider. I guess. I don't know. Not really.

Maybe write more often. If this is really going to be your life. Then, you'd want.. You'd want to get good. Make it fluid, make it real. As you were to consider. If you were to consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What sorts of things. You were doing. You could be doing. I'm not sure – I don't know. As it would happen.

Dreams. Dreaming while awake. Making your waking life like a lucid dream. The ~clarity, from twenty months. Drugs would give you creativity and spontaneity, but you'd lose your natural access. You'd all of a sudden need drugs to reach these levels. Where now, it's natural. This is what happens. The imagination. In your imagination. How that would happen. If that could happen for you. What you would suppose / consider. Ultimately. As that would go. If that would go.

What does music do to you? Hyper-speed fusion experiments? Does that, in a sense, reprogram the brain? They say jazz restructures the brain. I think the musicians would be even ~more creative without drugs. Zappa just smoked and drank coffee. He would be considered fairly creative. What we figure. As we were to. How that would go. If that would go. As you figure, as you consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you have going on. In the end. Ultimately. You don't ~want to die. Not just yet. You're still enjoying life. It's ~not a bs existence, a bs world. It's a very nice world. What you'd suppose. How you'd figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

The world. "These aren't normal white people." What we consider / figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. If you were to, as you were to. If that would happen. What you were considering / supposing. What you'd figure / consider. I

guess. Writing is feeling dead. I feel no life in me, this time of day. Maybe I need more coffee.

Global. As you would do. Doug, Gerd, Godfried. People you might want to betray / avoid. They can add nothing to your life. As a writer, you have to make some tough decisions. I sexually harassed my mentor's girlfriend. Things. Guilty, got away with. The type of message Noel must have gotten. The type of memory I would cause in Lucas / Noel. What you would consider. As you would suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Things. As we do, we are. Jen doesn't want to hang anymore. You waited too long to call her back. A very long time. Months. Many months. Not the sign of a friendly person.

What you do, consider. If you were working on a book. What that would look like. Fucking with Doug. Calling him, then not returning his call. What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know – not really. Taking a shower is the most erotic thing a human being can do. What you do. Taking a shit is the most profound thing a human being can do. Different rewordings. Lucas Sullivan.

His probable opinion of DCB. His probable attitude toward me. What you might consider. Pathology. Social radar for social pathology. What you consider. As far as you could possibly go. Take it as far as you could possibly take it. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Things. Schizophrenic. Why did you call Doug? Don't want to hang out with him? Don't even really want to talk to him? As you do, as you configure. What you have going on. If you were able to write. What that "ability" would be like. To feel, to be behind. Do you stand behind the Five? Not really. I don't think so. They were an experiment. How far could perversion be pushed? I wanted to find out. I needed to find out. I guess. If I were to.

Write like DeLillo? Is that even a possibility? We already have DeLillo, Adorno, etc. We want ~you, not them. What does ~David want to write? What is in David's imagination? Things you could suppose. If you were to. As you were to. I guess. I don't know. Anatole not wanting to read your books. Makes sense. You're lucky he even talks to you. You can call him whenever you want, and he'll talk to you. You don't need to feed him your word lies. This is what happens. How you suppose.

If you were to. As you were to. I guess. I don't know. If Michael Altair is happy, society is better off. It goes better for everyone, if he's happy. I guess. I don't know. Not really. I don't know ~what to do. Interesting things I could be doing. Like ditching Doug again. Gerd, Godfried. Full deal. Are you "full-blown"? What is this a case of? Is this full-blown schizophrenic

writing? Then. I would think, you're not going to be doing predictable things socially. You're not going to be socially predictable. If you were to. As you were to. I guess. I don't know. Not really.

What you'd suppose. If you were to. I guess. I don't know. I just type out my phrases and sentences. Maybe turn to reading. Maybe you're written out. You've written it all. Nothing left to express. I guess. Not predictable. How bad you are. If you were a star. Or if you were rich. If you had some decisions to make. People to avoid. How that would go. Ditching them again. Feels good. Is funny, actually. What we do, what we consider. I guess. Who you're going to be. Who exactly you are. What happens. How we were to suppose. How we were to access. Contemplate.

This is what happens. In your life. How it goes. Broken relationships? With addicts and freaks, yes. With such people, it is appropriate to break one's relationship. This is what I figure. Queer? I don't think so. I would be repelled by the male version of my spirit. I'm looking to get into the female version. I'm heterosexual. I want something different. I do not want same / similar. How we figure. Ditching Doug. Fuck him. He's a freak, a paranoid politically stupid asshole. Yes, good at computers, guitar. So what? What does that say? In the grand scheme? How you do, how you suppose. I guess.

I'm just trying to be a writer. "Just"... Might not be the easiest proposition. This is what happens. In your life. If you were to. As you were to. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Bullshit. The world. Your judgment. What do you owe the world? The world owes ~you. God owes you. For all of your participation in the bullshit. Is that true? Might be. Possible. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What is reality? What have we become attuned to? What type of system did God set up? A system in which you would arise? Not so keen on being institutionalized, anymore. Seeing the carpet, the floor, at Primary Care, illuminated by the fluorescent light. Made me realize. Gave me another taste, of what inpatient is like. For people who can't function, it's a good place / option. I can function a bit, though. Might want to stay "out"...

How that would go. If you were to. As you were to. Being someone who writes (rights)... Why ~exactly is it so hard? That's your task, to figure it out. Why would that be hard? What you were looking into. Writing as a coping strategy. For passing stressful lengths of time. What else? What else could you be doing? Living your life, instead of simply recording it. If you were able to be yourself. Whatever that would mean. As you were to. If you were to. Things. Almost exactly like. What you've been "doing"...

Things. Almost exactly like. With flashbacks. Your "main problem"? Isn't that what you should be thinking about? Primal. Your primal problem. A true a posteriori theory, about what's happening. As opposed to the Janovian a priori theory. Which simply calls everything "primal"... What you do.

What you consider. If you were going to develop. As you were going to develop. I don't know. I'm not certain. Not really. When you. If you. As that would go. If you would go. Past, history. What your history contains. The fat girl, WOB, "wearer of black", at Tech. What you were getting into with her. For a time. For some time. Bloody mattress. Whatever that signified to you. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Things. Almost exactly.

Low points vs. high points. Some of the other women at Tech. Who you glancingly collided with. As that would go. If you were to. As you were to. I don't know – I just suppose. As that would happen. I guess. I don't know – not really. How you were going to respond to accusations.

As that would happen. If. Then. You might, you might suppose. I guess. If I were to ~use my creativity. How that would look. Homicidal Ideation. How that would translate. Expressions of naked betrayal. I would think you've ~already seen enough naked betrayal. How crazy you'd have to be. To have these fantasies. What should we think? When someone is like this? How would that go? If you were to, as you were to.

What you should have to deal with. As that would happen. If you would consider / suppose. Seemed to be interested in exactly what is wrong with me. Exactly. Truth serum. If you were to tell the truth. About how crazy you get. Insane. Maybe you ~get to be insane, periodically. Sex is what most people can "get"... What is the "translation" of a flashback? Into normal, contemporary terms? I don't think it ~can be translated. What you'd figure / consider. How crazy are you? How crazy do you get? Certain forms? As high as possible? Rolling your eyes? How high is it possible to roll your eyes? This is what happens. What we consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I

guess. Not really. I don't think that's how it would go. An abstract "fantasy" is not an intention. You were simply thinking about it.

If you were to. As you were to. Different things. What you learned, today. If anything. Certain clinicians, following you to the ends of the earth. Level. The level of difficulty. How you'd characterize it. Why would you say this is difficult? To keep your eyes closed, to this kind of energy. Role. Rolls. What role you were playing. If you were trying to play the lead role. Imprism'd.. Everyone knows about this, now. Not just the paranoid. Now, the paranoia is for everyone. Composite view of points, series of points. You create a series of serious points.

I know what to say if I want inpatient psychiatric admission. What we do. What we consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. How that would go. If you broke the code, for getting in. What that would feel like. How cray-zee that would feel. Insane. Maybe it's natural. A priori you can say any term is a primal term. But what would an a posteriori theory be? A theory of the make-up of you. The data we'd have. If this sort of life.

You've been warned. You've understood certain types of warning. About looking this closely, into certain points. What kinds of points, have you been looking into? How have you been scanning? What have you been scanning for? Is that the question, that certain people should ask themselves? Should / would / could distinctions. Slash distinctions. That ~everybody, would be making, ~all the time. If your project. Is successful. Your picture-project. To give the world a picture. Of what might be happening, all the fucking time. If you were to. As you were to.

If you were going to. As you were going to. I guess. I don't know – not really. Just supposing. If your project. If it were to. Gain success, in this real only world. What that would mean. For certain people. At certain times. Looking on in. Looking at you. What can they see? If they were to have the right link. The right to-link. If people were to look into the correct links. What can they see? You acting crazy?

Crazy/ sane... Different types of action. For different types of people. How that might go. How it would go. If you were to. As you were to. Write this. "Writing" – what is it "for"? Instrumental, useful to so-and-so for such-and-such. The philosophy department didn't find you useful. Neither did the English department. The CS department ~proved you weren't useful to it. Maybe you're not "academic"... Maybe we're talking about something different, here.

As that were to. If you were to. I guess. I don't know. What would have to happen. Ruby. If you were going to think of some of this stuff. Writing. How

serious you could get about it. If you wanted to reach Benjamin's level. If anything like that was remotely possible. You might have to get a little bit more serious. Just a little bit. If you want to enhance the quality. Enhance the output. To where you could sell books. For property. You didn't just want fame / notoriety. That wasn't what you were into. Or you would have left the Five up. You want a project, a movement in the world, with rational or UFP dimensions. You're not going to stand behind any anarchist chaotic text. Just because you happened to write it. That's not reason enough. To stand behind it. A text you actually stand behind will be of a higher quality. You will need to enhance the quality. This is what happens. What we consider / figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As that would happen.

As it were to. As you were to. The imagination. You can ~write..! You've had time to ~read..! Remember, Abduhl said that was the greatest gift – the time to read... And you had it. You've done your share. Not necessarily of homework. You weren't too keen to do homework reading. But you've carved another path for yourself. I think a good one. You are not corrupt, you are not death. You are ~life..! This is what I do. This is what I consider. Why do you get so down on your writing? It's awesome, at parts. You just have to craft it more. You haven't been too heavy on the craft aspect. More so the spontaneous composition. Free-form. While you craft the work, it will become great. What you figure. Writing rough draft poetry. Could a rough draft of a poem ever be great? Unless you're out of this world... This is what happens. What you almost ~have to encounter. If you were to. As you were to. You can ~write..! And you've had time to ~read..! Not homework. You weren't too into that. You read whatever the fuck you wanted to. An eccentric path, through literature. Through the world. Reading is going through a world. Everyone gets their own view. The total document? Is that what you're thinking of writing? All the truth in one place? – I don't think so..! This is how that would work. Almost exactly. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What we do, what we consider. Different things. Almost like.

As that, if that. You're ~writing..! No one else is "here", doing this. You are the only one writing here. You can write whatever you want..! Philosophy to be read. Philosophy to be learned. This is how it goes. How that would go. I suppose. I don't ~know – I just suppose. Writing in the morning? Isn't that opposite of what he said to do? Or what he said he did? Should that matter? Can you be taught at which times of day are best to write? I don't think so. I don't think it would carry over between different people. Too many variables. Morning could be a good time to write. Just as you figure. Flashbacks. The last one

yesterday, with no rolling or pressure – just detail and colorfulness. Maybe that’s a step, for you. Or maybe that’s just the fourth FB of the day. Did enough rolling earlier. How much rolling will I have to do? In my life? Isn’t it a finite amount?

Role playing. What “role” was I playing? Pretending to be. Someone who I was not. How that would go. How you would consider / suppose. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. Things, you could contemplate. You could suppose. Shitting your pants. How that event could have resonated through your life. If people would have found out. Certain classmates and teachers. What that would have ~meant, for you. Hard to imagine. Exactly. What you figure / consider. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. As it would happen. What has to be done. What has to be the case. Ankyloglossia. Conditioning not to talk about it. As that would happen. As you would figure. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. What you must have looked like, as a baby, with that problem.

The mental pressure, the rolling, is not appreciated during a flashback. What I do. What I were to realize. If that would be so. Seen the same girl four times. She must be a neighbor. Not motivated to talk to her. ~Think about it. That’s all. Praxis: action / practice. Making my philosophy a reality. What is the ~translation into contemporary terms, for some of this stuff. As you were to. If you were to.

I guess. I don’t know, I just suppose. As that would happen. If you were to write more blog. As that would go. Things. You could be looking into. You could be supposing. “I just want to be left alone to write.” What people might say. If they found out about you. How that would ~have to go. People’s reputations on the line. For who they recommend to readers. Would anyone ~recommend you? Is that what you’re looking into? Ten thousand years? Is that how it will go? What you will consider / figure? I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. If I were to. Masochism. The dream of the dentist. Why would you call it a “dream”? It can be experienced like one. If you have the DT. If you’re responding to DT. Then, as you would. As you could. I guess. I don’t know, I just suppose.

As it happens. What you would have to do. To be a philosopher. Going up against Brandom? I don’t think you’d stand up, in the comparison. You can barely read a single page. He can go fluidly for over an hour. What you figure. How wordy he is. How dense and condensed you are. What you figure. Different things. As you were to. If you were to. Things you have going on. If you were going to figure this out. If you were going to figure out reality. Philosophy. What you’re reading, on Kindle and in real books. How much you read today. How much you’ve ~ever read.

What happens. What you'd have to be doing. To be dreaming. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it happens. How you figure / consider. Can you even ~understand Brandom / philosophy? You'd go up against him? In what world? What do ~you have to say? Not much, usually. Things are as they should be. Brandom is powerful. I'm poor and struggling. This is just as it should be. In the world. This is the choice we've all made. To get here. Being poor is a choice. Being rich is a choice. I simply didn't make the right choices. In my life.

Jessica Moss – Yale, Princeton, then teaching at Pitt, and Oxford. Perfection. That kind of perfection. “Dry” writing? Maybe philosophy ~should be dry. If you think about it. If you think about what philosophy actually ~does. What it's useful for. They didn't want to give you A's. Maybe you're not esoteric enough. You're more exoteric. That is a lesson it's been painful to learn. People aspire to esoterism. They don't realize. That you want to be ~understood by readers. What you'd consider.

Things you're carrying around. I'm barely even alive. Barely even out of the hospital. Maybe they ~shouldn't have given me A's. Maybe I ~don't belong in the Academy. This is what I think. It's good to get a reality check. A reality dosage. What you do, what you consider. Penis games are excellent preparation for a future hip hop recording artist. As you would consider. As you would figure. How complex / simple. What you were engaging. What you were supposing. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you do. What you consider. I guess. I don't know – not really. What we have to choose / decide. If you were going to.

As it would happen. Whatever a philosopher is. Scanning. How much you can read, in a day. If you turn to scanning. Instead of carefully reading. More doing it to get the text into speech memory. Like a jazz musician would approach muscle memory. You have a different task ahead. If you wanted to be a philosopher. I don't think so. You're more a “writer”.. Like your film work. It's popular, exoteric. You're not smart enough to do the philosophy, the esoteric stuff. They wouldn't ask you to give a lecture. That's not what you're useful for. They should be lecturing ~about you.

What you consider. Suppose. I guess. I don't know – not really. I just go. I just be. How good Brandom is. Was, already, at Yale. Then Princeton, then Pitt. How good he is now, 38 years into professing. What you're capable of doing. What you're capable of creating. I think. I don't know, I just suppose. As that would work. As you would happen to the world. To the Pitt philosophy department? I'm not sure about that. What you'd suppose. How they'd grade

you. Undergrad, you couldn't get A's. What about grad? Not a good picture. You have to write a book. That is your task. Project. Not to get another degree. The degree is more for socially acceptable thinkers. You weren't always acceptable. Maybe now you're trying to be.

This is what happens. The world ~is as it ~should be. Isn't that a bit arrogant, a bit idealist? I guess it would be idealist. The real world is the ideal world. Everything is going according to god's plans. How could God be thwarted? This is what happens. I am not ~adjacent to the Holocaust. It is a world-fact, but it is not one of my life-facts. I cannot take it as a basis of my philosophy. That might be solipsistic. Saying that everything in the universe is David-relative. Maybe that's the key to David Theory. A ~self has to be known and explored. You cannot get beyond the self, even. The self is the most important thing there could be. Of course the world matters. (To the selves)... My project is to enlighten myself and as many other people as I can. What we do, what we consider. I guess. Things you have going on. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. This is what happens. In your life. In the life of God. God lives ~everyone's lives. Everyone who is aware of this. Only a God could be conscious.

The only thing we really know. About the neuro-net. It's a network. Magical? Spooky stuff? Computer. How do you run your system? Philosophy is simplistic, repetitive, and wordy. Predictable. You're going for Enzo levels of quality. True Enzo levels. Hard to believe. That you would push it that far. What we do. What we consider. Monkeys can drink beer and fuck. Rational. Your voice, your language. What happens. What we suppose. If we were to. As we were to. I guess. I don't know – not really. How am I going to write a book? If not by ~writing? I have to do it..! Write..!

What you have going. I guess. I could go either way – fiction or philosophy. Or ultra-fictional philosophy. I suppose that is my strong point. Play to your strengths. If you don't have a fictional bone in your body. Maybe DeLillo takes care of the novel readers. He does it just fine. Maybe people might be into a slightly ~different modality, from time to time. UFP might be what they've been looking for. Just because no one has done it. Doesn't mean it shouldn't be done. Is it like fiction, or like philosophy? "Fiction."

This is what I consider. Easy. What I have going on. Easy in a sense, to improvise writing. Perhaps not in the sense, to collect hundreds of pages together, change the names, and edit it. Maybe that took a little doing. And Heliosophy had some crafted pieces. It wasn't just improv. You figure, you consider. What you have going on. If you're "flying", not falling. You don't want to fall. It

hurts, to fall. To hit the ground. Better to fly. Better to not hit the ground. What you have going on. The tapping away on the keyboard, all day long. What does ~that do for you? This? I guess you have to figure it out. You have to find out. What world you're exploring. What world you're showing people a glimpse of. I guess.

I don't know, I just suppose. What I've come to expect. How I've come to consider. What you have going on. As it were. As you would. What you could eventually learn to write, to make. If given enough time. If given unimaginable lengths of time. Then, you might write. You might come to write.

That's the thing. If you write. As you were to write. As you were to ~become a writer. Writers write, coders code. This is what happens. If you wanted to get good at it. What you'd have to do. I think it's clear, what you'd have to do. Pretty clear. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it would go, as it would happen. I guess. I don't know – not really. I just try to do my best. What we figure / consider / suppose. Multiple-slash-distinctions. Multiple choice, choose your own adventure. As it would happen. If you really are going to write. What that would mean. How you would consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What that would mean. If you were to. As you were to. Tic's, automatic thinking, repetition. It's seemingly what you're in for. I guess it's better than writer's block. I guess you'd rather be writing. I just wanted to ~write. I didn't care so much ~what. How bad you would have to become, to be a writer. How careful with what you say or do. If you were going to be ~that careful, about everything. I think it might do good things for you.

As that would happen. What you were thinking about. What you were doing. I guess. I don't know – not really. This is what you'd consider. If you were to write. How serious you'd have to get, about your shit. Not going to Gerd's. Not relapsing on drugs and alcohol. If you were to. As you were to. I guess. I don't know. Not really. What you'd consider / figure. I guess. I could be writing almost anything. That's how it works. How you'd suppose. I'm not sure – not really. How careful you ~could be. If you wanted to. About everything you said or did. Or thought. What that kind of practice would lead to. How that would make you feel.

As that would go. As you would handle it. If you were to. As you were to. I guess, I don't know. The ~act of writing. What you've been considering. All this time. As if. The truth of you. Your truth. If you were going to write it. Or like a map and its territory, change the map. Erase a town from the territory, because you don't like it. Change the map. Is that what you do when you write a book? Work on it, edit it, craft it. What you'd have to do, have to consider. I

guess. I like the ~feel of writing. I like the feel of typing. It is very satisfying. What you do. What you consider. Aren't you supposed to be able to enjoy yourself? Godfried sucks. That was the exact thought I had, listening to them. Better not to say it out loud. Better to pretend to like Magnetic Pulse.

As you would suppose. I guess. If I were to. Lie about what I'm doing. "Chilling out, reading..." Not writing? What are you writing? UFP? Why is it fictional? Why not just philosophy? Why does it have to be "fictional"? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. The pressure. Can beat down on you. POP. What's the pressure like? I'm going crazy, or having a nervous breakdown. I get obsessed with calling Resolve and going inpatient. This is what it means. For you to. If you were to. Different things. What this kind of pressure could be all about. Should be all about? I guess. If I were to decide to be a writer, and follow through with the proper steps. How difficult that could be. If you listen to Lucas. What Lucas said. Then. But why should you listen to a VA Tech English instructor, unpublished? Because of the soul involved?

Being unpublished isn't negative. Considering that it's almost impossible to get published. In the world. As you'd figure / consider. If you were to. As you were to. Things. Almost exactly like. This is almost exactly how it would go. If you were going to. As you were going to. I'm not sure. Not really.

I guess, if you were to write. What that would be like. For you. If you don't want to talk about your writing. Ashamed, shy? Is that what a writer should feel? Maybe if he has written certain types of books. Five. And posted them online, with advertisement. Maybe then. It's just your own consciousness – what could be bad? What could go wrong? You're in your mind. Everything you see, is a model in your mind. If it's just your own mind. Philosophy of mind. Do you have a bad philosophy of mind? To be getting that much anxiety about a flashback? Seems like no matter what I do. Seems. Explosive. Like I've been turning on to some explosive energy. Keep my eyes open, or closed. How could you relax, with this happening? Depends what you think is happening.

That would depend. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As you would. If you could. If you had any of that going on. What that would mean for you. To be on that "level", continuously, for years or decades. What that would actually mean. For you. If you. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. How much money you have, how cheap you are. How generous you are, how profound. Can people talk about themselves this way? Are you allowed to say something on your behalf? As they lock you up. Locked and loaded. What we consider / figure. I guess. I don't know – not really. What you'd do, how you'd become. In the

end. If. As, if. In the end, you were to. If you would. I guess. I don't know. Not really. How that would go. If you were going to. As you were going to. It should. It does. If this is the quality material you're talking about. I thought you were talking about "high qual" material? Where would that come from? How would that originate?

When a certain type of scan happens. Good to write. ~Use the energy. It's ~energy. It can be used, like it's a drug. What you'd figure / consider. If you wanted to. As you wanted to. What we have to suppose. If we were going to. See things with this clarity. How ~clear you could possibly get. Looking into certain points. "Certain" points? Why are you certain? What are you certain of?

How does that work? Do you have anything to report? At this stage of the game? Is it a game? Or a race. Race to the end. Who can go farthest... What you'd naturally think. It's just natural..? Is this what you've been up to? In the sort of life you've been living? Can that be known? Why you'd lie to Mrs. Cousins about reading and writing. Ashamed of writing? Is that really what's going on here? People you could read. Books you could be turned on to. As you would consider. As you would figure. Able to write. If one were able to write like you can apparently write. What would that mean, exactly?

As it were to. If you were to. Things. Going wrong – or going ~right. You have to have a little faith. In your situation. If it's God's grace. Then, you might consider – you might figure. I guess. I don't know – not really. What we were going to consider. In the end. If. As such. If such. Who would say that? Only David? I guess. They've said my name a lot, and my brother's name. What you do. If you were to. How you would go about that. Enslaved to society? Is that what you've decided to be? Not willing to publish ANM UFP anymore? Because of the supposed retaliation? ~Would people retaliate? If their whole system, their whole way of life, were threatened? This is what I think about.

Disguised Thought. If you want to ~think differently – you might have to ~talk differently. Where you came from. The boys. Gerd, and Gerd's place. People, places, and things. How close you come. How easily you get triggered. Even with your flashbacks. That intense, that tweaked-out, and you'd ~still consider smoking. Hard to believe. Maybe you ~do need the program. Maybe more meetings ~would be key. If you were to consider / suppose. How that would go. If, in the end. As such.

Sobriety Warrior

As that would happen. Almost ~exactly like. Looking into, here, who exactly we're helping. To "do" this – do like it's a drug. Ideas are drugs. You're obviously on some mind-altering substance. Number one. Didn't they hand out rose-tinted glasses at Mt. Lebanon? Maybe I refused my pair. Or maybe I never took off my pair. I'm able to see a wonderful world. If you were to look into, exactly what's happening, to everyone. "Everyone"? Who is important? In this world? Set up for? Set up for X, Y or Z. This is what we do. What kind of world you see. How that would go.

If you were going to. Write. What type of thing were you writing? Primal terms.. Why do you use so many Primal terms? Janov doesn't have a monopoly on the truth. He doesn't want to help schizophrenics. Who need continuous help. I would think he'd be interested in mental illness. Maybe he knows he can't compete. And the outcomes for schizophrenics are so bad. He wants good outcomes. So he cherry-picks his patients. Only neurotics. How hard is it to treat neurotics? This is what you figure. What you consider. How that's "spelled".... Like it's a spell. Voodoo. Some sort of magic potency. I guess. I don't know. Who you could be into detaching from. Gerd. How you could want to move on. Knowing what kind of music he's into. Certain knowledges, certain forces. How that would go. Whose should's are we using now? A certain person's? Your very own? This is what happens. What ~would (could, should) happen. What should we say, at certain points? How should that go? The level of mastery. This is what happens. What we suppose. I guess. I would guess. If it were up to me. Then.

Scanning. What you're doing. Scanning yourself. If these are scans that all take place in your imagination – what could be the problem? With yourself? What exactly is the "danger" you're talking about? If these scans are just inner scans.. Then you'd simply be detecting yourself. Your "self"... What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know. Not actually. What might actually happen. Seems to be a lack of linguistic pressure, to your state, lately. Not as much linguistic pressure. I've felt pressure of language before. I seem to have worked my way beyond (most of) it.

Go to uni? Why would I want to do that? To meet with people “on my level”? Can’t I simply go to Hillman, to do that? Do I need to be in actual classes with them? I think, by the way you’re looking into some of these points... I could imagine. I might imagine. What I’d suppose. I guess. I don’t know. Not really. Don’t “know” – that’s why I write UFP. I really have almost no clue, in fact. Almost no clue, as to the “reality” of what’s happening. I think I’m honest about this. Or I should be. Some of the “points”, you’ve looked carefully into. “Into” – like you ~owe them... To who do we owe this? Who exactly are you talking about? Who exactly ~are you? Do you know that? Is this like one of the things you’re unsure of? Who you are? “Are”...? How could anyone know that? How does anyone know anything? Is that a tic you could use? Be using? Developed in the line of. As such / such as. Who would say that? Who ~exactly would say that? Focus. What is the “focus” of your thinking?

What do you have going on? Light at the end of the tunnel... There is light. You can see. You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do. Keep telling yourself that. Keep reminding yourself of the reality. I guess. I don’t know – not really. I would just suppose. Don’t kill yourself. You’d be depriving a future self of life. Many future selves. Suicide would be like murdering an infinite number of future selves. Certain treatment team. What they could be thinking of. Should be thinking of? If you were to? As you were to? Different things. I guess I’m free. I can do whatever I want. That should count for something. What you figure / consider. I guess – I don’t know – not really. This is what happens. In your life. If Emily doesn’t want to be friends with you on FB. That’s her choice. I guess. I don’t know – not really.

As that would go. If you were to. “Maybe you’ve thought of this before...” But... Should / would / could we be worried, when we see this? If you were going to. What insights you’d have. After an experience like that. Could you be taught to mimic this? Could a trained mime mimic your behavior? Certain doctors, could have known, all along? What we were looking into. If we were looking this far into. Thus far. Many people would have the ability to say that. As you would consider. If you would consider. What are you thinking about? Exactly? Why exactly, are you the first “type”? Why would that be? Why would you classify it as “certain” knowledge? Scanning people’s eyes. For this type of behavior. What we should do, if we were to notice. Scanning. Any amount of rolling. If we were to notice. As you would go, as you would imagine. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. Things. Like you could be considering. I guess. I don’t know – not really.

What you'd figure. If you were "stupid crazy"... Different ways they'd have of using language. At their age. If you were to date them. At their age. What they were capable of seeing / doing. How close you would have to come. To get to it. Don't judge a book by its cover. Still haven't learned your lesson? Even after all that? Still judging your books by their covers? What you do, what you consider. As that would happen. If you were going to speak to people on your own level. What level they'd have to be on. To look you in the eyes. How that would seem. If she was looking straight at you. With no excuse, except your dorky adventure vest, proving you're a dork.

This is what happens. What would happen. If you were to. As you were to. Things. Almost exactly like. It's almost ~exactly like... You would get tired of this tension. You would develop an interest in the opposite sex. A woman would be able to attract you. If that was possible. If that would be possible. It begins to seem. Like you have no hope. Hope, or dopamine? Could you have a problem with your neuro juices? The neuro juices could be out of whack. Why? Too much to deal with. Exactly that, could make you feel insane. How crazy that would feel. If you were to do exactly that.

Then. I figure. You might want to. You would want to. If you were going to tic or loop. If your language ability was on that level. What "level" are you on? She seemed like she got it, briefly, while you shared a look. You weren't forgiving enough, to offer her your hand. Where are you ladies from? What are your majors? What are your names? Can I have one of your numbers? This is how it would go. In that kind of life. "Type"... I think you can do just as well out in reality. You don't need online dating. You can do just as well. What you'd figure. Consider. I guess. I don't know – not really. I just suppose. You could go to a show. You could go for a walk. Any number of things. Are open to you. But. You choose to stay in and watch movie. Good choice? Maybe. Depending on what you were getting into.

Well, what you were going to do. How you were going to ~use your "imagination"... That's a good question, isn't it? For what girls? For what women? Don't judge the book by its cover. You forgot about that, again. You can't forget. Not if you want a good outcome. The outcomes in schizophrenia aren't very good. Usually. That can be said. That much can be said. If you figure, if you suppose. Then, what you might want to do. However closely you had looked into learning the language. Immersion. However closely that would be. What you would consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. That's all I have to contribute. Not much verbiage, now. Today. As it would go. As you would consider. I guess. I don't know. Not really. UFP? Is that what I'm in the

middle of setting up? I think that's how it would have to go. What you'd have to do. If you were going to be a good philosopher. You'd have to find other good philosophers. And join a conversation.

If you ~were a writer. What that would mean, for you. What you'd have to do – what you'd ~want to do. I guess we all have things we're interested in. But as a writer, you'd have to almost be obsessed with text. Text would have to be your dream. You would have to dream in text. If a writer is what you want to be. Or what you ~think you want.. Maybe it's just the easiest job you can imagine. Like philosophy was the easiest major. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As you would imagine. Text. It would have to become ~key – you'd have to have a special relationship. That's the thing. If it's ~dead to you, you're not a good writer. If text is just dead. What does that say about your imagination? The reinvention of yourself.. You need to reinvent yourself. Revolutionize.

In a sense. You have to do it in public. Well – this isn't exactly “public”... This is your private work. No one ever has to see it, even if they actually eventually do. What do you think about? As a writer? What is that like? Do you even know? How serious about your shit would you have to get? Are you serious about your shit? How could we tell? If something like that happened? If you ~became serious. Whatever that means. As you might consider. I think you could decide to get serious. That would have to be a conscious decision. You can't just roll into it, relax into it. You'd have to make it happen. That's what I think, today. Other days, could be thinking other things..

I don't really trust Facebook. I've noticed some mysterious deletions of my posts. I think I may be being targeted. Unless they are so big they're buggy. That could be the case. What you do – what you'd consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Writing should be like ~dreaming, for you, as a writer. You should get ~that good at it. You should want to get that good at it. Like dreaming. Dream Telos. Different Talking. Maybe to ~write differently, you have to think differently. What were you trying to think about? The poets write their verse, and “the ladies write their eyes.” At least that's how I heard the lyric. What you were writing, just in your imagination? A “safety issue”? Because? Things people actually said? Looking to one “side” or another? This is what you consider. I like to do it sitting down. Would you want anyone else to have to deal with him? “No.” Decisions you could have made. Like.

Certain doctors might want to get a look at this. Psychiatrists. Follow me. Where you'd be following me. How close they've looked into my “I's”...

Eyes. What that would mean. Certain points. As you were to. If you were to. Just as you were going to. I guess. I'd have to write. I'd have to figure. Consider. If you were to. As you were to. Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh mentality might get you into trouble.. What you were thinking about. How that would go. If women had looked into you. They have – they do. I ignore them. I'm not sure why. I don't know exactly why. That's how I'd figure it. How I'd consider it. If I were to. As I were to. "Not Starbucks.." Smiling at her. Sorry, can't help you. This is what happens. What we'd figure / consider. I guess. I don't know. How you would. If you would.

What you have going on. SI. Fairly hopeless. Not fearing a good outcome. Not being able to imagine a good outcome. I guess. I suppose. This is what I'd do, what I'd consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Go through your tic's. If that's what you have going on. Not much else happening. At least not in your life. Gotta keep David happy. We don't know what would happen if he wasn't happy. I guess. Violent reactions. Do you experience any violent movements? What we consider. How we suppose. If you were to. As you were to. I guess. I don't know. I thought he was drilling into the wrong tooth. I don't know why I'd be afraid of that. You'd think after Sarge Aitkens, I'd be able to handle some tooth drilling. Maybe not. Maybe I've been sensitized. Conditioned to be this way. What is your programming telling you to do in this situation?

"Maybe you should go to bed." "Maybe." Aren't I welcome to snooze on the couch in the evening? This is what happens. How you'd figure / consider. If you were going to write things like that. I don't think it matters, anymore. You have no option. You have reached the land of no choice. The realm of no-choice. You're finally there. Nothing left to accomplish / experience. The pearl god? If that was your theory? Then would you have anything to worry about? If the god had intervened in your life? Then what would the problem be? Is there a problem? Didn't think it would work out like this. Didn't think this is what would happen. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As you'd figure / consider. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. We have a way of breaking the copy protection on that. This is what I consider / figure. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Things. You could consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose.

Going to become a computer scientist? Going to become a pro musician? A professor of literature? A fiction writer? An academic? A tutor? An IT expert? All wrong choices, somehow. Once you realize this. Different things. Questions you might have asked. Details you're sensitive about. This is how that would go. I guess. I don't know. Things I could have revealed that I

was going to talk about. “We don’t want you talking about that.” “That.” The uncomfortable topic. It seems. It seems like. Anyone here? Any topic? What you could discover. Philosophers ~create the truth – it is not there to be discovered. What you’ve written. What you wrote today. As strong as your illness is. Thinking of the garbage bag. Resolve. Time to go in. Had enough freedom. Not feeling very well.

Want to kill myself? Is that a real feeling? Or more of an intrusive thought? Hopeless, about my future.

There are some pressures, I’m working against / with. The NM. ANM stuff is kind of rare / exceptional. Your qualifications. What you consider. As though. In that. As such. Such as... The code word for God. God – think of that concept. Him / her / it. What did you say about God.? Called him the worst name in the book? A ~personal god, a personal relationship with god, for everyone. Yes, the whole world gets your sites, but Pittsburgh has to deal with ~you. What we consider / suppose. I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. That’s hearsay. Just because you say they’re doing drugs there... Doesn’t mean. We can’t go on that. Things, Dinge. You could be considering. As such. Code word for Asa? Code word for Bethel? I guess. I don’t know. I would simply have to suppose. If I were to, as I were to. What do the tic’s “say”? Is there a message, to fragments? I guess. Perhaps. It’s what you want to think about. What you want to think. You could have. Going on. What kind of “time” you’re looking at, listening to. People might naturally want to know. Might naturally wonder. “People”..

What goes on. Mind-expanding experience. What you would consider as. If you would suppose. “Sometimes to get closer to people, you can go farther away.” What we’d have to consider. As we were to. As we were to imagine, what that would be like. I guess. I don’t know. You begin. Different things. You could be considering. As you chat on philosophy IRC. As you interact with other people. Claiming, or not, to be computers. What that would be like. Talking to real Germans. Not understanding half of what they say. So why bother. Until you can ~understand the language. I wouldn’t go back to a meetup. Just listen to the radio, if you want a clue on how little you can understand. Or read a book. If you’d like to know. As you’d like to know. What you could have said. As you could have said. Almost like. It would be almost exactly. God?

Suicidal. Do you feel better today? Yes. Not as suicidal. Still, a bit. I don’t know what that’s about. My project. The nature, the schizophrenic nature. Then you’d realize. You’d almost have to realize. If you were to.

What you would have to realize. Realizing how difficult it is, to talk about certain things, with certain people. Starting to gain an appreciation. What my parents must have gone through. That took soul. What you could write. A crushing blow to my ego. A wonderful learning experience. As you'd figure. As you'd suppose. Leave like a fugitive. What you'd figure. How you'd suppose. How much you actually don't know. Are you willing to practice? Willing to put yourself in learning situations? That's what I'd have to realize / suppose. If I were to. As I were to. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. As you'd consider.

What you do. As it happens. This is happening, to you, now, here. I guess you should be grateful. You ~get the chance. You get to write. You ~got the time to read, to learn, and even to write, to invent. Not everyone is given the time. The chance. Time is the most valuable thing you can give a mind. I guess. Society. The tip of the needle. What we could be on to. I guess. I guess. I'm not entirely sure. Trying to hear the beauty in music. To appreciate the recording / engineering. Enough with Doug. Freak, paranoid asshole. More sad and tragic than evil and stupid. Just a paranoid freak. I don't need to add to that. Not what I need. I guess. I just suppose. I get, I do. What I'm doing, what I'm supposing. This is me. Here I am. Good music. Some of the best music. I think. You would ascertain, you would surmise. Also let them take film and post to Youtube or Instagram.. I guess. I don't know. That's what I'd recommend. I guess she didn't want to entertain thoughts like that. Her choice, her feed. People have power over their own feeds. That's one place in life you can have power. Your Facebook feed. I guess.

What you consider. Considering. As you would suppose. Do you have to care? Do you have to do anything? Business-as-usual – if you're going to defend that, there's really no reason to live or to change or to hope for a world. If you're satisfied with how things are going. Who would be like that? The rich. If you're ultra-rich, though, I would think you'd still have compassion and intelligence. You'd, even in that situation, want the world to change, for the poor people. Most of the Earth pop, who are impoverished. What we try to do. What you think of doing. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Things. Things you could imagine. Suppose.

What you have going on. What could be the case. If you were a writer. Willing to stand up for the poor / the workers. On Facebook. Then I would imagine. I would simply imagine. If you were to. As you were to. Different things. Could I be wrong? Capital-ism, the obsession with capital. Social-ism, the preoccupation with the social. Is that what these words really mean? Could I be

wrong? Could I be barking up the wrong tree? Certain philosophers. None of whom I really follow. Not even Adorno. I have to go my own way. Travel my own path. Do I have a hope for a better world? If TINA, there is no alternative, why do anything? Why would there be any hope? I guess. I just suppose. I just consider.

As it would go. Back pain. Not bad, unless you expect it to hang around a lot in the future. I guess. Things I could consider / suppose. Different things. You might be expecting to have to deal with.

As it would happen. As you would consider. Different things. Things you could have going on. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it would happen. As you would happen. What you have, suppose / consider.

As it would happen. As you'd suppose. If you, as you. Things. Things you could be doing. In the world, in reality. What you have to consider. Why would anyone do anything? That is a basic question. Fundamental. Key element of ~humor. How it would go. How you would think. You ~would think of it. I think. If you wanted to be the first, only, most. That might be difficult. How exactly would that feel? To you? Or the people who care for you? Is this what happens? What you suppose? I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What I write. High-speed philosophy production? Are you supposed to be able to crank out philosophy? UFP, maybe. Depending how much you've thought about it. I think it's hard to even ~define consciousness. No reply. No comment. I guess I didn't want to see where that statement would lead. Why I'm not a good academic philosopher. Obviously. Your sense of humor. Would obviously preclude. If they were to know. About your humor. "Your hair is very short." What we consider. A certain brother. Kept in the dark. Why is it easier to look into dark points? Because you can see all the colors? This is what happens.

Resin

Inserting text into the flow. What you ~want to write. Not what other people would want you to. You have to get control over yourself, as a writer. Self-control of an almost divine intensity. Yes, solipsism. Insanity, delusion. Maybe couldn't have been avoided. Given. Your philosophical development. Schizophrenic philosophy. What you would consider. I guess. I don't know – not really. If you were able to be rational, reasonable. In your philosophy. I think you might have developed some writing intensity. Some writing power / skill. Now, which you can use however you want to, obviously. No job, schizophrenia. I'm normal though – not weird. What we'd discover. What we'd suppose. I went to the schiz conference, and got a flashback. From doing nothing wrong. They must just happen. You must have no choice in the matter. Even though it ~seems like you do. After one begins, after one's over. You start to after-game play. You start to use hindsight, and say you didn't really have to have a bad flashback. I don't know how realistic that is. Given, what you've done. Insane talk / thought might trigger you – destabilize you. You might have to be careful with what you think. Self talk could be triggering you. Insane self-talk. Which you thought you needed, to reprogram your brain. When really. Your brain is doing just fine, as is. No reprogramming necessary.

Writing. Maybe writing will be it. Will have the answer, that you seek. If reading is stressing. Getting a bit stressed-out, by the reading. I need to write. I need to accomplish something. Again. This, here, now. What I consider, what I figure. You'd have to. You'd almost have to. If you were to. If you were to consider something like this. Then. Then I think. Your thoughts might slow to a crawl. You might appear to be fixated on certain thoughts / points. You could be said to have considered one point, your whole childhood. “The doctors told us to leave you that way.” I didn't French kiss until I was seventeen. What I could consider. How fucked up I was. Seeing Alexa Main in the supply room, not being able to talk to her, even though I was “going out” with her. That's how mental I was. What is my sexuality like?

Crack was very relaxing. Smoking meds was like that. Relaxing. Stroke risk. My roommate at the group home taught me you could smoke your

medicine. It was not a good decision. I laugh about it, now. God only knows what it actually did to my lungs and brain. What you'd consider, what you'd suppose. I've been preparing all year. This is a wonderful opportunity to get a group of doctors focused on my problems, which are substantial. Dr. Stevens is my doctor, or rather he oversees the residents who act as my doctors for periods of one year. In my case, to be a psychiatrist means to be a bit of a literary critic. Since I've written four books about schizophrenia, philosophy, and addiction. Which are freely available on my website, the unspoken yes dot com. I should tell you about that. No detail is unrelated. It all ties together.

As you go. As you'd get it together. Things, I have going on. I could imagine. I could suppose. What you have happening. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What you had going on. Where you come from. Trying to write, here. Tripping and falling. Not careful, not looking down. Looking all around. What you're doing. The role you're playing. People far away, looking into your points. Your eyes. Points. Selves. What people might see. What certain people might see. If they were to look into your points. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What do I do, what do I think? How is it to be me? Exactly? What would ~that feel like? I guess I'm finding out. Eventually, you figure it out. I'm content. I'm having a good time. That is the constant, wanting intimacy. Apart from that, things are going good. What you do. What you consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. As it would go, as you'd happen. What we think, what we consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

What could be going on. What could be happening. As you were to. If you were to. Trying. Why not write? If you have nothing to write about? Was I rude on the phone? "I'll let you get back to that [online stuff with Verizon]"... I guess I'm not very nice, all the time. What you'd be thinking. What you'd be supposing. If you were to, as you were to. The real world. Different things. Almost exactly like. It's almost exactly like.

I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Writing? What could ~that be about? Why would you want to do that? I don't know. Boredom. Nothing else to do. Reached the "end of the line"... Reached completion of my project. They've said so much, that now only a word is necessary, to get one of their points across.

What you consider. If it would help. What you're depriving yourself of. It. He meant it. He meant "tit".. What we do. I used to blame my parents for my problems. I've forgiven them. I realize it's hard to talk about certain things. How's your relationship with your father? What we do, what we consider. I guess. If I were to. As I were to. Things. I could. Things I could be

doing. Not as into speaking German. More into my own, real, voice. What I can say in my Mother Tongue. Sometimes it doesn't work.

Lying down and closing my eyes helps. Why did you do LSD, if it makes you psychotic? I was desperate about my tongue condition. I would do anything. Nothing seemed to work. To dissolve the problem. D-solve, David solve. Solve the problem for David. I thought once you were fixed, nothing would ever bother you again? I guess it didn't turn out like that. It seems. As it seems. What the wiser voices say. No one has the expertise. "You're dumb if you think we can get this to stop." Changing the time / display / settings. It's just a digital display. Pressure like this. For. Exactly. Rolling my eyes. Why would he roll his eyes? Then? I don't know. Could it have to do with a certain problem, I could have been avoiding mentioning?

It's not exactly ~relaxing. It's a responsiveness, with my eyes and mind. I'm responding to pressure. You're dumb if you think we can get pressure like this to just stop. I guess. I guess I've had some magical hopes. Some magical belief. Lying on a big mattress. The best writers are the best liars. Parents, lying? Lucas and Noel, lying to them? About how much they appreciated them? It.. What exactly.. You could be getting into. Looking at. Once you know you're at a certain point. Then I think. You should lie down. I guess sometimes you're looking for proof. Sometimes you just don't want to go to bed. Writing. What pressure like this. On my mouth, my eyes. Pressured to reveal. You don't have to answer this, but... Is there anything you could tell them? That would help them, in their careers as physicians? Obviously, with a problem as profound as psychosis, just talking to me isn't going to help. I needed medicine. But the talking has helped a lot. Getting insightful, compassionate responses to my situation has been extremely helpful.

I realize that certain things can be hard to talk about. "The addict you saw the other day committed suicide." What I imagine them. As I imagine them. What you could consider. If you had no hope. For life, I have hope. Not near the garbage bag, now. Not just yet. Not quite. Maybe later. Although, I will say the condition can get kind of tiring. As I would figure. As I would consider. What I would hope to listen to. Be able to listen to. Mars Volta, Mahler. Different things. Almost. It's almost exactly like. You could have. If you could have. Headache. From looking too long at one point. Like LSD. What you'd figure / suppose. Different things. Going on. Like. Such as. You could. If you were to. As you were to. Different things. What you could consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Put journal in published works of fiction? Ultra-fictional philosophy? I guess that's what I've done.

What I have going on. What I'm doing. Different things. You could be. Otherwise, when you typed facebook dot com, they would take you wherever they wanted to take you. There has to be organization in the network, and in society. We want to build a better society. We need transparent communication. They will give food stamps to starving people, in a real democracy. It's just how things are done. We want to build better mousetraps – but what if ~society is the ultimate mousetrap? If engineers would turn their powers on society and the world? We almost have that in the United States. But the modes of communication are owned by monopoly special interests. What we consider.

As it would happen. Even if you have nothing to write, you're still a writer. It's still something you do, you want to do. Even if you've exhausted the possibilities for expression. I feel perfectly normal right now. I might not feel so normal later this afternoon. I've dropped out of all activities. Only crucial things, like appointments and this. What you'd consider. I'm getting anxious about a possible move. It seems like we cut it pretty close last time. Within a few days of having to leave. Is there any possibility of me moving this year? I'm anxious. What happens if he doesn't cooperate again? What could happen? In the team meeting, didn't we decide I should move? Isn't that the point of the team meeting? Do you go on your notes, on what happened?

This is what happens. What we figure / consider. I guess. I could be doing almost anything. Allowed to do almost anything. Within your budget. You don't want to fly. With this condition? Might not be very comfortable. Flashback on a plane, in the airport. Not wise. If you. As you'd. I guess. I don't know. Repetitions / loops. I think you were ~into looping.. The repetitious nature. Natural hungers. Unnatural hungers. You've developed. Have you developed random chaos? Is that what you're turning them onto? The chaos of schizophrenia? Or is it not really ~random. There is an order to it, a rationality. As to why you'd open or shut your eyes. As to what your eyes could be up to. Rolling. Is this how you "roll"..? Take your chances? You're just dumb if you think we can stop this. I guess I'm out for an interesting ride. Things. You could consider. As if. If you were to. As you were to. As it would happen. Things. He might not come. That's a real possibility. You may be waiting around for nothing. You know Todd. His methods. What he would do, what he would consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Considering.

This is how it goes – what would happen. Exactly if. If you were to. As you were to. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Things in your mind. If you were able to talk / speak. What would you talk about? I've been continuously

sober for seventeen months. This is how it goes. Addiction is a tragedy. From the first time I got high, I was hooked. I loved marijuana – it was like a dream. I was never too into alcohol, but I got alcohol poisoning three times. LSD poisoning once. If you think about what you're going to say. Instead of just going in there with nothing prepared. Took a PRN, hope for the best. This is how it goes. How you'd figure / consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose.

What you would consider. I guess. I don't know. The types of tic's you have going through your head. The things that torment your imagination when you're waking up in the morning. Different things. I guess. I don't really know, I just suppose. I could be doing anything. As it would go. As you'd consider. Different things. Almost exactly like. You've said this before. Be "for", be in favor of it. What you're "for", what purpose you have / choose. You choose your own destiny. This is what I consider. What I figure. I suppose. I don't actually know. Just. Just what's happening. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What I could have going on.

Conversations with myself on IRC. I think other people are there. Or will be there eventually. I'm kind of self-motivated in terms of philosophy. I don't need much encouragement to write. I have a style I am going for. A style of thought / work. As you, if you. What could be happening. You get to the point where you're writing. You're doing it again, just to do it. You're not trying to produce a text / work. You're simply writing to live. Mental text. The text of the mind. What you have going on. Could get more websites. They could compete with your current sites. Maybe just keep the current sites. If you're going to establish a web presence. You don't need a lot of different sites. What you'd think. A replica of my site thisfeel.com. What you'd think. If you were to. As you were to.

What it could come to. Better hold on to COA. It could mean some income for you. Yes, you could give it away. Which might help you, non-financially. How much "help" do you need? What you consider. What you suppose. You have clear text, if you need a private book. You could give them COA. Maybe. We'll have to see about that. If you actually think anyone will want to publish you.

As it would go. It's like music. Your writing / site. It's like having a musical structure out there. What you figure. Give it to them. Let them see. Let everyone come and see. Why should only certain people know the truth? It's fiction. I have to reinforce that to you. It's fictional philosophy. This stuff did not really happen, as such. Maybe it's stuff I ~wanted to have happen. Poop your pants? Why would you want that? Just for the intensity. The special intensity of this sort of life. To your life. If you were going to. As you were going

to. Different things, you could have going on. Like giving them COA. Just giving it away, outright. Maybe necessary. For your fame. Eventual fame. If that's your plan / hope. You need to get famous, before they'll publish anything. You need to do it on your own.

As you were going to. Mixed feelings, about giving another book away. Like a musical structure. The world freely gives to me, why shouldn't I give to the world? How many people. What you could be considering. As you were to suppose. Things, I could remember, from falling asleep last night. Or not remember, as the case may be. What was I thinking about? Something about literature, no doubt. Trying to get famous, so I can publish a book. That is my plan. Get famous on my own, so they'll want to publish me. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you could do, consider. As it were, as it would. Tic's. Published works of tic's. Not common. In there, and so forth. As you'd consider. As you'd suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd do, what you'd figure. I guess. I don't know.

As it would happen. As you go in for. What you'd suppose. These people, professors – hanging on to their jobs into old age. To crack into that racket might not have been easy. What you'd suppose. If you were able to write X. If they were to be interested in what you wrote. Despite the bad grades, dropped classes, lack of recommendations. What that would be like. It might be easier to publish a book. Easier in terms of you don't need as much of an in with an inside crowd of academics. Which wasn't going too well for you. I guess you have things to look into. Like what you're writing now. As if you write. As you write. You do it.

Actually.

As you'd consider. I guess. I don't know – not really. What you have going on. As you could. Famous? That's the goal / plan. World fame. If you're afraid of that.. If you don't allow that to happen... You have to allow it to happen. If you don't, you'll never be able to publish a book. That's your analysis. Continuing to analyze some of these points. Points for continued analysis. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you'd figure / consider. I guess. I guess I enjoy writing like this. Why else would I do it? Why else would I engage in looping, repetitious behavior? It must be somewhat enjoyable. Somewhat radical. I guess. I feel a bit sick. From being me. Me, who has done this. Written these books. Put them freely online. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd consider. How you'd figure. Things. A bit like. It's a bit like. If you were going to. No free I.T. work. I don't know how to install on a Mac. I'd be just as clueless as you. I would have to learn how to

do it. What we figure / consider. If you were to. You like to write. There's not much to write, at this point.

I guess. What I learned, from today's condition. Key, for certain people in your household. Meant to be shared in your household. You didn't understand the key point. You seem to have misunderstood. "The" key word can be any word. Any day can be a key day. They continually talk to me. Through points like this. For points like this. How could you be so certain? If you had looked as closely as possible, into.. Doing the best we can scientifically do. White noise. It wouldn't ~really be random. White noise. It would be the most highly crafted, finely crafted material ever. What you could be looking into. The tension. The attention. Depends what you "use it" for. Use, like a drug. Like ideas can be your drugs? Wrong. He was wrong, on many memorable points. All these characters seem to have been fairly wrong. Except yourself. You are the only one to trust. What you've written. It seems like, not "all the truth in one place", but "the only truth out there"... No one else seems to have gotten it. What we figure. My contribution to the household. What we consider. Suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

As you were to. If you were to. Warnings, about this type. Out. As close as you could imagine, looking into your eyes. What it's like. "It"... What type of condition do you have, actually? Exactly what "type"? What you could be considering / doing. I guess. I don't know. Trying to get famous. How that would work. Famous-for? I guess. I don't know. Unless I'm famous, I won't be able to publish books. That's what I've considered. What I've supposed. I guess. Trying to remember what I was thinking in last night's flashback. Bring it on. At least they're not boring. Interesting. Pressure. What pressure like that could be doing for you. You'll get use to it. You'll get to use drugs to it. I didn't like being on two different meds... It felt like my brain was slowed to half speed. What you'd consider / suppose. I guess. I don't really know. I just suppose. As you. If you. If you'd want to go this far. As far as you'd want to go. As far as you've actually gone. Things.

Always is a key word for your mother. Certain key words, for anyone in this type of household. A schizophrenic household? I don't think he understands the nature of a clinical session. If I was being recorded/watched, I don't think I could get the same benefit from it. I'd be self-conscious. The clinicians might be self-conscious. I don't think it would work very well. Recording changes the vibe. The vibe is good, exactly how it is. I know you're curious about what a clinical session is like. Maybe that's the privilege I have, and the clinicians have. We get to know. Life depends on it. Life and death. I should tell you, I'm

suicidal. I should tell you, I'm the only person describing these things. No one else seems to have them. What we consider. As we would suppose. Different things. Different. As it would go. As you would consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it would happen. As you would happen. Tormented by thoughts in the morning, waking up. Enough to get me out of bed, I guess. If you were totally chill, you'd just stay in bed all day. You need some motivation, to get up. What I figure. What I suppose.

What you do, have done. As it would go. In this “type of situation”... Type. What you've written.. What have you written? I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. As it would go, as it would happen. h/s/ns/id/coa. A fair amount of “work”.. That people could look into. If they were to. As they were to. As it was going to happen. If it was going to happen. What you'd consider / suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd consider, what you'd suppose. I guess. I don't know. As I were to. If I were to. Different things, that could be going through your head. One's head. One. As you'd consider. As you'd suppose. What the tic's in your brain have to say. As your brain was ticking. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Things I was thinking during last night's flashback. Trying to reproduce the thought pattern. Want. One. Won. Pressure, changing your mind. Altering your mind. What could be going on. In your mind. A bit stimulated. A bit aroused. They only have to say one little word. Because they've said so much already. Audible. What you have to talk about. What you have to consider. I guess. I don't know.

The potency, the power, I feel. Like I'm capable of anything. A bit bipolar? Not necessarily feeling high. Just very, very powerful. Verbally, sexually. Like I could attract the women of my dreams. Like I could finally connect. Maybe this is what it takes. Maybe you ~have to feel “good” to connect. And with a sense of humor. Women like men who can have a sense of humor about romance. Getting all serious is a turn-off. This is what I do, what I consider. Could be the lack of masturbation. Could be storing up my sexual energy. Seeing how unattractive most women are. Yet, not judging the books by their covers. Can you tell anything from a woman's form? What we do? How we appear? How our bodies appear? How we move through life / space? I guess. I don't know. Haven't been writing as much. Not as much.

Did nothing wrong today. No cognitive errors. And still – a flashback. Maybe it ~isn't about what's happening cognitively for me. Maybe these things just happen. I can attenuate / delay them a bit. By being careful as possible. They

can be delayed until evening. Sometimes. I guess this is how it goes. If you were going to be a post-LSD schizophrenic. How that sounds. Janov. Primal theory. Lucas Sullivan. What Lucas considered a “big” book. It was a big book – important. They don’t publish books this important anymore. I guess. Might be true. Might be possible. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. As you would think. You would figure.

As you could, as you would. After talking to Lucas. I guess. I don’t ~really know. I just suppose. What I could be writing. The creation of a new world. Schizophrenic creation. How a new world would have to be created. What you would think. Might think. I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. As it would happen, as you would happen. Things. Leading to. As it would. As you were. Back problems. Nothing you can do about that. Crazy. Fully insane. “In-sane”, in sanity. Lucky you escaped in this good of a condition. With that going on. Full insanity. With that going on. As it would, as you would. If you were to. Be fully insane. And escape unharmed. Only social consequences. Well, psychiatric consequences, also. I guess. Functionally disabled. Not able to do things. Not able to work. Even go to psych rehab groups. Too many triggers. I would go, but I ~did go. The flashbacks convinced me to ~stop going. Maybe I’m meant to hang out at the apartment. Not really meant to do a lot out in the world. Recluse? Is that the fate you’d design for yourself? What you consider. If you could go out. Then I think you should. If you’re doing better, why aren’t you returning to group? Not that much better. Just a little better. I would go, I did go. But the FB’s convince me to stop going. Pretty convincing. Convincing enough. If you were to. As you were to. Less focus, on your problems? Is that what you could be considering? Is that really what would be best? I’m not so sure. I think the focus is good. My problems need to be focused on. Is that your main problem? What is your main problem? The fame / income / revelations? How it will feel tomorrow? To have this site up? What that might feel like? Online is meaningless? It will never make a difference in the world?

The suicidality. I don’t know what to do. Keep on truckin’ through. “Press on.” What you consider. What you’d suppose. If you were to, as you were to. I guess – I don’t know. Not really. What I’d do. What you’d have to do. H/s/ns/id/coa. With the COA, the new addition. Makes me a bit anxious. It’s just reality. Ultra-fictional reality. It’s just the truth. Apparently I was interested in. What you could become famous for. If you could become famous. Shitting your pants in first grade. What people will actually pick out, from your text. What they will actually focus on. I guess. I don’t know. I just

suppose. What I had to do. To become famous. What I almost ~had to consider. To suppose. I guess.

Code words for suicide. Trying to find an alternative to suicide. Coded nature. “Is that audible” is not the right question to ask of a voice. Sensitivity. “What is the message?”, is the more correct question. Because they ~are noticeable. They come from the outside, even if they are not literally “audible”.. They are of the texture of consciousness. You got it. It worked. It works. A permanent solution? Continual? Response? Continual problem for you? Scandal? Tomorrow? In a very real tomorrow. What could happen. What you imagine happening. In some very real, very strange tomorrow. I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. What. I could have going on. Codes. What this could be referring to. Coded structure, White Noise. If you’d look into that. Strange points.

We’re enabling you. “All they would have to do is ask me at the hospital, and I’d have to say what treatment I’ve been giving you.” “They don’t have the expertise. Maybe no one has the expertise.” That’s what it looks like, right before a FB is going to happen. That’s exactly what it looks like. I guess. I don’t know. Certain solutions. Permanent solutions? That seems like a temporary solution. To these points you’ve won. For certain voices. Imaginary? Making this up? Whose rules would you be breaking? What are we looking at here? Looking like here?

Solutions. Dissolve. D-solve. You wished the problem would just dissolve. It didn’t happen. Magic. You wished for magical solution. Didn’t happen. Now that you’re here. You’re “there” – where you always dreamed of being. You’re ~there. Maybe not “here”.. This problem seems like it could dissolve, for you. If you were to ask certain people for help. Like you should have in the first place. Where you want to “be”.. You’re placed. You were put here. Placed here. You’re good at following directions. Going where you’re told to. This is what would happen. This is how “that” would work. “That” – a code word. Code for breaking into the hospital? Insanity has opened certain doors? In certain walls? For you? To get to where you are today? Where are we today? What kind of condition? Exactly, are we talking about.

Maybe writing ~isn't a waste. All the writing. Maybe it helped me, in some way. Get through the days, hours, minutes, years. I guess. What else is there to do? Learn about computers? Maybe. Maybe that’s what I should be doing. I like “the big picture”... Being able to ~appreciate the network. What it does so well. I like the big picture. I don’t need to code. Not yet, at least. Not anymore,

at least. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As we do, as we consider. Go back to school for electrical engineering? Physics, computer science? I thought you already tried that stuff. I don't think it would necessarily work any better if you tried again. If you want to learn about computers, learn about computers. If you want to write, write. You have ~time. That's the key, the gift. The true gift of your life.

This is what we do. What we consider. I guess. SI. Makes me write. I figure, Why not write, if I want to kill myself? Maybe writing ~is useful. Do I "want" to be a writer? Do I want to "write"? Hard to say. I'm interested in computers. But I don't think I need to script. I'm just a user, who has a theoretical interest in how they work. If the brain is more complex than a computer, don't you think you should understand how a computer works? This is what happens. What we consider. I guess, I don't know – I just suppose. Reading about computers can be really addicting. It gives you a rush, a buzz. People have figured out some serious shit. People are pretty serious about their shit. Specialization. What have I done? Compared to the technical people? Not much. Some pervert journals. Some gibberish philosophy. Makes me kind of sad, really. To know how much time I wasted, writing. When I could have been learning about computers..

Names of god. Baeka, the perl god? Is that the best way to think about this? What will people think about? Is this what a group of strangers will interpret you as meaning? A group? I used to be able to function better. How did you work that job with Craig? I can remember it happening several times. I guess it's gotten worse, since then. You could stop the supplements, and see if it gets better. What we'd consider. Suppose. I guess. I don't really know. Dual-phase schizophrenia. Did you tell the doctors that? I think I told Ida that last time I saw her. I told the med students. I get easily sidetracked, on tangents. What you've been playing for the world. What have we been looking into? A standard dictionary definition of "into"... We just want the standard definition. How could certain people have missed this? Eye-opening energy like this? Almost missed it? Good at lying? Dissembling? The best writers are the best liars. They "wrote" you. To set this "right"... "Right"-ers. To make right. That's what a writer does. He or she makes something right. You'd want to get this right. After all that. How carefully they must have looked into this. What we should tell the parents, when they notice something like this. "We" – who is "we"? It would all be moot. If solipsism. Then the whole totality would be a moot totality. Which would be a good title. Conditions of Awakening. What world were you creating? Schizophrenia is for creating worlds. That's my analysis. Your

analysis. Continual attention. To certain points. Doing time? Looking at time? What kind of time are you looking at? They last a long time.

Composite Informational Apparatus

Adorno no doubt listened to these composers – why shouldn't we? Habermas called Nietzsche and Adorno the “black” philosophers. You can use your imagination on that one. What we consider. You won. What that would mean, with TMJ disorder. Maybe you ~don't need to talk all the time. Maybe in natural history, people weren't necessarily in positions where they could blab all day long. Maybe this restriction focuses you on saying better things. See positivity. Your thinking is very ambitious. What we consider. Wrong assholes. They were all wrong, ultimately. None of them wrote what I needed to write. All assholes. Like guitarists, with asshole tuning. Not that you even play guitar, anymore. But if you did, at least you'd be playing in Standard Alternate. That's one thing we can say. As you'd consider. COA. What that book is all about. If you were to wander about the apartment more often. Not just sit like a couch potato. What you have going on. If you ultimately were able to formulate this. Your books of ultra-fictional philosophy. What that would mean for you. For the world. The biggest literary event, ever? Nice fantasy. But, maybe true. There is ~already DeLillo, Pynchon, Benjamin, Adorno. You don't need to reproduce that stuff. It's already there. Good to realize. Good to realize what's been done. If you were going to go in for an advanced degree. The shit they'd make you read, the shit they'd make you write. Good that you seemed to avoid that fate. This current fate is the ultimate. Able to write h/s/ns/id/coa. Not many positions would have allowed you to write this stuff. So in that sense, you won. In the sense of being a writer. What a writer like you would want. To publish free-form sophistry. If that's your deal. What you secretly want to accomplish. Why are you pretending that your eyes aren't rolling, as highly as possible? Why would you pretend, at “certain” times? It's embarrassing. To be seen rolling. Maybe the eyes like to move around. When you're out, rolling, maybe you should give in to a full eye-roll occasionally. To get it out of your system. You have perceptual errors, and errors of analysis, and your actual cognition is dysformed. If your cognition was okay, you wouldn't really mind the perceptual problems, the “messages”. But when your cognition alters, the messages can be disturbing. They have direct access.

You seemed to have gotten a lot out of your interactions with your treatment teams. Yes, I have. Did he say that before or after I talked about the code, and breaking the code? Doesn't matter. They can tell by looking at you. Scanning, in a sense. What they would be scanning for. I feel perfectly normal right now. Later this afternoon, it might not feel so normal. What you'd think. As you'd suppose. As you'd consider. How many hits.

What you would do. If you, as you. As you were to. If you were to. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Different things. As closely as they might be looking, tomorrow. What does "tomorrow" code for? What is your schizophrenic code? Can it be broken? Does it keep changing? No matter how well I rationalize or analyze, a FB hits me pretty hard. It doesn't seem to matter what realizations I had last time. The past realizations, no matter how complex, don't help. It could be a health process. Not boring, at least. A disease process might not be boring, either. What you consider. FB's. How that would go. Exactly how that would go. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you have to do, to consider. I guess. I don't know. I don't really know. Free-form sophistry. Ultra-fictional philosophy. What you'd think. A clean website design. As few extraneous words as possible. What is my comment on the book? Does my comment matter? If I'll get famous-for? Famous for what? Writing these five books? And no others? Seems like you've "done it".

As you begin to. What could you have done differently? To avoid today's FB? I don't think you ~could have done anything differently. That's the thing. No matter how careful you are. Everyone, all the time. Going out triggers me. The scanning. If they were scanning for you. What would they do when they found you? Are they really scanning for "you"? Who? Everyone, all the time? Then what is your response, to that? Just be yourself. That's all you can really do. As long as your back doesn't hurt, things are good. Don't stretch and stress your back. Don't hyperextend. Just make normal, safe movements. What you consider. As you'd suppose. The stress an Olympic athlete would be under. To not get injured. Of course. You're not meant for the Olympics. That is for special individuals. You weren't even very athletic. Rifle? Not even very good at that. Now you can barely be a couch potato without problems. You're struggling to be a couch potato. Goes to show you. Apparently. As long as. Insofar as. If you were to. As you were to. Readers, able to read your works. That's what you've done. To the world. Given the world your works. In a gamble. As a gamble. A risky move. To see if you could really get famous.

As you would consider. If you would consider. I want to kill myself. The flashbacks are getting too stressful. I'm in little danger. I'm not going to attempt

– but the desire is there. Something to deal with, troubling. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. As they would go. As it would go. Why are you alive? Why do you continue to live? Is anything happening for you? On the outside? Any reason to stay out of the hospital? You've had reasons, in the past. Housing stuff to deal with. You like your electronics and network access. I don't know. I don't know if you really need that. Time to go in? Time to call Resolve? Maybe during a flashback. Give them something to notice. Although, now when you're lucid might ultimately be a better time to try it. What you consider. As you consider, as you suppose. You wouldn't get to listen to your music in the hospital. There are a lot of ways your life would change. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Things. If you would consider. If you would figure. I guess, I don't know. One flew over the Cuckoo's nest. That's what one did, in the past. One didn't ~want to be in the hospital. Why does going out trigger me? Too 3-D? But it's 3-D in the apartment. Too many scans? I guess you're safe from scanning, at home. Or just your parents' scans, which you grew up with. What you could be on to. As you could consider. Ultra-competitive. Seeing if you can do it, be a writer. If you are positioned, mentally. If you have the objective spirit. If your matrix was sophisticated enough. Then. It would seem. That you'd be able to write some things. Which you have. Their importance? We'll have to see. See what happens. With that. In the grand scheme. If they were going to look closely, tomorrow. "Tomorrow". What that is code for. Seems like things are coded. The code keeps changing, to a flashback. Even if I figure it out one day, the next day will hit me hard. I can't break the code. Like in a schizophrenic household. Constantly changing codes, for what's appropriate. Is that what you blame? Your condition on, your ultimate condition? Should they have known I was psychotic? I'm a pretty good pretender. Or I used to be. Not so much, anymore. Not as much. Can't pretend my way through a flashback. Can, but it's uncomfortable. It's too much to deal with. At least this is what I'm saying. How I claim it happens. The messages. Scans. Why should people scanning cause the condition? You submitted to scans your whole life. But when they catch you, in a condition. It feels like their scans have found their ultimate goal. People should always be on the lookout for someone tripping.. What is there, to life, if you can't spot someone who's tripping? But of course no one knows about anyone else's trip. It's private / subjective. You ~can't tell. In a condition, for some reason, you think people can tell. By the way you're rolling. Dual-phase schizophrenia. Or simply treatment-refractory schizophrenia. Mental illness. Aren't they interesting? Don't you ~want to be tripping? Maybe

not. Maybe, ultimately, no. You knew that, doing LSD. It's not worth it. The color and intensity, the tripping, is not better than boredom and normal life. But you have to learn that, somehow. Until you learn that, you'll keep tripping. Until a sufficiently negative event. I needed a very negative one. To learn from. To learn by. I wasn't going to take reasonable intensity of negativity. I needed full, all you can bear. Hopefully I don't think like that anymore. Hopefully I'm wiser. I've wised up. That's what anyone would hope. Anyone looking at your life. Who would hope the tragedy could be mitigated somewhat. If one had that hope. As one had that hope. What have you been writing? Ultra-fictional philosophy.

It's better to be ~unattracted to women. Detachment. Independence. This is what I'm thinking. It's more enjoyable to see women, and know they have no power over you. That is what I'm thinking. Have I ~ever seen attractive women? I thought so – at the time. But really, what is all this for? The “point”? Just to sit around, read books you don't even like very much? Listen to music that fucks with you? Is this what life is about? What you could have been said to have been building up to, all that time? What were we feeding into? Abstract. What would an “abstract” of your work be? The more abstract the art, the more immortal? Looking at immortality? Explosion? Looking at a nuclear explosion? Want to fall again? Tired of flying? Want to give all the works for free? If people are willing to download – why not give? What do you have to lose? I guess, I don't know – I just suppose. My chance. To gain popularity and fame. If I'm flying, will I be able to become popular? Without giving any of the books?

But free-form sophistry? Not as prevalent. That's what I considered. What I supposed. And to give the books for free online. That was a key element of my strategy. To see if I could organically do it, explode. On my own. Just in terms of links in, people linking and sharing. Mind text, the text of the mind. A clean interface. If you're afraid of clicking on links, my website won't be much fun. Should I include a reassuring statement “I am not out to hack your system. These are all safe links to click.” I don't think people would believe that. The paranoid ones. As you'd consider. If you'd consider. Still writing..! Even after all that. Still seem to find something to this. Even after all I've written. Still seem to have things to write. Still. Even so. Wondering what about the Cousins kids' writing careers. They grew up on Austin, same as me. They went to Mt. Lebanon, same as me. Are they writers? Fletch, Raya? I guess it's up to them. Not everyone would do what I've done. Translation: no one has done what I've done. Seemingly. The ultra-fictional philosophy.

You're forty years old. Benjamin barely reached such an age. So you should be ready and willing to create, to write. You have little excuse. To hold you back. Compared to writers in earlier ages. Who had to contend with pen and paper. Who had to rely on publishers. You are infinitely removed from such constrictions. So we'll see what happens. We'll see if you can take advantage of this freedom, this power. Reading the Benjamin does put me in the mood for thinking. Maybe he is one of the only ones. Who was that much of a ~writer. What you would consider, what you would figure. I guess. I don't know. Are you actually going to publish tic's? COA – you have, you've done it. You wanted to see if it were possible. Facebook can be a trigger. Lots of alcohol, on Facebook. People drinking in front of you. Is that site worth it? To keep in touch with your peeps. Who you mostly do not want to get close to. Or, I'd say about fifty percent. Maybe cut down on your friends, or at least who you follow. You don't need a super busy news feed. You can minimize. Finely crafted. Your free-form sophistry is some of the most finely crafted stuff. What you figure. As you'd consider. As you'd suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it would. If you would. They didn't like my handwriting, in school. Felt justified in giving me low grades. School. Just think of the concept. Glad you're gone from that. A mind-fucking regime. They fucked you good. Maybe you collided with school. You felt the impact. You bounced off on your own trajectory. That no one could have predicted. Not even the most perceptive professors. None of them knew. Is that true? Or did they see, but they could do nothing about it? I think you should study Adorno and Benjamin more. Just for what they are. For what they wrote about. That's what you admire – people actually writing about philosophy, writing philosophy. Those two are who you truly admire. So you should get deeper in. You should keep going. Don't give up, just yet. Whether you read them in German, or English. Probably get more out of an English reading. With your poor German skills. A long-term project, to read in German.

Sometimes you are not meant to read. This much is obvious. Maybe these are writing times. Adorno called Benjamin “authoritarian”, but perhaps this is just the force of his ideas. A true philosophy ~proves itself true, at every point, destroying competing alternate claims. That is the power of ideas. You cannot argue with that. Things you find yourself saying. White noise. You find yourself referring to certain experiences. The experience of DeLillo. What you could consider / suppose. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What we think, what we do. I guess. I don't know – not really.

The Scot-free Guy

What you do, what you consider. Things. You have written – you will write. This alone. Escaped so far unscathed. Relatively. The back is an example of what insanity can do to you. The dangers of psychosis. Abusing your back on the ramp. Skating in general. You had the chance for a good back, a good life. You decided to fuck it, to fuck with it. I guess. I just foresee. I just explain. What you have going on. As it were, as you were. People destined for the Academy find getting good grades natural and automatic. I was not that sort. This is what I figure. What I consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As you would. If you would. As it were. If you were. Things. You could keep going. You could keep writing. What do you have to write, what do you have to experience? “The night is the highest good.” You had been ignoring Benjamin. You had been focusing on Adorno. This is what happens. What you consider. I guess. If you were to. As you were to.

This is how it goes. What you'd figure. Starting to figure it out. What life is ultimately about. ~Life. Itself. As you'd figure. Philosophy of mind. What you could be thinking. Pitt. Times at Pitt? What “happened” there? This is what we do. What we figure. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Housing. Instability. Different things. As you'd figure, as you'd suppose. Waking up again. Another day of it. What you think. As you think. As that would happen. Your dream girl passes you by. As that would happen. In your imagination. In reality. Really, how would that happen? Do you like to consist, to wager? Do you like to suppose, inhabit? I guess. I could be going out and talking to women. I ~should be going out and talking to women. At this point. In this respect. You'd have to figure. You'd have to suppose that intimacy is the problem you're working on. If you can't even say Hi to a woman – what does that say about your ability to be intimate with her? If you can't even say Hi, I don't think she should pay much attention to you. This is what happens. What we figure / consider. “That's it.” That's your dream girl passing you by. As you'd imagine that.

What are you actually into experiencing? The bar for a drink? Reading for or against. What have you been “reading for”? Writing for? Go get a drink? Alter your mind with neuro-toxins? I guess. Neurons. We don't even know what a

neuron is. Or what an idea is. We have limited knowledge. You'll see how the Cousins operate. This is what happens. We were childhood friends. What you'd consider.

As far as becoming a writer. What would happen if they brought down your sites. How much your ego depends on your current popularity. If Baeka would do that. What god forbids. God forbid, your sites should fall. What would you do? What would you write? I guess I'd still have to write the same things. But I'd have no hope of publishing them. What you consider / suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. How it would go. How you would figure / configure. I guess. If I were to. As I were to. Who you care about. Who you care about succeeding. What you would consider / suppose. If you were to. I guess. I don't know. Not really. I do like to write. Rediscovering Benjamin. Why Adorno thought he was authoritarian. The truth of ideas, writing. The force of writing. Does Adorno have something different? What do all these authors have to contribute?

What you do, consider. Do you really want to be publishing books of tic's? "Want". I guess that's an ambiguous concept. You could want to be tripping, but then, during a flashback, not want. You never seem to know what you'll want tomorrow. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Things. If you were going to. As you were going to. It would seem. It might seem, at certain points. What we learned in school. Fish ARE stupid!! Different things. You could consider / suppose. As you would wonder. Why do things keep going to shit? Unless they were shit all along. Things have gone good so far. Haven't been homeless, yet. A good sign. What kind of a sign would you be looking for? A bright light, that only you can see? At key times? Alerting you to the presence of god? Is that really what you think is happening? I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it were to. As you were to. Different things. What do you like to do. "Come out and play." Suicide. When I think of suicide, the messages say to come out and play. This is what I like. Positive reinforcement. I guess. What I could be getting into. It seems paradoxical. Why would you want flashbacks? If they're not boring. Like the Nazi's. At least we can say they're not boring. I guess. I don't know – not really. Do you want to stop them? And the insights they yield? It seems like a pretty intense mental workout. Periodic. Regular. It seems like pressure that could be meant to destroy you. Not good pressure. To reveal? Your mouth, your eyes? What is this ah tension for? Attention? Drool response? Is this how closely many a writer would love to have their work examined? As a writer. What you are. What you could be said to be. We might as well say you're a writer. It seems to be what you're

doing. It seems to be the point of your life. Your dreams told you this. This is what your dreams said. Messages. Do the messages like writing? Do they like it when you write? I think so. Keep the messages happy. That is my main goal. If the messages are happy, things seem to go smoother. I guess. I'm not entirely sure. As it. As you. If you would, as it could. What conversations in elevators are for. What you'd have to consider. If you were to. Tic's. Do you really keep writing tic's? Is that your fate? I guess it's not the worst fate. It's what I always dreamed of – being able to ~write. On demand. Whenever I wanted to. Not having to wait for inspiration. Just being able to do it. Is that what you've done, that no one else seems to have done? Yet? Of course, after you show everyone, others will be able to do it. In there. And so forth.

What you suppose. A conversation like this. Carefully, slowly, pronouncing your words. Maybe high-speed reading ~will stress your jaw. It shouldn't, but it does. But maybe careful speaking, you can attain a decent level of endurance. This is what we consider. How we suppose. Analysis. What you might consider / figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it would happen. You could continue to contemplate school. Chemistry, mercury. You can consider what they could have been preparing you for. To be a writer? You'd have to know everything. A bit of everything. Physics, English, Computer Science, Philosophy. What you consider. Suppose. They gave me low grades. They could perceive that I wasn't meant for an academic career. Getting high grades is natural and automatic for someone meant for the Academy. What you've written. What ~actually you've written. If you were to. As you were to. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it would happen. As you would happen. Want to die? Want to escape, kill yourself? In ~this situation? With things potentially going well? About to potentially go well? You'd off yourself? Garbage bag time? Just now, just yet? This is what I'd consider. What I'd suppose. Decide to live.

Appreciate how clean your screen is. How much you like the sensation of writing. Keys, hands, screen. The physical act of writing. What you figure / consider. Wimped out. Did Yoga Nidra right at the beginning of a FB, before I heard any voices. Not very intense. You should wait until some intensity builds up. It makes everything more worthwhile. If you're afraid of anything bad happening, nothing good will happen, either. What you consider. Kill myself. I want to kill myself. How strong is the desire? I imagine a bag on my head. What that would be like, breathing my last breaths. Someone is trying to kill me. That's what I have to realize. Ok, so you kill yourself. Or you do in your imagination. Aren't you still alive, born again for another attempt? Suicide, you

take away the capability to be born again. If you don't kill yourself, you can always be born again. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. As it would, as you would. Things. Don't want to fly. Don't even want to travel. The beach will be cool. Just do Yoga Nidra if you get hit by a fb. No need to stress. No need at all. This is how it would go. How you would consider. Different people. Almost exactly like. It's. It's almost exactly like. Or, it's exactly like. I'd like to eat a high-fat diet, but I don't know how I'd get it. I'd have to cook.

Points. You might naturally assume. You'd want to write through / about. Scans. How "it" would seem. How crazy "it" would feel, if you're always being scanned this deeply. If you're always scanning this deeply into it. "It"... A problem of perception, analysis, and cognition. Seem to be perceptual anomalies. Messages. What do the messages tell you? It can be hard to interpret what they mean. What they must mean. Continually mean. You'll hear some of this tomorrow. It could seem. Continually seem? Is this how it will continue to seem? "Seem"... A key word. Key words, for any interpretation of you. What people might interpret some of these words to mean. Keys. What is the key? To any interpretation of you? If people were seeking to interpret? Is that what people have been doing? Seeking? Meaning seekers... What will they continually interpret you as having said? What you say, not how you say it? Somewhat funny? Kind of odd. Strange. If people were going to seek key terms. You won. The first, only, most. How it could seem. Like you'd want to relax? What you're responding to? What you "could be responding to", at any given moment. Seems. How this could seem. How crazy this could seem. Would they have to know? About certain key words. It doesn't matter. It doesn't really matter. I'm just curious for myself. If I were to look into this point. Again. On a continual basis.

As it would happen. As you would figure. I guess – I don't know. Anatole coming tomorrow. Me going to Fernwood today. Big times. Big events. This is what I figure. What I consider. I guess. If you're ~willing to use tic's. Then writing can take on a more dynamic aspect. If you're willing to make use of them. If not, get ready for some blocking. This is what happens. As we were to, if we were to. I guess. Writing seems so hard. And sometimes, useless. Why would you write? To help with the brain clarity. The brain likes its language. Why would you understand computers? To be a better writer. That's it. You're researching computer science. Not to become a computer scientist. But to become a better writer. Not everyone would know to do this. How to do this. What you consider. What you suppose. What's your specialty? How do you complain? Are you still complaining about

flashbacks? Not as much. There's not as much of a problem. With my PRN technique. And DT, don't forget. DT has provided more meaning for me, in some crucial moments. The seventeen dimensions. Good for reminding you of the dream, of the full sophistication. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. That's what happens. What we figure / consider. If you were going to go that far. As far as possible. In whatever direction. Humanly possible.

Instead of waiting for a flashback to begin, why not be proactive? Take the meds ~before they begin – maybe you can avoid them completely... This is what happens. What we suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. We're all here together. Double Trouble is a closed group, usually. Expectations for how bad of an addict you'd become..? No problem with alcohol, I got alcohol poisoning three times. LSD poisoning once. A negative enough experience. To cause me to stop. As it would happen. As you would happen. Happening to you. As it were, as it would. Complaining of a flashback, then complaining of boredom, when the flashback fades away. Are you ~ever happy? When considering how little attraction you have for the female phenomena. That makes you feel good. Knowing you don't need one of those. This is how it would go. How you would figure. I guess – I don't know. Maybe you don't like ~anyone. Women or men. Maybe you're asexual, or what amounts to the same thing, omni-sexual. The shower is the most erotic thing you can imagine doing. Taking a dump in public comes in second. This is your sexuality. What it has come to. How we have arrived. Where we were going, all that time. All the time, dreaming about girls/women... And what was the upshot? You should still keep writing? Even if you realize how hard it is? Does that mean no one should try to be a writer? Shouldn't ~anyone try? If it's the hardest possible thing? Then I would imagine, the rewards could be great. Would be great. For you, as you. If you were to, as you were to. Keep writing, through the pain and doubt. The Primal uncertainty. A condition. What condition you're in. If you were to. As you were to. Taking it at night is worthless. Why do you need anti-psychotic action in your sleep? Doesn't make sense. If taking it in the morning sedates you, you'll just go to bed at whatever time at night. Maybe I ~need to be sedated. Maybe that's how powerful my illness is.

A “void” description. Or, “avoid description”... Why would Lucas recommend you avoid description, as a young writer? Coming up? Is that what he said? What you think he said? What do you “think” he said? What did he say? Would be key terms, for any successful interpretation of you... Is that what people are trying to do? Would be? “Do”? Like it's a drug? It's like it's a drug.

In some sense. He wishes he didn't make Igginbottom's Wrench. This is what happens. She, in a sense, was giving you a chance to respond to her. You should have realized already you wanted to. It should not be a snap decision. It should be thought-out. What you do. Coded modes of cognitive control to be escaped? Rolls? Roles you play. Every time you "go out" and play. Did you "get out"? Why would this ~seem crazy? To you, or to certain people? What is the word "certain people" code for? You? Codes. Warnings. Lights, red lights, blue lights on a cop car. Green traffic lights. Green for "go"... A certain warning sign. Scanning yourself. What would this seem like? What is "seems" code for? Does everything have a code? The apparent meaning, and the hidden meaning. What you were pretending you hadn't looked into. Certain doctors. A different mode of cognition. Slow. You could get used to it. Cognitive. All the dots don't connect. What part of this picture don't you get? To you? Why doesn't "it connect"? People have difficulty connecting with you? Scanning for you? You don't like responding positively to scans? Is that what it means? What it would mean, to you, exactly here? Too much truth? A failure of the imagination? Racism? Who you're explaining this to? What sort of doctors would care about this? What it would "seem like". What you would have going on. For this place to work. Wandering around this place. Wondering around this place.

We've never given anyone the truth serum before. You might have to be careful, when you administer this drug. Why would you get addicted to this? If it's like a drug, I suppose it could be addicting. Would this get addictive? Just for fun. Fun and profit. You could tell people. Certain people, who might want to know. Exactly who. They've been following, down this long and windy road. Following. Leading. Who is asking who for help? Who would know this? Certain people. In certain situations. Do they have any clue? Yet... What you could be getting into. "Into"... If you're "into" people, you ~owe people. Who do we owe this occasion to? What you were trying to relax for. "For"... Readings "for", or "against"... Certain readings. People might not agree with some of the readings. Writings? Some of the things I've read. Written? Do you have to change the words, from however Lucas might have put it? So long ago? Not continually looking into. What you could be looking into. Continually. If, in your imagination. "We've never given anyone the truth serum before"... It's like a drug. How you could relax, as this was happening. "Happening to you" – groovy to you. In some sense. You must have considered. This to be groovy. Fulfilling a certain type of groove / rhythm. Rhythm can't be taught. Like you'd need to be taught, how to respond

to this. How people were going to respond. To the mere mention of a single word. Response. What you were asking them to respond to. Asking for response. Who is asking whom for a response? What are you responding to? These looks in your eyes. As they would look in your eyes. As closely as you can imagine. Have they seen you like this before? Several times. As closely as you can imagine. At certain points. Certain points. Points. What was the point? Or are there ~many points, to the essay? People seem to gravitate, around key words. Terms. Like they could have been looking into all along. The whole time.

What could “it” be like? For you? To imagine people looking this closely into, all the time, the products of your imagination..? Isn’t that how god would feel? God, or Lucas Sullivan? Who you thought was god? Voices you seemed to believe. In. Looking into. Looking to be into. For all time. Forever. What you could forever be seen to be getting into? Seem / seen. It seen. It’s seen. It’s a scene, like this. I imagine it like this. This is in my imagination. Certain messages. Certain “key” terms. For a place. Like this. Where you’d want to “get off”... Where you’d want to “go”... To off yourself? I can see the gears spinning in that direction. How closely it would seem. Scans. For what you could do. For how close this would seem. Attention. A “tension” like this. What you could seem. Seen. Scene, to be getting into.

Pre-recorded voices. Hypnotic suggestion. “Is it audible” is not the right question. Often, I’ll be thinking X, and a message will appear, not audible, but even closer to myself than X. Allowing perhaps insane voices to hypnotize you. The real language you need to learn should be your own. You can’t even speak your own language, to satisfaction. Why would you allow pre-recorded voices to guide you through rituals, dead? When you can access the messages directly? I guess I had to learn that lesson, today. What do the messages tell you? “Relax”... They’d like to get me into a “real Primal experience”, such as falling, again. Which has produced some memorable SI, some memorable problems, I think, in my life. The voices would love to get me to do that again. I’m not sure I want to let them. I’m happy out in normalcy, normal-land. Don’t need to fixate on one point for as long as possible, causing my brain to swirl around like a vortex. Maybe I needed to do that in the past. Tangling with the voices. They try to hypnotize you. You relax. You don’t exactly relax, when you’re responding to voices. They suggest a topic or theme for discussion, then I’ll consider that topic. Then they’ll suggest additional topics. It goes back and forth. There’s feedback.

As it were to. If you were to. Something always happening in a fb. Something always going down. In your imagination. Have you come closer? In my imagination, I've come closer. What to do. Trigger. DT. Seems to agitate the voices. I'm getting tired. I'm growing tired, of this attention. At a certain point. Enough is enough. Voices sick enough for me. New parents. What you could consider. Why exactly you'd want to kill yourself. If you would. They say you'll kill yourself. Reword some of Lucas's points. Some of Lucas's points will need to be reworded. To fit your exact case. Not everything translates perfectly. Dimensional Transfer. Different Talking. You could have DT's all ready. You could practice utilizing a DT in a given situation. Dreams of bathrooms. Problematic natures of bathrooms. Real experiences with that. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. As it. If it. As it would go, if it would go. Things, you determine, things, you persist. I guess. I don't know. Pain. Primal scenes. Every scene could have been a Primal scene. A-Janovian Primals. Baird Primals. Don't want to let the voices hypnotize me. Not one more time. I'd rather respond to them and resist them. They're good for a conversation. Not a monologue. How it goes. How you'd figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. How it would go. How you would consider. Suppose. Things. If you. As you.

What you do / suppose. I guess. If, in the end. You would. Start breaking up sentences into fragments. As. If. Different things, you could be considering. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What we have going on. Sticking your tongue out. Wiggling your tongue around. That's how it would go. If you. As you. Rolling your eyes. Rolling the dice? Taking chances with your selves? Is that what you were doing? Not properly medicated. This whole time. It was a medication issue. Perhaps only to be discovered outpatient, where you had the freedom to experiment with dose timing. Inpatient, they wouldn't have let you do that. This is what happens. How you suppose. I guess. I don't know, not really. Isaak is an IT guru. The job he succeeds at melted down my brain. Mine is a more theoretical interest in computers. I'm glad I ~had the job. I learned a lot. About business and systems. But it was good for a limited time only. I wouldn't want to be stuck in such a job. What you figure. How you suppose. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. As you would. If you would. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

As it would happen. To you. Imagine being told to “relax”, with all of this happening. “Happening”? Groovy? Is this like what you're thinking? In your imagination? How do you expect to get anywhere in life? What have you been

considering? This is them knowing. This is what that would look like. An email could end it. Could be your solution. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What voices you may have been listening to. Messages? I guess that's what you've learned to call them. You need to learn your own language. You don't need to learn German by hypnosis when you are having a flashback. That's not the time to learn German. That's the time to listen to messages. What you figure, what you consider. I've learned that I don't necessarily want to listen to pre-recorded material in Yoga Nidra. I get enough stimulation from the messages. It took me a bit to figure that one out. Took a minute. So to speak. I'm glad I ~did figure it out. Better late than never. What you have going on. How you could consider. Facebook. The things you could be listening to. Turning on to. What you consider. Nuclear family. Nuclear explosions. Sounds like a promise. A promise made to you? To help you build a car? A key promise, for you? That wasn't fulfilled? NA: "We have no promises to make." Seems realistic. Seems like it makes more sense, not to make promises to addicts. The program. A lot of BS. Ritual repetitions. Double Trouble. Not really necessary. Can live without it. I would go if there were no risk of a fb. But as such. In this situation. When I'm having them all the time. It's too risky to go. The FB's are too uncomfortable to walk home in. At home in bed, I can deal with them just fine. Been thinking of calling Resolve. It's like a drug. It's getting addicting. "We've never given anyone the truth serum before." Were you given a truth serum? Is that why you wrote those books? Is that what it feels like? A drug that makes you tell the truth? Different modalities – public and private. Different things you'd do in private. Singing, mouth opening exercises. Only in private.

What it's doing. As you would. As you were. "Do you have a problem, sailor?" What we consider. What we figure. I guess. I've written a lot. If the sites fell, I'd actually have to try to write something other people would like, read, or publish. It would be a whole new experience for me. Now, I can go on myself. My own vision / desires. I have to write for no one. To please no one but myself. That's what I think. What I suppose / consider. I hope the sites don't fall. That's all I can say. Such as. "Such as"-tripping. Why exactly, you'd want to kill yourself. Trying to find an alternative to suicide. I don't know about falling, a "real Primal scene"... It seemed to make me suicidal, last time I tried. It might be different if I tried during a flashback. I thought it was Primal therapy. The voices put me through falling primals. If I were to let the voices hypnotize me, again. I'm not certain I liked the outcome of the original falling primals. Not entirely sure. What you do. What you'd figure. How you'd

suppose. Could call Mom. Ask her a key question or two. What she would think. Knowing. Knowing that. As you would understand.

It was a real need. Philosophical / psychological need in you. What you figure. How you'd suppose. Letting music hypnotize you? Is that really what you want to do? At this point? You can't turn off the feed ~all the time. You need some feed. The feed can be good. Depending what you use it for. To stimulate yourself. To pass the time, to counter boredom. I guess. I don't really know – I just suppose. Wednesday's aren't good for me. I had flashbacks for the last five Double Trouble sessions. Not a good track record. Today, I don't think I'll risk it. I see the doctor and Ida. What you'd consider / suppose. If you were to. As you were to. Released a new book. What's it about? Conditions of Awakening. About waking up, to certain potentials. Certain eye-opening energy. If you were to. As you were to. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd think. As you'd think. Different things. Almost like. It would be almost exactly like.

As you'd figure, as you'd suppose. Learning to edit / filter. ~Don't need to "include it all"... Can be selective. That's what I think. What I suppose. When I'm tempted to write about off topics. Dead end topics. I should restrain myself. As you, if you. As it were, if it were. What you have going on. At this stage of the game. Seems like the group can see. Suddenly it will seem like other people could be turning on to this stuff. More than just myself. Or continuously? Would you say that's a discrete, or continuous realization? What we do. Warning. At least some of the time. Points. Could be warning signs. About looking very closely into the darkest of regions. So you can see all the colors.

I guess. Sixth day. Sixth day in. I thought I'd be safe. It's never happened six days in a row. Maybe there's a first time for everything.. I guess. I'm listening to White Noise, as I write. It's distracting. I suppose I should know the story fairly well. I've read the book probably five times. This is what happens. Seeing if another flashback begins. It's seeming to. It would be a late one, today. Trying to appreciate. What could be happening. If this is what's happening. "Groovy" to you. In some sense. It must be groovy. You must have been feeding into it. If I could stay home in bed, there wouldn't be a problem. I guess that's not ideal. What you'd figure. As you'd figure. As you'd suppose. Bright lights, big city? Bright lights, at least. I guess the city is big, in world-historical terms. A lot of stuff happening. Potentially happening. Looking at the people. What I could be considering. Looking very closely, into some of these points. "Points"... "This is the sixth day?" Yes.

What you're supposed to do. What you "should" do. Psychedelic tripping. The conditions expand my mind, lead to almost psychedelic-like sessions. Very vivid imaginary events, quasi-visual, quasi-tripping. What you'd consider. How you'd suppose. If I were to. As it were to. If in the end. Messages. The "end"? Is that what you're approaching? Is that what you have going on? As you would consider. What you'd figure. Different tic-like structures. Thought versus thinking. Why should it make a difference, whether there's an afterlife? It doesn't really matter now. What will be, will be. Jones's approach. What we consider, suppose. If it were going to reach the light of day. As you were to. If you were to. "I wasn't all that excited about the prospect of another five milligrams of Zyprexa." What we consider. How we figure.

What a woman like that will do or not do. (The statistics chick.) What kind of world you'd be moving in, being a woman like that. It's good to know they exist. They're out there. So are you. You're out there. Thinking you can be a writer. "Writer".. Maybe you can. Maybe you underwent some disciplines. Some mind-altering experiences. You have to be ~altered away from normal, to be a writer. Or not. Maybe healthy people could write even ~better. This is what you do. Drug abuse was your pattern. You can't change that now. As it would go. If it would go. Things. You might have been considering. Such as, what you would do, if you were able to connect with a beauty. You thought once you got over the initial resistance, you'd pretty much be good to go. Not so. At least in a fb. Maybe once you respond to treatment, maybe once you're normalized, you'll have some success with women. As it would happen. As you would consider / figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. How do you feel now? Normal. I feel good. Nothing unusual happening.

What you figure, what you compose. I guess I had been avoiding Agent Chlorophyl. A learning experience, to avoid something that rich in experience. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What you'd figure. Laying your cards on the table. But not "playing the game"... What you could discover. Hegel is his God. Adorno is way better. Negative Dialectics will easily beat out any other author's book of philosophy. I guess he doesn't believe me. That's his fault. He can't perceive the fact that I might know what the fuck I'm talking about. That is a fault on his part. Due to his schizophrenia? Or just his nature. I don't have to worry about it. I'm on my own. I'm willing to go naked into the sun. What you figure. How you suppose. I guess, I don't know. What I'm into. What I discover. If they were to discontinue blogger. Why would they do that? If. A big "if"... Dream memories. Life memories. Things you have access to.

They Call It “Action”

What you do. As you, if you. You like to write. You like to keep that ability humming. I guess. I don't know – not for sure. Maybe divide your work into fiction and philosophy. Go through it looking for two different things. You might have trouble if you're just looking for philosophy. With so much fictional material. I guess. What you'd want to write. The most insane stuff out there. Is that what you wanted to become? The first, only, most? I guess you did that, in a sense. In some sense, your writing is valuable to writers. Who get to see what journals look like. “This is what a writer's journal looks like.” Not many examples. Not many people. Do that. Yet. As of yet. With drug references. Illicit drugs.

Like to keep the writing ability. Don't want to let it die off. Not just yet. Still have some energy to put words to.

What you do. What you ~can do. If you wanted to. If you ~existed. Then. I think. If you were willing to stand behind your site. To share it with the men/women. Then, I think. I would suppose. Some things might happen for you. Ultimately. However hard you worked. However lucky your chances were. However much Grace God gave you. This is what I figure. Style is the profoundest way human beings go about trying to achieve something like a perfect life. Style. Literary style, mathematical style. What you'd be considering. Those who walk away from Omelas. Those who walk away. As you were able to. Psychedelic experience. What you wanted, ultimately. What you ultimately were going for. ~Natural tripping. No drugs necessary. I'm on meds, not drugs. These meds just make you normal. They don't give you a buzz, trip you out. What someone would have to consider. Paranoid schizophrenia. How soon they would give you treatment for that. Experimental research program. What you tell the doctors. What you tell your audience. Getting an idea of your audience. Writing stuff that's fun to read. As you would. This real. Talking about this, talking about Facebook. This is how

real my writing gets. How close to my experience. I'm not writing abstract shit. The more abstract the text, the more immortal. What I've said in the past.

Drugs, usage, alcohol, partying, bands, shows, music. Things I refer back to. About seventy-five regretful memories that I constantly cycle through. What people have been trying to learn. On a continual basis. Continual treatment for a chronic, time-based condition. What you'd figure. What you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I heard "owning your recovery" somewhere in the program. I've been trying to figure out what it means, to me. I am very fortunate to be clean and sober. I don't know how things would work, otherwise. I don't know. What seems to be happening. I guess. I suppose. In truth. Truth serum.

As you'd figure. As you'd compose. The back makes sense. I was insane. And skating. The two do not go well. It makes sense that my back is fucked up. That's how life works. If you think you can get away with being crazy. If you think you can get off scot-free. The "scot-free" guy. I don't think so. You have a price to pay. What you consider, about this fall's vacation at the beach. How you can be afraid of it, and then accept it, and realize how cool it will be. People who all might not be around forever. A chance to hang with people who might not all be around forever. What you consider.

As it would. If you. Exactly. Isn't that the beauty of life? You are ~exactly here / there. People get to see where you ~exactly are. You get to experience your life exactly. I think this is the beauty. Not always easy to appreciate, in a flashback. But. Maybe you're learning. Maybe the appreciation is growing. For "points like these".. Maybe you're learning to appreciate the total insanity. It makes sense that your back is fucked up. A message from the past. Psychosis doesn't work well. It is dangerous. Things will go wrong. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. As it would go, as it would happen. What you've seen, or not seen. Which girls, or nongirls. As it would go. As you would consider. I don't really know – not really. I just suppose. What I have going on. As I would consider. As I would figure. Things. About. As intense as. If you were going to go for the full intensity. At that point in the evening. The night is the highest good. What you have to consider. I guess. I would suppose.

