

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE UNIVERSE

I wanna scream so loud the molecular structure of
reality comes apart ,,,
paralyze the people w confusion
Open up passageways into other dimensions

A gin is an old Ancient earth spirit of the deep countryside and they become powerful in the darkness. I was trying to summon one in deep summer . I'd go way out in the deep countryside to my grandfathers old farm in the night while the summer storms flashed silent lightning off in the distant horizon.

This one had found me sleeping in my bed and it sounded like night crickets wrapped in pulsating Energy...

It had followed me from the countryside.

I noticed that the more I noticed it the more it seemed to notice me and so I gave up trying to hide from it and said "What is it spirit?"

To which the sound of crickets chirruping and frogs croaking the way they do out in the deep countryside became louder...

It felt like A cloud of pulsating High Voltage Electro Magnetic Energy Gently shocking me.

Well I'm stumblin
out on the grass

As the midnight roses
slice up my ass

Am I bleeding
I must say yes

To spinning stars
I blow a kiss

Insanity runs in my family,,,,
It practically gallops.

There is very much a malevolent spirit that tries to get
in the way of music.

Not just Rock & Roll,,, but all forms of music,,,

Time after time,,,

There are ancient spirits that force my voice
into the sound.

I am in the midst of an invisible war in eternity...

& I make my own lightning.

In the small town I was from
there were giant old 19th century grain silos,,
there were tunnels underneath them
& my schoolmates & I would sleep over at one anothers
houses in town because some of us lived out in the
countryside,,
We would sneak out the windows
& meet at a predetermined location to go down into
the tunnels w/ candles , guitars , ciggarretes, and
sometimes even a bottle of wine or beer or maybe even
a joint and practise "black magic",
or at least that's what we thought....
One time when we had been in the tunnels
chanting & singing by candlelight till past midnight,
as we were stepping out into the night
heard a screeching sound
& looked up to the top of the silo to see a giant owl
with what seemed like
the face of a witch.
We ran thru night breeze and hid in some tall grass in a
field...
We grew old
& faded into nothing.

Lets just stay young
& Live a million years

All of the stars up in the sky
They spin around in tracer lines

We can paint them stoned
With the hallucinations in our minds

Honeysuckle Hyacinth breeze
So gently floats our way

From here into infinity
Forever in a day

Down in the paradise valley
All the angels got so stoned

Everything turned into gold
A Dream out in the great unknown

Every time I begin a work of art/music/writing,,, some idiotic
spirit tries to get in the way..
You have to develop invisible edges
and sharpen them on the adversity,,,
Then,, when this pathetic opposition rears its ugly head,,,
You just cut its head off and get to work.

Stare straight ahead,,,
into Eternity,,,
and ignore absolutely everything else.

You can get away with crazy things in a small town.
There's no way I would've accomplished the kind of
work I did in a modern city.
They would've harassed me to death the first time I
accomplished anything noticeable.....
I will always be of the countryside.

**Get down
Into
the sound**

I feel complete freedom...
As if the whole universe conspires in my favor...
Like there are invisible spirits
doing unknowable things
paving my way into tomorrows.

Be
outrageous

Coming into a city
on a late-nite road
the lights of it
like a galaxy in the distance
moving in slow motion.

& it stoned me.

Went to the George Jones show at Inn of the Mountain Gods
w/ my uncle David & there was a Full moon
w/ a cloudless sky all the way back to Cloudcroft..

We kept running across small herds of wild horses on the
road to which I whooped and screamed like a cowboy as I
drank cold beers and smoked.

The night we got back to Texas I got drunk & stoned out of
my mind,,,dressing up like the Ivy league indian...

A strange otherworldly paranormal event happened that
night as a giant thunderstorm loomed in and then seemed to
take notice of me and proceeded to hover & interact w/
me...of course,,,I Was stoned out of my mind but the
perceived interactions would go something like this...'me
talking to the night

"you see that lightning up in the sky?,,

"That" and at the moment I said "that" It would lightning
really bright thru a strange white fog and not thunder "Is an
invisible spirit from outer space." or I'd say "Hey" and it
would lightning every time I said "Hey" and me the lightning
played together all night like this w no thunder until
I ran out of beer and marijuana & cigarettes *& passed out...

