

IT'S A FUNNY THING ALICE

MONOLOGUES FROM OTHERS

KAYLA GUTHRIE

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It's a funny thing Alice,
dying is just the way I composed it
in Tod und Verklärung.

“Forgive me,” I found myself saying, to my horror,
“but I understood you to say that you live in a-a vat?”

“Yes, Marly. And from that rather terminal perspective, I should advise you to strive to live hourly in your own flesh. I speak as one who can no longer tolerate that simpler state, the cells of my body having opted for the quixotic pursuit of individual careers.

I was touched, Marly, at your affairs of the heart.
I envy you the ordered flesh from which they unfold.”

Feel the heavy weight of your head balance on your spine.

Emotions even out. Little things, and even big things,
no longer hold the same power that they used to.
Over time, past hurts – mental and emotional scars –
heal and fade, as though from another dim lifetime.

So I reflected, crumbling my bread and stirring my coffee
and now and again looking at the people in the street.

What you see in the mirror is of supreme importance
because it charges the vitality; it stimulates the nervous
system. Take it away and man may die, like the drug fiend
deprived of his cocaine.

Under the spell of that illusion, I thought, looking out of the
window, half the people on the pavement are striding to work.

They put on their hats and coats in the morning under
its agreeable rays. They start the day confident, braced,
believing themselves desired at Miss Smith's tea party;
they say to themselves as they go into the room, I am
the superior of half the people here, and it is thus that
they speak with that self-confidence, that self-assurance
of the looking-glass, which has had such profound
consequences in public life and has led to such curious
notes in the margin of the private mind.

We educate nothing but our mind. We know how to behave
with such and such: "Goodbye." "How do you do?"

But it's only the horse's driver who knows this:
sitting in his carriage he has read about it.

But the horse has no education whatsoever. It hasn't even
been taught the alphabet, it knows no languages, it never
went to school. The horse is capable of being taught,
but our culture forgot how to do it. And so it grew up
a neglected orphan. It only knows two words: right and left.

When I talk about inner change, I mean the need to change
the horse. If the horse changes, we can change. If the horse
doesn't change, things will stay the same for us, no matter
how much we study or how long we live.

It's easy to decide to change sitting quietly in your room.
But as soon as you meet someone, the horse kicks.
That horse is inside you, and it has to change.

If you think that self-study will help you change yourself,
you're greatly mistaken. Even if you read all the books, study
for a hundred years, master all knowledge, all mysteries –
nothing will come of it. Because all this knowledge will
belong to the driver. And even if he knows, he still can't
drag the cart without the horse – it's too heavy.

I was captured on security camera at the Apple store in Soho during my big blackout. In the video I'm using the computer, but there's no evidence of any e-mails being sent or read on my account during that time. I did log in, something that my doctors attributed to "muscle memory": their theory is that I thought, "Hey, this is a computer, this is what I do with a computer." But I guess once I opened my e-mail, I couldn't figure out who this Hannah person was and why everyone was looking for her. So I logged out and left.

Besides getting hypothermia, dehydration and a sunburn, this big blister on my foot was the other physical record of my three weeks on the move. Maybe the reason I actually ended up in the river was because my feet hurt. They think that just as I was wandering on land, I wandered in the water. I don't think I had a purpose. But I had that really big blister, so maybe I just didn't want my shoes on anymore.

My career as an artist didn't begin on the stage, though some of my early career was on and off Broadway. My earliest work was as a sculptor and painter. I've always had an especially hard time with everything I've tried to do.

And as the years went by I was holding together. One day, I decided to fall apart and find the pieces and put them back where they should've been. And I did. I did what I thought was impossible: go through the difficulty, go through all of it on a daily basis, and then by the end of each week something had changed a little bit.

Every artist's work changes when he dies. And finally no one remembers what his work was like when he was alive. Sometimes you can read what his contemporaries had to say about it. The difference of emphasis and interpretation is largely a question of historical development. But the death of the artist is kind of a dividing line.

Songwriting had become a struggle for me. It was simply horrific. But it takes shadow and light to create the alchemy of real creativity, and knowing the source of your power gives you the ability to deeply understand your own nature so that you can make the best of your life.

I'm looking for songs that feel like now but sound like back then.

My power comes from both my hidden and apparent faculties; I've learned how to process these two zones and flow with myself. If something walks into my life that feels right, the question is am I ready to see it or not? I'm sure things have wandered by me a few times.

I was a highly neurotic kid, not particularly happy, which probably accounts for all those beautiful songs I wrote, those sad ballads.

I found my home there. It was nice to focus on things outside of my body. Music has always done that for me.

"I'm friendly to people whether they're dressed shabbily or wearing an expensive fur coat," she said while I purchased two dollars' worth of chocolate from exclusive confectioner Sprüngli's.

It's lunchtime in Mexico City. We watch a young man follow a slim girl wearing dark glasses into a restaurant. Without looking behind her, she lets the heavy glass door swing closed, almost smashing him in the face.

It's funny, when you hit the point where there is a whole block of "kids" younger than you who share your approximate situation, but have an entirely different relationship to it.

Like, 14 year old punk kids were born in 1996.