What you'd consider. What you're afraid of. Time. Looking at time. Maybe ~don't want to be at Fernwood so much. So much time. Flashbacks of frightening intensity. What you'd figure. How you'd consider. I guess. I certainly do like my tic's. I guess they're what I've come to depend on. They allow me to write. I couldn't write so much without tic's. And I guess, and I figure. What you do.

The oppression. White Noise audio. Seems to assault the senses, the brain. No matter how good it is. I don't want it now. Maybe some other time. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Maybe I am a different kind of writer. Free-form sophist. It's what I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As you would consider. As you would figure. Things. I guess. I don't know. Advertising. Seems to work well, a bit. How many hits would I be getting if I didn't advertise? That is unknown. You could always pause your campaign. I don't think you want a pause. You want escalation, if anything. You are interested in fame. Worldwide fame, for what you've done. What you've written, filmed, and recorded. This is how it goes. How it would go. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you figure, what you consider.

What you do. You guess. Different things. Going on. If you were to, as you were to. I guess – I don't know. Could publish tic's.. Show them how I write. Could. Don't know if I will. I have. Already. Lies, mistakes, errors. What we learn from. A learning experience. Maybe if you weren't having flashbacks, the German speakers' meetup would go nicer. This is what you figure. How you suppose. I guess – I don't know. I would just suppose. If you would consider. If you would figure. What do you have going on? In this world? Is ~anything going on? Is anything happening? What we have to do. To consider. Different dreams, of the guitar store. Amps, guitars. What else am I going to dream about?

If I were to. I'm not so sure I have a "philosophical" voice. My voice might be more ~ultra-fictional philosophy. As to what I've developed. According to what I've been able to accomplish. I'm trying to be a writer. Let's not mention what I've actually written. If I were to write something decent and respectable. Which I haven't done too much of, yet. What you do, what you consider. I guess – I don't know. But I do like to write. If I'm going to write free-form stuff, maybe I should be allowed / encouraged. If no one else is doing a lot of it. If it's a niche of the market. Everyone shall find their own niche. That's what they always said / told of. You'd be able to find a niche. A specialty. Where what you do would matter, and people would care about what you're doing. You need to find the readers that care about this.

I guess I have to be in the right modality, to want to blog. Yesterday, yes. Today, not so much. I guess it also depends on what type of "condition" I'm in. That day. The day of. The day of a flashback condition. Might feel more stimulated. The day of no condition, might feel less stimulated. What we do. What we consider. Do I want to hear English? Even if it's DeLillo? Maybe not. Maybe I really want to be hearing German. That's what I figure. What I'd

suppose. If I were to. As I were to. If I were to consider. Do you speak German? Yes. This is how that would go. How you figure. How you consider. What could be happening. If you wanted, if you should. Thinking of VA Tech. Old memories, from long ago. If I wanted to be a cadet. ROTC. I don't think I would have done very well, there. They were perceptive, in saying "No" to me, in the Navy. Wouldn't have worked out very well. I had a different program to follow. LSD, writing, music, life. DeLillo, Pynchon, Janov. What I was getting into. Sullivan's teaching. As it would happen. Different things you could be considering. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. There are a lot of radicals at VA Tech. I guess they like the situation, the scenery. Very nice surroundings. Nice town. Not much happening. Enough. Campus life. Fifty percent of Americans want pot to be legal. Is this what I think about? Is this what I do? Consider my variables. How would that have gone, if pot had been legal? A lot less anxiety, using drugs. The other drugs still would probably not be legal. But pot was the main deal. If you could get legal pot, maybe you wouldn't ~need other drugs. If it were freely available. I don't know how you'd afford it. And with schiz, it doesn't mix well. You can feel psychedelic from being clean and sober. You're on a ~natural high. This is natural tripping. No drugs required. No substance abuse needed. If you figure, if you suppose.

What we have going on. SI changing for me. Starting to think, "Why would I want to kill myself? What's the attraction in that?" Maybe it was going off the psycho-active supplements. I hope that's it. Such a profound effect. I could have been driven crazy by the supplements. They could have been applying suicidal pressure. What I figure. Not to mention, the flashbacks. Which have been getting worse, over the past few months. If it was the supplements, the whole time, that will be amazing. Because we'd know my schiz isn't ~that crazy. I'm not ~that bad, insane. Just on some psycho-active supplements that destabilized me. I hope that's it. That would be amazing, if all I had to do was quit taking that stuff. Well, you live and you learn. What don't killya make-ya stronger. Maybe having withstood that pressure for all this time, my mind is actually ~stronger now. Capable of withstanding greater pressure. I would hope. I would imagine. I guess. Different things. Don't need to listen to music. Don't need to listen to my old recordings. That's one reason I give them away. They're not good enough to hoard, to selfishly hold onto. Why hold onto crap? If you've made a bunch of questionable music, give it away to the world. That's the only way people are going to learn. I thought, "If you're not a musician, what do you fill your life with?" Little did I know, that music may be a counter-life force. It might act ~against your true life. Writing? I think not. At least that is my

modality. Current modality. Writing is the truth. We've never given anyone the truth serum before. You have to be careful.

What do ~you do? Exactly. You write books and blog. That's what you're good for. You're not good for much else. What you've decided to do. Decided to become so and so type of writer. Decided to write questionable things. What we do, what we consider. I guess.

You get into special modalities. I guess. The pages of books. How much text in a page. Real books. Different things. You could consider. You haven't written a "real book" yet. A book that has been published in paper form, book form. We'll have to see about that. What you've done, what you've considered. I guess it could happen. As long as. If you were to. As it were to. Different things. Such as, COA. What you could get famous for. "Famous"... How famous are we talking? What are we talking about?

As it would go. Despair. Difficulty. Why are things so difficult? Pressure on your head / brain / mouth. I guess it's what you signed up for. By your childhood choices. And young adulthood choices. I guess. Primality. The Janovian Primality was educational. Helped me learn about repression, and consciousness. Expression, and therapy. What goes on in families. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Supposing you would consider. I guess. I don't know, not really. Doesn't have to be read. My stuff doesn't need an audience. I'm not writing for anyone else. Maybe that's why I get no response. No one needs to comment. It stands on its own, alone, silent.

As it would happen. If it would happen. Olanzapine, in the daytime. My dreams come true. This is how you'd figure / consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What would have to happen. For that to. For you to. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Things. You might consider. Having happened. If that were to happen. As you can write. If you could write. Then I think. Then I would suppose. How much time you were looking at... Looking at time? For what?

What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What would have to happen. For you to arise / ascend. Ascension song. What goes on. If you were going to ask. Nick Kapua? What kind of dream would have the Kapua's in it? Is that what we consider? What we suppose? Knowing I'm not going to have a flashback. What greater knowledge is there – even if I'm a bit sedated? This is what happens. What you'd figure. Some people abuse opiates for the sedative effect. Olanzapine can be my opiate. It can sedate me during the day. We'll see how the nighttime dreams go. As it were to. If you were to. Going on dream characterization. How you'd classify your dreams.

As I would go, as I would suppose. Different things, going on. Writing in the morning, reading in the morning. Waking up. Feeling love, from reading the FAZ. Strange feelings of love. Was this always what could be going on? For many people? Normal people? You were not normal. At least we can say that. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What you do, what you consider. I guess, I don't know. Disguised thought. Different talking. Discovery tales. What you have going on. Reminding you of DT. It's what you have to do.

As you would, as you do. Different. As it would, as you'd consider. I guess – I don't know. What I'd have to do. Have to consider. A sequence of verbal tic's. Isn't that what you always wanted? To be able to write automatically? To just pound out the tic's? I guess. I don't know. What you'd have to consider. Having written books x, y, z. Shot films a, b, c. Given away free music. What that all would do to you. For you. I guess you're pretty much run dry. Pretty much out of things to write.

What "it" could seem like. Say they read your books. Saw the key terms. Certain key terms. "Key"... Looked into. Looked to be into. Your own voice. Leading yourself through Yoga Nidra. I have voices / messages to lead me. I don't need a prerecorded leader. I can get self-led. Can't be any more crazy than listening to a recording. The messages can lead you through some pretty interesting conditions. It's your own voice. What voices could you be listening to tomorrow? No rules. You're not following anyone's rules, here. Nuclear explosion? Is that what it might seem like? They happen pretty fast – instantly. It would go off, then you'd have the fall-out. If you survived the explosion. The devastation and destruction. These still are happening. A lot easier to deal with, now, I think. I've been having them for a long time. They might take some time to go away. It might not be instant. Depending. Certain continuous help. You had been leaning on people for. Who is asking whom for help? You could be continually getting into these. It must seem continuous. Space and time. In prison. Im-prism'd. By any one given moment. By one point. You and Mom seem to have led a past life together. Certain people. Continually knowing. Structural, objective problem. You want subjectivity. Mind over matter. What you were told would eventually do it. Help you get surgery. You needed help. Very emphatic help, to talk to people. What you could have been looking at. This whole time. Explosions, might appear to people. To everyone. Who were you thinking of telling this to? How do you feel? How would that go?

What you'd do. What you'd consider writing. As you were to. If you were to. Different things. Déjà vu. Memories coming back to you. What could that

mean? This has all happened before? There were precursors of these events in the past? We were already alerted to the nature of the now, in some distant past? I guess. I'm not sure. I'm just doing what I can do. What I do do. I guess. Not really sure. Not totally. The network. How it works. All the pieces seem to fit together. Worked on by different people. Working together. The networks. The digital wireless and wired networks. Makes you wonder. Things are "set up".. Still, just yet. For now. Maybe not for all time. "For now." Should he have said that to me, when I said "I can't smoke drugs"? Should he have planted the seed of hope? Should I have allowed that seed to be planted? I guess I fed into the addiction. I didn't realize how bad I'd get. I guess I didn't know. I guess until you experience, or re-experience that, you're unsure. You're not sure. Are you sure now? Have you learned any lesson? About how suicidal substance abuse is, for you? Maybe not for everyone. But for you.

I guess I still like to write. Believe it, or not. Even. Even after. All of that. All that you've written. Amazing. No matter the ~quality – the sheer ~quantity boggles the mind..! (I can type fast.) What you'd suppose. What you'd consider. I'm not sure. Whatever is happening in your brain. As we would suppose. I was your student, many years ago. Can you take off your sunglasses? This is what would happen. What you might figure / consider. I guess. I don't know. What is today's message to the brain? "The" brain? What do you think about? Colors, shapes, sizes..? I guess a bit of that. Pixels. The rods and cones. Visual cortex. Imagination. The five sensory modalities and proprioception. What kind of god are you setting up, here? Depending how that would go. What you'd be rolling into. If you can keep it to alpha and beta material. The gamma is disturbing. Wouldn't you like to listen to some nice voices? Turns out – you might ~not want to listen. What you suppose. As you'd figure. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. No matter what you do, how careful you are, how regulated your thinking – you will have a flashback. You can attenuate the intensity, using cognitive techniques. But you can't avoid them. Well, nice try. It was nice of you to at least try to do that. If you can't actually do it. What type of "philosophy" are we talking about, here? How involved with the reality of things? Don't you consider / figure? Isn't that what you'd think about? Don't have anything ~original to write? Depending what you'd think of "originality"? Your brain, your language. Models in the brain / mind. The circle, the angle, the tangent, the radius. This is the sort of thing David talks about. If he were to. Make it to this point. In space-time. If that were possible. As it were. What you like to read / write. What you'd like to read / write about. I guess. Keeping Anatole's eyes closed? How is that possible? To

close your eyes, with this happening? Is that possible? How is that possible? “Isn’t it nice that the messages have something to say to me..! They’re friendly, they want the best for me..” Well, it turns out, their idea of the best might be totally fucking insane. Wasted energy. Fake sex. You can say “No” to energy like that. You don’t have to feed into the insanity, the neurosis. You can do positive things. Instead of the insanity. Wasted fake sex. I guess if you realize. Once you realize. What you’d be dreaming of. If you scan for this condition. You can get pretty sensitive to the onset. Very subtle different visual sensation. Different cognitive stuff.

What the blog is for.. It’s for ~you (now). Maybe later, for others. Readers. Interested in DCB’s philosophy/ writing. Maybe. You can only suppose. Exactly. Conditions of awakening. If you die, life will become a giant moot totality. If that’s your solution. You can’t even come up with a better solution. Suicide. Death. Doesn’t speak well, of god’s creation. If you were to do that. I guess it would become moot. Until then, though, it has meaning. It’s meaningful. What we consider / figure. As it goes, as you’d suppose. If you were to. As you were to. Getting tired? Morning, just woke up less than an hour ago. Already getting tired? The writing is hypnotic. It puts you in a trance. If you have any choice. How you were going to respond to the voices. It’s not exactly relaxing. You’re not relaxing. You’re responding to voices. How it would go. If you were to. As that would go. Waking up in the morning. In a “condition” of some sort. Not really feeling normal. Feeling like it’s “for you”, in your favor. Relax..! Thank you. What the messages say. What’s the message? They already know? This is “them knowing”..? Then what would the problem be? A problem of sharing / honesty. You ~want to talk about certain things, with certain people. That’s what you consider. What you suppose. If you were going to. As you were going to. Competing on an Olympic level. That’s what being a writer really is. Seeing how serious these athletes are. Your writing, in comparison. Who you’re competing with. The marketplace of ideas. What you’re offering. I guess. I’m not sure. I just suppose. I just consider. If you were to. As you were to. Things. I guess – I don’t know – I just suppose. What you would figure / consider. I guess. Ether’s bad grade for you. Still thinking about that grade? It had a permanent effect. Permanent impact. What you do, what you suppose. Pushed me into philosophy. Pushed me away from the English department. Fateful, for me as a philosopher.

You Think This Book is How Well You Think

What ~should I do? For pressures like this? I thought you were going to equate pressures like that with buzzes... I thought you learned to ~enjoy pressure like that. “That”? Really? I guess not everything makes sense. Not everything is straightforward. Things have some curve, some swerve. What you figure / consider.

As you would. Journal writing is so you don’t ~have to “perform” in blog. You can let down your guard. What if you developed a relaxed enough attitude, that you could do this in blog? I don’t think you could. There’s always pressure. You couldn’t really escape the pressure, no matter how good you got at relaxing. Different key terms. The code. Coded structure. Apparently you forgot the impact DeLillo had on you, when you were young. Knowing that people share your concerns, your sense and sensibility. Something that isn’t always obvious, to young people. They don’t yet realize, how much we have in common. You’re “different”.. “Now that you’ve realized you’re different than everybody else...” Is that what he could have said? “Certain things are hard to talk about.” What we consider / suppose. I don’t know, I just suppose. You could write. If you wanted to. The low-res laptop display is for reminding me of my poverty. It’s to motivate me to write better stuff. If I had a retina display, would I be motivated the same way? If I was assured of my position? “Anyone in your position.” What “position” are you in? How would that go? How would you suppose. I guess. I don’t know, I just suppose. What you’d have going on. “Relax. Thank you.” What “message” you could be taking from the messages. If you had to sum it up.

I have a new diagnosis. Temporal Lobe Epilepsy. Why it can seem crazy. I don’t know if I’ve ever emphasized the seizures in my eyes. Explosive. Eye-opening. I spun a whole mental fantasy from a quite physical symptom. My brain is fucked. Pressure. Getting “into” pressure like this. Tomorrow. Relax. Being continually told to relax, through something like this. I don’t have the fortitude to make it to the hospital. I don’t have the power. What I could have been thinking. Conditions. LSD flashback conditions. What I could have been doing. Frozen eyeballs exercises. What that might do to you. Could it stress you

that much? To cause epileptic seizures? You never know what Primal activity will do. Will or won't do. To your brain. As you considered. As you figured.

As it would happen. As it would go. What you consider, what you think about. Why it could seem so crazy. If. Such as tripping. What-if tripping. It-might tripping. All the different types of tripping. What you could consider. I called Resolve tonight. They said sounds like a medical problem. What I do, what I consider. Years to go. Years ago. What they could have known. Supposed. "The condition"... So long ago. All the suffering. Have I learned from it? Am I stronger, because of it? Or has it just worn me down? What would be the answer? If you were to ask. Your trip. Your tripping. How exactly do you do that? How-exactly tripping. I guess I used to be able to relax. My ability to relax has been compromised. What we do, what we consider. How you would do that. How you would consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What could be happening. Easier to treat than treatment-refractory psychosis. I've had a wonderful day. The ultimate epiphany. The ultimate realization. Took long enough. And they weren't even going to notice it. Except for my dad's help. Scary. Eerie. Well, he's well-placed to be the one able to help me.

As you'd figure, consider. I guess. Computers. My new favorite subject to think about. If the ~mind is a computer. Then wouldn't you want to understand computers? I would think. Philosophy of mind. What we figure / compose. I'm glad I failed at VA Tech. I wasn't ready yet. I was about to write something. A little hour-and-a-half interruption. What you would suppose. What you would consider. I guess, I don't know. How much? When? Where, why, how. This is how it goes. How you'd consider. I guess. Communication is the purpose of computers. Not calculation. They are tools. They are not for-themselves. They are in-themselves.

What you get hit with. Why "it" can seem so crazy, to you. Not ~completely crazy. But pretty crazy. Temporal lobe epilepsy. What I could have, could consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. It would render a lot of my speculations moot. If that's what had been happening, the whole time. Then I guess. Thanks to Dad. (The guy seems to care about you.) Who had looked closely into my condition. Exactly how are you tripping? If someone were to exactly look into that, and that someone were a doctor. Certain types of doctors. What you figure, what you consider. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. Would render moot, a lot of my thinking. Well – crazy is crazy. If you were ~feeling crazy, you probably ~were crazy. That's subjectivity, for

you. What you figure / consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd consider.

I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is unbearable. What if they don't want to treat me? SI. I can threaten suicide. And it wouldn't be a fake threat. I really can't deal with these things going on. Voices. What's happening. What is going on. I guess. I don't know – not really. I guess I have nothing to say. I've said enough. I've written enough. No need to write more. After what I've done? All the work I've done?

What you'd figure. How you'd consider, how you'd go. Certain points. To you. Seems obvious to you. Everything can't be just as it seems... As it seems to be. In this life. The Unspoken Yes. Tell the neurologist about it. If you want. If she's curious. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. "Is it like philosophy, or like fiction?" Fiction. How you'd consider. How you'd figure. Certain doctors. Who have you been looking into. "You're aware of your eyes rolling.?" Like you're scanning a list of available options. People scanning for certain high points. Seems to be, what people do.

Instruments are struggle objects. I'm glad I realized that. What about the laptop, text in general? It's a sort of a struggle. But it's a ~real, legitimate struggle. Not a fake, unreal, symbolic. This is how it would go. How you'd consider. If you were to. As you were to. I guess – I don't know, I just suppose. What you have to write. Why exactly you'd be writing. Why ~exactly are you doing anything? Code words for God? That's what I used to think. Why would anyone want to be in your head? Channeling spirits? Why would any spirit want to be in your head? That's the question you should ask. If you ~wouldn't want anyone else to have to go through this. Your life. Reading books when young. What would that do to you? "What", "do", "you" are all questionable terms. What you consider. If you wanted to be intimate with a woman. How that would go. How you'd consider. Suppose. Then, you'd figure. You'd consider. Want to come over? I made some pasta salad.. Things. You might have escaped from, eventually. You can be said to have escaped. At the current moment. What you would suppose. If you ~had escaped. At this point. In this fashion. Then. I would think. I would suppose. What you have going on. If you were to. As you were to.

As it were. As you'd figure. I guess. I don't know. What I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know. Not really. Not quite as certain, about things. Anymore. Anyway. In the ultimate analysis. If you were to. As you were to. Different things. As it would happen. As it could happen. A little

shaky? Yep. This is what I think about. How I consider / suppose. If I were to. If anyone were to.

What happens. What seems to happen. You don't have to perform blog. You can relax in journal. Things you discover, things you find out. Especially if Disguised Thought. If you don't want to totally disguise your thought. If you're thinking about certain issues.

Maybe coming up with a response to Cixous. I used to be into her. Now, I'm not so sure. I may be against her. Woman. I am a man, after all. How could I be for woman? Compassion, sympathy.. You could have a bit of that. For your fellow other genders. What we consider. Chaotic random word choices. Allowing any word possible to arise in your consciousness. Instead of forcing, correcting. You don't want to correct. You want to allow. This is what I think. It won't always be rational. It could be completely chaotic. This is your mind. What you allow in your mind. I just. It does. You get. Different things. Your tendons weren't up to a career as guitarist. Good to have figured out. Or, not good. Fate. Life. Different things. You could. As you. If you. Maybe you will ~never know German. But at least you have an enhanced appreciation of how hard a language is to learn. And maybe it makes you better at English. Trying to articulate in a foreign language reinforces or enhances your abilities in your Mother Tongue. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

What you have going on. The first writing of the day. Symbolic language. Untranslatable language. What would that mean? For a word to be untranslatable? Makes you examine focus your language more closely. What could actually be happening? As you think these things? "Think"..? Is that what you're doing? Makes you realize what exactly you're doing... I guess. If you've looked at your cognition, close enough. Closely enough. Then I would think. I would suppose. You could come to some complex realizations. What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. As it would go, as it would happen.

As it would go. Symbolic discoveries. Discovering why certain language would be untranslatable. What you do, what you consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What you have "going on"... A sign from god? Is that how you take some of these things? Object appearing in your apartment overnight? Is that what you'd take as a sign? Or nonsign? I guess we have different things to consider. That we'd consider. If you were to. Translate your language. Not to ~another language, but to a more precise wording. Expression. To make your expressions more precise, more specific. I think that's what you want. I think that's how you suppose. Things. Happening for you. To you. If you were

to. Trying to get your mental text up to text ticking level. Trying to internalize the tic's. Not just type them, but ~think them. I guess. I guess you could. As it were. What you think. What you direct your thinking to contain. Control. Unbelievable levels of control, in your thinking. As it would go, as you would consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you have going on.

As closely as you can imagine, people (women) looking into your points. Scanning, in a sense. What they would find. If they scanned. Avoidant behavior? Avoiding the eye rolling? It helps to roll the eyes, when a flashback is coming on. It's tempting to try to avoid rolling behavior. It's counterintuitive – roll to prevent the roll. What you consider. Some. Certain points. Certain people could tell. You can tell. It's almost exactly like, you can tell, what points people have been looking this carefully into. Wouldn't everyone think that, all the time? Or just schizophrenics, at certain times? Music heard. Hallucinated music. Don't want to forget about that. They let us in the sensitive room at the data center. They probably shouldn't have – they were showing off. It wouldn't have been a good comment on schizophrenia, on recovery from schizophrenia, for me to cause mayhem. Wouldn't have reflected well on the illness. I guess. What I could be looking into. I'll talk to you tomorrow. What people will be looking into tomorrow. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it would happen. As you would consider. A sign from god? Makes you want to commit suicide? Why? Why exactly...? Escape the situation. There is an "out".. With-in-god, or with out god. God is everything. Drool response. For this kind of attention. This close. You have to be "righter" than the place. More right. Almost entirely right, on all levels. To be a writer. Almost psychotic focus, on your words.

Control. That took some soul. Some kind of control. Undue influence, from certain voices. Seems like. You were allowing voices to control you. It's not exactly relaxing.. I'm responding to voices. This is how it would go. I guess. Must have taken control. To do that. Roll your eyes. This is how I roll. Do you know you're rolling your eyes? It's a tendency. I tend to do it. I feel like I'm forced to do it. Roll to not roll. Roll your eyes, as you're getting into a flashback. Looking into. Codes. Responsive. Was he going to be able to respond to certain stop or go codes? Is that what they've been looking into? The whole time? "I don't want David to get sick over this." What we have. What we consider.

As you would go. Warnings. Not safe. I was not safe. I walked right into the bus lane, without looking left. I couldn't hear any buses coming. I forgot about

the different lane. Could have been a bad slip. Could have been definitive. For me. You'd figure, you'd suppose. As it would go. As you would assume, create. Almost random, chaotic word choices. At times. Giving up the "direction"... Allowing anything to emerge. Any word. Not directing my word forming ability. Letting any word arise. They don't even have to be real words. I can make them up. As it would happen. As you would assume. Different things. I guess. I don't know. What I suppose.

Maybe I should write. This could be my "new discipline"... Not that it is new, not that it is very disciplined. What I figure, what I suppose. Insatiable curiosity, said Ether. Whose poor grade for me had ~prophetic implications. What we consider / suppose. As we were to. If we were to. Things, going on. Things you would suppose.

Well, exactly what would that be? Sign from god. Giving you strength to stay alive. Suicide. Why would you kill yourself? Hopeless about the future? Like Benjamin, you want money for writing? The actual is the rational..? Do you think history is rational? Aren't the laws of nature being followed? People are evil and stupid a lot. Does this surprise you? What do you have going on? What do you consider? I guess – I don't know, I just suppose. Slugging out. Not much alternative. Trying to find an alternative to suicide. What you discover. What you create. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

What's with the asshole questions? This is the same. This is how it always was. DCB, alone. Beautiful girl? Why would you want her? For sex? Or for ~companionship.. Maybe you don't have the ~imagination to want her.. This is what happens. The world. The world spirit. Presents itself to you, outside on the street. You ignore, stare, walk away. What you have going on. What you could be considering. Obsession with philosophy? The ~ultimate control? Self-control. You're into controlling yourself. Hopeless. About the future. How can I possibly succeed? With h/s/ns/id/coa? What could happen to make those works attractive for the world? This is what happens. What we figure. I guess. Obsessed. Look into the computers, the books. Read and write. Don't talk to a beautiful girl. Why would you do that? Sex? You don't really want sex. Companionship? Can't you imagine that well enough, on your own? You'll have to say something. You'll have to "try" her. It's not going to be completely passive. That's why they call it "action"... If you're not ready for action, I don't know what to tell you. What instructions can be given to you. This is how I go, how I consider. Could be. Do you need to be so stunned, when you see them on the street? Maybe you're not going for street-quality. With your fact, your sites. What you've written. You're going for world-quality. But world can be

street. You'd have to find out. You'd have to discover. Until now, you haven't done it. Until now, no. Maybe later. Maybe tomorrow. In some strange tomorrow. That's what I think. What I could be thinking. How far I would go. How far I have come. To here. To make it here. Hear. Full. What you could have going on. Responding to voices? What are you responding to?

As it would happen. Exactly. Here you are, alone again. "Alone in the would's"... Lucas's supposed fantasy. What you have going on. As you were to figure. If you were to figure. How hard. Scientific, or difficult? That's for you to discover. I guess. I could be doing almost anything. I could ~wander. I could walk the streets, looking for women. And I would probably find some. If this is what you consider, compose. Depending. Bring them to the apartment? Let them sit and drink coffee? Or Pepsi? What you have going on. If they were to. As they were to. Unbelievable amounts of control, to maintain this position. What position? What position have you taken? As you were to. If you were to. I don't think it matters. Everything matters, nothing matters. This is just the moot totality. "You need a girlfriend." Maybe. Maybe that would be a kind of solution for me. Sort of. Someone to blab with. Jabber. Chat. Real chat, not online chat. Are you ready for that? Talking to an actual woman, in your actual apartment? Is that what you "need"? I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. As you'd figure / consider. Things. Almost exactly like.

Certain things, you could have been thinking ~all the time. What you consider. What you'd be scanning for. Who ~are you? Can you answer that? Have you answered that? What is personal identity? What you did? What you "would do"? What would you imagine? How closely were people looking to be into some of these points? Schizophrenic philosophy? The creation of a new world. In schizophrenia. I investigated how it is possible to create a new world. It has to be in ~schizo-phenomena that a new world is created. That's what I considered. Some of the times. Makes sense. Could make a certain kind of sense, to you. Rolling your eyes. Between points like this. Are you aware of your eyes rolling? Yes. Certain points. Are we reaching a "certain point"? Voices, audio hallucinations? Is that ~really what's going on? Behind your eyes? Selves? I's. This is how that would go. If you couldn't afford a retina laptop. This is what that would look like. As you'd consider. As you'd suppose. Things. Happening to you. For you. I guess. I could have been "scanning" for points like this, the whole time. It seems. It could "always seem"... Who does that code refer to? Your mom? Your dad? Your brother? Your potential children? Heteropotentiality?

If people were looking into you. To owe you. To be owned by you. What you'd consider. Doesn't seem to be anything abnormal happening. Increased detail and colorfulness. You know. You hope. You're known. We know. "Relax"... "Thank you".. I don't seem to want to read or write much. Wrong. I do a lot of it. From time to time. As it would happen. If you continually developed, if you continually reached certain plateaus. New dimensions.

As it would go. As you would consider. A mistake, to take the insanity any further. Audio hallucinations. Like someone was sawing my door. Not good. Paranoid hallucinations. Could be dangerous. Exactly what you need. The help you need.

A sign from god. What you choose to take as a sign. Who is interested in your case. The everything-god. The god of everything.

Certain people. People you love. Anatole. Seems like some confusion, between high and low points. Is this a high point? Or a low point? Introduced some confusion, in the terms. What "term" could we use for you?

I wanted to be a ~writer. All my eggs in one basket. How hard that would be. Would seem to be. "We know." Tell us, so we can tell. So we know. What you have going on. People who might not be around forever. For "ever"... You might outlive certain people. How is that going to feel? For creating a world. I thought you positively said schizo conditions can create worlds... Or that the beginning of the world ~must have been schizo... What you consider. As you suppose. Why are you writing? Why do you continue to write? Do you really think you have more to say?

What it does. What you consider. You could ~write..! You have the ability..! No one is holding you back. Only yourself. Yourself is the problem, yourself is the solution. Part of the solution? What are we feeding into? Help with what, exactly? I guess I have some stuff to think about. All Tomorrow's Parties makes me realize the group-social aspect of what my work could be doing.

I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. The tic's take over, get all-powerful. I think. I think you don't need to publish too much more of this stuff. What's the point? So they can see you ticking? What's the point of that? Would anyone care? I guess. I guess they would. How to write. How a writer writes. How it is actually done. You just give them unedited shit, instead of most writers, who edit. That's what you care about – the uncut. That is simply what you're curious about. ATP. How would that group of individuals respond to my work? For some reason, I'm not sure it would be a good response. What you're in for. What you suppose. Consider.

As it would happen. As you would consider. I guess. Seeming to get hopeless. Seeming not to enjoy much. Dysphoria. Things are not enjoyable. What we consider. How we figure. If you were to. As it were to. Why do you write this stuff? Are you fascinated by repetitive, loopy forms? Does this fascinate you? The ufp was about me. My reality.

What we could be doing. As we could be going. What you would write. As you would do it. You would write, now. Again, this, here. Not everyone would have made it to here. This far. On this particular pathway. You – schizophrenia. You have schizophrenia. Interesting. What you could be thinking. As you could be thinking it. If you figure. If you suppose. A new way of looking at it. How you could possibly imagine. Hard. Difficult, to do this. What have you been writing about? UFP. It's just ultra-fictional philosophy.

I thought your outcome was good.. The primals, the falling, the cognitive enhancement therapy. I thought all that added up to you do better than your peers. I guess not. I guess I'm feeling some of the impact of this illness. Certainly. As a certain brother. You think he can tell. Human. Out. The first, most, only. What you're doing. What exactly. This is how it would go. How you figure / consider. I guess. I don't know. I don't care what you tell them at Little Tokyo. I'm not feeling well. This is what happens. Where you may have been thinking. As you may have been thinking. Who cares? Subjective things. Like you were saying. Strange. As it would go, as it would happen. Tripping. Why are you tripping? That's just the word, "tripping", that I know to describe it. What we'd suppose. Certainly strange..? How that could be for you? The only nonfunctional one at dinner tonight? This is what happens. What we consider. I guess. I suppose. Speed dating. You're reading in? What you'd consider / suppose. The code for. Around here. How that would shake out. There's the rub. As it would go, as you would figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

Your struggles. What you've come to embody / represent. For the world. As you were. As it were to. If you were going to walk outside. Down the street. Around the corner. Rush-hour traffic seeing you walk by. What they would think. Normal haircut, normal dress. Maybe nothing to really comment upon, remark upon. A philosopher? Aren't there thousands of those? And if you were to come into contact with the best in the world? Would they like to hear your voice? Talk about Hegel? What would you say about Hegel? What would you need someone to tell you about Hegel? This is what you consider. More into Adorno, which the philosophy department isn't into. Not too many people

~would be into him. That's okay. It took me some time to figure it out. Everyone might not have time like that. What are you trying to accomplish? I'm trying to be a writer. To show off their talents? Their ability to represent complex philosophical text? Does it need to be "represented"? Isn't that the Analytic tradition? To see what truths lie analytically within texts? Maybe, maybe not. I'm sure the guys in question would have a different idea of it. What you were to consider / suppose. The student shouting in Andrea Westlund's political philosophy class. A taste of Pittsburgh for her, I guess. Is this what you do, cycle over memories from school? What about non-school? Were you able to do anything in that? With that? What you would figure / consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose.

I guess I would. If you, as you. The flashback might come back a little later. I could have gone to the party. I guess I'm overly careful. When I'm home in bed, they're not bad. Out and about, they're pretty hellish. I probably should have left later. I've never been able to identify a trigger. This is what happens. How you consider. Sounds pretty hellish. I wonder how the value started – when did the developers start to trade bitcoins for money? Why should the developers be in a special position? What do we do? What do you consider? I guess I like to write. As it would happen. As you would happen. You would "happen" to the world. Different things. I have the Kindle, so I'm reading it straight through. Since you have the book, you might want to skip around. How we consider. A lot of knowledge in that book. What you'd consider. How you'd figure. You'd suppose. You just might. An insane book, I want to get you. You love. It has something to do with love. People looking into. Into getting help. Solving a puzzle. Mathematical puzzles. How it would go. How you'd consider.

This is what happens. A case for your mom. Between what they actually said, and what you imagine them to say? Certain voices? In a certain household? Schizophrenic household? An experimental household, where nothing is sacred, and feelings are the most important things. The everything-god. This is what I imagined. Myself to be getting "into"... Certain types of secrets. That were not so secret. How they interviewed you. "Inter-view"... What some of the voices could have been about. Which points you were always looking "into"... Being "there" for. You seem to be "there"... Finally. Where you always wanted to be. I don't know how it works now. How you could do that. "Play-like that." Play as if you like it. How much relaxation that would take. It must take. Relaxation. What the highest prize was, for you. Your ability to relax, in unusual conditions. What "type"? Do you see the Kind? They play

Wednesday nights. You just saw the winning goal. Nobody else makes it. They each get a shot. What you could have been looking into. A certain misunderstanding. About what certain points “people” could have been “about”... What they could have been talking “about”... Always. In your class. In some of your classes. Lots of kids, and a few instructors/professors. Were in your class. No one in your class. What’s “natural”? A good question, with DCB in your class... Points. Lucas and Noel could have been looking into. Such as. How insane DCB could have been. Certain professors, could have seen. “You’re speaking to me as if I am a prophet.” Yes, and I’m the Son of God. That’s how I’m speaking to you. What if you ~are a prophet? What if I ~am the Son of God? Wouldn’t everyone think that, all the time? Or just certain people, at certain times... What this could have been “doing for” you. For you, or against you? Low point, or high point? A certain confusion or synthesis. Thank you. He lost control of it. Programming. What you could be in for. Certain eye-opening energy. Schizophrenic creation. Of a new world. What happens to the Old World? Seems like schizophrenic conditions have to be met, for the creation of a New World. Originally. For God. What God was looking into. Could have been... “They’re not that easy.” Stable. I’m not feeling stable enough, to go to Chipotle.. Relaxation. What you could be “reading for”... Without belief in miracles, we are like reeds, blowing in the wind... “Reeds”.. Reads. Why are you “reading”/reeding? What is that for? What did you do that for? Up. I’m Up, in this town in central Pennsylvania. I wanted to be Up, in Pittsburgh. The most awake person in Pittsburgh. Why would you want to do that? Be “Up”? Wouldn’t that be a tough job? Why do they keep using the same person? Good question – these are the shoot-out artists. I don’t understand it at all, do you? Seems like it would be difficult to explain that to a normal person. Tell Anatole. What you could have been looking “into”... Depends what you mean by “into”... What have we been supporting. Feels like I’m tripping. It was unexplainable, I don’t even know what they did. Secret rules. How it would go. I didn’t understand it. What they could have been giving you. The gift. Gifted and Talented. What “gift” were you given? I stole a lot of money from you. Seems like I owe you big time. “Owe”... To whom do we “owe” this pleasure. To what? What you could be thinking of.

Inner-brain Terminology

What you could be considering, figuring. As you were to, if you were to. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I didn't see you in here. I've never called Isaak on the phone, but once. Never invited him anywhere, to make him feel like home. I guess I wasn't a good friend. Not historically speaking. Not in terms of actually doing things. I hear you're a genius. It melted down my brain. I couldn't deal with it. I'd laugh, but it's no laughing matter. I guess. I just suppose. Anatole, I suppose, would be more attractive to ask out to a show. How it would go. What you would figure, consider. If you had this sort of thing happening. What you were to. Lucas and Noel. Names. The biggest event ever, in the life of a culture? They don't publish books this "big" anymore? Maybe I can give Lucas a little publicity / popularity. Free. For free. If he wants that. I think he does. He does want his book to be published. And if I could help make him famous enough to sell books... Then I think. If I were to. Certain, or uncertain, points. What you would consider. Whose tic's you were developing. What you were developing these tic's for. What use you could get. This is how it would go. How you would consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What we do, what we figure. I guess. Spaghetti. That's what the server rack looked like. I'm glad I quit that job, but I learned a lot. Wouldn't have wanted to travel to other cities / countries. Wouldn't have wanted to stick with it. I guess. I don't know. A failure on several points. Several points of difference. Didn't call him, save one time. Left a low-key message. Dull, you could say – down. I guess it didn't turn him on. It didn't do anything for him. What you figure, consider. I guess. If I were to. As I were to. How popular you could imagine getting. What you could imagine. How difficult this could be thought to be. If you wanted to duplicate this, later. If different people wanted to duplicate. Have kids? Do you think this is the world to bring kids into? If ~you can hardly deal with it? How do you think kids would fare? If they were introduced to the things you were introduced to. How that would work. If you were allowed. How that would go. How you would suppose. Spoons. Figures. Different things. You could be into doing. "Doing"

– what are you ~doing? I guess that’s the question. Going up against the Normative Matrix? What are norms for? To make sure normal people can live normal lives? Normally, for a normal person. The New Normal. Maybe that’s what you’re proposing. If you could be said to be. Known to be. Supposedly. The little grooves your mind gets into. Groovy. Nice. What you would have to imagine. For that to be true. For that to be thought to be true. I guess. Words. What kind of “words you were writing”.. Kind? They come in kinds? This is what happens. What we suppose. What trips. I feel like I’m tripping. What happens if you power through? It gets worse. I’ve tried that technique. Recognizing that you’re ~in a condition. That is the first step to getting out of one. Until you know what you’re dealing with. What you could be writing. What “one” would write. If you won. If you were “one”... On certain theories. Primal theory. This neighborhood is, if Janov is correct, a primal neighborhood. They all are. Childhood is a primal time. Adulthood is a primal time. And you want to bring kids into this shit? Maybe not. Maybe that’s not your style. Depending on which woman you end up with. That could make a difference. Mt. Lebanon. In terms of boring. What you would suppose. As you would figure. I guess – I don’t know – I just suppose. Have people over to your Oakland apartment? Hasn’t happened, much. That was the last time I talked to Godfried. What you’d figure. Consider. I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. What you’d have going on. How you’d have to be writing. For that to be something you would do. Get into.

As you could. Be certain of. Owing your mom, for these points. Certain points. What you could have been looking into. Were you conscious, that whole time? Were you “always” conscious? Be right there.. This is the most boring thing to watch. Whose voices. You could have been looking into. We’ve had the fire on since what, 3:30? These are women. No they’re not. Whose voice. Was it certain? Is this what people look into? Like “some” of the points... “Points” – places are like people. A place is a point. The point. The place is the point. As closely as you could be looking into this. Godfried didn’t know why your license was suspended. I haven’t told too many people. What we could be “in for”... Looking into. Whose points? Your own mother’s? Is that what people think? When they have children? With certain problems with their mouths? “The” mouth? “The” brain? “You use so many qualifications.” How do you stop it? Just turn it off. Are you going to bed? Not right now. So should I turn the fire off or not? You can turn it off. Meanwhile the dog, is dead to the world. What you could have been doing. Some stuff. Some stuff you were doing. As you imagined. As you continued to imagine. You’ll survive. Without

Kiran for a night. Okay, there we are. She didn't come up the other night either. She'll wander on up. Maybe. How much pain, Pain, that would cause. You, or someone like you. Like-you. For someone to "like you", what would that take? How closely would they have to look into certain points? If they were certain of their "high points"?

Prison. Where time and space are continuous. Is that what they say? Or what I imagine they would say, if I were to ask the appropriate question? I guess it's merely what I imagine they say. Imagination can be a powerful tool. For certain people. Mind over matter? Did David go to bed yet? Not yet. I know what you mean. How could they? How could they have looked so closely, into certain points? Exactly, what you need. We can get you exactly the help you need. What exactly you might need. What do you "need"? Janovian needs? Warmth, stability, food, drink, comfort? I guess. Some of the people in my class. Could have been looking into. But probably, actually, weren't looking into. "It"... What that might mean. If you solved it. "It" – the puzzle of your life. If you were to solve it.

Seems like Adorno might have been misrepresenting some of the philosophers, I've been looking into. Seems like. Borderline Personality Disorder. Fully into Adorno, then you decide to leave him behind? Done with Adorno? Like people say they are done with Kant? Is that what happens to people? They seemingly have their fill, of a certain philosophy?

I guess I keep having things to write. Schizophrenia. Schizophrenic philosophy? Is that really what you've been looking into? I guess, I don't know – I just suppose. If you were to, as you were to. Different things. That could be going on, that could be happening. If you were to, as you were to. If you would think. As you would think. You like to write. What, doesn't matter so much. You just like the action. So you developed tic's. Compulsive, semi-conscious repetitions you can harness at any time. In there. And so forth. The tic's give you freedom, in a sense. They allow you to always have something to say. As it were. What you'd consider, what you'd figure. The music of ATP, the ~event of ATP, inspires me to think a bit more about the group. What the group would think. If they were to know. As they were to know. Unless you're out of this world. Made "out of" this "world".. Raw unedited journal won't cut it. But that's what I want. What I'm interested in. If I were interested in something else, I guess I'd be doing that. New bursts of creativity, for the blog. Different types of creativity. How you'd figure/ consider. Ultimately. As you were to. If you were to. As it were. If you were. Things you've come across.

As it would. Getting the tic's into your head. But that's where they come from. Different parts of your brain. The textual part to the mental part. As you were. As it would. Different things. Like, why you write tic's. Published works of tic's. Strange. Not common. Most writers avoid ticking. They don't like to get in that situation. Where they have to tic.

As you would figure/ consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Is your theory really so empty, so bankrupt, that you have only tic's to express/ relate? Don't you have anything else going on? If people will never care about your work. Seems colorful to me, especially when I'm in a condition. Difficulty. Difficulty with existence/ being. Having trouble just being myself. Deprivation torture I guess is a reality. You ~have to do DT. Unless you want to suffer. In this world. If you push a flashback, it will make things mentally more difficult for you. Harder to fall asleep. Distortions, SI. You should probably not push them, if you can help it. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Can you say they're "bad"? We need a whole new conception of the word "bad"... What you write about. As you were to figure.

As you would figure/ consider. I guess. I don't know. Love, or "analysis"... When you feel good. A good dreammemory. Or life. Love, or analysis. What you might suppose. As you might figure. It begins. It begins to seem. As you were to. If you were to. I've never been able to identify a trigger. Is there anything you can do to bring one on? What we consider / figure. "You're not homeless." (Yet.) How you'd exist. How you'd suppose. That would matter. Everything would matter.

Do I have to care, if the neighbors are making noise? Hysterical? How does that affect me? Should I let that impact me? This is what happens. What you suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I guess I could be editing, instead of writing. "Writing"... Maybe it's the ~act of writing that I'm interested in. ~Being a writer. What a writer's life is like. You're asking the whole world to focus on your person. A bit audacious, a tad arrogant. To think you have something to say that the whole world needs to hear. Well, if they want to listen, they can. Their choice. Not up to me. I'm giving them the choice. As it would, as you'd consider. Different things, you could have going on. Ultimately. Giving Gerd rides. Might be part of your life. The analysis. What do you analyze the current situation as? Is there a next step you can take? How do you do that? Exactly how? What exactly you need. As it would go, as you would go. Resolve being tired, yawning. If you weren't going to tell him the choice cuts. Give him the choicest cuts. Of course that would make him tired. As you consider.

Lots of dreams of lacrosse practice. A key interlude for me. Cold-cocked. I should have retaliated. That would have led to further retaliations. This is what happens. He clocked me. He stunned me. I was in no condition to fight back. I still dream of fighting back. It's still a scenario I play out in my mind. Better that it didn't happen. Why increase the violence? There's been enough violence.

As it's been. As it's been considered. As you are. As you were. The things. In your mind. Dreammemories. Very nice, to have one. About as nice as it gets. I guess not too terrible nightmares.. Nothing I can remember. Dream. Up for the day. "Up"... I'm Up in this town in central PA. As it would go. You consider. You read what you wrote. As you wrote it, you shall read it. If it were to go like that. You just like text. The process of writing and reading. That's just what you like. Thankfully. Thank god they translated the Dictionary of Untranslatables from French. This is what I think. What I were to suppose. I guess. I don't know – not really. I know I've written that already. Seems. Seems like. In a scene like. Seen to be like. What you understood the voices to be saying. What the voices actually said. Versus what you understood them to say. I guess. This is almost exactly how it would go. Such as. If. Your identity. Your crisis. I don't think it's any big deal. I was just writing ufp. Of course it's going to seem extreme, if you don't treat it as fiction. If you treat it as reality, it will seem out there. If it's just ufp, however, no big deal. This is what would happen. How we would suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Things. Things like. It would be.

As you were writing. Things. You'd have to consider, you'd have to suppose. Why your hand would be numb.. Shaving? Blade manipulation? Perhaps. There's a reason for everything. "Is there a reason why the Reverse light is on?" "There's probably a reason." No music. Drive in silence. That's what the plan is. Drive in peace. If you were going to. You might face some difficulty. Some entries written for philosophers who know a lot of philosophy. As it would go. As you'd figure. You'd suppose. Outlets. Is chat an appropriate outlet? Is blog? Is writing? What do you ~really want to be doing? Seeing the young women? Walking around, amongst monstrosity and beauty? Some of them might not be single, so they're not going to respond to your looks. Some might be into body pictures, so you wouldn't qualify. Some might be disturbed by your web presence, so the truth would turn them off. You have to filter. I think. It's what you're going for. Will people actually promote your work? That's how work gets popular.

As it would happen. Exactly. (Not a code-word for "god", just itself – exactly...) You don't have to speak in a code. Slave-language, with

yourself. You can say what's actually the case, what's actually happening. Not "groovy to you", but happening – going on. What's going on. Different ways to correct yourself. Your potentially crazy interpretations. If you were insane. Even if you were rational, sane, with regulated thinking, a flashback will happen to you. Can't seem to be avoided. Can only make them less uncomfortable. With the cognition and the rolling. Maybe the eyes ~want to roll. Maybe the cognition wants to go gamma. I don't know. I'd just suppose. What you do. Listening to Berg. Wishing you knew more German. What you have to consider/ suppose. I guess.

As you were going to. Different modalities of voice. If your ~own voice was the philosophical telos. Lucas would say that. Look very closely, into yourself, your own voice. That's what Lucas would say. If you should care about what Lucas would say. Your mentor. Your philosophical forefather. This is what we do. What we consider. Are you trying to hypnotize me, into cutting my hair? Is that what the suggestions are meant to do? Responsive to verbal suggestion? Unconscious, neurotic, fake, unreal? I thought you won, I thought you were "one"... This is what we do. We write, for a certain stretch of time. During a certain stretch of time. What if Adorno doesn't have the answer. What if Zizek doesn't have the answer. What if ~DCB has the answer? Then. Your brain. I would think. You'd take an interest in the productions/ expressions of your brain. Your own brain. Then I think. I would think.

Different things. As you would consider. Suppose. Crypto currency will help the bad guys hide their money from authority. There was a problem with Nazi's hiding their money in secret Swiss bank accounts after WWII. Today, third world dictators, for example. As you would consider. Mahler to Mars Volta. I guess I have a wide musical experience. Musically challenged, though. According to Medges. What he would know. How "challenged" he is, in various areas. To be a writer. How well-rounded, how "on" you'd have to be. You'd have to be the real deal, the full deal. To be a writer. To have the world focused on you. Your little mind. Infinite mind? "Don't you think you're infinite?" Meaning, forward propagation. What we begin will have echoes forever. For all time to come. If not on this planet, with god. God sees. God knows what we've done. What we're doing. Everything god. What you could be looking into. As you could be considering. Things. As you'd guess. You'd suppose. You'd begin to believe. Or, not actually "begin"... Continue. You'd continuously believe. On some sort of continuous basis. What does a crypto currency allow? Crypto in general? True crypto is illegal. They don't want communications that the NSA

cannot hack into. Listen into. Crypto with conditions. Secret from some. What that would allow you to do. As it would, as you'd consider. Things that could be happening. Voice – what if ~your voice was the key voice? Philosophically. Turning away from Adorno, Hegel. Turning toward DCB. I think. What you'd have to do, you'd have to consider. If Adorno is going to nitpick details... Then shouldn't we be as picky with him? "Science fiction is a sub-artistic genre." "People are spellbound, without exception." "No one is loved, can love." Kind of like Janov. How detailed we could get into Janov's reading. What words people are searching for. What they're actually searching for. Text.

As you could consider. Visual text loses its allure. Its allure waxes and wanes. It is a good method of information storage and retrieval. But at a certain point, info content becomes secondary, and articulation becomes primary. This is how that would work. If you were to suppose. I guess – I don't know. I just suppose. Things, you would consider. Would you want people looking into points like this? Continually?

What you've been able to do / consider. I guess. What you suppose. As far as you've come. Dreams and all. Looking into "trying to be a writer." As that would go. As you would happen to the world. Philosophical singularity? Is that really possible? Bad grades and all? If you were trying to compete with people who had gotten good grades. Might not work so well. Depending who you were competing against. What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As you would, as you do. I'm not really sure. Depends what type of competition. "Most students I talk to can barely keep their heads above water..." Academic, or nonacademic. What type of writer you were trying to become. Got the degree. An accomplishment. A tough one. Not exactly easy. They tried to filter you out, many times. You used your consciousness to direct yourself through certain motions. You were somehow able to direct yourself. Your consciousness was somehow strong enough.

As you would figure, as you would suppose. I guess. I don't know. The first writing of the day. What you'd be thinking about. If you were to revise your site. On a regular basis. Always perfecting, always tweaking. What you consider, what you suppose. Do you have anything to you? Is there any substance to DCB now? We know, before, there was. There was a large quantity, of whatever quality. But now, this, here, again? I'm not so sure. As it would go. As you would consider. You had to write that term, so many times. Fuck the neighbors. Fuck the landlord. That's my normal attitude. A writer shouldn't have to heed his neighbors' rule. Then it would be a culture of landlords, a culture

of neighborhood thought control. Going down the road. Hypnotic suggestion. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. As it would happen. As you might consider.

Materialize Your Thinking

Which language you were able to speak at a native level. It would all depend. Text, visual text, loses its allure. When you can make voice recordings. Then. It begins to seem. It turns out that. In the case that. If you were going to. As you were going to. Technology. Digital recording and playback technology. We are the first human generation to have access to this. Even think of word processors. Think of the interweb..! It is allowing, it is enabling you. To. The. The point is the place. The place is like a character. What “place” you have “arrived at”... What ~condition your mind is in. It would all depend. On what you had going on. Where you were. Where are you? Exactly? Do you believe a woman could be into you? With schiz? Would any woman select you? With TUY? Do people care about what you’ve written? “You might be surprised at how little people care about what you’ve written.” Movies versus books. The total artform. Which has more influence? Why not have both? If you like movies, if you like books. Make a couple of each of them. If you were a musician, give away all your music. “I’m not Jesus Christ”... What Enzo said when asked if he would give his music freely. This is how it would go. How you would consider. If you were to. As you were to.

As you were to. If you were to selectively deprive yourself of your own voice. If you were to totally feed into the frequencies, messages, or voices. Then I think it could become very difficult. It’s normal to be completely insane? Neurosis is how normal people are crazy. Symbolic fake needs, struggle, misperception. The consensus trance. Being psychotic, I have a double whammy. I am subject to the forces of both neurosis, and psychosis.

The psychotic voices could have an agenda. Their agenda could be to make you totally fucking insane. As happened before, with your brain. The forces in your brain. Seeking to. The forces seeking to do what? Vectors, tendencies. Everyone has to deal with neurosis. You, in addition, have to deal with psychosis. I’m just trying to give you ideas. If you let the voices, messages, frequencies take over. Then it might become very difficult. If you’re not able to control your own voice. Self-control. Like what they said you lacked, as a

child. “Lacks self-control.” What does that mean? Who was controlling me? Or were they trying to send me a message? To my future self. I was an out-of-control kid. I did not behave normally.

Borderline personality. I stay on the borderline, between psychosis and normalcy. I keep to the border. Between rolling my eyes, and controlling my eyes.

We’ve recognized the agenda of the voices messages frequencies. Their agenda is to make you totally fucking insane. We didn’t always know that. They appear friendly, like they’re your friends. They say “Relax” and “Thank you” and seem to respond intimately to your thoughts. But. If you listen to them. If you let them take over your mind. That ~is insanity. Listening to insane psychotic voices. Now you know. You didn’t always know. You thought the messages might have something good to tell you. Something helpful. Listening to them always worked in the past...? Psychotic break, a year of insanity? Talking to me is not going to help that. But, given that I’m on medicine. Then an understanding companion can be very useful and valuable in this journey we call life. Given. The drugs, meds, do their thing. They need to develop a close therapeutic relationship with me. (The doctors / therapists)... This is what has to happen. You have to consider. I guess. I don’t know. Do I let the tic’s take over? Or can the tic’s be helpful?

As it would go. As it could go. In there, and so forth. Different things. You could have been looking “into”... Depending what you mean by “looking”, depending what you mean by “into”... Personality disorder. Borderline. I didn’t realize it was the actual borderlines I was obsessed with scanning.. Not high points, not low points. But borderlines. I don’t know if I’m into the schizophrenic voices.. Letting other people’s voices take over. I’m into my own voice.

What you could be doing. Imagining. Writing is a usage of your voice. It is a way to use your voice. If you’re not totally schizophrenic about it. Relax on the schizophrenia. Zero-symptom schizophrenia is not possible. Depends what you mean by “symptom”... I’ve benefitted from a certain amount of free advice from my Dad Ph.D. I guess not everyone would have this chance. It is pretty strange that ~I had this chance. We’re enabling you. What the people paying for you to live this way. Looking continually into. Inspections all year round. Scanning. Once you’ve been scanned. Certain points. Do you need sleep? Do you need as much sleep? Or maybe you’re more sensitive to caffeine, now that you’re normal. You can’t drink half-caff in the evening. He was amazed we didn’t know who John Lennon was, when he was killed. What you’ve been

relaxing into. Rolling into. Could it have something to do with how good of a writer you are? Or how bad?

I've lost my desire to learn German. Too hard. Giving up. Need to focus on English, anyway. The language I speak / know. New clinician today, Karen. Met a med student, also. I like "the healing set"... I like interacting with them. The knowledge they have. Embodied for example in the DSM. I admire it. It's a lot of human knowledge. You can't just hallucinate your way through life. Rely on messages to tell you how to live. I thought you could. I thought my messages were sensible. If you know it's a voice, it in a way is no longer a psychotic symptom. Thanks for your support. What I could be looking into. Publishing a book? Seems more fantastic, as the days go by. Fantastic as in fantasy-like. But I guess it's possible. If the sites were to get popular, for some reason. If people were to turn on to the books. That would be a case of. In there. And so forth. I didn't realize it would be a continual struggle, against psychosis. It permeates my being. When I stop using my own voice, intrusions instantly take over. I have to be very intentional about what I'm thinking.

Intrusive thoughts are even more pernicious than voices – they're even closer to consciousness, even harder to recognize. I think I'm sensitive. My subconscious brain is very powerful. I allowed hypnotic access, direct channel access, to my psychosis. I allowed it to take over my imagination. A hard lesson to learn. Better late than never. Could have had profound consequences, for my treatment (clozaril).. This is what happens. I like other people's voices, but I'm not so sure about other people's topics. I don't know if I want to go back to psych rehab. Too much wasted conversation. Conversation I have no interest in. Other people's problems. Psycho-educational talks and readings. I don't need the education. I really belong in a philosophy Ph.D. program. Or something equivalent. A hospital. I don't think I ~belong in a psych rehab program. I think I'm too high functional. I belong at the upper limits of human activity and endeavor. The readings we do are below my level. I don't need to be doing elementary school type studies. It's like being back in elementary school. I ~can do it – but ~should I do it, is the question. Revisiting elementary school might have its benefits. But I think there are some drawbacks. It's confusing to deal with material that is so beneath my level of intellect. That's what it does – confuses me. I need to be selective, about what I allow in my imagination. I need to become a greater judge of character and situations. It sort of numbs your powers of judgment, to sit through elementary school activities. I need to become even ~more selective and judgmental about what's happening around me.

As it would go. A circle is never straight. It is curved. The slope of the tangent to the circle... But a tangent only touches the circle at one point. So it is really not similar. A curve always deviates. It is a systematic deviation. A circle never contains a straight line – a line made by going straight through two different points. Mathematics. Puzzles. The things I think about. Imagination. Post-doc level of comprehension. I'm not saying I have the ultimate solution for my life. Romance, intimacy. I think there's some confusion. I don't think I need "social" so much as "intimate"... Generic social experience is really worthless. It's basically small-talk, trivia, and anecdote. That's what a general social experience will give you. It's approach and avoid. You approach people, only to avoid them when you get close. I think intimacy would be interesting. I'm not attracted to mental patients. I'm attracted to functionality, education, sophistication, and beauty. A mental woman will probably not have those things. I want a ~normal woman. I don't need crazy at all. How I'm going to meet one is still unknown. I don't think I should be looking to the clinic for hooking up. I don't think that's the way the clinic is useful to me. It's useful for other reasons. Double Trouble is a ritual. I'm willing to get with the program once a week, in that sense. In a limited sense. I don't want any more contact with the program than that. If you think about the concept of the social. It's really meaningless. Not the concept, but the material, the matter. Going through simplistic texts. Playing simplistic roles.

As you would figure, consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. This is what's going on. If you were to, as you were to. Ticking out some philosophy. Is it like fiction, or like philosophy? Looking into these points. At a certain – or uncertain – point. What you'd consider. As you'd figure. Things. Different things, going on, in David's life. What we suppose. What we react to. I guess. I don't know. I'm just ticking away, ticking through my day. It's what I do. I'll redact/edit later. For now, this. This is what you get, for now. If you were to. As, is. This is what happens. Don't really have much philosophy on my mind. Don't really have much of ~anything on my mind. Thinking of flashbacks. How the next flashback will hit me. How it will seem. That's what we figure, consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What we do, what we contemplate. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. If you were going to come this far, go this far. ANM. What norms are for, what the NM is for. Maybe good reasons. Life, the world. Bringing kids into this world. I don't think I agree with that. As you would, if you would. It depends. What you have going through your mind. On a day like today. Will you have to do anything? Go to lunch, go to a museum? Canned tomato sauce. Pop art. That picture is worth millions

today. There's a fool born every minute. What we suppose. How we were to. If we were to. Getting tired of the routine. Routine activity. What you're down for... Sitting on the couch, as usual? Is that all you want out of life? Could you imagine an alternative? A different life? Is that what this is all about? If you figure, as you figure. Ticking through the ticking energy, until you reach the core language. Real language. Something you really want to talk about. What if you ~don't want to go for lunch? What if you don't even want to go to the museum? How would that go? How will that go? I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Different things. As you, if you. What we have going on. As we were to. If we were to.

Maybe get back into writing. You can write whatever you want. Your imagination. As long as it's not automatic, psychotic thought. It can be tricky, to identify automatic thinking. It feels the same as normal thinking. But long familiarity with the flashbacks has enabled me to more easily know when I am deviating from conscious intention, into out-of-control psychosis. What you figure. Therefore, if we take ourselves as the model. A good starting point would be. I don't want a mental patient. I want an intelligent, high-functioning, sophisticated, elegant beautiful woman. I don't come to the clinic for romance. I don't think that's the best usage for the clinic. Even lunch with Jones is more an excuse to eat some food, with the added benefit of some philosophical discussion. He's crazy, he's obsessive and repetitive. I put up with it, trying to be a friend. I can't predict exactly how the romance is going to happen. I know it's possible. Women have wanted me in the past. I have chosen to ignore them all. The farther you go, the closer you get, to women. The farther "along the way" you've reached. Means you're ~closer to women. I guess that's not automatic. That's not certain. In life, that you'll get close to women. Would I want to put a woman through TUY? Having to tell her friends and relatives about my site? Or – is ~that the filter. It is the ~ultimate selection pressure. I ~need a woman that good, who can deal with TUY. That's the only kind of woman who will ultimately work.

The type of interaction with life. What that would mean for you. I'm good at ~writing. I like ~writing. And consciousness. Not speech, so much. Historically, and currently. Not as able to get into a lot of speech. Historically, and currently. I want to get ~away from mental illness. Farther away. I don't think I want to date a schizophrenic woman. I think I want to date a highly functional woman, sophisticated, brilliant, normal, healthy. She can be weird, but she should be normal, non-pathological. No personality disorder desired. This is what happens. The circle is true

infinity. The line is bad, false infinity. The circle always curves. There is no part of the circle which is a straight line. It always continuously curves. Things I could be considering. Getting more into the physics / mathematics. Why does a body at rest tend to stay at rest? Inertia. Why does energy equal mass times speed of light squared? That seems big. Like a big correlation / equivalency. This is what I do, what I discover. I like to think about math, about geometry. I've thought about Ethics already. I don't think academics is what I need. I don't think I'd want to sit through someone's "class"... As to what the ultimate solution for my life is, I don't yet know. I can't predict that. It will involve writing. It will hopefully involve intimacy. I like clinical sessions, family time, and intimacy. Not even friendship so much. Which is too close to generic social experience. Which I've analyzed as meaningless. It's just activity. Muscle movement. Muscle memory. I'm more into consciousness – thinking. I don't need to play simplistic roles. Second- or third-grade level. Rehab confuses me. I need to get ~more selective, more judgmental, about the experiences I participate in. The simple, repetitive, unsophisticated nature of rehab confuses me. When I should be discriminating even ~more, I instead am conditioned to accept anything – small-talk, trivia, anecdote. It's confusing. I'm glad I got out of it. I'm glad I found a good "out"... The flashbacks at least did ~that for me. Got me out of rehab. It was a good experience, just to research and learn about rehab. I don't need it permanently though. Writing, clinical sessions, family time and intimacy are really the only things I need permanently. I don't know if I'd deal with a job. OPT, lots of it. I need to focus on my own topics. I need to really concentrate. If I get distracted, a flashback comes on. They can be very difficult to deal with. If I let myself hallucinate intrusive thoughts. Then, here comes a flashback. If I'm not allowed to fully focus on my own special topics of interest. If I get distracted by external events. The flashbacks are hellish. It's because I'm so sensitive to language. The voices / intrusive thoughts have a really easy time of influencing me. I'm so sensitive to language.

As you would. If you were to be single, and have come this far. Need to be single, to attain some of this realization. Intimacy might have distorted the issue. As to what you ~need to have done. As you would. As you were to do it. Affective. Emotional, feeling level is the ultimate problem for me. I can gain control of the voices, the thinking, the eye rolling. But the feelings, the emotional level, is my ultimate problem. How crazy, how afraid I feel. Good to have figured this out. Better late than never. It's not so much the voices/thinking/thoughts, as it's the ~feelings they embody. Anxiety. A lucid, flexible, fully real level/layer of access to your feelings. If people could know how you're feeling. A gentle

introduction. To stuff like this. Would have to involve. I guess. I don't know – not really.

It could seem. Thank you for your time and effort. What certain voices. Fragmenting consciousness. Which thoughts you were entertaining. Really focus on your thinking. DT to the max. I think the writing might not always be the best choice. It mimics the psychotic process.

What you do. As you figure. Different reasons you're so familiar with psychotic thought. Maybe you have to become familiar with it. Before you're able to transcend it, battle it. Maybe that takes a great knowledge. What you've been considering. Enter the Void. Two stars? Is that an accurate assessment? What do you do? How do you suppose? You know what you need to do if it becomes a "certain time"... Some serious self-talk. Some serious DT. As intense as the problem. The solution must be as intense. The LSD tripping may have been a general introduction into the kind of potency. That you would need to battle the flashback energy with. Do you still write? Is this disrupting your normal activities? Are you still able to write? I just like to think, lately. Don't need to write about it. Just want to do DT.

Getting into it. The writing, the Youtube, the Facebook, the Genome+, the Agent Chlorophyl – all of it – the total online experience. You get connected. You connect with your peeps. It becomes a matter. If you were to. As you were to. If I'd want to change my keywords. If I'd want to more realistically target the sites. As to what people were looking into. What they could actually be. If you were to. As you were to. Getting nearer, perhaps, to a certain point. Where I'll have to use my DT ability, to confront the energies of psychosis. What we do. What we consider. As you were to. If you were to. I don't think I could work a job. We're not at that stage yet. We're not anywhere near that. If your sites. What you've been doing. Online. For everyone to see. For everyone to think about. How it would go. How you would consider / suppose. Things. Certain things, or uncertain things? I guess when you reach a point like this. If you want to write, or just do DT. It's up to you. I'm in a writing groove at the moment. Don't need to chill out, just yet. Not exactly now. I've tried to write some music myself, so I can appreciate the musical imagination it must have taken to write this one. As you'd figure. As you'd consider. I think it becomes a matter. Of. What you were trying to get into.

My strategy for escape doesn't always work. Seems like I can delay. But the source of the craziness is still there. Irrespective of the voices or thoughts... It's the affective thing that's bothersome. It doesn't even feel bad. It might ~be bad. Certain people, at certain times. It seems like some of the people. At least

sometimes. What you do, what you consider. I guess, I don't know. If I'm not careful enough. If I ignore the condition, it develops a really strong intensity. I seem to have figured out how to deal with the voices. But the consciousness is still out-of-control. Seems like I don't have the intensity to counter it. LSD, could have been a general introduction. To some of these things. You took LSD. Why did you do that, if it makes you psychotic? I was desperate – I'd do anything. This is what happens. What you'd think / expect. I didn't think it would matter. (The smoking on film.) I just didn't think it was a big deal. Depends what you think of pot. Civil disobedience? How to spell all the words? What they could have been trying to teach you in elementary school? How this will seem in some very real tomorrow?

As you do, as you see. What you could be working on. In the ultimate analysis. How that would go. If you were to, as you were to. Write. As you were to write. What that would be like. For you, and the people who care about you. How that would work. Shown your place / significance in the universe, all at once, your total impact. Would that drive you mad, or would you say "Cool!" This is what it makes me think. What I would write. As I would write. Different things.

I shouldn't lose faith in writing / text. Even though the voices can seem too much. Too much like it's feeding into voices. The structure of your consciousness. How it is said matters as much as what is said. Ether's analysis would be a content-prejudiced analysis. If you're actually concerned with the structure of your imagination, then your tone of voice, your rhythm and mental style, will matter a lot. Abstracting is not the solution – reducing mental verbal to text..

This is yesterday's tomorrow. Some of the rehashing/rehearsal could seem very real to you. In some strange tomorrow. It could be actual memories and actual anticipation. Roger owns this building. Something I realize from time to time. Things have worked out well. If I were going to send myself a message, to my past self, I would say "Don't be anxious – things will work out.." If I can gain the standpoint of eternity. What I could be doing. "How did you write so much?" "Years.." What you were trying to do with your writing. It has to make an impact on this, here, now very real world. Not in some ideal future. The impact has to be synchronous. If you want your doctrine to spread. To your corps. Beyond your corpse. If you were to. As you were to. What does ~writing do? Is it a feeding, or is it a creation?

I'm not entirely sure you need the stress of being recorded, of being on record. You can just use your voice by yourself, to talk to yourself. You have

recorded enough voices. Maybe you'll do more later. Not now. Now is not the time. I guess I'm writing. I'm learning what writing is all about. Whether it is artificial. Or whether it is true language, true consciousness. Gerd, I didn't know you were such a good writer. You should write more. What we figure, what we consider. As we were to. Getting "automatic"? Not being able to consciously control your thoughts? I guess that's what happens. I'm not in full control. The structures don't allow it.

These people (musicians) could have ~identical sensibilities, to you. That's universal. That's strange. Even though they're singular musicians. In their own realm. They have "connected with you." If that took a singular attempt. How many musicians could do that. Not very many. But when it happens... Then you know, it's possible. CRR? Different experiences you've had? Squirrel Hill? Pitt ID, good 'till 2009? Treat it like gold. This is what happens. What you figure / consider. As it would. As you could. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Using your phone? Is that okay? He was trying not to get killed. Were you trying to break my leg? I'd take you to the hood with me. Different things. How you play guitar. How your guitar playing has changed. Since you've been living here. What that would have done to your "playing" in general. How you "play"? Do you work here? No, can I help you with something? As it would happen. As you would suppose. You're good with kids. Kids like you.

What I could tell the doctors. I guess you ~can solve extremely difficult psychiatric problems without going inpatient...! This is how we figure. How we'd suppose. I guess, I don't know. As you were to.

If you notice a flashback, and keep on rolling, things might become very difficult for you. You have to almost instantly change your mode into a thought-control mode. I guess. I know. I consider. As you would, if you would. Depending how strong the flashback is. Some you might have to close your eyes for, some you might have to lie down for. It all depends. I'm pretty smart, pretty creative. Yet generating an original continuous monologue can still be hard for me. For a less creative person? Maybe ~everyone is "creative" in this self-narrative sense. Everyone can come up with a narrative. And they do. If you were able to control your mind. Wouldn't you have controlled your mind into getting the surgery, asking for help? Or were you under control? Conditioned? Programmed. I think. That's what it seems like.

Writing and reading are too much like psychosis. When I'm having an LSD flashback, I really simply need to ~think. I don't think I'm having one now. You would know. They sneak up on you. If you try to deny that you're in one, it will

just roll over you. I think you got what you needed from psych rehab. This is what I do. What I'd consider. Recommend everyone to see my site? Listen to the Mountain Tapes? I guess so. I guess that ~is my recommendation.

Baeka Made Every Creature with its Virtues

That's the thing. Some of these times. Writing is inventing new voices. Reading is being hypnotized by the old ones. Sometimes, I just need to ~think. I don't need to make it textual.

What you'd figure. If you were going to make a compulsive habit out of this. Listening to your voices. Voice and voices. Don't exactly want to kill myself. Good to know it's an option, if I absolutely need to. It's a miracle that I'm alive. Each day is a miracle. But statistically speaking, you'll probably survive longer. Just going by statistics. Whether Barnaby would understand, or not. I guess. I'm not sure. Not at all. I just have to generate some more voices.. That's what writing is. When sitting in silence, doing DT, can become difficult – why not turn on some music, and pick up the computer and write? If the DT in silence wasn't going too well. Dreams of Gerd's bitcoin operation, with Barnaby. Telling Barnaby he should work in Gerd's bitcoin store. I guess we all have our dreams. We all have our potentials. I guess. I don't know – not for sure. It's what you'd figure, how you'd consider. If you were operating with those voices happening.

If people looking into that. Were thinking. I seem to be able to cope with the energies. Every noise from the hallway gives me anxiety. Used to the workmen coming knocking. I guess that's my problem, I have to get over. How long will I remain anxious? Only time will tell. You can still write. You can still read yourself, you can still read Adorno. You don't have to completely change your life. Now that you have a coping strategy. You don't have to do DT constantly. That gets tiring. You only need to do it at critical times. This is what you figure. You ~wanted tic's. You wanted to be able to write constantly, to pound out automatic lines. You felt the desire for tic's, but didn't realize that actual tic's would be your answer. I suppose. And so forth. In there. I guess. I don't know. This is how that would go. Almost exactly. Don't want to commit suicide. How mom would think, how dad would think, if I did that. Anatole. Ida. Different things. I don't want to kill myself. But I do want to go in the hospital. Why do you want to go in the mental hospital? The food? Maybe you need to be living in a group environment. A structured environment. Supervised. Do you need to be “observed”, doing what you

do? What do you do? As you are writing revolutionary texts? What would that do to you? Who would want to observe that?

As it would go, as you could imagine.

What you'd consider. How you'd suppose. In this "type" of world. The heavy use of italics, in analytic philosophy. Like we're stupid. Like we need things to be emphasized that much. This is what you'd figure, how you'd consider. What you've written. The establishment. The channels. Literal television channels. Or, channels into the language of various spirits/ people. Channeling Kant? I guess I was. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know. I just try to write. Adorno, Benjamin, DeLillo, Pynchon. Already out there, doing their thing. I have to do something different. You'd figure. You'd naturally consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. David Christian Baird. The name I'm going by, calling myself. Because it's unique on the internet. It points to my stuff, on a Genome search. I turn up first. That is something. How you'd figure / consider. I guess. Certain people, at certain times? You have the same brain. It's still as potentially insane. It might not be currently ~feeling insane. But the potential is always there. Now that you know this. Now that you realize. I don't want to kill myself. But a trip into the hospital? Why do you want to go in? The good food? The attention? I guess. I don't know. The trip, of it. Of the hospital. It's a trip. It's a vacation from the world.

As it would go. If you would figure. I guess. I don't know – not for sure. What I have going on.

Here's my number, I love you, I won't change it until I hear from you. You should call her. Maybe.. This is what I do. Some of the energy. You could have been noticing. The neighbors. If certain people. As certain people. Isness as asness. Isness ~is asness. As we'd consider, as we'd suppose. This is what happens. To you. Today, now, here, this, again. A kind of disturbing film. Some of the language is kind of disturbing. "The age of consent is 21 in Pennsylvania." "Pittsburgh bands is hot. No one disagrees with this." "Pittsburgh bands got the women and the girls." I don't know why exactly I chose to say those things. Hard to tell, high as hell? Were you high when you made this film? As high as you can possibly be. How much do you smoke? Fifteen times a day. As much as I could afford. The maximum input level. That's what I seemed to go for. What you figure. What you suppose. As you were to. If you were to. Maybe ticking is a nice life. No one bothers you, you just tic the night away. If you were to consider. As you were to consider. This is what would happen. What you'd do. Why exactly did you say those things? Why did you sing "Downtown, downtown.."? Why did you call

the film Downtown? I guess I must have had some reason. Why is the reverse light on? There must be a reason. There is probably a reason. What you'd consider / suppose. I don't go to too many shows anymore. I'm not adventurous enough. Not anymore. In the past, sure. As you'd figure. As you'd suppose. I guess. I don't know. What you would consider.

If you did. If it could. I don't want an adventure, take-off at the bar. That's not the kind of adventure I'm out for. I don't want a buzz – that's not the point of life. Being drunk is not the point, being high, tripping. I trip hard enough sober. What I've been discovering. The mental modality. I seem to be better under self-control with the physical modalities. The mental modality is the one in question. What we do. Imagining recovery. Voice and voices. What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know – not really. I just assume, I just fathom. Determinacy. Tolerance. Discovery. Discord. Strife. What I'm into. Random word search. Random generation. How random can you get?

What you do, what you notice. I like my random word chains. It's what I'm into. Maybe you reach a certain point, as a writer. You finally reach the point. Where random is what you crave.

I guess. I don't know – not really. Static text, not as dynamic as the mind and DT. That's what you keep in mind. Any experiment with reading text is going to involve a lot of ~static structure. When your mind can be dynamic, why need static? That is my question of the day. Things we have going on. Things we like to consider. As it would go, as you would go. I guess.

Sometimes the text, the static page, is alluring. It's seductive – all that structure. Big symbols. What you get, what you want. If you have random word generation. But it's not ~totally random. There is a rationality to it. The chains of free-association in my mind. What DCB is all about. Will TUY get big? It would have to, to enable you to publish, and get an income. You're going to ~have to have that site get big. That's really your only alternative. There is no other way to fame / popularity / sales. Sales mean fame mean popularity. People will have to tell each other. That's what will have to happen. Is that what I should be advertising? If I wanted to target my ads more effectively. What are people into? Film? But I don't seem to be making too much new film... I have my work, what I've already done. A collection of films, songs, texts. Do I need to keep doing more? It ~would be nice to offer something for sale. This is how it goes. How you'd consider. You'd suppose. I guess. I don't know.

This is how it goes. What you consider / figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Bitcoin..! It seems like magic. An anonymous manner of money. But the banking financial system evolved for some rational reasons. Things evolved

to work. They couldn't work any other way. Maybe bitcoins will work. Maybe they won't. You can buy illegal drugs with them. Why do people need anonymous money? Criminals? Why does a normal person need this? This is what happens. It's almost exactly like. You get to discover, you get to be. Things you could be thinking about. What kind of work could you be doing? Mental work? With your mental problems? Physical work, with your back and tendon problems? I don't know. Hard to say, exactly. What you would be good for. In the world. You could kill yourself, if things got really hopeless. Things have worked out, so far. As of yet. 'Till the present moment. So far. And so forth. What you discover. What you succeed. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. How you'd create, how you'd compose. Buy bitcoins? From Gerd? Is that what you recommend people do? Who are you recommending this to? Do people want me to promote them with my website? Would I want to do that?

How it would go. What you would consider. Consciousness. It's not a priori that voices are bad. Coming from the unconscious brain, they could have a special access to the truth. It's not a priori that it's insane to listen to voices. But, a posteriori, you can realize – a complex realization – that voices simply just lead to insanity. Nice that you learned that lesson. And you know that blunt objects are not good to have near your bed/pillow, in case you shift around in the middle of the night, and smash your head/eye into the object. Good lesson to learn. Learned that the best way possible. I'm surprised more people don't fall. Once you've reached consciousness. Consciousness is not simply awareness of one level of the brain. It is an integrated experience of thinking, feeling, and sensation. All three levels at once. Janovian Primal experience leads to the grail, consciousness. You won could mean you provisionally won consciousness. You became "one" – unified. A unified self. That is what it would mean. Might mean. And you do grow tired of this. This can be exhausting.

What you'd do. What you'd consider. If you were to. As you were to. Different things. You could be considering.

What if your web host decided they didn't like certain content on certain pages? What would happen then? What kind of world would ~that be? Not as enjoyable of a world. I think. I don't know – I just suppose. I just create. What you consider. What you suppose. If certain sites were to get popular. It would have to do with the sites' popularity. And also, people knowing your name. If they knew your name, and searched Axis-Tone. Or the web. What would they find? Considering that? Supposing that? I guess – I don't know – not for sure. What we could be "getting into"..

What you consider. What you figure. Is this my new modality? To come up with free association word chains? Perhaps. I guess this must do something interesting to my brain. Visual hallucination at night, waking up from listening to music in my sleep? Is that what you get? “I’m getting impatient for inpatient psychiatric admission.” Do I really need to be admitted? Are the fb’s that bad? They can seem pretty bad. But maybe Pain is educational. Maybe you ~learn from Pain.. Primal pain, non-Janovian. What you consider. What you figure.

As it would happen. As far as my contribution, I was thinking of helping to make a movie. This is what goes on. What happens. It becomes. It can be said. It can be supposed. As you would consider, as you would figure. Different things. As it would happen. Alternatives to thought. This is how it goes. How it would happen. I guess, I don’t know – I just suppose. Making a movie of bitcoin. I don’t know if it ~needs to be done. I have my own projects. I have my own agenda. What we’d consider, suppose. If you were to. As you were to. Different things. I guess, I don’t know.

What, if, do. Things. Total asshole? Nonresponsive to normal conversation / emotions? Is that what you’re looking at? What ~exactly you’ve been doing. If you could realize this. Somehow give your own project validity. Somehow revalue your own project on the earth. I guess. I don’t know. Run out of things to say. Don’t have much to say, at this point. What you’d be considering / figuring. If anyone were to inquire. What they would find. What you would see. “You think he can tell.” Just by looking at you, one time. How crazy you’ve been.. This is what happens. “Bring it on..” Allow the conditions. Allow a flashback to happen. Although, by this point, there isn’t much you can get out of one. Not too many lessons to be learned. That you haven’t already learned. About. This is what happens. In the hospital, inpatient. How that would go. How you would suppose. Do you care about anything, anymore? Not even reading Adorno, not even reading yourself, really. Although you have more reality than Adorno. He’s abstract. He can be safely ignored. What you can safely pay attention to, in the world / life. If you didn’t know that. If you didn’t know what reading philosophy does to/for you. Basically, not much, except further philosophy. Ultra-fictional philosophy? Maybe that is the highest type. Shakespeare. Computer books. You don’t need Adorno. If you ever did. What we figure/ consider. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose.

As you could go, as you could consider. Things. That you would consider, that you would suppose. Almost like. Almost exactly like. I didn’t realize. The complexity. What must be happening, for the stream of consciousness to semi-

randomly develop. Think of particle physics. ~That is how complex reality has to be, to work. Must have taken a lot of tinkering. Would imagine. Would almost certainly imagine. I guess. I don't know. What I have to contribute. A different contribution. Not necessarily entertaining Slashdot material. Not necessarily what we're talking about. Development of philosophy. Free-form sophistry. What the world is. The Financial Times. What's happening in the world. As the ~world would consider. As the world would suppose. What you'd have to develop. Different sectors of the brain. Different sessions/sections. All in competition to put things on the block-chain. My interest is more theoretical. I don't want to make money off of it. I just want to watch it develop. Contribute to the understanding of the phenomenon. I have no money to invest. Although I will invest my time, into the making of a movie. I think it is a key topic. Discourse topics. And I sometimes choose to write. Sometimes, it seems like the thing to do. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Can be hard to maintain self-control.. Extremely hard. But good conditions can be reached. Creative destruction. I won't have the fake alternative anymore. No more fake. I'll have to seek out the real. If that works. If that's possible. No porn, no fake sex. That's pretty admirable. If you can do it. I would say that's a success. Of some sort. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you get out of life.

The dynamic allocation of mental, narrative reality. It is uncertain – there is some chance to it. What you've discovered. As it would go. If you were to. The things you like to do. What you've over time grown to enjoy doing. What you've hypnotized yourself into enjoying. Random chaos is nice to experience. There's already enough of the "ordered" language. You want some disorder. I guess.

Don't want to read. Maybe that's my realization. I can write a bit. But really – do I want to deepen my relationship with static text? I don't think so. Not now. Not anymore. Sorry I didn't call you for two months. That's how it goes. How you figure. Consider. What type of collaboration you'd want to participate in. Like-minded individuals. What you could write. If there is an alternative. To what you're thinking. If you would suppose. If you would consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it would happen. You like your tic's. You like ticking. Why resist that impulse? If you're going to write? Why not just write what you want to? I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

What you do, what you consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Things. Almost certainly. Like you'd. As you'd. This is what you have going on. Isaak figured it out, the routers and the switches. I wouldn't have

been able to do that. I would have melted down. I guess I ~did melt down. In my own way. Documenting everything. As it would go, as you would consider. I guess – I don't know. I'm not good at I.T. Wouldn't have done well to stay there. I'm more into creative stuff. Writing, thinking, reading, looking, listening. I'm good at creative stuff. I'm not really a technical guy. I know how to use technological tools well. Like computers. I'm a user, not a sysadmin. What I consider. How I'd figure. How I'd suppose. If you, as you. As it would go. If you would go. Things. Like. You could be doing.

As it goes, as you'd figure. I guess. I'm not sure. What random words, free-associated words, will do for you, or for the world. As it would happen. As you would consider, suppose. What you could have going on. What you could consider. As you would figure. As you would compose. I'm proud of Isaak for figuring out the routers and the switches. He did good.

Back to the drawing board. The drawing Baird. The best place to be. What you consider. What you figure. Being a Schizophrenic? Is that the good book idea? Or do you need to write a ~novel? Is that what's been happening the whole time? What could be considered? To have happened to your literary talent? I guess. I don't know. I need to do ~something. The right thing.

Composite Would Like to Know

As it goes. You have, you translate. This is what happens. What you figure. As you were to, if you were to. Different things. Feeling a bit “strange” / bad. Like being here at home could be depressing me. Day after day. Day-in, day-out. I’m only used to three days at a time. I’m not used to full-time. This is how it goes. What we consider / suppose. If you were to write P Dobbs. What is this text for? You’re using it as a journal? Meanwhile, you’re supposedly editing it into a book form? Isn’t that a bit confused? Or maybe it’s ~natural. To keep it dynamic, to keep it growing, keep writing into it, as you’re working on it. I’m not sure writing like this is valuable to me, anymore. Journal. Free-form sophistry, brain garbage. I’m not sure how much value it has. Why I’m doing it. It’s just what I do. But is it what I ~want to do? That’s the question. I guess I could be doing something else. Anyways. In any case. I suppose. I don’t know – I just suppose. What we consider.

What I could have going on. As you would figure, consider. Demand for my work. Existent demand versus nonexistent? I guess that’s the distinction. Anyone who’s heard of my books could probably get a copy from whoever they heard it from. So I’m not depriving anyone. Only the people who would-have-found me. I could be said to be depriving that segment. Sections/sessions/sectors of the brain. Get rewarded by having their formulations reach the stream. The more of your formulations that reach the stream, the more you grow in power. This is what happens. What we consider. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. It’s what we’d do. What we’d consider. I guess. Maybe this will make a difference. Finally. Maybe there will be some kind of resolution. Re-resolution. A solution, once more. I can only hope. I can only imagine.

Nervous in the service. Anxiety problems. SI. I don’t think anyone should have to deal with this much anxiety. What we’d do. As we’d figure / consider. Call Resolve? Tell them you’re having a nervous breakdown? Why are you asking for my help? Said God. Do you need some help with this situation? What is today’s message to the brain? Going to kill yourself? Or ~not going to kill yourself. Maybe time for a visit to the DEC. Just for fun. Tell them

you're suicidal. Just for fun. They're probably used to people fucking with them. Players. "He's not a player." What we consider. As we'd figure. What you simply like to write. As far as you'd push that. As far as you'd consider. I guess – I don't know. What I like to write. SI. Time to write. Time to explain to yourself, what's happening. If possible. You had been ignoring the affective and the level of sensation. You had been focusing too much on ~thinking. Thinking is obviously key. But it's not the whole story. Obviously. What you'd consider / figure. Time for food?

As you go. This is how that would go. Fake sex, or no. Actually, yes – fake sex. What we do. What we consider. As we were to suppose. How you do, how you foresee. Do you have anything going on? Not at the moment – not much. Not much to me, verbally / philosophically. Recent insight about affective/conative/cognitive levels. First, second, and third line, in Janov's model. I had been focusing on third line, and excluding the other two lines. I now realize that was an error. Well, better late than never. How you awaken from childhood's nightmare. What you would consider. Ski trips, ski bunnies. The nightmare of childhood. Maybe it would have been even worse, with a tongue. If you could somehow imagine that. Girls. Sex. Friends. "Friends" who aren't really good for you. All of that. It would have all went down. Maybe a ~limited life was better. Go to a meeting tonight? To meet people? Do you want to have interactions with those people, in a ritualized fashion? Do you want a ritual? You'd be better off going to the café. If we're talking about imagination and intelligence. Using your life. You were going to go to the DEC last night, because you were lonely. Call Resolve, because you want someone to talk to. That's not ~exactly what these systems are set up to handle. They're set up for more critical events. If you should need them. As you should need them. Would they let you in the hospital? If your insurance will pay. If you're suicidal. If you're doing just fine, why would you go in the hospital? These are realizations you have to have. As it would.

As you would do. Consider. Self-exploitation, self-betrayal. More gentle to yourself. Embarrassing, hard to read. Completely insane. What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know – not really. As it would happen. As you would do. This is what happens. What you'd figure / consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. For a certain "session", I had five books available online. Which are now "missing"... The session is over. The section/sector is over. What you'd consider. How you'd suppose. Tic's, verbal tic's. Why are you so attracted to them? Hard to say. Seems to be what you're into writing. Could you write poetry? Fiction? Philosophy? I'm not so sure about

that. Not entirely. What I could write, instead of journal. Free-form sophistry. I'd have to actually ~work on a text. Not just "pound it out". Am I capable of doing that? Perhaps. We'll see.

What I have to do. What I'd have to do. I'd be interested in seeing what kind of fiction you could come up with. What would I write? Instead of writing ~about writing – I would actually be writing, for once. Hard to believe. What would I write about? How would that go? Do I have it "in me"? Not a fictional bone left in my body? Manipulating readers. Aren't I smart enough to do that? Other people do it, a lot. Do a lot of it. Argue yourself into constructing a novel. How does a novel begin? What is the beginning? Being/nothing/becoming. That is how anything must begin. Do you have to have an "idea"? Gravity's Rainbow? What is your poetic concept? You're so used to writing journal. Can you get out of this mode/phase? Is that possible?

What would you write?

He left. He didn't know where he was going. He just wanted to be "out". Destinations would happen later. For now – movement. What did he think about, if he was on the move? Could you move and think at once?

Different things. I could think of. It would have to be a masterful manipulation. I would have to prove I'm smart enough to write fiction. I'm not sure if that's true. Not sure if I have it "in me" – not exactly sure.

They sat in the sunlight at the café table. Everything seemed to make sense.

"Where do you think you're going with your life?" She was serious.

"I have a certain faith or optimism," he said, though really thinking that pessimism was more appropriate.

"If you found a woman like me, you must be onto something." Was she serious?

"I didn't 'find' you so much as our lives' matrices intersected." Everything seemed simpler before. If you were going to write about this moment, what would you write? How could you describe their scene here? Two young lovers in the prime of their lives?

I'm not sure I ~do "have it"... What it takes. Not entirely sure. And I've been programming/brainwashing myself with journal, for so long. Giving myself too much freedom, in a sense. Allowing too much leeway. Then you'd figure, you'd consider.

I think it will have to do with ~structure. Maybe the essay form is more realistic for you. Although what you'd write about, I can't imagine. Expert in

what? Insanity? Writing insane ranting unstructured texts? What does ~that do for you? If anything.. Maybe it brings you down. Maybe your work was a big downer. For yourself.

“I don’t know if I should write poetry, fiction, or philosophy.”

“Maybe do all three.”

“That’s a good point..” But was that really possible?

“Usually though that doesn’t happen. Either something is a novel, or it isn’t..”

“I’d be interested in what fiction you could write..”

Maybe I’m dead. Hopeless/ lost. No hope of ever doing anything good in writing. Maybe get a computer job. Although I don’t know if that would necessarily work very well, either. Could I have set up PTAS? Could I have done the upgrade? I think there might have been trouble. I could have gotten in trouble. I ~did get in a little trouble. What I figure. What I write. I’m not sure. Like “Laugh of the Medusa”? Is that what I would write? The male version of that? Exquisitely controlled tone? Context, scene, character? Is that possible, for me? This is my experimental notebook. My artist’s journal. I can do whatever.

Sex. He had heard so much about it. That it was good. That it was the essence of life. And now, he was getting it.

She lay, semi-naked, on her bed in her little house upstairs in the bedroom. This was like something that might actually happen. Rather, it ~did actually happen.

“I see the schizophrenic game you’re playing – I’ve seen it all before..”

He was very uncomfortable. She was able to make things very uncomfortable.

“I’m pretty uncomfortable,” she said. “I can only assume you’re pretty uncomfortable, also.”

Would he talk to his therapist about this? Did he ~have a life? Was the key progress to be made in ~philosophy? A book of philosophy? Will that have to be it? Perhaps. Perhaps so. What would that look like?

Assholes. Maybe I’m not a big-enough of an asshole. That could be it. With schizophrenia. No hope for my future. The present isn’t so bad. Why should I be so down on the future? Dementing yourself. Self-exploitation, self-betrayal. This is how that would go. Almost exactly. Do I like novels, books? What is the point of anything? Why do I go on? I could kill myself. Better not do that. For your family’s sake. Now, if you didn’t have a

family – that would be another story. Still, I would think you'd hang on until the very end. Look at Benjamin. How much of a tragedy his death was. Suicide. Still resonates, seventy years later. Still affects the world. Would you want to take yourself from the world? Take the world from yourself? "Someone is trying to kill me." That's SI translated into rational talk. As it would happen. As you'd figure. Maybe your tic's are the sign. You ~don't have anything original to write. You're ~not an artist. Of any sort. But why be so down on yourself? Just being realistic. Realistically assessing my chances. My shot at life. I would think you'd want to accomplish something. Book deal? If they gave you a book deal – what would you publish? Clear Text? If it's going to be published, maybe that's good. Not just privately on your website. But public, accepted. Maybe your books of insanity ~would be good public, published. Maybe you ~do have an angle on the literary thing. Just not now. Not until you get famous enough to where a book deal would be worth something.

Your bookshelves are kind of symbolic, of how much is already out there. How many humans have written (good) books. And what you've done. Insanity. If they're interested in a book of insanity. If they would publish you – does it matter? Writing. Maybe pick something ~easier. Why pick the hardest possible job? If you're going to apply your energies to something.. Why not pick something easier? Can you do anything easier? Or maybe ~go with your insanity, your ultra-fictional philosophy. Maybe you want to ~go with it. ~Not hold back. Just because you took the books down, doesn't mean it's over. It might be just beginning. What you'd figure/ consider. I guess. I don't know. You were dementing yourself. You were exerting a very powerful stressor on your delicate psychiatric condition. If at all possible, you want to avoid going on Clozaril. For example, it can cause you to die. We'll see what the doctor says, when I tell him about my new technique. "Try" not to listen to the voices, is the key word. Sometimes it's very hard. But with the books down, I think I may have fitted the last piece of the puzzle. You can't have online insanity, and be sane. What exactly are we looking at? Would we be looking at? That's what people "look into", out on the street, out in the world. So you were naturally not comfortable, with them scanning you, and finding out ~exactly who you were. Certain conditions. Hypnotic nature of the road. Does the road hypnotize you? Zizek has written a lot of books. So has Stephenson. Couldn't you even ~approach this sort of level? That's what you thought you were doing. You tricked yourself into doing. Designed to give the impression you had done lots of work. Thousands of pages. If they give me a book deal – that's one thing. Until

then, I'm not going to be the source of free, embarrassing hard to read material about my so-called fictional life.

Someone else can be the source, until they're willing to ~pay me. If I were getting paid, that would be something else. But free UFP? I don't think so. Not anymore. Not me.

A world designed for you to play with. Some times, I can imagine a better outcome than inpatient psychiatric admission. Some of the times. How crazy that would seem. If I wanted to stay out in the world. Alone in the woods? Lucas's supposed fantasy? What you're supposed to do. You're ~thought to do. Why do they call it "supposed to"? Why is a bench called a bench? What we've been looking into. Certain borderline conditions. On the borderline of insanity. Fascinated with certain forms. It's about time. Time heals all wounds. If you were going to adopt a kind of cosmic perspective. Then that would be true. Time actually does heal all wounds. The ending could be kind of good. Maybe not a "bad ending"... Depending. What you were going to consider / think. At times. For your imagination. From or to god? Channel to god doesn't seem that out of the ordinary. From god, now there would be something noteworthy. People would gather around to hear what you had to say. A message from god. I don't think we get those. But the voices have made it pretty clear. Who you could be a channel into. Great. Why you would want to kill yourself. Messages from god are designed to be reassuring. Signs. Slow suicide? The adventure to the bar might not turn out so well. The side effects of such an adventure. What you need. Do you need to get fucked up? What you almost or actually did do to yourself? Smoking? How badly you could have fucked up? For addiction? Did you know what you were doing? You thought you needed an extra boost of creativity..? You didn't think you were creative enough? Strange. Odd. The way that works. How that would have to work.

As you would. Ingrained habit. Freewriting. Too much freedom. Not enough structure. I guess – I don't know – not really. Revealing personal details early in a relationship. As you would consider / figure. The med students. As it would happen. If you would happen. As it were to. If you were to. Going, coming, etcetera. I guess. I don't know – not really. Maybe for a schizophrenic, insane text is normal, is an accomplishment. What a schizophrenic philosopher might "right". Someone not normal. Beyond the bounds of normalcy. As it would happen. As you would consider / suppose. Maybe for a schizophrenic. This would be normal / good. To write UFP. However extreme it feels. If they're willing to publish it, and give you money. For no money? No, not anymore. Not available. No free UFP. Not from me. I'm more protective of my sanity. I

guess. I don't know I just suppose. Websites. How that would go, does go. I guess. I don't know – not really.

Ascension Song

If you were going to pressure yourself. If you were going to brainwash yourself into becoming a writer. Then. I would imagine. I would just suppose. I would think. It could become difficult. Very difficult. “You may be very unhappy, when it comes time to react.” Is that how you could characterize my life? Very unhappy? I guess 23 years. But I’m 39. That’s sixteen years old, with freedom. And you’d figure. And you’d consider. What would you have to teach? What are you an expert in? Shouldn’t you be in college for something? What would they convince you to write / read? Do you need any program’s advices / judgment? Even a great philosophy program? Is that what you write? What do you write? Crap? Unedited crap. Want to write for The Nation? “They’re probably pretty selective.” About who they let write for them. As are most venues. Selective. You’d probably be filtered out. Like they tried to do at Pitt. Filter you right the fuck out the door. You resisted that. You were able to prevail. In a sense. Philosophy, the easiest major. Any other major would have been difficult. Your fondness for structure. What kind of fiction you would write. I don’t think I know enough, to write anything. What do I know? How to ramble on... Not a very rare skill. The only, the most? Is that what you’re giving up? By deleting your books? Now at least you have websites you can be proud of. Not always the case. You can tell people without shame. Without fear of them finding out some horrible shit about your past. I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. As it would happen. As you would happen.

You keep going. You keep writing. Maybe not valuable, maybe not key. What it would take. To be a writer. Why it is so hard (to do right)... What you’d have to do. To change this into a writing experiment. Don’t you write? Why the sudden devaluation of your work? Maybe withdrawing it from circulation is a revaluing... Maybe only ~now are you asserting the real value of UFP. Not available freely, anymore. They’ll have to pay me. I’ll humiliate myself only for money. I’ll do anything for an income. If I could get a book deal. Who cares what book you published? Obviously you ~do care. You’d want to put out a quality effort. And continue to do so, on into the future. This is the rest of your

life, we're talking about. Not just now. Why it was key, to withdraw the work. How that could be key. What you could get out of that. In the end. Saying "No" can be an important philosophical decision. Saying "No I won't give it all freely away." I think that's good to say. If they wanted to publish, that would be something different. If you were already famous. If you could somehow get famous.

What type of book will David write? Isn't that the question? A totally insane word salad? Maybe that's what you're into. What your illness leads you to be into. Maybe you have no choice. The realm of no choice. As it would happen. As you would figure / consider. I guess – I don't know. Withdraw my work from circulation. At least from broadcast. People can still circulate, if they really want to. But I'm no longer broadcasting.. WiFi is like a radio. The signal might have trouble through walls and floors. What you consider. If you just wanted to ~write, and you didn't care ~what. Then. UFP would be apposite. If you actually want to write ~quality, though? It will take some craft. First drafts aren't going to cut it, in this world. At least now you're at least asking the question of writing. When before you were just cranking out "books" automatically, with no thought. No one cares about philosophy. Your philosophy, at least. Today is Only Day makes that perfectly clear. Not ready to manipulate the readers? Don't think novel writing will necessarily work. As you'd consider / figure. You have to be fully ready to do some manipulation. I think until then, you won't write a novel. What do you want to show people? How would that go? What? "That"... Doing "that"... We weren't always sure we'd hear about "it"... It's about my income, and my reputation. I'm not going to just trash my reputation, unless there's some kind of ~income involved. Without that, no reason to give away all my work. Not anymore. Maybe at one point. When I wasn't in full control. The clarity. Imagining people reading every little point I've made. It was kind of like SECT... Giving myself continual shocks. Shocking revelations. Good, if you're being paid. If you're just doing it for free? Not worth it. The heartache. The aggravation. The embarrassment. Now, if they were willing to pay you? Write anything. It doesn't matter what. It matters, but it can be as bad as possible.