Get lost in the sound
Get lost in the music
Get "out there"

Out in the outskirts

I and my highschool girlfriend, who was a little bit younger than me at the time, were playing hooky on a sunny day, getting stoned & laying around on the practice football field behind the stadium & goofing off & kissing & looking at the sky & pondering the universe, while everyone else was in class, being bored.

All of the sudden, a gigantic white Pink Floyd blimp started rising up over the far side of the stadium, very slowly like dirigibles do'

It had the triangle prism & the rainbow beam of light shooting out of it & said "PINK FLOYD" in giant pink letters below it.

Almost as if in a dream, I said to her "Hey girl, what the hell is that?" She turned around & said "Oh my God!"

It floated up probably not 20 yards above the stadium lights & the sound of its fans was humming loud.

"Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzssshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." It just floated in slow motion over the practise feild & us & just kept on going.

The universe
is
Magic

We are destined for the incredible.
even after we die.

I had been living downtown in Seattle for almost a year, working as a night janitor for a while in the skyscrapers & then working machines at a Starbucks coffee roasting plant down by the airport. I had a tiny little apartment down in Belltown on 3rd & bell & used to go up to the Hurricane cafe (which was open 24 hrs. a day) & just get an eyeful of the pretty waitresses & meet hippy lions & talk about music & film & such things.

One day I had too much coffee & was up all day & fell asleep & was late for the bus. I remember finally getting to the building where I was still working as a janitor at the time & its rush hour & all the people are flooding the streets & this skinny black man climbed up a streetlight pole & began singing a superb beautiful rendition of sitting on the dock of the bay w/ no accompaniment while just holding onto the light pole with one hand & leaning out into the air above the street with his other hand open like a wave, looking right at me from down the street.

The acoustics of the downtown buildings were perfect & the sunset was Eternity golden reflecting off of all the windows beautiful & it was a moment of sheer powerful universal magic of all time & my body went numb like morphine & gave me hope for the tomorrows.

He sang the whole song, then dropped down into the thrushes & dissappeared into the people.

I had to clock in, I was late! I went the clock in area & everyone was gone along with my clock in card. I went riding the elevators trying to find my boss & ended up on the top floor in the penthouse, playing the expensive piano they had, thinking "forget it, you're done for" because my boss hadn't particularly taken a shine to my lionish ways.

He had sold me a single green bud & a small one at that for \$60 & I had quit buying from him because I couldn't afford it & I think it made him nervous & paranoid, maybe hallucinating that someone might find out. Anyways I sat there playing that piano & was just about to go back down the elevator, when it opened up & there my boss stood. "Where have you been?"" "I uh", "Why are you up here in our most important clients suite playin their ridiculously expensive piano?" "Well, you see, Its a funn." "C'mon, you're fired. I didn't want to do this but you've got to go for now. Maybe you can get your job back later." and that was that... I rode the bus home to my tiny little pathetic apartment & went up to the hurricane & stayed up all night drinking coffee until the sun rose. I realized I had to get a job fast, because I was close to broke & rent was comin up, so I went and bought some sleeping pills at the Union Rx & popped probably twice as many as I should've. I lay down & fell asleep & not even a half hour later I heard a bangin on the door. "BANG BANG BANG" I "who is it?". "BANG BANG BANG, Its the FBI, open up this door or we'll bash it in!" giggles outside the door. I look thru the peephole & there in a circular fisheye shot of all time, is my old best pal Casey Jones, along with Russ T, another friend of the pack, & some hippy fellow Ive never seen before. I open the door, "Heeeeeeeeeey man, whats goin on Scare?" me "How did you guys find me?" "Aw we have our ways." & Russles giggling stoned the whole time. Hugs and slapped fives given all around. Casey begins loading a bowl, while Russel opens up some tin foil revealing a peice of a sheet of LSD. "We were hoping we could crash here man. We're just up from crater lake, just road trippin, thought we'd stop by and say

"high". And Casey pronounces this "Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiggghhhhhhh."

"Hell yes, you know my place is yours, but you must understand, I've been up for two days & just took a whole pile of sleeping pills."

