

EXPRESSION PRISON

Creative real rules: a book, a script...
that means something. Something
to do with. *You remind me of my
friend. Can't put it in the future be-
cause it's making itself. Can't place it
in the future from the present. Can
you reach into the future and place
it there? Reach into the future and
put this there...*

What is the best thing to do with music? Make that a sculpture/painting/whtvr.

RR = fake theatre

A world of possibilities. Jesus did. "Have to write Real Rules."

"I am circling higher. My progress is cloudlike, like a fog."

"Can't go back when you get there for real, like dying."

....(Given the answers instantaneously. A telepathic hookup. A certain state. And the answers were...the idea of: did...?)

The teaching is true.

It was amazing.

Yes this did.

Yes this did and

(Can't say.)

We do too.

(Yes this had and we have too.)

Long periods of work keep me in contact with my vision. Are there any other ways of staying in touch?

Q: Why is it so crappy?

**Type this out. Digi collages. Cast sunglasses, watches? Flashlights. Remote controls, cell phones*

jpeg email remix. Myspace my space remix.

SCENE.

TITLE:

"Mood flakes falling softly on my eyelashes. Thru an open window in my...?? Room." (a studio)

K: Here's my ladder. It's where I always go when I need to get inspired. (Looks inside) Where are you???
(Into the ladder ... thru.)

THE LADDER MIRROR: (on the other side) Why, right here. What are you doing here so early?

K: Well, I was just curious to see what's been going on in my ABSENCE (Rips plans out of the THE L. MIRROR'S hands. Plans are in a completely illegible language. It's not even really paper, more like a hopelessly complicated page-shaped collage of small objects.)

TLM: I have a muse/passion/road to follow. It pulls me here and there and there I go.

K: I can't conscience getting yanked around like that. Don't you ever just stop and look around every once and a while?

TLM: Every singer must possess a strong imagination; it is the mystery pulling from the chest's middle, the current driving the rapids over the falls and into the still deep. I tell stories to myself, myself tells stories to me. A ton of garbage, and ambivalent behaviour. Gotta keep it up.

C: the more you understand, the longer you live?

TML: iimmppoossiiblllee ttoo aanns-
swweerr...wwee ssppeeaakk ddi-
iffeerreenntt llaanngguuaaggeess...
TTHHIISS IISS FFAARR OOUUTT,
bbeeccaauussee iitt'ss eexppreess-
siivvee iinn iittss oowwnn llaanng-
guuaaggee, iinnccoonnssiisstteenntt,
uunnppreediicttaabbllee, aanndd
ddooeessn'tt ccaarree aabboouutt
iitt. FFAARR OOUUTT IISS RREEAALL
BBUUTT CCAANN'TT TTAALLKK AAB-
BOOUUTT IITTSSEELLFF...BBEEC-
CAUUSSEE YYOOU CCAANN'TT
GGEETT AANNYYTTHHIINNGG
OOUUTT OOFF IITT WWIITTHHO-
OOUUTT GGEETTIINNGG IINNTTOO
IITT...hhooww mmaanny ddiiffee-
reenntt llaanngguuaaggeess ccaann
aa ppeerrsoonn mmaassteerr iinn
aa ssiinngglllee lliiffeeettiimnee?
liff yyoouu sspookkee eevveerry
lhaanngguuaaggee eevveer sspook-
keenn, wwoouulldd yyoouu ssttiilll
bbee yyoouurrsseellff?

later...

Xxxxx

New real thing & ambivalence

1/2 educated

I remember the last thing I saw:

It was...

-possible?

-okay...

joining me, going to be around me, I
want to let it in, I am apprehensive &
saving it for sometime soon...it's part
of the future I do, the future I choose
my optimistic hope idea!

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Well I look out into my
future and I see soft skin,
long-haired, outrageous
feats, spray-painted gravel,
shadows of palm trees
on that, coloured spot-
light, unbelievable stretch,
communicating widely
the best way I want, really
happening, delicious tasty
good fresh thing, more
tasty...