The "type" of thing. I would want to have "won" before I shared details like that. D-tails. I would want to have "won"... If you "win", then it's okay to share details. Because you have it ~made, you have an ~income. Until they actually give you an income, fuck 'em. Just people. Just people alive in the world. You don't owe them your sanity. You don't have to sacrifice your own wellbeing, for the education of strangers. What you consider, what you figure. The artist you

are, if you are one. If you consider UFP “art” of any type. A very rambling art. Very unstructured. Full of trivial details of your everyday consciousness/life? Trivial pursuit? Is that what I was really up to, all this time? I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. What you’d have going on. What you’d have to think. Make, consider, do. I guess. I don’t know – not exactly. This is how it would go. I don’t know – not exactly. This is how it would go. I don’t know. Caught in a trap. Trapped in a cycle. Word salad cycle. Highly crafted insanity. Highly articulate insanity. Maybe worthless. Depending. Who you are. What you want. People may ~want that. They didn’t seem to be too eager to publicize it. To talk about it. Unspoken. Keep it private / secret. Read it, but don’t tell anyone about it...

How that would go. How exactly. Borderline phenomena. Stuff that won’t necessarily respond to meds. Stuff like “links to”... Linking to what? What exactly were you linking to? Could that be known? Could that be talked about?

I just continue to freewrite. I don’t know what effect it has. As long as you use basic protective form, and don’t ~publish your journals. If you could get that through your head. That concept, of privacy. We’re pro-privacy, around here. What you could have been thinking about. Is this what you were thinking about? The whole time? You had this stuff online, for anyone to see? Advertising? Asking people to come take a look? I guess. I guess that’s what I was doing. In some sense. Of the terms.

This has to be worth something. This type of writing. Just because the value is not instantly apparent. Remember – you’re not writing “philosophy” – you’re not dealing with concepts on that sophistication level. You’re writing ~UFP... Stuff the ~people can understand. What you’d suppose. What you would have realized. You don’t need to pay attention to Adorno. He is too sophisticated – no one can read him. You only really need to pay attention to popular forms. If you want to be popular. The Adorno was good. Good to realize, what you don’t need to read. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. As it would go, as you would happen. To the world. Is this what kind of world we live in? By now? Where have we arrived? How far have we come? Isn’t that what you were nervous about? Your significance in the world – your place in the “grand scheme of things”? Something to drive you mad, or make you say “Cool!” This is how it would go. How you would figure / consider. If you were to. As you were to. Things. Almost exactly like. It’s. As. As we would consider. As we would figure. Things you’d have to have happen to you, for this to be the case. Almost like.

Points worth looking into. Falling versus flying. A certain little brother could have been (should have been) good for describing this to. Falling is giving all five books away, digitally, without copy-protection or compensation. Flying is holding onto the books, until they figure out they should publish me. I've made the transition from falling to flying. Flashbacks seem easier to deal with. More like illusions, than hallucinations. More like things that were always happening anyway. I just over-actively imagine voices onto it. Or, when I was triggering. Self-exploitation, self-betrayal, dementing myself for free. I guess I'm not "free" anymore. The books are no longer available, and this won't change until they decide to publish me. This is what I'm thinking. As I'm thinking it. Able to finally relax enough to get into Mahler. A good thing. Like some of the points. Certain points. Such as, who always already knew what. Could be linked to what. What could this be linked to? Free access? Full access? To your consciousness? The productions of your consciousness? It would be a game changer if they decided to publish me. All of a sudden, I wouldn't be a dependent. I would be independent. Bad reputation wouldn't seem to matter much, at that point. If I were able to gain independence. Then I could see publishing ufp. Until then? No thanks. Not any more. Did enough, already. What I'm thinking. Weirdly, as I'm weirdly thinking it. Like tomorrow. What will happen with the inspection, "tomorrow"...? How will that go? How does that always go? What were you thinking? Took you a while, to figure it out. You beat that rap. To make the transition. From falling to flying. Didn't always know. Kind of suspected. In a sense, did suspect that something was wrong. Didn't know what to scan for. Scanned, but found no solution. Should have asked myself for help. I was the certain person in question, whose help I needed. This is what I figure / consider.

What I figure. Can understand Kant. The Kantians, with the "big guns"... His philosophy might not exactly ~be the most sophisticated – but he could have asked the most sophisticated questions. The way he put questions. The approach he took. Did Hegel really improve on it? Maybe Hegel asked further questions. As all the philosophers do. Including you, Zizek, Adorno, Ziporyn. We all ask our questions. I don't think my work is nugatory. Without value. It has some value. Maybe not to AMB. He is an atheist. He doesn't like DeLillo. If you don't like DeLillo, what do you think you'll think of me? This is what I do, what I consider. Insane-seeming writing. It would be insane to give it away digitally, without compensation. ~That might be the insane part. The writing? Not so much. You did your "research"... You looked very carefully, into certain points. Almost too carefully.

Asshole tuning. Asshole behavior. What you consider, what you suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. As it happens. As you'd discover. You'd play guitar like that. And sing like that, and play drums and keyboard. And then what? What's the result of all that? This? Here, now, again, this. This is how it goes.

As you do, as you be. Writing. This is it. Not craft, but expression. You don't need "craft".... You can ~express the truth. At least that's what I'm thinking. Flying. I'm going to fly my way to success. I allowed downloading of the books, for a calculated length of time, and then withdrew them. An experiment. A real-world experiment. Experimenting with the people, the audience. Seeing what the audience wants to do. Giving the audience a choice. If they want to keep promoting my books. They can. Individuals who happened to download. Other individuals will have to wait until the books come out published. That's the system. The books are no longer available online freely. Not from me, at least. If you hook up with someone who has a copy, you're in luck. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What were you doing? Beautiful life. If you can be relaxed enough to appreciate it, it's pretty rewarding. The contours. Contour-line drawing. Drawing in the dark. What you consider. The things you've learned. From the people. The various people. Saying "No". An almost psychotic distance from your texts. A selective experiment – putting them into circulation, on a limited basis. "He wants the whole world to read his mindless gibberish." I suppose that's correct. If I get an income from it. If it's tied to my bank account. If not, I don't care so much. My bank account is the thing in question, to me. Other people might not have that as their priority. It's personal. I didn't always realize. You can't exactly "scan" for realizations like this. I needed help from myself. I needed my own help. I was digitally broadcasting my five great works for free. With no copy protection. I think that could have been good in a conditional sense. Good for a bit. Don't want to keep doing it. Want to fly – hold onto the works, until they figure out I should be published. It's all about independence. The flashbacks. Are really just about my state of dependence. How dangerous and unstable it is to be dependent. If I were independent, I don't think the fb's would be as upsetting. This is how it seems. How you suppose. I guess. I don't know. Not really. Dementing yourself. Self-exploitation, self-betrayal. I value the works. I think they're good works. As Enzo said, "I'm not Jesus." I'm not going to give my life works away for free. A difficult realization to come to. Took me a while. About ten years. Until I was able to realize. I guess that's a long experiment. That's what

I could have been doing. All the time. Growing demand for my works. If there's no demand, being published won't make a difference. You have to somehow generate a "buzz" about your name. People plugging your name into Axis-Tone searches. Looking for stuff to buy. Until then, it's moot. That's what I consider, lately. Now. In other words. "Other worlds in other words." What we consider/suppose. I guess. I could be writing anything.

As it would, as you would. You seem to like "tic's"... Is this a new thing? No – not really. If the flashbacks were ~good... If they were ~interesting.. Fixations? People close to you, might remember, coded modes? What mode of control you were trying to escape? As that would go, if that would go. Things, you could be thinking of. If you wanted, as you wanted. Determinate translation, dynamic tolerance. The concepts you have access to. Dialectical transformation, diametric therapy. Deprivation torture. If you ~deprive yourself of DT, it might feel like torture. This is what would happen. If you were to suppose. As you were to suppose. Things. I guess, I suppose. As it would, if you would. Things. I guess, I figure. As you would, as you were. Different types of tic's. What type of tic's were we always looking to be into? ANM? Revolution? Mental stuff. My writing is ~mental. It is crazy. Some people wonder about that. They already have sane writing. As a schizophrenic, if I could give them mental writing, why wouldn't I? Makes me want to put my books back up. "Fall" again, so to speak. If I was looking to be into. Well, maybe ~write a book, first. A book that could be published / popular. See if ~that's possible.

What you do. Taking a shit in a public restroom is a profound experience. Taking a shit at home is profound... A shower is the most erotic thing a human being can do. Different types. Seeking life. You may have to reword some of Lucas's lines. It's too late to have a happy childhood. Writing takes a supreme act of consciousness. This is what we did. How we supposed. "Flying"... I guess it's the best thing to do. An experiment. Make the books available for a few years. Then withdraw them. To see what happens. How that would go. I guess, I figure / consider. What reading Heliosophy might do to you. For you. If you were to, as you were to. Things. Going on. Not so interested in telling people about TUY, now that it's been cleansed. Cleansed of all radical content.

As you would do, see. Whose points exactly, are we looking into, getting help for..? What are we "helping" here, exactly? Exactly what are you doing? Rolling, reading, or something else entirely? Primalling... Mouth open wide, for a long time. Eyes rolling, reading. Not quite as Painful, anymore. More

simply ~strange. Very intense. Strange attractors. Girls. What you exactly need. For this. For what you're in for. What are you in for? How would that go? How do these things happen? How exactly would that happen? Your medical job? So you can work at a hospital? World-class? Is that what you've been thinking about? I thought you couldn't be a doctor... Maybe you could be a roving mental patient. Rove around Western Psych, interacting. I don't think the Powers would like that. Not very much. You can roam around Oakland – how would that be..? You can barely deal with that. How would you deal roaming around the hospital? Exactly? God. It might become very difficult, depending whose voices you were thinking of controlling. God's voices? If it's God, how can I control it? Or am I ~under control? The realm of “no choice”?

Depending whose voices you were trying to control. God's voices? What would that mean? Is that possible? Does that exist? Do a priori synthetic statements exist? What do you like? Freedom? Why not roam around. Apparently the hospital isn't ready for you, just now. Maybe in the future. Depending on what you were going to ask for help with. Your escape, the hospital. When all else fails, there's always the hospital. What you do. What you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. As it would happen. As you would see.

What was it about? Cognitive approaches? Or Primal approaches? You can take that word from Janov. He doesn't have a monopoly. On the truth. Primal, strange experiences. I seem to be able to avert the worst catastrophes. Using self-talk, control of my voice. I'm able to power on through the voices. I still feel fairly strange. Not normal. Or a different kind of normal. What's the problem? How would you characterize it? Who exactly. What people can see. Wouldn't they see this if you had your medical job, in the hospital? They'd “know who you are” there. Then. UPMC would know of it. You'd have to explain about your problem, your characteristics. Good luck with your psychiatric problems. Is that how it goes? Interesting? Strange. Don't you think it's a bit strange? Mirror-phase of development. Where you're looking in the mirror of god? Did that thought help you in the past? What could you have been thinking? It seems like certain mistakes I might have made are coming back to haunt me. It seems like I am being made an example of something. Like I'm on display, all my problems. People can tell, by the look in my eyes. How my eyes are rolling, reading, or primalling. Why it would be a Primal experience. Reliving the past? Pre-living the future? Tomorrow, how will this be tomorrow? Still seems to be happening, every other day. Maybe I do have psychiatric problems. That different medicine might help. This shouldn't be

happening. It makes sense, when it does happen. It's all making sense. The punishment, for the mistakes. Going against the Normative Matrix. ANM thought, aNM behavior. How well do you think that's going to go? Going up against a matrix? Not well. It turns out my so-called solution has some problems of its own.

What you could, what you did. As you were to. If you were to. Maybe I'm philosophy – maybe I'm just a special, deranged sort of philosophy. Maybe I think, maybe I will. Different things. Maybe I'm onto ~different things. Obviously the Kant, Hegel, has already happened. The Zizek, Adorno. That stuff is out there, that stuff exists. It would be foolish to think I could improve, or even replicate. I don't ~have to though... That's ~my genius..! I can be myself. What are you a genius of? Maybe I'm a genius at being myself..! This is what I think, what I consider. As it were to, as I were to. The Berg is the answer to my prayers. What we do, what we situate as.

David Lucky, Not Complaining

As, is. As it does. Is it, did? What do you consider? You're writing. You're producing texts. Something the ancients did only problematically. You're doing it with no problem. You're having no problem doing it. The machine is relaying your wishes from the keys to the screen and memory banks. This is amazing. You can almost not believe your luck. When you were a kid, you dreamed of machines like this. And now, here they are. Amazing. Strange. The way things work, the way things happen. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. That's just what I figure, what I consider. I could be doing many things. This is what I'm doing. Devoting my whole life to my art. Staying impoverished for my art. Saying the art is the most important thing. Material wealth cannot compete against art. All a true artist needs is bread and his art. This is what I figure. What I consider. I suppose. Machines like this. Beyond the wildest dreams of previous peeps. But now. Here we are. Retina display, or not. Not, for now. As of yet. Maybe not always. Maybe not all the time. As you'd figure, as you'd consider. I guess.

It gives us something to talk about. Pretty "strange"... Now that you mention it. If you were going to. Knowing the voices are yours, and ~not God's. That is a key realization to make. If you were to think the voices were god's voices, they might be very difficult to control. If you were to try to stop your eyes from "rolling" or "reading" – it might become very difficult to keep them from wanting to do this. They have a natural tendency to roll/ read/ scan/ Primal. You have to give in to this periodically, as you're walking around. Or else the rolling energy builds up, and makes you want to roll continuously. A "certain point". Where you need the help of "certain doctors", and you look exactly into certain points of certain people as you walk around, certainly tripping. If I could somehow attenuate the cognitive dimension. I think the affective dimension isn't that bad. It's pretty strange. But it's a sort of energy I can accept and deal with. If you're buying into hallucinated voices, however, it might become very difficult to maintain stability.

As it would go. What's your strategy now? With the books down? How will you get "famous" enough to publish? Maybe the sites stand on their own. Maybe they will gain in popularity. With the way the world's going, though, I somehow doubt it. There's too much other shit out there. How will the unspoken eyes and 251frankjazz ever make it? It seems less likely, especially with the books down. Maybe the books will create a buzz. Just through whatever people were able to copy them, when I had them up. Maybe I "seeded" the world with my books. And now, wait to see what happens. That's what I'm thinking. I could look for an agent. There are millions of books waiting to be published. Going that route is as certain as playing the lottery. Better do it on your own – get famous on your own. Write a book you're proud of. A book you stand under. Understand. Maybe that's the key. Your seeds might pay out, eventually. Until then, try to write a decent book. You haven't written a decent one, yet. This is how it would go, how you would consider. I guess. Feel the warmth, in your apartment. Warmth enabled by, in a sense, the System. The System which you said you were against. Maybe not so against it, anymore. Maybe on its side. The system. How has it ever fucked you over? Just because it hasn't fucked ~you over, doesn't mean it's good. Think of the third world. What about them? Everyone else? Everyone besides the first world? Who should care about that? Maybe you do. Hard to believe. Maybe "AggreCulture" is the answer – aggregate-rational culture. With the internet now – isn't that basically how it's going? Rich media, poor democracy? But with the internet? Don't we ~have the tools, now? To spread information? What kind of information are you spreading? What type of development is this?

As we do, as we are. If you were to examine writing. The ultimate. You ~have "philosophy of mind" – you ~are it. You can ~think..! You don't need asshole philosophers to tell you they understand the mind... This is what we do. Gave the world some "examples"... People wanted to know what a journal was like, a true writer's journal. I don't think most writers would have done that. As of yet. Just yet. As you'd figure, as you'd consider. Primal. Is your writing Primal? And what would you think? What ~do you think? Can it be known? Alice coming home to Pittsburgh? Isaak solving the network telephone answering service? Different things. Working at Io's. I guess. I wouldn't really know. I'm just trying to write a book. It's what I'm doing. Ida has been my therapist for a very long time. Are you allowed to just change doctors? I guess occasionally you are. What we consider. As we were to figure. Journal about your paranoia. Not situational. This is what we think. What we consider. She told him at 30 mg his brain is totally saturated by Zyprexa. When he found out I

was on 35, he got jealous. Insanely jealous, you could say. How is the clinic run? How do we suppose / translate? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What we do, what we think. She has an eight year-old son. She's been my therapist for a very long time. Certain therapist. Certain patient. Certain illness. What we do, what we consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. How smart your Dad is. How much he understands about medicine. Unconventional therapist. Don't even mention Janov's name. That is the opinion he has of Primal theory. Doesn't even want its name to be mentioned. That is not a high opinion. I guess. I know. I just suppose. What you'd do. What you'd consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

Three pieces of pie, three pieces of pie. Different things. I could be doing, I could be supposing. As you do, as you write. Different things. With all the guitar playing I haven't been doing. My musical imagination. Composing symphonies, or creating them, I should say. I wouldn't really know how to compose one. And I don't think I'd want to. Too much work. But I can create them just fine. It's musical imagination. It's what you have inside you. Different things. As I decide to keep writing, keep at it. Not to give up. No matter how difficult it gets. I see why Lucas said being a writer is so hard. It is, it actually ~is that hard. So why do it? You have no other calling. You have no other vision. For reality. Yes, you could make more movies, and you probably will. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As you would, as it were. Posting your Baird films? Not yet. Not as of yet. I just finished *Libra*. DeLillo is the most ~ambitious writer. What I think, what I consider. If I were to. Flashback? Maybe. Maybe that's my fate. Tempting fate? Whose fate are you playing with? Ron's? Landlord? Is that what role a landlord plays? Master, servant. The different things. I don't think he ~wants to be your master. He just wants your money. What we do, what we consider. I guess, I don't know – I just suppose. As it would happen. As you would consider.

I'd actually say "Read any Adorno" – it's all good. This is what I figure, what I consider. I guess, I suppose. Adorno ~had to go against Kant and Hegel... What else could he do? He's a philosopher. If he didn't simply want to be a cheerleader of German Idealism... He had to go against. This is what I consider. What I figure. My plan was to get famous enough, so that I could sell books. I might have to do that a bit more indirectly, if I'm not using the five books as material for my fame. If the pure sites are what I'm interested in getting famous for. The films, music, and some text. This is what I suppose. If certain things were ~that good. If your aesthetic attitude is ~that key, people will tune in, turn on to it. Eventually. This might not happen overnight. And there's your seeds. You

planted some seeds, by giving away five books for a while. A lot of free copies. Promotional copies, you could think of them as. This is what happens. What you suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know. Not really. Taking control of my life. Rolling / reading / Primalling / scanning. The eyes like to do it. Things are looking up. Finally. Learning the hard way. The very hard way, in some cases. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

Wanting. Maybe to write poetry -- or at least, to be poetic. Yielding to different urges. Maybe you should. Maybe you've tapped out on prose. Why the tic's, so many tic's... Maybe time to switch over. Or at least liven up your prose. You have to do something. Things can't go on like this. Not forever. Suicide? Is that the best fate you can imagine? Certainly you can do better. You must do better. After all the work it took to set this up..? And you would off yourself forever? I don't think that would be good. Best. It wouldn't be the best option. If you have any option. What is happening in Shakespeare. What is happening in UFP. I guess, I don't know, I just suppose. What you could be doing. A rough draft, unless you're out of this world, is not going to cut it. This is what you figure. What you consider. I guess. I don't know. Turning myself into a writer of journal. A writer of ~dream. Dreaming in text. That's what I wanted to do – what I dreamed of doing. I didn't really know if it was possible. I thought it might be possible. To have your brain be in novel-mode. Imagine that – just cranking out novels.. That would be unbelievable. If you could do that. Get on that tip. I think. Then I'd think. I'd suppose, if you were to – as you were to. Things. We have going on.

As you would do, as you would consider. Different things. Popular writing. You think this will become popular? Or you can change this into something popular? Maybe. I guess it's possible. Text is plastic – it can morph. You can morph it into whatever form you want to morph it into. This is what happens. Easy to write? Easy to express this stuff? Expressing on a difficult level? What level are we talking about, here? Details. How closely have you looked into the details? Exactly.. I can feel a flashback coming on. I'm pretty good at detecting their onset. By this point, at this point. What we consider. What we figure. I guess, I don't know. If I'm about to nod off to sleep, how can I be in a flashback? If I'm ~not in a flashback, why do I need to lie down? Seems like a lot of downtime, in your life. I like downtime. I like resting. After how crazy I've been. What that would look like. If you had had a flashback recently. And were still tired from the slow-down. What that would look like. For you to. With you to. You to do it, and suppose. This is what

happens. What you'd figure / consider. I guess, I don't know – I just suppose. About to fall asleep. About to swing back into a flashback. Tired is better than flashback. What we'd do, consider, suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

As it would go – as you would figure. Having taken a shower. Good to do. Shave. Good. Good to have done. Feels good. Different things. What you could be writing for. Who you could be writing for. Millions of books waiting to get published. Literally millions. It's like winning a lottery. I'm not really going to play that game. I'm going to choose an alternative route to fame. Websites, Genome ads. This is what happens. What we consider. I guess – I don't know. I'm alive, for now. How lucky I am. That is the beauty that you sometimes realize. Why would you want to kill yourself? When life is beauty? That's a good question. That's the sign of a very disturbed personality. SI. I can't really understand it. Seems natural, at the time. Natural intrusive thoughts. Thought-injection. Mind control. What you would suppose. Ultimate level – landlord? Is the landlord on the ultimate level? He who owns the building? Is that how it would go – how you figure / consider? I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. This is what happens. What we relate / suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. How it goes, how we figure. I could keep writing. I don't know if there's a big point. What I've written. Prepare a book? For publication? Is that really what you want to do? I guess so. I guess it is. How will I do that? Self-publish, put a link on my sites to buy? If you're considering doing it on your own. Publishing without the help of a nonvanity. If you were considering getting famous by your own powers. Then you wouldn't necessarily need an agent or a publisher. If people were clicking on your sites. You could self-publish, put a link to buy. That would be one method, one technique. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you do, what you consider. I guess. Planted the seeds. Put my books out there. Maybe some trees will grow. From what seeds I was able to plant.

You may have learned the hard way. The eyes like to roll / read/ scan/ Primal. If you look down as you walk, you're counteracting what developed as a survival mechanism – scanning the borderlines. Staring at the road in front of you is also hypnotic. In the city, it's not simply normal to trust all the buildings around you, and not at least look at them. Look around..! It's what eyes are for. I guess this was a hard lesson for me to learn. Very hard, in some cases. How I consider / suppose. What I like to do, to consider. I guess. You're in a unique kind of trouble. This is how it goes. How you create. I guess, I don't know.

What you do, what you consider. If you were to. As you were to. Not too much talking out of you, lately. Not too much of a speaker. Not speaking. Not making sounds. Happy just with the audio music feeds. Don't need to produce verbal feeding. That's what it seems like. Maybe you've been tapped out. Five books. In competition with all the books ever written... Not just all the books coming out today. That's tough. How can you do that? How can you compete? On that level? Maybe the pressure. The mouth/brain/life pressure, did something to your verbal/mental ability. And so, you're world-class. How that would have had to happen. If your matrix wasn't sophisticated enough. ANM. Are you ~anti Normative Matrix? What does the normative matrix tell people to do? Why would you go against it? Isn't it comforting to have structure.? Are you just being rebellious? For no reason? I guess. I suppose. If you don't listen to your voice notes. Then you might grow out of touch. With your voice. Maybe you have nothing to say. Philosophers of old didn't know about the neuro network. But this might not be bad. People today who know about it think they understand the brain. Maybe the mystery of old enabled philosophers to be more inventive. Now, with all this knowledge given to them, people don't appreciate the fact that we don't know what a brain is or does, really. I guess. I just suppose. Things are going good now. Not so good under certain eventualities. If certain things were to happen.

As you'd. If you'd. What you ultimately have to consider. How fast you can type / write. Differences in modality. What modality you are looking to be into. How fast you can compose philosophy. High speed philosophy? Ultra-fictional philosophy... This is what you do. As you do it. Tripping is notoriously hard to describe, even as it's happening to you. There's a cognitive difference. There's a close attention to, and response to, my thoughts. Commentary, in other words. This happens two days out of three. The question is when will I get sick of it. Will I get sick of it. Or will I see it as educational – as a valuable experience for a philosopher to periodically get? This is what happens. What you'd figure. If you were to. As you were to. What do you do? Think of becoming a philosopher? You'd have to ~study, I think. Even, to become a “writer”... It would involve ~homework. You can't just blast out journals. Drug-addicted cognitions or not. Maybe drug-addicted journals have their place, in the world. But you want to get beyond that. You want to produce a solid, respectable, decent, clean work. You haven't done it yet. Not yet. You could be working on it. This here document. What's ~this? What's this ~becoming? It could ~become “anything”... From humble origins.. This is what I do, what I figure / consider. I guess. I don't know. As I'd write. Protective

form. What are you protecting? What do you suppose? I guess, I don't know – I just suppose.

The computer. This is what you do, what you consider. Would you have things to say to students, in lecture? What would you lecture about? What type of knowledge do you have, of the world? Wouldn't everyone want to be a lecturer? Someone who could talk at great length, a few days a week, in an endless, entertaining, educational monologue? Wouldn't everyone want to get paid for doing that? And you. Failing classes, dropping out of classes. Not exactly a good academic record. Maybe you're not the academic type. Even if you can write. A writer is not necessarily an academic. If you can write a lot. Doesn't mean you'd have a lot to say. At great length. On important subjects? Is this why school never worked out for you? It would have been too difficult to be a pretender, to play-act a role that was at odds with your reality? Do you have anything serious to write about?

What you do. What you expect. At a certain moment. Now that you mention it. Now that you use that concept. What you're figuring, what you're considering. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Difficult. Is this a joke? Things not seeming so funny anymore? As it would go. As you would be. Can seem to be increasingly difficult, to pretend to be who you're not. To be God. What you figure. What you consider. Being asked, exactly where you are. Where you are. The place you're in. Your brother's place. Monkey see, monkey do. A certain brother. To keep a certain brother in the dark. One brother with his eyes open, one with his eyes closed. I always thought he was the luckier brother. In the dark. Delay. A slight delay. Shocks, from each message that comes in. SECT. Why would you want to "delay", your entry into the game? Would you change anything? Did you do anything wrong, in your addiction? How you would change things. If you could / should. Should any of this be different? Seems almost natural. The way you were looking. Certain key points. Smells. To know you're home. What that would be like. If you asked them to have humor about that. A key point. "The point" is a place. They call this "the Point." What you'd figure, what you'd consider. The speech act can seem very dynamic. Is this real or symbolic struggle? What Lucas would say now? Can that be known? What a recording of this would show? Camcorder for this event? Video/ audio. What did they do to this poor girl? How you figured, how you considered. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Powers of description. See some humor in it. Fucking. Who the fuck is this? What we consider / figure. How we'd figure. Almost naturally. Why does anyone do anything? Because they like to. That is why "people do things"... Like

something your Mom once said? Or your Dad once said? As you would figure. Wouldn't verbal tic's be the ultimate expression of this, if the world were completely uncertain? Landlord? What's this all about?

What you would care about. Reading at what hour. As you would consider. What types of things. We know. You told us. What you've confessed to. Why would the smartest kid in the class poop his pants? An enigma, to solve. Enigmaticalness. I guess. I don't know. How exactly that would go. If you were a channel. What's on your channel? Wouldn't that be designed to be reassuring? To at least some of the people? If I get an income, then it doesn't matter if I have a bad reputation. The income, independence, is the key here. What we're looking into. Who cares how embarrassing the books are – if you're independent? Then it would all be worth it. Any trouble, any bad news, would be worth it. You'd be independent. What you consider. How you'd figure. If you were to. As you were to. A limited experiment. Seeding the world with copies, free copies. What that could do. To certain readers. As certain readers. Certain doctors might be interested. If you were to call Resolve at exactly that point. Seems like certain psychiatrists might want to look at this. I wanted to see if I could handle the flashback. If ~understanding the condition could somehow make it easier to deal with. I don't think it does. Well – maybe a bit. Maybe it helps a bit. At least until you can get home to bed.

As it would happen. Just as, just so. Might ~not want to drive, in these conditions. "I'm not gonna want to drive." This is how it would go. This is why I'm here today. My brother and therapist asked what would happen if I were to push through a flashback. Primal, whatever you want to call them. I usually would not have made it, today. That's why I'm here. What you figure. Scans. If they were to scan. What you would figure / consider. Once you have been scanned as being totally crazy, it's hard to escape that. Lies, evasions. I'd be lying if I told you I was comfortable driving. But I've done it during a flashback numerous times. This is how it would go. I guess. What seems to happen. As you would figure. Prose, not poetry. I have no poetry in me. I'm not lyrical, anymore. I guess. I could probably get back into it. I'm too into the UFP. Whatever that means. What that would mean. I guess. I suppose. Your pupils are the darkest points you can look into. Close your eyes, and see not "black" – but all the colors. Positive capability, the ability to be yourself. What you'd consider / figure.

As it would go. You'd consider. If you could write. Record. What you'd record. How could it have been possible? He knows. For you to be in the dark about this? Explosions... This kind of energy? Would that be possible. "I

thought everyone was God.” “Even me?” Astonishing things. People who might not. As you might. If you were to. Exactly what disorder, you’ve been “looking into” getting help for. What do you need? How would that go? As it goes, as you consider. Figure. Different things. Go to the hospital? Would they be able to help you, there? Do you need some inpatient time? I want to kill myself. That will have to be the criteria. They won’t care about the conditions, until they make you suicidal. This is what would happen. How it would go. I guess. I don’t know, I just suppose. As you’d do, as you’d figure. You keep going. RS, here to talk to you. Keys. I would think. Strange habits. I’ve gotten out of the habit of calling them Yoga Nidra. Strange habits. Checking up on your parents’ sisters. Could have developed the habit. What you consider. What you figure. Things. As it would go. I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. What I have going on. What I’d imagine. If I were to, as I were to. What do I have going on? At this point in my development? Prime phases, in the development of ~who? Who are we looking at, here? How would that go? As you’d figure / consider. I guess. I don’t know. I could almost. Almost natural. “It’s almost natural.” What kinds of realizations, you would have to have, to have avoided that. Primal realizations. What seems to be happening. Open your mouth. Why you would hold your mouth open. What that would be symbolic of. What did they do to this poor girl? As you’d figure, as you’d consider. What it would have to be. What you would have to suppose. In English class – being asked to speak. Not doing very well. Not well at all. Someone in that class really doesn’t like you. “I forgive her.” This is how that would go. How you’d suppose. I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. Things. Things you could determine. Suppose. I guess.

As you. If you. If you were to write. As you were to write. What would you write about? How would that go? I guess – I don’t know – I just suppose. I have nothing to write about, nothing more to say. I’ve said it all five times already.. But this is the writer’s lot. To have to say again, write again. It’s what s/he ~chooses, as a writer. If s/he didn’t want to be a writer, then there would be no problem. The problem arises when you want to be a writer. And you have to keep writing. Continually write, in a sense. Then a problem arises. What will you write about? Will anyone care? It’s what you do, what you suppose. I guess, I don’t know. “He could easily live in a cell half this size.” This is what happens. How you’d figure it. If you were to. As you were to. I guess – I don’t know – I just suppose. “I buy thousands of dollars of books a year.” This is how that would go. If you were to. As you were to. Maybe you have to let the tic’s

work through your system. Maybe until you tic enough times, the tic will exist inside you, exerting a kind of force. That's what I think, that's what I consider.

As it would happen. Flashback. Seem to be able to deal with it, in some sense. What you consider. What you figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. It begins. To seem. Like this is what you should be doing. I want to kill myself. Dead, bleeding on the floor of the kitchen, with a slit throat. Fantasies. Is this really what you imagine? What you hope for the future? Is this really how it would go? I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. How you do, how you be. I guess. I don't know. Sticking out your tongue. Moving your tongue around. Maybe all the writing was for ~you. Maybe it wasn't for the world. Maybe it was for your world. Printed. Would we want to see this in print? Almost exactly like... You would or would not want to see some of this stuff in print. A pressure like this. Needs a response with similar pressure. This amount of insanity. Why do you need help? What kind of help do you need? Continuous? Why are you asking for my help? The place of god? Would you be putting God in this place? A big "if"... If that were the case. Wouldn't there be some payback, some compromise? If the whole shebang had been designed? To give you anxiety, or not give you anxiety? Determinism. Was very helpful to me, in my illness. At least I think it helped. Maybe it didn't. Believing there was no-choice. The realm of no choice. Just one act. One play. All playing out. All forces and destinies just as you'd imagine, if there were no choice in anything. Or rather, if everything were pre-chosen. Are you the god of your own reality? Is that how it goes? Different Gods create different lives / realities to live / dream? Is that what a life is? Created by a God? Why would there be so much pain? There actually wasn't a lot of literal pain. To enable you. To become this writer. The intensity may have needed to have been great.

As you'd go. As you'd figure. Consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd have to think about. How that would have to go. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As that would happen.

As you'd go. As you'd consider. Different things. Almost. What you'd have to get into. Be into. To change this level. To change on this level. As you'd figure / as you'd consider. Different near-meaningless things you've learned to say. You've developed the habit of saying. You've fallen into the habit. What do you have? Who do you be? Different dreams, leaving you with a strange feeling for the morning? Some of the affective energy? Strange? Is that what you'd say – odd? Being able to program the brain, program the universe? What do you think of that kind of ability?

As a writer. How would that seem? Giving up? Nothing written, nothing made? This is what you consider. Feeling like this. Like the olden days. Have accomplished nothing. Amounting to nothing. If David would kill himself... What about the rest of the schizo's? What hope do they have? Singularity. Maybe David is a unique case. Uniquely troubled. With an astonishing amount of problems. How you'd figure. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Things. Different things.

What you get together – what you suppose. Dad getting fed up with the FB's. Do you want to change your diet or your medication? Diet. I believe Perlmutter. It's just a matter of inertia or momentum. He's believable, to me. What we consider. How we suppose. Brain. Grain on your brain. What you'd be looking into. If that were going to be the truth. If anyone sane would recommend that you drive during a FB. I've driven while tripping on LSD. I've driven numerous times during flashbacks. You could have told Anatole, and he could have walked back. You could have waited at the café, or in the lobby. I guess you weren't thinking that way. ~Exactly that way. What you'd have to be looking "into"... The warnings, for certain people. If certain people were to look into the solution. A possible solution to your "scanning problem"... It seems like the Point is a place. Every place has a "point"... Like there's only one point. One. There are many points. Where you "should" look. Whose "should's" are we using ~now? Homosexual? Heterosexual? Bisexual? Asexual? Is this what you suppose. What you consider. I guess. I don't know – not really. Maybe I ~do need a big change. In my approach. What you'd consider. If FB's were continuously going to happen. What that would make people think. All the people, all the time. Or ~certain people, at certain times? What scanning like that. The cognitive techniques don't work. I have no defense against a FB. Nothing works. No cognitive solution is possible. I just have to "roll with it"... At least, pushing through today's FB, I discovered that they really don't get worse. They simmer, they stay at a constant level, until you can get home and lie down. So there's really no problem in pushing through. How long that could be. How much time you were looking at. Certain people, must have looked into. As clearly. The type of clarity. If you were to mention. As you were to mention.

High-frequency Insanity

Do I really want to chat? Or do I want to ~write. I would think. I would suppose. Knowing. Given, that. If you had awoken to the realization. Of capitalism. You need capital. You need to get capital, somehow. You need to sell books. Write books capable of being sold. If that's possible. If you could imagine that. What do you do, what do you consider? I guess, I don't know, I just suppose. Maybe no one wants to read ufp. Maybe it's a moot genre. Not viable, commercially. That's what you have to discover, what you have to suppose. I guess. I could. I do. As, is. Maybe I'm "dead" – nothing happening, nothing worth writing. Maybe I'm journaling too much. Really – you should be editing / crafting – not always freewriting. That's what I consider. What I figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. As you'd. If you'd. What we do, what we consent. I guess. Trying to write. To freewrite constantly might not be the solution. To life. It just might not work that way. Able to write rough draft masterpieces. Might not be possible. At least you've realized that. Pulling your books from online. Pulling them down. The ultimate act. The ultimate chance to take. Riding naked. Naked into the sun. What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

As closely, as carefully. Looking into this point. This place. "He really put himself out there." To believe you were the only one. In any given place. "You made it." "We have the same kind of desire.." We speak your language. The "language" you were "speaking"... What you could be thinking. Supposing. I guess – I don't know, I just suppose. As it were to, if you were to. What that would "seem like" (explosion?) Borderline (homelessness). What's "going on"... When you do that. What are you ~doing? How do you "do" that? The next step in the scale. The next note in the scale. Slash distinctions. Usually I wouldn't be making it this far. I've decided to see what "pushing through" does. Whether that is a viable approach. It turns out, it is. You can do it.

What you do, what you are. If this were a "flashback", today. It seems. At certain times. At least ~some of the time.. What you consider, what you figure. I

guess. I don't know. The astronomically small probability that you could get a job. Maybe you should be ~looking... Before you actually have to get one... What would you do? You like to write. That's what you're "good at"... That's what you'd "want to do"... How people are going to continuously pay you, is another question.. Claims to be the most radical text. Claims to be the text with the intensity. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. If you were to. As you were to. Developing a bit of an "obsession".. Bitcoin? Is it worth anything, do you trust it, can you buy anything with it? I don't think so. I like cash. I'd rather have cash, than bitcoins. What I've been able to discover. What I've been able to persist. What you do, eventually. As it would happen. As you would suppose. What's going on. What you would suppose. Different things, David. Your name. If the people hosting your website. If they. If they were to. As they were to. Who would host your website? In this world? What kinds of things? Would you be into doing? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

As it were to, as you were to. The tic's can be said to have taken over. They are getting omniprevalent. They are taking over everything. Each time you begin writing, it's a tic. Well – better than writer's block, I guess. That's the thing. If you think of the alternatives. Maybe I can live with this. Maybe this is to repetitively show me what going crazy is like? Couldn't that be the case? For my research. Maybe I ~did sign up for this. Maybe I ~did "look carefully enough into" tripping / psychosis / insanity. Maybe only I looked closely enough... Into what happens. Primals. I'm reliving LSD tripping. The only one. What those people, what this place, could be telling you. It's amazing for the amount of people here, how few of them are cute girls. What you do / consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Why are you in Oakland? "For the atmosphere"... What we suppose. How we were to. If we were to. Things you have happening. What you could be "looking at doing"... Looking at, wondering, wandering. As that would happen. As you would happen to the world. What is happening? To the world, or to you? Experiences like this. "Like" this... Can't be duplicated. Tension / relaxation experiments. I'm having an LSD flashback now. This is what happens. What we'd suppose. I guess, I don't know. As it would happen. As you would happen. Could it really be that? You looked most carefully? When tripping, you pushed the insanity / sanity the farthest? Further than anyone else, ever? You hung on for dear life. You tried to remain sane, while tripping. Yet while wanting to "trip as hard as possible"... You pushed it. Then, LSD poisoning. What that did. Does. What that still does to you. What I'm getting a glimpse of. As it would happen. As you would happen.

What you were considering doing. As it were. As you would. Dead to the world. How useless was a man who couldn't fix a dripping faucet? Fundamentally useless? This is what I consider, what I suppose. As I were to. If I were to. Different things. You could have going on. If you wanted to. As it would. If you would. Different things. You thought of writing. You could think of writing. As you would. If you would. Different things. You could consider. Will people want to read this stuff? Maybe not. Maybe you need a whole other conception of the word "bad"... Or, maybe people will be into the ultra-fictional philosophy. Just because. There isn't a lot of stuff like it, out there. What you'd consider. How you'd suppose. Tired of it. Afraid of everything. This afraid. Maybe it's why you haven't mentioned anything. You're a phobic personality, an avoidant personality. What you would do, consider. Tired of the pretending. Of the make believe. What exactly you are. What condition you have. Exactly. What you could tell people. As it were. If you were. If you were going to tell people. Actually.

What you've written. What that took. (With "that" look).. Dali's hallucinogenic technique. Paranoid-critical.. To write. Working at Wendy's? Different things you could be flashing back to? What they could be "about"? I guess. If you were to. As you were to. The tic's getting ~really repetitive. You'll probably want to heavily edit this. Why do people need to see your tic's? Is that what people want to see? How a writer writes? Maybe. Maybe it is. What you're like, in journal. What you could consider / report.

What you have to do, have to consider. I guess. Things going on. As it. If it. As you. If you were to. Why do you write in fragmented tic's? I don't know. It feels good. It's what I want to write. I'm the first writer who could write ~exactly what he dreamed of writing, and have it published. Well, maybe that's wrong. Some other writers must be happy with their books. But with the interweb... I have been able to write unedited text that is very transgressive. No one else seems to be doing it. The political components of the day. What politics means in the US today. Voting might help. As a start. Or writing more. Blogging more, maybe. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. If you were to. As you were to. Things. I guess. I don't know. Not really. I just suppose.

As you would consider / suppose. Amazing. You get to write. You get to have written. The time. The time you were given, the time you ~took for yourself. Unbelievable. No greater gift could be given to a writer / reader. Then the time to express his potentiality. What I figure. What I suppose. As you'd figure, as you'd consider. Things. That are going on. In this world, in any world. What you'd think. I guess. I have a lot of stuff going on. In my

subconscious. All the meaning I've sought, I've produced. The dreams I've had. The flashbacks.

What you have going on. SI, intrusional. I could be feeling fine. I don't think it's depressed mood, hopelessness. It's more an obsessive intrusion. This is what I deal with. How much I decide to tell the med students. To tell or not to tell. This is what I have going on. Things. You could imagine. You could almost suppose. What we have going on. It seems. I guess. If I were to. As I were to. What you have going on. I guess. It makes sense. What you'd have to have going on. In this sort of world / situation. To set this up. A "set up". What you'd think. However far you've come. Years. How many years it took to set this up... Thousands of years. I might become famous for different things. Not all good things. People might have a simplistic interpretation of my writings. What fits in to the "rational" world. Is it a rational world? Is this why it's so hard to talk about certain things? They don't fit in the world. Unmentionable. Unsayable. What you have going on. What you could be considering. I guess.

What it comes to. What you'd come to. I guess this is what I have to write. By this point. At this point. Have written so much. It seems. It could seem. One or two words can get my point across. As. As you. As you'd. Different things, I could be thinking about / doing. If you figure, if you consider. What you have to talk about, write about, do. Different things. Maybe I'm "written out"... I've literally written it ~all. Yes, music is about tripping – but it's also about commonality. If we are both entranced by a piece of music, this is evidence. What you could be writing.

Creation to complain. Women, girls. Out there. Your priority. No one else is "here"... That's a delusion, to think people can scan you as "here"... ~You're here, no one else. This is what we do. We correct some of our crazy thinking. Could have talked to some women. Probably ~should have. Pitt. Thinking you'd get into grad school at Pitt. Thinking you could be a professor... Strange. Odd. With your jaw. Your inability to speak. That wouldn't have worked very well. I guess. I figure, I suppose. Is that why your writing hasn't hit the next level – you don't do enough speaking? Or maybe it ~has hit the next level. Maybe you just haven't crafted it into something singular. Which you will. You have to. It's your only option. Your only choice. Do you have a choice? Fatalism – is that what you believed? Believed you're God? Dreaming the world? Determined dream? What kind of dream would that be? Maybe it's set up to be determined, but there are just too many variables. Too much could go differently. And ~does go differently.

Some of the points. You naturally might. Structural problem. Not time-based. Anyone in your place. The codes seem to keep changing. The key nature. Of this family. This problem. It could seem. Like any of these scenes could have been key scenes. But weren't. Actually, maybe they were. I see. Good enough. Voices. Sick enough, for this kind of revelation. This is nothing new. A pressure. Like a buzz. You could grow to like this "buzz"... Before I knew what a buzz was. Seems like this pressure/buzz. That I never again will need drugs to reach. Think of tomorrow. How much you'll love yourself, if you can "decide today".. Deprivation Torture? Is that what you've been in the middle of considering? Doing? What we've been looking into? Certain key terms. I told a living soul. Anatole. A certain brother. Difficulty, with this sort of topic. Approaching. The. Keywords. Seems like that could always. The next note in the scale. What you could have been looking into. This whole time. I guess. I suppose. I must not actually know. Seems like, in exactly this place. You're expecting something to happen for you. To you. Depending – David-pending. David waiting. Deceiving. Devices. David vices. Dissolve. David-solution. You wanted to dissolve. You were hoping the problem would dissolve. The nature. The problem was part of the solution. The world's course is as dialectical as that. What you've been considering. What have you been doing? Asking the neighbors to your funeral? Whose points? Have we been looking into, all this time. Like they always already knew. Know. God. What you were doing to yourself, with drugs. What was being done to you, for you, with drugs. Was it a choice?

I don't know. Not really. I just have to assume. Assuming you knew what you know. Assuming you wouldn't like to relive the drug addiction. "Drug addiction" – just meditate upon the phrase. What that sounds like. And you'd drink again? I don't think so. I don't think it's compatible with life, your life. You are too healthy now to poison. This wasn't always the case. When you were told not to do acid. You resisted this, and kept doing it, until a negative experience was powerful enough. You tell your story to yourself, in journal, over and over. Maybe this is what being a poor writer is about. Different things. Almost exactly like. It's almost exactly like. You could consider. You could figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

Depending whose "voices" you were listening to. She was a supermodel, and plays guitar. That makes a perfect 10. What you figure. What you suppose. Who I've been listening to. I'm attracted to beauty. And the French language is something I'm curious about. Not curious enough to learn it. But interested in the philosophy and music. Enough to try to understand what they're saying. Of

course, German is the main game. Reading Adorno. First Nietzsche, then later, Adorno, the ultimate goal. To understand. Then I guess, even further, to be able to articulate some things, to speak the language. Ultimately. You guess. What you have going on. If you were to. As you were to. Different things. Talking with Bri and Barnaby on FB. What that's like. "Like"... It's what it is. Exactly. You could be said to be doing ~exactly this. Not too many other people may be doing it. Writing like this? Not that your quality level is so amazing. Or the content choices are so unusual. But the sheer magnitude. Of what you have written. And continue to write. It's what you're about. The only thing you've pursued at a professional level. Music, until the tendon problems disheartened you. Computers, until the stress of a job became too much. But writing? You've never really given up. You've never really lost your ambitions. It's what we do. What we consider. How ~prophetic Ether was, with his grade. Fuck you, he was saying, in other words. Get the fuck out of here. If you want to write, go write. Leave the corporation, the university. If you really think you can write. And you're on disability. You have an infinite advantage over an unemployed writer. With this advantage, of disability income, you shouldn't really complain. You shouldn't have anything to complain about. You've been given an infinite gift. Compared to an unemployed writer. Unbelievable. I am grateful, thankful. I understand society has its own reasons for helping us. At the tip of the needle. What I do, what I consider. If you get paid to be honest on FB. If it helps. Depending what you were going to consider. I guess. I don't know. Maybe Ether's friends will see my post. That's what I can only hope. And ~my friends will see it. That's all that counts. Fuck you, he was saying. This is what I've concluded. What I suppose. What I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Different trajectories of Desire. What Desire meant to Lucas – and what it means to me. What is ~my desire? To write. To achieve dream-writing. Writing like in my dreams. What else do I have to go for?

What you'd do. Searching, looking, living, scanning, rolling, reading, primalling, tripping. Different words for what your eyes, your selves, do. I guess. In the mood to write? See how that would go? Nothing much happening? In your brain.. Writer's block, writer's schlock. This is what we do. What we consider. Yes, it would be good to write. But I don't know what I'd write. Thinking I'm a channel. What's on DCB channel? What's DCB doing today? Continuous, or discrete information sending? Is God continuously in you? Or just for discrete events. That would be an important realization to have. If that were possible. What you do – what you consider. I guess. I don't

know – I just suppose. What do you do? What are your selves doing? Scanning for certain high points? To see if you lost? You'd want to be independent. Reputation or fame would no longer be a negative.

Having seeded the world with free promotional copies. Seeing what a seeding does, to the world. Whether it's capable of generating any interest. Maybe. You never know. You barely like to read the stuff yourself – how do you think someone else would do? Maybe it's just for you. Maybe only you will care about this stuff. This is what happens. How you consider. How you suppose. Falling, to flying. It's way better, now that you're flying. You're not broadcasting non-copy-protected books online with advertisement freely to the world. You're hanging on to the stuff. Until they figure out that they should publish you. Then there would be a demand, for your work. Now, there's no demand. You have to create a buzz. You have to create a phenomenon. This is what I think, what I suppose.

What we do. Maybe it ~is a medical problem, a problem of nutrition. If glue can fuck your system up that badly. Perlmutter is believable. To me. He seems to be speaking with wisdom and authority. Maybe I ~do have gluten sensitivity. And I've been torturing myself, because of my diet. It could be ~that simple. Or complex. Complex realizations. What we figure. As we were to, if we were to. What types of vacations you could be into taking. Seem to be, seen to be. I guess. I suppose. As it would happen. If we were really going to follow the trail that far. All the way. We'll go back the way we came. Yes we will. What you were expecting. The LSD. What ~that could have done to you. With your intelligence. Afraid of fucking up his brain (Feynman). I guess you weren't afraid. Or you thought it would be worth it, to break the Imperial Conditioning. Whatever that was. However that took effect. From silence. Avoidance, deceptions, escape. What you were lying about. Liars make for "good writers" (righters) – they make things right. How that was going to happen. To go for you. Of course if your primal is about tripping, it's not necessarily going to be something you can just turn off and on at will. It's going to last eight hours or so. You might have to relive. It might be a matter of. As you would consider. I'm reliving acid trips.

As you would go. If you were to. Be happy to be alive. Worry about moving with Sec 8. Finally get it. Finally realize, what life is about. A message from Lucas. He knew, somehow, that his message had been transmitted – that he didn't need additional attempts at communicating with DCB. This is what I figure. How I suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Different things. What you'd suppose. I don't know how much any of this affects you. What you're responding

to. Smells? Maybe that's part of it. One of the sensory modalities. Why neglect it? In your writing? When it has been so important? Remembrance. Remembering life, and how you are just now seeming to understand how nice it can be. Struggle, in Janov's sense. If you're always struggling, to get to sleep. Then your dreams might be troubled, struggle-dreams. On the other hand, if you do DT and practice patience and gratefulness, you may be able to chill out in your dreams. What I figure. I like to enhance my dreams. What I've been looking into, over the years. Finally "getting it", understanding. The visual field. Same as in childhood. Same lack of comprehension, about how this could be. "Does anyone know about consciousness? How will I find out?" Turns out, they don't know. The ones who think they know are the most deluded of all. That's probably not what they'd claim. You've developed a skepticism about truth claims of philosophers. What you'd consider. Zizek, for instance. Seems not to understand Adorno. If you understood Adorno, you'd like Adorno. Different things.

I kind of like the peace and quiet. Don't need to turn on the feed, just yet. Maybe later – maybe eventually. What we discover. A nightmare trip to Best Buy. Traffic from hell. That's what you get. When you don't listen to Mom. Shouldn't have gone. Should have waited 'till a down time. Driving on the weekends in suburbia. Mallville. What we do, what we consider. I guess – I don't know, I just suppose. This is what happens. What you consider. If it were to. Spending a lot of time on FB. I don't know how valuable that is. Or isn't. Seems to provide a certain amount of connection. To friends. Seems to provide a certain. Amount of attention. To your work. What people would like to promote. What they would like to see promoted. Probably not a lot of you. Your stuff. Probably not the most popular approach. What you consider. How it would go. If you. As you. DT becomes habitual. You develop the ~habit of DT. And if you deprive yourself, it can feel like torture. What I'm thinking. What I'm supposing. At this stage in the game.

What you do. What you consider. As it would go. As you would do it. Maybe you've learned something. I thought you "got it" – understood how good life was? If I get fixed, I'll never feel bad again. Didn't work out like that. Not exactly how it happened. What we consider, suppose. If you were to. As you were to. I guess. I don't ~really know. Not really. I just suppose.

Thinking about music, about Carla Bruni, about philosophy and Adorno. If you were to. As you were to. What you would consider/ figure. If you were to suppose. What most people could have been looking into. All this time. Anyone given the right link. Could be making distinctions like this. The right "to-link",

link to content. If they were. If you were to suppose. I guess. I don't know. Could you have been a virtuoso, like Yo-yo Ma? I don't quite think. Not exactly as intense as that guy. John McLaughlin? Wasn't able to figure out jazz guitar. Can't help you there. What we'd suppose / portray. If certain things had happened. Anything significant? Don't think building the world was significant? Decisions. To build, to engineer. Technical stuff. The technical accomplishment of the world. The philosophical discourse of modernity. Savor material ideal. Different things. Almost exactly. Like. You wouldn't want the whole world at your door. Knocking. Brandom has his home address and phone number on the internet. He's famous. He must not get harassed. This is what I figure, what I consider.

I don't know why I would chat on that channel. Asking for punishment? Willing to submit to the channel's special discipline? Lonely, hungry, bored? I guess there could be many reasons. It's not necessarily bad to feed into an asshole channel? If you've decided that it is an asshole channel... Well, I guess I gave up pretty quickly. Back to my own writing. Good reminder. How much I don't like chat. It's so much better to write. Hard to believe. You might believe. That a moving, responsive chat window could provide more joy than the static, written page. But that's not necessarily true. What you figure. What you consider. Tic's are the most valuable things writers can share with each other. We want to know your tic's. What allows you to write so much? What will people say about your writing? Up to them. If they choose to comment. I've provided the links. Multiple times. If they're not curious enough to follow the links... Then why should I lead them to any conclusion? If what we do. As what we do. I thought I was appreciating life, last night, in bed. Then SI today. You can "lose it" that quickly. From full, plentiful appreciation of life, to suicidal, in less than a day. Strange. What do you think that's from? Probably has to do with my brain disease. At the tip of the needle. They're administering drugs to us. They're interested in how we respond to drugs. Comply with treatment. I guess. I guess I've always complied. Not with SA. Did my share of abusing substances. Now I care too much, to do that. I'm too fond of my body, and careful about killing it. Careful about what I put in it. Poisons. What we suppose / consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Not feeling entirely well. SI, for no reason. Reading doesn't seem as attractive. Today, it hasn't seemed as attractive. I don't know what that's from. The arthritis from tablet-holding. Worrying me. Will I be able to keep reading tablets for the next forty or so years? If they give my joints problems? How will I deal? I guess different people have to look forward to

different things. What your parents deal with. Reminded me how much I don't want someone in my apartment, fucking with my shit. Want to avoid that. Don't like "going out." Waiting for someone to come pick me up. Stress. It's better to avoid "going out." Only do what you have to do. Only do what you want to do. Did you get anything out of playing with Godfried? Not really. No better than playing with myself. Maybe worse. Pressure to conform / perform. I do better on my own. Different realizations I could have. I could be having. I guess.

The New Normal

The consumption gets to be too much. Depending on what “you’re scanning for.” It could be hard to scan for an excess of consumption. Sometimes you just need to turn to the production. You have to go with your intuition. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. What we consider, what we figure. If you were to. As you were to. Different things you could have going on. If you were to write “that”... What have you written?! I guess no one really knows. We don’t know what an “idea” is. Whether we’re able to chat about it, or not. Discourse Topics. What you consider. As you figure. Just about. This is just about how closely / carefully, you’d / they’d be looking into certain points / I’s. I guess. I don’t know. If this is ~exactly what it’s like – what’s the big deal? If it knows exactly what you’re going through? Then what is the problem?

As you would. If you would. To determine, Dependency Trials. ~What are you really dependent on? Is there a trial in your future? Could you determine, could you compose. I guess, I don’t know. Not really. Ultimately. I just go on what’s happened. What has happened? Is this “happening” to you? Is this groovy to you? Is that the question they might be asking themselves? Who? Anyone given the correct link. Would seemingly be able to make distinctions like this. If they were. As they were. What you compose, what you consider. I guess. I don’t know, I just suppose. Depending. On what you had written. What have you written?! Do you even know? Hard to keep in mind. Hard to remember. I don’t really remember writing a lot of that. Not because I was on drugs. Or ~was I “on drugs” – at the tip of the needle? This is what happens. What would happen. What you could consider to be the case. I guess, I don’t know – I just suppose. Different things. That could almost always be happening. Like if “everyone finds out” what you’ve been posting. The content. Certain content on certain websites. Such that. Having told them about it. Having given the link, to not be investigated. Up to them. They have the

link. If I were given the link, I would investigate it. But I'm not "a normal human"... "You must not be a normal human, to get in here." Discovery Tales. Now is a time of discovery. See if changing your who-is info has any effect. On the FB's. I doubt it. There will just be something else they're "about". There's always something for a trip to be about. Can't really deny that. If you're tripping. Then I would. As I would.

What "it" might seem like. Knowing how closely certain people had been "looking into points." "I have a blog and a website." What you would consider. If you were to consider. I call it "ultra-fictional philosophy – it's like philosophy but it doesn't claim to be true." Maybe shouldn't be driving, at certain points. Feel good enough to go, tricked by the noise-cancelling earphones into thinking I felt good enough to go. "We can't read your mind. I wouldn't have asked you to go." Some of the points. Putting off the inevitable? Escape or evasion. You seem to be evading responsibility for some of these points. Almost like DeLillo. In language anyone can understand. Will you translate it into English? The Queen's own English? What language are you writing in? That took soul. That must help. Points worth repeating. Repetitious focus, on some of these points. Depending what you meant by "looking into"... What you could owe, at certain points. Getting a nice long shared look, into how you were scanning. Crazy. Crazy to be scanning. Go nuclear. The nuclear family's secret. Seems like for each thought, there's a response. Call-and-response. When the "frequencies" are happening that intensely. Frequently. Tuning into the frequencies. Seems like certain people. Would be able to tell. At certain times. Or, all the people, all the time. I don't think it dulls your mind. "He doesn't either, or he wouldn't be telling us this." "Yes, but it gives her such a deep sleep, that they can come and inject." This is what I do. What I consider. Face book. Face the book you wrote. You were writing. Facebook, in other words. Something I've been meaning to tell people. But have been evading, due to the extreme nature. Have been looking into evading. For a certain amount of time. Think it's worth mentioning. I keep forgetting to tell them that. Exactly that. Why my brain would be out of balance. Let us know. So you can let us know. Show, don't tell. We must know this exactly. Being us who made you. Told your name. Told your name, as you left the store. Everyone would need to be told their name... How crazy it would feel. At certain points. I forgot to tip them. "Good she says." "Old crooked-beard." That should be enjoyable. To hear their commentary. As they discover what I did to her beard. Seems kind of

funny. Could seem kind of funny, at “certain points.” Just doing. What were you “just doing”? Just now? Can you say what that is?

As you would go, do. Things. Things going on, things happening. As it would be, consist. Gibberish. Mindless gibberish. What we’d have to be looking into. The lights. Eyes closed. “I’s” “closed” to the “lights”... what language you were speaking. What you were “saying”... Difficulty. The FB’s are LSD Primals. I’m reliving the eight-hour primal experience. That’s why it seems like so long. That’s why the intensity. Depending on how intense your trips were. What you did to yourself. How far “in” you went. I guess. All of the factors, together. Add up to flashbacks. Nothing you can do about it. Now, yet. You should push through. Pushing through leads to some complex realizations. What you would consider. I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. As it would happen. That’s not really music. Played and quantized to a click. Compared to Bernstein’s Mahler? Where the tempi are continually changed, pushed? This is what happens.

Money making the man. The struggle in capitalism. The war of all against all. Time heals all wounds. If you can take a cosmic perspective. Then time ~does heal all wounds. “Life goes on.” Life happens. Life exists. And so forth. What you consider. Without SSI, you’d be fucked. I don’t know. It seems. The system. Protecting you. Serving you. You trying to change it. You thought it needed to be changed. Half the world lost in poverty? And you don’t think that needs to change? Can’t we ~do anything with the world? Do we simply have to reinforce it? Aggreculture might be the answer. Aggregate rational culture. Or is the subject more important? Subject, or world. Worldview of self. What worldview do you have? What sorts of things are you thinking about? Trying to be a writer. Have some sites up. Web sight, so to speak. Gaining slowly in popularity. I’d need to be fairly popular, to make a living selling books. I’m not there yet. Maybe never will be. It’s sad, tragic. What a writer should probably do, to survive. If you ~wanted to be a writer. How much you’d write. If you saw it as your answer. Then. Then I would figure. I would consider. I planted the seeds. I don’t have to look for an agent. I’m trying to get a different type of phenom going. Seeds, word-of-mouth, word-of-link. I’ll get popular on my own, by my own powers. I don’t need an agent, to sell books. I just need to write and publish a book by myself. Or, wait for the seeds to do their work. If I were to become well-known. Through word-of-link. Then. Then I might be able to sell books. That’s really what I want to do. If you figure. If you consider. And that. Is that. And you, are you. What you’d do. Self-publish books. Link to the Axis-Tone pages on your sites. Count

on the sites for clicks. How many clicks you could generate, from your sites. Political project? Half the world in misery? And you want to ~profit from this situation? For me to survive as a writer. Not going to do I.T. work. Not cut out for it. Maybe Wendy's. Flipping burgers. That's really all I can imagine myself doing, job-wise. Maybe being a writer means being a poor writer. Time to work. Time to do it. Time to catch up, make something worthwhile.

The points where you're "here"... "I just was trying to relax." To relax, in the middle of this? How does this happen? How can this be "happening" to you? Repetitive attention, to the tripping brain? Certain unwise repeated experiments. Wouldn't everyone be looking into an experiment like this. How they could make you. Cause you to develop. A lot of people think their own families exceptional. Exploding heads? Explosion? Doesn't sound nice. For it to fall on you. As you'd say, when it fell on you. If you could be prevented from falling, here. Seems like they'd want to look in your eyes. As they were to. As they were. Seems like you'd want to look in someone's eyes. If he was going to claim to be god. Or claim to have been god. Whatever the case for the god-claim. This is what happens. What happens. "Have you had any flashbacks this weekend?" "I'm having one now." You should have told us. Very interesting. A health problem you don't want to have. Is it passing? "No, not passing." I'm sorry you're having these problems.

What you do, what you consider. Why they put you exactly here. They "put you here"... You took the first place that was offered. In the first place. What you could be looking into surviving. With this type of disorder. Health problem. What you could be considering doing. As you'd want to. Call off all activities. A nice, long, shared look into these lights. Into the effects of certain lights. On certain people. You'd want to remember this, exactly. If this was happening to someone you cared about. A family member. You'd want this to be memorable. How they could have looked in your eyes. As you slipped, and almost fell. You could have looked over at them, just to show a decent human sign / signal, that something had happened and been averted. You didn't fall. You made it. To this point. Without a breakdown. "One flew over the cuckoo's nest." Before modern medicines – if one wanted freedom, one didn't enter the psychiatric hospital. Before modern medicines. First break. You haven't broken. There has been no break. You've continuously looked into these voices. Continuous help? What forms of help? Would you need? To do this well, on these kinds of voices? What you're considering. "Ever since the change conversion." You're rolling in cash. For a little bit. What we consider. Spent all your Axis-Tone gift cards on music. You "know how to spend it." If you're

going to spend on something. May as well be music. And the Adorno for Anatole. “To enhance your listening pleasure.” Whether he wants his pleasure to be enhanced, or not. Certain points. Wouldn’t ~everyone be looking into these points? All the time? Always, already? If you had posted material like this? Online – up there – for everyone to see. Advertising. “I stumbled upon it.” What you could be putting in front of people’s eyes. Faces. Face “book”... Your book is like a face. Your face is like a book, people can read. If they had looked into the matter. Then they’d be able to read. Just like reading a book. They’d literally be able to “see” “what I’m thinking” – or what I have thought – same difference. This is how it goes. Rolling up to Chipotle, in a certain condition. Having someone sitting in the window, seeing me roll up. Them saying my name, as I left. What you figure. What you might consider. Call for help. Call and response. They might inject you. With certain devices. D-vices – David-vices. Certain problems. Problem. It’s a problem. Why your brain is unbalanced. Could relate to certain extreme actions. That I’ve done. Probably on a world-wide basis, for all time, forever after. Certain things, I looked into doing. Or I actually did.

What you could consider. What you could ~be. Your name. Everyone needs to be told their names... That is what a name is, after all. Everyone, all the time, would be thinking this. Putting off the inevitable. You can make one go away, but sometimes it comes back, before the day is over. What we consider. How we were to figure. You’re seeing a woman? She was paranoid-type personality before. Now it’s full-blown psychosis. What you’d think. They made you. If you had made something like this. Getting into a trance about Chipotle? Is that what you do – get into trances about recent experiences? Flash back to when you had to go there with dad – felt like you had no choice, but to go there. Feeling good. Trying to relax. Then the force of it hits me, when I’m on the road. Shouldn’t drive. Shouldn’t really even be taken for rides. Should be in bed. For this type of thing.

Depending what you thought. What you would think. The people following you this closely. Looking in your eyes, this closely. “We’re doing all we can scientifically do.” This is what happens. The Mars Volta. The Mahler. Different things, you could be looking into. As you would figure. As that would figure. Not as sensitive to alarming noises from the hallway. Not as alarmed by them. With the earphones on. What you figure. That took soul. To raise you. To bring you up, with that. Like that. That took soul. Worth repeating. What they would have had to look into. As they would have had to look. Into your mouth. Can you imagine? Hard to imagine. That they wouldn’t say

something. They did. “The doctors told us to leave you that way.” I guess I had no response for that. No response ready. I didn’t “get it”... Or maybe I ~did. Maybe my life was ~chosen, necessary. The ~ideal possible life. You would figure. If they always, already knew this. Knew of this. Then. Then you might consider. You might figure. If they had “looked into this point” before. Before. Be “for”, or against, this type of reading. “Without belief in miracles, we are like reeds, blowing in the wind.” Lucas. Naming names. Naming Lucas in multiple books. Hopefully that would help him, as a writer. Add to his reputation, as a writer. Which I think he cares about. I think he would like publicity. As a writer. If I can do anything for him. At this point. But to name him. He should be successful. Working as hard as he did. Seeing as much as he saw. With the style and grace. He should be a successful writer. The market is not kind to creative types. If he’s trying to please the market. And was named in DCB’s work. Maybe good. For Estelle as well. She’ll be known as a key feminist figure. It could only be good for her. After what she tried to do to my reputation. She should know all about free publicity. What you figure, what you consider. Facebook can help you with writing. Get your stuff out there.

What you consider. What you suppose. I guess. I “like to write”... I turn to writing, at various times. During the day. Such as, now. What you’d figure. What you’d consider. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. Disguised Thought? Different Talking? I guess. I guess that’s like what happens. What could happen. To you. As you survived so many flashbacks. As you were to survive. Different things. Going on. Probably shouldn’t drive. Should probably have said something. About being in a flashback. Headphones fooled me into feeling good. Thinking I was feeling good enough. But then. The trip, the tripping. What you might consider. As you might suppose. Different things. Going on. As it. If it. What you’d consider / suppose. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. What we would come to depend on. If we were to. As we were to. Delay Timing? Dimensional Transfer? Maybe I like repeating certain things. Certain concepts of therapy. Seem to be helpful. In dealing with whatever I have to deal with... It’s the morning, the beginning of the day.! You have a whole day ahead of you..! Such as. What you might consider. Why the glum look? When you have a day in front of you? Kind of pessimistic, waking up. Feeling like the housing issue. If I had an income. The housing issue wouldn’t be an issue anymore. It’s all about income. What disability income has enabled me to do. Why complain? Free ride.

What we do, what we consider. SI. Hits me. I guess. Suicidal Ideation. How is that, lately? Somewhat disturbing. I'm stronger than it is. I'm not in danger. There's a bit of hopelessness, a bit of "fuck-it" thinking. It seems like a pretty elaborate set-up. Like setting this up took a fair amount of effort. That I'd be wasting, if I killed myself. All the effort. My own effort, especially. All I went through. But yet. I get SI. Because of my housing situation, mainly. So unstable. I can't feel "at home"... Expecting it to go South at any moment. Not really feeling confident in my housing. Maybe I ~shouldn't live alone. On my own. Until I'm independent. This government dependence is stressful. Too stressful. What you figure. What you'd consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

As careful as you are. About keeping back-ups. Now with three cloud options all going at once. A good backup regime, I think. Better than in previous phases. What we do, what we consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. How you'd expect this to go. You'd expect things to happen. If you expected certain things to happen. As you were going to. If you were going to. As it would happen. If it would happen. I have a blog, two websites, and a Youtube channel. I've published four books. Big books. Ultra-fictional philosophy, I call it. Tell her it would be interesting to see how cold that feels. I thought she came up with the phrase "polar vortex"... This is what happens. You ~can find a bit of comfort / relaxation. Just think – in a flashback, you can't relax. All you want to do is relax.

Ever since the change conversion. I'm stronger than the SI – still, though – somewhat disturbing. To have these thoughts, on a repetitive basis. That took soul. Repeated focus. What you'd consider. Commentary on my family members. Not just me. That's a step in psychosis. When the voices start talking about other people. You'd imagine. As you'd figure. Yoga Nidra is mental positions, basically. Positions for your mind to go through. The ~discipline of DT is great for you. What you figure. How you'd consider. Whether or not you include real tic's in your writing. I think that would be valuable. For a writer to do. If one were. As one were to. If you were to write ultra-fictional philosophy, ufp, then I would suppose you'd want to show them exactly how you did it. Ufp is something that not everyone is familiar with. You have to "introduce" them to this "type" of work. Inevitable, that certain people would find out. Their commentary, on this work. "I can't wait to hear their commentary on this." "That will be enjoyable." What you consider. Figure. I don't think they dull your brain. But they might put you to sleep so deeply that they can come in and inject you at night. If all the voices know what's happening in your brain. They must

have inside access. They actually know ~everything about you and what you think – because they ~are you. They are your brain. So they’re going to be able to follow very closely. Drool response? Is that natural, or conditioned.? Would you naturally want this much attention on your work? As a writer? I am becoming a writer. What I consider. How I suppose. A book for the market. After I’ve bypassed the market with my first four books. Save one for the market. See how that works. What you think about that. ID is a pretty radical book, as well. Maybe even should have held on to that one, also. My last book for free online. Future books will be published, market books. It’s what I figure. What I consider. As I were to suppose. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. Different things they might want to censor, in coa. Things they might not want to publish.

What you’d have to suppose. As suddenly as that, it happens. What I have to be afraid of. Looking carefully, into certain points. Into yourself. Into your world. As that would go. What are these people saying to you? What language are you speaking? What are you “saying”? Is that what you’re afraid of admitting? Why does it get so scary, sometimes? Maybe you ~should be scared. Each flashback thought has a rational response. If ~you’re “here”, then everyone around you is “here” also. Seeing them is equal to them seeing you. If you think it should be a big deal to have “arrived”... What you were looking into. The only, first, most? If that’s what they’re telling you, in Pittsburgh. At the clinic. Telling you no one else has flashbacks. What you’d consider / figure. If you were to, as you were to. Different things. Almost exactly like, this is the place, you wouldn’t want to be, driving in. It’s almost exactly like. You’d have to realize, you’d have to suppose. I guess – I don’t know – I just suppose. The tic’s let you keep writing. Cherish and nourish the tic’s. The tic’s could be your secret weapon. In the war to write. You’re literally at ~war with all the other writers. Of ~course they’ll devalue your work. LSD tripping. Of course they’ll call you crazy. That’s not the victory, though. What “they say”... It’s what people will continue to ~read, that is key. If you think they could read your stuff. For ten thousand years, or however long.

What you’d have to figure, what you’d have to consider. Maybe we’re ~interested in “tic’s” – maybe they ~aren’t so “automatic” – maybe they are the strongest components of consciousness..! Just-in-time compilation. “Compilation” – reminds me that we can treat the mind ~as a computer, even though it is not actually one. It has an Operating System. It is programmed. You have to wonder. It makes you wonder. What you can do to enhance cognition. To enhance cognitive processes. Makes you wonder. How

many books you would want to read. How many books you would want to ~write. “Books” – as in, when they book you. When they arrest you and charge you with a crime. What becomes of you. If you figure. If you consider. Strange. “Even in the family?” What goes on. What would have to happen. For you to believe you were conditioned. Or, you did it to yourself? I thought you ~wanted to get fixed. Maybe ~eventually fixed is the key concept here. You wanted to go through a fuck-mouth-brain phase. Not forever, just for childhood. And young adulthood. What you figure. What you’d consider. You started doing drugs. You wanted to break the conditioning. You already ~had access. You developed a need for substitute, artificial access. “We could get arrested with you smiling like that.” A bad sign. That you would feel so good on drugs. You forgot immediately how good you used to feel ~without drugs. You traded in your natural access. Well, live and learn. Twenty-one years later, here we are. A long “trip”... A long trip through drug addiction. Drug addiction is no good. You think you’re being stimulated, you think you’re more creative. Maybe you ~are “stimulated” – but it’s ~artificial. It’s not natural. It’s addictive. It also destroys the mind, progressively. Hard to imagine that you escaped. You can get addicted from one usage. The first time you get high, you’re addicted. Pot is unbelievably powerful. Especially the new variants. I would even classify it as psychedelic. It can cause visual hallucinations. As far as what developing schizophrenia did for me..? It enabled me to enter therapy, to get the surgery, to begin recovery. I guess I had no choice, over any of my life. It was all necessary. You’d think. You’d consider. If you were to suppose. That it all could have been necessary. Then what? What now? What would that mean for today? What is necessary today? You have to figure. You have to consider. As you’ve written so much.

Hatred, intolerance. Different emotions, you could want to be familiar with, as a writer. For you. For you to learn. It wouldn’t all be lukewarm, placid waters. It might be a matter of putting yourself through some emotions. Strong emotions. Whether or not you could use any of this in a book. What type of book you’re writing.

What are the realizations from ~that? What did you learn from ~there? If you were going to make money writing. How good at it you’d have to be. You’d want to be. Always wondering, how crazy is that guy, walking by, staring in? This is what happens. What you’d consider. “Always” is the wrong interpretation for “mother”... If you don’t have the rational interpretations. Cixous helps you. She really helps with the concepts/ flashbacks. You just have a flashback in public. I decided to push on

through. Was that tolerable? What you consider / figure. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What that would mean – not to have a cell phone. The dynamic would change. If people could only get a hold of you at home. Then. You might consider / figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. How that would go. How you could consider.

How that would seem. To you. You and no one else. Concerned with animals being able or not able to commit suicide? Is this what god should be concerned with – giving everyone an “out”? I guess. I just suppose. I thought birds were supposed to go south for the winter. Who would know about that? What do you consider? What do you suppose? Stand up and wander around the apartment. You could get addicted to it. Instead of the armchair philosophy. What we consider. How we suppose. If you were to. A program is static, while the brain is plastic. Programs stop working because of bugs. The brain has to continue working. It seems a lot more fault-tolerant than a computer could be. It's probably more complex. It probably doesn't tolerate faults well, on its own levels. Schizophrenia. If that's a fault. Causing you to be delusional, paranoid, and hallucinate. Could be a problem, depending on what you were going to do. To try to do. That could pose a problem. What you consider. How you suppose. It to be. At a point like this. Can't decide how to put the chips in the bigger bag. Too complex. Could I have gotten in an accident? Driving in a FB? Not good. Should probably avoid that, if possible. Probably not the best condition for driving. What we consider. How we suppose. How that would go, or wouldn't go. If it were inevitable. To face certain books. To come face to face with certain books you had written. To put a “face” on the book. To claim responsibility for the books. What you could do. What you could consider. Or? Suicide. End it all. That's what I think. At certain times. When you'd. As you'd. As you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

Design scans for this. You didn't always know. What you were in store for. Primal stillness. Like something from an Asaro novel. You are at the limits of nature. Your decision, to look this closely, into yourself. What are you ultimately looking into? When you decide how to feel your body? Take the mind on a tour of the body. Low-intensity flashbacks can be helped by Yoga Nidra. I am becoming a writer. A high-intensity FB – not so easy to help. Putting off the inevitable. Very interesting. We're doing our best. What you could be looking into. Losing the apartment. Everything. Journals included. Possible. Your life is what really matters most. You, your body, your life. Everything else is secondary. You can't take it with you. What you should realize. As closely as you've looked into this point. How to keep it the same, how to live here, how to

stay safe forever. What you've been considering. It's good to ask for help. And get some help. For a low-intensity. Which you never know, might have turned into a high-intensity. This is what happens. What you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What we do, what we contemplate. What company would ever hire a writer like you? After what you've written? Seemingly placed yourself outside the norms. Your parents, seeing your mouth for the first time. When young, before you had teeth. When growing up. They must have loved you, as you were. They were used to your problem. You were not so okay with it. You were on permanent lockdown. Permanent alert. You were not a happy camper. Not at all. Who could have known? Who could have read your mind? You didn't write much. You didn't realize. What writing could lead to. You didn't think you could talk, so you knew you couldn't write. Maybe writing would have helped. It helped you to go crazy, with Lucas. Helped on your trip to insanity and drug addiction. But also, to recovery and wellness. The writing has ultimately helped. You think. You consider. Your choice. To remain here. To stay here in the face of. The face of certain. Problems. Certain problematics. What you'd consider. As you'd figure. As you'd look into certain points. As you could.

What do you seem to be doing? What do you seem to be considering? As it would. As you would. You're there. You won. Anxiety about moving, anxiety about not moving. Different "schizophrenic" realities. Going on. Turning off. What you could be considering. As long as everyone were to live in Palm Springs. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. What you do, suppose. Back pain. The reality. Following your voices. Trying to listen to the voices. They're interested in what would happen, if I called Resolve, in the middle of a strong FB. This is what happens. What we do / consider. I guess. I don't know. I just try to suppose. Your tic's. So-called "tic's"... They might just be writing, thought, ideas. Yes, they appear frequently. They pop up a lot. Repetitive. Or childlike interest? Show in certain points? Certainty. That's what you can translate that as. Subjective certainty is really the thing. What can you be "certain" of – except how you subjectively feel? That is certainty. Different types of certainty. When your back isn't hurting, it feels good. Skating. Back injury. Self-rehabbed back. Maybe not the ultimate decision. A lot of your decisions. Just try to press on through. Alive today. As it would, as you would. If you were going to. As you were going to. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What we do, what we consider. The world. Would the good people of the world be interested in this? In your work? Is that what you've set up? With ID, especially? Your latest effort? What's it about? I don't know. At least, that's

my ultra-fictional philosophy. Not meant to be taken literally, taken as fact. Made up, in other words. Not real, not true. Have you written four books? I already told you about Heliosophy. Got no response. Less inclined to keep telling. As you were. If you were. Things. Certain things. You could be thinking about. Why do you scan? It's just what people do – it's part of life. People visually scan, and also scan with their social radars, and memories. People are ~always scanning. It's what people do. You can't escape being scanned. If they were to know. What you've been getting into. I thought you ~wanted them to know. You ~want. You ~want people to read your books. I thought that's what a writer would ~want. What you suppose / consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. If this would have happened before. Happenings forever. Different, previous versions of DCB. In previous worlds. Doing something like this. As difficult as that would be. Not in ~any society, but instead, in ~this society. Your actual real society. How difficult it is. How "hard", in other words. To write stuff like this. It's scary. Scary times. What you consider / suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose.

What we do. What we suppose. I was getting glare. Different things, almost exactly like. What you would consider. If you were to. Still writing. Still, write..! If you want to live this kind of life. You'll have to write. It's the only possibility. What you consider. What you suppose. You're definitely running out of non-tic material. Definitely withdrawing to a realm of mostly tic's. I guess. I see. What you do, what you consider. As that would go. As you would consider / figure. See some Fassbinder. Learn some German. As you would. If you would.

As. if. If you would, as you could. Writing? Do you actually think that's possible? To be a writer? Writing is the hardest thing a human being can do. Why do you want to do that? If it would actually be ~easier to do something else? Wouldn't you "take it easy"? I'm not sure I believe that. I'm not sure I'm buying that. That I could make things easier for myself by not writing. I think things would be even ~harder, if that can be imagined. What I consider. How I suppose. If, you, as. Things. Different things. Just as exactly as that would happen. What we do, what we consider. I guess. If you were going to ~write. Really do it. Not just think about it, not just talk about it. If you were actually doing it. What would that mean? How far would you have to push yourself? How far would you have to go? To come? Thousands of pages of journal? UFP? What was the ~point of all that? Did it ~have a point? Can it be known? Supposed? You trance out about the nice restaurant last night. Is this the type of trance you get into? Time for another trance? Is that what you

do? Can anything be known? Jordan becoming a writer, also? What you were trained to do. Write English papers for class? Write philosophy? Ultra-fictional philosophy? I guess that's what you're into. What you're getting into. For however long. You would, you would consider. Then. It might seem. It would seem that. If you were to transcend your tic's. Somehow. If that were possible. You've gotten into the tic's, so you can get out of them.

Seeking Life

Your technical achievement, your technical accomplishment. The world. What they've "built" / built. Your little place in it. Very little, currently. Your apartment, small apartment. I guess being a writer means being a ~poor writer. So far. Maybe not forever. Maybe not always. You could develop some interest. People could get interested. What you figure, what you consider. If you, as you. The CRR films. Strange. They'd get to see you, as you were. That's what you've given the people. Feature 2, Clinica Schiz. The Youtube collection. A pretty good collection, you've turned people on to. If anyone follows. As closely as they would be following. As good as they can scientifically do. What you consider. Scientifically. What you'd suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Things I'll like to read later. Write things you'll enjoy reading. Is that the strategy? I guess it is. What Lucas will do, if we get famous. Play people the tapes? Possible. A dark passage, in my life. Their lives. A passage we'd like to put behind us. Disturbing and disturbed. What you would figure. "I want to major in psychology." "No, you shouldn't do that." What ~should I do? Isn't that the question. You've minimized your impact on the planet. To a small Oakland apartment. Not a very big accomplishment. You get what you work for. If you wanted to get a job, ever. If you ever wanted to reverse your unemployment. Then you might have to. Take the sites down? Recant the teachings? Revoke responsibility for your work? Deny any involvement with the work. "Someone stole my identity. I didn't make those sites." Believable? Maybe, in some alternate world. It's kind of thrilling, to realize I couldn't get a job. Even if I wanted one. They'd look into my identity. And what they'd find. This is why I'm ~really trying to be a "writer"... It's the only option available to me, anymore. In this life. If you haven't worked for years. How well do you expect to be doing, on disability? How well does ~that go? In the world. The world, as it's set up. Technical accomplishment. Of whatever level. You're not playing much of

a part, in the technical accomplishment of society / world. Unless. You count ideas as accomplishments. You've had a kind of unique ~idea. What you'd figure. How you'd consider. I guess. I guess I ~shouldn't go inpatient. I need to be on call for my website's verification. As the contact. They're going to try to verify my email address. And if I'm locked up, I won't be able to do that. Maybe to achieve a constant online presence you need a constant offline presence. Offline leads to online. Online is meaningless? Meaning less? I think it's meaning more every day. We ~want the big tech companies to succeed. Their success is our functionality. If Kindle couldn't sell books, we wouldn't have Kindles. In a way, it's a good set up. In a way, things are going well. If you just look at the richest segment of the wealthiest nation on Earth. I guess things ~would seem okay, then. What you consider. What you suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Having done whatever. Having written whatever. It's going to take some extreme content, to make an impact on the market. Good that you're talking / thinking about this. What your business plan is. I plan to give my work for free, until I develop notoriety, at which point, I can sell books. Makes sense. Seems to be a good plan. What if you never get notoriety? Then that will be the world's judgment on my work. Not important.

Placed yourself outside the norms. The norms of behavior. As a writer. Is this what writers do? Not usually. ACHM, ANM material is not quite common. Most material is ~part of the NM. ~Is the NM. So this is what I've done. What I'm doing. I guess. I don't know. Would I like to get in touch with Gillian? What would we have to say to each other? Talk about olden days? Our romance? Sick, twisted, sad, tragic. Like many things from the fuck-mouth-brain days. Not much I can do about that now. That was seemingly my choice. Although I didn't choose it. I was forced. I was conditioned, to never talk about it. What kind of conditioning? The Imperial Conditioning. Supposedly unbreakable. I tried the LSD therapy to break it. LSD, "Primal" therapy. Schizophrenia, ultimately. Ultimately I went crazy. Maybe it was my only choice. My only way out of the fuck-mouth-brain. If any other way would have worked. I knew, a priori, that my efforts were invalid, nugatory. The mouth told me that. Any effort I made, all I'd have to do, is consider my mouth, and I had proof any effort was nugatory, invalid. Nothing I did worked. It was all a lie, a diversion/ distraction. Nothing was key. Nothing was elegant, practical, stylish, good. All bad. "It's all bad." "How are you?" A question I never was too interested in answering. And now I'm here. "Here." Wherever that is. Whatever that's about. Not able to get a job. Not able to "work"... In most companies, at least. For most people. Unless they'd be interested in my

intelligence. My articulation. My ability to think these things clearly. To keep a clear idea in mind. Different trances you could be getting into. Trances at the current moment.

I felt like I wanted to be a writer. It's impossible to get published, writing normal things. And I wasn't normal. I also had a kind of rebellious streak in me. Willing to press buttons. That not too many people press. What you'd figure / consider. I guess. I don't know. Seems to be failing. Doesn't seem to be "catching on"... Maybe I'm a failure. What will people say about my work, when I'm gone? Where am I going? Nowhere, just yet. Just now, I'm sticking around. For a bit. If people wanted to. As people wanted to. As they would suppose. As you might suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Things not looking very good, for me. For my "project"... Aggregate Rationality. Not viable? I guess it's a possibility I should face. That nothing will ever happen for me. I should at least contemplate this possibility. Not pretty. It wouldn't be pretty. May as well enter the mental health system. Go for that kind of trip. Just keep going on this trip. It's not crashing down, yet. Not just yet. Maybe later. See how long you can push it. See how much you can get out of this scene. Don't have to commit suicide just yet. Not just yet. What I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. If you were to. Sasona House. Sober for over a year. Don't need rehab. Not now. Possibly later, if I start using again. I don't want to do that. I want to continue my recovery. I care about myself, my life, my body's health. I wouldn't want to poison myself. Not anymore. Not lately. What you'd consider. How you'd figure. I guess. A possibility. That my project will fail. I don't think so. But I'm delusional. Will people turn on to schizophrenic work? Will it be able to compete, in the marketplace of ideas? This is what I consider. What I figure. I guess – I don't know – not really. Can I compete, with sane writers? Depends what you want to read about. Someone having LSD flashbacks, to this day. Up to this point. Still, as we speak. Some people might be interested in that.

Maybe some trees will grow. From the countless seeds that you scattered among the billions. Peeps-world. You gave free promotional seeds to the world. To the peeps-world. We'll see. What kind of effect that will have. For you. Maybe the sites ~are sufficient to give an Axis-Tone book page some clicks. You'd need a lot of clicks. Potentially. To have people buy your book. That would require a lot of purchasing power. A lot of buzz. If not that many people like you, they won't take a risk on promoting your work. You need to get more "likes", more links-to-your-site. Word-of-link is key. And if you have deviant works? That make it embarrassing to share your link? That's not

good. That's a negative force on your potential popularity. If people are embarrassed to share your link. You have to write a ~respectable book. A book you can ~stand behind. I think. I suppose.

What you have going on. If you were to. As you were to. I guess – I don't know. A unique kind of literary event. There's nothing "literary" about this. I'm a very literal person. What you'd consider. Almost exactly how you'd suppose. If you were to. As you were to. You like to write. About what? -- Don't care so much. Willing to write almost nonsensical sentences. Just to pound on the keyboard. Just to kill time until the next bright realization. It's okay to fill text with tic's. As long as you get down to business eventually. It's okay to tic. That's what I'm saying. I'm also saying that perhaps the most valuable thing a writer can do is ~give us his tic's. Show us how he writes. Instead of beclouding and shrouding in secrecy. Bring it out into the open. What you consider. As you would. If you could. Different things. Do you actually believe they'll publish you? That the buying public will buy into your philosophy? I'm hoping. I can only hope. It's what I'd do, what I'd figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. I've tried hard to write interesting things. Maybe not hard enough. Compared to Adorno? Maybe I don't stack up. Compared to DeLillo? But there are only a dozen or two DeLillo's. What if people want more than just that? What if there's a desire for more material? We all can't dream of writing on his level. Most writers can't even dream of it. According to Lucas. Who might become famous, as DCB's teacher. If he wants to be famous, or not. As a writer, I think he does. Because he's a true writer. He wants his stuff to be read. That's my analysis. Of the situation. I think he will dig the publicity.

Because I believe it's good. I want to reach dreamwriting-level. Like in some of my most memorable dreams. What was I doing? Writing. Just a page or two. Doesn't have to be a book. Just a page. Of the key, the sick. The true. That's all I really want. We'll see how often I achieve that. For myself, for my readers. Some readers might appreciate.

Points of life. What we got. We told you. Showed. If you were going to take a "group look" into this. Like during a FB, the sense that you are sharing this experience with a group, reading. The group look. An illusion – but a potent one. One perhaps useful for a writer. Got into a pre-flashback tonight. Didn't turn into a flashback. Late. The med increase is helping. It hasn't solved the problem, but it's been beneficial. FB's still at an unacceptable level. What I consider. How I figure. If I were to. As I were to. What did you learn from tonight? Get more out of each scene? Not child's play? Mahler. Like a movie, in that a symphony takes a vast amount of "dark arts" to come together. Not like

a movie in content. But in the technical production aspect. What it takes to make a symphony happen. This is what you consider. What you figure. As you were to. If you were to. Looking into great music. Eighty to a hundred acoustic instruments can provide a pretty subtle texture. If you can actually hear it. If you can actually listen. Past the judgment. To what's actually happening. To what could actually be happening. As you get the quality. As you begin to understand. It's a big time commitment. I'm signed up for repetitive listenings. Repetitive attention. I want to see what familiarity with classical can bring. I know about familiarity with The Mars Volta. That takes some effort, also, because it's so dense. To get it up to memory level. If you can do that with Mahler. To be able to listen to it. Past the judgment. To what is actually happening. If you're able to understand. As you'd be able to. Also, inventing Mahler on your own. In the imagination. Seeing if your musical imagination is more Mars Volta, or more Mahler. It's an experiment. No one can a priori say what should happen. You have to play with it. If you can listen, if you can hear. I don't think you always could. Turned off by Lucas. Well, such is life. So you had decades' diversion into popular music. That was twenty years ago, he turned you off classical. A lot of wasted motion, I suppose. The trickery of popular music. Music that tricks you into thinking it important, valuable. When really, the skill level is usually not there. The vision. Not there. Relatively speaking. What you consider. What you suppose. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. We could go to the symphony..! If that's what you want to do. Listen in public. The venues at which people listen to popular music. The dirt, the slime. The noise level. Not really with a respect for tradition. Why do you need to write symphonies? You have barely even listened to any. Time to educate yourself. Time to try to make up for lost time. If you're that impressionable, where Lucas can say "Classical music? No thanks..!" And you listen to him for twenty years. Very easily brainwashed. That's my analysis of your personality.

How "much" you can write. How often. What you're looking into. The type of experience. You would like to arrange for yourself, and others. This is the type of experience – a writing experience. What you figure. Almost exactly how you'd consider. It to go. Fragments. What's wrong with fragmentation? ~Listening to Mahler. Actually hearing the quality of the music. Listening past the judgment. Listening past the prejudice. Hard to do. When you've been brainwashed by Lucas and others. It's hard to wake up from a brainwashing. That's what I consider. What I figure. Something it would be good to remember. Maybe write it on Facebook. Share with your friends. If you value your friendships. What about your "unknown friends" – your ~readers

you have yet to find? They are who you're doing this for. You've already exposed all these people to your self. None of them seem to get it. Well, Ida might get it. The clinic. The family may have an inkling. But the "friends"? They haven't seemed to "get it" – to understand, what you're all about. Your brother would prefer not to understand. But that's okay – he's your brother. You have a lifelong connection. You don't need to be feeding him your books. Would your parents like to read your books? What if your parents were drug users? Would this have worked out as nicely? Lots of things wouldn't have worked out this nicely. What you've seemingly been able to do. To consider. As you've functioned with FB's. You seemed to function for a while there. Maybe they got worse. You started getting burned. Five days in a row, for example. That would be kind of intense. It's gotten a bit better. Later in the day, lower intensity. It's still unacceptable, but it's better. I think. As far as I can tell. "Geez, exactly the same." The flashbacks are happening exactly the same. Still pretty powerful, at times. Need more Zyprexa. What we consider. What we need. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What I'd consider. I have dual-phase schizophrenia. I am being undermedicated. My schizophrenia is not being treated at this med level. That's what I think. What I'm going to tell them tomorrow. I guess. I could do a number of different things.

As you were to. If you were to. The body system. Consciousness is of the body – not just the mind. The body is conscious / aware. Cognitive approaches would, a priori, be focused on the head. Your whole body deals with tension and anxiety. Not just your head. What I consider. Tic's going through my mind. As long as they don't take over... I guess I'm okay. My therapist seems to think it's important that I go to Double Trouble. Drug addiction is a big deal. Anything to help with that. To try to prevent a relapse. I guess a meeting would be worth it, if it could help prevent a relapse. What we figure, what we consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What you do. Write. Dual Technique. You can try an alternate method. You don't have to just read – you can write, also. You don't have to simply consume. It becomes a matter. A matter of "the course".. What you figure, what you consider. I guess. I don't know – not for sure. I don't know if I want to continue with psych rehab. The groups are pretty low energy, pretty basic. I ~can do it. But do I want to? Good question. What else would you have to do? Just exist. Wander around my apartment. Read and write. If this is what I think is good for me. Having written. Having written radical things. My only hope. My only chance at getting published.. I don't see an alternative. Having written h/s/ns/id/coa... I don't really see how any other body of work could come into play. The body of work I've actually produced. It all reminds me. Vocal

sounds – but not ~voices. Just sounds that sound like they could be voices. If I analyze them fully... They're just sounds. What we consider, what we figure. In the end. Ultimately. What about your previous attitude, that "all is g-d"? Why the sadness, now? Getting impatient? This is what happens. What has to happen. Godfried fucking with me. Sending me another malicious link. You wonder. It makes you wonder. What you suppose. "How do you explain sending me malicious links? I'm curious to hear this.." What I could say. If I could consider. Figure. You might suppose. You might consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What we do, what we think. Consume. Different things you could be doing. Contemplating. If one were in your place. Godfried knows the password to my wifi. He could park in the lot outside, and hack into my system. Is he that smart? Hard to say. He might be friends with someone who is that smart. What you consider / figure. I guess. I don't know. I seem to have some writing energy, here. May as well make use of it. A bit tired today. Yawning, at least. Whatever that means. Didn't sleep well? You don't usually have a problem with sleep. Usually you sleep just fine. Worries? DT for anxiety? So much anxiety that you wonder how you could even do DT? Seems like that's a problem. What you deal with, living on your own. Wherever you'd live, until you could gain independence. This is what would happen. How we have to consider. No longer want to go inpatient. Not interested in losing my websites, because they couldn't reach me about the verification. What I consider / figure. Trances, you could get into. Trancing about the verification process. How that is possibly discriminatory against the mentally ill, who might have to spend time inpatient, and can't always respond to emails. What you consider. What you figure. I guess – I don't know – not really. Don't want to pollute your mind. Have to listen to something during your walks. May as well bring on the quality. It's a ~qualitative issue. And someone who hasn't heard you play, couldn't really understand why he said that. You just don't sound good enough. Compared to. Metheny, Yo-yo Ma, etc. Jimi Hendrix. I realize every musician can't be tops. But to compete in this market, you'd need to be approximating that level. I don't think you ever could approximate. You weren't there. Didn't make it. Didn't have it.

What ~exactly could be going on, behind your eyes. It's not so much your ~eyes they care about. The point. Rather. Rather, for any thoughtful proto-totalitarian regime – it's what's going on behind your eyes. Proto-fascist. The current system? Usually tripping? The most depressive point in my life? To see DCB walk right by me? That's a good sign, to hear that. If a df could think you walking by and ignoring her is the most depressive point in her life. Info. You

were prepared to reveal. You go the extra mile. Avenues of escape. Your name. Seems like real voices. Your name is all over this place. Like you'd want. What you should be prepared to reveal. Name, origin, major, number. Four elements, you should be prepared to reveal. Sometimes it seems more difficult. Write an essay for me. I don't know how much you'll be into me after you Genomes search my name. You might decide like it's a waste of time to get into something with a schizophrenic. Low points. What I could imagine. How I could imagine helping people. The people who are caring for you. Like a point they would clearly be interested in. Exactly. The process in your brain. She's the one. You're looking to the mother ship, for help. Certain types of help. Everyone, all the time. What people could be looking "into". Depends what you mean by "into"... I have a lot of input into these decisions. What we figure. Last time I saw you was a low-intensity. This one is a high intensity. Tripping. "It"... Surely they have seen "it"... Some of these scans. Guess. The point. What's the point? Of some of these dream-females, "df's"? You'd almost have to guess. You'd almost have to take a chance. Certainty is an uncomfortable topic. Subjective certainty. For points like this, could be uncomfortable. Giving them direct access. To this point? Do you need to do that? What do you figure / consider? Don't you want to meet a woman before you get famous? Don't you want to give a normal girl a chance at you? When you're famous, normal girls won't have the same opportunity to get close to you. You think. It. Here at the clinic. It's all over this place. Here. I've never been here this late. What you figure. What you consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Things you could be thinking about. The two best philosophers are Jews, so how could I... Be anti-Semitic? This is what we consider. How we figure. If you were going to.

Seems like no one should have to die for it. Because of it. Well, I'm not so sure – something that shameful. What books would you have had to read, to do that? Two copies of Gravity's Rainbow? Is that what's on your shelf? Book-learning? Is that what it took? For you to do these things? I guess. Some ~intensity. "You won." What you were always dreaming of. The technology. The computers, music. You ~dreamed of tech getting this good. And here you are. With TUY, serving content to the world. What you'd figure. How you'd consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd consider, what you'd suppose. Different things. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What we'd do. As we'd contemplate. As we'd discover. Different things. If you had amnesia, catastrophic data loss. That would be bad. Different things. You should or should not prepare for. You might want to know your

options. Which option you take. Could determine. Sophisticated cognition? Going on in that brain? For you to make it here? Avenues of escape? How long we had to wait for this? “Weight”? How long it took to “get here”? I think that’s what you should consider. If a woman’s most depressive point in her life, would be when you walked by her. That would be a ~good sign. A sign that you’re onto something. You are the point. You have to “guess” about which “her” is your point. It’s a guessing game. There is no certainty. How could anyone be certain about this? What you’re prepared to reveal. At any point. To almost anyone. Your name. Responsibility for your name. David Christian Baird. Having to answer to that name. Do you have an answer all prepared? People saying your name. In places where they would, or wouldn’t, know my name? What are you preparing for? Wouldn’t you want to use the most ~intense filter possible – to filter women? Wouldn’t you want to expose them to a ~savage selection process? If you truly wanted the quality.? To match your own quality? Wouldn’t they need to know about your full name – the sooner the better? To subject them? To filter them? I think it’s genius. To have such a good filter in place. Automatically, it seems to work. It would seem to work. If you used it. A world-class filter. A universal filter. To subject women to the kind of selection process you have subjected ~yourself to. It would seem. It would begin. It might begin to seem. Like. You should. Not just go out with any slovenly bitch or perverted psycho girl. It would seem. Like you should have some standards, some selection. I would just suppose. I would just consider.

Only if you can hang with my identity, can you be selected. I have a beautiful filter set up. What you do. If you ~were to write. Philosophy? I don’t think so. More popular writing. Ufp? Maybe that. Maybe that ~is the solution. What you could be doing. As you could be writing. The struggle. Capitalism. Provides a ~killer pressure on your work. The marketplace of ideas. You have to make your ideas attractive. How-to. What are you teaching people how to do? Diary? Do they need your instruction on that? Journal? Ufp? Maybe that. Maybe that ~is the key. For you. What you’ve been able to figure.

I guess. Work. What else do you have – play? ~Should you be “playing around” when you’re poor? Shouldn’t you be writing something? That’s what JoAnn asked you. When are you going to write a book and get rich? I guess. I guess that’s the plan. Eventual plan. I don’t know how diary about it here today will help. But I can only imagine. Rob: “Everything improves you.” The Berg opera you’re listening to, the diary you’re writing. It all adds up. Especially to a project as general and open as ufp. That’s what you have to realize. It ~all can

be grist for the mill. Or however you'd say that. Material. I'm a material girl, in a material world. What we consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. When it hits you – capitalism. To change the system, you must succeed in the system. Only a successful writer will change anything. You have to become successful. If you want to have any effect on the world. It's as hard as that. As concrete as that. To affect the world, you have to become known in the world.