& Casey, as always, "Well this wont hurtcha boy, its just some good ole Mary Jane" & Russel "and some acid" (giggling). "Well awright" & so we smoke & smoke & drop LSD. Casey jumps up "Well what is there to do around here, got any titty joints?" me "No man thy're too expensive, Im almost broke. We could go to the hurricane. There are beautiful girls there." And everyone smiles, especially Alex who shouts in classic French accented broken English "BEAUTIFUL GURLS!!!" We walk up the street, elbowing each other in the ribs and play headlocking each other. At the hurricane Alex insists upon buying everyone round after round of beers till were all getting pretty drunk & we're already stoned & beginning to come up on the LSD. "I feel funny" Alex says, his eyes turning obsidian. "Lets go walk around the city & lose our minds." All the girls were watching him the whole time we were there & also as we walked out the door, beginning to hallucinate & see tracers flowing off the streetlights that had just come on. We walked all over downtown, stopping once at a girls house that I knew, & who had sold me some marijuana & flirted with me & smiled. There was a motorcycle in front of the door & rose red movie stage lights shining all over the front of the house (which was right by downtown). By this time we are tripping & I think it kind of did a mindbender on us, so we just strolled off into the night. We walked down to pioneer square & all down the supposedly "rough" streets & everybody we came across was just honey & roses, A beggar drifts up "Hey

man, can you spare a brother some change" Casey "No man, sorry Im broke", "Aw man thas alright, have a great night gennelmin."

We walk all the way up 2nd street from Pioneer square & go back to the apartment. The moon is completely full, shining bright white like a giant laughing misshapen skull floating in space & the sky is completely clear. We go to the roof & smoke bowls while feasting our eyes on the glowing city in the moonlight. The moon is pulsating energy waves into my eyes and head like electric purple ripples in the pond of the sky. "Does anybody see that?" I ask, "the moon is shooting energy everywhere." Casey, smiling wide "Yeeeeaaaaaaaahhhhh", "crazy man".

We go down to the little apartment & decide to try to rest. Its maybe 4 in the morning & we had walked damn near all over the inner city. The local radio station was playing Bob Dylans "Blonde on blonde" record front to back & I had lit a candle & they were all asleep breathing in strange patterns & tripping out my mind. Russ would snore, Casey would inhale, Then Alex would snore, over & over & over again driving me crazy with sad eyed lady of the lowlands playing in the background. Then they all started to cry in their sleep & I grabbed my ciggarrettes & walked out the door into the courtyard. I was still tripping. I went out front & was smoking when I heard this rhythmical whack echoing off the skyscrapers of the inner city proolly once every 5 seconds or so I step out into the street to have a look & this Giant, tall as the tallest skyscrapers wall of fog is floating slowly down the street toward me.

My mind is gone. Ive been up for three days. I lost my job. Im on a ridiculous amount of sleeping pills, Im drunk, stoned & on LSD & a gigantic wall of perfect

white fog is floating up the street toward me while it sounds like someone is hitting a baseball bat against the corner of the Washington Mutual Bank every five seconds. I sit down on the curb & smoke & quietly let my mind dissolve as the perfect wall of glowing white fog so silently flows over me.

I don't know what I'm going to do.

I go back & everyone is awake & wants to walk to Dennys by the space needle where we eat breakfast & complain about how far a walk it is & laugh as the sun rose golden in that firm warm eternity. Walking back Casey says in that slightly sorrowful way of his when I'm getting too far ahead

"You left me far behind", referencing a song from a misspent time, & I'm like "what?"

Farewells are always sad somehow,
But especially on hallucinogenic descent.

Goodbyes are said & they gather their things all acid weary & head back to Portland. I fall asleep immediately into a black dreamless sleep for sixteen hours & wake with the realization that I was up for four days on a myriad rainbow of drugs & I don't know what the future holds. I end up applying at the YMCA for a programme for homeless youth (I was 18) & then on to a homeless shelter in Pioneer square called the compass center, where the first night I am introduced to blues singer named Son Washington who had tears brimming in his eyes all the time & a man who called himself Doc & looked exactly like Jimi Hendrix if he had aged & who said "I clean the windows on the skyscrapers in San Francisco." They took me under their wings & told me stories about Blues music & talked about finding a girl for me. "Hey lets take him out & get him laid." "Yeah, theres Mary, shes cool, shes nice" "Oh

Mary? Sheesh. You think he could handle Mary?,,, " Oh she's alright, she wont hurt him."

We walked out in the street & Doc went across the street & stood underneath it.