I'm still totally fixated that there is a paradigmatic shift, a 0, when high-speed internet hit the market, because of how that opened up programming and information. You were, like, 12 when that happened, I was, like, 19 when that happened, and some little punk shit born in '96 was a genius if they weren't still illiterate at that point.

I am completely fascinated by the present availability of broad-strokes research information and cross-referencing. I wonder how this going to shift the better minds of the generations to come. I think it is the beginning of a valid reason to have a child, this curiosity of how the present might have made me a different person. It's such a big abstract question, it can only be answered with observation I suppose.

The places I would have delved had I been able to get the broad-strokes big picture with such speed – how that enriches the books I take out at the library.

I look at what is possible with the current speed of broad-strokes cross-referencing, like even just how the influx of glib understanding and wiki generalism actually seems to create this thirst for depth of scholarship. I look at all the stuff that was kind of subversive and cool when I was a teenager that is now totally annoying...

I spend so much time in this expensive middle class suburb, and it's fun, waiting for the bus, to play "marketing sleazeball" while people-watching the youth. The entire code structure is different than it was when I was younger: the dance of referents is to the beat of a very different drummer. This being said, crusty punks still look like crusty punks.

Saturn return doesn't happen for you for several years. I never even knew what it was until the month mine happened.

The frank truth is that for people like us, Saturn Return is very different from the books. They say as children, the moon tends to be the dominant element in the chart and that as you age, your sun-sign takes that role. For me, at Saturn return, I really felt Taurus overriding Scorpio where it used to be the contrary.

Things are inevitably very dark when it happens. When I was a teenager, I was very comfortable and perhaps even a little quick to peg anyone who seemed to deserve it a "fucking idiot". I hit this point where that became abstracted and while that nourished my life, and really tightened up how liberal I was with that attitude, my Saturn return really did allow me to just look at a lot of people and acknowledge that they were equal parts useless and stupid for my interests, intents, and purposes.

Oh dammit, I forgot proof. Well, if I could get a spirit to walk across a river whenever I wanted, I think I would be extremely rich. I once saw a shooting star burn up 20 feet before it hit the ground. Can't prove it, though, so does that mean it never happened?

I'm not here to prove anything or to make a statement, only to share my knowledge. People who don't want to believe in spiritual phenomena should stop wasting their time here. Unless you have an agenda..?

There are always naysayers, even to absolute proven truths. If it wasn't for people with extreme vision and perspective, we would still be living on a "flat earth".

Until you know everything, withhold judgement, lest you be judged.

It's the reason batters have hitting streaks, pitchers toss perfect games, basketball players light up the scoreboard for sixty points, and runners shatter world records.
It's the sweet spot in time when everything is in sync and nothing misfires.

And then it's over. Tiger Woods misses putts.
Michael Jordan's jump shot goes cold. There's no point in analyzing it. If you could figure out how you get into a groove you could figure out how to maintain it.

I used to write a lot of lyrics more based around my dreams, but lately it hasn't been so much around my dreams. I've been more conscious about reality and about what's going on in a day to day sense, and I've sort of lost touch with my dreams, too, in a sense.

I mean, but I find with often when I am very focused on when the reality is very dull and mundane, the dreams sometimes are amazing. And then when the reality is very beautiful, the dreams are reflecting the darker side of that: dreams are sort of like the mundane aspect.

So I think it has to balance each other out somehow, you know.

Through that period of waiting you can find out a lot about the future.

I haven't chosen to stay out of the media spotlight, I just don't like being in it; I think it's kind of silly. I just have this weird idea that once you become popular, that's kind of it, like, you can't really go any higher, you know, so if you stay kind of at a certain level it's good that way.

Ongoing experience of this dimension helps you know yourself and find your true identity. So let it run! Let it run on your back, let it run under your arms, let it run on your face, let it cool all those spaces, let it dilate the capillaries so the blood runs out to your skin and the outer organs of the body.

I was at his funeral, and what happened then, was that
the structure of my life has changed, and it was so different
to similar events where I tried to change my life,
but not much difference occurred to me later.

I did not know so much about him. I am one of his late children.
So everyone knows about him, but I don't, I thought.

We were standing next to the street quite up on the hill,
ready to leave the stone of the tomb and I tried listening
to the older brothers, who even on that day could not resist
showing their advantages in comparison to me, like having
been closer to him, like knowing more about him.

I felt so incredible, passive and unable to have any impact,
felt lost in a psychedelic feeling, liked the wind on these higher
parts of the hills, which slightly resonated in their narratives
and cut them into abstraction.

And so, just before the front windows become a crinkled,
liquefied imploding sheet – the surface of a swimming pool
during a high dive, as seen from below –
And just before you're pelleted by a hail of gum and magazines –
And just before the fat man is lifted off his feet, hung
in suspended animation and bursts into flames while
the liquefied ceiling lifts and drips upward –

I have bought this book for four years, read over it for many times.

If I can only take one book with me to another world, I will
take this one. It is a good guide to how to live for a lifetime.

It begins with the fundamental principles, then gradually
teaches you how to live a better life based on those principles.
Every sentence is a sentence of truth. Every time I have setback,
I go back to this book, and every time, I find that I have
violated one of its principles.

Over four years, I become a different person.

2010

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