You won. The techne. You get to look into points. Your identity. If you wouldn't have known. Your identity itself could be the thing. The thing of potency – which you were “seeking” (meaning-seeking). All that time. You didn't know. You might have suspected. What she's looking for. What she would be looking for. In you. Scanning deeply, to find you. If she would find you. Looking deeply into you. Your eyes. Trying to discern a soul in there, somewhere. Maybe in the evening. Maybe day-scanning, day-tripping, is not going to be the most profitable kind. Maybe people are only ready for this in the evening. When people get ready. Late in the day. Been up for a while, for a day. And now we're seeing exactly what we're made of. At times. Like this. Certain times. For seeing. Some of the time. At least some of the times. The point. What your mother told you about the point. What the point could be. Could have been. For at least some of these women. Now that you know. Now that you've realized, about your identity-filter. Your identity-selector. You didn't exactly realize that, until just now. You just have to tell them your name. And they would get it all. A name. Could unlock. Not necessarily for them, but for you. Your name could unlock them. Just your name. What you've put into it. How you consider. How you suppose. How you'd think. What you'd consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you could have been looking into. All this time. The development of your identity could be both positive and negative. Each thought happens for a positive reason. “That's a good philosophy.” Just as you ~don't want some people finding out. You ~do want other people. Ultimately, you want everyone. Everyone to know, what they've been feeding into. You've been enabled. Allowed. You've been allowed to use substances. If it helps. Ida seems to think Double Trouble is important. You were using a lot of substances. That you've only been able to get off of with a huge effort. If Double Trouble meetings could help you. They might be worth it. If they help. They could be helpful. What you consider. What you figure.

It's as if. Your system. Your selection system. What is happening. To you. As it would happen to you. Mars Volta is about as dynamic as rock

gets. What you consider. Try to sleep for an hour, temporarily give up. Why torture yourself? If you're not actually sleepy? "Sleepy"... What you have to contemplate. What you have to consider. I guess – I don't know, I just suppose. How you would create, how you would contemplate. Certainty that I'll die, one day. Why hurry the issue? If it's going to happen anyway? Why would you need to "jump the gun"? You wouldn't. You don't. Wouldn't you want to stick around, to see what you've "set up"? To see the ~results of all your labors? Things are just now getting underway. Why would you give up now? They can see everything. Isn't that ultimately what you want? For everything to be known / knowable? In your life? Isn't that what you "signed up for"? In a sense? Are you tripping? "I have schizophrenia. I go through strange phases." This is what I'd consider. How I'd suppose. I guess. If I were to. As I were to. What's happening. What you could be doing. Now, or, ever. What "ever" you could be "doing", (doing like it's a drug). A "drug" is something one is administered. Endorphins aren't "drugs"... They're ~like drugs. What you'd figure. He gave me the choice. I had it in my head. Which option I was going to choose. That's a good analysis. Tired, but not sleepy. Tired of "it", but not tired enough to fall asleep. Not just yet. Maybe later. A bit. May as well write a bit.

What you do. Consider. I guess. I don't know – not really. If you had anything to prove, to the world. Will they actually ~read h/s/ns/id/coa? Isn't that a kind of long shot? But it's the only shot I have. Writer. If I'm becoming a writer. It would have to be of books I've actually written. My name. My books, my site. What I've actually done. If you were to figure. As you were to figure. It's like life and death, (the rattle of my AC unit)... What we consider. What we figure. Deep scans. She was scanning for ~you. And she found you. And you walked on by. But you still have you. Time to find a woman. Time to hook up. I guess. It's "the point"... At least some of the time. People say that at least some of the time, the point is to hook up. That's what they say. What I believe. Sex, do I want "sex"? Hard to say. Intimacy. You don't have to suck or fuck. You can snuggle and caress and kiss. No fucking required, if that's something you don't want to do. What we figure / consider. What you would be into. If you were to. As you were to. Different things. Just as soon as you. Just as much as you've.

As it would. As you would. Different things. As we learn German. My shit didn't smell good today. That ~rarely happens. That's practically unheard of. Is it because of the 35 of Zyprexa? Making me a bit more tired, waking up this morning. Almost like it used to be. I didn't used to pop into full consciousness, upon awakening. There were stages. Maybe I'm returning to previous levels of

goodness. I would say it was good before. I wasn't tortured by FB's so much. Not that I can remember. I think they've gotten worse. I guess I didn't say that to the Ashwaganda study lady. Maybe I didn't realize it. Sometimes, it takes a long time to realize certain things. Picking your nose. An activity you've been getting into. You like to scratch your nose in public. It feels good. Different things. You could consider / suppose. What you eat. Not the healthiest assortment of foodstuffs. Maybe want to look into changing that. Doing something about that.

Would you consider adding another medicine? Instead of giving up on Zyprexa? This is what I consider. What I suppose. Sensual. To be into the feelings/sensations of your body. This guy talks about Judaism so much that it triggered me to talk about it. I can't just listen to him rant about it week after week and not say anything myself. This is what happens. What you'd have to consider / figure. If you were to, as you were to. Tic's getting pretty prominent, in my writing. Front and center. No denying it. Scanning. Eyes rolling. What your eyes "seem to be doing", during a FB. Usually tripping. Usually when someone looks like this, they're tripping. Are you tripping? Not exactly. I have schizophrenia. I get into intense "conditions" every few days. It might appear like I'm tripping. To catch someone, at that point. Where they're tripping so hard, they could almost fall over. They can barely walk straight. To catch me. At that point. "Point", the point, what people say, have said. It all seems to go together. What you were "doing with your eyes." Why were you rolling your eyes to the highest possible points? Looking to get as high as possible? Why were you doing that, with your eyes? Is that what it seems like? Walking around, in a condition like this? Subjective certainty. Can they be certain? By looking in your eyes? It's not about "eyes", it's about ~minds. What you figure. As you'd consider. If you are the chosen one. Chosen by god, to convey this message. What message are you on? What would you say your philosophy is about? Are these books you've written, or that you plan to write? Different things. As you might figure. I have a blog and a website. What you'd figure. What you'd consider. Getting closer to telling her, outright. Writers are secretive creatures. Some writers. I guess if you were writing boring, dry, normal things, you wouldn't care who knew.. But. If you were writing ~revolutionary things. Then. I would imagine. I would suppose. As it were to. As you were to. If you were to. Why do you keep repeating those lines? They're "tic's", it's a compulsion / obsession. I have no control over it.

The Instrument of the Matrix

What women would be known to say. As you walked by. What women would actually say. Voices bother me. Scanning. I guess it's what people do. If they really believed they found me, wouldn't they just say "David Christian Baird"? If they were to really find me, and wanted to talk to me? Isn't that what would happen? Until that happens... They must not have really found you. Why put off the inevitable?

What you do – what you consider. If you could speak like Deleuze, if you had that kind of articulation-endurance, maybe you'd come up with possibilities of endless monologue. As is, no. As is the case, you can't. Does it hurt your writing – your inability to speak? That would have been the assumption when young. I'm not so sure about now. Watching a great, Deleuze, talk about things is very inspiring. It tunes me in to the possibilities of my ~own voice, what ~I could be doing on the page. That I'm not doing. I guess. If things would have gone differently. What about Composite? Do you think they're looking on? Why would ~anyone want to look into your life? Because of the revolutionality? The power of transgression? What you've apparently written / done? Maybe. I guess it's possible. They could be watching now. I don't think they'd care to. Not very interesting. A lot more interesting things in the world. But. If I "won" – if I became the chosen one... Then they ~might be interested. Just because of my ~identity. Not necessarily content of media creation. The content is not that key. It's more the total effect of who I've become, my supposed "identity". Do you have an identity? What is your identity? What people can discover online? Or even in the real world? What could they discover? Certain books. Certain films and musics. Freely available. Maybe the free aspect is important. Plenty of people are offering stuff for sale. I think it's rarer to just be giving it all away. Film as a keyword. What you've chosen. Theory is another. Your choices. They're only charging me two cents per click. Pretty good deal... For a "click"? That's awesome. Each click could be a key click. Each click ~is a key click. What you'd figure. As you'd consider. Different lifememories, coming back to you, on 35. Maybe Zyprexa Olanzipine is that key.. Maybe it can literally change your life. If you get on the

right dosage. I have to get home. This is a high intensity. I seem to keep having these. It seems to be a repetitive point, for me. Writing, all the time. Classes? Is that like what this is? A “class”? I guess. I guess I’m learning, the whole time. The door. Different aspects to groups. Talking about Judaism. Triggered to, by Ron. What you’d consider. Different things. As long as you keep going. Could die at any time. Hopefully won’t. Probabilities... You ~probably will live a bit longer. And your parents will ~probably survive. It’s statistics. If you constantly fear that the most improbable things will happen, you will be wracked with anxiety and fear, paranoia and delusion. You at least have to go with statistics. What will probably happen, or not happen. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. Different things. You could consider, you could contemplate. I don’t want to see you done in. I don’t have to live here ~forever. Just long enough for my income to change. To begin to achieve an income. If that’s possible. If that will happen.

I was going to say “It’s difficult to read Adorno in German,” but now I’ll say “It can be difficult to read him in ~English.” What we consider. As we’d figure. Different things.

Child of god? Wouldn’t ~everyone feel that way, all the time? If they do, why don’t they admit it? People thinking they ~are god. Maybe they have a share in god’s consciousness. Maybe only a god can be conscious. But people can be conscious. Maybe people have a share in god. Although I doubt it. God is transcendent. God has no need to exist in this realm. But god may be into it. For entertainment, experience, life value. God may have made the world to live in it. I guess. I don’t know – not really. People who think they understand consciousness are all the more deluded. It’s rarer to find a philosopher who admits he doesn’t understand. How could you “understand” consciousness? You have to be delusional. Godfried is “dick” or “cock”... A change in terminology. You shouldn’t be reinforcing the behavior of dicks. Dick behavior should not be what you reward, in life. You don’t like social activities. Waiting to get picked up is particularly uncomfortable. Better avoid. Better to avoid. What we consider, what we suppose. Now that you’ve learned (again). One big “lesson”... Life is made of lots of small lessons. “You have a lot to learn.” “Thanks.” I hope so. I hope I’m not at some sort of limit. Deleuze is still talking. He’s been talking for over an hour. I can only dream of such articulation. Maybe I don’t have the mind for it, either. Not the jaw, not the mind. I write pretty predictable things. Pretty small number of obsessively-repeated themes. Not much variation, not much variety. You could question

whether any of my works are not complete failures. What we do, what we consider.

What we do, what we consider. Awareness tripping can lead to consciousness tripping. I had the Yoga, the union, but I was missing the Nidra, the sleep. I was awareness tripping, without remaining still. I should have known. The falling Primals taught me, so long ago. Stillness is a Primal phenomenon. What we do. Filters, to select the best possible woman for your girlfriend. Only the best possible will be able to withstand the selection pressure of my work. That's my theory. I didn't always know it would happen. Not this way, at least. I guess if you do multiple things, one of them might work, eventually. Trancing. You can trance at any point, be still at any point midway between two movements. You can do Yoga Nidra in micro-intervals. You don't have to do a half hour. What we consider. As we suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Noises which should alert/alarm you, or not, as the case may be. If you suppose. If you consider. What you've written. Could tell FB about it. Have chosen not to. Up 'till now. Have chosen to be ~indirect. Maybe direct one day. Maybe that's how that will go, one day. Maybe I'll want to tell my friends. About ID, for example. Seems too revealing. To tell on Facebook. To face the book I've written. Unnecessary, also. It's already on a worldwide hit website. No need to tell a few people and alienate your FB friends, if you don't need to. Do only what you need to do. I guess. I suppose. If you consider, if you suppose.

Access like this, you don't have to talk about. Either you have it, or you don't. Deep access, to the frequencies' level. To where the voices would be coming from. If you had voices. Interested in access like that. I was interested. Didn't always know I'd make it. By depressing psychosis, an increased dose of Zyprexa stimulates psychic energy. By fighting psychotic numbness, it enhances your ability to feel. This is what happens. If you had access like this. Or if you wanted to kill yourself, a few minutes ago. What's that a sign of? Alien thought? Hard to say. If it's what I really want. Why would I want that? I want to ~live. For a long time. I want ~success. Not suicide. So I guess it is OCD-type. It's not just depression. What we're trying to tease out. It's your life, you're living it, only you can really say what it's like. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Thanks for keeping us informed of how it's going for you.

What you do, what you consider. I guess, I don't know. What kind of access do you have? Voices you could speak in. Thirty-nine years old. Old enough to have spoken in some strange voices. What we do, what we consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Telling people about your work. What your work has accomplished. If it doesn't organically explode, you're out of luck. You're

kind of gambling on it. Banking on it. All your eggs in one basket, the writing basket. And why not? Why not do the best, although hardest, possible thing? If writing were simply the hardest thing, there would be no point. However, if it's also the ~best thing, then there's reason. Reason to do it. Like in your dreams. You were interested in writing dreams. Very interested. Can carry over to waking life. Dream Telos. We would like life to become like a dream. We would like to feel good. Maybe to think differently, you have to talk differently. Different things. In your apartment, internal – then hearing noise from the hallway, external. The perspective shift. When you realize your one door off a hallway, with lots of other apartments. We're all sharing this space. What you consider, what you figure. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Listen to the Deutsch (German) Kittler repetitively. Maybe you have to, in order to learn it. Maybe it's going to take some repetition. Louisa liking, or not liking, your new approach to Yoga Nidra. No longer needing other people's recordings. Material for consciousness to focus on. You can focus on whatever you want. The breathing, the rotation of awareness, the stillness, are what's key. If you can do that, the audio track can really be anything. It doesn't have to be a guiding voice. It doesn't have to be systematic. This is what I consider, what I figure. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I could be doing anything. You figure. If we were to. As we were to.

What we do, what we consider. Different things. Memorizing all your tic's. Being able to write a long sequence of tic's. That's my goal. For some reason. I like to write. I don't care what I'm writing, so much. Of course, it would be nicer to write great stuff. Not always possible. What you consider, what you figure. I guess. I don't know. Two days of the increased dosage. I did notice a slight improvement. Richer inner life. More access to conscious levels. Colorfulness, less blank numbness. So I guess the med change was worth it. Even if it doesn't fully fix my problem. What we consider. What we figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. How you'd expect. How you'd survive. If you were to. As you were to. Depending on what you have going on. It would seem. It would be a case of. "Are you familiar with my case?" "No." Janov doesn't cover my case. He can't take care of schizophrenics. This is what we do. He's conservative, in other words. The establishment won't like ID. Not very much, I don't think. I don't think they'll be too happy about it. Maybe that was its point. Worldwide revolution, from the "bottom" on up. More concerned with the poor people. Not as concerned with pleasing the rich people. That's not my priority. I have different priorities.

What you'd almost have to be giving access to. To reach a level like this.

“That”... What kind of triggering that would take. Seems like there’d have to be a lot of triggers, for a nuclear event. Or – a nuclear family. What we consider / suppose. I guess. I don’t know, I just suppose. What you could have going on. If you were to become a writer. Of transgressive texts. Works, books. Whatever you’d like to call them. Tell the friends. Tell them you’ve been misbehaving. What we’d consider. How we’d figure. I guess. I don’t know. It made me feel a bit weird. To be there with five gay guys. What you’d consider, what you’d suppose. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. I gave a mini-lead. That was an accomplishment. For me. Twenty minutes isn’t really that long. You should be able to talk for hours. If one were on your quality level. Gifted and talented level.

What you do, what you consider. Important things to write? At this point? After what I’ve done? I don’t know. Seems like I’ve maxed out, on the literary output. Like I’ve done just about all I can do. Or all I’d want to do. Unless I want to keep writing. Unless I think I have more to say. Why give up? Why stop? No matter how slow the going is, the accumulation.. You can do more. You ~do do more. It’s your life. What you’ve learned to like to do. Writers are people who write. It’s what you do. What else ~is there? What else could you spend your lifetime on? If it becomes. Not helping Doug. Not hanging out with the fellows. Not down for that. For the fools’ talk. The foolishness. Dicks. Can’t be down, don’t wanna be down. Different things, I have going on. Godfried’s computer doings. Mischief. Maybe harmless enough. Fucking with me. I guess it’s up to me. What we consider. What we do. We could, we could manage. We could appear.

What you do, what you consider. Dreams. Sexual dreams. What could be better? Writing dreams. If you can write. Like you are now. Isn’t that the ultimate – more so than programmed, animalistic behavior? I guess. This is key. This is ultimate. What else would you rather be doing? You’re “there”.. Finally – where you always wanted to be. You were good, except for the mouth-brain. So now, when you have a tongue. “Have fun with it.” Be the person you always wanted to be. As they were considering. If they were considering. Having read Exquisite Clinical.

Nietzsche’s advice, to not read books. That ties in to DT. What you can do. If you were to write. As you were to write. And not chat. Chat is invalid. It is reducing yourself to inane comments, which people cannot see your identity in. At least the Undernet channel. Other channels may be different. The Authors’ Lounge. Where you were allowed to do anything. Maybe it’s different on IRC, because they can’t TOS people. They have to police the channels. There

has to be some rules. Trolls are too dangerous, too distasteful, to let run amok. This is what happens. I guess. I could be doing almost anything, but I'm doing this. What is the point? Of my life? "The point", said to be sex. Thought to be sex. Are you fucking with people's point? Do you fuck with the system – or simply tweak it, enhance it? Real people. Reading some of these things. Not imaginary people. You've provided real text for real people. Almost as if. It's almost as if, you wouldn't want people following you here. If you could arrange something to happen. To real people. Tiresome? Tired of this kind of attention? Into everything you've ever done? Is that what you wrote about? Every significant thing that ever happened to you? What do you consider / suppose? I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

Isn't that what you want to do – write? When we come right down to it? What all the "chat" was about? What you'd be able to ~write? I think so. I think it's your dream. To be able to say anything you can dream of. The guidelines are like an intelligence test. They have to have guidelines, being on IRC, for the trolls. There has to be some objective standard for how they can keep the channel decent. What do you consider? What do you suppose? Different things. "I wish I heard voices"... They're capable of any level of narrative complexity that you are capable of imagining. What we consider. As we were to. If we were to. What you've been "online" about. What "type" of thinker are you trying to become? Your identity. "You probably think I'm a schizo." "I have schizophrenia." What we'd understand. If we were to, as we were to. What you ~really think about. To me, Adorno in German is said to be a voice from god. It's who I'm tuning in to. I could tell you to reach my books, but why not tell you to write better books I could read myself? You're in the writing phase, it seems. What you discover, what you suppose. Losing focus. Then regaining it. You've heard of Heidegger, I'm sure. "Yes, the existential phenomenologists at Duquesne are very into him." "Adorno would be their enemy." He's very negative, one of his big books is called "Negative Dialectics." Nietzsche called Kant a "fatal spider" of philosophy. Different things. You could be tuning in to. If you were to. As you were to.

Certain interpretations of certain events. It can't be all bad, can it? If it all seems one way. If it's all bad. If the conditions, under which you were prepared to live... Conditions. Scanning for..? A scanning is the problem, a scanning is the solution... What you could be scanning for? Why do people scan? The Pittsburgh interpretation. All one way. All bad. All these words are "bad words"... It can't all be bad, can it? What were you thinking of interpreting? What points? For a schizophrenic waste of attention? Is that all

schizophrenic attention does? Wastes? Is that's all that's happening, in your head? What's going on, behind those eyes? How could that feel? How ~must that feel? To be on, all the time? On? Up? Bad words. I'm on in Pittsburgh. All the time. "All" the time – make it for "all time"... Is that one of the helpful phrases? How helpful could these things have been? Things? If you were to. As you were to. Different things, "D-signed", David-signed, to get you through. As you would want to open your eyes. Or close your eyes. ECT. A bad interpretation of schizophrenia. He can't help you. Janov can't help. Your "Primal Theory" has to be A-Janovian. He can't help you. If he ever did "help"... Help prepare you to do LSD? Help convince you to be a drug addict? Bending the gates of repression? Breaking open the gates? Nuclear event? For you, or the people caring for you? Seems to be good for exactly one thing. To alert. To potential errors. Problems. Seems to have alerted. To the possibility. Of how bad it could get. "Get"... If your eyes were closed to it. "It"... If you'd "close your eyes to it"... Meditate with your eyes open? Stressing. I usually like to close my eyes. Usually, someone would be tripping. To have this kind of intensity. Would usually be a sign of tripping. You could be tripping so hard, you're almost falling over. Things are almost falling on you. "On you." For you to do. As your responsibility. What you could be writing "about"... Why you'd want to write. In exactly this condition. In this condition. That you get "into", at various times. For as long as you live here. On this Earth. What if I told you, this would last as long as you live here? On Earth? Or, this-earth... Would you have to change the Earth? How hard can that be? To do that? How "hard" would that be? To "do" that. To do "that"? "To" do that. What are you "doing"? As you live here? If you live here? If this lasts as long as you live, here? On this Earth. What if I told you this would last the rest of your life..? I guess you'd have to deal with it. Deal "with-it".. "Deal" with "it".. Different interpretations. Of what you could be subjectively doing. Subjective interpretation. Knowledge of the sun... Seems. To be what I have recommended. "Recommended"? Why do all your words seem to be in quotations? Key. Key terms. Footholds, for thinking to get a hold of. Different. I don't have to compete with Adorno, thank god. He wrote his books. I write mine. What you consider. Exactly. What you'd be considering. Why you'd want to "write" here. What that would mean, for you.. Certain explosions of interest. Attention-seeking. Behavior, I don't know what that means. What could "it" mean..? I don't know what "it" means...

Things you could be looking "into"... Do you owe these things? To what do we owe this pleasure? "The pleasures of thinking are not to be

recommended.” You seem to be into writing. What writing has done for you... “For” you? The schizophrenic nature? Your positive statement – the origin must have been schizophrenic? For something to come out of nothing? Reason for optimism? Things you could have been looking “into”, all this time? For all time? Is this for all time? What you consider... What you figure. They’re ultra-competitive. What we’re trying to “do”... Under which conditions? These conditions? Seem? Appearances can be deceiving. One-point or many-point interpretation? What is the interpretations? Of certain events? “Certain” events..? Are you “certain”? What do you seem to have been “certain about”? What sort of voices could you be hearing? Into hearing...? If you were looking “into” things like this. Looking to owe for this. For all time? How long would you owe for? How long has it “been”? What it “seems-like”, at certain points. It seems-like you ~should be here, writing. It all makes sense, sometimes. At certain times, it can begin to make sense. Make sense – construct sensation. What you’ve been instructed to construct. Things you might construct. Things you might instruct. Lessons. Could have been developing for a long time..? How long would “this”-take? If you were to suppose. If you still don’t like it. What “this” could be “doing to you”... You “think” that it’s effective. Believing this is true, leads to behavior as if it’s actually true. If you are suffering from life, you should stay alive. I don’t think I’m “suffering” – there is a certain pattern of behavior... You seem to know. You have insight. With all your supposed intelligence, why can’t you apply your brain to survival? Be around people who understand your problem. No use falsifying your reality around a group of ignorant people. I was fascinated with the form. I would say that is “addict” behavior – smoking medicine.

Some of your magic. If you claim to be god. To have been god. To feel like god would ah, feel. Ah, god, would feel. Epiphenomenal, a dream-ride? What would there be to worry about? Free will, the ability to change your fate? I find it hard to believe, any way you put it. Odd. The circulatory system and its ontogeny. Strange. To program you to write a better book? Better? More of a bet-to-her? Is that how you were interpreting? All the time? Always? What you’d always want to look into? To have looked into? As to. What points. You could have been looking into. If you thought you felt how ah, god, might feel? Is that really how you felt? Claimed to feel? To want to feel? Feelings are the most important things? Nothing is sacred in this house? Life is all an experiment? Based here. Based on. What is this philosophy based on? Based. Free basing? I didn’t know he was so phobic. Maybe it’s why he hasn’t been to the dentist in fifteen years. What you consider. Could

consider. “Could”, I suppose, means “If you wanted to.” Want? One? Won? Different things. I could have been considering. As. As I write. What’s “going on”? Behind those eyes? Eyes? Selves? Didn’t you wonder? Weren’t you curious? Reminds me. Everything seems to remind me. Reprogram my mind. Seems like a lot of programming / processing. Do I have SI? No, not really. Don’t want to die. Not just yet. Maybe one day. In the far future. Why not let other people see this? We need to practice, we need to write. It is simply too valuable, too key, not to do regularly... What if they aren’t LSD flashbacks? What if they’re psychotic symptoms? Your treatment seems to need to change. “Treatment”... When did you write this stuff? At what points were you writing? Points... One-point versus many-points theory. What kind of theory? A-Janovian Primal Theory. Why A-Janovian.? I literally don’t agree with him. With his analysis. I think I need a different analysis. Have certain voices. Always going on. If she’s enjoying herself. Scanning for. How. How could you “like-this”? How could you play “like-this”? How do you do that? Same old questions... Recurrent questions. Seems like there’d be a lot of triggering. For an event like this. Events. What is the event? What is “going on”? Ongoing? Is that what I didn’t want to answer? Never really wanted to answer? Then why are you writing? If you’re doing drugs, you prob won’t be able to cope with work. Better no job. We all get a bit of loss. I guess I might have already known this. Should have already known? Fools? For looking this closely into? How closely? As closely as possible? God wants to be a normal person. That’s why I can feel that I am god. That this is what god would want. Of course, you’re not going to be free, if you’re tongue-tied. I need therapy. I’ve been in some pretty uncomfortable places. Can I ask for help? Isn’t that what would have ultimately done the trick? I couldn’t do it. Nothing but anti-psychotic medicine ever did anything. Seems like. As closely as you could have been looking into schizophrenic philosophy? Why would anyone want to look into this? A face only a mother could love? Tripping face? Face book? Face the book you’ve written? What type of book? What type of philosophy is that? Negative Dialectics. He’s really negative, about most previous dominant philosophies. Different things. “Things”... What you could have been “looking into”... They say she’s a sociopath... This is what you’ve always wanted... A girl that smart, that creative, that alive. Tacked. Uncomfortable moments. People will read this, and know what you’re thinking? I suppose we are all slightly delusional... I suppose we all have issues of control. I guess we all try to do some stuff. I had a realization – I do not like sex. It is work,

servicing. Fake, false. She ditched me, for her other friends. I like being alone. Revalue yourself. The body, the soma. Some of the times. No reason to seek out thrills like sex or drugs. If Godfried can hack into your network. Not good. Not always good. Maybe look into changing your wifi password. If that's possible. To change one of these passwords... I gave my password to someone I no longer trust. Can I get a new router? This is what happens. What you'd figure. How you'd suppose. Different things. I guess. I would guess... I would "guess"... You have to "guess", sometimes, what the "point" is. "The point." The place is the point? The place is called "the point"? Who would call something that? Someplace that? If a place were called that? Different things. You could have known, long ago. Seems like to know this. This stuff. Some of this stuff. You'd have had to. To what? What is the completion of that thought? Are you not completing your thoughts? Seem to be forgetful? Seem to be forgetting? ECT? The Pittsburgh Interpretation? Is ECT part of that? What part does self-ECT play? In your play? As you were "playing"? Seems like you're giving yourself a type of ECT. The eyes, the electricity in the hands. The twitching hands. Is that what writing is? Twitching hands? Is this all that really happens, or is meant to happen? I guess this is it, life. This is about what happens. Approximately? "Approximately what happens"..? In a place like this? Here? Where "are you"? "Where" are you? Can it be known, where you are? Where you have been? What you have written about? Bethel? We all make an attempt. There is no alternative. Maybe you need a new choice. Maybe you need someone who's into the Negative Dialectic. The abuse, verbal abuse, neurosis. What you consider. As you would consider. Staying up later than you originally forecasted. Writing. Letting you stay up. Writing seems to help. "Help"... What is this "good for"? A tic, or communication to the self? Do you have friends? What do you do, what do you come across? Xmas, the birth of Christ. This is what we do, what we gravitate around. I guess I do a lot of stuff. There's a lot of stuff to think about. What you could be considering. The keys. You could have given people. To your experience. Certain "key" descriptions. Vocalized. Nonverbal. Pre-verbal level. Is there a pre-verbal level? To consciousness? What were you writing about? "About"...? Seems to be a lot of quotes. Distributed freely, online. Seems like to. To seek attention. Ah, tension, like this? Is this what you have been looking for? Looking "for"? Why do you "look"? What do you look like? What would that look like? To be exactly here? A different Mother. Mother Earth. As long as you're here. What people may know. May or may not. Anonymous, for years. What you've looked into. Baeka, the perl

god. Does it need to happen – thousands of pages. Geez, looks bad. Drugs, info, more drugs. This is what we do. What you'd be considering. If you were to. As you were to. Something bad must be happening. You're here. All bad? It can't all be bad. One way? It can't all be one way. There are lots of "ways"... The way, the Tao. What seems to be happening. People living or dying. Around, all around. Bad ending? Life is positive. You will have lived a life. Sounds like fun? To process this much? To analyze this much? Fake interpretations, fake analysis. Schizophrenic analysis..? What would that be all about?

Are You Tripping?

What you do. Waking up, in the springtime of your energy. To reach for a book, at this point, seems to me a shame. Bad flashback last night. But it “made sense”... It seemed rational. And I discovered that I can deal with it by writing. Didn’t always know that. Can write until I’m tired of writing. Don’t have to just lie down and take it. Can stay up for a bit, and write. What I consider, what I figure. I guess, I don’t know. Could your tic’s have something to do with it? Too loopy, in your brain. Looping your brain into insanity? Somehow, I doubt it. Insanity seems to need more than just loops. Otherwise, anyone could loop himself into hearing voices. When really, voices are for the select few. I wanted to hear voices, as a child. I yearned for it. I scanned the frequencies, but never found any voices. What exactly is the problem, during a FB? Hard to say. Intensity. Split. Breakdown. But I don’t “break down”... I integrate it. Janov can’t help. He can’t help. If you think he ever did. Hard to say, what would have happened without Lucas and Janov. DeLillo and Pynchon. Hard to say exactly ~what would have become of me. Probably not as good of an outcome. I would expect. I would consider. Do the voices know ~everything about you? Because they come from your own mind? Is that how that works? What do you figure? What do you consider? Bad words. Bad interpretations. If it seems all one way, go to the DEC. All bad. What you might figure / consider. If you were to call Resolve. What they would do. Hard to say. If they saw you in that state. Hard to say what they would do..

What you’d consider. Rolling your eyes all over the room. Rolling around. Why exactly anyone would do that. What you’d think. As you’d arrive at your parents’.. If that were, as that were. A case of. For your eyes / selves. What are your selves doing? Exactly? Is it hard to pretend you don’t think you’re God? The source/channel? What would that be like? What would

it be like? If God had full access/control? Then. You might wonder. You might suppose.

You were just DCB. Ideal. Then. Why the “fuckmouth”? Why would you have so much difficulty – being God? Rather, source/channel? Why would it be hard? Can you imagine that? Believe it? I guess. I don’t know. This is how I write. I could be doing more structured stuff. But I choose to do this. This is how it goes.

You're asking a difficult question. What we consider. This "naturally" involves some repetition. Life. Nature, Mother Earth. DNA, RNA. Things that “repeat”... Music. You always admire music that’s out there, digital. That will be repeated forever after. It begins. To seem. The DRM on books movies and music – how long will it last? People have pirate ways of subverting it. But they’re a small minority.

This is what we could consider. What we could figure. As we were to. Correcting for this. Corrections officers in your future? What is this “about”? Seems like. If they knew. Would make it easier. Giving two people ultimate control over your life and death. You didn’t always know you’d be looking into that. This long. How long would this take? You? “You” – a bad word. In your system. All words become “bad words”. Potentially triggers. Seems like for a ~nuclear event. Would take a lot of preparation and triggering. To “explode” like that. What you’ve been thinking of, looking into. I guess – I don’t know – I just suppose. What you would consider. If you were to. As you were to. Different things. I’m not ~better than other philosophy – just ~different. I realize that. I have schizophrenia. Different things, we could have been telling people. The whole time. Years. Seems like, looking into The Surface of Psychology, Life – seems like you knew this stuff years ago. You already had it going on. I don’t know how much “progress” you’ve made. Better writer? Possibly. But I was already pretty good. How good do you need to get? I guess, for the world theatre, you could get infinitely good. There’s no limit to how good you’d want to get. “Good”? What does that mean? Expressive of potentialities? What are you expressing? Your potential as what? Or heteropotentiality. However you’d pronounce it. What’s going on, what’s happening. To you, as you. Looking closely “into” these points. Rolling your eyes. Visual ecstasy? Is that “recommended”? What have you been “recommending” that people look into?

ECT? DT? I guess. I’m not sure. I don’t really know. I just keep on trucking. Keep on writing. With the hope, that some of this, will turn out well. My hope. I guess you ~never can be “certain”, about some things. You

wouldn't ~want to be certain? Certainly you want to publish. We can be sure of that. Do you know what that would mean? To publish h/s/ns/id/coa? Any of those books? Are you "ready"? Would you tell your parents, then? What you had been up to?

What a certain amount of repetition. Is good for. What you'd figure. Almost exactly. As it would go. What have you been doing? All this time? What is it all "about"? Or, about. Different things. You could be alerting people. For the coming storm (hopefully). Hopefully there will be some sound. As your sites explode all over the world / interweb. If that's what you're "seeking"... Are you "seeking attention"? Seems like it, with your Genome advertising campaign. Worldwide. As you would figure / consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you'd have to think. As you'd have to consider. Seemingly. Information / trivia about your brother? Posted to his IMDB page? I don't know how much he'd appreciate that. I don't know what I could tell people. Any trivial details. All the details don't seem trivial. Dog lover? Musician? What you could tell them. Brother has schizophrenia. However that goes. How bad that would get. Known. As crazy as you are. What if I told you this would last as long as you live? I guess I'd have to deal with it. In a sense. I'd have no choice. If this was going to be lifelong. Then. I would have no choice. What seems to be the case. What could be the case. For "everyone", all the time. As people could be looking into. Certain people. Certain connections you've made between narrative elements. Connections which allow you to completely integrate your narrative. Bad interpretations? On Janov's reading, all other interpretations are bad. Janov is good for neurotics. He can't help psychosis. He has claimed to, in the past. Heterosexual neurotics are perfect for Janov's theory. If you're not heterosexual, good luck. You're naturally doing it wrong. Inverted – opposite of how it's supposed to be. The Pittsburgh interpretation. What this place subjected you to. As you would be subjective. Subjectively. Usually tripping. When someone looks like this. Would the police be interested? What you figure / consider. As you might suppose.

Bad. What you could "ask for help" for. I guess. I suppose. You could go chat. It seems to fill a need. That writing into a static document does not. What we consider. Heliosophy. Knowledge of the sun. The Son? Is that who you pretend to be? I'll need to see some of your magic, if you're god. Different things. What you could imagine, what you could suppose. I would guess. I wouldn't know. Not really. They might call me crazy, for looking so closely, into certain points. Closing my eyes. Keeping my eyes closed, while this sort of

thing is “happening”... How could you close your eyes? It’s all I want to do. I’m getting fed up. Enough is enough. I’ve about reached my tolerance level. About “there”, where I always expected to be? What did you ~expect life to be? Can that be known, talked about, considered? What do you think should happen with you? Will the Law have an opinion? Do you care? What happens to you? In a sense. In the sense that my future self will care what’s happening to it, and I am temporally connected to that future self. Maybe I care too much. Maybe I’m too sensitive. I’ve tuned in too closely. To certain voices. How certain people might react, if I were to kill myself. Not much they can do for me. I am beyond help. Isn’t that a warning sign? Shouldn’t you count that as being warned / alerted? When it all seems bad? If it all seems one way. Call Resolve. What you might consider. How you might figure. If you have hope. Or are you pretty hopeless. Would you actually kill yourself? No – but I’d think about it. Would you go and put a plastic bag on your head? No, but I’d entertain the thought. Is there a probability you’d kill yourself? Not probable, but attractive. What we consider. How we figure. I guess. I don’t know, I just suppose. Isn’t this what you wanted – to be writing? What seems to be the problem? The recurrent conditions. Looking forward to the next condition? Is it a flash forward? To having to deal with more of this? Is that why they’re so uncomfortable? Not simply because of ~them, but instead because of what they mean for your future. Your future full of flashbacks. Which have been happening a long time. We can’t promise we’ll make them go away. They seem to make sense. Given. Given what I’ve done. The drugs, the writing. Seems to play a part. How you’ve connected it all, into one narrative weave. I would think. If you had connected everything together. Then. Disturbances. Errors introduced, or errors created. Might connect to everything else. You seem to have learned some bad words. How to use some bad words.

What I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know -- I just suppose. Things that could be happening. To me. As I live my life. Different things. You'd have to consider. Almost, exactly like. It's almost exactly like. I just want to write a bit. Doesn't have to be Shakespeare. Can simply be a note journal to myself, about what is happening, in my life, at the current moment. Different things. You'd figure. You'd almost have to consider. If you were to. As you were to.

You seem to be looking for a certain amount of confirmation, from the things around you -- looking into them. What it would seem like. What it ~could seem like. If you were to. As you were to. Flashback? The ride back seemed so much nicer, not in a flashback. I guess it ~was nicer, ultimately. But then now. It hits

me again. What if I have these for the rest of my life? I guess that would be my lot. My place. If you were to consider. As you were to consider. I guess -- I don't know -- I just suppose. What I could be "looking at"... As in, "looking at time".. What kind of "time" I could be looking at. For having done what I did. What did I do? How bad did it get? They're ultra-competitive. They're seeking world-class achievement. It's really what anyone trying to be a writer would have to seek. Unless you didn't know about the market, the world. In which case, you could delude yourself as to the amount of competition out there. But if you have an idea. Of what the world could be looking at. DeLillo, Adorno, etc. And so on. In such and such. As such and such. Things they already have to read.

What you were going to do, to consider. I guess -- I don't know. Tic's. Is this really your message for the world? Develop the most advanced tic's? If you want to be a writer? This is what I do, what I consider. I guess, I don't know. Things, you keep repeating. "Yeah -- but can you play ~drums?" "Drums?" This is what happened. As you would consider, as you would figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. As it would happen. This is what you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know. Not really. Things you could have been considering, the whole time. A certain brother. Keeping him in the dark. Sometimes it's good to ~close your eyes -- sometimes it's good to keep them ~open. What you could be telling yourself. If you wanted to trip, but weren't allowed to take drugs. Then. I would think. Flashbacks could be valuable additions to your daily routine. If you, as you. As you might consider. If you were going to. As you were going to. What do you write? As a writer? What "type" of writer are you? Is that a proper question? Maybe you're the type who easily gives up, when editing, and published unedited crap. Or -- you're the type who wanted to give the reader a glimpse into the source code -- a writer's source journals code. UFP. That's what it's all about. As real as possible. This isn't necessarily a "rough draft" -- some of the tic's are ~highly developed. You've been working on them for a long time.

Write -- you can ~write, not "speak"... Many writers can't "speak" (totalitarianism). This is what you're doing. Giving freedom, with-UY, 251. Freedom for the hopefully free. But probably not actually free. As that would go. Should I share the books? Falling? Was falling good for me, ultimately? Or is "flying" a bit better? Easier on the system. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know. Developing my tic's. If I can't speak. At least I can write. At least we have that much going for us. UFP. My grail, my project. To write ultra-fictional philosophy. That is really what I want to do. I can't be a normal philosopher. I can't speak. Only for five minutes. I could say

a lot in five minutes. Depending which five minutes you were to choose. What we do, consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

What you were going to pretend to be hungry for. Walking into the kitchen. Why would you pretend? What's really going on here? Seems to be a cognitive issue. Are they getting better? Maybe a bit. Maybe a bit easier to deal with. A lot of intrusional SI. Obsessional fantasy. Of ending it all. Would I really do that? I don't think I would. But I'd ~want to. I guess that's a psychiatric problem. Like a psychiatric problem, for certain doctors to try to solve. What you could be considering. Who could be looking in, as you write. Godfried, in the parking lot, with his laptop, and a program a hacker friend gave him. Except I'm not sure he has hacker friends. Or he would do that. Paranoia. Different things. Almost certainty. You shouldn't let those guys into your apartment. If they come knocking, and say that have to use the bathroom, you can tell them to go to Chief's. Different things. As you might consider. If you might consider. I guess. I don't know -- I just suppose.

What you could have going on. As you look into these points. As you continue to look into. I guess. I don't know -- I just suppose. It's what you do. What you'd have to do. Almost. You'd almost have to. Have that going on. If you were to. As you were to. Consider.

I guess. I don't know – not really. What I'd figure, how I'd consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Who is that? What was that? What did you write? Is it worth asking, some of these questions.? Not exactly obvious. Not clear-cut. Different things, that could be going on. The family friends, finding out. "Finding out about." Anatole knowing. Him telling people, or not telling people. How you would phrase that. To him. How he would phrase it. Knowing what he knows. Different things. You could suppose. You could consider.

What you would be "reading for" – for, or against. Seems to have something to do. With a special sort of fixation. On one point. One versus many points? Is that the ultimate analysis? What does this feel like? To be reading / writing. What is "reading" – is it a ~writing? You're "writing your eyes." That's what could be happening. For you. To you. As you were to. If you were to. Get into a point like this again. Again today, after yesterday's... Seems like a lot of processing, I have to do. To survive this stuff. What you could be considering. As you would consider. As you would suppose. Different things. We could have going on. "Here." If you're "here", or ~there. Where you always wanted to be. You always thought it would be nice, to be "there"... Really nice, in some cases. "I'm an alien." Certain levels of fixation. Certain points you could be fixated on. "The doctors told us to leave you that way." Is that what you

were considering? Figuring out? As it would happen, as you would happen? Is this the kind of thing? The type of thing? “Type” – writing. What “type” of writing do you do? Ultra-fictional philosophy. Like philosophy, but it doesn’t claim to be real / true. What would that be like? “That”... What would it be like. “It”... To be “it” for a world. The only, or the most. What you’re positive you’ve developed. Positive about the voices. Seems to be. Like real people’s voices. The noise cancelling earphones are a big help. Sitting out in the waiting room... What about the voices? What do ~they have to say? About it? Seems like you’d want to focus on them. If they were going to happen, I guess you could hear them, even if you weren’t focusing. They overpower music, or whatever’s happening. This is what you think about. How you consider / exists / subsist. Don’t have to do this ~forever. Just until I get my book deal. However fantastic that might seem. Seem. What this “seems like”... A case of.

Some of the points you could be reading for. Writing for. Certain points? How crazy would that seem? If you were reading for certain events? Certain events, in the life / development of a Schizophrenic. If you were ~reading for.. Writing for? Is this what you’ve been writing about? How crazy that might seem? To take Zyprexa PRN? Maybe not so crazy an idea. There might be some sense to it. As you’ve been told. Told to take your medicine. Are you taking it exactly as we’re saying you should take it? Anti-psychotic, instead of sleeping pill. Anti-psychotic medication, could be taken when you are starting to feel psychotic... What you could be certain of feeling.? Certain points? The eye-rolling? How were your eyes rolling? Taking chances, with your lives? A certain chance? I think one could be beginning. Why you might take a chance, on taking medicine at a different time. “Different” time. When you start to feel different. What could be helpful? How could that help? What would we be helping you to achieve? Achievements, different types of. The “type”, the writing form. The “form” of the writing. The form it might have taken, at various points. In the past. How this could seem? If you were scanning for? Always? If you would always be doing something, what could its meaning be? If you were always scanning..? I seem to be able to detect right when it begins. As it is beginning. Beginnings? Like a book you read once? You may have tried to read it twice. At two separate occasions. What’s the occasion? Why are you bringing her here for? Why-for? What is the purpose? Does your achievement have a purpose? To not go crazy. If that was your purpose... Could it always have been said to be your purpose? Always? All the people, all the time? Was that your purpose? To go this crazy? To feel this stable? What would that be a code word for? Do you need to use coded language – slave language – with yourself? Why

could you need codes for dealing with yourself? If it wasn't just ~your "self" you were dealing with... How many selves? Is that like the question? Certain questions, at certain times? Certain amounts of failure? Wouldn't failure of that type, be something people would be interested in, no matter what the amount? Type? What is the "type" of your failure? Ability to withstand. Dialectical transformation, diametric therapy. Descriptive treatment, developmental testing. Dual technique, discourse topics. Determinate translation, dynamic tolerance. Dream telos, dysphoria transcendence. Different talking, discovery tales, disguised thought. Decide today, Deprivation torture. What are you depriving yourself of? Gamma, beta, alpha? Why type of control are you going for? Could you have noticed. Somewhat harder to remember things. A cognitive problem, a verbal problem. A problem with expression. "Anything on the way to expression is good." Like some of the points. You could have been giving a nice, long, slow, shared look into. Like your failures? A certain amount of failure? That that could remind you of? Being reminded of... Is that what a flashback is good for? "Good for"... In there, and so forth. Tic's, you could have been developing. Or adopting in the development of. You weren't the developer. You weren't always the developer. Some of these developments. That you could be trying to remember, the point of. What would be "the" point? Is that what you could be "trying" to remember? Are you trying, or are you actually doing it? Are you actually remembering certain things? A certain type of memory. What "type" of memory? For you, or the people taking care of you? I would characterize that as a "certain type"... That's just my code word, for it. It's nice to relax. Code – I thought you didn't need code language, a slave language. What would you be a slave to? Conditions? "The" condition? You could be into? Getting into? By now? This point in the program... What program were you setting up? Is this like some of the questions..? Or are these the actual questions – not simply "like" the questions. They are the actual questions. The reality. Real voices... Seem real when they happen.. I've said there's a certain amount of reality to my "intrusive thoughts"... They are indistinguishable from voices. As they happen. If you could relax. Learn to relax. It's like you've forgotten how to relax. How could you bring someone up, to notice this level of detail? If you weren't going to notice this level of detail, unless you had a certain amount of help..? What details were you looking into noticing? All the colorfulness / detail. Why would you be noticing more details? A certain amount of imagination might be necessary. A problem of the imagination? Like they could have been looking into? Getting help for? What you could be reminded of? Re-

mind – create your mind again? Is that what you were trying to do? Or did you actually do it? Were you just trying, or did you “just do it”? What you could have been reminding people of. At certain times. How this must have looked. If this were beginning? Or continuing – is this continual, in your imagination? What type of things were you continually imagining? Types of imagination for? What were you using this type of imagination for? “For”... Readings “for” or “against”... Warnings about how to use these lights. How to respond to the lights. What some of it could seem to be about. How that could help you. How thinking that might have provided some comfort, for a sufferer. Thinking that everything is determined. What you’d want to be reminded of, if it happened to you. As it would happen. It’s notoriously difficult to describe a trip, even as it’s happening. Some of the key terms. You might be looking into. Repeating. Some of the repetition. What that could be all about. What you’re afraid of? People? Looking into? Could you be said to be, thought to be, or actually are? If this is what you were thinking about / doing. What could sell? Cell? What certain cells are for? Brain cells? Brain sells? Is that what you were thinking about? Or were you actually doing it? What were you actually doing? Thinking of? You don’t like certain answers, to certain questions? Why don’t you like your answer? What is your “answer”..? “I don’t know.” I’ve never tried it before. This is the first time I’m trying it. To do it. “It”... What were you trying to do? As you might try to write, instead of lying down, and taking it. Like it’s medicinal. Could be medicine. For a certain treatment, for a certain condition..? Of poverty? If you were God, what kind of property would you own? “How delightful it is that we forget...” Dances man over everything. Instead of lying down. You could be into writing. Looking to a certain amount of help, from writing. Why writing might be better than lying down. Instead’s.. In its stead.. As that would go. How does it go? How is that? Crazy? To be scanning so highly? Your own eyes, for an answer to this question? Is it visual – or is it really cognitive-verbal? Is it not really visual? The nature of your problem... What could be some of the nature of it? What could you be looking into doing? At least some of the times? Trying to last through. Power on through. What you were afraid of.. Looking in these eyes. Into these eyes. Selves. How could that seem? How crazy might that seem? Would that ~necessarily seem crazy? If you could learn to relax? It sometimes seems. Like I could have forgotten how to relax. If I ever did know.

What you might suppose. As you were supposing it. As that would happen. How you could be “brought up”... Capitalism? Not as it applies to me. Socialism, as it applies to me. Confusion about what kind of system? Baird

system? What could this be about? If you were to look exactly into it? As it would happen. This is what happens. As it would happen. What sequence did that happen in? As you might imagine. Asking for help. A certain amount of help. Help-for-what? What are we helping here? What exactly is happening here? Can that be known / shown. System, as Thorsand would have pronounced it. Or actually did pronounce it. What you'd figure / consider. I guess – I don't know. I just suppose. My method for avoiding writer's block. Ticking. Using verbal tic's. Verbal pressure? As you were trying to imagine some of the pressure, certain people must have been under / applying? To keep a certain brother's eyes closed? And another brother's eyes open? Is that what you've been "looking into"? I guess. Trying to imagine. How. How is that possible? ~Is it possible? What would you suppose? What would you consider?

What you were "looking into" doing, just now, chatting. Seems to provide a certain perspective shift. Good to get into, then get out of. Back to writing -- ~real language. Real life activity. Chat is a sort of fake activity. Stimulation. What you could be stimulating yourself to do. How into it they were looking. As they seemed to be looking exactly at what your eyes were doing. Scientifically. As close as you can get (someone else)... That's how close they seemed to be looking. "Into" my eyes. As if they would owe my eyes something. What they've created. On Earth. Mother Earth. What Mother Earth has created. Seemingly. It would seem. If you were going to look into points. "Points", of time and space? Is this a "point"? Is there one point here, or many points? How many points to an essay? An essay is something with a point to it. The point would be to fix your problem. The point would have been to somehow convince you to ask for help. That's what seemed to be the point. Why you would buy into a "one point" theory like Lucas's, Janov's. If you strongly believed there was only one point to anything you did or could be said to think or think about. Lose focus for a moment. What are you focusing on? I should have been watching more closely. He was like a little kid about to come downstairs at Christmas. What are you not focusing on? That you ~could be focusing on? I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. If you were varying your focus. Holding your eyes a little out of focus, as you write this. It seems to be more enjoyable to be out of focus, intentionally. You wouldn't want that involuntarily. But if you intentionally do it, it feels good. The type of clarity you've "gone in for"... That you're "good for"... Maybe it's made them a bit easier, to deal with.

What you do. Sensations, too much detail and colorfulness. Today, it isn't about cognition, or even affect. It's pure sensation. Maybe this is

progress. Really deciding what's wrong with you. "I want to kill myself." Hopeless. About life.

As it would happen. You'd almost have to. If you were to, if you were going to. I like to do "it" sitting up. This is how that would go. If you were trying to create a new world. Exploding heads? (Penises having orgasms or simply pissing?) This is what you'd have to look at. If you were going to consider. If you were going to try. To make a new world. Would take source insanity. If you were going to look at your own custom source. Not an "original" world – but a highly derivative one. You're not the source. You've just looked most carefully into the source. Not the NM's source, but the ~actual source.

As you would. As it were. What you have going on. What you could be considering. If you wanted to. Your father's tic's. He knows. He must have missed something. As you look in the mirror. Double reflection – mirror and eyes. What you do. Like you would have had to have the code. The code to this. What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

As you figure. If you ~were going to be a writer. What that would mean. The truth is stranger than fiction. I didn't always believe that. And what is the truth? Isn't Shakespeare the truth? At this point? With him having written all that, and all that being out there – fixed, immutable, eternally composed? This is what we figure. How we consider. I guess – I don't know – I just figure.

This is how it would go. Almost exactly. Looked most carefully into "the point"? Is that why "you're in a unique kind of trouble"? Now that you've ~rationalized it. Now you know what the craziness is for... The source. Source code for the creation of a new world. Like what you were going to supposedly do. As it were to go. If you were to do it. Write while watching Fassbinder. As that would go. Why you've never done this. Before. I guess. As you were to. If you were to.

As you were to. If you were to. You didn't always know writing would be so helpful. "Als Kind", (as a child), would have been nice to know. I guess. I don't know. Punished for what's in your journals? That could have been a cry for help. To write journal. What didn't you want them finding out? Painful, to write, at first. For Lucas. It was a hard beginning. Primal pain. What he was talking about. Love, struggle for love. Neurosis, repression. Things I thought applied to me. To my case. I guess if I felt they applied, they must have applied. No longer. I don't need to read Janov, after all the Janov I've read. I have him in my memory. The theory. I don't need more cases of his theory. On his interpretation, all other therapies are bad. All analysis is neurotic intellectualization. Only Janovian Primal Theory is correct. I guess that would

be nice to believe – that you had found the One Truth. Reassuring. To think you knew the truth. I guess it was. It must have helped me. I ~did ask for help, eventually. It eventually happened. In my own way. St. Albans. A good place for me. A ~key place. Hard to imagine things going any differently. That would be hard to imagine. Tragedy multiplied endlessly. Possibly, if things would have gone differently. This is what I figure, what I consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Things. Want a bigger apartment? Want a nicer computer? Things you might have to “work for”... Things that might not be simply given to you, outright. You figure. If you consider. Then. Then I would imagine. As I would imagine / suppose. I guess, I don't know. The closer I come to suicidal ideation, the farther I am from actual suicide. I use the SI to measure how disturbed / unwell I am. The SI is not for convincing me to kill myself. It's merely a ~measure. That's what I figure, how I suppose. Words accumulating so slowly.

What you could be doing. What you could be coming across. I guess. Different things. May as well order Boundary 2, instead of taking cash out for waste. May as well order something valuable. This is how it goes, how I consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Different things, I could be doing. How ~detailed and ~colorful it looks, outside. Exactly. How exactly it looks. Different things. Maybe the med change ~is working. Give it some time. These FB's have been happening for a long time. It might take some time for them to subside, even if you're on the proper meds. What you do. What you consider. Time to write..! This is the best. You get to do it, you get to be. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Different things. You could consider.

What you do. As you'd consider. Relax. Thank you. This is what happens. What we consider. If you were to look that “far” into it. Into your own source. Maybe I looked most carefully at tripping brains. I was the one. I tripped the hardest. LSD. I would love to do that drug again. Probably not a good idea. “Never again, never again,” I would say ten times to myself.. Maybe listen to what you said. How horrible it is to be tripping, and have no way out. Like a flashback. You're trapped. Tortured. What you consider. As you would figure. The total insanity. That would be required for the creation of a new world. What you did. What you appeared to do. As that would happen. As you would suppose. I guess. I don't know – not really. I just suppose. Things. You might consider. “I trust you, but not your flash drive. You said you wanted to be a hacker. Which means you would know how to put malware on that.” This is what happens. What we'd consider / suppose. I guess. I don't know – not

really. What we'd figure / consider. I need to get an income, I need to sell some books. That is the main goal. Fuck the revolution. Unless I get an income, the revolution might have to take backseat. If the world won't take care of me. What you'd have to consider. For this kind of situation.

The Earth Pop

I don't know what the Yoga Nidra does to me. Falling? Stressful? Could I be stressing myself, to remain still? But I got some good lifememories, today's session. That is a key sign. Even if I have a bit of a head tension at the end. ECT – electricity is literally convulsing your body, during Yoga Nidra – impulses that you allow to arise and subside, without moving your body. It is a discipline. It is a practice. It is ~natural ECT – the electricity simply arises from your own natural bodily tensions and conditions. Not applied with electrodes, but inner-sourced. That's what I'm thinking. Making you aware of the everyday tensions, the normal tensions, for instance in your head, when writing. You do a lot of tension tripping that you're not even aware of. Maybe to ~become aware, is the goal of Yoga Nidra. It's an analysis, of the reasons / causes you usually have for responding to movement / tension. Once the analysis is complete, I think you're better off. You're more aware of what is going on in your head / body. And you can relax better. Simply because you are aware of the tensions, instead of blindly reacting to them, like normal. It's not a case of it being pure pleasure. Yoga Nidra may involve some ~discomfort. If it only caused pleasure, I think everyone would be doing it, all the time. But as awareness, and a discipline, involving tension and relaxation, it is only for the select. I think the total ~relaxation of my own style of Yoga Nidra is beneficial. Following a guiding voice didn't ~really let the mind rest. The mind was involved in following instructions. Now, with the German for example, I don't have to follow. I can focus more of my energy on relaxing. This is what I consider, this is what I suppose. Disguised Thought? Really thinking about sex? No, I don't think so. It's not ~really what I'm thinking about. God is a systems thinker. A lover of natural beauty. Do you think ~the systems thinker would be so concerned with your life? Hard to say. That's how it seemed. But then, with FB's, I'm not so sure. Who would want this? Who would be groovy about this? Who would want this

“happening”? I don’t know. It might be my lot. Just as in the Christian story, God abandons Christ. You might be abandoned, in a certain respect. What you consider. How you figure / suppose.

As it would happen. Would rather write, than chat. The chat teaches you focus on writing. If you can write by yourself, though, you should. No philosophical realizations or breakthroughs are going to happen in chat. Just small talk. What you have eventually realized. The channel isn’t “bad”, but it is for a ~specific purpose. To get you to focus on your ~own language. What you consider. How you suppose. Different things. In there. And so forth. What seems to happen. How you seem to create. What you could be doing. Philosophy. Ultra-fictional philosophy, to be more precise. What is fictional about it? It doesn’t claim to be true. I have no idea how the mind works, how god works, where the world came from. It would be wrong of me to claim that I do know any of these things. Maybe I am one of few to realize that. Would I do it all again? Would I live my life again? I guess I don’t have to make that choice, because it’s impossible. I will say I learned about beauty. I gave myself “porn therapy”, and now hardly need it at all. I think it’s better to go ~without sex. I didn’t always know that. I didn’t always realize. I guess I do now. After lots of “sexual experience”... Enough, I suppose. In life. In one’s life, maybe you ~need “sexual experience”... Maybe it is built-in, programmed, “natural”... So, when you’ve had enough, you can leave it behind, and pursue more ~sublime meaningful things. Orgasms are not meaningful (unless they are). Obsession, compulsion. It’s easy to say now I don’t need porn. But then, I seemed to want it very badly. This is what happens. What you consider / suppose. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose.

I don’t know – not really. I just suppose. Suicide / death becoming attractive. Death is the ultimate... You don’t have to ~live anymore..! What could be better? It’s foolish to hope for an afterlife. It is the most foolish hope of all. Death is what we ~really want..! We want not to have to live and suffer anymore.. This is what I’m thinking. I guess you would suppose. You would figure. I don’t know. I just suppose. God is dead.. God was alive? Would even god want to die? Or would God want to see what could be made of life? And your SI is a psychiatric problem. Not normal, not healthy. You’re warped / perverse. To think about dying and death. Well, at least you don’t have to be afraid of anything. Even death doesn’t scare you now.. Nonexistence is even more mysterious and tantalizing than existence..! Anyone can know existence – but what bliss to feel ~nothingness..! This is what happens. What I’d suppose. I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. As you’d do. As you’d consider. What we

do, what we consider. What you're thinking about. Psych rehab. Not into it. Don't want to expose myself to the ignorance of peers and counsellors. Not what I need. Yes, ignorance is bliss. But that's ~my ignorance. Other people's is annoying. What I'd suppose. As I'd consider. I guess. Repressing my own dreams. This morning, upon awakening, I repressed dreammemories. Is that why today has been so hard? If you refuse the fruits of your own imagination? You will suffer. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What we do, what we think. If you read, scan, live, primal, roll, and trip, with your eyes. Not to mention, ~write. Writing is the highest form. Of course you'll suffer without it..!

What we realize. The "black" philosophers. A splinter in the eye is the best magnifying glass. People are spellbound, without exception. This is what happens. Music dark enough. The Mars Volta. Seems dark enough. Like, the darkest. Adorno liked Mahler. He didn't have much option. There was no Mars Volta. He had to listen to what was available. Classical is too positive, at times. For me, sometimes. I like negativity, darkness. Like when we die, a fade to blackness. What seems to happen. What we supposedly are up for. Obsessive thoughts of Arvind. Him not being happy about Viva hanging out. Violence, drugs, abuse. David would never lay a finger on Viva. Different things. What are you doing with my twenty-one-year-old sister? What I was doing. As I would imagine. As I would consider. What I do. Chat might be dark enough, for me. Then again, the journal is the darkest. Go for the darkest medium. If you have a choice, if you have an option. Maybe, maybe get more loopy. Maybe the repetition, maybe the repetition, that a flashback shows you, is somehow key. Key. Maybe the repetition. Maybe that is one of the "messages" of a FB. What does it all seem to be "about"? Bad words, or good words? DT? All good words. I don't believe in bad words. No word is a bad word. They all have their uses. They are all necessary. Different chances you didn't take. Different opportunities for love. If you had been scanning for it. Presumably you'd have found some. Scanning. If you're scanning for love. For the possibility of love. "People just want to be loved." A darker message. Aloneness. Alone tripping. The alone trip. Yes, somewhat risky. No one to help you, to help you move. To help with anything. You won. You get to live here in an Oakland apartment, and spend the weekends in Mt. Lebanon. What we consider. You won. X world. If this is the world's nth repetition. Then it would seem. Then it would seem. Like. A lot of the concerns were really hype. A lot of the events were really relatively meaningless. This is the only Earth going now. God focuses on one world at a time. This is the only one. God wants absolute focus. True focus. To see what kind of things he can set up. What kind of

situation. This is what I figure. What I consider. SECT, self ECT. That's what Yoga Nidra is. You're accepting and integrating electric impulses to move, instead of reacting to them by moving. It's SECT. I think it's therapeutic. You just have your breath, and your eyes. That's all you're in control of. Different voices, you could be responding to. What you could consider / suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

Writing – what you figure, what you consider. I guess. Having successfully slept through another night – that should feel good. You should be thankful you don't have to try to fall asleep until tonight, after a whole day of life. Genome advertising campaign. Obsessions. Reality. The reality of people visiting your sites. The actuality of anyone actually promoting. Different things. As you could consider. My gamble, my “bet to her”... What I'm doing. What I'm writing. In which world. As you would figure, as you could consider. I guess. How many people know about X world theory? Maybe some. It's not general, though, yet. This is what we would consider. To make X world theory generally known. Publically known. I don't know how “easy” that's going to be. How “easy” it was to write your works. I guess it was difficult. But you ~wrote them. You did it. Don't need to do it again. A gift for the world. Or, a bunch of gifts. The world gives to me – why shouldn't I give back? Although it would be nice to be given a substantial income. I guess that's every writer's dream. Lucas included. What you could do for him. How he might like attention. Different things. As you were to. If you were to. As it would go. As you would consider / figure. You're getting pretty deep into the tic's. Why is this? What are you doing, what are you writing? Different things. You could be supposing. As it would go, as it would happen. Full of good humor. “Ed is Welsh.” Different things you could find humorous. As you were to. Entering the philosophy chat room. What those folks have to say. Or don't have to say, as the case may be. What you consider / figure. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. The conceptions we have of consciousness. Go with a topic in mind. If you have no topic, don't go. Material versus ideal? For ideas? Wouldn't you have to understand what consciousness is? To know what an idea is? Maybe some think they can understand consciousness. Not me. I can make hazards, guesses. That is about it. My journal. What I do in my journal. Where I am allowed to write anything. The one spot, where it is safe to write anything. It would seem. That here, you should be free. As free as you know how to be. If this was the stakes. These were the stakes. Then it would seem.

That might seem a little crazy. To have that level of attention brought to anything you'd do. A schizophrenic level? Two people at once, looking into

things? Afraid of people looking into “things” – your mouth..? Is that what it was about? What it could be about? Your mouth, verbal cognitive expression. Seem to have a certain type of problem. “Certain” type... What type is that? Do they come in types? How you would like to imagine it. Questions they could be asking themselves. That they actually, are, asking, themselves. You don’t even have to imagine – you’re there. Where you “always wanted to be.” What you might consider. As you might suppose. As that would happen. Tripping? Seems to have gone better, today. What “type” of problem do you have? Do they come in “types”? Is every person’s problem a unique, singular problem? Getting tired of this level of attention? Could you fall asleep, if you were actually having a panic attack? Is that how you’d describe this? Slow-motion panic attack. Why “panic”? What’s the anxiety about? What are you afraid of? What “questions” would be “key questions”, in your case?

You’d want to leave a note. It seems. It can seem. ~Were you totally crazy, or are you looking ~forward to being crazy? Some of these points. Exposure to too many triggers. I know what it’s like to be a beautiful woman, with people scanning you constantly. Kind of what it’s like. The potency of some of these readings. No one ever tries me. Readings “for” or “against”... What you could be getting into. Exactly where do you live? Live, and not die. Seems like. Certain conditions, could be good for. At certain times, finding certain people. Who would be open to you in this condition. Who would seemingly be able to accept someone in this condition. Are you available? Never thought about it, before... What we consider, what we suppose. Could be. I don’t think they’ll agree with some of my readings. Reading this place. At least some of the readings. For this place. Against this place. It seems like before the FB, I’m interested in people finding out who I am. Then, during the FB, I’m not interested in them being able to scan me. I went to Starbucks today – it didn’t turn out very well. I’m sorry. What you would apologize for. Killing yourself. Leaving a suicide note. Waste of a life, to be schizophrenic. Or – just different. You have a ~different sort of experience, than most people. I’ll see a woman look me in the eyes, and then the voices will say, “It’s a certain look in the eyes, how they know you.” They seem to be commenting on everything that happens. Time for the hospital? Not just now. Just don’t want to “go out” too much. Good time for exercising around the apartment. Good move for that. Your spot. On the spot. For almost anything you could imagine. You’re on the spot. You made them. What you’ve asked people to consider. I guess. I don’t know. I’d just suppose. Different things. You could be considering. As you. If you. Went for a walk. I just wanted some exercise, and to maybe grab a coffee. It didn’t turn

out like that. It turned into a hellish nightmare. Complaining about this. Statins? Shortness of breath? What you could be looking for (scanning for)... You're scanning, also – so can you blame them for it? For doing what you, in fact, do? Certain people, such as yourself, scan all the time. Are always scanning. With the gift you've been given. You would decide to. Decide to what? Give back to society. For them giving you this gift. What do you have to give back? What have you given the world, people? Can it be known? Can it be shown?

Seems hard. To go out. In the middle of this. "This"... Happening. To you. Seems like that would be difficult. To "deal-with"... All the time. Always. If you had always been looking on the edge. Of homelessness. Of saying "I'm sorry"... Why are you interested in this place? Do you work here? Name major origin number. What people could be "looking into"... Like you'd want to look in her eyes, repeatedly. This place. Where you live. Like that might happen. Second chance. You see the same woman again, who smiled at you the first time. You still seem to be unable. Phobic. Maybe this is why you haven't had a real girlfriend in years. Well, there was Bethel. But I don't think of her as a real girlfriend. I guess she was. Hard drug addict. Crazy as hell. What you could be doing. As you look into some of these points. As you'd want to look into. Seemingly.

As it would go. Know German, as well as English? Not gonna happen. Sorry. You know English too well. And German too poorly. You'd have to study. You'd have some homework, to do. Like you did in English. What we consider. As we figure. Different music to listen to. That you may want to listen to. Being awoken to it. Being turned on to different kinds of music. What you would consider / figure. I suppose. I don't know. I just suppose. What we do, what we foresee. I guess. I don't know. Not really. Not really in a ~modality to know. To tell the truth. To speak the truth.

As it would happen. What you figure. Seems difficult. Feeding into the gamma material. When you have alpha you can access. If you have alpha. If you are able to access. Why rely on gamma material? Understanding / consciousness. A-Janovian primals. Don't even mention Janov's name. His theory is that everyone else is wrong. Split. One time. Like this only happened one time. You're scanning like. Connected to the mouth. Look in both your eyes, selves. You'd just have to get one look at me. Peeps-hole (webcam). What your people could be looking into. As it would go. If you would go. I guess – I don't know. Flashback pretty powerful. Rolling your eyes, between certain high points? Is that what your people may have noticed? Suddenly, it could seem? An

escape? Permanent solution to a temporary problem.. You only want ~temporary solutions, I guess. Suicide would be the worst thing you could do. The voices seem to be reassuring. Reminding me of the intensity. It's not just voices. It's the sensation of tripping. Nothing you can cognitively do about it. "I want to kill myself." Death is the ultimate solution. Fate worse than death? If death isn't that bad, maybe a fate worse than death wouldn't be so bad. Lose your housing? No parents to save you? Is this what happens? What we suppose? I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. How you'd relate / consider. On the way to becoming a normal person? Is this what happens. How careful you'd have to be. Looking into points. Points worth looking into. Very closely.

Certain real people were going to notice it. I wasn't always certain, real people were going to notice it. This is how I roll. "I roll." Maybe not in this world. But in X worlds, I think there have been chances like this. You've been given a choice. Real, or unreal? For real people, or unreal people? Is that what "the" choice is all about? With the clarity you've been allowed to look into this point? Never say never. Not ever say never. Never mind. This is your "never-mind"... What your mind thinks of never telling people. Seems to be some pressure. To open their eyes to. Open certain people's eyes. Seems to be some eye-opening energy, we could be relaxing into. SECT. Weren't always sure how well it would work, for you. The SECT of literary lovers. Who does this SECT involve? Mention, or use? Do you mention certain names, or use certain names? Fiction can do anything it wants. Fiction is for doing anything you want to do. Such as. Your type. Very small type. Glee in his voice, as he said that. This is what we consider. Allowing you, to do. What we've enabled you to do. Strange things he might have said, at some point. I've never seen anything like that. I've never seen anyone who likes that kind of pressure. What kind of pressure is it? What does the pressure seem to be for telling-you? Does the pressure seem to be about? About people's eyes, I's, selves – closed or open, to this potency? Of energy? What does the energy seem to be about? If I could tell real people. If I could show them I was "there"... Where I always wanted to be. Average writers. He wanted me to meditate on the concept of an average, or perhaps above-average, writer. Fuck you. Get the fuck out of here. In other words. Maybe he was jealous, of your skill level. Possible. I have a website and a blog. What we consider. As we consider. What SECT could be doing to/for you. You had to realize for yourself. How much you'd love this... What it was doing to you. If you still don't like it... "It"... What there is, to like. To consider. The only one with my name. Online, at least. I seem to be the only David Christian Baird online. In the current world. The only, or the most.

You won. This is where you won. This is what you won. This type of pressure. Pressure to do what? Exactly? Can't always scan for these answers. Janov's interpretation. Trigger collecting. Scanning to see what worked. What if ~nothing ever worked? What if you'll ~always be in this condition? For the rest of your life? What then? What do you imagine your next step, to be? To "C" a writer – to give a writer a C? Would you be able to do that? Be a writer? Give grades? I don't think they'd want me grading young writers. I don't think that's what I've been designed to do. Designed. Oscar-signed. Believe it, or not. Different language. You could have had access to. "You", the first person. In the first person. To have sold. Us on it. "It"... What you're getting into. David-signing these books. What books you've learned how to write. The writing phase. Or the living with what you've written, phase? Which phase do you want to be getting into? Writing more? More books? Is that what "it" calls for? One "more"-book. A book of "more"... Conditions, which might be for teasing you to. Experiments. With teasing you into. A shape in which. The shape in which. You could be said to have always/already been? If this is always happening? In which world? If this type of thing is always, already happening? To who? To real people. Which real people? Internet people. Who visits this kind of stuff? People on the internet. Which people? Witch-people... People who might be witches or wizards. If you've allowed for that. Type of reception. What types of clicks. You could be "getting"... Getting. "Getting"... Quotes, and un-quotes. Certain situations. Realize how hard it could have been, to talk about certain things. Certain things, with certain people. Myself. What I'm getting into. As far as I've taken it. I've never taken it that far, recently. I've never had to take it that far. Five hours. I've been able to go to sleep, and let it wear off. How long would it last? Are you still having one? No, not now. How long? Do they last? He lasted a long time. He was able to hang from a bar, for a long time. What they could say. "They", "say"... I don't care what they say? Different things. You could have introduced your brother to? "Brother"? Who exactly? Would you introduce to this? Kind of intensity. As you tried to relax, while this was going on? Relaxation is the highest prize, for David Christian Baird. Said by Lawrence P. Baird, Ph.D. Different things. You could be considering. To publish, or not publish, this kind of material. "Kind"... Like, the Kind. That band you used to like dancing to. So long ago. Risks you've taken. Risks you shouldn't have taken. Perhaps, in a different world, wouldn't have taken. If the world were different. Is that my excuse? The way the world was? Seemed? Do we still live in a world? Or, X

worlds? If we're alive in X worlds. If X worlds have gone similarly to this. Then. What would that mean?

As you, if you. The type of resolution the text would have to be at. If you were going for retina clarity. Then you might have to magnify your font size, for this resolution of screen. But you can reach it. Retina clarity. You just might have to read a larger font. This is what happens. These questions, questions as basic as these. What seems to be happening. What you seem to be doing. "Doing"? Full three-dimensional clarity. I'm used to two dimensional erotica. I don't have a lot of experience with three dimensional. Women. Some women can see me. I need a woman who can see me. My body image. Negative body image. Hopefully going for a semi-cute face and overall style. Hopefully. Don't judge a book by its cover. You don't ~want a woman who has a negative image of you. You want one who thinks you're beautiful. This is what happens. You see one or two each time you go out. I see so many women. I don't need online dating. I can do better in reality.

As that would happen. If you were to do that. What you would consider. How you could consider. Things, happening. If things were going to happen "for" you. A certain light at the end of the tunnel. If what you were looking into. Looking to be into. Then, I could only imagine. Certain key developments, in a schizophrenic family. Escape classification. What you could be classified as. The amount of time you've been looking into. It's all connected. Everything in the universe. Is connected to the mouth. "The" brain? Is that what we've been thinking? Do you think you can produce magic? Of DeLillo quality? I'd just like to write a book, DeLillo level or not. This is what I consider. What I suppose. Happy to write any book at all. Of any level of "quality"... That's what I think. What I'm thinking. As I do this. Uncomfortable topics? Isn't any topic a bad topic, in a certain frame of mind? What you were looking into. Things could be going so well – and then they turn to shit. Coherences. Things. What you could be considering. As you, if you. What we could be doing here. What we would be doing. If we could get a straight answer from you. If you would own up to certain points. If you're going to talk about rolling your eyes, why not actually roll your eyes? If this is what it's all about? Rolling, tripping, primalling, living, scanning, reading. Something like that. "People might not agree with all of these readings." Writings? They don't publish books this big anymore? At least ~nonfiction. Fiction, they'll publish anything. What you were going to look into. Writing some sort of "popular" book. A potential bestseller. How that would go. How you would figure. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Things. For your type of brain. "Depends what type of brain you

have.” They come in types? Wouldn’t that matter, make a difference? If you were going to look into borderlines. Borderline areas. Losing your housing. Trip going sour. Going South. This is what you do. How you’d suppose.

What would have to happen. For you, as you. For you to go, as you to go. Different things. Almost like. It’s almost exactly like... What you do matters. What you do would matter. If. Smells? Consciousness? Determinism? Confusion about what the nature of this system is. Baird System? Or “the” System? Which system are you laboring under? Do you call this labor? Compared to some other labors you could imagine? If this is what you want to do – write. If you will continue to write. If this is what life will consist of. You almost ruined your life. Your reputation. You thought bad equaled good. You didn’t realize. You actually ~do want a good reputation. In this world. In the world.

What you realize. What you’d have to do. If you wanted. Full / fool. You apparently eat enough food. On certain interpretations of the word “fat”... Not the right food. Enough is enough. A special occasion. A special event. What we consider. How we suppose. Had to do it. Was going to do it, one way or another. This is what I did. The Ideal and the Denial? You wrote this why? What did you have in mind? Explosions? What instruction can we give David? Would this prevent an explosion, or encourage an explosion? Things you have to consider. For certain key individuals. Sharing times. The place. What the place has seen. Has seen what you’re capable of. Perhaps. Perhaps you must learn German. This is how it goes, how it would go. Why did your eye twitch, just then? Why did your hand twitch? Why exactly? Did you do any of the things you did? Do you want to drink? Do you want neuro-toxins? I don’t think so. I don’t think that’s what this is for. This is for something else. A different sort of realization. Your SECT of literary lovers. The people who will love your work. Real people. What you’ve given.

The Janovian interpretation. The Pittsburgh interpretation. Still harping on “Janov”? Can’t you let go? He doesn’t have an adequate theory. His theory isn’t complex enough. It doesn’t handle the full insanity too well. “Psychotics have an unimaginable load of Pain.” Maybe. Maybe true in a limited sense. Looking at time. Code. Who wrote the source code, for this operant device. If we wanted to replicate the code. How would we code for this? Anti-normative matrix? How do you think that’s going to go? Going up against a matrix? Break the code. Understand the code. Coded structure. “I’ll let you turn it down.” About the fireplace? Or going to visit Liz babysitting? Certain types of neighbors. You may have been warned about. Looking at time. A little brother. Why one brother

would keep his eyes open, the other brother keep his eyes closed. A certain brother. Not as into response, this late at night. What he saw. On this “level”... Of difficulty? Why one would become an atheist? I believe that he ~is an atheist. I believe in the world. Didn't always. If I'm the first, most, only. “It”... It for a world? Would that be relaxing? Is that what you're trying to “relax about”? I guess.

As it goes. As you would consider. What you have to figure. Carpal tunnel. Time to take a break from the strings. No good. Carpal tunnel pain in your wrist, left wrist. I guess the future will reveal how bad this is. Getting tired of these FB's. Getting tired of being in the condition. Seems like I don't even like to lie down in bed, anymore. I'm just tired of it all. Scans. The beautiful women, who people must scan all the time. “What's a scan?” “When someone looks at you to try to figure out who you are, and what you can do for them.” This is what I'd be thinking. Everyone, all the time. Could be scanning like this. It's what people do. I develop sensitivity to it. Allergy. Every time I go outside, for a long walk. I might have to stay in more. Go to less events. Do less. If things are this stressful, this triggering.

It raises the question of exactly ~who has the direct, unmediated access to your imagination. Whose surface of psychology.. You have access. But which aspect of you? That is what I'm currently asking. I could be writing almost anything. I suppose. But I gravitate toward certain themes. The beautiful women I saw yesterday. How they react to scans. I have sympathy for them. They get continually scanned. I guess everyone gets scanned. In this world. Oakland. Everyone is scanning for something. I guess. I would suppose. What you “look at” – the kind of “time”, you're looking at. People can tell, by looking in your eyes. I's. It's a certain look in the eyes. This is how I roll. What you're pretending not to do. Not to have done. Looked into the highest possible points, a human could look into. Been as high as possible. As tripped out, as possible. Why pretend? If it's just going to cause you stress? Why not just go with it...? Maybe a key realization. It feels insane. It ~is insane. You must be pretty smart. What you consider. As you suppose. DT is an activity. Deprivation torture, if you don't do it. What you figure / consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Double Trouble seems like a trigger. Talking about my problems. People scanning me. A group scan. Shared experience.

What you might consider. Have to become as careful writing, as with guitar. The tendons are ~that valuable/ sensitive. I guess. I've already written enough. But there is the craving for more. I should listen to my cravings. The

good ones, at least. I've had FB's the last five double troubles. I think that's a pattern. It's torturous. It triggers me. Talking about my problems. Getting a group look at me, a group scan. I don't want to talk about my problems that much. It's too triggering. Too much exposure. The walk into the clinic triggers me also. All the people and women, scanning. I know I'm guilty of scanning, also. Everyone does it. It's what people do. I feel like I'm a unique find, for a woman. Depends what you'd want to use a woman for. What she'd be "good for"... If you expect her to be able to write ultra-fictional philosophy, like you. You might not find that, right away. Maybe eventually. You never know. What you figure / consider. You could help her with her work. Why would men be interested in talking to you? Your humor? Your writing experience? You must be pretty smart. Third person view, objective view of voices. If an objective view is possible, the third person voices have it. What could be more objective? Your delusions? Thinking you're god? When you have delusions like that... It might become difficult, to go outside. To go out. If you think people are scanning for you. Everyone, all the time. How that would seem. I won't be famous. But if I am. But I won't. But if I am. DeLillo did it. He has some literary genius on his side. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know. I just do my thing.

What you do. Multi-core, multitasking processor network. Just because nothing verbal is happening in your imagination. Different processes can be happening, nonverbal. In sequence, the cores consider different things, in a cycle of concerns. This is what happens. What is happening might not be obvious. What appears to be happening might not be what's really happening. With multi-core, multi-tasking processor networks, just about anything is probably happening, somewhere in the brain. You have to allow for it all. An understanding of computers. Brain theory is computer theory. The computer is the most advanced model we have of a computational process. By going farther away from women, you have paradoxically become ~closer. Alone is the best trip. Allows the most freedom, the most imagination. But if you found a woman. What would be possible. Women on the street. I see so many women. I see one or two good ones, each time I go out. You're not trying to impress women who don't like you. You're going for the ones who instantly love you. As strange as that seems. You don't want a struggle operation. You've had enough struggle relationships. They're nightmares. To be able to be normal, straight, nonstruggle may be the ultimate victory for you. What you realize. Walking around. The women. At the park, at the library. I have a link. I have a website. Tell her about your link. She'll want to know.

What you would articulate. Taking it easy. Being gentle with your hands, your self. Not just pounding out the lines. Being more careful, more deliberate. This is what happens. What you'd consider / figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. If you were interested in viewing your mind as a machine. A structure. The brain is a structure, literally. It is an active, neuro-electronic chemical-reaction structure, but a structure all the same. The multitasking. The one page at a time reading style has turned me on to more multitasking. You don't ~want to get deep into a book. You ~want to multitask. It's easier for your brain to deal with. This is what happens. What we figure / consider. As we were to. Lucas wasn't a prophet – or maybe he was... Jesus Christ, preaching to the freshmen in English. The Second Coming of Christ. Too sensitive. Too crazy. What could be going on. What your brain seems to be processing. As it were, as you would.

What you do, what you consider. Measuring your typing. Not taking your hands for granted. Or life. Contingent. Not fear of death – but ~awareness of death, is how I'd put it. We could go at any moment. It's sheer probability that says we live. You just have to hope for a miracle. A sign. A blink of a bright spot light, only you can see. If you take that sign. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. I've been hoping for some commentary on my work. Maybe people don't think they can speak English well enough. What you do. Work for the Wizards, and Witches. That's part of it. Also for the muggels. You write for ~all time, for ~everyone. At least this is what you claim. Have claimed.

Difficult. Reading Adorno in German. Why would you want to do that to yourself? It's what I'm into. Seeing if I can understand German philosophy. It's just my little interest. Could have other interests, probably don't. That's probably the key interest. What you consider. Meeting a German woman, or a woman who is learning German. That's what you're ~really curious about. What could happen there. In that type of situation. As you would consider. As you would figure. Things we have happening. German. Translate practice. Trying to speak. Really trying the language. Seeing what can happen. What kind of learning. The body mind is a totality. Interesting, that it would work like that. Strange. That it doesn't die more frequently. Seems to stick around. Seems to be robust. Hard to imagine. How something like this. God. The only possible explanation. I guess that depends who you are. Other people have other possible explanations.

Voice and Voices

As it goes, as you'd want to go, if you'd want to go. It does, we do. Things. Happening. Different things. As you might consider, as you might figure. How often you try to learn German. I think it matters. If you rarely try, are you going to learn? Maybe not. Maybe it's a simple matter of repetition, on some level. You'd think, you'd imagine. How you learned language in the first place – immersion. You didn't know what the fuck was happening. You were thrown into the middle of it. You had no choice, in a way. Maybe you need to do that with German – go to the meetup. Throw yourself into it. If it's really a goal of yours. If you really do think language learning does interesting things to you. As a writer, as a thinker. Trying to reprogram himself, to write a better book. The best book possible. That's what I was always hoping for. Different things. You could imagine, you could suppose. I guess. I'm more into my newer work. Heliosophy was good for what it was. It seems outmoded now, though. Maybe I read it too many times. Maybe I simply wore it out. That would be good – in a way, it would be a sign of having learned its lessons well. If you've already learned the lessons of a book. If you've written three books since then. Then it might seem. Depending on the kind of writing. Ultra-fictional philosophy. Which continually develops, from day to day, from minute to minute, even. Then something you wrote seven years ago might not seem as pertinent. If you've left that world behind, in a sense. If in a sense you've already done that, lived that, known that. You don't need to keep knowing truth over and over. Once you know it, you can move on. The hope of a writer. That he can move on. That is the ultimate hope. That we are not stuck on one level. Women on this level. The same level that you're on. When they're on this level. Straight into – when you look straight into them, their eyes. And they say things to you. Why did I seem to be able to manage the FB's, in the past? Why has my ability to deal with them decreased? They could have been getting worse. Just the progressive nature of mental illness. And you did a lot of drug abuse. I wouldn't recommend that. Is that really what you want to do? What you want to consider? What triggered you, just now? Hard to tell. Talk of a lot of drug

abuse. I don't think it's best. I don't think it's the best method. To solve your problems. To approach your problems. Different things. How luscious the girls are. How they seem to be good for penetrating. Like yourself.

I guess it could be good to do, occasionally. Especially if you're not obsessed with it. What you consider. As you'd figure. Seems like a compulsive act though. Forcing your body to go through something, to react. You ~already "acted" – you don't need to re-act. That's what I think. It's not worth it. Sex is not worth it. Or fake sex. It's a lot of sensitive effort, for not a big payoff. Not a big deal. I guess if you have nothing better to do. Why not? Can you articulate the "why not"? Programmed, animalistic behavior. So is eating? But sex isn't about survival, it's about pleasure. Pleasure, I am suspicious of. Beauty. Porn. Very suspicious things. I guess I didn't learn my lesson, because I did it again. It's been weeks, though, and maybe it's natural. "Clean out the pipes." What you figure / consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. As it would, as it could. Maybe it's an organic development. Maybe you ~will tell them about it. They can read the books, if they really want to. They were designed more for the world, for strangers. If you have me, you don't need my books. As it would go.

As you would do it. Because. You figure, you consider. Different things. Listening to classical (great) music. Why? Why did your thumb twitch, just then? Why are you rolling your eyes like that? Exactly now? Why would you do that at a meeting? You're staring exactly into my eyes. You're staring at me. No one else is. Why are you? Am I doing something unusual? Why would you roll your eyes like that? At a meeting? You look like you're on some mind altering substance.

What I could be doing. How far I've taken it. Five hours. As long as you can imagine. What it would seem like. What would "that" seem like. Little helpful sayings, that turn out to be not very helpful, in a strong FB. Things I think will help me. Perspectives on the situation. They can't ~really tell what you've looked at. Looked into. From a look in your eyes. Rolling. They can't tell how you've rolled. "This is how I roll." What we figure, what we consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. If you would. As you would. In my dreams? Do I realize this is a dream? Is that what it would be about? To realize you're dreaming? I've written four books. Maybe you should take a look at them, before you agree to work with me. This is what I figure, what I consider. As I were to. Deprivation torture. Yes, there is some humor in this formulation of therapy. Includes some humor. Why did your eye just twitch? Why did you laugh at that? Time to roll down your eyes and take a nap. Things they could

have said, to intensify the conditioning. What you consider. How you consider. Mandatory naps. This is what prepared you. Are you prepared for this? Told Facebook about my books. A big move, for me. One perhaps I should have taken a while ago. As my brother said, “Stealing from artists?” I got a comment deleted on this topic by Anatole. Didn’t want to push my luck, with Susan. These brainwashed-types are pretty sensitive to being contradicted. They don’t like it, in other words. Why press their buttons? What would it accomplish? You have your own work, your own venue. You wrote the worry-tale. You already made your statement. They can find it if they want. You’ve submitted your texts, to the appropriate authorities. Said to be, known to be. They might be watching you all the time. For certain radical content. Radical? What’s so radical about it? Supports revolution? What kind of revolution? Basically democracy. Aggregate Rationality. Basically group logic. In other words, the ideal form of government, of societal organization. What we were going for all along. Now with the interweb, possible. Before the interweb, not possible. What we consider/ figure. As we were to. If we were to.

A writing trip. I could always become a recluse. That would suck. I knew you were going to say that. It wouldn’t be good. You used to be able to handle IOP. I’ve been going downhill. Maybe they’re wearing me down. He’s done acid. I don’t think he’d still do that. What you consider. Are they actually voices, or are they just intrusive thoughts? They always have something meaningful to say. I’m interested in what they say. It’s pertinent. People wonder what it’s like. There are different levels. Last time I saw you was a low intensity. But there are high intensity ones. Where it’s difficult to function. What we consider. Seems like groups, everyone looking at my problems, trigger it. All I can say is that it’s happened the last five Double Troubles. I don’t know why. I guess different things could be happening. They’re just curious. It doesn’t really matter. What we figure / consider. I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. What am I ~really thinking about? Flashing back to what? What are you really thinking about?

What you do. What you suppose. Took about an hour for the FB to die down. Half-hour of recorded German audio, half-hour of noise cancelling silence. Well, this is what we look into. If you’re certain. That’s why they’re called “certain points”... You can instantly know you’re in one. I noticed some blankness or numbness. “Your affect is better, you look more alive.” This is what happens. What we’d suppose.

I don’t know – not really. (What goes on in the brain.) I can only suppose. Changing your mind? Some of the time? Key interludes that would be

memorable? At least ~some of the time? Like something your mother said to you, once? This is what happens. How we figure / consider. I guess – I don't know. I just suppose. What we'd expect to be the case. How we'd consider. If we were to, as we were to. Different things, you have going on. If you, as you. This is what we figure. Consider. What my biggest problem is. Flashbacks? Can seem like it, during a strong one. When normal, it doesn't seem like it. Seems like I usually deal with them well. Rolling, primalling, living, tripping, reading, scanning, writing. The different things I could possibly be doing. Be thought to be doing. Actually be doing. Writing. If you keep at it. If you want to be a writer. You'd have to actually do it. There wouldn't really be an option. If this is what you write. If you like writing journal best. Free-form. You're not one much for "structure"... In your writing. You like to just go with it, flow with it. As you'd see, as you'd suppose. I'm not really sure any of this will be useful. How useful any of this will be.

What you do. What you'd think. FB. Bullshit. I guess this is what I "signed up for"... LSD poisoning. Certain points. I don't feel bad, I just know I'm in a FB. It just gets worse, if you don't take care of it. Things I've learned. Over time. Slowly. It's taken a long time to learn. What you do. What you figure. Different types of guilt. For what you've looked into. Guilt tripping. A lot of guilt, a lot of tripping. Mongers. What you consider. How you'd suppose. If you were to, as you were to. Different things. How many times have I tried to learn this language? It's just repetition. It's muscle memory and brain memory. Habituating yourself to the language. Why you'd want to do that. Why anyone would want to do that. If you're into the philosophy, the poetry. Then. I think. You might be into the learning. If. A big "if"... Different things. I've never heard anyone describe one. You use your term for them. LSD flashback condition. Tripping. Insane. Murmuring voices. Constant voices. What exactly you'd be looking into. If you. As you. As you were to. If you were looking at time like this. They say I'll have them for as long as I live. Different energies. You could be tuning into. The frequencies. What you could have going on. All the time. It seems like I've agitated certain voices. By what I've written and done. Seems like I've caused some difficulty. Of explosive force.

When you actualize your potential. What it would seem like. If you wrote. If you knew how to write. As I would, as I do. You keep accomplishing things in life. Indeed, you've been responding to some of these conditions. You've been looking into them very carefully. Deeply involved with the reality of things. What you could be doing here. In this sort of reality. Bless you. What we'd be considering. I guess. Sex with dead girls. Why would I have dreams

like that? Because I've used a lot of porn – “dead” girls? They seem to mention Anatole's name a lot. Maybe because he was the person who has looked most clearly into certain points. Why would you be afraid of exactly that issue? Keep Anatole's eyes closed? Was that the strategy?

What you get. What it gets. Pure experimental writing. It's pure repetition. Trying to teach the brain new pathways. It's what becomes. You can write anything. You don't have a lot holding you back. Not anymore. I wrote for the future. I wanted people to be able to think of these things. If they can't now, at least later, they'll be able to. That's what I wrote. I wrote to free people's minds. From the NM. ANM stuff is obviously not common or popular. It might become so. Given. Given what you've shown is possible. The amount of clarity. Looking straight into forbidden points. That no one has ever written about. Because of fear, because of inertia. What you consider. What you could be doing. In begins to seem. German uses different forms of the mouth shapes. It's actually a different language. You can't just straight translate word for word. Things are said differently. You don't always know, before you find out. You'd have to discover. You'd have to suppose. If you did. As you did. Usage of silence. The tension. Ah, tension. The ringing. Maybe your obsession with loud sounds prepared you, in a sense, for ear ringing. Maybe you signed up for it. You had heard loud music damages hearing. I guess you didn't care. You thought if it was ~good loud music, it wouldn't hurt. Only noise or bad music hurts the ears. Good theory. Hopefully it's true.

Well, see the thing is, about this. If you were thinking of looking into this. “Into” – so you'd ~owe it, in other words. As in, “You'd be into us for ten grand. I don't recommend it.” What you've learned. What you've seemingly learned, from books. From Thorsand. Your sexual perversion/ disorder, in high school. With Shankara. Groping, like the worst kisser, ever. Rocky Horror Picture Show. A ~troubled formation. That's how I'd put it. You had some trouble. A significant amount. If Thorsand only knew. The full extent of the mouth problems. “David, on drugs?!” What you were shown. What you would consider. As it would go. As you would consider. Fantasies of kidnapping certain people. Losers. Popular. “You're unpopular. You're a loser.” Different things. As we'd figure, as we'd consider. A loser. Maybe that was an apt description. The appropriate distinction, for kids to make. “Do you have any friends?” Difficult points, in your origin. “You make me worse.” What you'd consider. “You don't want your pinky to be a dead finger.” What you consider. I guess, I don't know. I'd just suppose. What we have going on. If we were to look into it. As we were to look into it.

What we'd do, what we'd consider. Depending which language. As you figure, as you suppose. Different things. You could. I guess. It feels like I'm tripping. I guess you'd have to trip. To find out what that's like. I can't really describe it. It seems like, time to go to bed. Time to want bed. That's how it seems. If I've learned my lesson, when to ask for help. It's not necessarily that I feel so bad, and want to lie down. It's that it's a flashback, and I ~should lie down, ask for help. So it doesn't get worse.

What you do, what you become. If it were, as it were. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it would. Different things. Almost exactly like. Is everything as it seems? In this world? Do we still live in a world? What have you been getting “into”? Whose “should's” are we using now? Different points you may have looked into. How difficult it can get. It can seem. The tragedy, of no love. How that seems. To you. At various points. How that would seem. Having looked into some young women today at Chipotle. What they could be said to think. Thought to think. Is that how it works – wherever you are, you get triggered? Is that how it should be? Always say never? What you've been considering? To do a Yoga Nidra as soon as you realize. To see how sensitive you can get. To the condition. If you have the option of asking for help, you should. If you're out – well too bad. But if you're at home, you can relax. What I consider / figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

I don't have to read Adorno. I don't have to read ~anyone. After what I've done? And I expect to need continual education? Maybe it's true. If I want to learn German. I don't ~have to learn German. It's just a desire. What else is there to do? Learn as much as possible. Speak your Mother Tongue. You don't need to go to foreign lands, speak another language. Those needs are illusions. They are not ~real needs, in Janov's sense of “real”... The old man did have some key points. Even if he was obsessed with heterosexual sex. And having orgasms. I think I have ~overcome orgasms. Heterosexual sex. Seeing a young woman at Chipotle can trigger me, cause me feelings of regret and loss. I guess that's what I deal with. With the illness. I'm meant to be alone. I don't get lonely. I have plenty to do, by myself. I don't need a woman here. I guess it would be nice. She would be nice. We'd have to talk. With my TMJ disorder. I get tired of talking. I guess you don't have to talk continually. Especially if she knows about your problem. You can say choice things. Some people don't talk a lot. No one says you have to be a motor mouth. Just because there's a woman here. Who you'd like to talk to. If that's true. If you want to talk to a woman. How young? How old? I guess she can be whatever age she wants to be. A woman. Is that ~really what you're thinking of? Who you're thinking

of? Do you know how it would go? Can you predict what that would be like? Like at Tech, some of the women there, who were into you? Didn't go very well. Not well at all. That was the fuck-mouth-brain days. So of course it wasn't going to go well. But now.. You have a mouth, you have a tongue. You can articulate at whatever level. Give a mini-lead. Even if it was a one-off, one time deal. You did it. So now. When you have. If you are. As it would. As one might consider.

Why would anyone say that – “tennis is kind of an elite activity”? I guess I say whatever the hell I want to say. FB is good for that. Giving yourself the chance for expression. In this life, in this world. That may not last very long. What we consider / suppose. As we were to. Guilty. Psychologically damaged her for life. Very memorable. What kind of person are you? Who would do that? Too much book learning. Also, pathology of mouth-brain. A pathology of speech is very dangerous – can lead to very bizarre activity. What you consider. As you'd suppose. Different things. How long do you expect to live? As long as your parents? That's a long time. Better get ready for some ~endurance. To be alive that long. Forty or fifty more years. Maybe you ~will succeed as a writer. In that sort of timeframe. On that scale. People will find out about your sites / work. They will start to link to it. It might take a few years. To grow in popularity. For people to be able to accept you. Might not happen instantly, with all readers. What we consider. As we figure / suppose. Hundreds of hits per day. A good start. Thousands might be nice. I wonder what ~that will be like? We'll have to stick around, to see. See what happens. As you're writing some of the same old tic's. What more can you do? I don't know. I just suppose. Learning a lot of German. The conversational, the philosophical. Adorno is a Titan. He knows a lot about music. I think he was deservedly famous. How good Adorno was. Then, there's you. DCB. What ~he's done, what he's opened the world's eyes to. If that can be said. If that can be known. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. I just consider / support. Things I have going on. Dreams, déjà vu. As it would happen. As you might consider. Writing your life away. Writing begets writing. But what could be better? You wanted to ~write. You dreamed of ~writing. You're alive now. Unharmful. Functional. Stable. The sky is the limit. You get to do whatever you want.

What you do, what you consider. As it would happen. Such as. Important, loaded words. Locked and loaded. What does that mean? To you, now? This, here, now, again? The FB's can be of stunning intensity. Didn't you just want to lie in bed? During an LSD trip? What you ultimately think tripping is ~for. To

show certain doctors? Maybe not. Maybe it's to show ~yourself. A certain person. Code-named David. Break the code, for breaking into the clinic? What you consider? What you figure? I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. As it would go. Whether you speak this language, or your Mother Tongue. What it seems like. If you were to. Perfectly trip. Be perfectly tripping. It would. It would seem. What we consider. Forensic analysis of your apartment? What do you think that will yield? Are they going to look through your garbage? How closely you've looked into this point? Directly above you? How closely you've listened, to music? On shuffle? Random lights? What you were thinking about doing? As you actually did it? Looking up to you. Betrayed. Warnings. Key warnings, about the schizophrenic type of person you were. Saying "I don't know", at key times. What you'd imagine. As you'd suppose. If you were the type to do that. "Type"... As you'd figure, as you'd consider. "I call myself David Christian Baird." Or – that's the name they gave me. What you'd imagine. How you'd suppose.

As it would go. Have to ramp up the "project", if possible. Is it possible to ramp it up, any more than you already have? Maybe it's time to ~relax, to sit back and wait for the links to proliferate. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What we could look into. Your site, easy to read on mobile. Well-designed. Simple, elegant. As simple as a sight could possibly be. What you figure. The joy of shuffle. Didn't know. Suspected, but didn't actually know. There's not enough time, to not shuffle your audio. You don't have the time for non-shuffle listening. What we consider. I guess. I don't know. I could suppose. I could determine. What are you ~really thinking about? Different things. I should have paid closer attention. The look on his face. What you'd have to consider. If you were to, as you were to. I guess. I don't know. Answers like that – "I don't know".. Could be a bad sign, about what "type" of person you're dealing with. As it would go. As you'd figure. Fashion is an important component of success, for a woman. Like it, or not. A sense of fashion. Can be quite crucial, in the world. What you'd consider / suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd figure. What you'd consider. It's not "materialist" to want to look good. It's ~spiritual. If a girl ~can be beautiful, she ~should be. You should know this, being a photographer. What you can tell other people about how to raise their kids. What will possibly change their perspective. It won't, in other words. You can't help – especially over FB. What you'd consider, how you'd figure.