It began to rain lightly, & I remember thinking how much that man looked like Jimi Hendrix. We went back in & sat around in the living room of the unit & talked about everything & eternity. They all seemed to be gathered around me, everyone talking to me & giving advice & asking questions.

A hells angel took me aside & said "You're my little brother, & I'll always watch out for you, but if you dont straighten up & fly right & I see you out there on the street again, Im gonna knock your lights out." The blues singer Son Washington told me "Dont ever give up on your dreams." "Keep on dreamin boy."

Then Doc asked me "what are you gonna do with your life?,,, me "I like music." Doc "Pick another profession, its awful." I couldnt help but think of Hendrix at woodstock, playing his guitar with his teeth. He says " I divorced myself from that image long ago."

& Son washington has tears in his eyes & the whole room gets quiet & Doc begins, beautifully to sing Amazing Grace to me perfectly & slowly all the way thru as it begins to softly rain outside.

I daydream about the kingdom of heaven
things that have never been,
Unnameable things,
Invisible worlds,
Other dimensions,
the Infinite.

Maybe if all those upset people in the Arts would have dedicated half the amount of time and energy to their art, as they did furiously, jealously harassing me while frothing at the mouth,
They might've been what they wanted & their dreams might've come true...
But they were too busy trying to punish me for my senseless acts of beauty & their lives just passed them by...
It's as if they were never even born.

Hateful people
Harassing me absolutely All the Time

& I'm on a lark,
living in a hallucinogenic garden of eden
just playing around with light and sound and magic.
Like a child of the Gods.

Overpopulation waters down the human race.

Now, instead of one great individual singularly existing,,, you have hundreds of stupid people clamoring to take his/her place in life. The great painter paints his masterpiece, and in the modern world, here come all the morons clamoring and threatening and making ultimatums and intelligence insulting offers because they all wanna paint their names on the painting and try to ride coattails. Trying to take credit where none is due.

The singer/songwriter writes his masterpiece and,,, the same thing. Mindless idiots become furiously envious and attempt to cling on and tag along and make all kinds of threats and ultimatums and artistic integrity insulting offers attempting to try to buy merit thru technicalities that doesnt belong to them.

Then they want to make war because you wouldn't allow them to tag along or rip you off.

Not to mention the absolute rip off of your privacy where they put you under 24 7 surveillance and whine and cry and try to drag behind as they lose their minds and shit in their pants.

I am an Artist & I do everything I do,
only for my own amusement.
I don't care what people think.

I'm not here to hang out with all the parasites
of show business.
& they can quit trying to tag along or slow me up cause
I'm just gonna plow thru them as if they weren't even there,
Like a 747 flying thru a flock of birds

Is all this life
Just a pretty dream
Does it ever make you
Want to scream

Consciousness, shining bright
High pitched hum vibrations tight
Don't you know I feel alright
I'm just playin magic in the sound and light

It isn't anybody's business what I do
I will do whatever I wish
At all times
Forever
Into Eternity

The stupidest, girl in the world
She lets her feelings come unfurled
She whines and cries and loses her mind
As she tries and tries to drag behind

She's always tryn so hard, to get attention
With her low IQ and her condescension
Tryn so hard to cling, no matter what the cost
Don't try to reason with the girl, her mind is lost

Shell claw out yer eyes, tryn to teach you her name
Overconfident idiot, on mass cocaine
She'd sacrifice everyone, tryn to flatter herself
Someone should take her out to the tall tall cliffs

I affect consciousness like a drug.

I think some people just aren't meant for Love
& I am one of those people.....
Its adoreable with other people (albeit pathetic),,, but I
personally can't stand it.
I don't need it & it irritates me to always have someone
harassing me for attention
& going into histrionics over nonsense & interrupting my
lifestyle of lionlike liesure....
I just want to do whatever I want,,, whenever I feel like it,,,
with no complications.

Don't think
Thinking is the enemy of creativity
Its self conscious
& anything self conscious is lousy.

I don't know anything about the universe.
I just fake confidence furiously
& go for it full throttle & blind.

There are paranormal events.

Demonic presences that jealously, angrily attempt interference in all things,

When you're trying to sleep: shaking the bed repetitively,,, violently,,,,, knocks on the walls, Always when you're on the threshold of sleep.

Heart palpitations, Interference with respiration, accompanied by angry growling & disembodied threatening voices.

Distant whining Crying, screaming sounds that go on & on & on.