What we do, what we consider. If you're this afraid. Of telling them, of them finding out. And ditching you. What that would mean. On that level. To be

homeless. Different things. You could figure, you could suppose. Does it matter, if I have a place to live, if I explode? Nuclear family? Why would that be called a nuclear explosion? How big would that be? What would that be like? Do you have to care? Do you care? What you've been organizing. Your project – what it has run to. What it has done. What you have done. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I'm better off without the crew, the fellas. They just add stress. What positive could they possibly add? Godfried, obsessed with his own problems and career. And, fucking with you. And friends with that dick, Fortuna.. It would almost be. It would almost have to. Code-named David. For her to find out, who you were / are. Who exactly you are. For her to learn. Maybe she'd want to learn. On that level. Denial, evasion, escape. This is what I think about, at certain times. Certain questions. You could be, should be, getting into. I guess. Bye bye, little Kiran..! What you say. My counselor has non-pressure-induced glaucoma. “She has glaucoma with normal pressure?” Yes. What we consider, figure, suppose. I could be. It could be. It could be a case of. SI. You could kill yourself. At that point. Should you be alive, should you live? Should you be allowed to live? Too loud, at certain times? Too loud, for certain places? I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Different things, you could be doing. As it were. Tendons and professional musicians. You would have had to give up your career, because of tendon problems. Not good. Better that you didn't have a career. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. I played some music. I was a musician. Played at whatever quality level, for some years. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

Alone in the would's. The women who “would” like you, if you talked to them. You don't want to even ~talk to women? That would involve “stopping”, “changing direction”... Big moves for you, historically. What you'd have to suppose. As you, if you. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. Letting Asa live with you. Going out with Bethel. Different things. Well, that's life. That was your life. Can't change that now. Can't go back in time. As that would happen. As you would figure. Time travel. Moving through space. I like to move around. How that would have to go. If you were going to do that. Why? Why are you doing that? I guess. I don't know – not really. If you were going to do that. Why, David? Why are you doing that? Scans. Pretending not to understand the women who can see you. You need a woman who can ~see you. That's really your criterion. If she can like you. Not her education, career, status, or hotness. How much she appreciates DCB. That is the ultimate goal, for any of this. I don't need computers to help me find a woman. Computers can't help, with what I'm looking for. They wouldn't be able to filter. Give her your

link, maybe. Just to give her something to think about. The unspoken yes. What we consider. If you gave her your link. Then I would imagine. I would suppose.

This is what happens. When you were to, if you were to. The tic's can get kind of addictive. There would be no reason for you to be a channel of god. God doesn't need that. God wouldn't be into that. God is a systems thinker – a true genius of creativity. God would not want to be DCB. Had some ~powerful delusions. Some real whoppers. Slam-bang hit it out of the ballpark. This is what happens. At least you realize. At least you know. I was out of touch.

I guess. Depending on what you'd do. What you have going on. What you're looking at. What kind of time. As it would happen. As you might consider. Oral, anal. The things you have to be guilty for. Almost subliminal, to you. Probably memorable, to her. How that would go. How you would figure. She'd have to live with it. She'd have no choice. You gave her no choice. This is what we consider / figure. I guess. I don't know – not really. I just try, I just relate. What you could have going on. Depending what you were “looking at”... The kind of “time”.. I think you have nothing to say for yourself. Denial. You are denying your guilt. Instead of owning your recovery. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you'd think / do. What you're really guilty for. Deserving of girlfriends? Innocent enough for that? Maybe this is what you're realizing. Finally. Took a while. For you to admit. We'll admit. That took soul. Who keeps a journal? Who does that? I guess. I don't know. What Facebook exposes you to. The kind of intelligence / ignorance. I guess.

Freedom, or rehab... Getting impatient, for the inpatient psychiatric admission? You have proof that you were mental. The whole time. Oral, anal. Problems with voices. Responding to suggestion. Unconscious, in a sense. In a sense, you were unconscious. What's that from? Thought- and behavioral-pathology. That's what you have / had. Afraid of your blanket, because it looked really big? The hospital. Can't listen to good music. But – get to hang out with people, all day long. It's fun. Good food. Your case. You as a case. Maybe you've compensated, atoned. Maybe you've been punished enough, from life. Maybe there is karma. What happens. I guess we didn't realize. What they're looking at. Who exactly, they're looking into. You knew you'd get to the real stuff, eventually. If you kept writing. Hopeless? I have a lot of hope. Hopes. I have plans for the future. Aspirations. It's not all death, suicide. That's just a pretty strong temptation. I'm not going to drink, the slow suicide. If I go, I'd go quickly. No slow suicide for me.

I don't give a fuck about Doug. Don't need to return his calls. “People on welfare shouldn't be allowed to vote.” Then they shouldn't be allowed to give

you free engineering, either. What we consider. How we figure. Guilty. This is how I roll. If you decide to own your life. Time for inpatient? Not exactly. That's not totally what I want. My psychic state. My state of mind. What it would require. If I'm bad enough to go inpatient. I feel pretty good now. Stronger than the SI. The flashbacks? Can deal with them. Have dealt with them so far.. What we consider / figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. If you were going to. Fragmented writing? Is that a sign of guilt? Can't put yourself together? Can't string coherent sentences together? That's what I figure. Consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

The Stream of David

It might seem. It could seem. Could continue to seem. Like. If you, as you. As they would have accepted you or not, for who you are / were. We can't all be perfect. People make mistakes. I made some big ones. As it would happen. As you would happen. Things. I could consider. Whether or not they're that important. Whether or not I'll have to pay for them. I'm getting a free ride. So far. I did work, a bit. Not as much as your average bloke. I had a bit more freedom than that. What else is there to do, but write? What else is there? You could learn German. However easy or hard that would be. I think it would depend. If you chronically avoid German speaking situations... What do you think will happen? If you can't even use your mediocre skills at a mediocre level. Milieu is key. What you seem to discover, seem to learn. At various points. Watching your Youtube movies. Getting a taste of the milieu again. That you're currently avoiding. Except on Facebook. A good connection. That took soul. What you're looking at. As you're looking that. Definitely don't publish "Clear Text" until you've edited it. You've already done enough of the premature publications. What you consider. What you're looking for. "You have given mankind the greatest gift it's ever known.." Sound like Nietzsche? Is he one of your models? What do you have going on? What can you consider to be the case? As it were to, as you were to. Use your tic's, or abandon them? I think ~usage is key. Keep going. Keep doing it, pounding out the tic's. Good things are bound to happen, when you "go out"... Different things you could be listening to. Voices in memory. People's voices. Mental. You have proof you were mental. Unconscious. Repressed, neurotic or even psychotic. Some of the anxiety levels. In school. Anal, oral. Mental. What you're planning to tell the doctors. As you're planning to tell doctors about this. If you could. As it would. Maybe the tripping is ultimately for ~yourself. Not to show doctors. They can see in due time. In good time. Don't have to call Resolve

tonight. Maybe some other night. As you go to bed. Time for bed? Is that what's happening?

This is how it goes. It. Into. What their parents might be thinking. "Depending what you mean by 'into'..." As it would go. As you would figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Exactly. Always is the code for mother. What's "exactly" the code for? Solved the problem of this place? Here? Different world? Generate a world? I thought you want... I thought you said. He said everything matters. What you'd figure. How you'd consider. The Kinks. What you have going on. As it would go. As you would function. No matter how closely you look into. It is still as certainly hard. Medicine seems to be what helps. Short of medicine, nothing helps. You'll have these as long as you live here. In this world. Unless you'd change the world. For changing the world. I thought. I thought you thought. What happens. How it would seem to go. Memory for tripping. Seems like, in a trip. Could serve as a general introduction, to this kind of tripping. Could serve. How long? How long will this happen. That's called perfect control. Clarity, power. If you could control when to have these. In the evening would be ideal. I don't think it will happen like that. For some reason.

Maybe do some writing – if you're hopeless and lost. Could be, because you're a ~writer. Who develops the habit of not writing. I would think that was a recipe for suffering. That's just what I would think. Detail, colorfulness. The totality of what your brain / system is doing cannot be reduced to one term, "rolling"... That would be an over-reaction. You D-compensate. David-compensate. I don't know, if your name didn't start with a D. What it would be like. How do you compensate for things? What kind of humor do we have access to? "The key location is the toilet. Because that's where it all goes down." Toilet jokes, for a stand-up comedian. I'm not certain. I'm not sure. How it would go. You just like to write. The cool content will arise, if you give it time. You might have to get some loop / tic's going. It might not be pure alpha. You might ~have to tic. Just as a writer. To be a writer. What you've considered. COA. You released it. Then took it down. But it was up for a little while. Someone could be reading that. As you would figure / consider. What we do, what we compose. Do you want to go for a walk? Without the dog. The dog's not a big walker, anymore. How you'd suppose. Gaining weight. Gaining pounds. Have to start sometime, with the activity / exercise. Unless you want to get fat. I don't think you ~do want that. That's just what I figure / suppose.

As it so happens, you love to write. Not always the case, with everybody. I guess you're lucky. Not everyone would have made it this far. In the riptide, I

collided into you. You're with me always. Different things. As you could be considering. You see him cry today. You'll let him cry tomorrow. He said. He said everything matters. I thought he was quoted as.. This is what you figure, how you control. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. That's a lot of writing you've done, are doing, will do. One could get the idea. As you could consider it to have happened. Their parents wonder. Would wonder. God? Code name, David. If god could see me now. Looking into points, this closely. Direct access. That's what the voices would have to have. Do they know what you're thinking? Can they see your problems? It doesn't matter, I'm just wondering, for myself. If the voices are real. I sort of dip down into a lower level of consciousness, where I can hear them. It's not a normal level. At that level. Ah, counting. A final accounting. Is reached. The inevitable. What happens, all night.

What you could be doing. If you wanted to. Transferring your child self, to you now. Structures of Consciousness. What would your child self think, given this freedom and power? That's what you have to consider / suppose. If you really want to judge your life, by its historical development. You have to have perspective. Your formation, where you came from. If you ignore this, the historical aspect, you are going blindly. This is what I consider. What I suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Almost what that would be like. If I couldn't write, due to tendon problems. Possible. I guess I'd have to find another activity. What we consider / suppose. I don't know, I just suppose. I guess. In a way. Certainly not wanting to support Bill's racism and stupidity. Should maybe unfollow him. So I don't have to see it. At least that would give me some peace of mind. Maybe unfollow more people. Use FB as more of an ~output device, than an input device. Broadcast on it, but don't review everyone else's shit. That would cut down on the entertainment value of it, though. What we consider. As we were to. If we were to. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Not everyone wants to be a writer. If everyone wanted, there would be an insane level of competition. There ~is an insane level, already. Do you think what you're doing is common? Could it be? Could this kind of intensity. Your eyes moving around in a quasi-random way. Now that you've learned to enjoy it. Or realized it was the mind state you were always curious about. ~How did that feel, exactly, to be insane? That's what I continue to wonder. It's my goal. To relive the insanity. You can't have an experience, until you can have it again. If you're here. Crying. Sometimes crying is appropriate. The first tear I've shed in quite some time. Listen to your voice recordings, listen to the jaw disorder. You can hear it. The pain, that talking

causes you. I guess. Unless I'm imagining it. Unless it isn't that bad. Yes, you can't be an orator. But that is a far cry from being totally mute. You can speak a fair amount. You just have to choose your moments. Don't speak indiscriminately. This is what you think. Pathology of thought and behavior. It doesn't really matter – I'm just curious, for myself. What that would be like. To talk to someone hearing voices. Periodically. Hard to believe. Believe it, or not. Certain things. Could seem. Like loaded terms. What's the translation of that? Of "exactly", of "always", of "everyone"? Do you have codes? Broken into this place? Broken the codes? Solved the problem of this place? It's like a character. She has been evaluating you. Noticing you. All your behavior. Whether or not that's good. I thought you ~wanted connection. I thought you wanted people to look closely at your work... You want. You won. What you could consider.

As it would. As you would. Writing without translation. Writing direct. Direct to the source. Looking "straight into" the source. The source of many of my fantasies. I never knew what it would be like to have direct access to her. It's not easy. You'd think it would be easier. Having your source, your fantasy, right there. Doesn't work like that. I guess. I don't know. Maybe next time. Maybe I'll figure it out next time. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. You don't have to "hook up" at the Stammtisch. You can simply gain familiarity with some German speakers, and know that the event will repeat every two weeks. You don't have to go nuclear, first meeting. If you ~do meet a woman, good. But don't pressure it. Don't press the matter. What do you write about? How do you make money? Where are you from? Different things, you could have been looking into, the whole time. This is like what ~always happens. Everyone would be calling Resolve, all the time. If they could just solve your problems. Certain types of problems. I'm not so sure I want the FB's to go away. If I can relax, they can be a trip. They can be pretty far out, amazing. The pressure. The visual, cognitive pressure on me. During those times. If it were truly random, that would be chaos. It must not be random. There must be a method, to the madness. I don't know how much German I have to speak. I don't have much. Maybe that's the point. Just to have fun with it. If you can have fun with someone like Gerd. On that level. Think of how fun a skillful speaker would be..! You'll love it..! You just have to go. To take your body to the meeting, and your spirit will follow. That's what they say. Different things you could be into. Almost exactly (god). God would know exactly what this is like. How insane you think it feels. How insane it is. To be listening to these voices. Made just for you. David signs. Signs of David. Code name David. Different

things. You could have going on. You could be looking into. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

It keeps going. Collide with you, in the riptide. You're with me always. Different modes. I've keyed into. Over the years. The time. I've been given the gift of time. I've been given time to read and write, and live. Not everyone gets gifts like this. I would say it's atypical. What you have going on. Non-Janovian primals. Why do you call them "primals"? They're living slash reliving experiences. LSD flashbacks. But I'm not on acid. It's a natural phenomenon. It's psychological, not narcotics-related. I think they're transformative. Mental transformation, mind altering. Why would you want to alter the mind? Why would you want to reprogram the world? That is your gamble. That you'll be able to change the world. If not, better watch out. You asked for it. Unless the world can change. Unless you can do it. You had to make your writing ~that powerful. That it would reprogram culture. I guess not everyone would do this. Even writers. Not every writer might do this. They're ultra-competitive. They'd like to see if you can succeed. What you'd succeed at. There is no alternative. For someone who is like this. You had to be the only, the most. I guess. I don't know – not really. Things you may have done wrong. Wrongs. Injustice. Getting away with murder. Betrayal. Betraying your love. What you might have done. Perhaps. It would be hard to know, unless you asked her today. How her life was affected by that. That's the kind of intervention / effect I can have into people's lives. If you'd want that. If god would want a world like that. In the world. What kind of world? Thought and behavior-pathology. Of course, in this kind of world, there will be some funny business. Some strange things. It's only fair. It makes sense. In this kind of world, that you'd have some twisted doings. Not your fault. You didn't sign up for this problem. It was kind of given to you. What you would suppose. Certain things hard to talk about? With certain people? Coded language. If the codes keep changing, in a schizophrenic household. Things start to seem random. If the codes kept changing. You'd let us know. You're letting us know. What that's like. No one has done this. You seem to be alone. What we consider / suppose. What does your father think of this? "My dad says it's atypical." You'll probably find it to be atypical. What we have going on. Not if you haven't done acid for years. Hard to explain. Something I did when crazy? The way I responded to tripping? To psychosis? The falling primals? What would ~that do to you? Hard to say.

What you'd do. What you'd consider. You like to write. You're a writer. Ultra-fictional philosophy. That's what you do. Like it, or not. Believe

it, or not. As you'd figure, as you'd consider. Going for a walk. This is just the beginning. Walking is the most profound exercise a human being can do. This is just the beginning – to getting back in shape. Time to walk. Time to do more. Don't want to be gaining the pounds. Already too heavy. This is what happens, what you'd suppose. I guess. I don't know. Your life. "It"? Did you really expect to become It? And you wanted this? To be the only, most, first? Is that what you could have been going for? And now you're not so sure – taking the books down. From "falling" to "flying"? I guess that's what I decided. What I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you do. What you guess. I could write newspaper stories? Too radical for the newspaper. They'd never publish me. What we're thinking of. The unspoken yes. As that would go. As that would happen. I have a lot of content up there. For the peeps. If they want. What the peeps might want. As that would go. As you would figure.

Different things you could have going on. Atypical. Not years after you've done the drug. Different things. It's all connected. Connecting it all, in your imaginary coded scheme of life. Maybe it has to do with your scheme.. The philosophy you've developed.. In terms of how you'd be able to connect everything together. God? Different things. Almost like. It's almost like, you could be totally crazy. It must almost be like. You're completely crazy. For looking this closely into points, like the point of what a mind does when tripping. Is it philosophy? Is your philosophy causing the FB's? I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Things. You could be considering. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you figure / consider. As you write, now. This, now, here, again. What were you going to do? Learn some German? Go to the dentist? Fun stuff. I only do fun stuff. Having fun is neurotic. What is connected in your worldview, in your philosophy. The connections you've been able to make. To your eyes rolling. "Rolling your eyes." Taking chances with your eyes. Rolling the dice. To "die" – to "take your chances"... Would things be different, if I didn't know all these formulas? If I didn't know how everything connects? Would the FB's be different? Maybe. But I can't seem to forget about what I know. That doesn't seem to be an option. Currently. I guess. I would just suppose. Writing in the morning? I thought he was quoted in saying he didn't do that? I guess you end up going against some of his quotes. Classical music? This is how it would go. How it does go. Actually, how it goes. This is how I roll. Seems like no matter how well I've rationalized or analyzed, when a FB hits, it's just as difficult to deal with. Certain points. What you could be doing. Certainly, were known to be doing. Certainly, admitted to have

done. Public, online. Maybe not the best strategy, for peace of mind. If you wanted peace of mind. Then. Then I would. I would not post your journals online, and then engage in a global advertising campaign. If. A big “if”... If I wanted peace of mind. But if I wanted to become a ~writer, maybe I would do this. The writer of the world. The new world to come. Creation of a world. Comes from schizophrenia. That’s the thing. If you were involved in the creation of a new world. If you were involved in schizophrenia. Then. I would consider. I would figure. Depends how “bad” it gets. Later. It’s been okay so far. But later, I worry about upcoming conditions. Seem to cause me a bit of worry. Flashing forward to all the future FB’s. Might cause me some anxiety. As. Such as. Such as god. Knowing exactly what was happening. It’s not actually “relaxing”... You’re actively engaged with the energy. There is active participation with the “insane” seeming process. You’re not relaxing. It’s a tension, it’s active. To be able to enjoy the tripping.

Writing actually ~solves problems for me, now. At first, it was painful. A struggle. Maybe a sign of how important my project would turn out to be. I guess you don’t know, unless you find out. What a writer will become. Primal? Are you having a primal experience? You’re not supposed to be stuck, you should be able to come out of them, if you want. I guess it depends on the primal. On what you were doing to your mind. The power of the alteration. If you signed up for the most potent alteration. Maybe that’s how crazy it will feel. To you. “It” seems. To be “it”... A pressure on your head. Mental pressure? Physiological pressure? A “buzz” – or as close to a buzz as I can get. What we consider / figure. As you were to. If you were to. Depending on what you can “handle”.. The falling might not have been the best decision. The voices recommended it. The Primal therapists. Keeping your eyes fixed. I was desperate – I’d do ~anything. That’s how serious my conditioning was. I needed to do ~anything possible, to break it. That’s what it seemed like. Insane, psychotic. How was that? To believe that? How did that go? I’m curious, how you could have believed some of these things. God? How would that work? Would you expect to be god, dreaming the world? The alpha hypothesis. Alpha/x/omega thinking. X world. The most brilliant realization. The most bountiful realization. As you’d suppose. As you’d configure. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. Craig promising you a salary for making band videos down south. Craig. Thanking you for the lyrics ideas you gave him. This is how that would go. How would that go? How ~exactly? God. Then you’d figure. Some of your magic. Writing into the philosophy channel. Even with no one listening. Just as expression, just as

practice. Knowing someone ~could be listening. Do they think you're god? Wouldn't "they" know, already, always? If that were true? You were dreaming the world? Everyone, your whole "dream", would know. I think. That's why it's kind of strange. Odd. How things would happen. Would seem to happen. Still afraid of losing housing? Would god want that to happen? I don't think you know ~what Baeka would let happen. In this kind of world. Free ride? Forever? How realistic is that? Depending what you've been freely giving the world. Free. "You're not free." Equals "you cost money"? I guess. I don't really know. I could "ride"... Ride the epiphenomenal trip. Trip. It's a sort of perspective shift. Instead of struggling, trying, stressing. Ride, sail, coast, dream. A perspective shift. If you're able to. If you could do it. If anyone could do it. X world. Alpha is wrong. This ~could be the alpha world. Probably not. Just given the probabilities. It's probably not alpha. It's x. That's just what I figure. Maybe I'm ~not god, dreaming the world. God could still be interested in this. For what's happening. You won. Things you like to repeat to yourself. You want. I thought you ~wanted to trip? Every other day? I thought that's what you'd be into.. Different ideas. Of tripping. Of if you'd want to trip. Then. Then I would think, that your current condition is "ideal"... You ~want to trip. You ~want to be "it"... Don't you? Isn't that what you were thinking? Should it matter, what you ~were thinking? What about now, that you know? Now that you know what tripping involves? Maybe the choice can only be made with knowledge. You signed up for you-knew-not-what. That's not an actual conscious choice, if you don't know. You didn't know what would happen. Falling. You hoped you could get fixed. That was the main point / hope / goal. Apart from that, you wanted to be a guitar rock star. If you think that's possible. Or that was possible. If that was possible, ever. Given the competition. You thought your taste would be the differentiating factor. Not necessarily your skill. But your pure musical taste.

Each motion uses different nerve pathways in the brain. I've reprogrammed my brain, not to play kit. Only hand-drums. This is what would happen. Unspeakable. Unspoken. It is ~that shameful. That I will suppress its history. Suppress the history of solipsism. That is the level I'm working on. I might mention it, in Voice and Voices. Might not. I want to write a clean, decent book. What we consider. How I suppose. Journal? Where does that get you? It provides a basis, a seed. Which you can then edit, work on, craft into a nice stream of consciousness work. If we were to. As we were to. I guess. I don't know. What you're comfortable talking about. Decisions you made. Things you did. Tormented by images. Different things. You'd have to be in total control of

the document. To make it possibly popular-level. It's going to have to be a consciously crafted document. If it's possible. For you. After what you've done, written.

Slash Distinctions

If you are a writer. Makes sense, that you'd want to write. Just what I think. What I suppose. As it goes. Seventy-five different memories? That you cycle through? Is that all consciousness is? What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know. Not really. What I'd write about. What is a flashback all "about"? Things happening only once? Too much time spent on a single problem? Embarrassment over things you've put online? Transgressive texts / films? What you do, what you consider. As it would happen, as you would suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. How that would look, how that would seem. If you are the one scanning, and you're scanning yourself, wouldn't that cause a feedback cycle / loop? Infinite feedback loop? If you're the one scanning and being scanned? How does that work? Or don't we know how consciousness works.. We have no clue. Like something my Mom said once. Strange. Odd. Who would know this. If it were all in your imagination. I don't think it ~is all in my imagination. Not a solipsist. Maybe a source/channel. That's possible. What you'd figure / consider. Able to start a revolution? Is that what God would be interested in? God ~has wealth. God doesn't need to be a wealthy human. God ~created the universe. He doesn't need to be a rich person in the world. More interested in becoming a ~true person.

Some of the points. They claim. As. Such as. God. I don't think that could be correct. Certain problems. Structural, chronic time and space-based problems. A certain surgery, that only children of doctors can afford. Do you need brain surgery? Certain places, designed specifically, with someone like you in mind? Places. Always. Everyone, all the time. Paranoid that he would drill into the wrong tooth. Jerked. It. Seems. It can suddenly seem. Learning to relax, in the middle of this? "This"? What exactly could be happening? A certain point, in a schizophrenic's development. Certain points. Wouldn't they all be certain points? If we're talking about schizophrenic development? The creation of a new world. Would need interpreters. Some. Some of these people, would

not need interpreters. For such a point. Seems like. If you were scanning for certain high points. You would have found some by now. Seems. It could seem. As closely as they were looking into your eyes. Could they have almost missed it? I don't think that could be correct. I can't be god. I wasn't even clever enough to program computers. Tic's, tricks. The mirror trick – "It's like looking in a mirror", or "when you've forgotten how to relax, as this is happening to you." Looking in the mirror, of life. Such as. What everyone would know, all the time. If your site explodes. "Site", explodes. Be inside, for this? Who's side are you on? Suicidal Ideation? Such as. What could cause you to want to kill yourself. Why you might want to do that. On the verge. The edge, of your site exploding. And getting you some results. A kind of test of friendship. See if they can "understand" your work. Stand under. The weight. The crushing weight. See if they want to explode, along with you. The clinic? What you've let them know? Confessed to? It seems. If you were looking into getting help with certain voices. You could be always looking into certain things. The schizophrenic situation, you grew up in. Still have structural problems. I'm sorry, I should have trusted you. I got paranoid that you were going to drill into the wrong tooth, at that moment, and I jerked. I don't think you need it, I can give you more anesthetic. What this could be about. I'm here, it's up to you guys. Would they do that on the same day? I guess they would. Depending. On what you could be said to be getting into. Some of the conditions. You were always getting into. It's not actually relaxation. To respond to the voices. Not relaxing. It's something else. Schizophrenic.

What it might. Look like. You were getting into. What kind of tripping. Obviously wrong voices. A thousand connected per neuron? I don't think you could have set that up. I thought I was god. The voices sounded like God would sound. If god chose to speak to you. For that, and other reasons. I didn't find the world plausible. I didn't think this sort of set up was plausible. I thought it was too good, and too bad, to be true. Tricks that would help you. If you thought you were the only being. Looking in a dream mirror of a world. How would that go? Exactly how? I guess this way. Good for telling certain people, about certain conditions. Need continual help?

What you'd have to consider / suppose. I guess. Smell hallucination, just as FB was beginning. Mirror sign. Like you forgot how to relax, in the middle of this happening. Schizophrenic. Certain points in your development. Wouldn't ~everyone think that, all the time? That they had reached a "certain point"..? I guess. Hard to say. If ~everyone had your link, all the time. What you're setting up. As far as you'd explode. As far as some of these things might

happen. Interest, in your sites. Why would people be interested? If you had produced compelling material. Content. For the world. I guess. I ~thought I did. I could be mistaken. That might not be correct. What a writer would be looking for. “Only writers would be interested in writing like this.” What you consider / suppose. Maybe you are writing for writers..! Your points / project, is to turn ~writers on to a different way of thinking. You really only care about writers, and maybe readers. Although your dentist said he doesn’t like books. How we suppose. If you were going to. As you were going to. You could be supposing / imagining. As you write. Write your days away. You begin to “get it”... The point. How they could have missed it. “We almost missed it.” Such as, who you were pretending to think you were – god. That can’t be correct. You couldn’t even program computers. Well, I guess. I would suppose. If you thought your tooth was loose, and you didn’t mention it. Not worth mentioning. An unsolvable problem. Can’t be addressed. What you figure / suppose. I guess. What about the meetup tomorrow? I’ll see how I feel. I’ve been looking forward to it. Some people who might be into what I’m into. That’s what you figure / suppose. You’d ~want to meet people into “deutsch lernen” (German learning). Like you.

As you’d see, as you’d consider. A shower will be an experience. What you have going on. As it would happen. You get to. “You won”... Obviously no victory is ~absolute. You will die. That will be considered a kind of a loss. When that happens. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. No guitar any more. Just singing and composing. When I say “compose” I don’t mean write, I mean invent in my imagination. Things. German speakers. Who want to talk to you. Because of who you are. And what you know. Will want to visit your site. Will want to see what you’re all about. I guess. I don’t know. Is that really the link you’re giving people? I guess so. If you wanted them to find out. To realize. What would need to happen. As I. If I. As I should, if I should. I guess I was a jerk, for the dentist. Nothing new. Got paranoid he was going to drill into the wrong tooth. Why would he do that? Should I really have to be afraid of things like that? Only a lip burn done. No harm done. No big harm. What you consider. What you suppose. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose.

As it would go. As you would consider. Different tic’s. Meaningless chains of words. I guess they’re not so meaningless, if you want to translate them into German. Is there reality? What is the world? Is anything possible? I guess. I guess lots of stuff is possible. If you were going to. As you were going to. I guess. It seems. The thing is.. What we’d like to consider, as we listen to White Noise. I don’t have to like everything. That happens. What’s “happening”? To

you, now, here, this, again? Do you have any semblance of subjectivity? If you can't write like DeLillo. Then I guess. You'd have to. Figure out how to write your own stuff. If. A big "if"... What you have going on. I guess. Certain conditions. You were going to relax for. With. See how you feel, tomorrow. If you're up to it. To meeting some German speakers. Why wouldn't you want to do that? You don't even have to know German. There will be people there who are novices. You will not be the least skilled. The whole spectrum will be there. That is what you can tell yourself. As you try to give yourself courage. To go to a meetup. How can it be bad?

You get to write with yourself. Enough of the chat, and you realize. Your self. What chatters can really tell you. Ask you. You can do just fine on your own. There is some sense of connection, in chat. But as a writer you have to connect with your true readers, ultimately. Not just whoever characters are in the room at the moment. Writing is about history, about universals. You are going for ~all time. For ~ever. Never want to experience something like that again. Not much choice, in what I get to experience. Anymore. In the current condition. Things you could have been looking into. What you would be in line to write. The creation of a new world, is what culture has to ultimately be going for, in its more radical forms. What you can write. What you can decide. As it would go. Dialectical Transformation, Diametric Therapy. The pressure you can feel. Like a buzz. Like what you always wanted from pot. But now can get naturally. Maybe I ~wanted flashbacks. But I didn't realize, how intense. I couldn't have realized. Or ~could I have? From LSD? You ~get to experience tripping. It is the true "voyage into inner space", it's "the reality trip." As Janov said, or wrote. Not warning you sufficiently. I guess you needed to find out. With your ankyloglossia. Or structural problem. Could talk about sensitive topics. Give the doctors a taste of what they could be in for. If they go into psychiatry. I guess. Theunspokenyes.com. Different things. You could tell them. About. As it would go. As you would tell them. Have you done this before?

As it would go. Before. Has this happened before? I don't think so. Different descriptions. DeLillo's description. What you could be referencing. In your thinking. Would your thinking could be referring to. Ultimately. In essence, in fact. If you were to. As you were to. In your writing. What we have to do. That's what I'd tell myself. If I could send myself a message, in the bad times. From the good times to the bad times. Pretty strong flashback on the way home from my dental appointment. What's that all about? Like looking in a mirror. Certain points in a schizophrenic's development. Could be. As you

might consider / suppose. Things. Almost as exactly. Reid. Jerking for him. Paranoid jerk. I guess. Different things. What we could consider. Fine with me. Music. Instead of “no one is that good at drums,” the correct thing to say would have been “I’ve never heard a band this tight.” About The Mars Volta’s Concertina. Whose drums he thought were faked, they sounded so good. Correct thing would have been. When you consider / suppose. As you would. As you did. It comes, it goes. I guess. What I have to do. There will be some beginners there. Also some native speakers. It’s a chance to at least ~try. If you’re not even going to ~try. I guess. I don’t know. I just suppose. As it would happen. As you would happen. Things. Your tic’s, in German. You might have to go more slowly. Auf Deutsch, (in German.) You’re not used to it. Yet. Code words. What your code words were for. I thought I could ~enjoy a flashback. If I’m in bed, I can enjoy them. If I’m walking home from somewhere, it’s not so enjoyable. My eyes rolling. This is how I roll.

That’s the thing. In whatever language. Your despair. Obsession with suicide. You know how bad it can get. You might as well call Resolve, in the middle of an intense FB. Give them something to notice / think about. Because that’s how bad the SI gets, when you’re not in a FB. The FB is just one symptom. There are others. The FB shows you how intense your problem is. Will you be “scared straight” by Resolve? Will they suggest a forensic examination of your apartment? Is that how it works? I guess that’s what I’m thinking. As we were to. If we were to. What do you have going on? Different talking? Writing. I thought you thought writing was cool. Kind of drained of energy, today. After last night. Like I tripped yesterday. Music can be really enjoyable to listen to, in a FB. Like I’m tripping. I guess I didn’t really know that. I had to learn it again. What we do, what we consider. I don’t know. A bad sign. About what “type” you are. For some reason. What you’ve done. It seems like. It would seem. They didn’t realize who they were “looking up to.” I guess they realize now. What you suppose. What you consider. I guess. Maybe the tic’s have a reason. You’re ~that guilty, that your language fragments and disintegrates. You can’t say it straight. It’s that bad. You’re that bad. You were that bad. Maybe not still. Not recently. “We’ve all made mistakes.” But some of mine were bad. Unforgivable. That memorable. To resonate, throughout a girl’s whole life. You’re supposing. You don’t know. Maybe she got over it quickly. Maybe she has a sense of humor about it. You don’t know. That’s the thing. Different things. In this society. Make you realize. The intensity. At least you didn’t ~rape anyone. What that must feel like. To have done. Your guilt is different. And because you got away with it, so cleanly. No consequences, but

for your conscience. What we consider. How we figure. Who you'd tell this to. Who you'd want to tell this stuff. I guess. Maybe hold onto COA. Don't publish it right away. Really go over it and decide what to include. If it will be your first book. Close but no cigar. What's the worst thing you've ever done? You're good. I'd rather not say. I got away with it. It probably had resonant effects in her life. Not painful. Just embarrassing. What you consider. How you figure.

How interesting things can get, for you. As you. What you were interested in relaxing in the middle of. As it would happen. As you would consider. I guess – I don't know, I just suppose. What you'd have to consider. As you'd figure. Things that might become apparent, the more “flashbacks” you deal with (avoid). If you're that sensitive to them, their presence might be a sign “it's primal time”... If you're ~that certain, of when they begin – maybe you should certainly “ask for help”... Immediately. As soon as possible. That's what I'm thinking now, after seeing how bad things can get. I used to be able to do things. As strange as life is. For you. As brilliant as the world picture is. Depending on what you're doing. Responding to. As I would imagine. As I would suppose. Flashback avoidance. If possible. I didn't always have that attitude. I thought they might be “survivable”... But really, they just get worse. You can't survive them comfortably. Now that you realize this. As you've realized. As you have supposed. Beauty is not just “material” – it is ~ideal – there is a spiritual component to it. If a girl ~can be beautiful, she ~should be. This may be unfair to boys. Boys have several advantages though. Access to beautiful girls, being one of them. What you consider. As you'd suppose. Not going to put that on Facebook. Just not interested in that kind of exposure. At the moment. More of a fantasy. More a fantasy of what I'd post.

What you do. What you consider. I guess. I don't know -- not for sure. I have some tic's that I resort to. Which I resort to? Some things going on. If you figure. If you consider. Then. Then I would suppose. Having come this far. However far you've come. To “here”... Depends where you think “here” is.. This is what we figure. What we consider. How insane. To be perfectly tripping, at home, safe and comfortable. Become a recluse. Never do activities. Never go out. Too risky. I took a risk New Year's Eve, with Godfried. Turned out well, until we get back to my apartment and I'm paranoid about him fucking with my stuff. Reminding me of why I avoided those fellas in the first place. Sometimes we need reminders. Drives like a dick. How you could be going, again. Be for. Sorry, think I sent you this before. Repetitions. What the conditions allow. The clarity, of “certain conditions”... Which have been

helpful, in getting me to realize. The intensity. Which I decided to take down. Helpful. They can be helpful. I get to taste insanity / schizophrenia every few days. That's a rare treat. That's unusual. Not many writers would have access like this. You seem to be the only one. There are no rules. In your brain. For your brain. Anything can happen. What we'd consider. How we'd suppose. If we were to. As we were to. Disguised Thought? Brandom puts his home address and phone number on his webpage. It's something a philosopher might do.

What you figure. Almost. You could almost compose a masterpiece. Like. Written about "that"? I guess I did. For a certain "phase"... Life is full of phases. What you'd consider. How you'd consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Different things. Handsome gentlemen. "I didn't know you were gay." "I'm not. I just appreciate handsome gentlemen." Janov: plagued by homosexual fantasies. Janov's voice. When you were crazy. Giving you Primal Therapy. Causing you to "fall"... Whatever that was. Brain swirling around. Flashbacks to this day. Maybe schizophrenia is a gift. Dual-phase. Better than nothing. Better than having mono-phase, which you could be in total recovery. You still get to taste. Still get to taste what psychosis is like. I think that's valuable, for a writer. Lucidly insane. Not a very common condition. I would think.

What we consider. What we contemplate. Writing..! You get to do it..! Hard to believe, you've made it to here. Finally. You finally "get it"... What it means, to fall in love, with your family. As one would consider. If one would consider. As it happens. As you consider. I didn't know Ho-Sook was gay... Does he have a partner? Probably boyfriends, male friends. I remember when we went to Oakland, and he tried to get a job at The O. From rags to riches. He did grow up in Mt. Lebanon. That doesn't guarantee a job. What did he respond to that? "He didn't comment on that." This is what happens. How you consider. What it would seem like. "It" must seem like something. Even if you are psychotic, it would "seem" a certain way. That's really the only thing a psychotic ~can be sure of – how things ~seem. She was a supermodel. Supermodel who plays guitar, that's a perfect 10.. This is what happens. How we consider. How we create. Different things. I listen to Carla Bruni, this French singer. Pretty good lyrics, popular type (she plays guitar).. This is what I look into. How it would go. How it ~does go. If you were to consider. What could be happening at this stage of the game.

As you were to. If you were to. It's good to know. Better that the landlord just came out and told you that they won't cooperate. Fuck this place. Time to

move. Looking this far into it. The freedom you were so interested in. Freedom to have seen, to see. You're exposed. They can see who you are? Is that really true? Just by one look in your eyes? As you scan? They scan you scanning. In this relationship, extraordinarily sensitive measurements can be taken. It's like a test. Intelligence test, imagination test, craziness test. How you would have to be rolling. This is how I roll. Slash distinctions. That everyone all the time. What you've considered. If you were going to explode. How that would work. How you would suppose. Nice type of explosion? Are there nice types? What "type" of explosion were you talking about? What's happening here? What are we in the midst of? What is happening. People can see you. Scan you. You should be more used to being scanned, by now. What a scan can determine. If that's possible. To just read that off from someone's eyes. To just look in someone's eyes, and tell what they have looked "into"... Looking into people's eyes. Ashamed of looking into everyone's eyes? Ashamed of thinking you were God – you created everything? What we have to determine. How we have to suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. As long as you live here, this will keep happening. I don't know if there's a solution. Move home? Let Section 8 fall away? What you were thinking. What you were doing. Move to another Section 8 apartment? One with a good landlord? I guess that's the ultimate goal. To achieve some kind of stability. Where you don't have to constantly worry. What we figure, what we suppose. I guess, I don't know – I just suppose.

What? Was? What do you do? What do you consider? I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. As it would go. You like to write. You're becoming a "writer"... Whatever that means. Anyone who claims to be a writer, is a writer. If you've claimed to have written TUY. To have put that together. Then, it would seem. It would seem that you ~are a bit of a writer.

Lost and Found

It becomes different. It becomes. What you could possibly have going on. If you were becoming a writer. I think that's what you ~want. (Ultimately. In the honest truth.) You ~want to become a writer. You might not want to comment on your books. Specific books. Like Heidegger? Who refused to comment on his commitments? Maybe you don't have to be like ~any writer. Pynchon, a hiding writer.

What you would ~ultimately want. To become a writer. In this world? In ~any world? Isn't that the ultimate? What you expect, what you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Why people scan. "Why"... Because that's what people do. That's life. External visual scans, versus internal audio scans. Anything you can think of to reduce your suffering during a FB. If that's possible. Do you have any choice? Does ~anyone have any choice? As it would go. If you keep doing certain things. I think if you wanted to write, you'd be able to figure out how to do it. Anatole sounds worn down. Whether from drug usage, or work. Either one could wear you down. Life. People's lives. Decide to live. Live to be in your eighties. If Jimi Hendrix would have decided to live. Then he'd still be alive. He would have truly been able to make some good music. He decided not to live. A bad sign. For his music. Doesn't speak well of his music. The quality. When you choose to die, it kind of invalidates your work. If you commit suicide. What would that say about your theory / therapy? It wouldn't be a good commentary. Open Theory. I think that's finally my genre. Open theory. Open to the possibilities of fiction. What you'd figure. As you'd figure. I think. If I were to. Then it would be almost exactly like. If you turn off the feed. You may be able to key into certain potentialities. Almost exactly like what I've discovered before. Introduced to this type of work? Again?

Starting to push it. To push the writing. To see how much I can write. Even if my wrists hurt a bit. Seeing if I can go farther. To see. To understand. I can't even comprehend some of McLaughlin's music. Too complex. I'd never be able

to play music like that – I can hardly cognize it, recognize it. It's so fast. This is what happens. You don't ~have to play like McLaughlin. He already did that. You just have to play like DCB. Whatever that means. If you were to. As you were to. As it would happen / go. What do you have to write? Write about having nothing to say. That is the best cure for writers' block. "I have nothing to say." Which is wrong, of course. You can figure out something to say. You may have a lot to say. As DCB? The man who wrote h/s/ns/id/coa? What would ~he have to say? Having written all that? How would ~he feel? Exactly how this must feel. To have rolled your eyes. Taken chances with your eyes. If that's the analogy / connection. If that's what it means to "roll the dice". Maybe you've programmed yourself. Maybe you've brought the condition upon yourself. By connecting everything with rhymes and wordplay. Everything means you're wrong. Bad. You messed up so badly, that you scored a point for the other side. That's what I think, sometimes. Other times, I'm just fine. It's dual-phase schizophrenia. Dual-stage. There are two stages to it. What you'd figure. How you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. I'd just suppose. What you expect. Knowing. Knowing that. Having written that. Having understood what it's like to write that. I guess. Then. Then it would feel. Then it would feel like. I guess. What's in store for you. As you begin. Everyone wants to know. Wouldn't everyone call Resolve, all the time? If you could just call, to avert a crisis? Maybe only the mentally ill have this kind of crisis. Hard to say, what they would do, if you called them in a FB. Hard to say. What anyone could do for you. Maybe they can't help you. Maybe this is your condition. Educational. You get to lucidly trip. To sanely be psychotic, every other day. It's ideal. For a writer? Of course he'd want to trip, to be psychotic. To, in other words, stretch the bounds of consciousness. You wouldn't ~want pure "normal" consciousness, if you were an "open" writer. You would want to find out what that's like. As long as you're safe. How warm it would feel with a plastic bag over my head. How comfortable that would be, to take the final out. How close I come to suicide. That's also educational. To see how close you can come. And not do it. Never do it. Just imagine. I'd just like to imagine dying. Wouldn't want to actually ~die. You would go to hell. That makes perfect sense. If you said no to life. If you embraced death. Then you would go to hell. It would be a fitting compensation, for saying no to life. Makes sense. This is what happens. What you'd suppose.

What you'd do. As you'd do it. If you were to. As you were to. Things. Understanding German. What we do. What we consider. I guess. What did you learn today? It might not be relaxing in the

hospital? Borderline conditions (your pillow)? A borderline solution, for a borderline problem. With this going on. Relax into points not very relaxing. Linked to. It's all about this link I was broadcasting. Tomorrow. What could this be about? It..? Channeling God? It's getting hard to pretend that's not what I'm doing. It can be very difficult. What's happening. How crazy. Can't function normally, sometimes. Beyond normal levels. Of function.

As you would. If you would. Things going on. Ultra-fictional philosophy. That's what I seem to be into. To date. I should repeat that to myself, more often. Ultra-fictional philosophy. It's what I'm up to.

As you would. As it could. Different things happening. It would be like. If in the case of. Verbal fragments. Your writing is too fragmentary. Too rambling. I like a nice tight structure. I like an exquisitely articulated tone and style. Your stuff doesn't do it. It's too rambling. But this is the whole point... I don't ~want a structure, which would pretend to have made sense of the world. The world doesn't make sense. Life doesn't make sense. To pretend it does is the writer's crime. Fooling the young and the searching minds. Into believing they have found something. Really, they've usually found nothing. Unless they're reading Adorno or DeLillo. Then I would count that as having found something. Or me. If they're reading DCB. DCB wanted to write stuff powerful enough to "break through the barrier" and become known for all time. What you figure. How you consider. If you wanted to break through the barrier. What you'd have to do. With the interweb. How you'd have to promote your work. How you'd have to give it freely. (At first. You can sell books eventually, in this model.) It's helpful to speak rationally to yourself. I like reading it later. What my rational thoughts on the matter were. I like listening to my own voice. Because of who I am, of what I know. It is easy to get distracted by my goofy tones of voice, and miss the message. But if you listen for the message... Anatole having me as an older brother, growing up. Having me, with the fuck-mouth-brain voice and attitude. Apparently he got what he needed to get, out of the experience. Enough to do the job, the work. Not everyone is successful, especially with creative stuff. The world resists hooking creative people up. "I was asked to do sound. I didn't seek it out." I was asked to become a writer? I didn't seek it out? I never considered it when young, because of its verbal nature. I knew that as I couldn't talk right, I probably wouldn't be able to write well. VA Tech and drug abuse led to some delusions, thinking I was going to become an English instructor or writer. With the FM... Hard to imagine. What my mental state must have been like. Or – all too easy to imagine, what my mental state must have been like. A common, rudimentary

condition. The condition of ignorance and delusion. Sexual dysfunction. Mental pathology. Drug addiction. Mongerhood, mongerism. What I was into. For a few years there. I don't feel like I ~wasted years. I was learning the whole time. I don't think any of it has been a waste. At Barnaby's hole. I was becoming a writer. I was writing. I can't say it was a waste. Now, there could have been more ideal ways to spend countless nights. I could have had a more ideal experience. But sometimes a trial by fire is what you get. The hole was a trial. The spot. I survived it. On the other end, though with LSD flashbacks. I'm sorry to hear that. I've stopped doing all activities. I get burned with flashbacks. New Year's Eve, I took a chance. I took a risk. It turned out well. It was a low intensity flashback, which I could ultimately enjoy. Do you feel sexual? Then why would you decide to jack off? For something to do? What if it contributes to the conditions? What if part of your condition is about being a consumer of porn? Then what should you do? I wouldn't worry about arthritis in your thumbs. If it got bad, you could always kill yourself. That is an invariant realization – you can always kill yourself. If things get bad. You don't have to go on living. It's not a life sentence. There is an out. An escape. If you need it. Plastic bag time. To do that now, at the peak or prime of your life? Disquieting. Not a good commentary, on god's creation. If you were to do that now, with a fully functional body and mind. Life. Work. If you were to kill yourself now. For "no reason"... Just for the warmth, the darkness. Time to turn out the lights. That's what you'd be thinking, at that point. Have had enough of the life, the light. Time to turn out the lights. That's what you'd be thinking. I hope I don't do it. I would call Resolve, if it got close to me doing it. Things are set up to help me. Still. For now. Maybe not always. What you do, what you consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What we'd consider / suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Thinking of your credit card? Thinking of your subscriptions and services? How it could go South? Maybe that's the anxiety inherent in a networked age. The world of the interweb brings advantages, but also, anxiety. You could lose an account. You could get denied a service. You could forget a password. How you'd figure. How you'd consider. I guess. I don't know – not really. Not for sure.

As you'd do. As you'd go. Things. Different things. This is what's happening. This is my life. Believe it, or not. Living wherever. Apartment versus home. What you do, what you consider. A kind of fatalism. Does it really matter? Is the point moot? Can you consider / figure? What have you been doing. Where you are. Exactly where. You think life is a test? Imagination. What do you have the imagination for. If you're just going to

be a loser. Lose, in other words. They need some way of finding out. If people are completely insane. There would have to be a test. It would have to be apparent. To someone, walking around. All the different people begin to seem like one hyperintelligent being. All the points, added up. How tweaked-out you are. To be walking around like that. Who would be able to understand. Seeking recognition? Some kind of recognition, in whose eyes? Is this what we figure, consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I should tic more. I shouldn't abandon my tic's. This is just raw draft. I can do anything I want in raw draft.

I want to kill myself. I want to die. Life is too difficult. What I'm talking myself into. Because of housing. Because of my history. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. As it would happen, as you'd consider. I guess, I don't know, I just suppose. What you were thinking of doing. How that would go. I guess, I don't know – I just suppose. Tic's to keep me company. That's what a nice tic is for. As you'd figure. To help you deal with your everyday. To help you deal with your time. Trying to realize what a flashback is like, why I shouldn't care. But I ~do care, when one's happening. This is what I'm doing. Keep finding magical solutions, which end up not working. Maybe I'm fucked. I get to find out what it's like to go crazy, repetitively and periodically. Berlin Alexanderplatz is so bad it's surreal. A whole new level. I've reached a new level. The apartment is enabling me to do this. What you'd consider / figure. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. SI. Do I really want to kill myself? Or do I just want to escape these problems, escape to the hospital... This is how it would go. If you'd figure. If you'd consider. Schizophrenia. Dual-phase schizophrenia. What I deal with. Wanting to kill myself. I don't want to be here (home). I'd rather be on my own. At my apartment. But what is the point of that? I have that all week. As it would happen. So bad it's surreal. A whole new level of bad. Hard to even imagine / describe. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. That's what happens. If you had arrived here, exactly here. Writing. What that would be like. What that ~is like. I'm almost flying / floating. There is almost nothing holding me here. I'm weightless, I'm flow. What you'd consider. As you'd figure. No one is making you go to Double Trouble. You're doing it on your own. The stakes are so high. Relapse, addiction. If it can be any help, I think it's worth it. This is how that would go. Does go. Writing. Weightless. Empty, dead, null, void. Why Lucas was probably right, about writing being hard. Coming to see. Coming to appreciate what he could have been talking about. Ether at the lowly University of Pittsburgh. Even at such a lowly school, the professors are pretty impressive. For who they are. How human they are. Does he remember you? You'd be surprised,

how many students he must have to forget. Just to stay sane. In that kind of a position. Dealing with crowds every day. Crowds of supplicants. What you'd figure. You wanted to be a professor. You wanted to do that. You thought you'd be able to. How delusional was that? Different things. Many failed classes at Tech. Many withdrawals at Pitt. Grad school wouldn't necessarily like that. A teaching job wouldn't necessarily like that. You're fucked. That's about it. That's about how it goes. What you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. It's better knowing, than the uncertainty. The uncertainty was killing me. Better to know I have to move. I will outlive this apartment. I will overcome. I will rise above. This apartment won't be the end of me. Moving is like a book. It has a beginning, middle, and end. You go through it, you "read" it. Read the book. A book of moving. It's doable. People do it all the time.

What you do, what you consider. As you would. If you could. Thinking, dreaming. Waking up from some dreams. What does that mean? It's meaningless – just meant to be memorable. What we do, what we consider. I guess – I don't know. I just suppose. What exactly this feels like. If you feel guilty. A guilt trip. How that would feel. To "roll the dice", roll your eyes, take chances with your eyes. Is this what you could have been setting up? "Certain times"..? Is this what your whole theory/philosophy would lead to? Everything is connected? To your guilt..? Is this how it works? What you consider. How you suppose. The prisoners you freed, in your dream. They were just going to let them rot in jail, never let them out. When Vietnam fell to the communists. I guess the communists could have let them out. What you consider. Not thinking as clearly, in a dream. Can't just enjoy the experience. Enjoy it as a trip. Say that to yourself – "Enjoy dreaming as a trip." Do you think if you said it countless times, you'd be able to remember it in a dream? I doubt it. Dreams seem to be set up, by your mind. It seems to be a set up. No choice. Meant for you to sleep through. If you were lucid in a dream, it would get too intense, and you'd just wake up. The point is to sleep. What we consider. How we figure. As you would, if you would. Some of the things. Some of the tic's. If you begin ticking, you might be pressuring yourself too hard verbally. Too much verbal pressure.

Do you want to kill yourself? End it all.. Why would you want to do that? Life getting too stressful? Worried about your internet, if you move to a new apartment? How will you cope, without internet? Is this what you consider, how you suppose? I guess. I don't know. I guess it will work out. God. Baeka, seems to have designed it. Do you have faith in Baeka.. What do you have going on? I guess, I don't know. It seems arrogant, to end a question with a period. Why does that seem arrogant. Like you already know the answer. Like it's a rhetorical

question. What you consider. How you would suppose. Guilt tripping? Why do people scan? That's just life – that's just what people do. A-Janovian scanning. Not scanning your memory, to see what worked before. That's Janovian scanning. You're scanning for something else, seeking something else. Seeking meaning. Becoming a writer. God would want a writing experience. Baeka. That's what you've concluded. If Baeka were to come to life today. After all that. After having ~made the world, and history. What Baeka might be into, today. The interweb. Giving you, allowing you, to spread your ideas. What are your ideas? You'd have to read the books. I can't really repeat their ideas. Too complex to remember and repeat. You'd have to read the books yourself. If you wanted to know. I guess. People reading your works. How that would go. If the world were to turn on to it. Aggregate Rationality. Ultra-fictional philosophy. Keep saying that to yourself – maybe it will come true. The more you talk about something, the greater chance it has of actually happening. What you consider. Your parents. So they could read themselves? Or why not just tell them about it. Anatole doesn't like to read my books. I've written four books. I might have looked very closely into. "Into" – depends what you mean by that word. To be "into" something – to ~owe something. You seem to have constructed a system of interconnecting concepts, which during a FB, it's hard to break out of. You seem to have constructed a system. Programmed, in a sense. They "programmed" you – showed you programs. That's what all parents do. To their children. They program. Whether they want to or not, whether they have an experimental theory or not. This is what happens. How you suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd figure.

How you'd almost have to. Consider. I have two websites, a blog, and a Youtube channel. Things I would tell them for their own sake. I don't need to promote my site(s) to the med students. I have enough visitors. Could always use more. Never "enough" – could ~always use more. If you figure. Mars Volta is ~ideal, digital, reproduced. Concrete, material. It is exactly what it is, and will last forever. That's what the interweb is setting up. Eternal art-forms. Music that will last as long as the Network lasts. Same with the other forms of media – books, films. What you'd consider. How you'd figure. I guess. The field of consciousness. Is consciousness ideal, n-dimensional? I don't think anyone knows. Is it material? I don't think anyone knows. It literally ~is material. Made of material / structure. How, though, is unknown. I thought you had been thinking about this stuff. What you would consider. How you would figure. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What we'd create, conspire to

consider. Your works. Will they get reviewed in the Book Review? Seems like a long shot. The Academy is very careful about the ~identity of its members. It wants to know exactly ~whose work is being focused on. As a schizo, they would resist you. No one wants to give a good grade to a schizo. Or a degree, or a teaching job. I just don't think it would have worked. And look at the works you've written..! No one normal would be able to be down with them. Not even an Ether. Maybe a Sullivan. Hard to tell. Hard to say. What he would be down with. He likes DeLillo. So I don't think he needs books from you. What you can dream of. Once you know about DeLillo, fiction of other people becomes kind of extraneous. How you would suppose. How you would consider. "I've read those books so many times..." "After all the work I've done, I never wanna take it hard again." "How do you do that?" "Keeping your secret might have saved your life." "I'd let people know about this kind of thing as soon as possible." "Nice fantasy." This is what I consider. What Lucas would consider. He has his own voice. He can write things, also. Why would he need you? After what you did? Just for Noel's sake, he probably wouldn't talk to you. Just in respect of the discomfort you caused her. This is what happens. How we'd suppose. How we explicate. What do you have going on? What music are you listening to? Now? I guess. I guess you don't have much choice. No one does. Determinism? You can't be free in an unfree society? Until society is free... What about the interweb? Isn't that allowing a kind of "freedom" – for people such as yourself? Aren't you able to "freely" publish and promote? Takes some money, sure. But you aren't being stopped. Before the interweb, you would have been stopped cold. No chance. Rejection. With the interweb, people can slowly start to find out about your stuff. Before, if no one would have published, no one would have found out. Scary. You arrived just in time. For the interweb. You came of age just as the interweb was taking off. Perfect timing. Couldn't really be any better timing. For you as a writer. For you as a person, author, director, musician. Great timing. "You're great." "You believe you're god." "Your god..." God would want a writing experience. Obviously. "We're just a bunch of bums." This is what you consider. As you'd consider. As you'd figure. I guess. I don't know. Just writing my tic's. Just getting some ticking energy going on. What I do, what I consider. Dreams. As the dreams would seem to indicate. What more can be done for me? I'm "independent", living "on my own"... I think that's key, for my mental state. My psychological / spiritual state. If I were under someone's roof, would I have been able to write this stuff? Yes, there might be complications, come time to move. That is just life. Can't really be avoided. And

ultimately – you don't need to keep all this stuff... You could survive without any of it. Not even your Nexus 7 or computer. It could all go to hell. Good to realize.

Everyone has Arrived

Such as. As such. Why – why are you doing this? Why does anyone do anything? They must want to, or be disciplined to. Or made to. Or have to. This is the level of my thinking. What my thinking degenerates to. Or what it has evolved to. Over the years. Years of free-time. What does it all add up to? Nothing much. Null reference. Void pointer. Suicide. At least I'm not using. Then things would ~really be hopeless. I'm not suicidal in the sense that I'll drink. Not in that sense. I have a pretty good resistance to drinking and drugs. But I might be suicidal in the sense of directly kill myself with a garbage bag. What you do. If you can survive the apartment. Fuck the apartment. You were doing fine before the apartment. You don't need that apartment. You could lose the whole thing, and life would go on. What you consider. Figure. I guess. I don't know. Not really. I just suppose. Things. Things that go on. What a writer writes. Maybe you're not very social. Didn't want to talk to the Paula's in the car. Maybe that's crude / mean/ rude of you. What you figure. You have different problems to think about. Different things to think about. What you'd consider. What you'd figure. Almost exactly like. I'm writing a book. Voice and Voices: The Stream of David. That's what I'm calling it now. Title could change. Am I rude, crude, and vulgar? Do I have anything going on? What you would figure / consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. If you were going to say something for yourself. Can anything be said for you? At this point? Having written that, made that, posted that online? As you would figure / consider. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. Nothing happening. There's really "nothing to me"... I haven't written anything. I haven't made any music or film. Romance, no. I've just been wasting time. Well, maybe not. But the hopelessness sets in. The difficulty of writing. What you might imagine. For a writer to have to face. Maybe kill yourself. Maybe ending it would be the best solution. So what, you're dead... Pretend you just killed yourself. Now, born again..! That's a way of thinking about it. You're born again, into your life, with

all this power, with all this I was going to say “accomplishment” but looking at it, you haven’t exactly accomplished anything. This is what happens. What you’d consider / figure.

As you’d do, as you’d figure. What would have to be going on. For that to happen. Everything is connected. Infinity is here. You are the result of infinity. The whole world is making itself known as you, now, here. Everything is connected. Your tongue is connected, part of your body. It is unconnected, meaning it does not have ankyloglossia. Connected, but unconnected. If you can dig that. How you consider. How you figure. You just ~wasted a movement. You wasted time. If you added up all the time you waste, in your life, it would be substantial. What would it mean for everything to be connected? For the pixels in your eyes? This is how infinity makes itself known. The source? Writing the source code? Someone has to do it. Why is that so bad – to be writing the source? Why would that cause you such anxiety, during a flashback? Pretending not to think you’re god? Why would that be? What if you were to ~own your philosophy? It’s ultra-fictional. I don’t actually have to believe it’s true. It’s just something to write / read. I’m just saying. How you’d go. How you’d figure. I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. What that would be like. Having looked into certain borderline conditions. What rhymes with “borderline”? I guess. I don’t know – I just suppose. What you write. What you’d write. If you were to. As you were to. Who would care about writing like this? Only “writers”? There are a lot of “writers”... In the world? Tons. Maybe they ~would like to see your work. The source. What you’d consider.

Almost, what you’d consider. Writing. As good as it gets. What you consider. As it would. You have to stop listening to assholes tell you what to write and read, and ~teach ~yourself. At some point. What if you had been doing academic work for the past ten years? Where would you be? What would have become of the books you ~did write – your actual life? What would have become of that? Ether might have been a prophet. Giving you a bad grade. Saying “no” to DCB. That might have been one of the most key grades I ever got. Convincing me to leave the English department. And go to philosophy. One of the most key grades ever. This is what I do. If you can escape the Academy, go for it... As J.T. Ether asked, “What are the possibilities for intelligence?” This is what happens. How you create. If you were to, as you were to. I guess. I’m not really sure. Not certain.

I decided to give you the full perspective. What we do. What we come across. If, in the end, you decide. If you were to. Decide Today. Can today be a day? Back in the day? Could ~today have been one of those days? Repeat

performance? Calling Godfried a dick? For fucking with you? Want to avoid a repeat of that? Reminded me of why I don't want to hang out with him. Controlling musically. Fucks with my set up. Drives like a dick. Two driving errors, bad. Maybe I should "move on"... What do I need those fellows for? They're good to have as Facebook friends. Real life? Not really "life"... That's not life. That's waste. What you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. If I were to. As I were to. It would actually have been a tragedy, me in the Academy. Let's just say I didn't have the TMJ disorder, that I ~could teach and talk. For me, to submit to the Academic discipline – to write dry, predictable books... That would have sucked. I'd be fucked, as far as my project goes. Wouldn't have gone far, in the Academy. Wouldn't have gotten off the ground. Now I know. I didn't always know. Trying to get into fiction school with the worry-tale. Might have worked. What kind of "fiction" would I have written there? Shit fiction? To conform to your colleagues? That's the thing about the environment, it pushes you to conform. To adapt your format to the situation. When really. Only ~you know your format. You are the key. You are the most key.

If we're talking about ~history, if we're talking about ~reality? Do you think an academic is more powerful than DCB will be? DCB? And you'd listen to assholes tell you what to read and write? I don't think so. Not happening. If you value your own work. Then the Academy would be about the worst decision you could make. Now you know. You didn't always know. Ether had to try to communicate it to you. In whatever way he could. Smiling at him. "You're speaking to me as if I am a Prophet.." And I'm the son of God. This is how that would work. If you figure, if you consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose.

What you'd do. What you consider. Certain conditions can be helpful. In getting you to realize the intensity. That certain people could be feeling. If your site were to explode. And certain "mothership" addresses were to be made known. You gave them the mothership. Where you live. Exactly where you live, and don't die. Exactly. As if this has happened before. "Be for"... For or against. Certain readings. Afraid to turn out the lights? Turning out the lights? Afraid of the dark? What could these conditions be for? Tripping? Perfectly tripping? Like you'd want to trip, in a safe, private place? Is that what this is all about? Curiosity killed the cat? Eaten something you shouldn't have? Took some bad acid? This is what happens. What we consider. I guess. I don't know. No one else said it was bad. Could have been targeted. Certain targets. If certain people were to become targets, because of content on certain sites. Targeted advertisement. Targeted especially to you. If

you'd figure. Ultra-fictional philosophy explosions. What do you call it? Does "it matter", what you call it? Everything matters. Every "thing" matters. To a being alive. If you're dead, things wouldn't matter, as much. If you were to die. When you die. When you will die. Then. At that point. Things won't matter, as much, to you. What you could have done to the world. Given. Gifts. What is given can be taken away. Everyone was hopeful, about your problem. That you'd be able to figure out how to deal with your problem. Hopeful. Turns out, you almost never did figure it out. You needed help. Therapy. Medicine. "Schizophrenia might be nice for this." For this sort of thing. They say. Janov says. You might want to go crazy. Heard Janov's voice once before? Permanent déjà vu? Like this has happened already before? Is that what a FB is about? Hard to say. Hard to say exactly. "The" point. If you got the point. How insane that would feel. You've posited. The original condition is schizophrenia. The world was born of schizophrenia. So ~everyone, always already, would know about this. Your only positive statement. Maybe not. Your most fundamental statement. About how the world was born. Or people. How people are born. Is this schizophrenic condition something you're remembering? Like you had this when very young? And you integrated your mind, to a normal level of functioning? But now you're disintegrating, and re-experiencing it? Maybe. Possible. I think that would be remembered and commented upon. If this is how people developed. From insanity. But the world? Could have been? How ~else could the world have originated? A safe, sane, rational beginning / genesis? Doesn't seem likely. Not really.

Self-surgery. What you would expect, out of life, with a sign like that. "They say you'll kill yourself." Scissors. We thought if it was a problem, you would have talked about it. Sleepy. Slugging around. Resting. What's there to get up for? What's there to possibly do? I'm a writer. I can write. It's an option that's open to me. Available. If I choose to take it. If I don't, well, expect a poor outcome. That's what you figure.

Adorno. What do you have to say, after reading *Minima Moralia*? What does that make you feel confident about? Apparently people can't read that book. I might have to write a book people can read. This is how it goes. What you'd think.

What you could consider, what you could suppose. Having. Having done that. Having gone that far. Seems like it took a while, for you to realize this. To get here. Seems. What took you so long? This is what they wonder. "I don't care what 'they' say.." Different things. You could have been looking

into. “Into”.. What do you owe the FB conditions? Everything. My clarity, my ability to hold these states of mind in mind, with perfect clarity.

If you decided to be the best. As you've decided to be the best. What you've considered. As that would go. If you wanted to change things. To change the world. How would you go about that? If you wanted to? Wouldn't everyone call Resolve, all the time? Or just certain people, at certain times. “Call Resolve”... Assessing you for this task (calling Resolve). Have they made multiple errors, in assessing you for this task? Are you ready? Is this what you live with, deal with? If you can live with it, deal with it, is it a crisis? If you ~want to be tripping, and hear voices... Then. Then you don't need to go inpatient. Getting impatient for the inpatient psychiatric admission? This is what would happen. How you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you figure, what you consider. Time and space are said to be continuous, when you're in prison. Things I write on Facebook. A test. If they're good enough to be my friend. If they can handle the intensity. It's a test. An intelligence test. Can they handle the truth, my truth? If not, they can unfriend me. This is what happens. What you'd consider.

What it considers. Continuous forms of help. They're interested in what would happen if I call Resolve. What you figure. Maybe I have to live with this. Maybe there is really no choice. What you consider. What you figure. I guess. I don't know. I could be doing anything. What ~should I do? That is the ultimate question of freedom. No one knows. No one else knows what you should do. You get to decide. You get to write your own destiny. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you consider, what you figure. I guess. My Facebook profile. Pictures of me online. Things I would consider. If I were to. As I were to. Cravings. Craving for some experience. A different kind of experience. Not SA, but perhaps the crew. Maybe I'd do well to have some social interaction. But the FB's. I suppose they would interfere with that scene – just as they've interfered with my groups. No way around it. Maybe I'm meant to be alone, and write. Stay in and work. That's what I should have been doing the whole time. Not partying and getting wasted. Such a waste. Such a tragedy. Waste some of your schizophrenic attention on this? Is that what a schizophrenic's attention inevitably is – a waste? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What we could be doing. As we could be doing.

What you have going on, happening. As it were to. If you were to. Facebook doings / happenings. Important? “I wished to be King of the world.. I didn't realize we'd each have our ~own worlds...” This is what I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know. Problems with my Genome Music feed? Static, jumps,

distortion? Nothing is perfect. Even a digital music feed, over broadband. This is what happens. What we consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd consider. How you'd suppose. What we do / consider / repeat. If you'd want to "repeat" any of this. Follow in my footsteps. You will die. Other beings will be born. That is all. That is all there is. Life will go on. With, or without you. You can't control God. You can't decide your fate, for god. This is what happens. You will die. Maybe another creature will be born. Maybe your spirit will be akin to this new spirit. Although you yourself don't feel like a reincarnation of an old spirit. You feel fresh / first. So you doubt that things would be any different, for a new being. Each new being gets his own spirit. What we consider. How we figure. Unbelievable stuff happening. In the world. The world. Which you'd like to change. Which is going so however. Not well. For many people. Not well at all. You do what you can. Participate in society? The exploitation of the poor? Is that what you'd be participating in? If you decide you want to only make your living by writing. By using your mind to interact with reality. A purely mental approach. Minimizing voices.

What I consider. What one could suppose. No rules? Strange thing to say. Maybe not to DCB. David, there are no rules here. Of course there are rules. Everything has rules to it. Rules define reality. Rules define the world. Everything happens according to a rule. You can't escape rules. Determinism. Jones. What you figure. Monads don't interact. We're not monads. We're aggregates of a vast number of monads. We're systems which interact. Interaction, is in a sense, all we do. We have no spontaneous subjectivity. We are pure responders. Pure reactionaries. This is what I think. What I consider.

Some of the points. You show, don't tell. What you could. He meant it. Inside job. Into voices like this. Into him fucking with your shit. You didn't look too into him fucking with your shit again. They'd want to scan to see who is fucking with them. Some scans. What you're scanning for. Voices. What do you owe the voices? Real people. Seems like you'd want to tell them. At certain points. If you were going to call Resolve. I might have adjusted to the FB's. They might seem okay, now. With more Zyprexa. Maybe that's it. You can adjust to them. Because you always wanted to be hearing voices, to be tripping, even. And now you get to. On a periodic basis. You might say, what's the big deal? But during a FB, it becomes a big deal. Low intensity, variable intensity. What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Things you could write. At a certain time. Why are you against voices? They're this into your life. At a point in your life. What you consider. Scanning for... Listening for, is

more the thing. You get a different perspective on your text. It's like you're reading it with someone else. Like there are multiple selves, reading it. This is what happens.

Voices. Inside. What are you scanning for? Janovian scanning, to "see what worked"... According to Janov's findings. His theory doesn't apply to me. I am uncovered by Primal Theory. This is what I consider. How I figure. What you suppose / exist. Portray / consist. Different things. Yes, today's FB wasn't "bad"... That's not to say yesterday's wasn't bad... Some go well, others not so well. If you realize the voices are from inside. "They" are ~you. It's your own voice. What Gerry said might have been true. Energy in your brain. What you could consider. My fantasy is to publish books. I don't have very much money. What you might consider. You might figure. As you'd see. If you'd see. Different sounds coming from behind you in your apartment. Like the AC is fucking with itself / you. What you could imagine.

What you imagine. Coming from inside you. What's there to be afraid of, if that's the case? If that's really the case – then it's coming from ~you. Realizations. Little sayings, you think might be helpful? But will probably not be, come next strong FB? This is what happens. What you consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Things. Like you might. As you might. Dual Technique. Different Talking. You did what you had to do. Sorry I dropped out of sight there for a minute. This is how it goes. What you'd figure / consider. If, in the end, ultimately, you would... Sex is a waste. Maybe you're starting to realize that. As you develop / age. You're starting to realize what you should and should not be doing. Maybe the orgasms contribute to the negative feelings in a flashback.. You haven't been doing it, and the flashbacks are getting better. What you could consider. How you could figure.

I don't want to be a whiner. A complainer. Maybe the flashbacks aren't that bad. If you can survive them... What's the big deal? Head glued to the pillow, for hours a day? Is that the big deal? Primal man? Maybe this is what it means to have Primals. Explosion. Nuclear explosion. Two hemispheres of your brain. Fission / fusion experiment. What part of this picture don't you get? How do you suppose? How do you consider? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. How it would go. How you would expect. Helping people with computers. You needed a lot of help, yourself. How would that work. Writing in a journal, in public. You had forgotten what that was like. Too much private writing. As you would happen to the world. You've been lucky enough to have the time for lots of scanning. Lots of perspectives. How much time have you had? -- A certain amount. Certain times. Why does it seem like a "certain time",

so often lately? Need to be on a different med? Self-surgery? The mental health equivalent of surgery? I need a surgical procedure. I don't want to go in the hospital. It's becoming increasingly difficult to imagine an alternative. Suicide would be a childish escape. Childish versus child-like escapes? Children. Scanning. What you would consider. If you were to. How everyone would have an opinion. On what role you're playing. If you're going for the lead role. In life. What that would look like. Scans meant just for you. Like only his mother would know. Things usually you'd just want your mother to know. Private things. Such as. On that note. Feeling weightless out in public. What were you scanning for? How would that work? I wasn't God – I didn't create the Earth. But I'm channeling god. God is within me. What that would look like. If you were to believe that. How people would react.

What you consider. What you suppose. I guess – I don't know. Not actually. Finally ready to accept the FB's, the voices? Finally ready to pinpoint the source as yourself? Maybe. Maybe that's how it works. What you would figure. Going higher on Zyprexa. This is what you'd imagine. How you'd suppose. If you would, as you would. Different things. You could be aware of. You could be conscious of. As you were to. If you were to. Dimensional Transfer. Dream Telos. Dysphoria Transcendence. This is how it would go. Exactly. People looking into your eyes. People seeing exactly where you've been. Where your "I's" have been. That's what I'd think. If you were to allow friends/family to see your eyes. Isn't that how it would go? How you would consider? If? A big "if"... This is how it goes. How you'd figure.

What you do. Having played guitar at such-and-such a level, last night. Having created music of whatever quality. Allows you. To now. To now write with that perspective in mind. "I'm kind of burned out on guitar." "You've just played an hour and forty-five minutes..!" This is what happens. How you would consider. How you would suppose. You're sitting right in front of it. This is how that would go. How you could consider. Playing. "Playing." Is this "play" – or is it ~deadly serious? What you figure, what you consider. I guess. I don't know. Would you enter a Masters or Ph.D. program? I have TMJ disorder, so I can't speak for extended periods, so academic work is off limits to me. What we consider. As we got surgery to fix the tongue problem. You'd then wonder, about the jaw. It would then make you wonder. What you consider. If you were to get surgery for the tongue. Then. You might wonder. Where the TMJ comes into play. If you would. As you would. As you would consider.

I guess. I don't know. This is what I do. DT – David Therapy. If you deprive yourself of DT, it may feel like torture. This is what I do. What I consider. I

guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd figure, what you'd consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Different things. How much I like to tic. Whether that's a problem. Exporting schizophrenic philosophy onto the world. Whether the world will like that. Usually, you don't let us know.

Learning what articulation is all about. Writing. Saving versus throwing away. It gives a good feeling, to know you might not be saving a piece of writing journal. It's freedom. It's a weightlessness. The only force that can hold you back is the force of your own consciousness. Keeping you glued to the pillow all day. Yoga Nidra – maybe ya gotta do it. It's more effective than just slugging out. The rotation of awareness, breathing, and stillness have a therapeutic effect. Maybe I have to live with flashbacks. Maybe my life is just that extreme. That things like that happen to me all the time. It's not boring. At least we can say that. May you live an interesting life.. I would have escaped, from a life like that. If this is going to be your life. As you'd figure / consider. Things. I guess. It just. It's just. What do you write? What would ~that be like – the ultimate level you are at? What is your level? Of difficulty. What level are you introducing these people to? A gentle introduction? Or a harsh one? How do you write? How does that go for you? When you figure yourself out.

What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Things, that could be happening. Going wrong. The voices. Continual barrage. Internal. Drool response. Most writers would drool, if they got this level of attention. It ~seems hellish. It seems difficult. The difficulty certain people faced... I'm getting an appreciation of it.

Recommending that people don't follow me. This is what happens. How you suppose. How do you consider? What are your tic's like? How do you talk to yourself? Does the repetition, the “looping”, lead to a FB? Or is the looping a symptom also, of something else, that causes the FB? This is what I think. Caffeine? I don't think so. Not really. That's not really my problem. What we consider, how we figure. It begins. To seem. If you had a flashback today. How that would make you feel. How you feel, having FB's. Not good. You might ask, “What's the big deal?” But during a FB, it becomes a big deal. No question. Certain. I'm certain of it. Certain people might find this alarming. Wouldn't everyone think that, all the time? Or just certain people, at certain times? Either saying the task of someone falling into an abyss is to learn to fly. Seemed to be helpful, before. Little sayings aren't so helpful, anymore. My problem is so profound that little sayings don't help it much.

What you consider. If you were to. As you were to. Share your tic's – they will help us write..! This is what happens. Tic's might be the most valuable thing

a writer could share, with another writer. What you do. As it goes, as it were. This is what happens. You like to write. Don't care about what you write, so much. Just like the writing. Like the typing into the computer page. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Disguised Thought? Different Talking? Discovery Tales? Things. Almost exactly like. Following you. As closely as you could imagine. They could be following as close as you could possibly imagine. They'd have to be, to interact like that, with your thoughts. It would have to be coming from your own mind. Insane. Completely insane? How does that feel? What's "that" like? I guess. What is "it" like is a loaded question, because when you're insane, any characterization of "it" is going to be wrong. A faulty analysis. It can seem one way, when really being another. So it's kind of hopeless. In a condition. Not much you can do. Flashback condition. Not much can be done about it. What you figure / consider. I guess. I don't know.

What you consider. What you suppose. I guess. I don't know – not really.

This is what I do, what I consider. I think if you figured it out. If you had anything to figure out. What it seems like. When you write. When you consider. I guess. I don't know. I'll have to get used to this new "look"... What happens. What is happening. I guess. I don't know. What you'd figure. If you had looked into certain things. What certain things could look like. "Like"... Things appearing brilliant again, today. For the nth time. I guess. I don't know. What characteristic voices could you be listening to now? If this is a "certain time", you might figure. You could consider. Maybe it's just the way things look. Maybe it's all in your head. Isn't that what you thought? Before? Didn't that help you? Thinking "it's all in my head" seemed to help. Doesn't seem to help so much, anymore. My problem seems a bit more profound. Sayings or phrases do not help. It would seem. Depending. Decisions. David-splitting? Is that your interpretation? Time to "split", in a Janovian sense? What if you're theory is a-Janovian? Then what would the translation be? Determinate Translation. Dynamic Tolerance. The DT concepts, the sixteen concepts, you have access to. What you'd consider. The Libre Office was being really buggy. Made me want to switch. Made me switch to MS. I guess. Things you could consider, you could think about. As it were. The standard, the industry standard application. What you could consider. What it does, what you make. How you go. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. Different things. As it would appear. As you would appear. Ah, peer? Your peers? Who are your peers? At the tip of the needle...

This is what I'd do, what I'd consider. If you were to suppose. If you were to elaborate. FB things not seeming as scary in a non-FB. Of course, naturally. An FB is going to make things feel really special. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Everything seems to be connected. "Type"... As a writer, of "types" of things. How else could I interpret? Some strange interpretations, floating around this house. Schizophrenic philosophy, promoted worldwide. I'm becoming a writer. It wasn't chronic, time-based. It was structural. My problem was not time- or space-based.

Depending How Followly You Were Closing My Eyes

This is what I do. What I consider. New word processing program. Cool! Life is kinda cool, sometimes. Things work out, sometimes. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you do, what you consider. I guess. Things I could be looking “into”.. Depends what you think “into” means. Some strange interpretations. Wouldn't everyone be interpreting, all the time? Or just certain people, at certain times? Fame before you're ready for it? What the interweb allows? It allows for an explosion of interest, into “points”... Pressure. Does it feel like you're going to explode? Are you going “downhill”? Bad ending? Wouldn't ~everyone get a bad ending, all the time? In life? Then why are you so special? Drool response. To be followed this closely. Incites a drool response, in a writer. To be followed this closely. Incites a drool response. Is that a natural, or conditioned, response? Is there a difference, in your life? How can you describe Mahler's music? Is that what you should be thinking about? It seems to matter, how I describe it. “It”... Any interpretation will include multiple errors, if you're insane. In a way, it wouldn't matter, “what it feels like”.. Okay. I say I'm okay. It's my automatic response.

I was always going to imagine. FB thinking. Maybe you want to ~maximize the voices, not minimize. What I've been thinking about. Different things. You could say. Sayings. Little sayings don't have as much power, to help me, anymore. My problem appears to be more profound. Certain conditions. “You want.” You want to be tripping this hard. You want to be hearing voices. Opening a direct channel into your brain. The voices have a direct channel. Seems like I've agitated them. They say there interested in what would happen if I call Resolve. Drool, for this close attention to my work. It excites a drool response. I guess. “I don't care what they say.” Ten thousand years? Are you ready for that type of intensity? “Type”? Wouldn't you have to let people know, what “type” they are dealing with? Wouldn't they want to know? At

certain times? Exactly where you've been? You're not homeless (yet). You're on the edge. Edge or "gel" territory. If you were scanning. For love. Doesn't always show up in a scan. If you were scanning. Why are you scanning? To see what you "should" do, in a case like this? Is there a "should" for this case? If you're a free consciousness? Freely choosing to write his destiny? "You can't write your own Wikipedia entry." "You can, however, write your own destiny." This is what we consider. How we suppose.

Do these little sayings help you? Do you gain comfort, from your sayings? You're trying to show them. To show your parents, and family, that you love them. This is how you're trying. Doing this to give comfort, to yourself and others. This is what happens. How we consider. I guess – I don't know – I just suppose. What you'd expect. From a condition like this. Maybe wait until a certain condition, if you're going to call Resolve. If you're going to call them, best to wait for a time when you're certain.. I was certain I forgot to take my meds. New location for the pill bottles, disrupted my routine. I certainly forgot. Can I be certain of anything? Double dose? Either I took the correct dose, or I took a double dose. Two choices. What I suppose. What I create. What I have going on. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

What you have going on. As you awaken from Yoga Nidra. This is how it goes. How it would go. Almost exactly. The ideal voice, giving you a tour of your body. If you were to. As you were to. This is how that would go. How you consider. I guess – I don't know. Your choice. If you wanted to hallucinate. The rhythmic pulsing. Something your mind is apparently capable of. If it were to do acid, again. If you were to make that decision. In the future. Hopefully not. Hopefully you'll never need to abuse substances again. Ideal media. Mental media. Content is now digital and ideal. Not dirty, vinyl or tape. It is virtual, ideal. It can last forever. Perfect reproduction. What you consider. Text, after Kindles. What text has become. Who you choose to read. DeLillo, Pynchon. What those two have to say about reality. What you would consist of. Little helpful sayings. My problem is profound enough, that little sayings probably won't help. "It's all in your head. In your imagination." Nice fantasy. This is what happens. How you suppose. I want to live with you forever. Things I said. I was known to say. What we figure / consider. I guess. I was just trying to make my love be known, in the conventional ways I knew how. Difficult interlude. Difficult passage. What you'd figure. A phone call from Lucas, a phone call from Noel. Memorable. What does the unspoken yes mean? "It's just a meaningless URL. Meant to be easy to remember." What do

your books mean? They're meaningless – just meant to be memorable. This is what I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know. As I lose focus. As I'd want to lose focus on my writing. What I would consider. How I would figure. Yoga Nidra makes me kind of tired. I'm glad I went through it. It knocks you out, in a way. Waking sleep. A dreaming wakefulness. A dream. Dream Telos. Dual Technique. What you would consider. How you would suppose.

How that would go. Exactly. Introducing yourself. A meeting. What type of introduction would you give? Would you suppose? For your "type" of person? Should they be afraid of you? For you? Are you safe? Do you feel safe? What do you have going on? How do you discover / relate. Different things. What you would suppose. Being a writer. I am becoming. I am becoming a writer. Things we could figure. Consider.

I guess I have to keep going. What you might figure. If you were to consider. Then. Depending on what you had been writing. What have you been writing?! This is what it seems like. Speaking German, or English. Getting yourself up to consciousness level. The man, not the work. (Teste). You want ~yourself to be the artwork, not a book you wrote. That's what I think. How I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you consider. The cold ~stimulates.. This is what I think. What I suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just figure/ consider. If you were to. As you were to. It becomes. It becomes a matter. Of what you'd do. Which girls you'd like to have sex with. Women. Either way. Bring strange women to your apartment? Causing you to trance out about one of Janov's rape case studies. Different trances you could get into. A dirty man. Said he'd break a bottle and cut me. This is what happens. How you figure. How you suppose. What you could have done differently. Discovery Tales. Different Talking, disguised thought. Maybe I might need a permanent trip inpatient. So I can be treated. I don't know if they can treat me outpatient. Although I've given pretty good descriptions of the flashbacks. Maybe I don't need to publish a book. But I think it would be cool. I think it might be what I desire. It seems strange / unusual now. But if you were to do it. It could be good. What you consider. What you suppose.

I have to keep going. I have to do it. Unless. Unless you were to imagine. As you were to imagine. The type of thing I could be successful at. The type of people who would support me. It's what you might imagine. As you were to. If you were to. Knowing. That a certain scene was operative. How that would resonate with you. In your own life. In your own dreams. Multiple files, multiple documents at once, converging. That is my new plan. For worldwide domination? Would I be in ~competition with other writers? I suppose if they

were trying to do what I am. The doctors claim they haven't seen anyone else with this condition. "Claim" seems like a negative term, there. What you would believe. As you were to. If you were to. Development of tic's. Development of ultra-fictional philosophy. What you could be said. As you could be said to be. If it happens. As it happens. If you would. If you could. I think you can. Knowing what you know? How could you not be successful – at ~something. The people who programmed me. Who would in a sense, know my childhood. What I was thinking. I guess. Maybe I ~reprogrammed. Maybe I made it myself. I made myself. I was supposed to do whatever. Become a scientist. I don't think that would have been an ideal use of your talents. All that talent, for a new particle, or equation or something. I think with h/s/ns/id, you have done something different. Conditions of Awakening – the currently developing one. Isn't that weird, to write about a book as you're writing the book? Maybe I ~should be weird. Maybe it's ~that key, for the world. What do you respect the most, in other people, in artists? Dali, Zappa? With influences like those. Makes sense. Kind of makes sense. Burned out, or not. Tripping every three days. Involuntary tripping.

So the next day, I thought, "Maybe if I take two more hits, I'll feel better." That kind of thinking. What you're trying to leave behind, in a sense. The addiction. The braindeath. The waste of it all. You almost wasted yourself. How do you feel about that? What do you learn from that lesson? Time to work, time to stay in your room and study. Like you should have, down at Tech, so long ago. ~Not party, not go out and get wasted. Nearly waste your life. What that makes you think, to this day. The trances you can get in. Stealing from your parents. "People who smoke crack often end up stealing." "I didn't steal anything." Selective Perception? I guess that's what it is. I needed my camera, my computer rig. I thought I needed this for my life. So I made unauthorized credit card purchases. Which my Mom freaked out about. But I thought there was no alternative. Would I do it all again? The sickness, the torment? I hope not. I hope there's not a ~literal repeat. Any time in the future. I really have to be committed to finding a new life for myself. They offered me seven million dollars. At the time, it seemed like a lot of money. It of course went on to become worth a lot more than that. But I've done pretty well for myself. This is what you consider. What you contemplate. You were trying to edge into that business. I guess until you decided to post hours of free content on thisfeel.com... I guess that was a turning away, in a sense, from the record business. Giving it away. Just give it all away, for free. If people like it, they'll listen. If it's likeable. I don't know how likeable it really is.

Just listen. Then you'll know. Then you'll see, if you were working with a compelling product. I think it has some "motivation" to it. Some resilience. Something worth tuning into. Maybe not for ~sale. Maybe not that kind of trip. Of course, if you and your band had been invited into a good studio, to use good equipment, maybe the story could be different, on the quality of some of your tracks. It's good you did what you did. Candy, for the peeps. Distribute tricks and treats, online, for the world-peeps to enjoy. That's your style. Give it away. All for free.

This is what you have to do. Listen to the music. As you would. If you would. As you would consider. I guess. However good it is, or isn't. I'm attracted to power. People like David Geffan. They inspire me. I'm not just a musician. I want to be a "player". Actually, not true. I just want to write. Go to cool parties? Meet women? As long as she's not a slovenly bitch, or a perverted psycho girl, I'll probably judge her worthy. This is how you go. How you'd figure. If so many people were gathered around. A city, like Pittsburgh. Involuntary tripping, every two or three days. You might say, "What's the big deal?" But during a flashback, it ~becomes a big deal. It's hard to describe. I think I have dual-phase schizophrenia. I think the schizophrenia is not really in remission / recovery. If it gets this intense every two or three days. Unendurable intensity, if I'm out and about. Burned. That's how I describe a flashback. Being burned. So I naturally withdraw my hand, from the flame. That's what I naturally do, after being burned so many times... I guess not everyone would do this. Depending. On what you consider. On what you suppose.

What you would consider. As it would go. You'd almost have to. You'd almost want to. Having. Having written x. X world theory? Perhaps my most compelling idea? We are x/n in a series of Earths, of worlds. If you would imagine. If you would consider. As it were. As what you conceive of. Comes to pass. If what you write is true. What you've been able to do. Musically, cinematically, literarily. In the realms of. What the interweb has let you accomplish. Which, if you didn't have. If you didn't ~have the interweb. Then what? What would happen then? It wouldn't be as nice. As a writer? Not having all that stuff out there, up there? What you'd consider.

If you were to suppose. Any day. Or, today. Now, here this again. If this is what you'd consider. ~As a writer. As someone who has written x, y, z. Made certain musics available free online. Made certain cinematic experiences available. What that would do. To you. As you would. If you could. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

Maybe writing ~is the solution. You would figure. You could imagine. What are you ~writing?! I guess I've written some far out things. "Out." This is what I suppose. DT up to fifteen dimensions now. I keep going. I keep doing it. Writing. You have to. In this life? But if you didn't know... If you ~wouldn't have written h/s/ns/id/coa... What then? What would you be up to? If you didn't have this experience? God would want a ~writing experience. God would want to change the world. God would want to take a unique position. Tuning into the voices. What frequencies the voices seem to be on. When you write stuff like this. If you were to. As you were to. I think my reading level is adequate. I don't think I need that group. I'm making progress. What you'd figure. Before a crisis becomes a crisis. This is what you do. What you'd have to do. You're perfectly normal, half the time. Half the time, you're perfectly normal. So what's the big deal? I have dual-phase schizophrenia. Half the time, it ~is a big deal. Can't pretend half of the time doesn't exist. What if they won't change my meds? I guess I would drop out of groups. Maybe even drop out of treatment. If they aren't going to treat me well. Maybe I ~do belong in the hospital. If they saw me during a condition. Strange interpretations of events. What I've done. I don't feel safe, on the outside. Having written. Seems too extreme. Seems too radical. Like I need to be protected / in the hospital. Protected from the normal people. The Matrix. But the hospital is part of the Matrix. Maybe the Matrix ultimately wants progress. Maybe the Matrix is starved for surprise, as well. Why be hell bent on keeping things the same? Why would anyone be hell bent on that? I guess if you were doing really well. Then you'd ~like things to be "kept the same"... So it's the ultra-rich, against everyone. Everyone against the ultra-rich. If you're doing really well, you'd like the Matrix to remain Normative. You like the normal conditions.

Maybe you have to ~keep writing. Don't just do a bit, then stop. "I will become a writer." That was today's *san culpa*. The resolve repeated before and after Yoga Nidra. I have to ~own my literary career. I ultimately would want to admit to ~everyone. It's hard. Maybe ~this is why Lucas said being a writer is so hard. He could foresee some of the true difficulties if one were to truly ~write. He could foresee some of the true difficulties one were to face, if one were to truly ~write. This is what I think. This is what I imagine. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Channeling? Is that what you're learning to do? How to channel your true self? Be a channel for spirits from a different plane. Your own spirits. You're not trying to channel Kant, or Adorno. But yourself. That's what might be so hard to learn. If you were to be a writer. To ~become a writer. Then what? What would you have to do? Talk about your writing, in public / private? I

don't know. Some writers haven't liked to come out. To come right out and say who they are. They resist this. I may be resisting this. If they looked into my blog, my sites, they would know. I've told them. I've prepared them. Maybe I'm waiting to see if I get popular. If that doesn't happen organically, maybe Anatole was right – no one wants to hear my voice. I have a voice that doesn't need to be heard. I'm not writing the great American novel. You're just talking to yourself. Making shit up. The cool breeze. You can feel it. The fresh air, that these lines are bringing in. You like to write. You have something to say. A lot to say. It may appear. If one were to. If one were to take a quick glance at my writing. Then one might consider. One might consider it to be simple, simplistic, simple-minded. But I think that is deceptive. I've read Adorno many times. I have the philosophy going on. So my concepts should ~partake of a certain critical sophistication. Just because of what I've read. And written. Heliosophy. Worry-tale or no, that is a pretty substantial work.

Maybe you have a lot of words left in you. From what you've read. Hard to imagine, really. The sheer number of pages. Countless. Uncountable. Unreachable goal. And you weren't just lazily skimming. You seriously pounded out thick novels. Many. What does that do to you? And your study of philosophy. “Philosophy.” Such that you could be said to have studied it. As such. As if. As if you were actually studying it. Philosophy of mind. Political philosophy. Critical theory. Feminism. “I think David is saying that...” Andrea Westlund could understand my points. And rephrase them to the other students. I was pleasantly surprised, when she did so. This is what I figure. Depending what you'd want to practice. Awareness games. Hypnosis. Janov says you can't touch consciousness with mere awareness. What ~is consciousness then? Something only Primal individuals can know? Anything else is “fake”, unreal, Struggle? I think that's part of a jargon of authenticity. He is claiming to have the authentic experience and knowledge. I'm not so sure he does. Not for me. A type of being. A type of writer. A type of consciousness. Mind. Which may not have been seen too many times. I don't fit into the Primal schema / grid. I don't fit. He can't help me. Maybe he was helpful, when I was young. Talking about feelings, and neurosis. Was I “neurotic”? Is that the ultimate diagnosis? With my mouth-brain? Unconscious? Dead/struggle? Maybe. Unless it was ~life. Unless I knew what I was doing. Somehow. I needed the pressure. I didn't think I'd be able to develop quickly enough, without the pressure. This must have been what I was thinking. I could write, and read – and sensed the great differential between these two levels of accomplishment. I knew that to write anything, I would need

to revolutionize myself. I knew that I wasn't capable of the key productions, unless I revolutionized myself.

Saying that is difficult. Saying that I ~would live my life again. I would do it all again. Exactly the same way. Believe it, or not. Philosophy. What philosophy might be looking into. Whose opinion would you respect, and want to have a conversation with? This is what you figure. Who are you talking to? At group..? In therapy? In treatment? What do these people say? It would be a good idea to tell my parents some of these things. My parents, and others. What we figure. What we consider. I guess. I don't know. I can't go back to drugs. Drinking. The worst thing I could do. Unimaginably bad. Suicidal. Destructive. Pathological. I already almost destroyed myself. I got a second lease on life. A second life. A second chance. Well, a few second chances. Maybe only one I'm truly ready to fully take. What you figure. How you'd consider. What's wrong with you? What's the source of your problems? The production of porn? That could have been part of it. Turns out you have other problems, than that. Other things going on. What you figure, what you consider. Yeah, I've been here before. You took guitar lessons at Lawrence. This is what I trance out to.

I guess I could keep going. Why quit? Why give up? When you are finally writing, finally here? Where you always wanted to be? "There." You're ~there. You have freedom. You have articulation, experience. You have experienced all that one would want to experience. All the tripping you could ask for, and more. Psychosis. Recovery. Girls, women. Books, cinema, music. You have the ability to articulate some of these things, in writing, and music and film. Writing mainly. Music is just a diversion. Something to do a bit. Not something to base your life on. Hard to figure out. You think you ~do want to be a "musician." Early in life. You see Jimi Hendrix play. That's who you want to be. Or Einstein. You want to be famous for something. Discovering the Theory of something. You didn't realize. That you'd be famous just for being yourself. Just for being you. What the people could be looking into. Jones. Saying he's your friend. You're friends, buddies. Yet he refuses to read your work. What kind of friend is that? A kind I need to be looking beyond. Where will I find friends? Maybe all over the world. Maybe I am waiting for my friends to contact me. To connect. To "get it"... You look like you finally get it. "Get it" usually means, to have sex. I'm not sure sex is ultimate. Janov said it's the essence of life. Heterosexual sex is the pinnacle of human evolution. I'm not quite sure about that. His obsession with sex. With normal sex. It's NM, sure. Everyone usually agrees to follow the NM. That's just

the program. Don't we want something different? Post primal? The Primal experience is an obsessive experience. Becoming obsessed with increasing the intensity of your "consciousness" (orgasms). Maybe I was ~already conscious. Maybe I ~knew what I was doing. It could be. They claim no one else has them. Maybe this is true. Maybe for some reason, I am unique. The "falling" when crazy. The LSD poisoning. The mouth-brain in general. All of it probably ties together. My writing. My formation. (Reading). What I did, and didn't do. The pressure I felt / experienced. In school. At home. The Imperial Conditioning. Conditioning me to choose life over death. Apparently a lot of us commit suicide. That is a real danger, with insanity. I have been conditioned, and the conditioning "can't be broken, just so you know." This is what I figure. What I write. What I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

What you'd figure. Almost exactly. No extra credit given for speed of answer. This is what I imagine. Adorno, DeLillo. The people. The people I am looking up to / at. What I'd consider. My TMJ disorder. Tragic. Allowing me not to speak for long. Not to become a professor. Not that they would let me profess. Maybe that's the key point. They would not want you talking to students, even if you could. Especially if you could. You would be able to question their presuppositions. As you question the world's. "Nothing significant has ever happened." I've written. The best philosopher was a Jew. Makes you think. Makes you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What I could be doing. What I could be turning on to. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Benjamin was also a Jew. The best two philosophers were both Jews. Tells you something. Anti-Semitism is stupid. What you figure. What you consider. As you are able to. If you are able to. What it gets, what you do. SI, SA, SP. Different things. Your ability to be a writer. To support / understand your own work. You could come right out, and mention it in your title. Conditions of Awakening. What we consider. SI. Just now. Writing and SI. My obsession, with death. Thinking death will be beautiful. That life is too hard. This apartment is temporary. You want to save your books. You'll want to save your books. You won't want to "lose them"... You can organize that / manage that. Get some boxes. Put the books in the boxes. Carry them down the steps and out the door, forever. This is what people do. What people have to do. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Different things. Moving will be ~excellent. Getting out of this place. Which stresses. Which has produced some stress. I guess. I like having the 24 hour CVS across the street. That's nice. Wouldn't always be true, if I moved somewhere else.

Do a little writing. Before you have to call Doug. See what the composition voice has to offer you. Get warmed up for the verbal performance. This is what you do. What you consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. This is what I do. What I consider. It's almost like. Almost, like. Transforming your textual tic's into mental tic's. You're not as good at the incomplete sentences in mental. Better on paper. A skill you could develop. You want your mental process to be up to textual process levels. I think. That's just what I'd figure. Disguised Thought? Different Talking? Discovery Tales? All of that, and more. It's what's available to you. I'm dropping out of all activities, unless the flashback problem can be solved. Too hellish. Activities seem to trigger flashbacks. I've had a couple while over at your place, recording. Not enjoyable. LSD flashbacks. I'm looking to minimize their effect. What you do, what you consider. Strange interpretations of events. This event. What you'd suppose. How you'd create. If you were to. As you were to. It depends, really. On what you do. What you “practice”... If you practice Yoga Nidra, awareness, you might be able to become more aware.

What you do. Not interested in recording music like that. I've become an elitist – a classical music snob. I have very high standards, lately. Getting higher all the time. This is what I do – what I consider. I guess. I don't know. Dual Technique. Discourse Topics. This is what I do, what I consider. I guess if I wrote that tic twenty seconds ago, I'm likely to want to write it again. That's how it goes. How you'd figure. I guess, I don't know. Listening to Carla Bruni. Someone that beautiful. That's the kind of beauty I'm interested in. The level. World class. Best in the world. That's what I'm interested in. Not local slob. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. I feel insane and tripping. More colorfulness and detail. Voices. Very intense. Five hours, or until I can lie down. The Yoga Nidra helps sometimes. Sometimes it's not enough. I don't think I should be having to deal with this. It feels above and beyond the call of duty. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What I could be doing. Learning. Thinking about. Living. Life. The things you learn from German learning. You learn what you really want to talk about. What you're willing to translate, to put effort into translating. That's how it goes. How you'd figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. That's how it goes. How you relate. Getting Susan a gift, or not. No comment on the Teste I got her. That's a sign, a symbol. What you figure. If you were to. As you were to. If that's the kind of thing you have going on. This apartment is temporary. You will outlive the apartment. You will move, taking all your books, and other stuff, with you. Eventually. One day. That will

be the day. You figure. You consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you figure, what you consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. This is what I do. Problems, with moving. Changing addresses. Not looking forward to that. It's what you have to do. It's what people do. People in ~this world. The only, ideal world. It's ideal. That's what you have to remember. It's not fallen / dirty. It's ~ideal. That is your ultimate coping strategy concept. To realize that something is ideal. Is not fallen / dirty.

If new meds don't work, I'm screwed. My last hope. Else, I'll become a recluse. Or end up inpatient, perhaps permanently. Although I don't know how happy insurance would be with that outcome. This is what I figure. What I consider. I guess. I don't know. Is it that bad? Haven't had on/one for a few days. Been feeling perfectly fine. Ideal. Maybe they're just things I have to live with. Maybe no choice. This is what I think. I could be fucked. I did it to myself. I “asked for it”.. LSD poisoning. Falling primals when crazy. Whatever that would do to you. Did do to you. Whoever you turned out to be. What you have going on. In the end. Having written. Having. Gifts. Talents. Have you written age-appropriate works, for a man with your talents? Wouldn't ~everyone simply do what you've done? Or maybe that's the point. ~No one would have done it, no one ~did do it. A snow doodle is a low doodle. Things. Looking at Instagram a lot. What you'd figure. How you'd consider. Seven million sounded like an unimaginably large amount of money then. It's gone on to be worth a lot more. But I've done well for myself. This is how it goes, how you'd consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you do, what you figure. We're not going to drop an artist just because they don't sell. I had no contracts with my artists. They were free to walk away. As it happens, none of them ever did. This is what I figure, what I consider. I was standing between them and the river of shit flowing towards them. I don't know if they realized how difficult that was. I certainly did. What you'd figure. Seeing the doctor. Random flashbacks. What you'd expect. What you'd figure. I guess. I don't know. I could be screwed. No solution. Yoga Nidra doesn't even work, for a strong one. What I figure, what I consider. There could be no solution. I could be fucked. Something I have to live with. A condition. An LSD flashback condition. Do a lot of people have that? It's not common. Normally, I'm fine. Doing just fine. But also, it's normal for me to be tripping. About half the days. So it's normal for me to be fucked. To be expected. If this is the best treatment they can give me. I guess with Dr. Frederica, I wasn't interested in going on clozaril. Now, I'm desperate enough. I've had enough of this shit. I'm curious to see if anything can be done. What you'd figure. What you'd consider. Ideal. Moving is an ideal

operation. What did you expect? What do you ~think has to happen, to live in this world? Magical moves? Not. A move is not magical, it doesn't happen with no thought or effort. You have to work for it. Whether Sec 8 goes with you, or not. Possible. You have no choice, ultimately. You'll do what you can. This is how it goes, how you'd figure / consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you do, what you consider. Different people you're dependent on. For now. Until you publish. Until you make it, and get famous. Are you looking forward to that moment? For a writer, bad or good reputation, all good. For a writer, all publicity is good. Negative or positive. This is what you'd figure. You might be in for it. In for a ride. Tiring? Do you get tired of this kind of attention, pretty quickly? Is this almost exactly like? Is it almost exactly like? What do you do, what do you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What we do, how we figure. You could go to Double Trouble. Not interested. Only doing vital activities. Double Trouble is just a ritual, a way to kill an hour. I can take it or I can leave it. Does it help with my sobriety? Hard to tell. What rituals do for you. What have you ~written? Is that what this will be about? In the future? When certain people find out? If certain people find out? Is that how it will go? What have you ~written? Did you actually do that? What were you ~thinking? ~Were you "thinking"? Could that said to be a thought process, what you did. As it would go. As you would consider.

That's the thing – it can be a bit painful, to read, first thing at least. You might want to ~write. Different things. As you would figure, consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. How would they teach someone to do this? To be this responsive, or not responsive – as the case may be? This is what you'd have to look into. If they were going to reproduce this. If they ~wanted to reproduce it. I think some people might be crazy enough. Some. Not all. Your particular brand might not be for everyone. Or even, anyone else. Only you have come this far. Maybe the way out, is to go deeper in. Maybe to get out of this, you have to go farther in. Enjoy yourself.. You ~should be able to enjoy a trip. Maybe that's the key. Your bad attitude about tripping. Externalize the anxiety. Place all the negative feeling ~outside yourself. Just be cool, be in. You can do it. You can enjoy a trip. No matter how detailed they can see. No matter what features of your history they can see. You'd have to be okay with your past. Your history would have to be good. If this is about your history, which you think people can see into. This far into. Thus far into. But they can't. They can't even tell you're tripping now. What that would have to be. For you to be able to enjoy it. That's what would have to happen. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Fear, of SI. The SI got so intense yesterday. I'm afraid of it coming back. I'm not looking

forward to. What I'm in for. What I'm down for. You'd be able to tell, if I tried to kill myself.

What you would do. Do do. As it were. As you would. Seems like people are looking closely into my eyes. Scanning. Conditioning. Can't be broken. You tried to break it with drugs. You made it. You're won/one. How could you lose this? Once you found it? You could make it again. If you made the world. If you made them. If you conditioned certain people. To look or not to look. What it would go like. Seems to have helped – listening to the voices. They usually have something helpful to say. The Imperial Conditioning. Why would you want to break it? So I could get the surgery I needed. If it was worth it. You might want to wear sunglasses tomorrow. In some strange tomorrow. What it seems like. This is a low intensity flashback. It gets a lot worse. Seemed to help, to talk about it with Ida and Dr. Smith. Real people. Looking closely into my eyes. “My eyes seem to roll over the highest possible points they could have looked into.” (Something I chose not to say.) Rolling. Tripping. What kind of tripping is this? An obsession is something that's alien. But I want to kill myself sometimes. Darkness. Or lightness, you could just as validly say. Nothingness is not-somethingness. It is the non being. Nothing/something can be said of it. Probably would be reincarnated, to try the whole thing again. Animal? Human? How could life be worse, than the trip I got? The trip I got. The conditions I was subjected to. Or I subjected myself to. Is this like that? Are you tired of this yet? I'm ready to call Resolve at any moment. This is how it would go. Almost exactly. Specifically. In your eyes. Seems like this intensity. If they found it. If people found someone tripping this intensely. Seems like. Seems like they'd want. To notice it. The mark the occasion. Seems. Appearances can be deceiving. What you played. What you wrote. What did you ~write?! This is how it goes.

The Identity Mistake

What you do. Wanting to kill yourself. Is that “your” thought? I thought you were seven out of ten hopeful about your life..? As Pynchon warned. As Pynchon described, in Gravity's Rainbow. I keep mentioning that book. Rolling. Tripping. Can't you get in trouble for that? Rolling that highly? Is this what happens. What we figure. The authorities: control, composite, aggregate. What ~they'd have to say about your little project. This is how it goes. Certain characteristic voices or ideas. How closely certain people were looking in my eyes. I guess it's more comfortable without sunglasses. They're too artificial. You're asking for attention, with those. Attention you could have been asking for. To be recognized for. Relaxing at a place like this. Relaxing through this. You figure. At a place like this. At least ~some of these people would be scanning to see. To see you. To see if they “get it”, or “got it”... Seems like, at a place like this. Is this the breakdown, the deconstruction, of your thinking? I guess it is. I guess this is how it would go. God. Children of god. God made this. God. God made this. Not you. What you tended to be telling yourself. As you were saying. A natural girl has to play. A natural song evokes it all. What you wrote with Carney. Your notebooks. The logs. What they might contain. For someone. Whoever found them. Whoever were to find them. What they would have. What you could look into. What they could look into. If they were to find your notebooks. As that would go. As you would figure.

What you do. You figure. As it were. You just like to write. After thinking your hand was hurt, and you shouldn't. Writing is the grail. What you realize, when you're deprived of it. Maybe you weren't being careful enough, with your typing. You were pounding on the keys. You have to touch them, to dance on them lightly. Pounding will lead to injury. What you think. Ironically, or paradoxically, or with contradiction, these negative experiences, such as Bethel, can be life-affirming. You can gain strength from your negatives. With

contradiction. It's not always that way. But when you can realize it. Like now. You should. You can gain strength from your negatives. View them as life. As the presence of life in you. Knowledge. You could live for forty or fifty more years. What will become of you? You want to be a writer. You want to publish books. That is what you're thinking, anyway. Disguised thought? Would be a pretty bad commentary on god's creation, to kill yourself. There is no race to the end. The darkness, or light, will be there anyway – no need to rush the matter. No need to hurry the matter. If you want darkness, or light, it's there waiting for you. No need to dip out on life. Which would be a pretty bad commentary. And you're not the only one. If David, knowing DT, knowing all he knows, would kill himself. A pretty bad commentary. But, maybe apt. With the ankyloglossia/ “alpha”? Maybe the proper response ~is suicide. A trip to the DEC would be better. If it ever gets that bad. That you're thinking of the plastic bag. Better go to the DEC. If there's a chance you might kill yourself. What you figure, what you consider. Appropriate clothes for the hospital? Pants that don't need belts? I guess you hadn't been thinking of that. Not exactly. What you were thinking of. How it would go. These negatives can be transformed into life. That is the power of the mind. The mind can translate negative, nugatory mental contents into transcendence, into life and positive affirmation. Yes, it's true, not everyone can do this. Or has done this, or will do this. But you can't take responsibility for other creatures, in other worlds. Only for yourself, in this world. What is your commentary? What have you called god, by the worst name in the book? There might be some pressure. You can grow beyond it. You can use it. They might have a use, for conditions like this, around here. Some of these people might be able to use your condition. Imaginative med changes? Took five, because this would be your chance, to see what five more does? Certain drug use / abuse? Playing with your pills? Was going to take five more tonight, so may as well take it midday. It's a way of cross titrating. Of tapering. You can increase a med level by several different ways. One way would be to simply take the increase with the previous normal dose. I guess I wasn't down with that method. Pressure on my head? Headache? Is that what Zyprexa will give you? A slight headache? If it solves your psychosis? Maybe that's the tradeoff. Maybe you need some pressure on your head. After what you did. Maybe this is what happens. You don't know. Not really. You just suppose. You just consider. I guess. After what you learned today? Discovery tales? Knowing DT? And you'd kill yourself? Not a good commentary on DT. “The inventor of this therapy committed suicide.” It wouldn't be regarded as an effective therapy. To say the least. This is how it goes. If you were going

to kill yourself. Better call Resolve, trip to the DEC. Different values. Valuing life more than death. Death will always be there for you, if you need it. No need to duck out yet. Not just yet. After setting this up? After what that took?

Writing gains in popularity. Is that a reality? Is it plausible, imaginable? Which world? Will you have to do it yourself – just give away all your works for free? Is that how it goes? How you'd figure? If they let your site stay up. Things you could be considering. You do what you can. If they bring your interweb stuff down, I guess there's nothing you can do about that. That will be the fact, the eventuality. If that happens. Hopefully, it won't. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. You suppose. People contacting you. Publishers wanting to publish your books. Possible. Anything can happen. In this world? Possible. What you do. What you consider. Whether you would write in the morning. If that would. If that would be something you'd try. Lucas made his mark on you, and you made your mark on Lucas. You didn't realize that the experience you shared would let you communicate with him. You can know what he's thinking, he can know what you're thinking. Because of the intensity. Of the experience you shared. You don't need phone calls, letters. You have ~experience. At least that's what you realized last night, falling asleep. It was like you had access to his mind. Maybe delusional. Could that be true? How closely would you have had to map his self, his mind? However closely you were looking. Depending how closely. You were looking. What it considers. What it fathoms. How you could. If you would. Different things. Things almost exactly like. Like looking at Facebook? Seeing the random postings of “friends”? This is how it. Would go. You figure, you consider. Depends. What you would. How you would. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. You wanted to write. Yesterday, but your hand hurt. Now, with your hand fine, I would think you'd want to write. That's just what I'd think. Maybe things don't always turn out that way. The way you think they will. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you figure, what you consider.

What you might imagine. How you might include / conclude. I guess. You're not supposed to just feel normal – you're supposed to feel good. I think I could have been on too low a dose of Zyprexa. Well, you live and you learn. My dual-phase schizophrenia might simply have not been treated aggressively enough. This is what I consider. Writing to Lucas. “Can't you take the negativity of experience and transform it into something positive today?” I don't think he would like that. I might have been too negative. Provided too-negative a stimulus. This is what I consider. How I write. I determine. I exist. What I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What you figure /

consider. You could be writing anything, yet you're writing this. What does that say? Arrogant to not put a question mark after a question? At least that's what they say. "I don't care what they say." This is how it goes. How you consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I could be doing anything – yet I'm doing this. I think it's fitting. It's a good fit. Maybe ignore Doug and his garbage music recording. You don't need that. You're feeding into it. The politics, the garbage. Just because he helped you with computers. You don't need to be his free engineer for life, because he helped you when you had a computer job. That's not the tradeoff. You shouldn't be making deals like that. It's a raw deal. Free engineering from you, free engineer for him. Garbage music for you. Personal ego trip for him. Maybe ignore Doug, next time. Don't answer his call. You've seen what his nature is. The insanity. The political insanity. He's paranoid, and he doesn't even have schizophrenia. He's just a freak. Time to move on. Time to do something else with your weekends. Can't you imagine anything else going on? This is what happens. Maybe my dual-phase schizophrenia simply was not being fully treated. Which became very obvious, over many months and years, getting worse, when not treated. Could this be good, I would think. Could pressure like this be good for me? I would tend to doubt it. Psychosis? Who would enjoy that? Maybe I need even more Zyprexa. Ramp up the dosage. For my own brand of schizophrenia. My own intensity of illness. This is what I do, what I consider. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. I guess, I don't know – I just suppose. I guess, I don't know – I just suppose. Thoughts getting a bit repetitive. That's what I like. Looping. The log. Whoever has those notebooks now. If anyone saved them. Looking into what I could have been writing with Carney. During those dark, crazy times. Very late at night. Drugged and dazed. Partying at Barnaby's Hole. Barnaby's basement hole. That was part of my life. I should ~negate parts of my life. I should ~use their negative energy. As negative, they can be life-affirming, if I have the negative capability to appreciate them. Sarge Aitkens. Even that. The torture. The mouth-brain. The childhood – all of it. It is all today something positive. I made it to here. This point in space and time. I think there will just be darkness, when we die. Hard to imagine. Maybe one of the newly born creatures will need a soul spark, and you'll hop over to a new life. Maybe that's how it goes. Too good to be true? Infinite life? You're ~always alive ~as some creature? This is just you-now? It doesn't matter? You or non-you. Same thing. You will die. Others will be born. They won't be "you". You can't be them. They will be themselves. Your life will be what it will have been. That is how it goes. How it might go. I'm not god. I couldn't have set this up. Not clever enough. Not even clever enough to do

CS. Or learn jazz guitar. Or write normal fictional novels. So how could I create the world, design life, the universe, and everything? Not possible. Unless some other phase of me did. The god-phase. Then that would be true for everyone. No one is clever enough, except the god phase. We are the peeps-phases. The god phase watches out for itself. Takes care of its own. Don't you have a variable appreciation for life? Don't you think it's kind of cool?

What you do. What you consider. As it were to. As it were. Different things you could have going on. If you ~really think people will want your works. To publish them, to read them, to talk about them. Possible. I guess. What you figure. What you consider. Not quite on Adorno's level. But you ~read him, you follow him. That is enough. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. I guess. I don't really know. I just suppose. I just consider. I guess. I don't know – not really. You have to ask yourself, what the point of all this is. What the point of Zizek or Brandom is, and what your own point is. Whose work do you want to reinforce, to amplify? Whose work will change the world? “They don't publish books this big anymore.” You might have to get famous on your own. No help. But if you ~do get “famous”, you might be able to publish. That might be possible. Mailbox money. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What you'd do. What you'd consider. If you were to. As you were to. Different things. DT is ideal / material. We are not non-interacting monads, we are assemblages of a very large number of interacting monads. Talking to someone who believes we're non-interacting monads. How's that going to go? I felt better almost immediately. More conscious, more sane, more imagination. I may have been on too low a dose. Well, you live and you learn. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What you figure. What you consider. I guess. I don't know. Not really. Why do I enjoy my ticking? I guess it's what I always dreamed of – being able to ~write, without needing to think. Barely needing to think. Automatic. “You're in survival mode.” This is what you figure. How you consider. I guess. “I will become a writer.” I will understand, stand under my works. No matter how radical they are. I can see the allure for someone like Pynchon, staying private. Not wanting to stand behind your works. It's hard to stand behind works. DeLillo actually didn't give too many interviews, either. This is how it would go. How you would have to figure. Have to consider. I guess. I don't know. Different things.

What you do. DT is material, DT is ideal. What you'd be thinking of. Now. Whatever you learned since last time you wrote, ten minutes ago. A discovery tale. “Now is a time of discovery.” This is what happens. What you'd have to figure. How your writing can seem very brilliant, in a condition. With

voices. Like your directly writing the truth. Like you have direct access. Would you give your girlfriend direct access? Is that how it would go? Having to tell her about TUY? ~Would you have to tell her? You'd want to. You'd be compelled to. And then she would have to bear this secret, or tell it to her own family. What you consider. Your work. What having no girlfriend has enabled you to do. Ultimately. Alone. What being alone has enabled you to do. How radical it has enabled your writing to get. If you wanted to become the most radical writer. The most extreme. The philosopher with the highest angle on reality. What “angle” are you writing from? What is your business plan? Give all your works away, until you become popular, famous. ~Then start selling books. Unless you're famous, selling books wouldn't work very well. I guess it's variable. You could make a bit of money – more than you are making now. It's not rags to riches. There are intermediate levels of success. What you figure. How you consider. Tempted to go check the adwords account. See what my balance looks like. I'm tempted to ramp up my advertising budget. Where will the money come from? I'm near limit on my credit card. Will have to ramp down the spending a bit, coming up. In the upcoming weeks / months. No chance to raise my advertising budget. This is what the interweb allows us to do. In this world. The interweb. Allowing. Enabling. Us to develop notoriety. Without the interweb, it would be very hard to develop this kind of “sensation”... Or impossible. Trying to get famous doesn't work without the interweb. Well, that's your situation. That's the gift of time you've been given. The gift of living in the first time when this is possible. In the future? Possible. In the past? Not possible. The Now, the present. What you can do with it. You can write. Do you want to do drugs? Can't you deal? If you suffer from life, you are one of the disinherited, an abortion. Or, you need a med adjustment. Meds work wonders. Drugs, basically. Drugs to make you normal. After tripping every other day for years, normal seems kind of nice. This is what I figure, what I suppose.

As you'd figure, as you'd consider. This is what I do. What I contemplate. Lots of writing. Expression. “Anything on the way to expression is good.” I'm not so sure about that. Schizophrenic philosophy? The philosophy of a psychotic? Material, ideal. What you figure. You want to get your voice to fluid level. You wanted to be able to write philosophy. Improvise, spontaneous. You didn't want to have to edit / craft. You thought it would be nice to simply ~write..! This is what happens. Is that what you're claiming? Is that what it will say, in the reviews of your books? Will there be reviews? Is this how we'd imagine. How we'd consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you'd

figure, what you'd consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What a writer would be like to interact with. Via8emily. If you interacted with her. Until she got sick of it. Maybe you ~are sick to get intimate with. Maybe it feels sick to people. Because of your illness(es). Your secrets, or not-so-secret, facts. DT is not a brute fact. It is a process, to go through, to perform. If you want to dream. If you can hop a dimension. If your past has any translation. If this is the stage of your development. If you are transforming. If it's dialectic, your therapy. If you can talk differently. If this is really what you're thinking about. If now is a time of discovery.

What you have happening / going on. It would become a matter for discussion. “I will become a writer.” That is my resolve. What we do, what we consider. I ~will become a writer. That is my resolve. Having written the books I wrote. Those books, and no others. This is what happens. How you have to relate / configure. What is going on. I guess. Things you could be writing about. If you have to. If you come to. What we. As we. Different tic's you could have going on. As it. As it would. This is how it happens. How we conspire. Do you think people would ever read your books, in public? Maybe if I were famous. How would I get famous? Slowly, a buildup of hits / links. Word of mouth. Organic spread. “Hey, check out this link..!” That's the sort of thing I imagine. Of course, they could just send the files, since they're online and free. No link required. I've provided the free files. This is what happens. How you consider suppose. Different things. What you have going on, developing. As it would. As it were. Languages you could be talking in. You could be talking in German. Instead, plain old English.

What you have going on. It depends. Could be anything. If you were looking into points like this. If this is what you were thinking about. Reading, writing. You can see why no one has done this yet / before. The difficulty. Notoriety. Fame. For being crazy, extreme. It's my only shot. The craziest. The freak of nature. I shit my pants. I could be said to have had a troubled youth. Past, history. What you do. What you've done. All kinds of problems, with your mind. What you have going on. I guess. I don't know. I guess I've been feeling kind of blank, numb. Only now, on 30 mg of Zyprexa, can I retrospectively notice this. I wasn't going to notice it. I wasn't always aware of being blank/numb. Only when you escape, when you get out, on the other side, can you tell this. This is how it goes. Saturated with Zyprexa, finally. Finally, a good saturation level. What you figure, what you suppose. I was right, when I doubled my dose, and felt so good. That was my intuition. It's kind of tragic, that I've lived through so many of these episodes, and it might not have been really

necessary. With your close attention. Your endless complaining. Your dad a doctor. And you didn't get it. No one caught on. No one "got it"... Until you almost pushed it to crisis level. A crisis had to happen. Near crisis had to happen, before they realized you needed a med increase. This is what happens. What you figure. As you write. You are interested in the experience of the writer. "The" writer, meaning ~you. The writer in question. The writer of the revolution. If you start a revolution. Of course, it wouldn't be you starting it. Sullivan, Zappa, Janov, DeLillo would be the true authors. Adorno. The true authors of any revolution I'd be able to undertake. I can't say I've done it alone. It wasn't just me, it was my whole network. My whole support system. This was a group effort. My parents, friends, therapy team, hospital staff, University of Pittsburgh students and instructors. It all went in. All went together. This is what we consider. How we suppose. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. What I could have learned. The difference between "its" and "it's"... How would I have learned that, otherwise? Maybe that's the key.. There is no "otherwise"... Jones, determinism. There is one fate, one world. One past. One present. One future. What you figure, how you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

What you do. David Theory. What is going on in David's brain? Person or entity. How that would go. Looking that far into it. Thus far into it. What you could be considering. At certain points. Seems to involve a lot of down time, meditation. I enjoy myself. I'm enjoying it. I'm living a good life. I find that my life is fulfilling. I'm writing a book. My book will meant to be ~published – it's not just going to be a private work. Secret. It will be something I stand behind. Solipsism. Why didn't you talk to your father about that? Embarrassed. Some delusions, I don't want to talk about. You're doing fabulously. What we consider. If we were to. As we were to. Different things. Looking closely into these eyes, I's. "A possible solution" means you're crazy. What we do, what we consider. I guess, I don't know. I like to write. At certain points. Some of the time. You can say. It feels good to write. To write decent, clean stuff. If you were to write. How did you write so much? ~Years... This is what would happen. Almost exactly. David Theory? What is the ~theory that's operative here? That's what you're trying to figure out. What you're trying to suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Things. Almost exactly like. I guess, I don't know. I like to write. Even though it's brain garbage. Why hoard your garbage? If you've produced a lot of garbage, why hoard it? That's what I say. What I suppose. I guess. I don't know. Stretches. You ~want to move, to become spatial. Seems really spatial, three-dimensional. Isn't that reality / life? Why should this surprise you? Does any of this surprise you? How

do you go? How would that go. Cause certain people to question you. Certain types of neighbor. Do they come in “types”? This is what’s happening. I guess. I don’t know, I just suppose.

As it would go, as it would happen. You have, you do. Things. Different things. You could consider, you could suppose. If you wanted to. If you wanted to do something like this. Then. You might figure. This is what we discover. What we consider. As you would go, as you would entertain. This is what happens. How you’d figure. This is what that would look like. Scary. Tragic. As it would happen. As you’d suppose. As a writer, we want your tic’s. We want to see how you write. How you’ve written. As that goes. How that would go. Such as. As such. For example. Topics. Topics in David Therapy.

I guess. Nothing happening. Nothing to me, without the writing / texts. Negating all I've accomplished. What's the point – if ~you would negate this stuff...? What should the ~world do? I guess you aren’t really “negating” it. You’re flying instead of falling. Keeping the stuff close, keeping tight. Just in case. In case you write something really worth it. That’s how that would go. I guess. I don’t know. Doesn’t seem to be much to me, without the texts I made. Once you negate those. I guess I haven’t “negated” them. Just withdrawn them from broadcast. People who have them can still do what they want. Just no more ~new people. The new people, I’m going to take care of differently. Exact version. Update. If you had never been curious, about which version. That would seem crazy, to everyone involved. Seem. “The” – a primal term. Non-Janovian primals. David Therapy. DT. If you consider. What kind of therapy you were giving yourself. If you called God. And said you were channeling god. Would you want any person / entity to have to go through this? God is starved for surprise? I am more human than all of you. You didn’t understand me. What “understanding” could be said to consist of. As you would feed Ether’s ego. A vast ego. I didn’t want to say anything to him, and feed that big ego... Like something I might have heard some passing women say. What you could consider. Should you put the books back up? Is it your “project”? Can you negate your project? If you withdrew the books. Said, in a sense, you didn’t want to share them any more. In a sense, you didn’t want people reading them. You’re working on Voice and Voices. That will be enough. That will be worth it. You will give them everything they need. In this next book. They only need certain keys. Key texts. Ultimately. What you would figure. What you would consider. If you were to write. As if you were the only one looking at this. You never looked at it. If they’re going to treat me as scum. David as

scum. Then. The flashbacks aren't getting any easier. With the books down or up, doesn't seem to matter.

What you'd figure. As you'd figure. As you'd go. If you go. Thought he was god. Notable. Events. Notable, for events. For to think. To think that. As it were. If you were to. As it were to. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. What you'd consider. What you'd figure. She needs lots of help. She lacks insight. She's refusing help. Finds it easier to drink and take drugs. I could talk to her. Show her that it's possible to live a good life? Is that what I'm doing? Is that what they'd say I'm doing? Is that how it would go? If people were to. As people were to? Is that what would happen. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

What you do. Feeling good. Not just normal – but good. This is what happens. What you figure. Or at least writing about that. Or really that. What you consider, what you figure. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What kind of philosophy you could be turning on to. Or writing yourself. As it happens. As it were. This is how I contemplate. What you can write in English, or German. Different things. You like to write. Like the sensations. Even if you have “nothing to say”... It's still pleasurable. To write. To move the hands on the keys. It makes sense. If you conditioned yourself to write. If you trained yourself to have pleasure with this.

As it would go. As you consider. The sensitivity. “Do you have any sensitivity?” This is what I figure, what I consider. Learning German. Learning philosophy. Learning to become a better writer. You have to train yourself. School helps for a while, but once you graduate... Time to teach yourself. To learn. Who could teach you best – if not yourself? And what do you have to write? Do you think they could tell you in school, how to become the best writer? Do you think that type of knowledge is formalized, transmittable? This is what we figure. Maybe someone like Lucas could tell you about “it”... Knowing about it himself. Ether. Knowing about it himself. But really. Wouldn't the case. Wouldn't it be. If any of those assholes had known the full truth. Then they would have been able to write your books. Write books like you write, will write. They didn't have that kind of access. Not their fault. Not to blame. Just to say. You had to do it yourself. You had to be the nexus, the node, the matrix. The matrix of your own realization. That's what you needed. And still need. What you'd figure. As you'd figure. It becomes, it seems, it's determined. Difficult to talk about some of this stuff. I'd rather it remain unspoken. A “yes”, but unspoken. At least that's what my URL says. If you listen to URL's. I guess. I don't know. I'm writing. I'm pounding on the keys. It's what I always wanted to be able to do. Mentally, you have to attain a

degree of clarity, of articulation. Writer's block when young. Nothing to write. No tic's to rehearse, I guess, at that point. How could you not know what to write? It's a problem of the imagination. Your imagination is not yet fluid, apparently. Apparently you don't get it. You haven't figured it out. What do you type? What do you write. Was writing pretty radical stuff. I don't know if it's "bad"... Or it's simply the truth. These are fundamental questions, I would like conversation on. In society / culture. I don't know why. I don't know if it will help. The political situation. If ~you're not willing to be radical, you with all your freedom and lack of responsibility – who else could ever hope to be? If you, with no job and no apparent need of a future job. If ~you can't write radicality, who could? Possibly who could? It seems like you're uniquely placed.

~Has anything significant happened? The birth of you? The Reproduction? Maybe the Reproduction is significant. Allowing it to get here / now / this. So if you can imagine yourself as significant. "The matrix of your own realization." What you have to share with people. As it would go. As it were. As you would. If you could. As you write / think / talk. Whether people will want to read this. As it would go. As you could imagine. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. How it wouldn't have worked, for you to be a tutor. Not a good combination. Strange how things seem to "work out" like they're supposed to. Almost like there's no choice. The job with Craig. Networks. Learning about the Network. The interweb. Developing your advertising campaign. Letting your site grow in popularity. This is what happens. "Do you use this in your business?" "I haven't had a job in a long time." This is how it goes. How you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you figure / consider. I guess. I don't know. Not really. I have almost no clue. I'm clueless. "I don't get it." This is what I figure. "I don't know what else to talk about." What you get. You do. As it would. For people to know the truth. At the clinic, and elsewhere. What you'd figure. As you'd. If you'd. As it. If it. Big questions. What philosophical questions do you think about? Free will, god, creation, evolution, consciousness. "The big questions.." This is what I do. What you would figure. How you would consider. If you.

As you write. If you write. As it would go. If you would go. Different things / concerns. What you could be concerned about. Girls? Not really. Not anymore. Maybe once. Maybe then. Not now. I think about my writing and reading. Philosophy. Of course, being the most radical philosopher, I think about philosophy and fundamental questions of existence. But being an ultra-fictional philosopher, I can think about whatever I want. I am not limited. I need computers to do my writing. I wouldn't do well without the network. This is what

would happen. Is that what the world needs? What does the world need? At this juncture? Of philosophical history? What is your diagnosis / prescription? For this world? And no other. No other world. The Matrix of Your Own Realization. My new title. Sometimes you have to wait a bit, to get a good title. They don't just instantly spring to mind. This is what. This is what you. As it. As you would. As you could. I guess. I don't know. Understanding Adorno? Is that the goal? Plus talk to yourself in German?

What you figure / consider. Only so much German you can learn. You're a writer. You want to become a writer. "I will become a writer." Depending what you mean by that. What you would mean. By that. If it. As it. Isness as asness. Isness ~is asness. This is what would happen. How you'd contemplate. If you were to. I don't know. I'm just going farther than anyone has ever gone. In the direction I dreamed of. I always dreamed about going in a direction like this. I didn't necessarily know it was possible. I hoped. I would become a writer. I didn't think I'd ever "know enough"... Little did I know. What it would take. The intensity. Maybe the FB's were for my intensity.

The FB's helped me as a writer? What were they really? Psychosis. Does periodic psychosis help you? As a writer? For detail and colorfulness? Tripping? What kind of tripping is this? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Very close attention, by multiple doctors and myself, took a very long time to pinpoint the problem. Maybe I wasn't describing it adequately. Not good enough descriptions? Not vivid enough? That I was tripping and insane? Strange how my schizophrenia manifested itself. In a dual-stage structure. I guess that's rare. I guess that's better than always being crazy. Having your lucid phases alternate. At least you're sane half the days. Strange how my illness would be structured. This is what you do. What you consider. I could take the headphones off, and listen to the natural audio. I don't have to "feed"... It might be more enjoyable to listen to the natural sounds. The TV in the next room, Mom and Dad talking. This is what I listen to. Rather than plugging into the feed. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. It's difficult, with the entertainment system. In the next room. Distracting. Hard to focus. I could always sit somewhere else. Go upstairs. This is what I figure. What I consider. If I have nothing to write. Nothing worth writing. That's when you'd ask. If you were to.

What you like to write. If you like to write. At times. Flashback.. It must seem crazy, to be standing here today. If you're tripping and crazy, I don't think you can understand "it"... No matter what "it" seems like. You have a crazy interpretation. What I figure. I guess I was too hopeful about the med change. Zyprexa might not be the miracle drug. But I did feel better. Maybe I

need even more. This is how it goes. A type of introduction. In this house. No rules. A gentle introduction, to your way of thinking. Passive perception. Active craft. "See what happens." He's been proven wrong, on several points. Why do you keep listening? To someone who says absolutely "no" to you. You shouldn't listen. It's almost paradoxical. The person who was the best fit, is not a good fit. For you? Today? The problems you face today? Are you scanning for problems? In this house. What people could be scanning for. At least some of the people. If it's a problem. Your works. What have you done? How radical have you become? Hard to say, here in normal life. Hard to map the radicality onto a normal time frame. What's going to happen. People looking at this house. Looking into. Is that what would happen? What you'd suppose? I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. What you figure, what you consider.

What you'd do, what you'd consider. In whichever language you understand best. Why reduce your powers of expression, with a foreign language? This is how it goes. What you'd figure. NY Times Book Review not going to like *The Ideal and the Denial*? Is that your prediction? Then why did you write it? Is that what we should be doing? Writing things the American establishment will enjoy? Is that the point of philosophy, or ultra-fictional philosophy? Or do you have something else in mind? For your writing, for your life. It seems. Having looked closely into points. Certain points. Warning about how closely to look? Repetition? Have you repeated certain themes? Is this about repetition? Is that what interweb presence does – ~repeats your work, on to infinity? Do you want that? Why else did you write it? I thought you wanted them to read the worry-tale in school... I thought you wanted to become the new ideal... I guess when it gets down to it, you have more anxiety about success. What that would mean, for you. Lots of hits, data being downloaded. Will they like the data? The music and films? Probably not – if you're talking about *Them*, the powers-that-be. Probably they will not like *Downtown*, *Feature 2*, or *Clinica Schiz*. Just guessing, just speculating. That's just what I'd imagine. They're not going to like it. Not one bit. The CRR films. The mountain tapes. H/s/ns/id. Especially the books. Who ~will like the books? That's for them to decide. That's not for me to decide. I could only write them. I'm going for a different kind of notoriety. Word of mouth. Word of link. Counting on my sites becoming famous. Leading to potential book deals for myself. Leading to income. It's all about the income. The money makes the man. Would I be motivated to write, if I had money? If I were successful? That's why this is taking a while. You want to be ~sure of your success. Your viability. They don't want to publish you until

you're viable, on your own. Until you're an actual phenomenon. Capable of sustained attention from the peeps and media's of the world. When that day comes. When they figure it out. That they want to read your books. Do ~you want to read your books? You have, several times. Are they good enough to teach? Would you want people to have to read them? Depends what they were trying to learn.

The Bairdian Primal

What you do. Repetition. Insane. Conditions are ripe for flashbacks. “What does that mean?” The things you ~learn from flashbacks. You seem to learn a lot about flashbacks. How useful is this knowledge? For a writer? “I’m becoming a writer.” The hardest thing. Why would you choose to do the hardest thing? Unless you don’t always believe him. What he said. What he was known to say. How could an unpublished English instructor at VA Tech know the ultimate truth for your life and reality? Possible. Probable? I guess I have some things to think about. What I can tell myself, to help. It helps a bit. To tell yourself certain things. DT, do a little DT. Helpful. Like nothing I do matters. What I do or don’t do. What are you flashing back to? Or forward to? More flashbacks. I realize I trance out and ruminate about conditions. I realize I’m trancing, then I pull myself out. This is what I do, what I consider. If you were to. As you were to. The tic’s you’ve found most useful. Real voices. Hard to remember everything they’ve said. Jeez, it’s exactly the same. The med adjustment didn’t work. It helped a bit. Maybe I need even more. That’s what I consider. How I figure. I guess. I don’t know, I just suppose. Best not to play with your medicine, right at this moment.

Maximum freak quotient. I didn’t realize, that’s what they go for. In music, in literature. Songs that have the most freakish characteristics. I’m slow to react. Crazy about revealing some of this stuff. Is this what you’re crazy about? Is the craziness about what you’ve revealed? Why is becoming a writer so hard? I guess there is some competition. Some stiff competition. From history, and the present. Both aspects. Why people still write. Today. To this day. They must have things to express. What is your own style of writing? Journalism? Are you a diarist? Or ultra-fictional philosophy? I think that’s your key thing. “The Matrix of Your Own Realization.” A good title. Finally. You were waiting. You have a bunch of mediocre titles. What is more important? Why do you have dual-phase or dual-stage

schizophrenia? Maybe no one can answer that question. The falling while insane? What was that all about? Maybe it gave your brain the tools to become sane, on a periodic on-off basis. This is what you figure. How you consider. I'm not crazy about revealing this stuff. My location. People could drive by, look into the house. If I was that famous, I could get a book deal, and move somewhere with privacy. Depending how the timing would go. I might get famous. And not for good things. For negative reasons. We can smell. This is what I consider. Floating around this house. Strange interpretations could be. Some strange. Is that in an alternate tuning? "No, it's in asshole tuning." What we figure, what we consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Writing is more important than turning on the fire. To me now. At this moment. What you consider. Is that what the craziness could be about? Revealing all your shit? Maybe you want to. Maybe you don't want to keep everything a secret, a family secret, your whole life. Maybe people ~should know.

What you pretend to. What you come to. As it would go. The kind of dreams you'd have. Actually. Actually, the actual dreams. "Specifically"... (Overheard on the street, while in a flashback.) It seems like everything is ~exactly about this, here, now, again. I have no deviation. No room for deviation. People can see ~exactly where I "am"... It makes me uncomfortable – also because I'm seeing ~them exactly where they are. It's simply too intense. During a flashback. Non-flashback, things don't seem like that. Things seem normal. It's normal to have a website. It's normal not to want to talk about your writing. Pynchon. Jesus has come. This is what we do. What we consider. Having written. Books. Four, to be exact. Big books. "Big" in importance and in size, two of them. This is what I do. The family dynamic is ~that powerful. I knew my family dynamic wasn't powerful enough. To turn me into a writer of sufficient skill level. I didn't think it would "normally" happen. I needed the fuck-mouth-brain mental and verbal pressure. Whatever that did to me. "Did." Could it do good things? By the intensity you've developed? Do you like a nice flashback intensity? Not usually. Used to. "You'll get used to it." Apparently not the right thing to say. For Dad. What "should" you say? What's the "right" book to write? Who you're "believing in"? Now? What you'd figure, consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Non-retina laptop. For now. Maybe not forever. This is what you conclude. I guess. I figure. Having written. Having put up websites. With films, music, and text. Big sites. For "anyone" to find. You're asking "anyone" to come take a look. Literally, anyone. With your Genome ad campaign. This is how it goes. What happens.

What you do, what you consider. As it would, as it were. Proust spares the reader the embarrassment of thinking himself more intelligent than the author. This is how it goes. How you figure / consider. What you would suppose. How you would intend. As it goes, as you imagine. I am becoming a writer. Maybe hard. Like Lucas said. He said some true things. Among some false things. He was only human. Not Christ. Although that's how he appeared, in Honors Freshman English, 1992. Like he was the savior, come to administer the gospel to us lost sheep. What I would consider. As it would go. As you would figure. You would imagine. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just rely. Discovering the harmonic properties of my Standard Alternate. On guitar, it can take some time to discover for instance what key to play in. E Major. Allowing the highest volume output, of any key. Chords and upper melody notes really ringing out. This is what I consider. When I develop Standard Alternate. When I finally move beyond Asshole Tuning. In the beginning, I thought "I can barely play Asshole – what business do I have with alternate tunings?" I didn't realize. You can use simple experimentation and some insight into concepts of intervals and symmetry, to construct a better tuning. I would imagine lots of tunings are better than Asshole. That's just what I'd imagine. What I've been enabled/ allowed to learn / write. What I've enabled myself to do. In the end. As it were. What we consider / suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What you'd consider.

If you're always looking to consumption. (Reading). You need to look to ~production. (Writing). Just because. Because you're a writer? Becoming a writer? I guess that would be a good reason. Whose "should's" are we thinking about, here? This is what happens. You get out of practice. You have to ramp back up. Your hands, your brain. Brain System. This is what you do. If god is on your side. God. Himself – not some half-assed interloper. Then. Then you'd think. You'd think things might go okay. That's just what I'd imagine. Gambling. Taking a gamble. Rolling through these conditions. What's the big deal? Exposed? What you've revealed, about the schizophrenic nature of this house? What you've literally asked "anyone" to come by and take a look at? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Putting certain addresses and phone numbers online. As your verified contact for the sites. The interweb sites. This is what you do. If you're always thinking about consumption. As a writer, this practice may indeed cause some pain / suffering. If you're a writer. Then I'd figure. Whether you wanted to get more out of this. Get some more. Don't you want to get anything out of this? As a "writer"? Pynchon missed out. I'm more

into DeLillo. Someone willing to take responsibility. To associate a name and face with your works. What you might have going on. Sites. Film. CRR uncut film. Mountain Tapes. What you've done, what you've considered. I guess. As it were to happen. As you were to happen. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What you do, what you consider. What you'd think. Being a "writer". Then. Then you'd imagine. As you'd imagine. Why would you call yourself a writer? If that wasn't a sign about what you like to do? I guess. I don't know. Dreams. Dreams of writing. Lots of dreams back at Tech. What we consider. A lot of partying. Did I "like" getting high? Apparently I liked it very much. Too much, you could say. It became the meaning of my life. From someone who had natural access, I changed myself into someone who needed drugs for access. This is what I consider. How I suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you'd consider. Doug and his garbage music he wants your help to produce. No thanks. Even if he did provide a certain amount of computer help. I helped him enough already. It's not endless repayment of debts. You can pay your debts. And if you need Doug's computer help again? This is what I consider. How I suppose. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose.

What you'd be considering / thinking. If you were to. The family dynamic. You're god. How that would be. To talk about "that" to you. As a child. You were young. This is what I'd consider. What I'd figure. Protected? Your secret saved your life? Protective form? What would that have looked like? How would that have been, with your mouth? Before you had teeth? What would that have been like? Freakish? Then to not say anything. Or only one thing. To say one thing about it. And that was all. Difficult to talk about? With you? Now you're getting a taste of the difficulty. How certain things can be difficult to mention, to certain people. What you have going on. Wasted attention. Schizophrenic attention. Waste some of your attention on this. Is that what schizophrenia is? A waste? What have you learned? From the conditions? The intensity they let you know about. Maybe it's a ~rational intensity. They seem to be craziness ~about things. Something. It seems to have a cause / source. It's not just unfocused anxiety. It's anxiety about the site. The books. Don't think about sex a lot, actually. Have other things on my mind. What you'd consider. No rules. As the world would go. As you would imagine.

What seems to have given you comfort. Like you could be god. Thoughts that seemingly helped you. Different difficult times. Panic attacks in class at Pitt. Panic attacks in general. Not enjoyable. What I'd describe them as. Slow-

motion panic attacks. “I wouldn't even consider them symptoms.” What you suppose. How you relate. I guess. This is what I think. What I'll continue to think. As the years go by. What you'd figure. Asking the world to come take a look. Literally inviting ~anyone to stop by for a visit. A visit to David's world. Decide Today. That's what you think. What you consider. I guess. I don't know. Self-explanatory. Is today the day? That you'll be able to tell the truth? What ~is the “truth”? To you? Thinking you're god, all the girls/women are for ~you. So it was okay. In my scheme. In my constructed scheme of the world and its interrelations. In my scheme, I was god. Decide today. Make today the day. Christmas. David Christian Baird. What you'd consider. Figure. If. As it would. As you would. If you could. If you could imagine what it might be like for you in the future. The distant future. Having written this stuff. But if you “get famous”, you'll “be famous enough to publish a book.” This is what I consider. If that kind of fame actually happened. As it were to happen. As it were. If indeed. If indeed you become that famous. That the neighbors will know. Then you'd be able to publish a book. But who will let you live there? What landlord or realtor? This is what you consider. How you would figure. I guess. I don't know.

What you figure. How you consider. Decide Today. If today could be a “day”... Back in “the day”... What you figure. What you'd consider. How it would go. How “that” would go. Thinking you're god. Maybe a very powerful coping strategy. Or delusion. What you figure. If it helps, a bit. “It” helps to think this way. What you consider. How you figure / suppose. I guess. I don't know.

What you've figured. How you've considered. Points. This closely looked into. Such as what voices you'd want to silence. Naturally. How you'd naturally want to silence certain voices. Programming. It can seem crazy, the lengths you've been asked to go to. Lengths. The extent of what you've been asked to do. Apparently asked. Certain types of silence. How silencing some voices could help. Could have helped you, at various points. Are the voices real voices? Real programming? Things you're flashing back to, or things that are still happening? Seems. Seems almost exactly like. If people were looking into certain things / houses. What they could determine. “They”? Who does ~that usually mean? Explosions. Do you feel like you're about to explode? A certain explosion of interest, into the points you could have looked into. Seems like the interest could be explosive. Exploding heads. What that would mean. If they got that. There. Then. What some of the voices could get. Could have gotten. At certain times. Programming. They literally program us. Seems like a point of

being “here” would be to go in for the programming they go in for. On for. Seems like what you'd want to look into. The shows you'd want to watch. Or listen to. Such as your Youtube. What you've designed for consumption. Your own consumption. You're great. Your “great”, your great material. Designed specifically to be consumed by you, at certain times. Seems like. Seems like you put a lot of effort into some of that material. Making it perfect. You'd want to perfectly receive it. You'd want silence in the next room. Seems like you could have been scanning for this. Should have been scanning for this. What you consider. What you suppose. Points. Places. You have a chronic condition – a time-based condition. Based on times. Spaces. Houses. Space-based. Differently-based condition. What it's all based on. The programming you could be in for. Seems like you'd want silence in the next room. For the type of focus you'd want. The clarity, or slight lack of clarity, depending. Good outcome. The bad guy got killed. Not a satisfying ending. How you'd want to end that. To put an “end” to certain situations. For, the ending. This is what they could imagine. What “they” could imagine. As closely as they've looked into certain points. Certainly as closely, as you'd look into hearing / silencing certain voices. The clarity. Or lack of clarity. Isn't that what everyone would be looking into, all the time? If they could get a direct channel? A “direct channel.” Directly watching the channel, that they're watching. What you could be looking into. At certain times. For certain times... “Certain” times / places. What you could be certain of. Looking into. Are these memories from your childhood? Recent. Flashing back to recent times. What could a flashback be for? Showing me the intensity. With the intensity. You could be looking into (silencing) certain voices. Seems like it's important, what you put in parenthesis. In there. And so forth. The verbal tic's. Mental tic's. Ultra-fictional philosophy. Why do you call it “ultra-fictional” philosophy? It's like philosophy, but it doesn't pretend to be true. Why is it “like” philosophy? It says things, about the world. Damn it's cold in here. Nippy. What you're thinking of. As you look into. The interpretations. Of certain voices. On certain voices. Certain “interpretations” of what you could have been doing.

What you have / got. What would almost have to be the case. For you to. For it to. Writing. All of your memories are drug-related memories. It's difficult to imagine back to something that wasn't drug related. You can do it for childhood. Maybe cultivate more childhood memories. Pre-SA. Substance abuse. You thought you needed more access. You didn't realize you were actually giving up your deep access, for a cheap, synthetic version. Giving up natural, in return for almost automatic. What you realize now. Almost too

late. Well, still have a while to live. Not going to die today, hopefully. Decide Today. What you could consider. How you would figure. How you would suppose. If you were to write. The childhood vacations. Scandinavia. The beach. Grandma and Grandad's. What you consider. The type of access you have to memory. School. VA Tech is pretty much a drug-clouded haze. The classroom parts of it. The partying during free time was a waste, of course. Of course a tragedy, a waste. Realized pretty far down the road. I guess better than never realizing. What you figure. How unviable drugs are. How much they don't work. Not for an addict, anyway. Maybe normal people can smoke pot and have no problems. Not me. For one it's a gateway. For another, it's my drug of choice. Fiendish about it. Totally fiend out about it. Not pretty. It would not be pretty to get back on that stuff. I'm not going to let that happen. Or the drinking. Insanity. Poison, suicide. What you figure. If SA becomes attractive, you're probably in a pretty fucked up frame of mind. Of course. In a normal frame, you wouldn't even think of it.

As it would. "As it were" tripping. If you're tripping, nothing in the way of reasons or explanation can ~really help you. Stuff might help for a few moments, but then you're back, still tripping. Whatever explanation for why you're tripping doesn't help. Maybe helps a bit. What you consider. How you'd figure. As it would. As you would. Back hurts. Bored, tense, restless. Hard to settle down. Hard to relax. I guess. Do you do it to relax? Can't you "relax" on your own?

What you consider. Suppose. I guess. I don't know. DeLillo. Having talked to Anatole about Pynchon, I'm back into the DeLillo. Talking about the competition, their relative merits, has brought it back to me. The genius.. What we have going on. If we were to suppose. Consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just figure. What language you're writing in. How late you go to bed. How long until you sleep. Waking up. A full day ahead, anything you want to do. Appreciation. Can you appreciate life? Given to you? If it were given to you? Would you be able to appreciate it? What did you expect? What do you think is going on? Is going to happen? I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is what we do, what we consider. The tic's allow you to keep writing, to think as you write. You were really thinking of how to get rid of the broken bookshelf. So you wrote tic's. This is how it goes. Worry / anxiety. How it goes, how you consider.

Your voice. Whether that be your literal voice, or the figurative voices of Ukelele or literature. Your voice is what counts. Not as much, what you consume. Consumption is somewhat secondary. This is how it goes. How you

figure / compose. If you were to. As you were to. This is what has to happen. For an “explosion” like this. What you'd consider. What you'd suppose. Don't you see how long Susan's hair is? People like to grow their hair. And let it get tangled. This is what happens. To you. Specifically, now, here. Place- or time-related condition. Chronic. What you're dealing with. The med change helped a little. Not enough. Need more. Maybe even more Zyprexa will help. Max it. Go for the maximum dosage. See if that makes a dent. See if that does anything to you. You have nothing to lose, at this point. You're at the point of desperation. When you don't know what could help. Where you “ask for help”... What are you scanning for? What's worked in the past? Are you flashing back to childhood conditions? Or is this recent? Voices. Earplugs can help with voices. Calming down the input stimulation. Sometimes it's good not to be totally responsive to your environment. The voices. You notice. In the air vents. “How?” “You.” Different things. Could be getting into another condition. Again, here, today, this. Some strange interpretations could be floating around, (this house). If you were to advertise. What you might consider. Genome ads. Global reach. Global campaign. What would have to happen.

What you do. Consider. As it would. As you would. Fragmentary literature / consciousness. What you get into. As it would. As you would. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. That's what happens. What you'd figure. How you'd suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Different things. Yoga Nidra, when you need it. Or want it. But especially, when you need it. “Asking for help.” “Surviving the condition.” Not too into surviving it, anymore. What more could the world do for you? They have it organized. Just because you want a free ride... And don't want to have to pay for housing. Why should the world make that go perfectly? Shouldn't there naturally be some “resistance”, to freeloading? Isn't that what you think? As you exploit the proletariat. As you benefit from the exploitation. You, and those like you. At the tip of the needle. What's going on. You help. By being an experimental research subject. That helps the system. Other people. What you figure. What you suppose. You give all your work freely. Except the very newest. Which there is some hope of publishing. You're holding on to one or two books' worth. Just in case. There's a need for some content. Some unreleased content. That's what you do. What you figure. I guess. I don't know. “I'm becoming a writer.” A statement which can give me anxiety, at times. Life and not death. A more calming statement. The purpose of Yoga Nidra is to induce a feeling of relaxation. There is nothing you have to do. You can rest your body and mind. It

is a guided tour of the self. A guided tour of the body. The mind on tour. If you're writing this fluidly. Maybe you don't want to stop. Maybe now would not be the best time to stop. If this is what's happening. If this is what you have going. This fluid. Writing.

As you have red enough. At a certain point. As it would seem. Maybe do some writing. Instead of looking to the books, for something to read. That can get repetitive. Intersperse some ~writing, if you're becoming a writer. If. A big question. Thinking back to all your drug experiences. Take it easy on the drug references. You barely escaped. That was going to drag you down. Jails, institutions, and death. Ultimately it may have put you in an early grave. No one knows what your smoke experiments did to your lungs. No one can know that. We'll see. You could live a long time. Are you afraid of that? What are the sites for? For being around ten thousand years? If something were that permanent, wouldn't you be able to tell? Wouldn't you ~know.? “You just ~know...” You just know, by the intensity he's looking into that filming, that... That what? What could she tell about you, simply by watching you film the Wheals? You might think a lot. Just on gut reaction, instinctive reflex response. But really, upon further analysis. She could probably tell very little. What if she red my stuff? That would be a different case. It would be an instance of a ~reader... Of course, readers will know a lot more about the possible parameters of your mental experience. Perhaps. Depending what your voice was, what your voice ~is. “Your story is better than reality.” This is how it goes. DeLillo is ideal. He has created ideal structures, that will persist indefinitely. You couldn't write like his books. But you don't need to – no one needs to. You don't need to repeat / reproduce Adorno or DeLillo or Zappa or Mahler. That should be reassuring. You should feel happy about that. What you've considered. In the ultimate analysis. What you can do. What you can suppose. I guess. How was work today? What did you accomplish today? New people. More money, higher compensation. What I write about. I've written a lot about my parents. They are prominent characters in my writing. And life. I just write about reality, what's real to me, and my family is a big part of my reality. And I get into a trance about Cryptonomicon. I guess I'm that “type”... The type of person who has read some Stephenson. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. It would seem. If you were going to be a reader/writer. Then. Then you'd want. To... I don't know, do it well? Do you read well? Literary criticism? Not very objective, probably. Mr. Bard. I have my suspicions. You're speaking to me as if I'm a prophet. And I'm the Son of God. This is how it would go. If you fill in the blanks. In your experience. If you were to. As you were

to. I guess. Disguised Thought? It felt natural. It felt like a natural phase to pass through. Wouldn't want to be there forever. What you'd eventually discover. My business plan. To give away my work for free, until I can build some momentum, and sell books. Without the momentum, you probably wouldn't sell any books anyway. Even if you were published. Unless the public could see something different in your books. Points of light? Bright points? In your work? As you work? Is that what you think about? What would you have wanted to write? Transferral. If you could transfer your past self into the Now. And give him the articulation, the freedom, the clarity. Which you have won. Through years of hard labor. This is how it would go. How you consider. When does anxiety become considered chronic and not just situational? Six months. I have a chronic condition. Time-based. Space-based. Space-time based. I guess. If I were to land here. From there. The curiosity I'd have. The things my child self would want to say (now), if he could (now) say them. What would I have to talk about? Questions? Consciousness? What is intelligence ~for? Changing the world? Business-as-usual is what's happening. The System, in other words. A Normative Matrix. Genome Base One. All organisms on Earth are related. Don't you see a Matrix? Compulsive Heterosexuality? I guess it's not ~actually compulsive. Some do escape. Gay men. Lesbians. It's real, in the world. The world gets its share, I'm sure. No additional exploitation. Capitalism. You want to join in. You don't just want a Retina laptop now, you want to be able to afford them forever after. They'll get cheaper. What you figure. As you are American, the richest society. Benefiting from the exploitation of global capitalism. Ingenuity. The spirit of competition. This is what would happen. How you'd figure.

The Imagined Sound and the Imagined Fury

What you do. What you consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. Keep 'em coming. This is what we do. Maybe the flashbacks are ~educational. What it's like to be crazy and tripping. Maybe I'm not entirely sure I want them to entirely go away. This is what I figure. What I suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just do my thing. Direct access. Get as much as possible, out of it. Each scene. Once you have direct access. If you were to. As it were to. Your supercomputer. What should you think? Could you think? Access to this level of articulation and clarity. Your child self. If you could bring him alive today – what would he want? Want to do? With this kind of access? Clarity? If you were to suppose. As it would. As you would. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. What you'd figure. How you'd consider. Direct access. Presumably, not everyone has this kind of access. Would want. As you would figure. If you could figure. What it gets to.

What you do. What you consider. I guess. I don't know. Seem to be repeating certain textual pieces. Seems to be a matter of ~repetition. What you figure. You're invisible, to cars. They could be watching their phones, instead of the road. What you do. What you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know. Disguised Thought? Is this what you're ~really thinking about? Discovery Tales? Now is a time for discovery? Different talking. To think differently, you may have to talk differently. What you do. What you consider. Getting pretty repetitive, with these tic's. Helps me avoid writer's block. You never have to block, if you have a tic ready. You can always say something. It's what happens. It's what we think about. What we do. We consider. Then you can watch the tic's evolve. You can see the development, over time. This is how it goes, how you'd consider. Time and space. Spatiality. You can tune in to certain voices, certain areas of your

mind. The mind is really all inside the body. Any “outside” is an illusion. It's all in your body. And you can focus on different areas. Systematically move your awareness. This is what you figure. What you consider.

I guess I “feed into” the tic's. Start right off with them. Could be a bit more conscious, more deliberate, about my text. Don't have to auto-tic. Can write some heartfelt stuff sometimes. Don't have to always pound it out. This is what I consider. What I figure. Now that AMB is a recording artist. Or I should say, a recording artist ~again... Someone new to listen to. A new force in the world. An intersection of forces and knowledges. This is what I do. Ideal text, since Kindles. Text is ideal. It's no longer material. It's a digital reproduction, a virtual structure. It is no longer dirty. Paper and ink. It is electricity and light. This is what I consider. How it goes, to me. If text is ideal, what do you have to worry about? Competition? To be the most famous schiz philosopher? I think you've about wrapped that up. In terms of what you'll be remembered for. What there is to remember. DeLillo is ideal. He will be remembered. He presses my buttons. He will be around forever. The quality. The intensity. I can only hope to do something like that. Not “like that” in terms of content/style. But in sheer terms of importance. Philosophy. What is your philosophy? What is your motto? Life is a jungle? They don't want a negative motto. I don't believe in motto's. This is what I do. I write. As I write. Negative Dialectics. What there is to think about. Adorno a bestseller in postwar Germany. Unbelievable. Sometimes good stuff ~does happen.

What you have going on. The music you hunger for. The music you promote. Or that you would promote. This is what happens. What we consider. Since Kindle. Kindle is really the best option for ebooks. I think. I don't know. Axis-Tone? You're going to beat Axis-Tone's selection? Maybe Genome. Maybe they can beat it. A good competition. I'm Genome for lots of my services. I can be Axis-Tone for some. Don't have to give the whole bank to Genome. This is what I suppose. What I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just relate. Things. Things you could have going on, if you wanted to. Ideal, digital text. Virtual electricity and light. It's no longer dirty, paper and ink. It's ~real. It's pure information now. Now we can never go back.

What you have to consider. Avant-garde, abstract music. Electronica. Might be what I've been hankerin' for. Fills a gap, in my listening habits. What we consider. How we suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Different things. Disguised Thought? Is this ~really what you're thinking (about)? Or are you thinking about “that”? What's “that”? Whatever you are afraid of talking about at the moment. Bring it on. That's my new attitude toward

flashbacks. Fate, one world, one life. I can handle it. If this is what the world has on offer. Experience for a schiz like me. What's available to a schiz like me. Having done psychedelics fifteen times. Having gotten high infinitely many times. What that "does" to you. What it "did" to you. Actually, did. You are the result. Can you recommend various factors in your formation? Would you recommend this to other people? In your network? Is that how we should interpret the flashbacks? Something you'd recommend? Looking that closely into points... What you've discovered. What you can be said to have discovered. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I just conspire / contemplate / continue. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. What I could have going on. If you were to, as you were to. Different things you've been considering. Whether you'd like the flashbacks to stop. If they're a health process – educational. Education, for the world? Being educated by the conditions? For the world? The most potent dosage of education imaginable? Well, not imaginable. Torture is the most potent form. What you'd probably like to avoid. If you can manage it. What you'd expect / consider / suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Different things. You could have going on. You, or the people caring for you. Paying you to live this way. As an experimental research subject, at the "tip of the needle"... What you'd suppose. What you'd create.

What you do. What you consider. Materialism. ~Material is the true divine substance. Not ideals. Ideals are just that – unreal. Reality is material. Consciousness can still be said to be ideal? Composed of material, to construct a different type of phenomenal structure. Time-space structure. What ~is consciousness? Seems like you'd know by now. If you had been investigating, all these years. Making progress? What consciousness is? Dualism. Material and spirit? We don't understand it. We can't even comprehend how complex it is. Even human music can be too complex to comprehend. Let alone the supercomputer of the intelligence. Good luck, deciphering that. If that's what you're trying to do. Trying to figure out the brain / mind. Why? Nothing else to do. Heart, lungs, liver, stomach, intestines. Different things you have going on. Hands, knuckles cracking repetitively. What you can do something about, what you can't do something about. How that would go. How it ~does go. Different things you could think of telling people. As you would. Kill yourself? Not really. Go into the system. Enter the system. Go inpatient. Give yourself up. Give up. Surrender to the system of bio. Different things that might work, or not work, for you. If you were asking for help. What you need help with. If you need

help. Moving. Staying where you are. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Could kill yourself. Is that what writing does for you – gives you SI? Should you be writing, if that's the case? Maybe just thinking. DT. Maybe you should withdraw, from text. From textual work. Struggle. Do you need the psych rehab? Is that something you're into? Having those counselors. Say things to you. And the other group members. With various problems. What you consider. How you suppose. People watching you write. Looking over your shoulder. Is that what you want or don't want? Allow or don't allow? I guess. I don't know.

Is this what happens? As you would figure? I might have to. It's just your life, that you're writing. That's all that's going on in it. So you shouldn't be surprised. If. A big question. If you become famous. The Unspoken Yes, more precisely. If the site becomes famous. For. For schiz philosophy? Ultra-fictional philosophy? Is that what you've written. Some people will interpret it as such. Inevitably. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. You'd suppose. You'd almost have to suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What happens. What you've written. In four books. “Big” books. Big for you, big for the world, potentially. Not yet. For now. It would make one ask. Why they should gravitate toward the unspoken yes. Why one would want to gravitate. It might make you ask. As you would consider. Figure. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What we do, what we consider. Writing. As you write. Pounding out lines. Maybe slow down. Don't pound out so many.

It's almost eight o'clock. Things I like to say. Ways of being yourself. Scanning the Brandom – knowing it cannot contain anything true or important. It's good to be able to scan philosophy, knowing that. It's an exercise. It's a way of approaching truth / text. What I do. What I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you consider. What you suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Things. Almost as if.

This is how it goes. How you'd figure. Almost exactly. I guess, I suppose. This is how it goes. What you consider. As it. As it were. If you were going to. As you were going to. Different things. Disguised thought. Different talking. Discovery tales. This is how it goes. What you'd figure. I guess. What you realize. “Some” tripping. What kind of tripping is this? “Recommended” tripping? Would you recommend that anyone follows in your footsteps? Would you like to live your life again? If you believe in god, you don't have to go through the steps of the proof again and again. Does that belief help you? “You think you're god.” What these voices could be telling you. How? You. David tripping. David therapy. D-signed especially for you? Detected? D-

scribed? What you could be thinking? During some of your flashbacks. Got it. You won..!

What you have going on. What you have to write. Janovian Primals. A-janovian. His theory does not cover my case. I need my own theory. Trapped. Awareness-tripping. The highest type of tripping is consciousness-tripping, according to Janov. He doesn't cover my case. I seem to be alone. I have a support system, which is giving me excellent treatment. It's maybe a little better on 30 mg. Still not good. This is what I do. Trapped in this apartment. My stuff. Trapped with my stuff. Can't move my stuff. Need to get it ready for a move, maybe. If that's on the horizon. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know. Not really. Difficulties. I wonder if he knew what I meant. I guess if I'm not going to tell him... They can't tell, unless I tell them. Even the dog has awareness. A-where-ness. Of the place. Time- and space-based condition. Chronic condition. What you have going on. The clarity you can hold these ideas with. Silencing certain voices. Programming, like you're a computer. Like or unlike a computer. The programming you went in for. Conditioning. This is how it would go. How you consider.

What you create. Have going on. Tripping. Some-tripping. Designed especially for you. For David. Day-video. Interpreting your name. The letters of your name. Could be luck. What you consider. Explosion. Does it feel nice to explode? If you get that famous. Then it will be easy to sell books. What you consider. Who would want to promote material... It's starting to sound not so bad. The more you write it. You're getting used to the concept. Use it like it's a drug. You'll get "use" to it. You'll get to use drugs to it. Or, you'll get used to it. You'll habituate to it. It will become the new normal. What you think. Brain saturated with Zyprexa. What you have going on. As you'd consider.

Seems very interested in explaining his "position"... Your type of position. Difficult to maintain this type of position. I don't know what's wrong with me. Something is wrong. SI. At least no SA, though. I have that to be thankful for. No friends? Abandoning your friends shouldn't feel good. Too much temptation, to hang with them? What do you think? Ready to go back out? No fucking way. I'm done with that shit. I want to live. I don't want to kill myself slowly. If I'm going to kill myself, it's going to be a one-day affair. No slow suicides. What I figure. What I consider. I guess. I don't know. What do I have to write? Am I going to survive this apartment? Homeless. "You're not homeless." Things you could realize. Things one might want to realize. Is this a good place for you? It's your stuff. You want to keep your stuff. It's your stuff. It's not your place. But it's your stuff. You want to take your stuff with

you, when you leave. That's just what I'd imagine. What I'd suppose. Different things. The Book of Moving. It will be like a book. With a beginning, middle, and end. This is how it would go. Almost exactly. Following me as closely as you can imagine. As close as imaginable. Looking into my eyes. Scanning for schizophrenia. Certain types of silence. For certain voices. The programming you went in for. What you had to consider. Programmed, like or unlike a computer. Material. This is your material. Your material possessions. You don't want to lose this stuff. You have some good stuff. A good collection of books and music and movies. What you consider. Some furniture. Different things. You might suppose. If you were to. As you were to. As it were. As you would. Fragments of language, fragments of thought. What you have going on. Tic. Don't be shy about ticking. They're the best to do. You want to get your philosophy up to ticking level. You want to be able to automatically tic out your ideas / theories. No thought necessary. It's all coming back to me. Mind on the Table. What you have to consider. Materialism. What you have to suppose. Different things. Whether you'll go to group, or not. Don't want to be burned with a flashback. Not enjoyable, out and about. Can barely deal with them at home. What you're looking into. Looking to be "into"... What you owe. You owe everything to your parents. They made you. At a certain point, when you decide to chop off your balls? Is that how it would go? What you're considering? Do you like to stay in control? Don't need the hospital, now. Not just now. Maybe in the future. Not really necessary. I can take care of myself. If that means restricting my activities, then so be it. This is what I consider. Listening to Mahler. The type of thing I have to consider.

They're not flash-backs. They're flash-forwards. I'm flashing forward to an imagined future time / event. I'm anticipating. It's anticipatory anxiety. This is what I'm figuring out. I can barely comprehend McLaughlin's music. With musicians, you can instantly tell where they're coming from, what they're about, when they play. This is what I figure. What I realize. As it were. As you would. I guess. I don't know – I just suppose. That's about all that's happening. That's going on. Here, now, this again. If you were to. As you were to. Fragments of language, fragments of thought. What are you trying to compose? To write? Do you have any idea? Or are you just "doing it"? This is what I figure. What I consider. Tired today. No Starbucks. But a good tired. Stay close to home base. Withdraw. Isolate. That's my plan for dealing with this. Until a med change can be effective. What I'd suppose. What I'd figure.

What you have going on. If you constantly begin with the most basic, rudimentary, nugatory language, your philosophical development might not get very far. There has to be some recognition of evolution or development. Some memory of what you've gone through before. At least, that's what today has taught you. You might forget this lesson once more. Baeka inside your mind..? I think so. Baeka would know. That is the characteristic of Baeka. What you figure. In the Academy, they didn't like you. That's the best way of putting it. Someone who thought he was the second coming of Christ? In the Academy, people are very careful about ~who you are, and what ~position you're taking. If they were to actually read your books... Then I don't think a lot of them would want to support your work. If they actually read your work. Ultra-fictional philosophy is structured like philosophy, but it's fiction – it doesn't claim to be true. That's what I've developed. What the causal network of my history has ultimately led to. At this juncture. If you don't develop. If you constantly revert to tic's, what do you think the fate of your discourse will be? If you never develop a higher organization of concepts? I think that's what you learned today – development is possible. You can go on. You can grow. You can learn from your a-where-ness. Your awareness tripping can become consciousness tripping. Does anyone know what “ideas” are? Does Brandom, who thinks he can predefine his whole philosophy and position? Why do you read Brandom? For the experience. Of that. To see what that's like. Just curious. What the Academy sanctions. The establishment. The Normative Matrix is everything, in a sense. Everything but my own work. Anti-NM work would really be the only thing that stands outside the NM. The Academy is part of the NM. Even if there are radicals like Lucas Sullivan in it. As a whole, it is part of the Matrix. A “matrix” is simply the ground or structure which the organism grows out of. It's not basing your philosophy on a bad Hollywood movie. Same word, though. Which could give a troll the idea. You're better off not on the Undernet philosophy channel. Dicks. You have better things to do. You can ~write philosophy – you don't have to chat about it..! You can actually ~decide what philosophy is..!

The shape of the work is the shape of the man. Or: the shape of the work is the shape of the woman. What I do, what I think about. “Sophisticated” is a complex word, Janov would say, out of place in a Primal about childhood. Janov's theory doesn't apply to me. I need to develop my own theory. Literally just for me. They claim no one else has them. “Claim” has negative connotations, as you use it there. This is what I do. I try to develop the philosophical sophistication of my language. You don't have to justify each new sentence. You can go on what's

been done already. You can remember your previous justifications. What should you think? How should you live? These are questions for philosophy. The teaching of the good life. According to Adorno. This is what I consider. The asshole Undernet philosophy ops. Good to be rid of. Don't need to go back. Tempted to, though. Just for the chat. What you consider, what you suppose. A channel with ops like that, guidelines like that – you were feeding into it, just by joining. You were validating their BS. This is what I think. What I suppose. If I were going to write philosophy. If I were a philosopher. I would. I think, I don't know – not for sure. Disguised Thought? Wouldn't be the only example of you blowing an only chance. This is what happens. Whether or not you're “picking your no's”.. It's what you'd consider / figure. If you were to. Reminds me of suffering, how I was suffering yesterday, and how I overcame it. With developmental thought.

Beneficial situations – this situation ~benefits me and them. “The paper is absurd, of course.” Why? I want to hear you say why. This is how it would go. If you were to. As you were to. Finger getting cold, for no reason. At least it's only one finger. If you were somehow able to develop your thought. Tic's are connective tissue. They let you ~think, when otherwise there would probably just be tension and suffering. What we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. If you had anything to contribute. You don't have to justify every line. If you've justified them in the past, that's good enough. You don't have to continually re-justify your writing / thinking. You can go from here. Go from now. Decide to like great music. How much more satisfying it is. How much more dense and complex. Beautiful. In other words. Popular music can be good. But great music? It is what the mind is designed to like. By movies, by life. They wouldn't have used it in so many soundtracks, if it were not great. Not a good reason – just because movies use it. But a sign, a symbol. What ~is an “idea”? A symbol in the brain, standing for something else? You'd have to figure / consider.

What it seems like. “It.” I'm being plagued by SI. No SA, at least. Hit by a pretty strong FB today, going to pick up meds. What was it “about”? Some tripping. Every few thoughts could be a voice. Or intrusive thought. Do these voices ~follow your thinking, or ~lead? That would be a crucial distinction to make. If you were being led. Inside your mind. Everyone, all the time. Why should you care what everyone thinks? Only certain people, at certain times. If I had a car, I wouldn't have to expose myself like this. Repetitive thoughts. It might help, listening to your iPod. With the repetition. Then again, “minimizing” these voices could also make it harder. “Minimize” voices? It's all connected? Co-

nected? What does that mean? When you get the surgery, when you're finally "free"...

I guess it's not a big deal. Computer slowing down. Worse things could happen. And do you have anything to write, anyway? Why do you do this? Is it chronic, habitual keyboard manipulation? Can it be said to have any positive effect? What do you do, what do you consider..? Thoughts getting really repetitive on the walk in to the clinic. Maybe headphones would have helped, maybe not. I seem to be cut out for FB's, some days. Like there's no choice. Janov's rules don't apply. Can't relax, in one of these. Can't get out of it. Once I'm in it, I'm trapped. Primal Theory does not apply. I had the tongue, when I told Anatole about Janov, and he got Primal Therapy, before I ever got surgery for the tongue. That shows you something. I must have been able to produce an effect – even then. And with Gillian. To get a girlfriend like Gillian. Who I thought was the smartest / best girl around. Goes to show you. I must have dealt well with my problem. "Problem"... Yes, it was a problem. It was my main preoccupation. My whole childhood, and young adulthood. Disguised Thought. Developmental Testing. Delay Timing. Different Talking. What you consider. How you'd suppose. If you were going to. As you were going to.

What you do. What you consider. I guess – I don't know. I'd just suppose. Developing thoughts in your mind. What you'd like to develop. If you'd like to continuously read. Maybe better to continuously write. If you have the choice. If you have the option. I've stopped writing in journals. It seems like that stuff always gets locked up in paper. Unavailable for future use. In computer, stuff is available – perhaps ~too available, though. It's too easy to publish texts. Without sufficiently editing them first. What you consider. Figure. I guess. It could depend. On what you have going on. Getting nervous about my housing. Like it won't continue to work. Like it can't continue. How can this go on? Surviving it. Like this stuff will survive you. These meanings / works. Will survive you. Your survival is assured. What you would have to write. What message you would have. If you had a message. How you would get that out, to the world. Trances. About trying to sell or give media away, at shows. How the girls seemed not to respond to free CDs. Maybe an age issue. At that age, they don't do what you'd expect someone to do, when presented with free music. Sad, tragic. Or really not meaning much. Not much, at all. What we consider. What we figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you'd consider. The boys in the parking lot, "Do you smoke pot?" "In college." What you'd tell them. What they might think. About what they might think. Pot was a gateway

drug for everyone I knew. They all tried acid, pills, and coke. No one just stopped with pot. What I'd figure. What I'd consider. I guess. I don't know.

This is how it goes. How you'd think of it. Queer practices. It's surreal, sharing a space with other poor people and students. Monteverdi. Different things you could have going on. Having just started a new file. A new text. To prove. What you've been into. What you've been up to. Looking straight at her. Straight into it. I suppose I'll prove the truth. People might start to follow me. Like in my dreams. Parades of the people, who know who I am. What are you? Who are you? I'm a pretty famous writer. I have a pretty diverse following of people from all nations. Except perhaps North Korea and Iran. Apart from that, we're good. People from all over. Feeding on my content. ~Feed is what I'd say to myself. You've been Westernized. You might need some stimulation to be happy/content. It's difficult to go naked. To go pure. Much easier if you have some stimulation. I want a fully intelligent woman. Who could hopefully understand my philosophy. Consciousness is n-dimensional, ideal. The neuro structure is not all there is to it. The model must be meta-structural. Structural, because the brain, but not structural, because the mind. I want a woman who is capable of understanding. And I think I'll find her. That's just what I expect.

I guess. I could do, I could write. Instead of getting some rum and coke. This is my option. Do I really want to do that? Stupid, suicidal. I'm barely functioning, as is. Use your coping strategies. Multiply modalities. It's what will make you a better writer. You're an alcoholic. The stuff is terrible for you. For your liver, for your mind, for your spirit. I don't think I'd do drugs. But I would drink something. Legality, ease of access. What do you do, what do you consider? Do you actually want to drink? I think not. I think you're _anti-drinking, _anti-drugs. But you're having the temptations. Go to a meeting over the things you used to go to the bar over. A different kind of hangover. This is what happens. How you'd consider. Coming close to drinking. What keeps me? Maybe I learned my lesson. I thought I was going for the lifetime achievement award... I thought I never wanted to drink again. How easily we change. If you wanted to be sober. If you were interested in sobriety. The flashbacks – what do they tell you? You get to trip every three days. Shouldn't that be enough? You want to be drunk, also? How would your survival do in that case? Your long term survival. If you think the thought of moving is stressing you now... Wait until you drink. The stress will be overwhelming. Do you want to work on the farm, taking care of chickens? No, I want to be a writer. Being a writer is the hardest thing a human being can do. It might just. It might just be. You might have to find out. How hard indeed. How hard it is. If you were

to. They want volunteers at the clinic. Would you volunteer to run groups? Is that what you're into? What are you into? What do you want to do, ultimately? Jails, institutions, death? Is that your goal in life? I don't think so. Not totally into that. Into _writing. The _dream. I've already had the nightmare. I don't like the “places” addiction took me. Sickness. Waste. I should have stayed in my dorm room and studied. I had to party. I had to use. I had to dissipate any good energy I may have had access to. Not again. Not one more time. Play the tape. Where will substances take you again? Do you want that?

This is how it goes. Everyone, all the time. This is what “that” would be like. A lot of triggers. Tempted to go get some drinks. Sorely tempted. I know it's probably not best. Not what's best for me. Ultimately. If I wanted to do the _ultimate. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. Consider. I guess. I don't know. “Certain situations.” The looks in certain people's eyes. See positivity. A for effort. The wrong kind of effort. Tripping this hard. Dependent on their age. Or not dependent. Everyone, all the time. What you'd be turning people on to. Isn't that what you want, as a writer? I guess. Maybe. Maybe it's _that intense. If you were to figure. How hard it is. You must generate a lot of interest. In your life. You must be used to making quite an impression. This is what happens. How it goes, how you figure. How you consider. I guess. Different things. I know that you know this. Who I've just met. So-and-so. I met so-and-so today. Your identity. Who you want to introduce yourself as. It was called “discovering technology”... This is what happens. What we consider. If we want to. If we will. Ultimately.

I can write. I can still do this. No matter how low I've fallen. SI/SA, obsessional thinking. Thinking I could be a moderate drinker, if I wanted to. Not seeing where that would lead me. Thinking it would be ecstasy to die, to not have to deal with this stuff anymore. This is where I am. Thinking it might be nice to kill myself. Philosophically. “They say you'll kill yourself.” If you continue on this path, you'll kill yourself. Jails, institutions, death. If she doesn't take her medicine. I haven't used, yet. I haven't made a suicide attempt, yet. Time to call Resolve? I don't know. Doesn't feel like a “crisis”... Just feels pretty miserable. The voices seem to know what's good for me. They sound like real people, they say they're real people. This is what I do. Almost as if. “If”, a big question. You'd not care how closely people looked into this? Do you want to give them your books? So they can look into them? Is that what it was all about? What it _is all about? Not being able to be open with your parents? Would that save everything, would that change everything? Who are

you afraid of finding this out? What exactly are you afraid of? What has it come to? Thinking about suicide, thinking about drinking. Maybe you don't have to care, about your work. It's out there. "You won." "You got it." Nothing left to do. You pushed it as far, and then farther. Police getting agitated by your propaganda? Is that what you're doing? What you have done? Are you David C. Baird? Did you make those websites? Not going to Russia soon? Is that how it goes? What you would figure? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. That's how it seems. How we relate, how we recover. I guess, I don't know. Seems like you were pretty clear, about some of these points. You would have had to be pretty clear, to make some of these points. Is that called "thinking", what you were doing? Is that what you were doing? I guess, I don't know. I just suppose.

Explosions of Laughter

It's beginning. To seem like I shouldn't drink.. I would think that would be an invariant realization. Perhaps not. Drinking seems attractive sometimes. So does suicide. I guess I'm having a rough patch, a rough go of it. Paused my adwords campaign. Just in case I end up in the hospital. This is how it goes, how you consider. If you. As you were to. Different verbal constructions. You could. You could maintain, fathom. As you went. If you went. As you went through the things you could say. The things you might write. Again. This, now, here. Searching for tic's to write? Is that the best plan/ strategy? Don't you want to write about reality? Erin's dog. Enough to get me up in the morning. Disturbing images I use to get myself out of bed. This is what I do. What I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

I guess. The voice of god. Difficult moments. Points. Such as, the support, the continuous support. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. The things I could have been writing/ reading. All this time. What exactly you were looking into. Thinking. Were you "thinking"? You'd do it tomorrow. This is how that goes. How it would go. It. If you. If you were to. Look this carefully into some of the points I was making. The system. Pressure on the world? Mental pressure? Reversing? Finding out how the source was coded? Is that what we've been supporting? My task. To reprogram the source. The world is broken. It's not working properly. If not for me, for the others. The poor. I would like to change things. I would like to have a significant impact. Every term becomes a key term. Thinking of asking for help. Certain people's help. In dealing with this. There isn't something a drink wouldn't make worse. From experience, when I'm feeling suicidal, I think, if I drank, at least I'd have a buzz. But it might not turn out that way. It might make the SI worse. Even worse off. That probably wouldn't be good for you. Probably not. It would be nice to have a

drink. Certainly you understand this desire. I saw. When I saw. What I saw. At certain points in space-time.

I'm post-structural. After structure. Beyond structure. What you realize. Eventually. God? Do you think you're god? How would that go? Would you hear voices? What would the voices say? Would this happen continuously? Is that what you're looking at? Almost continuous voices/intrusions. I guess. It begins. It can seem. You can discover. You can invent. As you begin to do stuff. Like this. Like what you were looking into.

I guess you could figure. If you wanted to. If you wanted to write. I think you'd know what to do. Involves a lot of writing. This is how it goes. How we consider. Talking to girls, women. Just to talk. Because we're here together. Good luck with your studies. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. Your teeth need work. Your skin is bad. Things. You could tell girls, women. Probably shouldn't. This is probably what you want to keep private. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose.

I saw. "I saw", said god. That's what I consider. Pretending to be god. That would be a rather extreme theory / position. I guess it's what I'm led to. Ideal. Consciousness is ideal, and n-dimensional. Wouldn't the person who discovered Genome Base One and X World be a good candidate? For this type of thing? This kind of thing? Thinking he's god? Is that what you were doing, all those years? How could you have been thinking that? Primal conditions. What you consider. God crapping his pants. Interesting, that it would work out like that. This is what happens. What you suppose. What you consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I just relate. I guess. I don't know.

There comes a time. There comes a point. You have done all the social (media) connecting that you can do. You are fully connected to your peeps. No more necessary. Maybe time to write. Maybe DT. Do some dialectical transformation, diametric therapy. That's what you developed. Ideal. N-dimensional consciousness. OS. Brain OS. Cultural reprogramming, world source. The things you think about. Neuropsych evals. This is what you consider. Worked at Fairwood for thirty-five years. Retired before it closed. This is what you do. What you consider. How realistic your works are. Not the work, the person. (Teste). This is what happens. You are less concerned with the work, more concerned with the person. What you could become. How you could suppose.

This is what you do – write. Whether you like it, or not. It is the best thing to be doing. Whether you like, or not. Why would you do something you don't like? Because it's valuable. The value might not instantly be apparent. It might

have to be revealed over time. What we consider. How we suppose. I guess, I don't know. Talk to more women. For practice, for experience. See how far up you can climb, on the ladder of life. Talk to women just to talk to them. With no ulterior motives. Also talk to them if you're attracted. This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess. I don't know. In the past, I had more trouble. Couldn't seem to ask for their numbers. Couldn't seem to reach out, when on a date. Hopefully we're fixing those problems. This is what happens. What you'd suppose. If you wanted to live, to write. Then you would have to do it. It becomes something you want to do. It becomes the reason for all these people getting together. Could _you ever be the reason, for something like that? A literary event, a musical event? Maybe not. Maybe a cinematic event, though. This is what you figure.

This is how it goes. No AA meeting on Friday night. Would rather sit here and write. Listen to Surface. Do my own thing. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I don't like the trip substance use took me on. The places. Shows, parking lots, driving, missions. It was a trip, alright. Maybe not avoidable. For someone as smart as me? With the mouth-brain? I thought it was my only option. I thought I needed to break my gates. The Imperial Conditioning is not breakable, just so you know. But you broke it. If you did break it. Or if this is all part of the conditioning, anyway. Surgery, recovery. It's all conditioned. You can't escape. Your whole life. Isn't that strange? To think about? Don't you want to write? When you've achieved this level of clarity? Dinner time. Looking in my eyes. The conversation. What you consider, what you suppose. I guess. I don't know. Avoiding AA. Too simple, too focused. Don't really need it. Just need to keep on track, don't drink. I'm an alcoholic. Coming close to relapse. Also feeling really good. Psychiatrically? How am I doing? Baseline? As good as it gets? Different things. I could do, I could suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose.

What you do, what you consider. If you were to write. As you were to write. Different things that could be going on. Dreams. As you would consider, as you would suppose. It was all a test, to see if you're dedicated. That's what life was / is. Just a test. An intelligence test. A secret genius of survival. That's what you have to be. Getting a bit obsessed. About what? Music? German? Different things. Back pain. SI. Different things you have to consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is what you get, what you consider.

What you consider, what you suppose. You _get to write. Sex is what most people can get. You get to write. I don't know how much good this does, when you're not writing. DT. If the DT discipline gets you better at it. This is what

happens, this is how it goes. You have different things, going on. Tic's in published works. Published works of tic's. I guess. Is that true? Was it ever true? What do you think? What do you suppose? I guess, I don't know. This is how it goes. How you figure. I suppose. I foresee. Different things. How it goes, how you consider. I guess. I don't know. Lost a bunch of clothes. I guess that makes sense. It's sensible. That that would happen. I knew it would happen, and it did happen. This is how that goes. What you figure, what you consider. What do you write about? Everything, anything. Philosophy, schizophrenia. Addiction, recovery. Different things. Ultra-fictional philosophy, I call it. It's philosophy that doesn't pretend to be true. This is how that would go. I guess. I consider. I figure. What you do, what you suppose. A lot of accomplishment. I don't want to hear what some asshole thinks about the book. This is how it goes. You write, you consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. That's how it would go, if... Almost exactly as if. It's as if..

As it goes. As you'd consider. You think, you do. Maybe if you could get your theory to be like a giant sequence of tic's.. You'd be able to automatically spout it out. You wouldn't even have to think about philosophy. The Adorno is impressive. Minima Moralia. Lots of truth. A whole lot. Undeniable. Except by Peter and Zizek. I don't know what those guys are thinking. This is what happens. What you'd do, what you'd consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. That's what happens. What you do. Different life memories you could be having. Thinking of all the times you ran into Peter. Is that a good memory? "Good"..? What would be good, in this situation? Can you have good memories? Better than no memories, I guess. If you had been with women more, in your life. Girls. If you had talked to more of them. It's "no big deal" to. But it becomes a big deal, if you can't do it. The biggest deal. If you deny yourself, deprive yourself of women. Then that's a big deal in your life. This is what you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I just foresee. Different things. I could have going on. Or not going on. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I just rely. I guess. I don't know.

If you had things to write. "Things." You'll never be successful. You'll be on SSI for the rest of your life. Optimistic? Realistic? Just the truth, as she saw it. Everyone has the right to state the truth. Or they should, in normal situations. I like the situation I'm in. Don't analyze, don't interpret. Find a situation you desire. That was Deleuze's advice. A great philosopher. Speaking on the common life. The good life. Adorno's work is sixty or however many years old. Why Ether gave you a C+. If you're trying to be radical like Adorno, good luck. Good luck with that... Not going to happen. But I have a different truth to

report. A different kind of “report” to make. I have schizophrenia. So I am expected to be “different”... I've had my buttons pressed, by the conservatives. So I in turn sought to press their buttons. This is how it would go. How you would figure.

The perspective I have in the morning. What do you do? Torture? Can't get out of bed? Tired and restless? This is how it goes. How you consider. However strong the flashback was last night. Getting you to realize? Different things? You've written? Almost certainly? I guess. I don't know. I think I wrote some questionable things. I wanted to get famous. I thought it was the only way. For myself. Do _you think you've learned something? Can _you understand this language? If it's been repeated, with such intensity? Things that were repeated to you. Or _not repeated, as the case may be. This is how it goes. How it would go. Is that the question to ask of it? Is it a health process or disease process? Deceiving? Is that what you were up to? The sirens haven't come (yet)..? pretty much intense anxiety. I'm not worrying. It might look like it, but I'm not. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. If you were tired. You don't do well when you're told what to do. Go to bed. Time for or against going to bed. Some of the things you could have been thinking about. All this flashback writing will be difficult to read, at times. When you look into it, later. If you're able to look into it. Ever again. Hopefully. Statistically. The probabilities are that you'll live a bit longer. Just statistically speaking. What you tended to tell yourself. Over the years. To maintain sites like this, must have taken continual help. To maintain beliefs like this. Believing you were god. How did that go? How would that go? I guess, I suppose. Actors less powerful than directors. Something a child might not know. Victory means defeat? Would any children want to know that? Your children..

What would _your children think? You were asking for it. You must have wanted it. To be it. That must have been what you were asking for. To have written these things. Did you want it? To be it? For a world? The only, or the most? People looking very closely, into what you had put into your “I's”.. Eyes. Selves. Very close attention. Continual attention. Sites. Sights. You put the sights up, and advertised for two years. Asking anyone to come take a look. “Daddy's not right..” I feel like I'm right in the eyes. I knew what I was doing. Smarter than the doctors? Is that what you'll look at? They will look at? I saw. This is how it went. How you figure.

If you want to write. What makes sense to you. Selecting what to perceive. Isn't that what we do? What we _want to do? Sometimes, at

least. Watching cinema, we might not know what we want to see. This is how it goes. Flashback writing. Seems valuable. What you put in your I's. What you've put in your selves. Exactly this question. This is exactly the question I was afraid of you asking. This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is how it works. How you'd discover. If you were to suppose. If you were to consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it goes, how you figure. Things I've looked into, thought about. As I was to. If I were to. As you consider, as you suppose. This is how it goes. How you'd relate. I guess. I don't know. Not really. Pulling out the chair from under the girl, in fourth grade. She fell, and hit her head, and got hurt. Not very nice of me. I guess that's what too much book knowledge can lead to. Crazy stuff like that. Not wise, not sensible.

I would think these to be quite memorable moments. "Tomorrow, I'll do it tomorrow"... Heard that before? Memorable? Is that always what you're going for? When designing a URL, perhaps. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. Writing. Getting into "writing"... Doing it. Forms-of, help. Help from forms. Points you could be getting an especially close shared look into. As you share. You share your photos on Instagram. That's what happens. How it goes. It's cognitive. Your eyes rolling all around. "Rolling"? On visual ecstasy? Is that what you were thinking of getting into? As you were getting "into it"... What do you owe it? The condition? How closely has it allowed you to look into some of these points?

This is how it goes. Value. Flashback. What you have to consider. The energy. The FB seems to indicate. That the energy I might have unleashed. On the world. I'm really sorry. The energy. The frequency of flashback. The frequencies. Seem to suggest. Some fairly suggestive writing / film. Seems, seems, seems. Almost exactly like, you wouldn't want to be seen, looking continually into points like this. This. Thing. Suggesting "things" to think about. To do. What do they suggest? To think about. At this point. Exactly this point. I think. Hard to avoid. The matrix. Going up against a matrix? How do you think that will go? Turn out? Not very good. Some bad mistakes. I'm really sorry. I screwed up. Too late now. Unleashed the primal energy on the world already. It's already out there. The site could fall today, and it would still be out there. But the site isn't falling today. Maybe in some tomorrow. Until then... I have distribution. Digital distribution of perfect, DRM-free copies. I think that would be key, for any revolution. The basic texts have to be available, free. You can't try to charge for the basic text of a revolution. It _has to be free. That's just what I think. What I'm figuring out. As I go. I tried to charge, no one was

buying. It has to be free. To be revolutionary. That's what I think. I've done a lot of work. The work I've done. I don't need to do more. But I might want to. Make a book to sell. Make a book for the market. Just in case the market wants one. Then I'd have some income. The money makes the man. Is that what this is all about? Would I be as sensitive, to the possibilities, if I had money? If I didn't have to worry about my means? Do I have to worry? SSI isn't going anywhere. I'll still have that. Living is another question. Housing is tricky to set up. To do it right. Books to move. All my books. I don't need "housing" – I could live in a CRR. I could wind up inpatient. That's the last thing you want, to be in the hospital. It might be what you need. Different things.

What you do. What you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. The different things you could be writing. At this point. Oscillating between two different views of the same thing. A slight difference. Going back and forth. Going to break? Psychotic break? Or is that what the fb's are all about – _not being breaks. You maintain sanity. You think you're god. That god is speaking through you. How sane is that? It's what makes sense, in those moments. Sounds like god. This is what I do. Wouldn't god know what was going on? Wouldn't god have some kind of backup plan? Isn't this what people always faced, always considered? How to live? How to do it? And maintain housing and stability? Isn't that what you're worried about? What if you didn't have to worry about housing anymore? How would that make you feel? Would you still have the drive to create? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just consider. I guess.

People could have expressed curiosity about "points like this".. Points of space-time.. This is what I consider. Super-slow-onset fb, today. I won. I get to look with perfect clarity, into myself. That is what we wanted. When we were trying to learn how to write. That was the goal. Perfect, crystal core clarity. Into what you could be doing. At points like these. With girls like these. Whose points you could be looking at, howsoever closely.

You Will Be Shown the Light

What you get. What you figure. Guitar playing hurts my back. I don't know why. The artificiality of it, perhaps. The relationship with a large, awkward, heavy object. Maybe the body is rebelling because of a spiritual depravity also, in the instrument. Playing an instrument. At the obsession level. With no hope of becoming a virtuoso. Because of tendon injuries in the past. So if you're not going to become great, why waste your time? Can't you find other things to do? Movement and dance, morning noon and night. I think that might be what you're into. Finally. The good stuff. The real life. You don't "understand" dreams. If you did, you'd be lucid dreaming. So it's like reading German. You don't understand it. So it's like dreaming. There are different ways of learning. Memorizing a lot of vocabulary would be one way. But I sometimes don't understand sentences, even when I know the words. To me, this means I am not familiar enough with the language. Not that I need to memorize more vocabulary. Like a child would learn. The child would be immersed, in language it did not understand. And children seem to learn. That's what I figure. What I suppose.

This is how that would go. Just about. Exactly. If you would have told people about your website. Or _not told people, as the case may be. This is how it goes. How you'd consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. It's what I have going on. In the end. I guess. I don't really know. I should be writing substantive things. I have the ability. At the beach it was easier. Writing with people around all the time, in the same room. When you're alone, it's easier to just tic. Different things. I could have done. Written. Designed to press certain people's buttons. I needed to be famous. To get famous. It was the only way I could figure of becoming a writer. I found no alternative, if I wanted to do it in a hurry.

Well, if I did think I was a writer. That I could write. Compared to a woman in my place? I don't think that's possible. As a woman, my life would have been different. I was fated to be a man. That's what it seems like. I can't imagine having been a woman. The purity of my soul. The things I might have done, or

had done to me. Being a woman in school. Having all the boys want to get in your pants. Having to be constantly on the guard. Or be a slut. Doing it with whoever, whenever. If anyone is like that. A nympho. Into the sex. These are the cliches that surface. When you consider things like this. Being a woman. Would you have written this stuff? Taking chances with your eyes? Rolled your eyes? Between all the highest possible points? I think the way you connect everything, might have an influence on the conditions. Stimulus, response. You are trained to call Doug on the weekends. Whether you want to, or not. You have fed into the training. The conditioning. That's what you think. What you suppose. I have to tell him I don't want to do it anymore. I'm ready to retire. I'm afraid to tell him. Like when I had to quit the band. I guess it's valuable activity. Experience. Don't have much else to do.

The SI will hit. A good sign that you're doing something wrong. Maybe too much feed. Maybe go for natural silence, ambient. That might be one more thing meetings tell you. The best experience is had without a feed. I think you could be learning things from meetings. This is what happens. What you'd consider. Not too into the addict/ alcoholic behavior. Not interested in hearing about that. Interested in hearing about sobriety. That's what it seems like. What I consider. Suppose. I guess. I don't know. This is what I do, what I consider. In the end. If you had written. H/s/ns/id. What's that all about? What's all of that stuff about? This is how it goes. What you're doing. What you have to do, or choose to do. Different things you could be looking into. How crazy Doug is. How insane. That's what happens. What we suppose. Phones. Getting a new phone. You'll have to do it, eventually. This is how it goes. Parents. Different things you were thinking. You were thinking of asking/ telling people. About your unusual productions. This is what you'd be doing. I guess. I don't know. I could have gotten feedback, from AOL. I decided I didn't want to hear what the people were saying about thisfeel. I guess I didn't want to know. I wasn't interested enough. That's what happens. What you'd consider. I guess. Too late now. Can't go back on that now. Or the CS majors, the day after the email list incident. How I put my headphones on and blotted them out. The sound of their voices. This is what happens. How you'd consider. Maybe those were two nugatory decisions, I could have made. That I could have made. Nugatory. Not good, negative. This is what happens. What you'd figure, consider.

Not simply mental structure. It has to be sophisticated structure. DT, or good music. Not just gibberish, speaking in tongues. I think. For your mental health. The more sophisticated you can get your inner stream, the better. Don't just blabber jabber. You have to use dialectical transformation. Dialectical

diametric transformation therapy. That is what I think, what I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you'd consider.

What I do. What I consider. A rude awakening? TUY? Telling people about it. In there. It's all in there. I wrote everything possible, about me. I don't think anyone could add much to the story. I completed. I made. This is what I think about. What I suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. That's what happens. That's how it goes. If you were to write. As you write. You were to write. Different things, you could have going on. Different means of therapy. DT. Use it wisely. Keep using it. The letters D, T, eventually become meaningless, and dissolve. That's what you have to allow. Dual Technique. Using DT, but moving beyond it, as well. Dream Telos. Treating life as a dream. Different things. I apologize for being pragmatic. Different things we could have going on. We could suppose. If we wanted to. Ultimately. In the end, if you'd want to. If you would discover. Suppose. I don't know. Not really. Hard to tell. What you could have been writing. What you actually were writing. Some pretty “far out” stuff. About philosophy, schizophrenia, addiction. All of that. And more.

The thing about this kind of sophisticated structure. Going on in your mind. Is it enough to avoid SI? To do a dialectical, diametric transformation? It has to be. You have to make it, you have to win. God is here. Whether god is just you, or god is everyone, or god is someone else. That's what you'd consider. How you'd suppose. Believing in the world complicates things. You can't just believe in an alpha self. It's x/n. Alpha/omega/n thinking would know the reality, the whole totality. You can't claim uniqueness. Not with x world. This has all happened before, maybe even infinitely many times. That's how deep the past might be. It might be infinitely deep. Or, rather deep. Not infinitely, of course. But a long time. That's what's probable. The only conceivable reason for creating the earth would be to participate in human life. That's the only reason I can conceive of. I guess. I don't know. Search for extraterrestrial intelligence? There might only be one world in a universe. The universe might only need one world. Or god's need. Is this what you think about? Want to kill yourself? Anything going on? Anything happening? Just SI? What is that all about? Not living as well as you could/should be? Not moving around? Just slugging around the house? Is that what you do, what you consider?

What do you mean, with some of these things? We've already heard Lucas's side of the story. What is your side? Does “doing things” help? “Help”? Can you be said to have been helped, by doing this? Looking with such clarity, into certain points. Is that what you would say/ask? What do “you” mean? Looking

like that. Rolling your eyes like that. Unbreakable conditioning? Designed to be unbreakable... What would "that" mean? If you broke it? Break. First break? Is this your first break? Is this a break? From reality. The voices seem to get agitated, when I think about "escaping"... Committing suicide. Would that be an "escape"..? Wouldn't that just get you deeper into something else? A permanent solution to a temporary problem... Is this a temporary problem? An event this explosive? Just so you know? To "know"... No. To say no. Too much of the truth going around is a prescription for failure. Do you want people to fail? Or to be able to look into points with this much clarity? Do you want other people to go through this? Just about anyone? Anyone who had the correct link, and followed it? Distinctions. Talking "to" you or talking "at" you. That a professor might have made. Or anyone, really. Linked in to your story. Following more links? As to what might happen? If you were to. If you were at. Making certain distinctions. Such as. Who you told about this. Who you would tell. Anyone? Anyone? Just about anyone, online. Your selves. Open your eyes to this kind of energy. Eye-opening energy. It's hard to close your eyes. It might be difficult. To close your eyes. To this kind of energy. To keep your "I's closed" off from this. Once you had done it. Made it. To this point. This type of point. Type? Write/ right? Is that what might help. Who would it help? Who are you trying to help..? Someone in your position? Would anyone be in your position? Anyone? Who have you put in your position? Is this the position anyone would want to be in? Want? Is it voluntary? Do you roll your eyes like this voluntarily? That's a hard question. It could be difficult. Getting difficult. "It" could be getting difficult.. I told him who I was. Out of the blue. Almost psychotic distance from your words. That's what Lucas said "it" takes. Takes. Take you back. Back in time. Are you traveling in time? Time traveling? Like Asa said? Should you have written these things? Should? I'm not too good with should's. I've never been good with them.

I guess. If I was. If I were to. Different things. I don't know. Things I have going on. Are you willing to tell a woman who you are? Writer, filmmaker, and musician? Are you happy about that? Shouldn't you be happy about who you are, what you do? I don't know if I'm ready. I don't know when I will be ready. It seems like it is getting difficult. Some of these moments. At or to some of these moments. Could be.

This is what happens. What you'd figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you discover, what you create. You could have things going on. I'm not sure if you actually do. Watching CNN, brings home how unfit my story is for the screen. How reluctant they'll be to give me publicity. The literary

world? Do I deserve renown? For what I've written? Is any of it meaningful? Does it matter? Seemed like it at the time. Now, I'm not so sure. Anxiety. A bad trip. After it's over, hard to remember what all the hubbub was about. That's like a trip. The anxiety leaking over into my normal life. Anxiety becoming normal.

This is how it goes. Surviving a fb. I think it's good. It teaches you things. You get more into it. It can become enjoyable, looking that closely, into some of the points you made. The clarity, which a fb might bring. Looking at points. At points you could have been making. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I just consider. In the end. You get, you do, you be. Noises from the hallway. Should you pay attention? I _welcome the workers. They do good work. They help me. Why would I be unfriendly to the workers?

I guess. I do. Ultimately. In the end. If that's what you're going for. You have to talk to yourself quietly, on the street. Always getting ready. Psyching yourself up. "You are the first beautiful woman I've approached in a long time." "You look really amazing." Different things you could say. You could presume to say. What you accomplish... Can't read? May as well write some more.