Little whispering voices always attempting distraction from whatever purpose.

Taps and little punches all over the body,,, (especially the shoulders)

Distant voices making threats in angry tones

Electrical type shocks when sleeping, again, interfering with vital functions.

You get a very tangible, almost palpable sense of intense, pathetic jealousy.

kind of like a stupid ape.

Very angry, almost seething furious outrage.

Like an idiot poltergeist.

Recording music, along with assorted other non-sequiter
psychedelic anomalies, was basically all I wanted to do.
The thing is, that this, this extremely negative jealous
evil presence tries to get between you and the music.
You have to space them out, you know,,, the songs.
Because if you dont, that negative presence tries to
manifest itself drastically.
It gets in people you know & people you don't know.
You start getting death threats & pretty heavy
harassment & even vandalism & violence sometimes.
Extremely unpleasant, irrelevant, uninteresting people
trying to harass attention out of you over & over & over
again, ad infinitum, ad nauseum.
You get put under 24 7 surveillance
& they use RF (radio frequency) weapons on you,
torturing you, shocking your brain.
That's why you space out between the songs,,,
just get high or drunk or go swimming or read a book or
make Love and goof off and sleep and dream
cause that really pisses them off bad,,,
and plus it refreshes you to keep going,,,
because you can never stop.

**I am just stormin,
Can't you hear me sound.**

We all met out in the deep countryside at Casey Jones Grandfathers farm where Russel opened up a tinfoil to reveal blue buddha LSD. "Stick out yer tongue" he'd say "make the rolling stones mouth" & then he'd pop a little square on your tongue. It was real LSD & we came up really really fast, Probably within 10 minutes or so & just wandered around the farm looking at things, talking about the universe, magic & life. At one point Casey wanted to go into the dense thicketforest of salt cedars & the sun was going down & turning everything eternity golden while we were getting more & more stoned out of our minds by the minute. Casey started a small fire & it was sunset & I still cant grasp the lapse in perception, but at one particular moment the sun had set & they were all laying around the fire & I was standing by them & then everything in my consciousness just froze as the fire was dying down at the exact moment I was peaking. They all looked like just a bunch of mannikins that were frozen in firelight that suddenly, slowly became a circle of shadows & I blinked my eyes & I was in pitch black darkness about 50 yards away from the fire, not understanding how I got there in the space of what seemed like a single second. I started talking to the darkness with the terrible certainty that I was alone, that somehow I had gotten so stoned that something in my spirit had shifted & thrown me across the universe to an alternate world where my friends had all just turned into shadows, leaving me alone in the night.

The trees were dense & I could barely maneuver thru them. I had the distinct perception that when I would inhale the trees would all crowd toward me almost imperceptibly, & when I exhaled they receded. I was trying to find my way out to the clearing that we had come in from & being so disoriented & forgetting which direction only added to my certainty that I had leaped over time & space into another world while crashing around in the brush and babbling inanities & suddenly everyone started laughing. Brian was like "Barry, where the hell are you man?" laughing. "Oh Im just over here trying to find a way out of this universe" Everyone laughing..

Then Russel lights his lighter and slowly starts making his way over to me while everyone else is giggling & when he gets to me he turns the lighter off & sticks it hot side down with a sizzling sound on my arm.

"Ow man!" I explain as he and everyone else is giggling and pushes me out thru an opening that was right behind me right out into the open clearing where I finally feel like I can breathe again & I drop down to my knees & look up at the stars & raise my arms to the sky

The whole universe is on my side

When I was a child & my family had relocated out to the deep countryside of my mothers ancestry, my mother used to take me into a room in my grandmothers country home & tell me a magical story. It was a north facing room with a window that looked out onto a forest wilderness of mesquite trees and brush pasture. She told the story many times. The room we were in was hers and my Aunt Dee Dee's when they were girls. The story always went something like this,,,,,"When I was a girl, one midnight, I looked out that window & I saw what appeared to be a star above the horizon, Only it was too bright to be a star. It was so bright & I remember thinking I should tell someone else in the house, but I could not move. It stayed floating there for a long long time & It was watching me. I could feel it looking at me and watching me & then suddenly, it flew very quickly, at astonishing speed, straight up into space & dissappeared."