This is what I do. This is how it goes. Different things, I could be thinking. Moving my books. A fresh arrangement for me. Sometimes we need to be pushed. And that's what you consider. How you expect. What you are doing, what you have done. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is what happens. What we discover. Could have any number of things happening. Not much, actually. Not much is going on. Wait for the next flashback. If that's your entertainment. If that's what you consider a good time. The ability to read clearly. To see clearly what readers must be seeing. I am only sensitive to it during a fb. The voices. How agitated they are, how agitated they can make me. I guess. Something to think about, to do.

This is what you do. Believe it. No choice. No difference. This is your fate. If you're a fatalist, or not. You're god. You're telling yourself you're god. Your god would want to live your life. It's the only conceivable reason for making the earth. How can you consistently believe in something that's obviously false? Maybe this is what you were asking als Kind – as a child. Your belief in the conditioning, the value of the conditioning. What you consider. What you suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you consider. What you suppose. I guess. I don't know, not really. I'm trying to find out. How "small" the f's look on the street. How small and unimportant. What if you were discouraged from writing, because you were a woman..? How would that make you feel? You couldn't have been a woman. You'd be an entirely different

phenom. No similarity. Fates not congruent. You're a man. And you write. A white man. Should you be penalized for being the dominant type? You just happen to be a white man, writing these things. Maybe _only a white man could write h/s/ns/id. Only someone in your position. A pretty unusual event, I would think. To write what you've written. Are you going to the speaker meeting tonight? I guess you should. You don't really want to. Is there anything else happening? Just want to chill? Is that really true? Aren't you sick of yourself, your voice? Isn't that what you were thinking? You wanted to get a share of other people and their voices. You were tired of your own voice.. So why wouldn't you go to a meeting? That's what you figure, how you have to consider. If you want to. Sobriety. That's what you're interested in. Sober people, recovering. That's what _you're trying to do. Why wouldn't you seek out people doing what you're doing? Why always go for the alien, the crew? Doing the opposite of what you're doing? I might not feel like doing anything tonight, clean or using. Just might want to chill. Speakers are usually pretty good. You wanted to listen. You wanted to get other people's voices. To get out of yourself. So why not do it? What's holding you back? Do you really resent a speaker – want a discussion meeting? What would you have to discuss? Speaking on the topic of expectations... What do you expect, being god? What would/should/could god expect? Making these distinctions? I guess. I don't know. “It's unbreakable, just so you know.” You had unbreakable conditioning. That's what I think. It's still operative. Maybe keeping you alive. Keeping you from committing suicide. “I want to be in the Central Committee.” That's what I'd say on FB. I want to be elected to the Politburo. In socialism. The coming tide. The coming revolution. How would that work, with the human element? Erica, Susie? Women in the program? What do you want to tell them? Do you have things to say them? Can you express desire, appreciation, lust? Are these modalities part of your program? You don't need to suck, or fuck. But some kissing, making out, snuggling, together time might be nice. You might indeed have “use” for a woman. Find a use for her. A way to use her in your life. If you consider. How you would suppose. How you would explain, consider, suppose, relate. Different things you could have going on. Just like. It's just like. It's as if. If. It's as. Different things. No longer working on a text. Now, just writing for the experience. This is how it goes. How it _would go. If you were god? Agitating the voices? The voices seeking to make you aware of certain things? How much you needed to learn? You have a lot to learn. I guess I do. Hopefully. If I have a while to live. A lot to live. Then presumably I'd be learning. I've learned the maximal amount, in thirty-nine years. I don't think I

could have learned much more. If I wouldn't have gone down the substance abuse road, the addiction road. If I wouldn't have given in to the alcoholism. Things you might consider. Places I might be. I needed to reprogram. Just my own need. My own special need. Something special going on. A different flashback. A different condition I could be putting myself in. Could I be putting myself in this condition? With the websites? Is that what they do?

What you'd do. As brilliant as the world seems, walking around outside. That is the level you want to be on. If you had things to do. The voices keep me company. I miss the fb's, now, today. I think they're intense. I can concentrate better on reading. I can read better. I get to hear voices, to hear that perspective. If you want company, just go to the meeting. There will be sober alcoholics there to keep you company. This is what we consider. How we suppose. You can tie their topic into your own topic. Brain logic. We know all about symbolic logic. But the logic the brain operates on, at a core level, might not be identical. I'm interested in how the brain actually operates. Symbols might not exactly be the answer. I don't know what _would be the answer. That's my topic. Brain logic. If you can tie that in to alcoholism. That's the challenge at a meeting. To always tie it in to your own deal. Your own thing. I've been thinking a lot about system reprogramming. I want to reprogram my mind on a system level. To actually operate differently. Not that I'm not already doing this. It's what I've been doing all along. Trying to escape or transcend the various conditionings. The brain trips. Trying to shift gears into a better trip. That's what I try to do. I think I'm kind of successful. I'm kind of there. I've been doing a lot of thinking. That's what I do. I'm a thinker, a philosopher. I think about life and consciousness. I consider ways of making it better. I think the brain is like a supercomputer. It can be programmed by childhood into acting in certain ways. This is personality. But I also think as adults, we can continue to shape our systems. Depending on what we do. What would I like to do better? Everything. Life, living. I think I could be doing it better. I want to take that chance. I want to push it to the next level. I'm trying to get famous, as a writer. I'm trying to use my talents to get famous enough to get a book deal. It's almost impossible to get a book deal. I figure the only way I can do it is by getting famous on my own. Why would I be famous? I write some unusual things. Politically different. Philosophically different. I was a fatalist. I'm not anymore. I think we have freedom. I think we can change ourselves, and change the world. I'm trying to give culture a sort of therapy. Shock therapy. I would be supplying culture with something novel. What are you doing? I'm writing. Trying to get famous. Trying to be that good. Giving my books for free,

in hopes of generating some interest. I think if you give it for free, you might be able to generate interest. If you try to sell your books from the get-go, you might have difficulty spreading fast enough for an explosion-type event. That's the event you're going for. Explosion-type. Make no doubt about it. In no uncertain terms. Was I joking? Did I get her joke? Or don't I have a with-it sense of humor, sometimes? This is what I do, what I consider. If I were to tell people what I'm doing. I'm trying to reprogram my brain. I think I could be writing better things. That's my goal. To write the best things possible. If I can reprogram, I might be able to do that.

I like to take the meeting vibe and run home. Run with it. That's how I roll. Could have stuck around. Could turn around and go back. There were some women there. A lesbian. I didn't think about approaching them. It wasn't on my mind. This is how it goes. How you'd consider. Women looking substantial, at a meeting. Sobriety is the only way to go. This is how it works. It works. The sobriety. Maybe I should get "with the program" and do steps. I don't think so. I don't think I need it. I don't feel like a terrible person, making terrible mistakes. Things are going pretty well. Close to homelessness all the time. Potentially, in my nightmares. Close to losing it all. What is my job? What do I do? When I communicate with people, what is my message? What am I trying to say? About philosophy, maybe. Trying to reprogram. Into a better writer. I think if I can write really good things, texts. I have a chance at being successful. Would I ever get up again, and tell the truth? Would anyone ever ask me to do that, again? What do I have to not be honest about? Is that even true? I may have written some unusual things. I haven't been able to talk about what I've written. It's not exactly a secret. I'm advertising. I'm asking people to come take a look. That's what I do, what I figure/consider. The voices you have. Keeping you company. I think it was good to hear Louise speak. Better than going over to the rehearsal. Watching them get stoned and play questionable music. This is what I do, what I consider. I guess. In the end. Ultimately.

A Could can Become a Should

How it could be going, if you were to let it fall down, this time. What people could be looking into. What they are almost certainly looking into. How text looks during a fb. Looks like multiple perspectives can be had, at once. Or are being had, at once. For wants? For desire? I wanted to see what freedom of speech was like. If it's available, what it's like. I wanted to write the most radical things possible. It was the only way I could be sure of influence or popularity. As they say, it's not only already been said, it's been said better. So I had to come up with something that hadn't been done before. Philosophy has been done. Ultra fictional philosophy? Maybe not. Maybe I could find a niche. What Aunt Ellen would like about my work. There is no alternative. This is the world. Given, done. What are _you going to do about it? Thank you. They'd want to thank you. I think having looked at things this closely. However closely you were going to look. What you were going to do. What you actually did actually do. I'm a dualist. Structure is just not enough, to explain consciousness. There has to be more to it. A structure couldn't think. Generate phenomenal language inside of itself. Not possible. There is soul, there is spirit. What I consider, what I do. Listening to the wiser voices. Voices. Don't have to say much. It's more what I _imagine them saying. That's more what gets me. What gets me going. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I just consider.

As I consider. As I explain. I guess, I get, I do. Different things. Like I could be doing. Or not doing. They will thank you. You have that all for free. You put a lot out there. Not Jesus, but David. You gave them it all. Everything. That's what I consider. What I write about. At least I can write, if I can't talk. If I don't have the jaw for talking. At least I can write. It's a modality. I can have a modality, a chosen modality. Different dreams I might have had. About talking? Not so much. About _writing. That's what I've found. How I've considered.

What I am doing, what I am considering. I guess. I don't know – not for sure. Maybe tic's are _practicing. Maybe I should _always be able to write, have

things to say. A tic is just the working-out of this potential. Of course you can write..! Of course you have something to say..! DCB? He has the most to say..! He has everything..! This is what I do, what I consider. Writing into the night. Should probably have gone to the meeting today. Thought I might still be in flashback mode. It would have worked out, I think. This is what I do, what I consider. Will the girls like this, will the girls like that? Thinking about sex morning, noon, and night. I don't think that's how it goes, anymore. For me. Most youths think about sex every ten seconds or so. I have moved so far beyond that. As a writer. One, as a writer, develops schizophrenia. This is what happens. How we suppose.

What do you do? What do you consider? Surface is such a big book, a sequel is unnecessary. That's what it looks like. Still, hard to read, at times. The chopped Hegel piece. Different things. As a writer. Symmetries, you are fascinated with. Who is up. Who is directly over you, and directly below you. Seeking symmetries, when reading. It might be difficult. It might get difficult. Who cares? Does it matter? What do you have going on? You might as well tell the truth. If it doesn't matter. If it's what you should do anyway. Different things. Always wondered what this would look like on the Baird System. Or always didn't wonder. Same thing. He has his work, we have ours – it amounts to the same thing. I guess. Needing no one. Needing nothing. Getting your full fill of your work. So you don't need any more. Of anyone.

This is what I do. Briefly chat, get sick of it real fast. Turn to journal. It's what I do. What I consider. The freedom I have. “You seem to know what you're talking about.” “You don't seem to realize what you're talking about.” Which is it? “You won't tell them.” A challenge? Can I go against the voices? Different things, I could be thinking, supposing. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Life holding no meaning. When not in a flashback, things can be pretty dull.

This, now here again. I guess. Things I like to write. In the beginning. Alpha thinking? Not so much. Belief in the world. Deja vu? What does that mean? That god designed history? Different things you could be thinking. Society _made me. Baird System made me. I had no choice. Symmetries. What you consider, how you suppose. If you were to. In the case of. In addition. What you know, what you suppose. Too much pressure to type directly online. I like the safety of a document/journal. I like having the distance. Anxiety, upon awakening. It hits me, as soon as I think of “it”... Another day of it. Different things you could be thinking about. Don't always have to rehash the recent suffering. Can move on. Can be alive again in

the present. You've already “checked over”, reviewed, the books. No need to keep doing that. You've listened to Voice Record. You've watched the films. No need to continually check. For points. Points you might not want to be making. This is how that goes. How you'd consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What you do, how you are. Who you are.

What you do, what you consider. I was thinking about literature, just a moment ago. What you consider, how you suppose. If you were to. As you were to. Complaining. Wouldn't you want to complain loudly, if you thought the world was so bad? Isn't that how that would go? Wouldn't it? Considering? Duplicating? Greider? What did he say about the world..? He said the FT is the best paper. Maybe in English. You need to learn how to speak German, so you can read the news. That's not the only reason why. You need to read some philosophy. What you consider, how you suppose. Write in German? In English, said plainly, for anyone to understand? Is that how you said things? Plain English? That's what people might consider, how they might suppose. If they were to. To learn what you wrote and put online. Tried to suppress your works? Political Philosophy Nozick? Did Thompson do a good job of suppressing that work? Now that it's in Surface.. You might imagine.

What you are supposed to have considered. As writing like this might become the new normal. Different things. Things you could have seen. “Something” is a key term. In an event this explosive, any term can be a key term. This is how that would go. Owing people for all time? Is that what you were looking into? With varying degrees of closeness? That's not the right question to be asking of it. Did I win? What would that mean? Then why am I here? Maybe it's not so bad, to be here. Taking steps you haven't told your mother about. Certain steps you might have taken. To fight certain smells. Could be. Could be a case of. When you'd consider. Just as you'd imagine. Smells remind me of that one bad smell. That I was known to ask people to put up with. Reversal. Reversing sensitivity. Asking people to be un-sensitive to a smell. That's what happened. Who are you interpreting this for? People in your situation? People in your condition? Over, below. High points, low points. There's a symmetry here, which means “beauty”. These points are symmetric. From the highest, to the lowest. The homeless man on the street. To you in your apartment, thinking you're god. Claiming to have believed he was god. Believes he is god. Different claims. The best parents? The best childhood? Good for business? Is that what happens? How you'd consider, suppose. If you were to. As you were to. If it. Can. This, become. What you

have happening. Can this be happening all the time? Points like this? This intense? Why do you call it a flashback? Actual voices. Actual positive psychotic symptoms. "You're not free." Points. "I'm more human than all of you." Designed to provoke a response? What are you responding to? What kind of a response? This is how it goes. How you'd consider. I guess. Technology. D-tected. What you figure. How you suppose.

Serving two gods, at once? To gods... It can seem like you "one"... You're one. United in spirit and flesh. A dualist. Mind body duality. I don't think you'll be satisfied with any answer, if you buy into the qualia idea. Bad. We knew you'd get this bad. Flashbacks uncomfortable, non-flashbacks uncomfortable. They were this nice. Warning you. Afraid of you looking so closely into certain points. At certain points, certain people could be afraid, of me looking so closely. What do the voices say? You're god. Your god. Who is your god? Yourself? Like things you said yourself? Wanted to look into certain points again, such as how it would be to be completely insane? On a daily basis? How would that work? Would that work? Can anything help you? At points like these? Rolling your eyes to the highest possible points they could be looking into? High points? Ah, pearances can be deceiving. Peer-ances, sightings by peers. This is what happens. What you'd want to tell people. You want the whole world to read your mindless gibberish? Maybe. Maybe that's the point.

This is how it goes. How you'd figure. If you'd consider. I guess. Could keep writing. Could keep looking into things like this. When. Now, again. You can't be insane, until you can be insane again. I'm insane on a regular basis. Normal basis. Is it a shame? Or am I getting to know what schizophrenia is like? Cyclical, periodic thought component. This is what happens. How you'd see. You'd see. You'd figure. A tragedy to shut the government, with the hopes of denying people healthcare. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. Almost. You get, you become. I guess. I guess they know what they're doing. "They"... The people. Aggregate rationality. It is sexual honey in a political pot. My main project is a political one.

This is how it goes. You right. You make things "right". That's what it's all about. If you're in such a fucking hurry, that you can't even stop to talk to a beautiful girl. You must be in a real hurry.. I guess. I don't know. You see the monstrosity in women. How small they are. That's not correct to think that, of course. Lucas was a short man. Just about as powerful, spiritually, as you've known. And he was a small person. So you shouldn't be biased with regard to size. But about women. How you see how unfit most of them are. Especially the ones who think themselves hot. "Monsters", as Anatole said. This is what is

produced. Girls who think they're hot. How can you tell? It's just what I think, what I suppose. How much promise. And you were in too much of a fucking hurry to stop and talk to her. That's what I think. What I suppose. Maybe don't go in the library, while it's nice out. Go outside. Sit on a bench. While it's nice. While you have the chance. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. What I have to consider. I guess. When I get my wifi tablet. My modern tablet. Say goodbye to bugs and crashing. Ready for a new go of it, again. This is what happens. How you'd figure. How you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is what I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know.

What I could be writing about. Known. Known to be writing about. Or thinking about. A hot philosophy grad student, pow-wow-ing with a professor. I could have introduced myself. I'm a dualist? Post-structuralist? I'm a famous world philosopher? Would they have liked to hear any of that? I want to get in her pants? She looks very fuckable? Is that what I was really thinking? Vulgar materialists. Vulgar monists. I don't have the time for atheists and monists. It's not what I'm into. I guess not. I guess they could sense that you were listening to them, but you didn't want to talk to them. Just listen. So you could ruminate later about introducing yourself. That's your MO. What you tend to do. What you're known to do. I guess. Regrets. I don't really regret it. I didn't like her voice. No matter how smart she was, her voice was annoying and provincial. No matter how sophisticated. What she'd be capable of understanding. It made me think. The tangles these academics are getting into, with each other. I'm not good enough. I was not good enough. Or I'm different. Not made for exactly that. Made for different things. Jaw tired. I'm jaw-tired too easily. I wouldn't have done well as a grad student. Asked to read long passages aloud. Wouldn't have worked out too well. What I'm discovering. What I'm learning, as I go. As I discover. Not much good. Not learning much good. Learning dark, scary things. The thoughts going on in my deep mind. As I hack into the kernel. Some disturbing thoughts. I'm tapping into some disturbing levels of consciousness.

This is what I do. Hardly write at all. Read a lot. I guess. Different things. I could be doing. If you figure. "It becomes like a jungle in there, if you don't write." Lots of Lucas's points. But I was there for them. I could have had an effect. It's what we do. We write. We read our writing. We get sick of life. We are misanthropic. We see the women, and think them monstrosities. Women doing science/math homework at Starbucks. Feeling sorry for them. But that was me. I was set to become a physicist. This is what happens. How we relate/suppose. I guess. I almost went to the University of Chicago. How well would I have done there? Maybe I would have stuck with the physics. But at

Tech, I had Lucas. So that was key. Don't forget about the FM, and about schizophrenia. Two things that could have turned the physics course bad in any case. No matter what you did. Acid or not.

What you get, what you consider. Able to write. As far as you've come. Interesting. Here, where you always wanted to be. You always wanted to know. What Lucas and Noel said to them. This is what you do. What you consider. I guess. I'm not certain. Tic's. Different things. As long as you write. As long as you're going. What do you think about? All your net content. All your purchased and produced content. This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is how it goes. I'm not exactly sure. I just suppose. Could. Clearly looked into some of these points. With the clarity you could have been achieving. At some points. "Something" – something like this. Stuff like this. "The" (thee). The question. Apparently that's not the right question to ask of it. Is it a health process, or disease process? You have to ask it a question.

Where you were thinking of plugging that in. Always, all the time. Always already. I'm trying to get famous as a writer. I thought I'd need to write extreme things. To develop an impact. I thought it was the only way.

Unbalanced look in your eyes? You want to get rid of the voices? The sounds? They'll support you, whatever happens? Or continues to happen? Is this how it goes, how you'd figure. Different kinds of support. Therapeutic support. Will they always be around? For as long as you live? Hard to say. Like some of the points. You could have been looking into. Like when you gotta go, you gotta go. Different points. Keep you that way, leave you that way. Forever. Never mind. "Never"... Never say never. Points. How much humor you could get, out of some of these points. Speed reading. People speed reading in group.

Different things. Like you knew. He knows. They know. They have to know. You're "there", where you always wanted to be. You always "wanted to be" there. But you couldn't. With the shameful secret you were protecting. You thought. You thought you needed to keep your secret. You thought it might save your life. "Save" your "life" for later, maybe. Live later. Later, there will be plenty of time. Is that what you'd tell yourself, your child self? Live later, there will be time. Now is the time for growth, for transformation. You have to become, to achieve. You're not there yet. You have some growing, some transformation to do. This is what happens. How you figure. You play a part. If you play a part. In the world. If this is what happens. How it goes, how you figure. Source. Writing the source. How intense that could be. Looking

into. Looking to be into. When the Gestapo comes for you. What will they ask? What do you think you're doing? Did you think you could perpetually get away with this? Writing this radical? The system you wanted to destroy? The system which made you, and is supporting you on a continuous basis? Baird System, or just System? Baird is only a part of it. Baird is only a part. What you had been looking into. How you had been appearing. He had apparently been programming the class to leave on his countdown. Then he decided to give a false countdown. A false sense of the bell. So everyone left, started to leave. The teacher had to say, "Wait, where are you going, get back here." "Baird"... The things I could have been looking into. All this time. For all time. For some of the times to come. Where will you plug in? Whose source? Who will support you?

Points. I could be at. What I've done, what I've accomplished. Do I think it's bad? If I don't think it's bad, is it bad? Number twelve? Will that haunt me? This is what I think about. What I consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is how it goes, how I consider. How I suppose. I guess. I don't know. Thinking about poor formatting choices on my site. Are the books not showing up properly? Because they're not formatted properly? I guess I did my best. I did what I could. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. Sex today. Felt pretty good. Those girls look pretty good. Alone is more powerful. The alone experience gives you power. This is what I consider. Would I want a girl here, a woman here? Because she'd be magical? Flawed? You're flawed, also. This is what you do. Depending on how rare of an example you could find. Depending what you could get into. With who you could get into it. I guess. A df? Dream-f? What would she have to say? Do you care? Should you care? Maybe you're meant to be alone. Maybe it's your primal condition. I guess. You were always alone. That was your childhood, that was your life. Like in a book. The climate, the weather, the vibe of walking around outside. Amazing. Not to be missed.

What you have going on. The kind of energy. Go offline, after a certain point in the night. See what the other dimensions are. The previous modes of human comportment. Before net. That's how they got so much writing done. They didn't have social media to occupy them. They just had the written word. This is what you think. How you suppose. I guess. I guess I wasn't that tired, after all. Don't go from full-cranking to bed. Try something else. Try a come down, a bring down time. See what you can do. If you want. You get to write. This is what you think. At a certain point in the night. Thinking you're Baeka. This is how it goes. Inspectors could point to your texts, and say "What were you thinking here?" They have texts in front of them. If you've published, if you've associated

your identity with your work. What you've done, become. Your being. What you are. How you're able to approach problems. How you're able to consider. I'd like to hang out with Samantha more. Continuously. That's what you get. If you're making progress.

Could write. Could see what's going on. I guess. I don't know. If you wanted to publish a book, couldn't you do it yourself? POD? Why do you need to wait for fame? Can't you get started on a book? I guess. I suppose. It all begins. Begins to seem. Maybe you'll never have success. But, fame. What would that bring? What would happen with that? I guess you'll have to find out. You'll have to discover. I guess. I don't know. The ability to publish a book. Maybe wait until you _really_ get famous. Then obviously, a book is possible. Probably could use one of your four. Doesn't matter that they're already free. People will still want to buy them. In bookstores. What are you setting up? "We're going to hell." "Evil." This is what you think, what you consider. What you figure. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. The political situation. Dr. Crelleppi said so long ago. What were you thinking? Doing your work. God's work. God. You thought you were. It could seem. It might seem. A bit of a conflict, playing out. Biblical. The coming of the apocalypse, the coming storm and fire. It could be playing out in your lifetime. This is what happens. How you'd figure, consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is what happens. What we consider. What we figure. Will get famous? I don't know. I suppose it's possible. Famous-for? What, exactly? The politics, the fictional philosophy? Maybe both. A potent combination. Maybe it's going to happen. Maybe it's all happening. We're going to hell. We'll take the world to hell.

Seems to help. Seems to be helpful, the way you were looking into points, to read German philosophy Adorno *Minima Moralia*. I guess. Depending on what you had been looking "at".. A girl that smart. Capable of understanding some of the things you have to say. Philosophical. You'd thrive in an academic environment. Maybe. If you didn't have to talk a lot. Or read out loud. If you could just have conversations with people. Or, if that were life. If you were able to talk to women like that. Capable of understanding, maybe some other than philosophical points you make. Maybe some other points. People would want to understand. Or knowing that you've looked into. Almost exactly like. Always, anyone could be listening to Voice Record. Anytime, always, anywhere, with the proper link. That must have hurt. That spot. At that point. Getting burned by your buddy Matty. The worst news I've heard all month. This is how it goes, how you'd consider. "You just burned me".. No comment. This is how it goes. In the

world. A lesson from Matty. A last lesson, perhaps. To really drive the point home. Well. A good lesson. What friends are capable of. Friends. What people will do. Will do to friendships. She was shadowing your doctor. Maybe good not to get mixed up with her, if she's on your treatment team. Maybe find another woman to get mixed up with. Who you can find other faults with. Who might have other faults. This is what you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Points. Looking into. Looking to be into. I should talk to more women, get rejected by more women.

I suppose. Things I could write. Things I could have looked into. In the end. Ultimately. DT. What you do, what you consider. _Could go to a meeting. Probably won't. Probably not. I could. I don't think it would be bad. But I probably won't. Probably don't need to. Can do more on my own, anyway. Textually. Meaningfully. The amount of meaning that could be going on. Do you want to risk a FB? I think not. Not at a meeting. No thanks. Not fun. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

I don't know. I just suppose. Beth. Neuro. Ideal? N-dimensional? Could have told her that. Dualism. Is that what you want to tell young women? Dualism? Maybe that's it. Maybe that's actually what I do want to tell them. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I guess. In the end. Ultimately. You'd figure. You'd consider. Where are you going to find a brilliant woman? Young woman? She doesn't necessarily have to be that young. When the time comes. When the question arises. This is how it goes. Western Psych. Clinic. Set up to keep us sane. Keep us rational. Double Trouble will probably outlast some of us. This is what happens. How you'd figure. How you'd consider.

Try writing. See what happens. If you suppose, if you consider. I guess. I don't really know. How's the German coming? This is what I think. What I suppose. I guess. I don't really know. Trying to write my way out of poverty. Trying to write my way into a new world. A new world for me, a new world for everyone. This is how it goes, how I consider. If you were to suppose. That you could write anything important. Important for you, firstly. You need to teach _yourself. Then you can teach someone else. You need to figure out how to learn, to teach. I connected with Beth. The first time for a new young woman, in a while. What I might be looking for. Neuroscience. Someone that smart. I had forgotten that it's intelligence I'm looking for. It had slipped my mind. She seemed like she was open to my philosophy. Pupils dilated. That could be a marker, a sign. That she was open. That's what I consider. How I relate. To these things. It was really

enjoyable to talk to her. Also to Margie. Women in general. I need to talk to more women. That is my goal. That is my project. Intelligence. No headway on telling my parents about my writing. No progress. At a standstill. That's what I guess. What I _know. I feel like I'm coming closer. Like it could be possible. Soon. Eventually. This was my primal condition. To have important issues to discuss. And not to discuss them. That was me. That was my life. I had started to think I wanted to be alone. How wrong. Of course you want a woman..! Of course. It would be something for you. For you to learn and teach. This is how that would go. If you had interesting things to talk about. Neuroscience. Just about the ideal partner. Can't think of too much more ideal. Can't consider. Conceive. And you were thinking you're god. Even though, your primal condition is to be alone. Me. You were thinking of me. Of your unconscious self. Seems like. Seems like there could be some errors. Some inappropriate behavior. What you figure, how you suppose.

Brain Salad, Word Garbage

I always thought, if I were presented with an opportunity, I'd have things to say. A redefining moment. New feelings, real feelings, old feelings. Like you're just now appreciating life. Just now able to. When face to face. When talking about it. When asked to talk about it. What you have going on. Not much going on, in your head. I guess. I don't know. Seems like you could have looked into some of these points more carefully. Straight into. What you have to say. Is this probably happening? Statistically? Could you say this happens to you a lot? I guess I could have said some things about mathematics. Badiou. Ontology is mathematics. I don't know if I believe that. Feeds into atheism. People who know god. People who have a faith in god. Maybe that gives me comfort, to be around such people. Whether their conceptions are necessarily as sophisticated as mine. As I'd like them to be. Would I like everyone to think like me? Is that what we're talking about? How we're considering? I guess. I just suppose. I just recover. I was face to face with her. Prime, perfect df, nothing wrong with her. Blonde. Bodacious. Brilliant. And I had nothing to say. I always thought, if I had the chance. To do over. I'd be able to do it, this time. That's what I thought. I guess I'm learning. This is a good time for me. Trying that. Trying to talk to a woman, even during a flashback. Admiring certain people's abilities, to look straight into points like this. This is what happens. How you figure. She must see a lot of that. People dumbstruck. Dumbfounded by her brilliance. "She just got a big grant, so.." Things I could have said. Approaches. I could have asked her name, introduced myself. I didn't think I was valuable. Like I'd have things to say to a person like that. That she could value me for myself. It was hard to think that way. Writer, filmmaker and musician? Is that who I am? What I am? I'm a writer. That's most of what I do. What about the films, the music? People can be really critical of their own stuff. I was open to it. Last night. Listening to the website. Been gifted with digital recorders. Been able to get my stuff into digital. Not lose it. Been able to save a lot of the music,

throughout my development. Save a lot of those moments. Over the years. Digital recording devices. This is how it goes, how you'd figure.

What you would supposedly consider. How you would. What you would. How that would go. How you would figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

What you have. What have you. Taking it down, voice record. Couldn't rest comfortably. Couldn't get comfortable. I have a line. I have boundaries. Even me. Although I probably won't show up in the Norton Anthology of Theory and Criticism. If that would be one of my goals. One of my ultra-fictional goals. Does any of my text have that potency? That you'd want to anthologize it? Ether thought not. Engstrom thought not. They passed me over. Nothing to see here, time to move on. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Ether's grade for me. Which I had trouble understanding, at first. When it first came out. Difficulty, horror, astonishment, unbelief. Since then, I've adapted. I accepted the grade, full force. I accepted it as a literal, honest assessment of my condition. I didn't shrink back from its implications. This is how it goes. Whether you were planning on. Meetings are important. They might have helped you to get here. Yes, you can do more on your own. But it can be nice to take it easy, sometimes. To ride a meeting. Think about a topic to share on. A whole hour, for one topic? It's too long to spend on one topic. I can spend thirty seconds on a topic. I don't have to spend an hour. The artistry of sharing. Sharing what you're about. Your lack of job. I don't work. So I don't have that to talk about. I don't know what I can talk about. Thinking I'm god? Don't think I want to mention that delusion. I guess. Yes, it would be nice. Speaking to her. To Baeka. That's what you realize. You're talking directly to the source. You're accessing the source code, the root account.

What it is I'm doing. What I'm actually doing. What I could be said. Who likes your music? What are you doing? Not going to the AA meeting. Is that a good decision? I think I'm more of an alcoholic. I would drink. Way easier than doing drugs. I might think of drinking. That's how my last relapse started. Not wise. To go back to that stuff. You know how bad it is. For your liver. If you can stay away from the substance abuse, and stay positive with your support concepts. Reed. Now I remember his name. I guess. What I like to think about. Coming face to face. Facing. Facing my dream. And having nothing to say to her. If she would expect that. I guess it wouldn't be the first time. Historically. The df's I've ignored, over the years. The many. The endless sequence. So this is understandable. That I wouldn't know how to talk to one. What's your name? My name is David. I'm a writer, filmmaker, and

musician. Not successful. If measured in financial terms. I give my content away for free. I think it's the better way to gain in popularity. Free content. It's my little gamble. That I'll be able to cash in, one day. If you figure. If you suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just consider. I guess. I don't know. Could put another Paypal button up. See if anyone will donate. I don't think so. I don't think it's likely. And could fuck up my SSI and sex 8. Would fuck up. For no guarantee. Too shotgun of an approach.

I guess. You have to be certain of things. If you're going to risk your lifeline. I don't think you should. Even if you got a hundred bucks, or something. Or if someone donated two thousand, and cut your SSI. Then you'd have to live with that, deal with that. Your health insurance. Different things. The higher you get, the longer you have to look down. The further down you have to look. Amazing redefinitions. And also, big challenges. Subjective challenges.

Things you could be considering. Contemplating. As you go. As you were. This is how it happens. What you might consider. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. That's how it goes. Face to face. Nothing to say. Looking straight into one of these points. The source, the world source. Don't try to talk shit on mathematics, if she's a statistics major. Instead, find out if she's interested in you as a person. Introduce yourself. Don't try to talk shit in her area of expertise. Not yet, at least. Just have a friendly conversation. Strike up a friendly thread of discussion. Don't have to talk shit. Yet.

A sort of numbing operation. Deadening yourself to the energy. Is that the goal? For some of these things? The sum of them? When you had looked straight into? What would you think? With the clarity.. A force of life, a spirit inside me keeping me alive. What you would have wanted to look closely into. Your most recent writing. A shared interest. One doesn't design one's texts for one's parents, I don't think. Who did you design them for? I haven't had the experience with women as beautiful as you. I've had lots of opportunities. But no experiences. I'm inexperienced. I suppose I can tell you this. I am a great admirer of beautiful women. I admire you for what you have to go through. Pressure you have to withstand. It's probable that many guys are interested in you. Is this probably happening to me. Groovy to me. This is what I think. What I'd suppose. If I were given. As I've been given the gift. Certain chances, to talk to certain people. This is how it goes. What you'd imagine. If given the chance. Must have been difficult to set up. Just from my own experience. My own limited perspective. Let alone, for the other people. If you were playing with guys that serious. On that level. Genome. Gave you another chance. They could

have taken your whole site down. They had mercy. Decided to see what you were into. The OS on your device. Owned by Genome. This is how it goes...

Staring straight into it. The truth. And not getting it. No accomplishment. Leaving the world as you found it. Doing nothing. Not doing anything important. I don't think that would be very nice (for me). For other people, maybe a normal life is fine. Key, even. But me, as an artist? I have to change people's perceptions. Organize their dreams. Re-interpret their concepts. Redefine their terms. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. If you wanted to achieve. If you wanted to associate on this level. Staring straight into it, and not getting it. Being face to face with her, and having nothing to say. You have to introduce yourself. Is that hard? Being a writer? Is that as hard as mathematics? I tried physics. It was too much like a job. I didn't want a full-time job, at that point.

I guess. I know. I suppose I _don't know. This is how that would go. If you had written h/s/ns/id, shot the films. Made the musical recordings. Then what? What's the upshot? For the world. I think my sense of humor. This is how it would go. How you figure, how you suppose. Meditate. Come to a realization. Come to a cost. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What people would do. Visit, or not visit, ever. Betrayed on Facebook. Little brother, not Big Brother. You wouldn't know. You wouldn't suppose. I guess. I suppose. What you consider. It all adding up. The sum. Some of these times. If you relax, and see how it feels. How does that feel? Contradiction, or paradox? Subcontinental Portland. Neither, literally an Indian gal in PBX. I see – I suppose that would be a _dialectic. This is how it goes. What you'd be listening to. What you'd be supposing. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just consider. The different things I'm an expert in. If. When you figure. When you suppose. If you were to figure. If you were to ask, tell, complete, except.

Philosophy IRC is dick. Not only what they'd do to you. What they'd do to your friends. The intolerance, the prejudice. Those who walk away from Omelas. Choose to walk away. You might be able to get by without getting kicked, but maybe less resourceful (or changeable) comrades would be kicked. You shouldn't promote, or add to, a dick channel. If you can find a good channel, that's a different story. Don't feed into the dick. That's what you learned today. Goergeturing doesn't understand what philosophy means. He's a shitty philosopher. And he would try to fuck you over. Has tried. Has indeed tried. You didn't care, you gave up. That is not a good sign. This is how it works. As you could be considering. You have to _write. Anyway, not

chat. You have to write, it is your life, your chosen life, apart from the reading. This is how it goes, how we consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. In the end. You talk at group. You talk to the groups. You have to get better at "introducing yourself"... Writer or whatever you claim to be. Having written what? What, exactly, have you written? Ultra-fictional philosophy. It is philosophy which is structured like fiction. Which doesn't claim to be true. Which is fiction. Philosophy as fiction. Something to read. Not the final word. Not the scripture. That's what I write. What I've written. I've made some films and music, also. Films of? Films of artistic reality. Art films. Deranged children's movies. Music films. All of that. Maybe tell her all of it. How do you survive? I'm on SSI, supplemental security income. Disability. I have a disability. I have schizophrenia. I get subsidized by the government, by the taxpayers. That's who I am. Who she would realize she has just met. You have to be able to tell in a concise way who you are. The blond statistics chick taught you that. If you are unwilling to be honest, the conversation will be very short. You have to be willing to be honest. If you want anything good to happen. You have to tell her who she's talking to. If you're not honest about this... It won't work for every girl. It won't work for every woman. Only a fraction, a percentage, will be open. That is the beauty. There are no guarantees in life. You have to experiment. Now that you know. Now that you're ready to tell. At least what you do, if not the content. You don't have to reproduce the content. Not right way. Maybe eventually. Not right away.

I could be doing, I could be experiencing. This is what you'd figure. If you knew what points I had looked into. "Known"... Absolutely looked into, no question about it. It doesn't matter. Sexuality is overrated. I've looked at a lot of f. Feminists say it's bad for women. Porn is therapeutic. It helps with the need for real sex. Real sex can be dangerous. You can catch diseases. You can do questionable things to get the sex. Being intimate with someone is a vulnerable situation. You might not want to do that. You might have a different program in mind. I'm into the program. The meetings, at least. How do you relate that to your drinking? How do you tie it all together? Does it make sense? Meetings and god. That's how I've been able to stay clean. The medicines I'm on, it would be stupid and dangerous to keep drinking. Say we admit you, then let you out in two weeks. What next? What then? I guess we have different things going on. I seem to be the only one with flashbacks. They're rare. The doctors haven't seen them before. I have voices during them. My voices gave me therapy. They used humor, told me jokes. Put on plays, dramas, productions. Some cartoon voices,

some human voices. Post-LSD schizophrenia. Paranoid, delusional. Prolonged, protracted, extended. Extended almost to infinity. What people were thinking. What people must have been thinking.

Resistance to writing. That's what I'm playing with. Only write key shit. Not as interested in addicts. What addicts are up to. Meetings are evental. They are events, every day, if you want. Or a few days a week. Interesting to see what I've been missing out on. Personal and/or spiritual evolution. Do you think evolution is possible? Do you see yourself "going anywhere"? That is my question. That's what I'm considering today. I see the personal and the spiritual as being intertwined. I kind of reduce the spiritual to the personal, the cognitive. Cravings, obsession, triggers and serenity are all cognitive variables. So I take a cognitive approach to personal evolution. I have some therapeutic concepts, twelve of them, to be precise. We want to dream – we've had enough of the nightmare. Dimensional transfer. Your mind is n-dimensional – meaning you can travel between ideas or neighborhoods using other ideas or DT – dialectical transformation. I call it David Therapy. I developed it mainly for myself, but I think it could find wide application. Basically it's self-talk, or self-thought. Talking to yourself in your head. Doesn't always have to be positive. Can I think of an example of a negative use? Asshole, asshole, asshole. You can call yourself bad names sometimes. For what you've done. Such a tragedy, addiction. This is what I consider, how I create. If I'm that into evolution, that I'd want a whole meeting to talk about it. Is it an appropriate question for AA? How does it tie into the steps? The steps are concrete suggestions for how to evolve. I'm not following, except for maybe the first step. Admit I'm powerless over alcohol and drugs. I relapsed, last time, on alcohol. I immediately got drunk and abused it, to the point of sickness – first day back. That's not a sign of moderation. That's not a good sign. And it's not my drug of choice. If I get that out of control on a drug I don't even really like... What would I do on my drug of choice? I don't want to find out, again. It's been a year. That's hard to believe. But it's true. Maybe my experience was negative enough. The tripping. I had a bumner trip. Maybe I learned my lesson. I've thought of going back out. Haven't done it. I was playing on the tracks.

You get, you do. What you enjoy doing. Coming home after a meeting and writing. Powerless? Or _powerful. As long as I don't pick up that drink. I can be very powerful. Thinking about spiritual evolution. Whether a fundamental change in experience can happen. Wouldn't that be the case? If you had been successful with your DT? Then wouldn't something different be available? That's what I thought last night. With the ashwaganda. Noticed a positive change,

improvement. Concerned there might be side-effects. I think I'm on the right track. A meeting is eventual – and your understanding evolves through the experience. It is a process.

It's what you determine. It's what you foresee. If you want to do something different. If you have anything to do. Go to a meeting. The exercise, the discipline, is amazing. Thinking of your share. Developing your stance, your intentional stance. Taking a position. Trying to do something. Trying to make a statement. To say something. It's difficult. You pause, and not just for effect. You pause because you're frozen and stuck. It makes sense, this was your whole life. This was it. Your life. It becomes, it depends.

If you were to. Presumably. A hard road, confusing. This is what. Could be doing almost anything... At this point? Thirty-nine years old? DCB, with DCB's brains? And you're willing to ruin your reputation to be a writer? That's why not many people write stuff like this. It can be too embarrassing. And no one would publish it. Yet. Up 'till now. Maybe not later. Maybe later, things will be different. If I get my way. If I explode. Explode doesn't sound nice. Like you might not wanna be around, for one of those. This is what happens. You could be chatting. I don't think you want to, not now. You have _writing to do. That's what you figure. Your tiredness. Your habituation to 60 mg of Prozac. It seems. It seems to become. What you could be doing.

This is what I do. Meditative practice. Primalling on the couch. Then back up at life. Back up at it. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. Almost exactly how you'd figure. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. It begins to seem. Begins to seem like you have things going on. Could call the associates. Don't need to. Don't _want to. Not doing things I don't want to do, as much, anymore. Don't want to call Tracy. Not interested in her. Don't have to have boring, dull conversations. Don't need it, don't want it. This is what I'm into. Writing. Just journal. No limericks. No short stories. This is what I do. Stay on the lookout for decent philosophy. What's your philosophy? Do you have one? Usually I'm doing DT. I'm using self-thought. Not with concrete visual or physical fantasies. That's how it seems. What you figure, what you consider.

This is what happens. Write exactly about the circumstances of a text's writing. Try to capture the context. What else is happening. If you've made a fundamental change. If you were able to do that. Somehow. After a year. Maybe it takes that long. You're pretty lucky your parents aren't addicts. Pretty good coincidence. That would have made it less possible to ever get clean time. And now. With a year clean. And with no one using drugs in your household. I think you can do it. If you don't pick up that first one. If you pick up, it's all over,

again. Powerless against the addiction. So it's good you haven't picked up. Real good. Alcohol was the start of your last relapse. You got sickening drunk the first time back. That's what kind of illness you have. I would think you wouldn't have flashbacks. You're too conscious. Was it bad acid? No one else said it was bad. I had a bad reaction to it. And then I doubled up the next day. Probably the opposite of what would be wise to do. The opposite of wisdom. Well, I guess I learned my lesson about doing that.

It becomes of this. It becomes something you want to do. This kind of energy. This sort of energy. Different things you could be thinking. Doing. Children were there. If children were right there. Is that considered well done? Is that what we have going on? I guess we all have certain "points" of space/time, that we like looking into. This is how it seems. How you consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. That's all I consider. In the end, what you'd have to do. What you'd want to do. Supposedly looked into points like this. Should have looked closely, into the points, certain people's eyes, were making. This is how it goes. How you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. It's what seems to be happening. However late people around the world have to stay up, to chat with you. Things you actually think about. I tried to make it aesthetically pleasing, so to speak. It looks beautiful. You could go to bed. You could do anything.

This is what I do, how it goes. Everyone doesn't know these things. If you look at the output, I would say almost no one knows them. I tried to develop philosophical and political sophistication. If you figure. If you apply the _ultimate analysis. Then you'd have to think. You'd have to suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. In the end. You determine. You suppose. Depends what you mean by "into".. Did you steal? I used a credit card I wasn't authorized to. I guess that's a form of stealing. My mom wasn't very happy about that. I thought I needed to do it. To get my music and film and computation equipment. That's what I figure, what I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. If you figure, if you consider. Why do I write tic's? I guess it's comforting. I guess it makes sense, in the end. You want to write. You don't want to sit and stare at the screen. So it's good you have things to write.

I guess it could seem. Pretty bad. It must have gotten pretty bad, at certain points. This is what we do, what we consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I have nothing. Nothing is left. I am a dead soul. That's what someone said. Maybe he was right. Nothing happening, nothing going on. No life to live.

Depends what you want to learn. To do. Learn to do. I want to be a writer. I already am a writer. I want to be a successful writer. The gist is philosophical or

political. Trying to start a revolution. In consciousness. Dictatorship of the proletariat. We need some real transformation. Some fundamental difference. Easy to say, when you're on welfare. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. That's just what I consider. What I fathom. If you figured. If you had anything going on.

This is how it goes. I like the _clarity of a structured social situation, a group/meeting. Picnic's don't attract me. Not necessary. I guess that's mean of me. Not wanting to go hang out with the good people, at their yearly celebration. Rather go to double trouble. I guess. I probably don't know. The Diary of Anne Frank. At thirteen, she was fully mature and powerful. She had friends, a life. Compared to me at that age. My illness, sickness. How constrained my life was. Very few friends. Very little romance. Sick interludes. Masturbation alone at night in bed. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. My life. The life of a schizophrenic. Different things. Things you could consider. Ways I have to go. Atheists to read or not read. Things I could consider. If I wanted to. In the end. I suppose, I portray. It's what happens. What we have going on. If you consider, if you suppose. Then you'd have to relate, relax.

Maybe write about it a bit. X world, x self. X self is obviously true. Except to a solipsist, a pure alpha thinker. But X world? That is the true radical theory. That we are most likely not the first earth. There is an endless series of universes, of earths. So we are probably not at the beginning. We're in the middle somewhere. That is what gives _meaning to life – the fact that life will go on. Even after our sun burns out. There will still be worlds, there will still be humans. It's an investment. Once god figured out how to make an earth, he can do it repetitively. It's an up-front commitment of labor, that pays off for all eternity. So this is what we have. What we know. If we know god. Enabling us to develop x world theory. I think it is amazing. It is something to experience. If we found humans on another planet. Speaking English, for all we know. That is how it goes. How you might figure. Overcoming nature. Alpha thinking. Alpha/omega/"n" thinking is thinking that knows it's a beginning, middle, and end. All three at once. "N" thinking is x world. Omega is knowing you are a "point", an "end"... Alpha is knowing you are the beginning of a new spirit in the world. Your work, your writing/art. Will be known forever. At least by god. You act for god. You do for god. God can see. God can know. That's what I figure. When I sit down to write.

Enslaved to Society

This is how it goes. How you figure. I guess. In the end. Don't need to chat with assholes. Doesn't do me any good. I _think it will, but then, no. It doesn't. I have to get into my _own voices. What _I'm all about. Not what assholes like georgeturing are all about. That's what I figure, what I suppose. I guess. In the end. You figure, you compose.

What I could be doing. On my own. If I wanted to. If I supposed. I guess. I don't know. Not really. A public discourse. Sharing, being open with people. Designing your language to be spoken to a group. Could be something new for you. Turn it over to the care and protection of your higher power. A meeting. The manifestation of god, is a meeting of AA's. Sobriety. What I'm into. The form I'm jealously approaching, engaging. This is what I do. I guess. I was into deception, lying, pretending, fantasy, make-believe. With my secret birth defect. I was in denial. I don't know what I thought the solution would be. I couldn't find the solution on my own. I needed the help of the clinic. That's what I've discovered. God made herself manifest. To me. In her own way. I was fixed. If I asked for help. When I asked for help. I didn't have the right idea of communication. It was a failure to communicate. Mouth brain phenom. Illness, sickness. That's what I was. A sick individual. Alcohol poisoning, LSD poisoning. Sickness, hell, torture, sickness. I got all of that. I did some of the drugs that can really apply some negative pressure to the brain. Alcohol can do that. No fun being sick on alcohol. Wanting the nausea to end. It never ending. That was my experience. I think the meetings are god's most concrete manifestation. To me. For me. Where else could I see more of god? Where else could god's language support and care for me, protect me, in a sense. That's what spiritual/social language does. The bonds of language. It isn't slavery. It's a war. Militants of the truth. That's what philosophers are. If you can't wait around for the end of the sentence. If you need a scrolling chat window to stimulate your writing. I think you can do that, sometimes. Other times, better turn to

yourself. Turn to your writing. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. In the end. Ultimately. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. If god was at the meeting, then why didn't you stick around? Why did you leave right away? Is that your idea of communing with god? To walk away? To go your own path/course/way/tao. This is how it goes. How you'd figure.

What you have going on. The most important thing you could do. Maybe it's better you don't remember your acid trips. Like you used to remember, until about ten. This is what happens. Moving from the diary modality to the blog modality. Thinking of conversations instead of internal monologues. Thinking of talking to real people. God is internal. There is no conceivable rationale for being externally observant. God would be subject. That is the only rationale. God wants to participate, to be her creations. To become her creations. That is my message. Is _everyone god? I wouldn't go that far. Unless our souls/spirits/minds partake in divine essence. Are we all god? Or are some of us god? Does god want to be internal? If you choose. If you so desire. If your life is that good.

What you have going on. If you want. If you so desire. Does god partake in the world? If you say you're god, is that saying other people _aren't god? Is that what you could be thinking? I also thought god designed history. As an artwork. It was a grand expression. To the victor go the spoils. Am I the omega? Should I be telling people this. "What's it about?" Philosophy and schizophrenia. Schizophrenia, the great gift. You don't have to work, and your mind expands. That's what I figure. How I conceive. I guess. I don't actually know. I just suppose. I want to be famous. But I don't want to mention why. Maybe I _should be "mentioning" it. Whatever that could mean. Is it really so strange? That's what it will seem like. Maybe don't talk about your idea of god. Let everyone have their own ideas. If you really think god is internal. It might be just you.

This is how it goes. Your religion. Everyone has their ideas about god. Maybe don't share yours at a meeting. If you figure, if you suppose. I'm god. The second coming of Christ? Or the _first coming of David? Is that what I'm contemplating. I think god is in everyone. Some inappropriate behavior, from some of these people? Who are you to call god inappropriate? Maybe all of that _needed to happen. This is how it goes. If you think god works in our plane/realm of being, then god would be at work now, in this meeting, here. Hard to believe. I think I had a vital spiritual experience at Wednesday's meeting. Maybe don't go, if you're having a flashback. Or go. Either way, it will be intense. I thought you

_wanted intensity. The voices serve to agitate you. That is their function. Their stated purpose. To get you to the next level.

It could be happening. The ultimate. IOP always exceeds expectations. What you have going on. The imagination knows no limits. We could go on without end. We could take a limitless approach. Depending on what we were allowed to do. You could figure. You might suppose. In the end. Ultimately. If you wrote Heliosophy, for instance. Or the ID. That would be something to consider. Getting famous. As unlikely as that seems. You'd _want it to happen. Ultimately. You'd have to agree with it. If you're "god"... Then your productions should be known. People might not always have realized something like this would happen. This level of functionality in a schizophrenic. They didn't think you could write all that.

This is how it goes. What you might eventually realize. If you read the big book, you don't have to agree with its conception of god. Your god idea may be unique. Are you willing to say god would want to be you? Are you ready to say that? If not, maybe you have to settle for living alone in a god-forsaken life. Even though god designed the earth. And my life, perhaps. Maybe not everyone else's. Maybe everyone else has to fend for themselves. Do you believe in god? Yes. Would god want externality? No. God would want internal. Just my argument. Just what I'm considering. At least I'm not a solipsist, a pure alpha thinker. But I may be an x/omega thinker. I get to _be the point, the end, the meaning of life. I know this might be a slightly inflated sense of self-importance. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. In the end. You guess. You consider. You feel like you're finally "getting it"... Finally able to enjoy life. Hopefully the end is not near. Hopefully you'll be able to enjoy this epiphany, this continual epiphany, for a while now. For all time. You only have one life. X world. This may happen again and again. Or, _will happen. If x world theory is true. That is comforting. To know that. N/x thinking. The nth term in a series. Could be anything. If we'd want to experiment ethically. If we'd want to allow free thinking. Free acting. Freedom, free will. Naming Estelle in ID. Why did you do that? I didn't care to change her name. I wanted the potency to be felt. I wanted to give her a share of the energy. The attention. If you'd consider. If you'd figure. Changed some of the names. You didn't do anything wrong. I didn't think there was anything to protect you from. If you hadn't done anything wrong. Maybe we all want a share. If this is what's going on. This energy. If you have a share in it. I don't know why I didn't change your name. I guess I should have. Things I did wrong. Might have done wrong. We all make mistakes. Epiphany. Are you always ruminating? Always about something or

other? You have about seventy-five different regretful memories. You just cycle through them, during your mental down-time. You're on rumination mode. You worry. You have anxiety. Unfocused. Panic attacks. Not based on anything. That you can identify. It might be a psychological issue. "Likely to have difficulty with sexual adjustment." That proved to be true. Proved prophetic. Like something that would come true. Or already had come true. If you're too ineffective to talk to a gf, you don't deserve her. If you can't even be nice to her. Nice enough to talk to her. Are you nice to girls, women, dream-f's? Not yet. Not nice enough.

When I get into it. When I decide to _dream. I think that's it. That's why I came. That's what I'm up to. I've had enough of the nightmare. An AA meeting is a dream. The conversation. With real people. I'm at the meeting the whole day. I'm preparing. Preparing my energy. I've accepted that on a Friday night, I'm at a meeting. I'm not at a party, or a bar/club. This is how it goes. How you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Guilty? For naming Ida in ns? I guess so. Maybe I am guilty of some things. Several things. I didn't think it would matter. Obviously. This is what happens. How you suppose. I guess. In the end. You have to. If you wanted the ultimate epiphany. A vital spiritual experience? Is that what the flashback meeting was? I think so. I heard the message. I figured it out. Where I belong. What I want to do. What I want to get good at – sharing. I'm good enough at being selfish. At constructing private monologues. But the open, nonprivate conversation is what I really want. What I really crave.

This is what you'd do. How you'd look. Exactly? Looking into this? In there? Walking kind of funny, in there? Funny? Strangely, she was walking strangely. Could that be a sign of something? A certain high point? Can you tell, without asking? Can you be certain of your "high points"?.? Is that what you've been looking into? Certain key terms... "The" is one. The cognitive apparatus. That's what you call your brain? Person. The person in question. Are you in question? Looking straight into some of these points. For, or against. Readings. Scannings, to see what worked. People might disagree, with some of these readings. Writings? Some of the things I've written? Made. I made it. "I made this." Eye made this. A self made this. One of your selves. One of you guys, your eyes. Different interpretations. What you could be looking into. Depends what you mean by "into"? Some difficulty, looking into some of these key terms. Difficulty is one. The mention of it. "It"... I used to think I was it. We can't tell anything is happening. Unless you tell us. If you were to tell. Points you could be interested in "making". Is that a point you were

making.? Like one of the points you were making? Is an essay composed of a point? What was the point of some of those essays? Difficult questions. Certain people could be asking themselves. Asking, themselves. In other words, they could be asking.

Seems like you're there. "There", where you wanted to be. The points you always wanted to look into. To have looked into. To have help looking into. To be looking into. Depends what you'd "mean", by ultra fictional philosophy. This is what you do. Exactly what you do. If you're there. Where you are, in a flashback condition. Why do you call it a flashback condition? This condition, I "always seem to be getting into", that I'd need some help to "get" "out-of". Different interpretations, on things I may have said. I might have made this. I made it. "I made it"... You made it. We all made it, together? What could they be thinking, there? Wouldn't you wonder what "one" would think? If that was "where" you were? Different things. If you can survive it, I think you'll have some good dreams. Dreams of being a woman? Is that what you consider good? If it was so good, why can't you remember it? Seems like it would be memorable. But it might not be. It's like you can't remember. Intensity like this? Getting tired of it?

This is what happens. How no one can tell, just by looking. What you're "into"... It seems like they can tell. If you survive it, things turn out better. If you don't slow it down. That's just what I've found. Over time. I guess. I don't know. Depending on what you'd be looking into. Seems like some books. Some books you've written. Don't think just any reader would be into them. Didn't recommend them to Marsha or Bonnie. I guess. I guess I like to keep the locals in the dark. The real people. In the end, it seems. You have to figure. I guess.

What I do. When I do it. There. You're "there"... Where you always wanted to be. With a tongue, with a mouth. No longer fuck-mouth'd. That was the thing. Any term can be a key term, in a situation like this. If you don't talk about it, they'll never know. This is what happens. How you'd consider. You'll have wanted to look into those points. Funny walking. Funny running into her, in the parking lot. That's what you consider. Scanning for certain high points. What you could be scanning for. If you wanted to. Not getting _any exercise. That's something you'll have to think about, to work on, next time. Next vacation. It was a good trip. This is how it goes, what you'd figure. We're all on a trip together. What do you mean. I feel really good. "Why did you say that?" "I always tell people I'm feeling really good and high." Your illness takes over your whole body. It doesn't discriminate. This is what you look into. Everyone controlling themselves. Controlling their illnesses. This is what you think. What

you could be doing. Pushing. Farther into the night. If you wanted to. If that's what you'd consider. Tired. Go to bed at nine? Is that really what you want to do, with your life? Is that what you want your life to be? Kids want to stay up late. That's what you're looking at. What you're getting into. What you could be doing. I guess. I don't know. I could keep writing. With energy like this.

What you could be doing. "Turning on to." This, now, here, again. Morning. Back at it. Another day of it. You have the chance. What is your writing routine? Do you have rituals? Or do you just flow with it? I think, depending on what you could do. I think you might like to write. Depends what you'd mean by "into"... That's what I think. What I'm known to think. I guess. I don't know.

This is how it goes. What I do. Depending on what I've done today. I didn't always know I'd become a good philosopher. The sophistry can be pretty deceiving. You can buy into their intellectual labyrinths, and think they know more than you do. But eventually, you figure it out. You begin to get the sense that you are right. And very few other people are. This is what you've considered. Whether you could be a neuroscientist or no. Neurons might be able to tell us something about brains. But I think I'm a dualist. There is a spiritual substance. A soul, if you will. The brain could not do it on its own. No structure could. There has to be something magical, something spooky. This is why I don't need to chat with philosophers. They are so wrong, it's unbelievable. To start to correct them would take more time than I have. Why get into a dead-end, never-ending dialogue? A dialogue that by definition can't lead to the truth? That's what I figure. What I compose. May as well keep to myself. Keep to the real, good philosophy I generate. I get enough of the bs by reading books. I don't need amateur bs in chat. It's not something I need. It's good to know it's out there. Educational, to know what some of the people could be thinking. So now I can move on. I can go my own way.

I guess. This is how it goes, what I would do. If. Seems like a big "if"... If you were one of the persons in question. Could that make it worse? No, it could only make things better. What I've been trying hasn't worked, so far. You're not supposed to be trapped. I think I can make my way through the condition. No matter how repetitive it is.

It becomes, it seems. This is what you'd do. What you'd consider. If you were to. If you were to. That would be a question. Thinking about sex morning, noon, and night. Would the girls like this, would the girls like that. This is about. What you consider.

This is what happens. What you'd expect to happen. If you were able to make a measure, like this. If you had the "solution"... If you were able to reprogram your system/kernel. That's what I'd think. What I'd suppose. If you had the answer. Walking around like you had the answer. Is that my alcoholism? Thinking I'm god? Or is that the schizophrenia. I was a solipsist, I thought I was god, dreaming the world. This is a very seductive thought process, a line of thought that is hard to escape, once you're tangled up in it. You might think it's not very plausible. Just because of my childhood though, it was plausible for me. I thought I was god, dreaming the world. Life was a dream of mine. That's how powerful my childhood and illness were. My illness, which pervades all aspects of my being. My being gets infected by my illness. The illness takes over all aspects. So a solution has to be diametric. Producing a 180-degree difference. A complete turn around. The sexual turn. Don't have fake sex, if you can't have real sex. That is my belief. What I'm figuring out. Slowly, over time. Watching porn that is therapeutic, or not. I think it has a good effect. You have to get into it before you can get out of it. It de-escalates your sexuality. You don't need real sex. Real sex is dangerous. But it's considered normal. Don't generalize from an ugly girl example. Generalize from a beautiful woman's example. She is who you're interested in. Walking to the CVS, or not. Wherever you are. The non-heat of the non-moment. That's what you'd figure.

I love you, baby I love you now. Medicate yourself? Is that the answer you look for? Can't you do something with ideas, language, DT? Do you have to give in to the insanity of alcohol or other drugs? Is that _really what you want? To alter your mind? Isn't that to have a nugatory valuation of the mind? Smoking resin. That must be pretty good for your lungs. Smoking black crack. Must be good for your spirit, also. That's just what I'd think. What I'd consider. Why the SA? Why the abuse? Can't you do something healthy? Can't you reach out for support? I think that's what would be key. What you'd consider. I guess. I suppose. This is what I do. Sit here, to meet a girl. That's my plan. A high traffic area. Comfortable seats, in the shade. That's what you'd figure. If you were presented with an opportunity to meet girls, like this. A situation. That's what I'd want to do. The ideal and the denial. Girls really for real. That's what it looks like. The Puritan nature of US culture. You're pressing their buttons. You're responding to button-presses. That's what you're good at. What you consider. Language, logic, math. System, kernel. Machine language. Machine logic. What you'd consider, if you had the logic. What it is. It's _logic. Not

“dream-logic”, but instead, logic. That's what runs the brain. The system runs on logic. You provide culture with a logical structure.

This is what happens. You don't have to write. You've done enough. You've worked enough, created enough. Now, just sit back and relax, and enjoy the achievement. That's what I think. I don't know. Not for sure. I guess. Like being born again. “It's unbreakable, just so you know.” The conditioning. I'm still conditioned. I still am under control. I can't do something I need to do, perhaps. Or I do do things I do need to do. Conditioned to be me? FM → DCB? Is that how it works? If you don't have one, you won't get the other. That's what I figure. Go to hell if you commit suicide. I guess that's a good fear to have. Think you're god? What's that like? What's it like to think you're god? Everything was meant to be. Hegel is overly positive? Is that what we should care about? What Adorno or Zizek think about Hegel? Is that what you'll spend your life on? Is that life? Worrying about what people think of Hegel? Or actually, what Hegel was. Important enough, if he is one of the ones I've read. Then you'd want to know what he is. That's what I think, what I consider. I guess. I don't have much to think about. Not much at all. Don't have much to consider. I guess.

System programming. You're in control of a system. Brain Windows. Brain OS. You need to take control. You've been conditioned. Your response to stimuli is patterned. It is subjected. You are not operating as a free, open agent. You must program. Hack your kernel. If you want freedom. If you want control. That is what I think. We have reached the omega point. Technologically. The network. We can control the network. There is a network. And we can control it. We can link the truth. We can publish the links. We can design the content. Produce knowledge for the servers to serve. We have this ability. How do you hack your kernel? Focusing on instructions. The logic which is operating in your cores must be basically instructions. Comparison, addition, multiplication, shifting. That's what must happen, at the machine code level. The assembly level. What the machine is doing. What you're able to affect/ cause. If you're able to program yourself.

This is what I would do, what I do do. I guess. If you talk about different things, during the day. Then you might discover. If you were to. If you were to talk about. Or consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Forgot my mom was picking me up. Started to walk home. This is what I do. How powerful the ego can get. How powerful the mind can get. That's what you have to consider.

I guess you never know, until you find out. Why is writing so hard? My hands and ego are really strong. But my will doesn't seem to want me to write. It seems

too hard. Like I've already written so much. More is a waste. That's how it seems. Like I'm accomplishing nothing.

I guess. A meeting is like a dream sequence, to me. Like the experience of a dream. I think sharing on a topic like "expectations" might seem easy, obvious, but it's actually very difficult. And I am glad to hear what people have to share. It is like a dream. Everyone gives their own experience. About life. How can I match that? Hi, I'm David, I'm an alcoholic. Drinking was pretty special in my life. I was a problem drinker. I didn't read the instruction manual. I got sick many times. I didn't know how to drink. This is what I figure. What about Chris? He's using. Everything? Yes, everything. I try not to bullshit. I don't think I have much to say, about expectations. I'm a writer, I deal with words and text all day long. You'd think I'd be able to generate some commentary, on a simple topic. Maybe not. Maybe that's not how that works. Your sobriety is what allows you to share. You've only been sober a year. And you weren't sharing at meetings the whole time. You were on your own, or then later, back with the crew, playing on the tracks. When you're feeling like this. This on, this stimulated. Maybe _don't go right to bed. Maybe see what you can get out of this. See how it's going. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. When you fall into an abyss? Learn to fly. That's what Ether was trying to tell you, so long ago. He could see your discourse was not academic. I'm warning you, this is a minoritarian tradition. That's what we get. Can't you talk, speak, write? Can't you contribute anything to the conversation? This is what happens. What you'd consider/ expect. Maybe that's what you like talking about. Reflexive, the topic, the difficulty of the topic. Everyone has their rap, their spiel, their shtick. You just have forgotten what yours actually is. You like language. You like talking about language. About sharing. Think of what we're doing here. We're sharing a dream. We're creating a dream for each other. What could be cooler than that? I guess I don't think people want to hear that. They already know it? Philosophy? X world, x self? Is that what you can contribute? They want to make it so you're honest. So you contribute your real shit. They make it difficult to lie, to pretend, to pretend to not be who you think you are. I guess. If I think I'm god. It's going to be difficult to pretend I'm not. That's what I consider. What I suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is how it goes. Good at generating text. Want to become good at speech. What I always admired. What I always wanted. I never did it. Maybe that's why I think it's difficult. FM → DCB. Of course I'm going to think it's hard to share honestly..! I never did it..! Never..!

This is it. We're here. This is what it's like to be beachside. What are you writing? Just some thoughts I'd naturally have. Just some of the things one would naturally think. At moments like this. Is that natural? To look this closely, at all the high points? All around? The highest point, around here..?

Points I thought I'd have wanted to look into. Like points you could have been making? Should have been making? What kinds of points have you been making? To the world? Advertising to the world? World-wide interest. In my site. Is that what's happening to you? What's "groovy to you".? Is that how you'd put it? At some of these points? Looking into some of these points, from a new perspective?

Depends how you could be interpreting, some of these things? Do you have to re-interpret? Points? Into different languages? Contemporary terms? Terms everyone would understand? Who speaks English? You're good. Is that enough? Strange questions, to ask, you might think. If you had been crazy enough to look this closely into these things. Things? What things have you taken an extra close look into? How crazy you'd have to be? You'd have to be known to be? You'd be known to be? Known? Is that like one of the voices you've heard? What voices have you been listening to? Voices that crazy? To be listening to?

This is what you could be doing, writing. You could be writing. "Righting"? Making things right? Is that what writers "do"? They write. Writers are people who write. Right. If you believe that. If you believe that's what you're doing. Taking an especially close look into? Into what you could be doing, by doing this. "Doing" this... Is this what you're "doing"? Looking into points this closely? As closely? As you might have looked into some of the points people were making? Could have been making?

Strength of Practice

Points you could have taken an especially close look into. Such as why you haven't been coming to the beach. Could that be “tied in” to some of the other points? Voices you've been looking into? Certain people? If you were calling certain people your parents? If you were certain you were a person? How could you believe you were the only one? The only “one”? In the world? Is that what you believed? What you profess to have believed? That you were the only person who really existed? What is the argument against that? Do people even know how to argue about that? Is that something anyone would want to argue about? Which points? Is that what you call “eyes”? People's “points”? Is this pretty intense? To have people look closely. Into points. Some of the points. Is that what they're looking into? When you flashback at a meeting? Could that change the dynamic? What kind of meeting? An AA meeting? Is that like the meeting you were at? Were people on substances? At a meeting like that? Mind-altering? Like the “substance” you're on? You could be on? You look like you're on some mind-altering substance... Like you? Takes “one” to know “one”? Is that what they could have said? What people would be saying? At certain times? To be certain of weird moments? Weird times? Is that what's happening? What could be happening? At a point like this? Flashback point? Why do you call them LSD flashbacks. Seems intense. Like I could be the only one who's having them.

This is what it looks like. When you write. At various points. Rocking through a flashback. It seems to settle down. Eventually. If you let it. If you continue to interpret. Things, standing up to interpretation. Repetitive, or child-like intensity. We'd just have to never leave the house. Certain points. The most famous in the world? Philosopher? Is that what you've written? Like a moment you may have been thinking?

This is how it goes. How you'd figure. If you continue to look into certain points, made about certain people. If you looked at them. Like your

landlord. The points he could be looking into. Or anyone, really. Global Genome advertising. Word of mouth and advertising. If you were looking into that. Having that looked into. It's almost exactly like. At certain points, you say that word a lot. Points? Open, non-private venue. If that's the kind of thing. Claimed about certain people.

This is what you do. What happens. If you figure. If you suppose. I come to the beachside for the people. Not for the beech. That's what I figure. What I suppose. Making some spelling errors. With this set-up. With this level of paranoia. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. In the end, ultimately, if you found out. Or, when you were to find out. If you were to find out. Then it would seem. It would supposedly seem. To you. Or those who love you. Those close to you. Then you might imagine. You might figure. If you were to suppose.

It's what you figure. If you get to the end. The end of the chain of arguments. If you have anything important to write. Or read. I don't know if you do. Haven't you written it all?

I guess the anxiety and the intensity are related. If you don't have any anxiety, the intensity might be low. But you don't _want anxiety. Unless you do. Unless it's something you might enjoy, from time to time. If you get a cyclical view. It seems valuable for you to get a cyclical view. To get multiple perspectives. Instead of getting always the same. Who would want that? I guess you have nothing to complain about. Or very little. Depending on whether they take all the shit in your apartment. If they'd want to do that. I don't know what they'd want to do. This is how it goes, how you figure. How you suppose. I guess. Many tic's, when there's no intensity. You resort to ticking. I guess. If you figure, if you suppose. Different things. You could be looking into. If you wanted to, if you supposed. Then I guess. I guess it might work out. For you. Ultimately.

This is how it goes. What you might suppose. If you looked into things closely enough. With other people around. As sensitive as you are. To what other people think. Not that that is good. It might not be. To care about what you cannot control. What is beyond your powers. Why _should you care? If they were to look into certain points. Like you were thinking last night. Paranoid. Delusional. Like you need help with this. People looking. Like you might need to ask people to take a look. If you'd want to do that. I don't know if you would. Seems like you're in your comfort zone. Although it's not always comfortable. Can be pretty intense. Maybe you _want it to be intense. Isn't that better than boring, straight trips? Could easily pick up a drink. Haven't done it, for some reason. You're powerless, after that first drink. You don't know what

would happen. Alcoholism. Negative reaction. You've had some adverse reactions, before. Could be in line for more sickness. Better to stop drinking. Stay with the program. Listen to the wiser voices. It's what you wanna do. A meeting is like a dream. Do you want to give that up? Just because you saw some beers in the fridge? And no one was around? And no one would stop you, anyway? What stops you? Good question. Powerful. How powerful I am, not drinking.

This is what I want – _power. I think I have found it. Or so-called found it. You got it. We're real people. Like a dream. Life is like a dream. Anxiety in the morning. Waking up to the reality. If you consider. If you suppose. That something like this would be possible. Why did you write that stuff? Freedom of expression. I wanted to think about whatever I wanted to think about. I wanted to think freely, in other words.

This is what happens. What you'd expect. If you were to. If you were to consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Ticking. That's how it goes. How you'd figure, consider. All the IT problems you've had. Or you could have had, over the years. And you have a bit of a brain. Not everyone would have your thinker. Although mom can prove you wrong, with the printer. You give up easily. You don't have a lot of resilience, in real-world contexts. This is what happens. Whether you practice or not.

You can keep going. Keep learning more and more. Depending on what language you're willing to speak in. If you have a choice. Then you'd suppose, you'd figure. I guess. If I try to learn German. I want to be bilingual. I don't know how realistic that is. If I give it a try. I think I might learn(2), if not learn(1). Slowly make progress, if not actually know. This is the most natural way to learn the language. Translate friends are good friends. It begins to seem like you always want to be learning more German. You tend to tire of the plain English.

I think you could figure something out. If you wanted to. If you wanted to make a big deal of it. You are political. You want revolution. It was just the honey in the political pot. This is what you think. What you'd figure. In the end. If you wanted to be a normal person. There is a method to my madness. I had a plan. I needed to become the most famous philosopher in the world. Chat is dick. Ops with asshole philosophies, telling you what to say. Do you need that? Is that really what you want? Can't you really not determine what you want to write yourself? Have you learned anything from that channel?

Is this how it goes? Really? Is this really what you want? To be this much of a “writer”? Writers are people who right. Who make things “right”... Who right

things, the world, the self, others. That's what I consider. How I suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Could be doing lots of thing. Any number of things. If you wanted to. If you were to suppose.

This is your life. What you have to consider. If you were to. If you supposed. Then you'd _want to write.

It's what you'd expect. Almost. That intense, the challenges to your authority. The challenges you've entertained. During FB's. Not everyone would be able to resist stuff like this. DT when writing. That's what it really is. If you can do that while you write. The discipline. The mental approach. Cognitive approach. And then, to move to sharing mode. I was _never in sharing mode. I was in selfish mode. I had no intention of sharing my findings with people. Online, sure. On the net. The world. But locals? Locals are who I really should focus on. People in the area. They should be my true “goal”/end/point. I think. That's what seems to be happening, to me. As I learn to share. I love the “ADD shares” in AA – when people just ramble on endlessly. Because I admire that ability. I don't always have that ability. I do privately. I write a lot. But as far as sharing? Very limited experience. Almost no experience with it, in fact. Relatively. But maybe that's what I needed. To become the most famous philosopher? In the world? Maybe I needed some alone time. Lucas and all. Breaking down in Lucas's class. Full break-down. Not to be missed. If we had camcorders there. For that. To see the reactions. To see how they took it. I guess. I don't know. It was what I had to do. What I apparently had to do. To work the secret out. To prepare for telling the secret. “In the family?” Especially in the family. I actually could tell a few friends here and there. But family? Parents? Impossible. Imperial conditioning. The unbreakable conditioning. That's what I was up against. That's how it seems. Flashbacks are atypical. “You'll probably find them to be atypical.” I seem to be the only one who has them. That's how it seems to go. Like these points. Certain people, you've called “your parents”... It's like you're looking into certain points, that certain people might have made. Depersonalization? Losing your voice, having access only to your father's voice? Strange. A strange experience. That's how powerful his consciousness is. Compared to yours. He can literally take over. Maybe it's a battle with your father... Maybe that's what the whole struggle is.

This is what happens. How it goes. You begin to figure. How valuable your language is. Do you want to waste/write it into translate? That is your goal. To be able to speak German, you need a lot of repetition. You might just be getting the repetition. It just might work out for you. What do you think is

happening? How far have you come.? Do you want to share your experience.? Are you at a meeting? All the time, it's always like a meeting. I'm preparing my share all day long. Planning on what I could tell people. As far as it goes, as far as being open. To talk about yourself. What your qualities, tendencies are. If you're not willing to be honest. In an ultimate way. To talk about what you have "going on"... I'm a writer. An unsuccessful writer. Or semi, quasi successful. In a manner of speaking. Getting some hits on my site. Some people are "feeding" on my content/info. I don't know how much they're getting out of it. They're not commenting, for the most part. Anatole commented on DT. He's the only one. Godfried said he liked it. That's about all I got. What I figure. If I don't want to hang with addicts. Gerd drunk driving. Stroking out behind the wheel. This is what happens. How you consider. I guess, I don't know – I'd just suppose. It just seems to work out. If you keep going.

I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What you've claimed. Claimed to look into. Do you want to sit for an hour long interview? Would you want that much to be revealed? Can you organize a share statement? If given a few minutes to think about it? This is what happens. How you'd figure. I didn't expect to see Doc at an AA meeting. Life is strange that way. You never know who's going to "get it". To get this sobriety thing. I would think you know a lot of addicts. Just from school. Types that would have gravitated together. Barnaby and company. Your brother's circle. The types. Typical situations. Wasting time. Wasting life. You didn't want to accept that. People told you. A Ferrari with sand in its gas tank. You didn't hear the message. You heard, but did not understand. Did not want to.

If you supposed. If you wrote, and multiplied modalities. That's your option. On this vacation. Not everyone, it is said, would do this. It is thought. Since she is the only real name in ID. That makes her special. If she wants to be special or not. I guess I haven't given her a choice. Like she didn't give me a choice. Tit for tat. Payback. We'll see if she likes the attention. What if I am Baeka? If Baeka is internal? To anyone's life? Or just _my life? Because I claim that. I'm willing to claim it. Delusions? X world, x self. God would _have to be internal. That is the only conceivable reason to make the earth. There'd be no other reason. No conceivable one, at least. X world, x self. Obviously. Once you think about it, it's obvious. I wouldn't even know how to argue against it. The ideal. What I'm supposing. Sometimes, it's exciting. Depending on the lessons you did or did not learn last night, smashing your head in bed. Long hair, causing you to make extreme rolling-over motions. With an object next to the bed. Well, now you know. Thank

god. There but for the grace of god go I. I guess. That's how real this is. How intense some of these lessons have to be. If you'd figure. If you'd consider.

I don't know how much you have going on. How much you'd like to report. Or whether you _would like to report. To be observed? Maybe. Maybe that's what I needed. Not anymore. I can go my own way. Flashbacks, and all. This is how it goes, how I'd consider. A danger to myself? Need inpatient treatment? Suicidal? Not today. Just for today. I'll deal with that, next time it happens. This is how I go, how I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I could get sick of vacation. I like to do things. With recovering people. The substance abuse 24/7 is a bit much to deal with. I'm overstaying my quota of partying. Too much partying. That's how I think. What I'm thinking. I can deal with it. Might involve a little bit of discomfort. If you were to explain this to someone. I guess. I wouldn't want to bring children into this world. Humans. Make new humans. I don't know if I could do a good job. Or better than my parents did. I wouldn't want to put a being through this life. That's my own view. Other people obviously don't think this way. There will always be enough babies. There's no danger of society not reproducing itself.

I don't think people need to pay much attention to me. If they get it, they will. I think. I think they will. Just because of what I've put into it. The intensity. The apparent intensity. What I'd consider to be intensity. At least it feels like it. It might not be true. Seems subjective. Like after it's over, it's not really true or the same. Don't worry, in other words. If you can make it through the FB's, you'll be fine. Depending on what happens with your philosophical fame.

Your "philosophical" fame. It's what you're banking on. If it doesn't happen, good luck with your future. Your parents may outlive you. I don't think you have much to worry about. You wanted to get as much out of life as you could. With h/s/ns/id. I think you made an attempt. You gave it your best shot. X worlding it. X self. As god, as Baeka. Why else would you _make a world? If not to see what happens. That's why Baeka would make a world. The only conceivable reason. I can't conceive of any other reason. I just can't. It's not possible. It doesn't seem plausible. It seems unlikely. If you had the idea of god. You _have been an atheist. Strange. Perhaps reasonable. You had to explore. You had to experiment with the beliefs. That was your program. To become the best writer. You had to go through some disciplines. Some extreme textual disciplines. And think of all the books you read (red). The novels. The horror and sci-fi. Unbelievable, how much. Really, it seems. Really, you'd want to discover. You'd want to suppose.

How it were to go. How you were to consider. To suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just do my things, try my things. Mistakes, certain things I should have said. I guess. I don't have much to say, right away, in the morning. Plenty of access to tic's, though. Maybe I should be happy with that. I just wanted to write.

If I wanted to write. If I thought that was good. Good to do. I guess sometimes. It depends. What you're doing. What you could be doing. If you looked into the matter. If you wanted to associate.

That's what you do, what you consider. If that be a tic, or no. Other people have to be looking into points like this. You'd just imagine, you'd just suppose. In this world. Maybe the fm let me become the best writer.. Nothing else would cause the amount of verbal and mental pressure.. Some people develop normally though. Girls with hot bodies have to walk around like that, all the time. Being looked at. You think you have problems, during a fb. Imagine if you were a df. There but for the grace of god go I. You think about some nice things. Some good thought experiments. A girl with a flashback. How would that work? Not very well, maybe. It's hard for you to deal with them, and you have no image problems. Issues. Is it the way you're interpreting certain messages? Is it the language you're using in your mind? I don't think so. I think this would be happening, no matter the language issues. Bad acid. Did you take some bad acid? I think I might have.

Some of the points you could be considering. "Points"..? Is that a trigger term? Seems like you'd have a lot of triggers, if words like "some", "always", "into" triggered you to have fb's. Seems like you'd have a lot of fb's. Maybe that's true. Maybe you have to assume that people are looking into some of your points. If they have the right link. If someone were to have the right link. At certain points. Everyone together on the same trip. This is what that looks like. "That"... Godfried: "Where have ya been?" Me: no response. No comment. I guess I'm in a mode like that again. I don't know how that would go, with a woman. Points some women may have looked into... The three young ladies down at VA Tech. Three certain high points. If you were scanning for certain high points. If you could have been scanning, you would have found them. Maybe I _did find them. But my fm/sz caused me not to be able to take advantage of the knowledge. I guess. Seems like shame. To live your young adulthood, and never find love. Or find it, and immediately lose it. Terrible loss. FM. That's what you get with an fm. FM → DCB. That's the occasion. Or equation, rather. With some humor to it. Some of this looks kind of funny. Some of these points are weird. Depending what you would do with them. Gerd, Godfried, etc. Points like those. Like you were looking into. That you're

currently not as interested in. Seem to have lost interest, in the alcoholics/addicts. What they're trying to communicate. Don't need to hear more of that. Not at a point like this. Like the point I've reached. Alcoholic. Alcohol was my gateway drug, during my last relapse. Alcohol was the first drug I reached for. Got sick drunk first time out. That's how I rolled. That's what I would do. "Would"/did do. Can you relax for three seconds?

This is what happens. If you continue looking into these things. Depending how closely. You'd supposed to be looking into these things. That's what goes on. How you figure, how you consider.

What you'd think. Naturally. What one would naturally think, in a situation like this. Knowing these things. If you were to know, or to suppose. Taking a rest. Relaxing at a point like this. Is this what you've been looking into? Could be said to be? Supposed to be? If this is indeed what you're looking at, advertising. You seem to have been advertising. Asking everyone to come look. Anyone. Always, forever. At the points you were making. Certain points. The Normative Matrix. You have no idea, until you cross it. Until you show Estelle something. Ask for a response from Estelle. That's what you'd figure, how you consider. I thought you called the police. "Why?" This is what I think about. The points I could be looking into. Supposing. Why didn't you change her name? She never called the cops. Told everyone else, not the cops. Maybe you deserved that treatment. Maybe it was what you were asking for. In a sense. In a manner of speaking.

Some of the points you could have been at. Like waiting for this flashback to begin. Everything interested in talking to you. The shower. Taking a shower. The gurgling water talking. Strange. You could learn to get off on this? Would? Is that what happens? What would happen? If you, or certain people.. If people who loved you. Saying goodbye quickly to Anatole, getting off the phone with him, as if he was saying things you weren't interested in. This is how that would go. Almost exactly. It's almost exactly. Like when you're getting into a condition like this. Like you should tell people. Would tell people? Do tell people. Tell people about it. "It", share what "it" is like. Being it, for a world. Being the only one who exists? Who has a share of existence? Did you believe it that strongly? I suppose I did. Surrounded by god's dream. A god dreaming life. Seems like that would be an extreme position to take. To consistently take. Why didn't you hook up, with any of the fine women? What was that all about? They were all for you. Still to this day. Although things could be looking up, now that you're "back" in the program. Talking to people who care about what you care about. Sobriety. What you're really interested in. Jealously

interested in. You could say. A profound fascination. I think there's been some improvement on the Ashwaganda. I think I've noticed things getting better already. States of epiphany. Don't quite remember them being this intense, before.

I should write, before chat. Always write, only write. You tend to know what will happen in chat. In writing, the sky is the limit. You could come up with some really amazing stuff. This is what happens. What we consider. How we suppose. Tic's? Is that what you have going on? I suppose it is. I don't have much else besides tic's. That's just the way I operate. Now. Not always. I guess in the distant past, I didn't tic. I guess it has grown on me. I don't know what else to talk about. Sorry. I don't know what else to talk about. This is how it goes, how we consider. Going through a transition. From single to attached. Hopefully. That's what I'm hoping for. Would any woman be into me? My schizophrenia? The way I've become. Are you lovable? Do you believe in love, anymore? Would you respond well, to love? I don't know what there is about me to love. Aren't I creative, talented, musical? I don't know if any of that matters. Considering what I've written. I might be alone. Might have to go it alone. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I just consider. I guess. I don't know. Out on the street. When my protectors disappear, what will I do? Have to find new ones? I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I just consider. I'll have to get my act together, you figure. This is why people have friends, family. To protect them, when times get bad. I think times might get bad. I've done my work. Put the sites up. Nothing else I can really do. For now. For later. I've done my bit for humanity. I've done my work. What else could they possibly want from me? This is who I am. This is what I've written. I don't think I could have written anything else. This seems like it. I've written three books. I call them ultra-fictional philosophy. It's like philosophy, but also made up like a novel. I should tell Aunt Ellen that. I should share with the writer in my family. Who I encouraged to write. I should tell what I've done. Pretty difficult works to read. Normal people wouldn't want to read them. My websites. Art films? Is that what anyone wants to see? Is that what you consider? How you suppose? I've lost interest in the addict art. The works of drug addiction. It's not what I'm into. I'm into sobriety. That's what I'm interested in hearing about. I don't want to hear about addiction. Not interested. It's a terrible tragedy. What does that lead to? LSD? Obviously something is drastically wrong. No self control. No wisdom, if you do that drug. For me. Knowing how bad I would get. I guess I didn't know. I thought things would go nicely. I would become an English instructor. With my tongue. I guess I was ignoring that aspect. A

physicist. With my tongue. And drug addiction. I guess it didn't compute. It didn't add up. I didn't figure it out. Made some horrible mistakes. They don't want to hear about that. We were talking about strengths, and I was going to say I tend to make horrible mistakes. That itself would have been a mistake. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it goes.

Going to write. You're desperate, you'll do anything. This is what happens. If you want to keep going. If you want some more of this. "Boring, straight trip"... This is how it goes. People want to know about voices. What else is there to know about schiz? I'm a schizophrenic. I have symptoms. It's not stable. If I had a gun, I'd kill myself. Not close to slitting my throat. Don't want to end it that bad. Just feeling hopeless. About my housing/ living. About living. Dead, a dead soul. Bad infinity. That's what I got, with the LSD poisoning... Bad infinity. That's what it was, to me. To me, that's what it felt like. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Different things people have to be proud of. Badiou might be manipulating you. That might be what you want...

This is how it goes. You figure. You consider. How careful you are with your writing. How much sensitivity to it. That you use. You consider. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. I think in the end, we realize things. Ultimately. We realize what's gone wrong. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Things going okay.

Crystals of Consciousness

This is how it goes. After so much. After all you've been through. Tomorrow is your day off, stay up a bit, enjoy the night. You don't have to go to bed at 9:30 every night. As long as you get better about waking up. When you get up, get up. Don't linger. That's the lesson. Whether you heed it, we'll find out. Different things. AA meetings. Meeting with the good people. Not just the active addicts. You want to meet with good people. People doing good things. You don't think active addicts and alcoholics are doing good. They're destroying. Now, you want destruction. David-struction. That's one of your concepts. The Ideal and the Denial. That's your new title. Just thought of tonight. It helps if you've been given time to think of a title.

Maybe you ought to write. Rather than chat. A hard lesson to learn. I think you've learned it before. Many a time. Your dream was to _write..! Not to look at a chat window scrolling. That's what I think. Memories of the AA meeting. The Ideal and the Denial. Hard to believe I put that up. Natural, expected. Sensible, rational. It makes sense. If you know me. If you know what I'm talking about. That's what we have to discover. What we have to contemplate. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. This seems so obvious, I wouldn't know how to argue it.

This is just about how it goes. Nietzsche is a sophist. Plato is the true reference. If we're talking about truth. Badiou is delusional, atheist. Have to remember that. It could be why he gets so mathematical. This is what happens. How you suppose. Having published The Ideal and the Denial, what next? I could transcribe my written journals.. That's a sizable chunk of language. If I needed another book. This is how you figure, how you suppose. What do you have going on? What do you suppose?

Sometimes writing helps. You figure. Things you could tell people. Things you have on your website.

Depending what you'd want to write. About what. Might not be true. Might be normal... Normal to look this closely into points. Into some of the points, you could be looking at. What do you owe? Ankyloglossia. Is that what you owe it all to? Nothing is sacred in this house. Feelings are the most important things. Life is all an experiment. I'm experimenting with my reputation. Famous bad is good as famous good. Trouble is interesting.

Depending what you're interested in. This would have to be. It would have to serve. If you have anything going on. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. I just relate. In the end, if you consider, if you suppose. This is what happens. Is like what would happen.

Being a writer is hard. That's what they say. Some difficulty might be expected. If you were really being a writer. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. In the end. I suppose. I suppose you could take The Ideal and the Denial down. Do you really want to do that? Your new masterpiece? Are you just torturing yourself? Is that what's going on? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is what I figure. Looking at my parents' house. How much capital is involved. How dependent and hopeless I am. What I would do. What I will do. When my protectors are gone. If that indeed happens. This is what you do, what you consider. I guess. Different things happening. That you could consider. In the end. If you wanted to. If you wanted to be a writer. To actually write some stuff.

It's what you do. You have to respect the reality. If this is what you're into. If you ~want to write. I think you do. I think it's ~that key. To reduce the size of the type, when there are peeps around. It's what you do. Go to an AA meeting. Rev up, amp up. I think. I could always go to bed a bit later. I had a starbucks earlier. That's what I'm thinking. What I could be getting into. If I only had the ~imagination. You have to have ~imagination, if you want anything to get done.

I have to go my own way. I think. Hard to realize. But if you want to, you can. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. It's what you do. What you consider. I guess. I don't know. AA meeting. Good share. You like sharing. You like the challenge. It's something that challenges your spirit. Your development. I think you can rise to the challenge. Eventually. If you have a year sober. More than a year clean. Mistakes I might have made. I think some of them could be pretty minor. Telling the ladies "Don't you want to be in with the guys, watching stupid youtube videos?" I guess that was a characterization of what they were doing. Might have been wrong. Were watching cool music from

the 60s. I guess. I make some mistakes. If you figure. If you suppose. Different things. Could be going on.

This is how it goes. Moving my eyes over the text – scanning. Trying to memorize. Theory of the Subject. His most difficult book. Mathematics as ontology. ~Is ontology. Schematic, multi modality schema switching consciousness. The true cognitive connection. Dialectical transformation. Diametric therapy. Developmental testing, descriptive treatment, dynamic tolerance, determinate translation, discourse topics, dual technique, dream telos, dysphoria transcendence. That is my ten dimensions. Painful, at times. At other times, nice. Badiou was writing full quality thirty nine years ago, when I was born. And he's still writing. Translation, I'll never be able to compete with “philosophy”. Not until he's been dead for years. I'll have a chance, then. So I needed to be radical. To write something new. That's what I felt. Feelings are the most important things. Nothing is sacred in this house. Life is all an experiment. This is what goes on. How you figure, how you consider. I thought, for me to compete in the market, I have to present something unique. It's what I'm doing. How did you learn so much? It's not hard to imagine, when you think about it. It just takes daring and guts. No one else would want to experiment with their reputation.

This is what I do. I write. I guess other people might do other things. Or, the same things. One can't rule that out. If you want to get into mathematics. You have Mathematica. You ~could do some computations, some visualizations. Depends what you're into. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. It's what we do, what we consider. I could go chat. I could go read. Different things. I must have written a lot. If you figure, if you consider. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. That's what happens. If you write, if you read. Different things could be happening. If it's happening to you. If this is groovy to you. It must seem groovy to you. I don't think you ~have to chat. You have yourself to talk to. Yourself, as the best philosopher, might actually be who you want to address. Anonymous, generic truth. Anyone can state the truth. It is not the personality that counts, like with Nietzsche. Militants of the truth. That's who philosophers are. It's what you have to consider. What you have to suppose. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. In the end, ultimately. This is what happens. SI. No SA, thankfully. SP? Is that what happens? You select what to perceive? What does that mean? You only perceive part of the truth, at any one time.

Maybe I'm not into the German anymore. Oppressive, to learn a language. Only if you have to. I guess. SI, SA, SP. My little mixture of

problems. This is how it goes. What you'd figure. If you had the opportunity. It becomes a matter. A matter of what you can do. If you can do anything, but be suicidal. Your credit card might not get paid, if you went in the hospital. Different things. Is this a "crisis"? Calling Resolve can't hurt. If you feel that bad. It's what you consider. What you have going on. You could kill yourself. That wouldn't be nice. Slit your throat. OD. Hang yourself, drown yourself. Vehicular suicide. That wouldn't be easy or reliable. Good chance of survival. Exhaust fume suicide. Tonight after they've gone asleep. This is what you do, what you consider. I guess this is why they make it hard to kill yourself. They, god. Life is even better than death. You just have to keep on going. Keep on trucking. Listen to your iPod. Read your books. Sit in the garden. What are your other options? Don't feel like much. Don't have much going on. Could keep writing. Seems to be valuable. Tired. Drank caffeine too late in the day yesterday. Kept me up late. Not wise. Have to move away from that drug. Be more moderate. I guess. I don't know.

This is what happens. Actual Germans. I thought I was sympathetic. I thought it was my favorite language. I guess I might be changeable. Don't want to talk to actual Germans. Don't want to actually learn the language. Too much exposure. What do you write about? Schizophrenia and addiction. I guess. I'm not sure. I just suppose. This is what I do, what I consider. What it would take, to get me to go to the German fest. I ~could go. Don't need to. Not a necessity. Would rather stay home with SI. I guess. I suppose. And my crypto, my secret writings. Things I have going on. If you want to kill yourself. If you don't want to live. This is what you'd do. What that would feel like. Being suicidal. Not going to meet Germans. Not up for it. Not quite. Maybe that's ~why I'm suicidal. Giving up on my dream. This is how it feels to do that. This is how good that feels. You've been thinking about this. It seems like it's the only thing going on. Meanwhile, you have plenty going on. Groups, meetings. You don't need Germans. Not really. You can barely say anything. Or understand anything. Why would you want to put yourself in a situation like that, where you didn't understand, and couldn't explain, anything? I don't think you ~do want that. You can barely speak English. With Americans. I think that's who you want to meet. Not people who will be going back to Germany. This is what you think. They might like to meet you. You might meet a woman. You might hook up with a partner, who speaks German. That's possible. That's what could happen. You figure. You suppose.

This is how it goes, how you consider. If you wanted to reach these levels. If you wanted to see what life was capable of becoming. If you cared about

this. Pressure on you can be reversed with negative capability. You can in turn use pressure, put pressure on the world. As the world is pressuring you. That's how it seems. I guess. Music is meaningless information that causes you to have to pay attention to it. "That's what I think about books." This is what I do. Is it beating up on myself? Do I need to use alcohol? What would SA do for me? Relapsing, after a year? Going back out and drinking, smoking? May as well kill yourself. That's how suicidal SA is for a schizophrenic. Think of how you're handling the SI now. How do you think that would change with SA..? It wouldn't be pretty. You're at the edge now. Crisis mode. Active suicide plans. Horrible dysphoria. Tension, stress, numbness, deadness. Emptiness. This is what's happening. What's groovy. To you. If you suppose.

I don't like the sound of my recorded voice. Not anymore. I'm not attracted to my character. Well, that's good to know. Good to realize. Writing is so slow. How can I compile hundreds of pages? Going at this pace? I guess it's what happens. What you consider. You ~do end up compiling hundreds of pages. Maybe I'm getting beyond the "self"... Tired of my own voice, person. Tired of my text. Not really entranced by anything I can do. Not turned on by it, anymore. I guess that might be due to the caffeine OD yesterday. Causing SI today. You have to be careful. The better I feel one day, the worse I'll feel the next. You get what you pay for. You pay for your highs. I guess. It's what I'm figuring out. As I go. As I god. Thought I was god. Dreaming life. I thought the world was a dream of mine. I no longer think that. I am not the point of the whole world. I guess that would be nice, wouldn't it? Is this how it will seem when everyone knows my work? Or when anyone with the right link, could know my work? Isn't that the reality? Now, today? What will the rest of your life be like? Having written that stuff? I don't care about it. I don't stand behind it. Maybe take it down. You don't need the aggravation. Or – do you have to care?

What I do. What I suppose. Trying to find writers who believe in god, like I do. I don't think it's happening. From the neuro link layer, on up to conceptuality. My vision is sophisticated. Badiou is delusional, like all atheists. Why is it like this? Why does no one know the truth? Maybe it's for me to discover. Maybe it's not set up to just hand you the solution, the book of the world. The Ideal and the Denial might be something like that. If you're willing to read your books. What becomes of things. How you suppose. How you consider. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. It begins. It begins to seem. Things you could be considering. Things you could be taking part in.

I guess. I have a lot of pressure on me. I could reverse it. Apply the pressure to the world, instead of the other way around. That's what I found yesterday. That's what I discovered. In this world? With this stuff going on? This is what you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. Some context – how many other governments do this? Spy on everyone? That would be context. I guess Americans don't care, just care about themselves.. This is like what you might want to look into. Sex dreams, or not. Strange images. Strange dreams of sex. Some of my dreams are like movies, I'm watching them. Not in them. Makes sense, I'm a filmmaker. This is what we do. What we consider. Maybe go to the filmmakers'. See what they're up to. If you had the drive, the desire. If you think you ~do want to be a director. Then you'd have to consider. What would you direct? What there is to do. To consider. Things you could be thinking about. Time to chat? Time to throw away your writing, to the void? I don't think so. I think you want to save it. And talk non-philosophically. Idle talk. That's what you think, when you're there. You'd like to talk about what you want. So why do you limit yourself? When you have the potential to ~write? Why chat? I guess it's tempting. For a writer. To chat. Maybe it's about examining your work. In chat, you examine. Writing, you mostly just keep going. You don't examine what you've just written. Maybe you should change your approach. Take breaks, look back. Don't just charge ahead, full speed. See what you've done. I didn't think I could compete, with normal writing. I thought I had to do something extreme. So that's what I did. Not everyone would have done this. Not everyone needs to be a writer. Do you know what you could be doing to your reputation? To your chances for a future? What kind of future will you have? After ID? Putting that up? What will ~that do? I guess you'll find out. Button-pressing for the world. Pressing the right-wingers' buttons. It's what you wanted to do, to explain. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I guess, in the end. You'll figure some stuff out. If you try.

It becomes. If you figure, if you consider. Then you would be doing things. Like not finishing thoughts. Could lead to some confusion. How crazy you'd have to be to let this go on. This sort of thing. He can. He can understand this. Did you look at that book I sent you? If you didn't look at that, how else do you want me to help you? This is how it goes. How you figure. Different things. They know. You basically told them already.. This is how it goes. This is them already knowing. This is how that would look.

I guess. I get. You're not around. That's a way to characterize it. Godfried taught me something. Doesn't mean I have to have him over. He taught me what

I'm really interested in. I needed to wake up to that. I think. I guess you get, you be. This could only be the beginning. This sort of energy, you've keyed into. How did you learn to unlock this? If you share this type of energy. Paradoxical. If you survive that means dying. Like you might not want this right up front. Out front. Up on top of the sight. The site. Up top. You almost come right out and say it. Looking straight at you, at points. Like why don't you want to make money, with this skill you've gotten? That hurt. Never mind. Wow that hurt. This is how it goes. If they love you. What you have going on. It would never bottom out. There were always worse things to see and experience. DeLillo. How good he was, before you were born. Already. How do I compete with that? Badiou? I don't know if it's possible. I have to compete on a different level. Does it hurt to move your neck? Is that what you have going on? Different things you could be looking into. Ideopathic dystonia. Strange that he'd know that. Off hand. I guess. You get to, you do.

Different modalities. Different things you write. In a few seconds, you can pound out an entire sentence. It's different in written journal. So slow, you have to use economy of expression. With typing, you can write whatever you want. This is how it goes, how you consider. Wonderful to write in group. That's what I'm thinking. IOP always exceeds expectations. It's always amazing and more than you've expected. This is how it goes. You figure. You consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. That's all she wrote. What did you write? I want to be a writer. A successful writer. If anyone could get published, you'd think you would. It's hard. All the writers who are already known can publish anything they want, even if it's crap. It's hard to break into the business. I guess. It's might what happens. It might be. Just might. Do I want that? I don't care ~how I get famous – I just need to get famous. To publish. I need a book deal. I need success. It's what I'm counting on. I have no backup plan. No secondary skill set. I've invested it all in writing.

This is what I'm doing. I'm writing. Learning to see the color in it. The full complexity of sentences, unsimplified by numbness. This is what you have to do. I think. If you want to be a writer. Anyone who claims to be a writer is a writer. You ~are a writer. You want to be a successful writer. This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess. I don't know. Is she your therapist? Yes. This is what happens. Imagining people naked. How nice that would or wouldn't be. Depending on the situation. What you were considering. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. That's the way it goes. When you finally get it. When you finally are able to be truthful. Unless that happens. Is that what you're banking on? To be a writer? I don't think they'll publish me, unless I can become famous

on my own. That's how hard it is to be published. This is how it goes. Website getting some hits. I guess I could be spending more on Adwords. I'm spending a lot already. I don't know how much more advertising would help. It would bring more traffic. Relevant traffic? That's for the searchers to discover.

This is what happens. If you ~live. If you write. Not everything might have gone so smoothly. Your parents' love for you, despite any challenge. Against all challenges. Significant challenges. Schizophrenia, poverty. This is how it goes. How you'd consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is how it happens. Are you guys going to stay together? Find a new town to move to? This is what happens. How you'd consider. If you were to suppose. If you were to consider. Then you might think, you might surmise. That they have the budget for that much sound work. I have no idea. I'd think if anyone could get published, you could. Maybe depending on what I've chosen to write about. They're not going to publish me unless I can get famous. I've made it difficult for my readers. I don't write the easiest-to-read stuff. Those are my attributes. I've written four books of philosophy and even "ultra fictional philosophy"... That is what I have to add. That is how I have to suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. In the end, we consider. This is how it goes. What we seek, to create in the world. The world we seek to create. I guess. I could write. I _am writing. How good it is, I don't know. Maybe it's good to feel good. To not be suicidal. That's not aiming very high. Forty percent. That's the number.

It's what you have going on. Your DT, your language. Dimensional Transfer, Delay Timing. Dream Telos, Dysphoria Transcendence. Different things. Almost like. It's almost exactly like. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. If you wanted to. Learning French? Learning German? Who are the best writers? Who is your favorite philosopher? I don't really like any of them, ultimately. None of them were writing what I needed to read. Zizek and Badiou come close, but they are fatally delusional atheists. I need someone who knows about god. For myself. For my own needs. Not a Christian or Muslim. But a theist, someone who believes in a sophisticated architect god. A creative intelligence. ~Very creative. A hundred trillion neuro links? Connections, links, seem to be very important. And it seems to be prolific, promiscuous with links. How that would work? It's not plausible. It doesn't make much sense. How that would be possible. DT's. Dimensional Transfer is when you're in the neighborhood of a statement, and you use a DT dimension to transfer to a new neighborhood. Delay Timing is the realization that things might not happen exactly ~now, there might be some waiting.

This is what I do. Look at some f, get stimulated, then write. I think it's what there is. The best thing. Not not m. Not all the time. If you feel it, feel up for it. No, not today. I don't feel up to it. Women, young women. It might be nice to fuck, suck one. Maybe. Not sure about that. Home care. How difficult the revelations are that are required in the home. Ankyloglossia. Did you know the name of my disorder? Why didn't you tell me? Maybe to feed into my delusions. Paranoia. Thinking I was so special, so unique. An exception to every rule. That's what I think. What I suppose. With the parents I have. Support group. I reached out my hand, being sucked into the swamp, and they took it, and pulled me out, and I took a bath, to clean the swamp scum off. I didn't jump on back in. Not this time. My experience with alcohol and drugs was negative enough that I was convinced to stop, and not start up again. Maybe I've learned my lesson. They care about sobriety, about your sober date. Yes your clean date is different by a month. That is significant. They care mainly about your sober date. But it is part of your story. Your story might not be common. Atypical. To have LSD flashbacks, years later. The internet might play a part. The repetition. Having my points looked into, repetitively, on a daily basis. Do you want that? As a writer, I have to have it that way. Better get used to it.

Use the Force

You have to “do it”. You want to be a _successful writer. Known. Known for what he has made. There is only one way that will happen. With what you've written. Your family. Overcoming challenges. Sickness, pretty bad at certain points. Committed to you as a person. It didn't have to happen this way. It's what you consider. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. An analysis, a critique. Engaged, intense approach to knowledge. This is what happens. What we consider. How we suppose. This is what we do, how we act. If we choose to act. You might get famous for exactly one thing. They might say bad things about me. Is that what I write? Have written? Known. It's what you were known to write. Can't deny that forever. If you want to be open about what you've written. I think it's helpful. It enables you to ~talk about things. If you could tell the truth about what you've been writing about. Wouldn't that be wonderful? Wouldn't it mean a whole new region/ neighborhood would be open to you? Why are you against that? Girls wouldn't be so beautiful. It's not just random. That was design. Random chance, and we'd look more like monkeys or apes. No, human beauty is ultra refined, ultra conscious.

I guess. Too mistaken, too many mistakes for me to read. Whatever calls itself phenomenology. This is what happens. I might have a different approach. I have my own philosophy. “Not interested in ethics or political philosophy”... That's Dave... Logic, science. I think it all goes together. There is no scientific perspective that is not also a philosophical perspective. This is what happens. I don't think I can discuss Merleau-Ponty. Too wrong thinking. Too mistaken. I guess I'm on my own. I need to focus on my own writing. I really need to ramp it up to quality book level. DeLillo level. If that's possible. DeLillo believes in god. So he's readable. That's my criterion, lately. They have to know god exists. If they're atheist, they're hopelessly delusional. Deluded. I can't deal with that. I don't want to deal with that. I go my own way. I don't think I _do need to chat with continental philosophy readers. I gave them my link. Said I was coming

to their meeting tonight. Maybe that will cause some interest in TUY. I guess. If that's what I want. What I seem to want, sometimes. I seem to advertise. Need to tell the truth. Haven't been able to be open to my parents, about what I'm writing. Haven't been able to tell the full truth. Don't want them to worry about me. About my future. If I become famous for that. Or, what I'll become famous for. Radicality in general.

Multiply modalities. That's what I think. What I know. I don't know much, at times. At times I could be said to be pretty empty. Known. What it would take, for you to tell the truth. Is it that bad? That hard? It's just the _truth. You could have been feeling this "als Kind". What's so hard about asking to get fixed? Easier said than done. This is what happens. How you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just relate. If you wanted to find out what being a writer is like.. I think you're finding it out.

I think I wanna find out. What it's like. To be a writer. I think I'm ready, and I'm _making the decision. Maybe just don't tell people. Don't ask what they think. You might be able to predict what they think. "It's hard", to tell the difference between romantic and platonic love. I guess I'm more intense than your usual writer. Writing about more intense things. I guess, if anyone would care. If anyone would care what I've done. Written. Lived. Having looked into points. This carefully, this closely. It could change the dynamics, and make a meeting you enjoy into a meeting you're uncomfortable with. I think I might like the dynamics. To widen the circle of people who know about this. Good advice, from my new doctor. Girls looking into you. Into your points. You moving on, ignoring. Such a tragedy. Yet – you're "alone in the world's". You get to ~be alone. That may be even better. Do you need to get married, to cohabitate? Do you need a girl around that much? A woman? Do you know what she would like to talk about? What do ~you like to talk about? Sobriety? You get that at meetings. Isolated doses. "The relationships you have in recovery will be even ~more valuable than your addiction relationships." I can do it, go to bars, party. It's playing on the tracks. You're putting yourself in a really dangerous position. I hope they know. Why you're ditching. Then again, do you care? Do you have to care? About addicts? Destroying themselves? That's not what you're into. You're into your mind, consciousness, god, the world. You have bigger fish to fry. Your parents can drink socially. They don't do drugs. Why me? Why am I an addict, when my brother can moderate? That's not for you to know. You have to accept it. I thought I'd wake up one day and be successful. With the drug use, with the drinking, with the mediocre music skills. I was banking on becoming a rock star. Good luck with that. Usually doesn't happen. Even to the

best. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. I guess. In the end, I suppose, you suppose. Had a pot of half-caff earlier. Maybe it will keep me up a bit. Flashback, also. Big day. Told the doc. Thought about telling mom. It would be so easy. All you have to do is do it. I don't want a sponsor. Don't want to do the steps. Just want the meetings. Not even into the literature. Just want the inter subjectivity, the sober conscious experience. That's what I'm into. What I've discovered. What I suppose.

“Your analysis is superb. Thank you for the insight into the problem.” “You don't understand the question.” Different things. Things you could be considering. I guess. I have a lot to think about. This is what happens. You said “I was already raped. It won't happen again.” That's what you figure. How you consider. I guess. Thinking of the women? Thinking of the hot women you've seen? And what you want to do with them? Do you have romantic desires? Or just platonic?

I guess. I could. I suppose, I exist. In the end, it matters. Worrying? Nothing you can do about the inspection. You did what you could. You made the motions. If you don't write them in a note, they won't act on fixing it. This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess. I don't know. Things that could be happening. Being a writer. Self-centered. Focused inwardly. But I do engage with the world. I do do some things out there in the social life. Meetings, groups. They're somewhat artificial, but somewhat social. Yes, there's a structure. But the structure is just there to ensure that everyone who wants to participate is able to. This is what we do, what we consider. I guess. Asshole philosophy? If you've identified a modality/venue as nugatory, why get into it again? Once you've made the identification, walk away... That's what a philosophical thinker would do. Not continue on with the nugatory modality. I think. I don't know. I just suppose. It appears like life happens in chat, because the text moves, and responds to you. Superficial life. A real text is a written text. A monograph. Something that one consciousness creates. You have no need for the fools' script. That's what I'll call chat – Foolsscript. You get to do it, you get to be. In the end. If you're working on things like this. If you have anything to consider, to achieve. Then I think you can do it in real writing. If you're not being good enough, intense enough with your quality, foolsscript will not necessarily help. You have to achieve yourself, challenge yourself. No one else can write your philosophy for you. And they won't, and they don't.

This is how it goes. If you choose to give chat a nugatory valuation. Then you might have to live with your decision. Ahh, Moriz.. This is how you greet people. The aNM, aCHM position involves a kind of sacrifice. Peace of mind is

lost. It hasn't always been easy to sleep at night. Although mornings are more difficult, in terms of anxiety. But a nice flashback condition will bring it home to me. What I could be doing to the world. To my future. A writer is one in a million. I didn't think I could become a writer by writing normal things. I thought that's like playing the lottery. I wanted a more certain outcome. I wanted to write undeniable things, and have an undeniable impact. I wanted to change the world. And this is what I might have done. If people choose to read the stuff. The shit. The text/work. If they choose to try to understand, to stand behind it. I guess. Seems, seems a bit difficult. Being a writer is the hardest thing a human being can do. I'll say it again. This is what was said to me. It didn't dissuade me. I didn't preclude writing. Because of its supposed difficulty. I rose to the challenge. What Lucas might think of this is unknown. Doesn't matter a whole lot to me, anymore. I've sort of moved on. But he was a powerful influence. Perhaps the most powerful, on me. Ether was pretty key also. Different things. Philosophy as trash. The philosopher as asshole. This is what I've published. What I've chosen to put out there. Hetero material. Different material. This is how it goes. If you feed into the dick chat channel, you won't write the coolest stuff. You have to figure out how to _write, not how to chat. You've known how to chat for a while. The Lounge gave you that. You don't need to become better at bullshitting with people. You've done your share. Time to _write. As in, to make a measurable impact on things. To change things. With the force of your thinking. Depending. If you reach the limit. Your heart, where the language is coming from. The body. Holistic. The body is the source of language – not just the head. Sometimes it seems like the head is the source. But if you look more closely, with the utmost intuition, it turns out to be the heart. Things I'm figuring out. Slowly, over time. If you wanted to write, you should have written. And you did. Heliosophy? Surface, the Next Surface? Pretty impressive feats of the imagination. How did you write so much? “Years...” I spent years of daily work. I had free time. The time. I had the time to write novels. Four and counting. My fourth book needs to be really big. This is what I figure. How I suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. N-dimensional consciousness. Fifteen or twenty dimensions, perhaps. A thousand connections per neuron? And they all hook up, find each other, on their own? A hundred billion of them? Doesn't seem plausible. Not in the least. But it's actual. The virtual body, and the actual body. To look at the whole thing. Nerves, consciousness, body perception. All at once. SP. It's what's going on. You figure, you suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. I guess. In the end. If you want,

if you foresee. Then, and then, and then... “Then, I'll think 'seems like I've looked very closely into some of these points..', and then I'll think, 'some, some, some'...” I get in a sort of developmental thought process. A process which can be duplicated later. I'm reading, reading “my mind”.. It's like I'm right. Like I'm reading god's mind. Like this is what god would want. If. If god were human. If that could happen. I strove to make my life like a life a god would want. Do you believe god? What did god say to you? You're right. Okay, dude, here... Different things. Hard to remember. In the end. In the ultimate analysis. You get, you be. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Guess, guess, guess. The things you could be doing. If you wanted to. Wanted to _write. I think you might know how to go about that. If you really wanted to. I think it would be obvious. One, do a lot of writing. A lot. An endless amount. That's what it takes. Before you're here – discourse level. Spontaneous narrative level. When you can simply generate. A knowledge generator. Philosophy is a waste paper generation program. Large amounts of waste paper. Meticulously produced for the market of pap. They believe themselves. At least they have that going for them. It's hard to believe in yourself. I guess many people do. In this world. The only real world. They won't like me. Not at all. They won't like DCB philosophy one bit. That's what I'm guessing.

If you perceive your enemy. If you perceive that everyone in the game is an enemy, except your friend. That's what you have to do. What you have to suppose. Get _used to writing. Not asshole chat philosophy. _Real philosophy. Real thoughts. This is how it goes, how you figure. You consider. I guess. I don't _really know. Who would? This is what you have to do, how you have to consider. I guess. I don't know. Adds some realism, maybe. To see how a show is, how being at a show is. This is how it goes.

This is what I do. Does one always want to relate what one has “done” (written)? Maybe you don't want to talk about these things. Pynchon. I've written some unusual things. I guess. Or, actually. Some actually unusual things. I needed to become famous. I didn't think I could become famous, using normal means. I thought my methods needed to be a bit extreme. So that's what I did. It was the only way to become famous. To make my writing extreme enough, to connect with a lot of people. This is how it goes, how you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I've written three books. What are they about? Schizophrenia, philosophy. This is what I do. What I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. In the end. Ultimately. What you do, what you get. I guess, I know. Feeling bad in psych rehab. Unsure of how I should be

feeling. Don't understand why I feel bad. Sophisticated films can rival books for meaningfulness. Godard's History of Cinema. I guess. I just suppose. I don't know. I just consider. Don't you want to brag about your accomplishments? Complain about the situation? The political situation? A big fuck you to all the assholes? Is that what you wanted to create? To destroy? I guess. I don't know, I just suppose.

This is what happens. A lot of stuff going on. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

I guess. I be. Things that could be happening. If you want, if you suppose. Then you'd figure. You'd almost have to figure. You'd almost have to suppose. If you take a nap. If you slow down right in the living room. Then you might be uncomfortable when you have to wake up. An abortive sleep. A false sleep. Then you really have to go to sleep a bit later. Are you really writing about this? Don't you want to be thinking about something else? How do you learn language? How does one learn language? Just out of curiosity. To see what it's like. To see if it's possible. Need more vocabulary. That's going to be a big barrier to any sort of comprehension. This is what happens. You almost suppose. You almost create. I guess. I don't know. If I were going to do this. If I were going to see. Then I'd figure. I'd almost have to suppose. My wrist hurts. Playing alone. If you figure. If you consider. Different things you could have going on. Language is focused down, like you're dreaming. Almost like you could be dreaming.

It. What you thought you were. _Who you thought you were. That's how amazing life is. And the mythology of Christ. For someone to believe they're god. Amazing. It's hard to believe. No one would be that clever. Cognitively closed. Consciousness is a hardier crystal. The night world. The dream must be true. Different titles. I seek to piss off the Republicans, especially. Most especially. What's that? You believe in god, but not the god of any religion. I guess. If I were to. If one were to. Get ready to tell people this. This. Now, here, again. Things going on. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. That's how it goes. How you'd figure. I tried to become famous. I think my philosophy will reign for ten thousand years. That's just my prediction. By what I've written. The intensity of some of the things I've written. That's just how it seems.

Then you try to read something. Difficult. Maybe _designed to be difficult to read. Maybe that's why you're having trouble. My philosophy will reign for ten thousand years. That's the timeline I'm working on. It's just what I suppose. Knowing what's out there. What could be out there, what will be out there. I'm aiming to become world famous. For my work. My writing. I'm

getting there, slowly but surely. People all over the world are visiting. I seek to reign supreme. I broke the Imperial Conditioning. Just because of the pressure on my language. From my formation. How much pressure, verbal or mental pressure, I felt. And still do feel, at times. I'm trying to get a worldwide following. I'm globally advertising. I have people all over the world. That's probably not as common, for philosophy/ literature. National markets seemed to be the norm. Now with the internet. Global Genome advertising. No reason to stay national. Something new. Able to reach people in every country. Except for North Korea, perhaps. This is what happens. How you figure. I'm aiming to become world famous. I tried to write the most intense books I could. I tried to be as radical as possible. I tried to make the quality, the intensity, be world level. I was writing for the world. That was my vision. To give it freely, until I get sufficiently famous to sell books. It's very hard to sell books. I didn't think I'd be able to, just writing normal stuff. I thought I had to take it to the next level. That's just how it seems. Seemed, to me. I guess. I don't really know. It doesn't matter whether it's true or not. I wrote it, and called it fiction. The truth is a fiction. That's what I've contemplated. How I expect to know, to discover, to tell people. Seems. Seems like you'd want to be sure. If you were going to depend on people. That they'd be supportive of your work. Stand behind it.

This is how it goes. You don't tell people. Maybe you "show" them instead. That's what you'd figure. Having written certain things. Different things, you could have written. You could suppose. That they'd find out. People. People would find out. If you advertised globally. People might find out. What you've been writing. What kinds of things. Designed to piss Republicans and libertarians off, primarily. I guess a lot of people could be pissed off, ultimately. I had to push it farthest. Go as far as I could in a single direction. This is how it goes. How we'd figure. In the end. You'd suppose. You'd examine. I guess – I don't know. I just write. I do the things a writer would do. Acceptance. Determinate Translation. Different therapeutic concepts. Developmental Testing. Descriptive Treatment. Diametric Therapy. Dialectical Transformation. Yes I'm repetitive. Some things need to be repeated. Sometimes, at a high speed. For you to develop. For you to grow.

You have to be very careful when you unplug. All of a sudden, there is no media keeping you here. Just coffee. Just the fact of the computer. No feed/stream though. You have to generate your own stream. Determinate Translation. Changing one word/concept into a definite other word concept. In maybe your special language. A language only you can understand. Thirty-nine. You would think you had lived. By now. Or would want to have

lived. Time to get a girlfriend? But she may have interfered with H/s/ns. Is that a good reason not to get a girlfriend? Fate's Caprice? Can you be interfered with, at this point? Do you have anything that could hold you back? From what you write, from what you _are? Where are you going? Why are you here? What have you developed? How can you test yourself? Do you need to test yourself? Do you have anything going on? Where is the philosophy? You're kind of straying away from the philosophy chat. The asshole channel. Don't need that. Don't need to be told how to behave. Can do enough on my own. Can do _plenty on my own. Yes, chat. No, chat does not contribute to your work. What of your work has come from chat? From this particular room? Your work comes from within. You cannot turn to the random world for inspiration. You have to have your own inspiration. If you want to be a writer. I think you do. You might become world famous. That is what you have set up. What you have planned for, counted on. It's the only way you could figure out how to sell a book. Get well-known enough that they will offer to publish you. That's really the only way. You can't write normal things, anyway. It's not your style. It's not your consideration. Whether Susan wanted to talk to you or not. If, or if not. You can't decide. You can't control. You just have to accept your fate, fate's caprice. This is how it goes. How you imagine. What you could read, what you could consider. If you have anything going on. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. I guess.

When you write. When you think to write. There is no map, script. You can be as imaginative as you want. There is no limit to your quality. Or the quantity of good points you can make. Or how uptempo your speech will be. These things are all up in the air. Freely decided. Freely invented. This is speech you're inventing. There is no map. There is no script. You're allowed to be as colorful as you want. You're allowed to be as child-like as you want. In this world. It's not limited. No matter how bad you might feel, from time to time. I guess. I don't know. When I don't get enough sleep, I feel bad. When I get too much sleep, I feel very uncomfortable in bed, when I'm trying to convince myself to get up. It can be hard to convince myself. No matter how much sleep I've gotten. I guess. I don't really know. Hopefully I'll make it to groups this week. Hopefully. Do what I can. Do what I can, to make it. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Ultimately. You have to upload movies to Youtube. Whether you have to or don't have to. You do it. It becomes. You begin to think you'll be a famous philosopher. "Philosopher"... In quotes. Really, a "writer"... In quotes. Because your stuff is written stuff. Your stuff is great. You can begin to appreciate. You wanted to appreciate your own mind,

while you still had time. You didn't think you had time to read all they wanted you to read. You didn't have time to write like they wanted you to write. You had your own mind to decide. To confer. Blessings upon you, dear. This is how it goes. How you'd think. If you were allowed. Or figured out how to. If you figured out how to write, in time. In time for this world. Or any other world. Most people, I think, do not figure it out. Writers are one in a million. Good writers. Of course you'll be better than your peers, if you're a writer. You might be one in a million. That's still seven thousand people in the world. That's a fairly high number. Worldwide. That's the arena you're working on. Not just American literary market. That is limited, that is provincial. If you want to have a global impact. Which I think you do. You do want, and you do have. Depending how you'd discover. How you'd foresee. This is what happens. How we discover.

I guess. If you want. If you wanted to write. To be a writer. Then I guess you might need to be subsidized. They say. It is said. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. I just consider. You guess, you know, you suppose. Different things you were preparing to tell/ask people. Matty burning you with a joint. Very painful. Can ruin a friendship. That's how intense torture can be. Believe it. You might not imagine a joint burn could ruin a friendship. An intentional burn. Looked intentional. Might not have been. "That's the worst news I've heard all month." This is how it goes. How you'd consider. Florida trip. Kidnapping. This is how it goes. How you consider. Depend. You saw some interesting things on that trip. The ants in the camper. A camper infested with ants, a family's camper. Sad, tragic. This is what happens. How you guess. Things probably still happening. Everywhere, always. This is how it goes. How you might consider. Supply. Determine. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just relate. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

Write, during the day. Don't just wait until night. This is how it goes. You'd figure. Dynamic Tolerance. Developmental Testing. Determinate Translation. Descriptive Treatment. Dialectical Transformation. Diametric Therapy. All of that. If you can remember all of that. This is your challenge. Most people wait until their parents die before writing radical things. I would imagine. Or they break with their family. This is how it goes, how you'd consider. Different things. You could suppose. You could confer. I guess. If you have nothing to write. Nothing to say. That would be sad. A shame. But I think you do have things. I'm just guessing. What could you write about? Being a writer? How you'd figure. How you'd consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. In the end. You get, you suppose. This is how it goes. Having written

Fate's Caprice. A book to be published. You would hope. You would imagine. Things. I.T. Dreams. I would pray for you, but I don't pray. This is what goes on. How you'd imagine. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. In the end. You figure. How do you suppose, how do you consider? I don't know. I just write. Having written Fate's Caprice. Not shared it yet. Holding on to it. Just in case they want to publish me. I plan on being around for ten thousand years. That's just my plan. In time for when I'm still alive. I want to make it when I'm still alive, or still young. I don't have much time to waste. Not decades to waste. Depending on how radical you want to be. Designed to explode. To trigger an explosion. This is what happens. How you'd consider. How you'd suppose. This is how it goes. Your writing/ philosophy. Very dynamic. A dynamic tolerance is necessary for life. To tolerate the self. Familiarity with the self breeds contempt for the self. You have to evolve. The self must evolve. Whether in romance, or not. You don't seem to need a romantic partner. Maybe you'll never have one. What is your priority. I just want to write more. And I want to sell books. That is my priority. In the end. You consider. You suppose.

The Axis of My Struggle

And you return to writing. It is that meaningful. That addictive. It is a truly good addiction. You figure, you consider. In the end. Ultimately. You figure, you consider. Whether you're a philosopher or a writer. Mentorship is key. This is how it goes. Ultimately. You decide what you want to write about, think about. If you choose. You can go with the external flow. I don't think this is as valuable as determining your own thinking. Isn't that what we're here for? To at least _think freely? If not live freely? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. In the end. Ultimately. You figure, you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. In the end, you figure, you consider. I don't know. My writing? I tried to make it good. I tried to make it last. Thousands of years. Maybe aiming a little high. I did what I thought it would take. I'm only thirty-nine. I have lots of books ahead of me. If I continue being able to write. Continue in my recovery. Pot is detrimental. It tricks you into thinking yourself more creative. Into thinking you can turn on automatically, just by adding a substance. Turning on like that is the ultimate danger. Feeling good for no reason? Tripping for no reason but that you smoked something? What could be more delusional, more of a false certainty? Don't you want to turn on from life? From creation, not destruction? I can't argue with marijuana. It's lucky enough that I'm not on it myself. Only through heroic efforts am I not on it. But leaving that circumstance aside, I am far better off without it. As a mind. As a writer. As a person. I think. That's what I'm going on. What I'm considering.

Sure seems strange. When a critical mass is reached, you don't really need a trigger. The fission just happens. Things you could be "getting into"... Certain people. Certain conditions you were freely admitting to. Were you free? You're real. You're free. What you've said. Could that be true? Would someone admit to that? This is what happens. Forever. Why are you having SI? Could it be correlated with the condition you're in? Stress/ tension/ anxiety? Images of guns to my head.. Tolerating this? Dynamic tolerance. Could you have tolerated this

your whole life? Could you have freely chosen to remain in that condition your whole life? Trapped, in prison. Imprisoned. You might go to prison. I don't think it would be the worst thing for me. Intense. Active. Strange, that you'd say that. Different things. Not so concerned with being "it"... Not anymore. Not believing that. Points. Is that what you call them? People? I guess, at times. Some of these times. Everyone. A distinction almost anyone could make. Is this what everyone is thinking? Who you want to piss off? Especially, who? Republicans, libertarians.. My main targets. Everyone could be seen to be a target of thinking like this. Like what you've put together. As a writer. What do you plan? The topic didn't seem to come up very often. Once she asked what I "typed"... I said journal and blog entries. This is how it would go. Almost exactly. If you plan on being alive. Homeless? Mentally ill? Different things that could happen? Would happen, should happen. Is this for everyone? On the side of everyone alive? Birds live for a few years. Mature quickly. How quickly do people mature? That is my question. And n-dimensional consciousness. If space has only three dimensions. We represent space and spatial things. But we have access to different dimensions/ modalities. I think. I suppose. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. If you figured. If you wanted to learn about conditions like this. Like these. What would you have to do? Lots of LSD? Is that recommended? No. Not recommended. By any trustworthy source. Then why would you do it? Seems to be pressure. To conform to the matrix. What the NM wants. Whether that be by killing myself, or taking my sites down. Can of worms. Seems like you've opened a can of worms. Like you could have. You don't know what you've started. It seems. It could seem. Distinctions everyone might make. Should/ could distinctions. Things to remember. Conditions to be in. To try to get something out of. How could you freely choose to remain in that condition? Ankyloglossia? Seems odd. That you would "want" that. You knew about the pressure. Verbal/ mental pressure. The Normative Matrix. ANM. Why would anyone be against the Matrix? Where would that get you?

What you could be doing/ considering. I guess. Certain people, certain things. Saying. Being more open. Paradigmatic in my case is the lack of ability, or willingness, to ask for help. At least to ask my parents. Could they help you with this? _Are they helping? Feelings are the most important things. Nothing is sacred in this house. Life is all an experiment. That is what I heard. The lessons I heard. I guess. I don't really know. I just suppose. You get, you be. You determine. In the end, ultimately. I think. I'm not totally sure. Not really. Until. Until you were to ask people, how would you know? For

sure? Radicalized? What if you were? If you wrote radical things? Things I might become famous for. I think. That was the design/ plan. If my intentions are realized. That's what will happen. If what I planned is realized. I guess. Why would you want to be famous? How many people are attractive? One percent? One in ten thousand? For a woman, it's hard to be attractive. But different things than physical beauty attract me. I'm attracted to personal worth, also. To mental patients. People with a different perspective.

What you could be doing. At almost any moment. What you could have going on. It's the only thing she questioned. Ability or willingness to ask for help. I guess. I don't know. Paradigmatically, in my case. For me. To me, that's how it seems. It seems. I feel like. My I's, my selves. What have my selves looked into. Made of that. Constructed of that. I'm probably not the only "one". In this world? With Janov's theory out there? The Imperial Conditioning? What do you suppose? What do you consider? Don't even mention his name. That's dad's opinion of Janov's therapy/ theory. He doesn't even want to hear the name mentioned. How long ago was that? Seven, ten years. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Ultimately. You figure. If you keep looking into this point. You're into us for ten grand. Do you want to be into your parents forever. How could you organize. How could you manage. What do you consider. How do you suppose? If you looked into it. In the end. If you were to suppose. Descriptive Treatment. What exactly is happening? Determinate Translation. How could this be worded differently? Discourse Topics. Can you talk about this? Dual Technique. How could this be done in an alternate way. Dynamic Tolerance. Can you tolerate this? Developmental Testing. Where are you at, developmentally? Dialectical Transformation. What is changing? Diametric Therapy. A therapy for this kind of condition _has to be diametric. With SI, SA, SP. This is what's happening. What's going on. If you figure. If you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it goes, how we relate. If. In the end. You'd have to. You'd almost have to.

I guess you discover. Hard to believe, they fixed the wall. Some things _are hard to believe. I think DT has helped me. I have a stronger mental willpower. I can more easily think about what I want to think about. I'm not driven or carried along by thoughts beyond my control. I can actually think whatever I want to think. That is a big step for me. I don't need to write a whole book about DT. One page is enough. I have other books. Other things I've been working on. This is how it goes. How you figure, consider. I guess. In the end. If you do it, if you foresee. Then you'd have to figure. Chinese fast food. Better than Chinese

buffet. Cheaper, faster, better vibe. That's what I figure, how I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

Just what you've been working on. In the end. That's all it is. What have you done? In life? Have you lived? That is the question. I think so, anyway. What have you contributed to life? To the world? I don't need to write a book about DT. One page should be sufficient. That's what I figure. It's not for people who want a book, in this case. It's for people who want the essence, the elegant essential. That's what I think. What I'm supposing. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. It's how it goes. How you'd have to figure. If you knew what I know. What do I know?

You consider, you suppose. Tired from a nap. A memory trip. Memories are the best. The most key. You are what you remember. Janov, cognitive theory is useless. Cognitive therapy doesn't touch feelings. Only Primal therapy is transformative. This is what we do, what we consider. It would be nice if your knowledge of the world blossomed and expanded to reach the whole universe. I don't think that kind of spiral is happening. This is what you do. Write your DT page. Get people on your page. A dream is only a page. People can only remember a page. That's all that happens. How we discover. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I just foresee. I could do almost anything. If I wanted to, I guess. I have to set my sights on. On something. I have to want something. I think. That's what's happening. Whether tic's be involved, or not. This is what happens. I write. I learn to write. I like to write. I guess. Topology of Badiou. The structure which I can learn from/ use to attain other things. I don't have to listen to what he's literally saying, if I can see what he could be saying. What I would be saying, if I were him. That's how you use philosophy. That's what you consider. Whether it be metaphysical or not. The things that make it into your journal. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. It's what's happening.

This is how it goes. You write. If you want to. I think you want to. Hard to tell, sometimes. That's just the way it seems. Highest technology – the brain. You get to operate the best supercomputer. You get to program the self. DT gives you valuable things to automatically easily think. It might be what I've been waiting for. Exactly what I need. That's what you figure. How you consider. In the end, ultimately. You guess, you do. You could write about SI, SA, SP. How you don't perceive enough of your problematic normally, maybe. So then during a flashback, it get's super emphasized. Maybe if you thought about it more normally. That's just what I think. What I suppose. What is my writing? How does it look? Does it look sophisticated

enough? Badiou? Are you competing against him and Zizek? How will that work out? Or do you have something else to achieve? I don't think you'd come out well in a comparison with Badiou or Zizek. But they _did their work. You don't have to do their work. That's just what I'm thinking, now. I guess I'll change my mind, later. If you figure, if you consider. Writing is like dreaming. Writing in public is like dreaming with other people. Sharing a dream. What could be better? You figure, you consider. I guess, I know. Fairly hellish conditions, for most of human history.

This is what happens. How you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. It's the way it goes. I guess. In the end – ultimately. Why do you chat? What do you get out of that? It is so hard to see any value in it. But you go back, you do it again. Petty arguments. Trivial anecdotes. I guess. I guess I have to _write. If I want to be a writer. Not chat – chat isn't writing. It doesn't reach the level you have to in writing. If you do want to reach that level. If you do want to attain the ultimate. And I think you do. I consider, I suppose. It's what happens, what we contemplate/ do.

This is what I do. Chat with assholes, until I get fed up. Then move back to writing, to real writing. It's what happens. What I consider. Maybe it's interesting. To have flashbacks. You're not supposed to be trapped. If a trigger lasted for two minutes, then the flashback should only last two minutes. That's what I think. But it doesn't work that way. What are your triggers? Maybe your whole life is a trigger. That's the way it works. That's what you suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. If you figure, if you consider. I guess. I could be doing different things. Writing. Instead, I chat with total assholes, cocks. Why do I do that to myself? I must crave pain, punishment. Only reason why I would choose that medium. When I could be _writing. When I could be getting into my own thing. My own message. And not responding to dicks.

This is what you do. If you figure. If you suppose. Life consisting of suffering. Why would you bring children into the world, to suffer? If you've decided that life is mostly suffering. Why would you bring more beings here to suffer? All the stuff you have to do... All the looking around. The movement, the work. I guess people don't realize this in time not to have kids. Maybe that's just me. Schizophrenic. A sufferer. Improve your outcome. A poor outcome which would be lots of SI. Wanting to avoid that. Sort of thing. Suffering. Good to realize. Asshole, for fucking your brain over with drugs and acid. This is how it goes. How we consider. You don't like the places addiction took you. You felt you needed to do it. You felt you had to reprogram your conditioning, forcefully if necessary. Weed is horrible. It's a narcotic. It's a hard drug. Leads to hard

drug use. Leads to addiction. If only you would have known. Not possible. You didn't think it through. You couldn't ask for help. Odd.

If you decide to suffer. If you _realize that life is suffering. In a way, that takes away the struggle. The struggle to always feel good. To not suffer. Once you admit what life is, you don't have to do this, anymore. I think – that's what I'm thinking, at least. What did people do before chat rooms? Write books. Do you think you'll get books written, hanging out in chat? I think it might be a decision you have to make. It might be a _discipline. Why bring children into the world? My love of children is Platonic. Spiritual. Not carnal, sensual. That's what I figure. If you suppose. I have written my books. H/s/ns. I have to get an “attitude” about it. If I'm going to stand behind, understand, what I've written. Then you'd figure. I'd have to have an attitude. Not just be passive and afraid. Freaked out by flashbacks. Maybe they're interesting. Why are they bad? “To you they're bad..” Like telling someone with chronic pain that it doesn't matter, it doesn't really hurt. This is how I figure. How I compose. If I'm capable of writing books. Not like Zizek. Not books dense like that. I'm not the only one. Maybe I have my _own thing going on. After all, he already wrote his books. He's done the work. Now I get to play around.

This is how it goes, what I do. Multiply modalities. Zizek is the best – brings the most into play. Touches upon the most complex reality. I think. I don't know. It's what's going on. What you would figure. If you were to suppose. I guess. I don't know. It seems. Seems like you're doing something special. In writing. Doing your own thing. That's what it takes. When you reach the ultimate moments. And you decide to be true to yourself. Different things going on. You might figure. You might consider. Sat outside all morning. Can spend some time with the computer, now. Don't have to be outside the whole day. Can get a bit of the AC coolness. That's what I think, what I consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. You'd figure, you'd consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. That's how it goes. How you'd consider.

I guess. I suppose. Go out back if other people are out back. If not, don't feel bad about staying inside. Do you _want to go to Sidy's graduation party? I don't know about desire in this case. If it matters, if you're obligated to go. You could go for a bit. You don't have to stay all day. This is how it goes, how you have to figure, to consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. In the end. Ultimately. You're writing. You're multiplying your modalities. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. In the end. You have to figure. What if flashbacks are interesting? How bad are they? Do they even happen to _you? It's an altered state of mind – it's a different “you”... You don't have to worry about them. Only

the flashback-you has to worry. That's what I'm supposing. What I'm considering. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just consider. I agree one hundred percent with everything you've said. Baeka, god, doing what I'm doing. Baeka is a systems thinker. So much complexity. I think beings aren't reincarnated. This is it. One life, one existence. If you figure it out. Magic. How biology is magical. How cells build membrane structures. Seems like it would be difficult. Like it might be difficult. To put this together. To set this up. Improbable. Impossible? Then what about you, your life, drug abuse? Chemicals seem to work on the brain. The brain is responsive to chemicals. You had so much going for you, and you chose to become a drug addict. You also had a little something going _against you. You have to take that into account. It all wasn't peachy keen. It was fairly hellish and fucked up. You have to take that into account. Drugs might have saved you. Led you to go crazy, get diagnosed, get therapy, get the surgery. Maybe it was all necessary.

This, your only real life. Wouldn't that be nice, if you could attenuate the flashback with DT..? If you find yourself in the familiar grooves, use DT to get off of that track. To think what you want to think. Dialectical transformation, diametric therapy. If you _do do the therapy. Then you might figure. You might be able to take control of your life. That would be nice. May have happened today. Hard to know if you've averted a flashback, if you don't get into a flashback. Maybe wishful thinking. Maybe it will come back stronger tomorrow. Memory problems, too much stimuli. I guess. But if I can think what I want... Then you figure, I might be able to avert a flashback. If I practice DT. If I find out that this is going on.

Maybe take a break from the feed. You've been feeding all day, now. Maybe it's time to try some self-generated meaning/ language. I guess. I don't know. Not for sure. Dual technique. Discourse topics. Things you could be writing about. You could be writing. Imagine if you _were a "writer" – wouldn't you write, a lot? That's what you have to figure. How you have to consider. Death will be ecstasy. To leave this world. To attain nothingness. That's what I figure. How I consider. How I suppose. Not commit suicide, but not be afraid of death. You have nothing to fear. ("Nothing.") Nothing will happen. Final blackness, freedom, death. I guess. Maybe you will get sucked up by god and put in an alternate frame. Or, some other creature will be born, and your soul will be used for that. Do you feel like a reincarnated soul? I think not. I think this is your first shot. Maybe your only shot. It's _that serious, that referential. Each spirit just gets one chance. Strange. I won't exist. But other selves will. Odd. The circulatory

system. Cell membranes. Arteries and veins. The heart. Odd, that it all works that well. I guess. I don't know. God? What do you consider? How do you suppose? I guess, I don't know. I just suppose.

About what you do. We pay for you to do this? Is this what you're doing? Good luck. I guess. I just suppose. I don't always tell people. I should. It's far easier to tell people. Especially your supporters, your parents, the people who care about you. Why would you lie to ~them? Only if you were doing addict things. Dishonest, shady things. You're done with that. You do good things, now. Aside from the writing. Aside from writing certain things. That certain people might disagree with. This is how it goes. How you figure. You could, you be. You be doing things. You be winning. You won. So why would you lose? Be lost? Things you consider. Things going on...

This is what I do. How I compose. I guess.

I guess I've reached a new stage. Nice. You have to develop beyond addicts. At least your friends. Friends of the family/family are okay. But people who cause risky situations? No. Don't need it. Not any more. This is what I'm deciding. Coming to a realization. I don't need people fucking with me. My recovery is too important. This is what I do. What I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is what happens. How you'd figure. If you found yourself, "found yourself", in a situation like this. Then you might figure. Silence? Denial? How would you translate some of these things? Would you translate – or just remain silent? Do you have anything going on? Your move – Surface Online. Your opening shot in a duel with the world. People want your speech, your language. The people of the world.

This is how it goes. Handwriting is too slow and laborious. Can't speed. Can't do it. Seems like self-punishment. Being down on yourself. Saying "I'm an alcoholic" is the price of admission. Even if I'm not an alcoholic. I'm just doing it for the experience, for the people. Sober people. I'm evolving. Beyond the crew. Addicts, using drugs, isn't what I'm into. Good that I've learned that. Addicts destroying themselves, spiritually and mentally. Why do I need that? I need to get over it. This is how it goes. How you figure. How you consider. How well do they know the literature? How well do they develop their sharing? Some of the questions you could ask. If you wanted to. To see what it's like. To be sober. You know what it's like to use. You already know that. This is how it goes, how you figure. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. This is how I go, how I discover. In the end. Ticking or not. Am I fried by drugs? I was feeling "high" at certain points, today. Like I'm finally getting it. Like I've finally figured out how to live. With eight-dimensional DT, or not. Or, actually, with

it. It's what I've always been looking for. "Reading" – scanning your eyes. Determinate translation – translating conventional "reading" into reading-scanning. Dynamic tolerance. Descriptive treatment. Developmental testing. Discourse topics. Dual technique. Dialectical transformation, diametric therapy. The things I have going on.

Trying not to beat up on myself. Difficult, in journal. This is what happens. What you'd consider. I guess. I don't know. Do I know? And why would I say that? Is this how it goes? How you'd consider? I guess I have nothing to say. Nothing important. Did you like the AA meeting? I think it might be memorable. Flashback during. You would seem to remember events like those. Points of difficulty. Why was it difficult? Eye-opening experience. Hard to keep my eyes closed, unless the lights are off. Treatment like for migraines. This is what happens. Do I want to move? A good landlord, who cooperates with section 8? I think so. Better get it over with. If I'm going to be around for much longer. On this earth. Then you'd figure that I should find stable housing. SI. If I don't off myself. Then you would consider. You would figure. That I might want to be around for a while. Plan to be around for a while.

The Insanity Task

This is how it goes. Listened to poetry. German, having to learn. You have to know two languages at once, to be bilingual. You no longer simply know one language. You have them both going on. This is what you do. What you consider. Critical thinking is the key to development of consciousness. You want to choose what to think. You want to control your thoughts. Not just follow automatic grooves. That is what I think. That is what I posit. Positing positions. I guess. I just try to say my lines. Should always stay after meetings. I always leave too early. That's what I've learned. I'm interested in sobriety. Not really interested in what addicts have to say. It's just not what I'm interested in. LSD poisoning. After what that drug did to Barnaby and me, how could you be talking about doing it again? Don't you have any respect? Don't you have any respect for what has happened? All those addicts are garbage thinkers. You're done. You're sick of it. No need to investigate that further. Going to the bar. Going to band practice. Having Godfried over to record. I think you can finally say you've moved beyond. I guess. Moved beyond on a cosmic journey. You just didn't know it would involve the program. The meetings. You didn't really know. You didn't know there are women there. Women who might want to be with you. Who might admire you. That's what you figure, how you suppose. It is, it becomes, it will be. The way you can use language. The crazy or not crazy narrative you've built up. Just the facts. Those alone are amazing enough. This is what you do, how you consider. I guess. I just suppose. It's nice to have tic's, gives you something to write, in between important thoughts. I need to read more philosophy. I can finally see why Jessica Moss probably wouldn't need to see my papers. Ancient philosophy. Super good, super rigorous. Not in need of DCB. DCB thinking is a bit primitive. A bit whacky.

It becomes, it relates. What do you consider, how do you suppose. Sentences in two parts? I guess that's what I'm into. The comparison and contrast. It is amazing. What you have to do, in life. How you have to struggle and suffer with

your illness. Sufferers know this. I guess. I suppose. I don't like Alisha. She interrupts us when we're talking. She doesn't respect our voices. She thinks her voice is more important. She's ignorant. She hates what she doesn't understand.

Maybe I'm critical. A critical thinker. So for people who aren't, like Alisha, it's disturbing. David and I like to talk about critical thinking. This is what we do. There should be a group on critical thinking. It's what you do. What you like to do. Not reliant, always, on handouts. I guess, I don't know. I just suppose. It's just what I consider. Now, then, always. I guess. I don't know. What you do, what you consider. In the end. Ultimately. Different translations, of what you did. What you supposedly did. Ten thousand years? Is that what you're setting up? Starting a religion? Or just being a writer? Being a writer is kind of like starting a religion. Except you don't need a church. The readers' lives are your church. That's what I'm thinking. Did Plato “work”? If he's been around so long, and things are still the same..? Are things the same? Hasn't there been any development? Is that what you'd consider? How you'd suppose? Different things you could have going on.

I don't know about “public” writing. Writing with my friends... I used to do it. At Barnaby's hole. And some good things came of that. You figure. Maybe it's a modality-multiplier. Maybe that's what you get. When you try unusual/novel things. You have to. If you want to be a writer. If you want to write at cafe's, or libraries. You might have to start stepping out a bit. There is an energy, you can lock onto here. That might be harder to find at home. That's what it's all about – energies. Different energies. You figure. You suppose. So what if the best stuff doesn't get composed. You're not all about “composed” shit, anyway. You have different plans. Different things on your mind. You could figure. You could suppose. If you wanted to. If you wanted to figure it out. When you go on vacation with the family. Will you write? Depends what it's like. When I get there. What the set up is like. Can't know until you get there. Do you _want to go on a family vacation? Be with the good people? You like being around people. You like band practice. You like being at home for the weekend. Different things. You could have going on. Don't always have to isolate. Not what's always necessary. What you figure. How you consider. If you wanted to get some new experience. Some new life experience. If you wanted to _live. You might have to leave your apartment. Leave Pittsburgh. I guess. I don't actually know. I'm simply supposing. You can title your fourth book anything you want. If you're that famous, the title won't matter. Things you've been thinking. If you wanted to get that famous. In the end. Ultimately. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. If you figure, if you consider.

This is what happens. What you consider. Different things. You could do, you could suppose. If you wanted to. If you wanted to accomplish anything. Conversing with my voice synthesizer. Different things you could contemplate. Almost, it is almost exactly like... Different things you have going on. Self-hatred forms an element. It is definitely an element, of what's happening. You develop a tendency to want to talk to yourself. That's what seems to be happening. Would other people like to hear what you've been having to say? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. It begins to seem. Like you would. Like you would suppose. If you wanted to. You like the ticking. I think. It seems. Ultimately. It ultimately seems. Like you could be doing certain things. Certain things could be going on. In your life. In your realm, world. If you want to. It's just for my own pleasure. For my own enjoyment. I guess. I don't _really know. I just suppose. Different points, you could be getting into. At certain points. "At" you, or "to you"... Distinctions a professor might make. Or anyone, really, who understands the language. Looking into some of these points. At some of these points, it begins to seem. Or it could seem. It might seem.

Could continue to seem. Begin to seem. Like you had recommended people to look into these points. "Points" people might have been making. With their eyes/I's. Almost as if. As if you had recommended that the authorities look into some of these points. As if. It's almost, as if. Not exactly like. Almost entirely unlike a real LSD trip. Like in a real LSD trip, things can seem pretty strange. Frightening? Is it scary? Or just garish? When certain people might have been looking into these points? Certain, or uncertain people... Like you were writing in some of these situations. That you could have been writing in. Times have changed. Seems like. Seems almost like.

What does "this" do to you? Looking so closely, in a repetitive way, into some of these points? How closely have you looked into these points? Some of these points? In a repetitive manner? Like the inspection tomorrow? Maybe want to go to bed earlier than last year's memorable one, when you got zero sleep... That couldn't have been too enjoyable. Meant to be enjoyed? Happy? Meant to be happy with this? I guess unless you write them a note, they won't fix it. Things I could say. About various points. Points may have been looked into. Some of these points. In a repetitive manner. That you would recommend. Almost as if you had recommended, or requested that people look. Or given people the cause to look. Why would you recommend? This? ~Would you actually recommend this? These things? To whom? To anyone..? Is that what it's like? "It's" like things like this..? People who are "it" like things like this? Who is

it? Everyone? Would anyone be considered to be it? In this type of situation? World? A world like this? What is this world like? What is "it" like in this world? To be it? "It"? What does that mean? Like you could think you're god, dreaming life. Difficult points to look into. Some of these points. Could be variously difficult to look into.

Could "seem difficult"... If you like to look into points like this. I's. Eyes? Whose eyes were you looking into? Recommended? Is it recommended? Is that the key word for this evening?

This is what happens. What appears to happen. I guess. I don't know. I can stare straight normally. Eyes tend to roll, in a condition. I don't claim to have made great progress. If I embarrassed you. This is what happens. If you were to share your experience. If you were to look into what these people could be saying. At the clinic. That's how it goes. How you figure. Very valuable experience. Social workers. A very keen intuition of what's possible, socially. Keeping it on a high level. Developmental testing. Discourse topics. Determinate translation. This is how it goes. What you'd figure. Descriptive treatment. All that. I think I do diametric therapy. I've had a dialectical transformation. I can cope better with normal life. Flashback, still difficult.

This is how it goes. You write, you determine. If you consider, if you suppose. Why are you afraid? What could be happening, in your world/ life? In your little life? I guess. I don't know. An organized mind. Intelligent. This is the way it goes. In the end. Ultimately. If you figure, if you consider. Then, you'd discover. The bold-faced terms are the important terms. This is how it goes. How you'd consider. How you'd suppose. This is what happens. What we determine. Determinate translation. Dual technique. Dynamic tolerance. Descriptive treatment. Developmental testing. Discourse topics. This is what you think. What you consider.

I guess. I like to write in public. Or with friends. Writing is like _dreaming. It's not like going to the bathroom. You couldn't give that analogy. Not real-time. You'd think you'd be able to do that. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Different things I have going on. Different things to consider. You get, you know. This is how it goes. How you consider. You suppose. Dialectical transformation. Diametric therapy. Developmental testing. Descriptive treatment. Dynamic tolerance. Determinate translation. Discourse topics. Dual technique. You get to consider. Eventually. If you have things going on. If you sense the humor of the situation. What good is having a laptop if you never take it out?

I guess. I know. Having decided. Having achieved. It's what I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. If you do. If you consider. More valuable thinking. Thinking what I want to think about. Not just about the nugatory grooves. They can be difficult to get out of. My concepts serve me well. I can deal with hanging out with pot smoking. Although I've been dealing with that using various means. Now it's really easy, though. I'm getting more powerful. If I smoke, that means it's a bankrupt theory, a bankrupt therapy. I don't want that. To lose everything I've fought so hard for. Not what I want to do. It would be a loss. I could climb back out. Might be a long, torturous journey. If you figure. If you consider. This is how it goes.

I think it is key, to write. You have a lot going on. Going for you. And lately, a bit going against you also. I think an idealism would help you. Like determinism helped you, originally. These philosophies can be very powerful tools to deal with adversity. I think. I don't really know. Haven't been doing a lot of ticking lately, because I haven't been writing. I think I'm back, though. Sometimes this happens. You do enough chat, you want to talk alone. In private. That's what you figure. What you suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I could be doing more, cooler stuff? Could be writing cooler stuff? Don't know about that. I think I tried my best. I did my best. So far. May do better, later. That's always possible. An idealism is just a clarity, a transparency of concepts. If all your codes are clear, are machine language, what is there to worry about? Ultimately? I think you get into these conditions. You feel good today, finally. Why not stay up a bit later, if this is really the case? If you feel good, take advantage of it.

Why not write? When you have consciousness, a condition of normalcy..? I guess this is what I do, what I consider. Haven't been ticking a lot lately, because I haven't been writing. I kind of miss the tic's. This is what I consider. How I suppose. I think any way you look at it. I think if you lie about it. I think you want to achieve clarity, honesty, on these points. I think that's what you want. In the end. If you figure. If you suppose. This is how it goes, how you figure. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is how it goes, how you consider. Maybe the tic's are your destiny. Maybe they are the ultimate things to be writing. You never know, until you find out. You can expand on them. When you find yourself ticking, just expand it into a real thought. This is what I think is going on. Seems like you could be grooving some pretty strong thought patterns. Seems like you could be creating some grooves it might be hard to get out of.

This is what I do. What I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Different things I could be writing. Constructing a trigger, for a very big explosion. Collecting triggers. Making a bomb. Sto bomb. This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What will they think? "They"... I don't know. Depends on who they are. Would they be interested in H/s/ns? Are these interesting works? I guess to certain people. The drug experience. Different things you've had access to. The philosophy, political philosophy. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

I guess you do have to write to yourself. The chat gets old. You have to turn to the self. Self love, self omega. That's what I think. What I'm starting to understand. The control of the self. I'll have to move eventually. May as well get going. May as well try to make it happen. This is what I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just complete. This is how it goes. What writing is/ does. I guess. I don't know. I could be doing other things, I suppose.

This is what I do. I have to give up on the IRC. I can't have conversations with these people. I can't sink to the level. I don't want to. I'm sick of it. Good to realize (again)... This is how it goes, how you consider. Maybe quitting, leaving the room, is the most colorful message I can send these people. Don't I want to educate? I don't think so.. Noel: "Being a teacher sucks." This is what I knew, long ago. What I considered. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Did I think failing classes in grad school would lead to a nice career as an English professor? I guess I wasn't thinking well.

Are they that clueless? Maybe they are. Maybe I can't do anything about that. Maybe that's how the world goes. You figure, you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just relate. I can try. Moving. Housing, Sex 8. Nowhere to go. Nowhere will take me. It's good. Ultimately, moving out from under Roger is ~good. That's how I have to look at it. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is what I do – how I consider. I guess I could be doing something else. If I wanted to. If I supposed. I guess. I don't know.

This is what I do. Interact with text. I guess. Reading is an interaction. The text is same, but your _conception of the text changes as you read it. You _interact with it. This is what happens. What you'd have to consider. If you wanted to. Write, don't chat. You have work to do. Yes, you've written your books. But really, you have more to achieve. Consciousness to achieve. Chat will not help with consciousness. It is nugatory. How many times do you have to learn that? I guess you keep on learning it. Again and again. Thinking you can make a difference, help people. But really. I guess. You can have no effect on

neurotics? Janov? He believes in natural selection, evolution. Totally delusional, in other words. You have to go your own way. You have to achieve your own transcendence. Lie down in the snow. The fatalism of the Russian soldier. So what if they kick you to the street? You'd still be alive, you'd still be able to deal. This is what you think. What you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

How can you think with the feed going? Have you found any intelligence? Maybe not. Maybe not what you're looking for. Exactly what you're looking for. Maybe you have only yourself to see for that. A bit arrogant. But maybe realistic. Maybe all the books you read are really a "search" for meaning. You've searched a fair amount. More than you were able to as a child. "Als Kind", you thought, "How will I find the good philosophers?" You didn't know you would simply read everyone until you found them. This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess. If you get up, you wake up. That's the way it works. In this world. You are better off when you're forced to get up. More primal. Sleeping in is torturous, anyway. You feel restless, like you have to get up, but you're still tired, so you stay in bed and torture yourself.. Better just to get up.

This is how it goes. Live in the day. Do not focus on night-life. Try to get your living in earlier. Soon, in other words. Don't keep pushing it off into the future. You like groups. Lists help you realize things that aimless thinking might not. You like the interaction, the voices. Your tic's. They are your lifeblood in writing. You rely on your tic's. How could you write, without them? You would face more difficulty. For sure. It would be harder to write. You'd have to stop a lot more. Not keep it flowing. You like the flow. You like to write fast. It feels better. Even if it is ticking. That's just the way you go. What you've found to work. This is what you consider.

A bad judge of character. A truism in my life. This is how it goes. This is what we do. We get triggered by the slumlord. This is what happens. We should have figured it out. We could have figured it out earlier. We trusted him. I guess. I guess I _eventually figured it out. That's all that counts. Before it was too late, hopefully. A month left. A quick month. A lot has to happen, in a month. I have faith in god... In fate. I will lay down in the snow and die, if I have no other choice. This is what it looks like. Fatalism. Allowing me to cope with difficulty. Develop optimistic philosophy. Most philosophy is pessimistic. That's a very pessimistic statement. This is it. Looking for intelligence, not just wordplay. There's a lot of wordplay around. I haven't found too many sources of intelligence. This is how it goes. How you consider. A very

famous book, Thus Spoke Zarathustra. Several levels. Doubledream. Self Omega. That's what I'm getting into. How I'm supposing. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just rely. Different things. Trying to live in the daytime, not nighttime. Get my living done... That's what I'm about. That's what I have going on. I guess. I don't really know. I just suppose. I just portray. Different things. That could be happening. Should be, are actually happening. Would will was should shall should be. Different things. I guess.

I guess. I don't know. What would it be like to know? I think some of the ambiguity would be removed. Like knowing you can stay in your apartment. That must be a good feeling. Life starting to make a little bit of sense. Starting to be in harmony with yourself. This is what you do, what you consider. I guess. I don't know. I guess. I don't know. Who would ever want to read raw ticking? The kind of stuff you generate? I guess you'll find out, who wants to read you. In the end. It will become clear. God as a writer? What would god write about? ANM philosophy? I guess that's it. I guess that's what I'm writing. Why does the NM get to control everything? Shouldn't there be some difference, some disagreement? That's what I think. The NM isn't god. God wouldn't listen to an NM. That's what I'm thinking, what I suppose. I guess. I don't know.

I don't have much choice/ control. I am at the mercy of fate. What else can I do? I can only suppose. I guess a lot of this stuff might be happening, all around. If you figure. All around the country. And the world. And I am one of the relatively well-off individuals. I can't imagine the people who have no support. This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess. I don't know. Food becomes an issue. Housing becomes an issue. This is how it goes. No more network. Have to go on my own again. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it goes, how you figure. If you suppose. Some internal trance states. Everything seeming like too much effort. Well, if you have a strong ego, you can produce your own thoughts. This is what happens. If you use your strength, and direct it inward. Writing doesn't seem to do as much. Don't seem to get too much out of it, any more.

Maybe it ~is writing. Writing is the only thing you can do. You can't read, now. Not any longer. Maybe you've maxed out. Reached a certain maximum level. Writing is uncomfortable also. I guess reading is more so, though. You have to choose. You have to value. When it comes down to it. If you get, if you do. Your tic's. Maybe your tic's are what you've been missing. I guess, I know. This is how it goes. You get away from your ticking, you might become very unhappy. This is what you do, what you consider. I guess. I can't read,

today. It's painful, torturous. IRC fucks with me. I don't know. I don't know what to do. I don't know how to perceive. What do I want to do? Anything? Or nothing. I think that may be it. Nothing. You're allowed to say nothing. This is how it goes. How you figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

You have to focus down. How else will you decide what's important? How much can one write? That's what you have to decide. Can you write? Now, this again here? This is what you're figuring. I suppose. I just interplay. Interpsychology. Interpersonality. That's the sort of thing I worry about. I don't think the philosophers will like me much. Not much at all. If you can tell anything by their writings. Who _will like me? Do I even like myself? It's an interesting topic. It's the most radical theme. I think I needed to get a response from the market. The world. I didn't think I'd be able to get a response, with normal writing. This is how it goes, how you figure. I guess. I don't know. Could be doing any number of things. If I wanted to. If I supposed. Retribution. Reclamation. Re-awakening. Redemption. Magnetic Pulse redeemed themselves, in my ears. I heard how they're supposed to sound. That's what I think. I'm glad of that. That's what I wanted. To like my friends' band. It sucks not liking your friends' band. That's what I figure. Is ticking considered philosophy? Who would consider ticking to be worthwhile philosophy? Depends what you're going for. Depends what sort of thing you're trying to accomplish. Cultural reprogramming. Trying something with language. Something philosophical. Something to re-arrange people's perceptions. This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just foresee.

This is what happens. SI. Strong desire to kill myself. Slit my throat. Life is even better than death. Stress, idealism. Different things you could be thinking. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I have to realign. Reclaim my centeredness. That's what I have to do. I don't think I have a choice. In the ultimate analysis. This is what happens. What we do. What we suppose. I don't think there is any option. It's not optional – it's fatal. Different things you could be thinking. God? Being, time? I guess. I guess that's what I believe in. If you figure. If you consider. Then what would be the point? There would be no point. Just to live. Just to see what life can become.

This is how it goes. “It.” Consumer. The reflex of the pornography consumer, boxing the corners of the room at high speed with your eyes. Specialized knowledge. Different things. Some of the points. “Some”. Seems like this is what ~always happens. It's like normal life, only more so. More intense. More eye-rolling. Have I developed a sense of humor about them? You might want to

be ~certain, if you're going to be seen to be looking into these points always, forever. Something you might want to be certain about. Always, forever. Who will rent to you? What will you do for living? Is this what you're thinking about? What was it like? To be psychotic? Are you getting a little taste of it, again here? Is that what this is all about? A taste of psychosis. I guess. I don't really know. I just suppose. Here we go. Back to the ticking. I suppose you're good at it, by now. Familiarity breeds contempt. Even in the family? This is what we do, how we consider. I guess. I don't know. Things you could tell your doctors. Again. Points you've been _known to have looked into, very carefully, on a repetitive basis, with child-like intensity. Are actual children looking at this? You would consider. You might suppose. Youtube. This is how it goes. How you discover. Theunspokeneyes on the internet? Is that what people are thinking about? What they're considering?

Actually, can do this. This is how we roll. Computer on lap. It's the way I go down. What I'm accomplishing. I guess. If you wanted to find out what psychosis is like. Was like. This is a perfect way to do that. Your insanity in measured doses. That's what it seems like. "It", being the it-boy for the world. Being "it"... Always, forever, seen to be, known to be, looking into these points. Is that what you want? Is that what's going to happen? If you explode? Will you explode? Seems kind of improbable. Naturally. Do you naturally think living another life would go better? Is that naturally how life goes, on Earth? For most people, most of the time? Doesn't look like it. Looks fairly hellish. Maybe you don't want an afterlife. This life was enough. More than enough. You've had your share. No need to try again. If only you would have known. Didn't you know? I thought you were conscious from twelve on? Then why couldn't you "show"/ask/tell? I guess. I don't know. Not really. Afraid, afraid of the embarrassment. Even in the family? That's how it looked. That's what it looked like. I guess. Seems like work. Reading, even. Everything. Getting tired of everything. It all seems like work. In the end. Ultimately. If you figure. If you suppose. I guess. I don't know.

This is what happens. Do you think? Do you consider? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Maybe I should be editing. Instead of free-writing. Free-writing leads on to nothingness. Isn't that what I want? Nothingness? I don't want another life. Reincarnation. Afterlife with god? That might be nice. I think we get almost too much time, as it is. Here. Too much is given to us. And we squander it, we waste it. That's what I think. With my books? Explosions? I guess. I guess I didn't waste it all. I did something. I haven't been doing nothing. This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess. If I explode on my

own. Without certain people's help. Just on my own resources. Then I guess I deserve a book deal. That's what I'm thinking.

Don't know what I want to do. Don't really have anything happening. Bed stress. Stressing out the bedtime used to be my deal. Now, I take it as primal consciousness. I take it as a conversation with my mind. DDTT might be working. It might have had its effect. I am happy alone. Nothing to do. No one to fuck. No one to suck. That's not what I need. I need my space, my time. That's about all. Don't want to let anyone in. Authors. Don't need them. Pretty high standards. As to what I will let into my mind. Mind on the Table. Out of the Corner of My Eye. Better titles. Better approaches. Well, I guess it is ultra-fictional philosophy. That's what we're playing with. Different things. Which of your classmates became doctors, which became or remained rich... This is the sort of thing you think about. Mental health. The field of bio medicine. That's what you're into. The academy called you nugatory and negligent. Professional business wouldn't like you either. Maybe bio-medicine is the only field arena where they'd accept you. Where they'd care. This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just foresee. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. My repetitions. Can't understand my voice? Too good at free-styling? I guess I might have been, at a certain point. With a certain attitude. I had an unfortunate experience. My roommate at the group home introduced me to smoking my medicine. I told on myself eventually. This is how it goes, how you consider.

Maybe you have to do something. No matter how strong your internal dialectic is. How much of a transformation you've made. Virtual body and real body. Model-body and body. The full technical description matters. Self-talk doesn't do it. Not descriptive enough. If you want to do DT, that is. It's what I'm developing. What I've decided to do. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. I just assume. This is how it goes. You could, you will. What are you thinking about? Now, here, again? Thinking about talking to Barnaby. I guess. The things you could be thinking about. Writing is difficult. I guess. I guess it's what you do. You can write anything you want. That's the key. What do you write, then? When you can write anything? Then what? That's the question. That's the key.

This is how it goes. Ultimately. It's a therapy. It's a rhythm. Fight, flight, or fizzle. This is what you do. You compose. You might be transformed. You have to engage in the therapy. Once you get to a certain point, you have to keep doing it. You've been transformed into a new being. You need DT. This is what you think. What you consider. Not everyone would have made it this far. And with

the SI, SA, SP, it's pretty lucky _you made it this far. You don't know. You don't suppose. Different things. You could be doing, you could be contemplating. I guess.

What you got. "Got". "Won." Lost. You won, you're lost. You wouldn't ~want to be found, by one of these women. Is that a charitable assessment, of god's creation? Probably not. This is how it goes. Looking on the street? Looking to wind up on the street? I guess different things might be going through your mind. At a point like this. At this point. This is how it goes. How you consider. You contemplate. You withstand. A bit of fatalism. Could anything have gone differently? Not in my life. Not for me. That's what I can't help but think. I thought I was god. I thought I was clever enough to create the world. Wrong. Not quite. A nugatory academic negligence might have awoken me to my value. I couldn't even figure out how to program computers. And I thought I was god? Strange. Would god have set things up to run, so she wouldn't need to keep paying attention? Isn't that logical? So she could sit back and relax? Instead of spending all her time meddling and manipulating? I think that's what I'm thinking. What I suppose.

This is what happens. I guess. This is how it goes. How you consider. Different things could be going on. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just consider. I guess. I don't know. I just do what I can do. Not much choice. Not much say in the matter. This is how it goes. How you figure. Wake up to an alarm. The alarm trying to wake you up. This is how it goes. How you consider. I guess. I don't know. Not really. This is what happens. How you contemplate. I guess. I don't know. I don't know. Not really. Obviously a lot of tic energy. Not much else. Not much going on.

This is how it goes. If you transform, then you may suffer if you don't do DT. Or, this may simply be the suffering of a normal's life. DT might be _that good, that key. To where you get used to a whole different quality of life. I think. That's what I do. I don't know if I want to get addicted to nicotine. Seems like a pretty addictive drug. This is what happens. How you create, how you discover. I guess. I don't know. I could tic. That's what I _could do. But do I want to. Do I want to tic? I guess. Sometimes. Nothing else to write. Getting addicted to a lava tube. Not the best plan. For enjoying the rest of your life. If you don't _need a drug, you shouldn't do it. It can have side effects, with your psychiatric condition. Hard to urinate in the morning after. A keyboard is key. That's why they named it "keyboard", maybe. This is what you do. Get into your friends' band. Start to enjoy their thing. Again. This is how it goes, how

you figure. I guess. I don't know. Doing ddt all the time. But still, want to do more. It becomes a habit. It becomes your highest level.

Turning inward. The virtual body and the body. The body-model and the body. The virtual world and the actual world. Different views. Structures of consciousness. Mind on the table. This is what I do. What I consider. I guess. I don't know. Not turning to assholes for enlightenment. Not as much. Into language, but not into the text that other people have developed. More into my own thinking. And not even my own text. Text is always too static. Even when you're free-writing. It's not as dynamic as thinking.

For some of these points. As some of these points. You made it slash you didn't make it. You get it slash you don't get it. This is what you think. The quality/quantity of points. This is what you have access to. Everyone has their own thing going. Is anyone as interesting as you? This is how it goes, how we configure. Figure. I guess. You'd want to be certain. If you were going to look into points like that. Baeka. Do you have to have made it? To get into it? Can't you inherit the world? Why do you have to create the world? Probably not clever enough. I don't think so. I don't think you're quite that clever. DT? That's more along your lines. This is what we have to do, to consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. What did you write about? I don't care to look into those points continuously. They're not points I want to continuously look into. This is what I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

This is how it goes. In this life. Different levels. The intuitive level. Translating things into language easier to understand. To stand behind. I guess we all have stuff we're looking into. Layers don't work for anything except still paintings. It's too chaotic with layered live footage. Doesn't add anything. I want artistic control. I don't really want to collaborate. I can do it myself. This is how it goes, how you consider. My signature is to make the whole show. That's the way I roll. Put up the entire show. This is what I care about. Are you really thinking about this? Is this really what you've found to be important? At this point? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I guess. I consider.

Delineate. Translate into a language easier to understand. This is what you do, what you figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Different levels. From the deep intuitive, to the superficial language. You can link these two levels. You can bring them together. If you want. If you suppose. I guess. What was I thinking about, last night? I had an important thought. I thought I'd remember it. Goes to show you. Probably will, just not now. Things I could be looking into. Languages. References. What do you want to do? Program computers? A title for my book? A way of thinking? Potentially understood

remarks. Explained remarks. To Enzo. You haven't done anything wrong, so you don't need to be protected. Energy like this. This is what you'd consider. How you'd foresee. Don't think I'm clever enough to design life. A structure. The soul. The mind is a structure. Totally not possible to explain. There must be a soul substance. A mental substance. Double predicates? Psychic and physical predicates for neurons? Hard to consider. The structure. You're a structure. But you don't feel like one. A pattern. Just because you see a pattern between neuro events and consciousness, doesn't mean you've explained this pattern. That's how it goes, how you figure.

I guess. I don't know. Writing is sure something, isn't it. You think it might do something. That it might work. Maybe not. Maybe there is really no dispute, no excess. You can write all you want, it won't solve anything. Life is not a puzzle to be solved. Once you solve the puzzle, you still have life. That's the way it goes. How you consider. How you complete. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just foresee. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I just congruent. Different things you could be thinking of, doing.

That's sick. What you're doing. What are you doing? How may we ask you questions? Do you feel alright? Do you have any plans for this week? I guess I'm going to try to do my usual stuff. Reading, writings, film watching. That's what I do, how I consider. I guess. I don't know. Not for sure. This is what I do. I write. Whether I have anything inside me, or not. Usually, not. This is how it goes. How are you psychiatrically? I think I'm doing pretty well. The stress I'm feeling is from real life stressors. It's not internally generated. There's actual stuff going on. I think I'm handling it well, adapting to it well. Trying not to care too much. Trying not to let it affect me too much, if I can't change it. It will all work out. There's no stress in river city. That's what they've said to me. I guess. I guess we figure stuff out. In the end. If you so desire. If you so complete. That's what you always say. I did call Todd, he's checking on it. Do you have anything to write? In my dreams, I could seemingly come up with magical language. Language which had its genesis in unknown powers. What kinds of transitions are you thinking about? I'm thinking of the transition to fame. If it happens. That's what I'm going for. Ultimately. I have to get famous, to sell books. Relative fame. Not blinding worldwide fame. But a certain amount of relative fame. This is what I think.

I guess. I know. Waking up from a nap is almost as hard as waking up in the morning. But I crave the nap anyways. This is how it goes. Almost exactly how you'd figure. If you wanted to investigate something like this. Complex Realizations. That could be the title. I think it could be that simple. That

true. This is what we do, what we suppose. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. If you figure, if you contain. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is how it goes. How you'd consider. If you want. If you do. Thinking of different things than you're actually writing.

Finally can I turn on to some writing? At this point in the night? I would hope so. Not always guaranteed. Never guaranteed, in other words. You begin. You see. You get it slash you don't get it. You didn't make it slash you made it. Different things. Altered state of mind. You may ask, "What's the big deal?" But an altered state of mind becomes a big deal. It seems like a big deal. What I've done. The situation I'm in. I've placed myself in. Seven billion people. You have to be one in a million, to write a book. Maybe one in a billion, to be that famous. What would you be famous for? Books that are hardly readable? Sites that don't want to be seen? I guess. I guess people will have to decide for themselves. If they want to. I don't know how well I would have done in the programmer's lifestyle. Responsive to market forces. Potentially fatal errors. Could have brought PTAS down. Compromised the root password to the master server. For no reason. I put it in the inventory, which I then sent to a consulting firm, where someone took advantage, and changed the password. I was somehow able to recover from this, I don't remember exactly what I did. I could have brought the whole company down. Forty people out of work. That's the kind of error I can make. Almost freaking out at the data center. Tearing cables out of jacks, pulling racks of servers over. I was about seventy-five percent capable of it. You'd want to be ninety, ninety-five percent go to actually do it. I think. What do I do, what do I consider? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is what happens. Turn on to writing. This late at night. This late in the game. I guess everyone has ideas.

It's Like Language

This is almost what _has to happen. In a situation like this. In this type of world, set up by this god. This is god's work. I hear voices, they seem like they're coming from god. Actually it's probably from my own brain. I should distinguish those two sources. But they sound like from god. You think they're real. Ants. I might want to move. If this guy just screwed me over, why reward him by signing a lease with him? It's a waiting game. Seems like you're waiting until the very end. This is how it goes. How you figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Writing? One in a million? You have to be one in a million, to publish a book. That's how radical I had to get. I had no choice. I had to get that radical. If I wanted my book deal. I had no choice. This is what I had to do. To get famous. Famous bad is as good as famous good. Hard. It's hard to be a writer. To make yourself an experimental example. To do that for the world. With the world. To experiment with the matrix/ world. Does the matrix care? I have matrix – David therapy. It's a matrix within a matrix. Truthform. That's what I'm into. Seeing what language the mind's OS is coded in. Looking into certain points. With a repetitive, or child-like intensity. Ants. Asshole, who screwed me over. Time to leave. Time to move. That's what I can't help but think. At this point. If you figure, if you consider. This is how it goes, what you consider. In the end. It's god's work. Doing god's work. I don't care what happens to me. I could be homeless. Other people care more than I do. I'm kind of fatalistic about it. I made some possibly fatal decisions on the job. SAD – several alternative decisions. I could have made. Or actually did make. I make some strange cognitive errors. Funny. I need more rejection from women. It's kind of funny, when it actually happens. I used to think of concrete things to say to women. Not so much, anymore. Just think my normal thoughts. How realistic you are about approaching women. This is what you could do, what you could consider. I guess. I don't know. Interesting things. Things you could consider. Suppose. In

the end. Ultimately. Do you want to do that. Pull a Nick Kapua. Didn't actually _do anything wrong. _Thought he was doing something wrong. Didn't actually _do it. This is what happens. What you'd figure, configure. In the end. I guess you get it slash you don't get it. You didn't make it slash you made it. This is what happens slash this isn't what happens. We weren't always sure we'd hear of it, slash we were sure we'd hear of it. I guess. I don't know. Different things. Ultimately. If you consider. If you suppose. I guess. I guess I don't know. Not really. Not a clue.

This is how it goes. You figure. If you figure, if you suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. If you wanted a df. Maybe you just wanted DT. Maybe you were confused about what you actually want/ need. Language, dialectic. With a df, sure. But you can also do that with yourself. It's worked so far. So far, it's what you've done. Why do you need a df? Why do you need sex? Do you need sex? Do you need feedback on your writing? This is what happens. What we have to suppose. I guess. I don't know. Could be doing several alternate things. This is how it goes. How we figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it goes. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Natural looping. Intuitive looping. Maybe it's what you always wanted. You wanted to be able to write. "I'm a writer." "You write?" "Yes." I've published three books. I just give them away for free, since I'm subsidized by the government. I give lots of stuff away. For free. Online. Information. Data. Art, culture. I am aiming for a cultural explosion. This is how it goes. I haven't read that book in a while. I haven't looked into heliosophy lately. I kind of forget what it's about. I still recommend people read it. I read it many times. So I recommend that for others, as well. This is what I do. What I consider. Different things. Things you could consider.

I guess. What you do, what you consider. The memory formation seems to be faulty. It's too intense. Can't remember what it's like. You may ask, "What's the big deal?" But during a flashback, it becomes a big deal. This is how it goes. Thank you. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. In the end. If you figure. If you assume. Ultimately. In the end. You get, you do. Whether you've written books like that. What you've written. If you suppose. I think if you've written stuff like this. Stuff like this? Depends on what you've written. How that would go. However that would go. I guess. I don't know. Just journals turned into fiction, by changing the names. This is what I do. Suicide? Substance use? Selective perception? I think psychiatrically, I'm doing fine. I'm dealing with the stress. Better than I was earlier this month. I guess reality is setting in. It's just a process, to go through. Moving. Just a procedure. A set of

actions. That's what it will be. What we'll suppose. I don't know. I just suppose. I just configure. I guess. I don't know. Tic's really emphasized, lately. Maybe I've written all the normal lines. Don't want to keep repeating certain things. But uncertain things? Maybe more in line for repetition. What do you suppose? What do you consider?

This is how it goes. Writing. Different things you could be thinking about. Conflicted, about music, since guitar playing has caused so many tendon problems. But the writing is a good coping mechanism. I wouldn't be chatting in the philosophy room if I had internet, and posting blog. Not as much into simply writing journal. Seem to be almost tapped out on that point. I guess. I'm doing it now. I suppose. Depressed.. Different things I could be doing. Feeling sad. SAD I could have made. If everyone was together on this issue. Then you would figure, you would consider. I guess. Not the best time to go to the hospital. Only as a last resort for you. You could make another appointment to see me. You could talk to resolve. This is how it goes, how you figure. I guess I might ~not be doing so well. No SI. But negative feelings. Bad feelings. Sad. Slightly sad. The end of an era. Things I could do. I could consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. How you almost would have to consider. If you were to contemplate. If you were to realize. Complex Realizations. The ideal. Absent Visuals. Different titles. Things I could call my book. If I wanted to. Seems like a lot of effort, to write a book. I guess I did it. Part of me put in that effort.

This is what I do. Drop out of philosophy chat. I guess I'm not into it. At this point. Not into "socialization", I guess.

This is what happens. I guess. Things to talk about. Being alone. Being a writer, in the world. At home. At my parent's house. This is what happens. What we consider. Ultimately. I don't pray. But they're in my prayers. Difficult interludes, in the world. In this world. Some horrible areas/ times. Still going on.

This is what I do. Someone would want to understand this. The work you've done. Or stand behind it. Isn't that a sad commentary, that you don't want to understand your own work? I guess. I get more interested in the voices, the voices seem to get more interested in me. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. In the end. Practice telling people about this. It. You thought you were it. The only, the most. I no longer think I'm that clever. Some pretty powerful delusions. Are you positive that this is negative? Hard to keep your eyes closed to thinking like this. Things you've told yourself. It seems. What does "it" seem like? The condition you're in. The

situation. Doesn't seem like a big deal. Can come to seem like a big deal. I had to make inappropriate comments, to get the recognition as a writer, that I feel I deserve. For this day and age. Age-inappropriate behavior. That's what I had to do. I felt. To get recognized. To gain renown. That's it. I have to. To get a book deal. To get published. My only hope, if I want to be a writer. If I wanted to do IT, that would be a different story. But I want to be a writer. Seems like my descriptions have an effect. Describing it to Ida. Like you had just had an Event. Negative life events. They keep track of those. This is how it goes. How you figure. I guess. I don't know. Major ticking. Major ticking. Looping, you could say.

This is how it goes. You can write anything you want. What position you put yourself in – it's “positional”. Everything has its place. What you write, the world. It's all organized. This is how it goes. How you figure. I guess. In the end. You figure. Psychotic numbness. Mom caring more about my housing than I do. Me not really caring. I've played the tape. I could be homeless. That's a possibility. I've tried to prepare for all possibilities. This is what I do, what I consider. I guess. In the end. If you suppose. If you foresee. I guess you do, you be. I don't know how much effect any of this has. We don't know what he's responding to. No one knows what you're responding to, unless you tell them. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. If you'd figure, if you'd suppose. I guess. I don't know. Could write anything. Write this, instead. I guess this is what I wanted. To be able to write, even when I have nothing to write. To be able to just pound it out. I think I've written the “content”... Heliosophy contained the content, same with Surface. Now, it's more flow. More narrative. This is what I do, what I consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. In the end. Ultimately. That's what you do, what you consider. If you supposed. If you replied. I guess. I read the book. Unless you have something better to recommend... Makes me think, my book Heliosophy, free online, touched upon some of these topics. This is what I do, what I consider. People capable of reading. My works. Sharing my works with the philosophy channel goes. I think that's appropriate. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it goes, how you'd figure. If you wanted to. In the end. Ultimately. To be able to think what you want to think about. I think that's key.

I get to do, to be. This is what I do, what I consider. I guess. Different things. Godfried in Thailand. I guess. I don't really know. I just suppose. Different things I could be thinking/ doing. In the end. Ultimately. If you figure. I could be caring about my work. What I've written. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Different things. I could be thinking about. Whatever you

suppose. Anything. I can choose what to think. DT enables me to do this. To take control of my thoughts. My life. A richer life. More wealth. Inner experience? Richer? Perhaps. Perhaps he was right. "You're not very good at it." This is what happens. I can't write about poetry I hate. Poetry I think is worthless. Just can't do it. It's very difficult for me. Thinking about school. Some lucky coincidences. Able to get a second education. Wasted the first opportunity. Wasn't in a very good place. Was in a terrible place. A terrible situation/ affliction. Not everyone would have prevailed. I almost didn't prevail. This is how it goes, how you'd suppose. In the end. How did you learn Chinese? From girls, I traded with. Traded knowledge. This is how it goes, how you'd consider. My mom's always telling me to quiet down. She says, "Are you deaf?" You're a loud talker. That's what you do, what you consider. I guess. If I were going to. Going to do something like this. You'd want to be fairly certain. Fairly sure people were on your side. Someone would want to understand this. God? Father? You? People? Distinctions almost anyone could make. Advertising your insanity? Different things online?

Seems like, if you've survived another experience like that, you'd want to write about it. Difficult. Duration, four hours of lying in bed, dealing with it. And this is under optimal conditions. If I was out, it would have even been more difficult. Some, some some. Repetition of certain key themes might be helpful. That could be the "problematic"... Too much scrutiny, focus. That's what a writer gets, apparently. It wasn't exactly made out to be the most desirable occupation. But I desired it. I thought, "Will I ever know enough, to write a book?" This is the sort of thing I considered. If I have written books. The books I've written. You could say. Someone could say. Seems a bit repetitive, what you've done. You're right. You know. You no. A description of "the void"... A description of the cognitive chaos that is psychosis. I'm getting a pretty intimate view of it. Repetitively. Could it all relate, to my problematic? What I've produced? What images I've used? The red spots, appearing on my arms? Sensitivity, at certain points? To certain points? Seems, seems, seems.. You say, "What's the big deal?" But during a flashback, it becomes a big deal. Selective perception. What you perceive is normally chosen by you. In a flashback, it's like a movie, it's chosen for you. It's like a dream that's a movie. It just unfolds. You'd think DT would help. I guess it does help a bit. Unless it's making it worse. Therapy for some of these things. You've asked doctors to look into. Some of the points. "The" point? You thought you were "it"? The only, the most? I guess that could be a difficult belief to maintain. This is what happens. What you'd figure. In this sort of world. This "sort of" world. A sort

of world. Sort of, not a world. Don't know what's going on. How deep the experiment/ conspiracy runs.

Stretch, to become more flexible. "Flexible." You keep changing the subject. The point. All relates to this. It's all about this. Things you think. Ideas, a series of ideas. Mysterious red spots appearing. Things you could consider. You can talk about whatever you want. If you have the choice, choose a girl. If the choice is given to you. Hey you about to get on the bus. You look perfect. Can we ride a block or two with you? This is how it goes, how you consider. I guess. I don't know. I could perform any number of things. Are we creative coworkers? I forgot about that. This is what happens. How you resist. Things going on. Things that could be going on for you. If you suppose. If you consider. I guess. In the end. You could be complaining. I'm having a flashback. I'm freaking out. This is what it looks like. What I've described to them. A "void" description. A description of the void. I'm on the edge, the precipice. Looking down. Different difficulties. SI after they're over, or before they've begun. Not so much, during. Different problems. A different "problematic" going, normally. I don't know. I just suppose. Just something to think about. Not to actually do. This is how it goes. You figure, you consider. Ultimately. Difficult. Have to go to be for four hours. Get up briefly, realize it's still going on, go back to bed. This is how it goes.

It's Serious

This is what happens. If you figure. If you consider. I guess. I don't know. Chris offered me drugs, twice. It made things difficult for me. I didn't think things would be that difficult. I didn't expect that. Well, live and learn. Now I know what to expect. If I put myself in risky situations. Developing Radioactive Self. This is what happens. Doesn't seem to mean much. When you just leave the writings/ works alone. But when you pick one up, you can begin or continue to appreciate. What might be going on. Letting people, who may be children, access this stuff. It's for children. For them to know, what could be going on. I guess. In the end. That's what you figure. My books are for children. Warning, this material is not for everyone. That's what you'd figure. What you compose. I guess. If you were to try to do something like this. If you were to try to figure life out.

Can't you bum cigarettes? In Oakland? People don't like that. That's what you figure. These are the real people, in the real world. This is what's happened. Whether you or they know it, or not. This is the reality. That's kind of interesting. It's _not virtual. It's not fiction. This is what's actually happened. What you figure, what you consider. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. This is just what you'd figure. If you were to suppose. If you were to consider. I didn't think it was a problem, because you can't see it. This may be a faulty thought process. I have schizophrenia. Some of my thinking is distorted.

You could suppose. You could interpret. Looks like you'll be online again. Soon. That's something, key. I guess. You could discover. You could inhabit. When German words come to your mind, pay attention. This is the natural way one learns language. One learns at one's own pace. You can't force it. This is how it goes. Different things. You'll be “online” – you'll be able to write blog. You'll be able to figure it out. What you were going to do. The things you were going to write about. Or not write about. Depending how it went. Depending how things turned out. A laptop is pretty brilliant. The screen,

the shimmering. And to be online..! Amazing. It's been a while, since the Comcast got disconnected. This is what you've been waiting for. How you've discovered. That French girl is so hot. Unbelievably hot, and with the best voice. Saying divine things. Godard knows what to do. What to organize. I used to be skeptical of people's organization. Of the fruits of civilization. I'm not so skeptical anymore. Now, I'm a believer.

This is what you do. Life memories from VA Tech. Different degrees. CS melted down my brain. It was too hard. I fell behind. I burned out. This is what you figure. I wanted the easiest possible degree. I wanted to go easy on myself. Philosophy was the only alternative. I just wanted the degree, after a while. Most students are barely keeping their heads above water. That's how it goes. You were into this stuff for a while now. You were discovering these modalities months ago. Earlier this year. 2013. That's pretty recent. If you supposed. If you were to figure about the modalities someone born in 1970 would have access to. That's what you might consider. Knowing what you know. It's just language, it's just a symbolic structure. It doesn't mean anything. As far as writing whatever I want to write, that's my plan. Writing whatever the hell I want to write. That's how it goes. How you'd figure. Different ways you could stretch or exercise your body. I think. I'm not sure. I just suppose. I just guess.

This is what I do. Watch the Counterfeiters until infinity. I guess it's what I'm meant to do. In the end. If you figure. If you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. In the end. They let you know. It's like it's waiting for you to realize you made a mistake. Did wrong. Symbolic wrong, of the worst kind. Only language. Only text, a structure. I simply made a radical structure. I didn't do anything wrong. This is what you'd suppose. Knowing that this sort of thing went on/ goes on. Slash will go on.

This is what has to happen. Ideally. If you figure. The world. The way it was meant to go. The way it _does go. Or _will go. Writers, with brilliant laptop screens to stare into. I may be on the edge of something. A new awakening. A new revolution. Children could read my works. Will slash are reading them. That's what you consider. What you contemplate. Writing. I guess I'm not the _only one. But the one with this situation. Supported like this. The clinic leads to paranoia. Being taken care of. Specially designed therapy. Makes you believe you're important. Makes you start to believe you're kinda special. In the world. If this is common. That we're taken care of, probably for bio-medical reasons. It's probably feeding into some research/ drug company situation. The drug companies need us. It is very profitable to have us. The insurance companies need us, patients. We need us, our families need us, our support

systems need us. This is what it seems like. What you'd have to suppose. If you were going to think. What could be happening. The IT tech workers have it going pretty good. The organization in general, going pretty good. Around here. Starving in a third world country. We're in the clinic, being taken care of. Makes you think you're special. The way the laptop screen brilliance goes. In what you consider. In what you do. What you suppose. I guess. I don't know. Not really. It depends. What you're getting into. Writing with German movie. Film, cinema. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Different things. You could be writing. Don't you stand behind your work? In a certain sense... I wouldn't want to give a public reading. I wouldn't necessarily want to give interviews. With people who knew who I was. With ignorant people, sure. But once they figure it out. Once they recognize me, then I close off. I don't want to slash do want to be recognized. What would that mean. You have different things. If you weren't using your resources. This is what happens. You figure. If you use your resources. Articulation, making the mental physical. Expressing. If you like articulation. Your problematic was a failure to articulate the key themes. Failure. You lost, you won. You made it slash you didn't make it.

This is what happens. When you make it? Make it like this? Do you like this? The brilliancy? Is it a crisis? Flashback for the fifth day in a row? Time to call resolve? The resolve crisis hotline? What would they be able to tell you? To speak reassuring words into your ear? This is better than the hospital. Can stay up late, use your media resources to help deal with the time. No media resources in the hospital. Looking into points like this. It looks like you could be looking into a lot of points like this, lately... Things seemed brilliant earlier, I think I remember writing. I remember the way the screen looked, while writing. Listening to my voice? Is that stressful? Am I figuring out how to stress myself? Is that what life is? A manner of trying to stress yourself out, so you do things differently? What do you want to do differently? Different amount of focus on my problems. Different amount of my problematic points being inspected. Different kind of inspection. Seems like it's happening pretty frequently. Every day. A different perspective for you, every day. Looking into some of these points. Some of the points you could have been looking into. Tired of this? Tired already, from a day of it? It... You thought you were "it"... The only, the most. I guess a hard idea to consistently maintain. You have to maintain a delusion like that, it doesn't just linger. You have to actively encourage it. Could you be thinking about this? Is this what you're thinking about, as you

do it? As you write, what are you thinking? Tired? Yawning, at least. If not actually tired.

If You Notice This Happening, Relax

This is what happens. If it happens every day. Then you'd have to figure. You'd have to suppose. Primals as language. Reading god's mind. The language of god. This is what I think about. What I suppose. If people were to look into my stuff. Into reading my stuff. I guess they are, slowly but surely. I'll need some kind of media event. Some kind of media orientation. People promoting the link/ site. Until that happens, growth will be piecemeal. Growth will be gradual. But a media connection would mean a kind of explosion. That's what I think, what I suppose. If you consider. If you foresee. In the end. Ultimately. Could I be feeding into them? This energy can be hard to close your eyes to. It's kind of eye-opening, at times. Is all this DT you're doing adding to your stress? Seems like what I'm meant to do. Maybe they're primals. Maybe they're positive. Messages from my unconscious. About what I'm doing, or not doing. The voice seems to be aware of exactly what I'm thinking, responds exactly along with my thoughts. I'll think "I'm reading" it will say, "my mind"...

This is how it goes. I guess. I don't know. Saying "Know".. I guess it happens. I guess you figure. You suppose. The people, the world, the organization. Starting to seem pretty impressive. Starting to appreciate the manpower. The organization that is brought to bear. Seems impressive. The architecture. I wasn't always appreciative. Now I'm trying to be. A bit arrogant, delusional. As delusional as you can get. In fact. Thinking you're it. The only thing that exists. Seems strange. That one could get into that modality. Odd.

This is how it goes. How you figure. I guess. I don't know. Listening to the TV. I guess it's what people do. What you'd be doing in the hospital. This is better for you than the hospital. Freedom. You don't need to be constrained/ confined. You are not dangerous. You have different things going on. Suffering/ stressed. Primals "flashbacks". Different grammatical rule bending. If you want to. Ultimately. I guess. I guess we have things to do. Contemplating. Different things you could be thinking about. Consciousness. I guess. I don't know. This

is how it goes. Ultimately. Different things. In the end. I guess. Why am I inspired sometimes, but not now? How could I change that? Maybe I'm not _meant to be inspired, now. Maybe it would be artificial.

I guess you discover. Things going on, or not going on. You'd have to decide. You'd be the one in question. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I guess. Ticking. Strange, fun. Different, odd. This is how it goes. You just repeat some tic's. That's all you wanted to do – write. You didn't care so much _what you wrote. You just wanted to write. I think. If I can remember correctly. Should you care what you wanted back then? Should that be a criterion to judge your present desires? I don't think so. I was fucked up. Mouth brain. I had a serious malfunction. I didn't know DT could have helped. Practicing and rehearsing. This is how it goes. Self-hatred? Hatred of the world, of life? Or just of writing? If you hate this, why do you do it? Continue to do it? Think something good will happen?

If you continue. If you keep hacking away at it. Something might happen. A miracle. Consciousness. Primals. That's what Janov describes. I have a-Janovian primals. That's what I describe. Red spots appearing on my arms. Like I'm sensitive to something in my environment. Primals exist. That's what my voices said. I had the tools, to somehow attenuate psychosis. This is what happens. What you'd figure. If you wanted to do anything. To go anywhere. Difficult to read stuff. Difficult-to-read stuff. That's the kind of stuff I've written. I needed to become famous. It was the only way I could figure out how to get a book deal. I didn't think I'd be able to get a book deal in the normal way. I couldn't write a book normal enough. So I had to be abnormal. Three dimensional thinking. That's what a primal gives you. It expands the mind. It is a mind expansion routine. Every day. Every day you get to expand your mind. I complain about them. Maybe I shouldn't be complaining. Just describing. They just happen. They're meant to happen. They're natural events. Pain that doesn't hurt. I'm not suicidal during them. I used to have SI mixed in. Not anymore. The urge to live is strong. The drive to life. During a primal. It's a “primal” experience. Primal intensity. Like LSD, a bit. I think. It's what I can't help but to suppose. I guess. I don't know. Pretty unusual, to put yourself through primal therapy when you're psychotic. Pretty rare. Maybe it helped. Maybe it's why my mind is doing so well. Flashbacks every day? Burnt out? Maybe this is just my life, my normal. Not for everyone, obviously. I didn't want to be like everyone. Someone would want to understand this. This is how it goes, how you consider. I wanted to experiment with my brain. I _needed_ to experiment. The normal, sober routine wasn't doing it. I needed to break the Imperial

Conditioning. Conditioning that is supposedly unbreakable. I broke it. Using LSD. Smoking lots of pot. Primal self-therapy. That's how I did it. Maybe it had to be done. This is how it goes. How you'd figure. The doctors told us to leave you that way. But your dad was a doctor. Strange. A strange life. A "public patient"...

I don't know. I guess there's some effort involved. Getting put on the street. Losing my housing. It ~could happen. Probably won't. Faith in god. Things will turn out. This is what happens. You get to do, to be. Why do you want to be famous? So I can publish a book. And gain financial independence. If that's possible. It might be possible. Possible, not probable. I don't know. I guess I had an artistic/sexual vision also. A vision of what could happen to the world. I guess. Did I think the world needed to be changed? Needed my writing? Political writing? What's the big deal? It begins to seem like a big deal, during a primal. And even during a nonprimal. For a nonchild. What do you have going on? What do you have to do? Different things. I guess. I suppose. I don't know. I just suppose. I could be doing different things. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. I seem to fall into the same patterns, no matter what I do. Verbiage has come to an end. I feel like I should have talked to you more. I like to write. Maybe stick with the writing. If you are at a loss. If you are at a crossroads. Then you might want to do what's good, what's important. The good versus the bad? How can we magnify the good? Follow Kant's imperative? Is it really about making us better? Philosophers? Trickle down meaning, from Engstrom, to lesser philosophers, to normal people..? Is that how an idea percolates? From the tip of the pyramid, on down to the base? Caring about the truth? If we care about what is actually true. Confinement. Containment. Restriction. Dangerous to self or others. I don't think I am dangerous. Some SI. Flashes. Brief flashes. Nothing I can't deal with. Didn't have enough caffeine today, I guess. Causing much napping. Depends. What you think, what you suppose. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Patterns I could be falling into. Again, now, here, this. This is what happens. How we suppose. If you consider, if you foresee. Different things. Going on. I guess, I don't know. If you figure. If you care about your family. About the things going on.

You begin to make multiple attempts. You write, put it down, then pick it back up, a minute later. Once you've discovered that there's nothing else to do. Decided. Positions you decide to assume, to take up. Is philosophy just that – positional? Just choosing which positions to commit to, to defend? Can you expound philosophy? Or can it only be performed in the moment. No matter

what structure the whole text approaches eventually... Now, these words are the only value. The only meaning. That is what writing is. Writing in the now, the again. I think anything else is an illusion. Anything else you have going on. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. Different things. Different boxes. Isn't it annoying having different things on different boxes? The Windows box is an upgrade, it's what I wanted to get into... So it's positive that it's different. I guess. I just try, I just explain. Writing is really all I have going on. So I should stick with it. I could chat. Philosophy IRC. I don't know. I thought I decided that is asshole philosophy. Not real philosophy. Assholes like georgeturing, ops, conforming the conversation to what they want. Idiots. Maybe stay away. Maybe write what you want, in your journal. I think it's probably the better option. You have freedom here. Believe it or not. In chat, you don't have freedom. Some people choose to give up their freedom. To enter confinement. Do you need the hospital? This is better than the hospital. More options, more expression, freedom. More life, in short. You can follow your intuitions. Follow your desire. N-dimensional consciousness. Yikes. It's what you do, what you've discovered. What kind of situation are you in? Do you want to be in? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. In the end. You are free. You are alive. You are a writer, having written three or four books. That should be something.

Chat is tempting. To have the movement of text. I think it is a temptation that can be resisted. Should be resisted. People to impress with your knowledge? To share their experiences with philosophy? Do you care about that? What do you care about? What is the ultimate in reality? The ultimate in life? I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it goes, how you figure. In the end. You suppose. You write, you like to write, you're a writer. Wouldn't a writer want to write? I think so. In the end, I think she would. Did I want to be a woman? In this world? Based on your appearance? Judged completely by how you appear? Does that hold true for men also? I think maybe not. Or not in the same way. What do you have, what do you suppose. What does writing do for you? What is the outcome of this kind of freedom? Do you see it as freedom? I think you have to do more of it. I think you have to write. If you want to be a writer. If you want the ultimate. I think you do. I think you want to be a writer. The hardest thing a human being can do. It seems like you'd want to be sure. Of that, before you did that. To be sure.

Some. Some of the points, you could have been looking into, with a variable intensity. Repetitive or child-like. Your mom. Your own mom. Special language. Translating everything into my special language. In language anyone

could understand. A distinction almost anyone could make. If people were to look into this. If people were to take an interest. Then you would suppose. You would figure. I guess. I don't know. Seems. Seems odd, difficult. Seems like you should. You should of. You should probably. Things waiting to get out. Echoing around in my head. Waiting for their chance. Blow my head off. Press a button. Wouldn't be good for Gerd. Slice my throat. Could be uncomfortable. You're not supposed to be trapped. Points you were known to look into. My own mom. What would you tell her? If you should kill yourself. If you would kill yourself. Must have gotten pretty bad, at points. Looks like. Looks like it would have had to get pretty bad, at some points. At some of these points. This is what you do. How you consider. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose.

I guess. I suppose. Things you could look into. You can write whatever you want. It is unlimited. Kill yourself. Seek inpatient admission. Crisis network. Different things. I think it's good to take advantage of your freedom, while it lasts. This is how it goes. How you figure, you suppose. I guess. I don't know. If you have the opportunity. Then, you can resist. The NM/CHM. What you are anti-, what you are meta. You have to decide. Eventually, you decide how it could go. You have a bit of a difference, a bit of a cost. I guess. I don't know. I just suppose. This is how it goes, how you figure. In the end. I guess. I don't know. I could be _writing. That's what I have to realize. In a down time, in a blah time. Turn it into something..! Turn it around..! I guess. It's up to me. Everyone's really impressed that you worked at Fairwood for thirty-five years. Are there some alum's..? Yes, I think there are a fair number of them. This is how it goes. How you figure. I guess. I don't know, I just suppose. In a manner. In a manner of speaking. I wouldn't know where to put it. It doesn't make sense that it's right there. A grave misplaced. A grave error. In a manner of speaking. You could, you do. You could go chat. With the assholes. That's "asshole philosophy"... Your journal/blog/books are real philosophy. You have to make the choice. Do you want to face censorship? I don't think so. I don't think you need asshole direction, directing you how to write. I just don't see it as necessary.

You have several things you could be thinking about. It all seems to determine. Seem to be losing patience for reading. Don't seem to have it in you, anymore. I don't know. Maybe you've read too much. Maybe you've become too much of a _writer – you don't want to contaminate your consciousness with other text. You have something going on textually, in your imagination. Maybe it's time to write. How much can you write? Should you write, today? Five pages,

ten pages, one page? I think it's somewhere around there. If you are locked onto a narrative. Of course they won't be into avant-garde shit in school. They will steer you away from it. If you were that confident about your writing, wouldn't you simply _write it? This is what happens. How we suppose. I guess. I don't suppose. This is how it goes. How you figure. I guess. I don't know. What you do slash don't do. What you made slash didn't make. Writing is so slow. Maybe that's for a point. Maybe you don't have a lot of verbiage to compose. Maybe how slow you write is how slow you can think.