One night, Just a country mile down the south road to where we lived, in my great grandmothers old white stucco farmhouse, years on down the line, I & one of my friends from school were camping out in our sleeping bags out in the cotton fields in the night, when my friend asks "What is that?" & I look up to see a giant glowing golden triangle floating maybe just 800 feet up, moving west directly over us at maybe 60 miles an hour, very slowly. It might have been some kind of experimental plane, but it was so large, & strange golden lights in odd designs were completely all across its undercarrage & it was absolutely silent & it moved so slowly. It did not even whisper. The faintest of breezes that night was loud compared to this giant golden triangle. This was before stealth aircraft & it wasn't shaped like them anyways. It was a perfect triangle of glowing golden light & it flew in absolute silence across the deep countryside. My friend & I walked back to the farmhouse & slept on the porch for the rest of the night, while the coyotes sang....

I would dream after that, even many many years after I and my family had left that countryside, strange dreams of giant surreal red velvet draped open ships floating perfectly still 100 yards up in the air out in those fields, always in overcast daylight, with huge golden staircases leading down to the red dirt. They were like interstellar Noahs Arks, filled to capacity with all the animals of the cosmos like giant flying zoo's.

Soul butterfly
Don't you lie to me
Always so high
in the starduster trees

Underwater for a moment
down by the riverside
Up into honeysuckle roses
a sweet fresh breath alright

It feels so fine,, feels so fine
to be back inside your mind

I am a drug made of sound
Bring you up high from feelin down.

People just suddenly start being snitches,,, and they think they're involved and that they're important,,, when in reality they're just obsessed strangers. They wanna snitch on you when you're eating. They wanna snitch on you when you have a drink. They wanna snitch on you when you try to sleep. They wanna snitch on you when you draw a bath...They wanna snitch on you when you're painting. they wanna snitch on you when you're making a song. They wanna snitch on every single moment in time for all eternity. People like that are the source of seige mentality.

It's about infuriating stupidity everywhere.
That's what most people don't get right away.

Alienation is my comfort zone.

I wound up hiway 1, rocketing up the California coast like a stoned ghost under a starry night sky full of its blackholes, galaxies & jupiters & suns, daydreaming past sunset that I was an outlaw on the run, because I smoked too much marijuana & I was figuring out the secret to infinity, which the government & all major organized religions wanted desperately to keep me from because then I would be free forever & become magical. I noticed sometime after sunset after crossing the carnival atmosphered lighted golden gate bridge & travelling north for a spell that I was being warned by signs that hiway 1 was washed out by the recent rains & closed for repairs & I would have to divert to 101 thus ending my quest to drive the full length of 1 up the American west coast all the way to Seattle. I began to notice that I was travelling more & more thru forests of what I thought were just pine trees & found a little tiny one horse rest stop town which consisted of a phone booth & a closed little general store with blue neon in the window & a glowing orange streetlight, which lent a surreal dreaminess to the whole scene.

I stopped & rolled one end of a blanket up in the window & put the windscreen sunshield up as was my custom while sleeping in cars. I rolled over & dropped into a dream of black infinity & woke to a golden dawn of eternity some hours later. After rubbing my eyes & stretching like a cat I looked around & to my amazement found myself in a gargantuan giant forest of monumental Huge ancient, older than Jesus Christ redwood trees. I had never realized that Northwestern California was the place where these old enchanted giants loomed so majestic & peaceful. I went in the store & bought a can of chicken soup & drove further

north into the wilderness & pulled over on the side of the road & got out & ran way out into the enchanted forest & opened & ate my can of chicken soup raw & smiling inside. I lit and smoked a camel cigarette while laying back on a giant log & pretended I was Huckleberry Finn & got up & went & turned on the radio & It was the Beatles playing "Strawberry Fields Forever". I turned it all the way up & smoked with the car window rolled down just leaning against the car as the sun shone golden. I decided I'd just cruise lazily up the road exploring anything roadside that caught my eye & eventually, later that evening I saw a sign that said "Lost Man Creek". I figured I was kindof lost so it must be the spirit signifying. It was just sunset & I followed the trail around & found a huge enchanted forest with a little waterfall & creek just a rushing & splashing & putting a cool little cloud of mist up in the air around me & making me daydream & ponder infinity & whatnot. I just then thought for no apparent real reason of the old witch of the woods & suddenly felt spooked & funny & all this way down the trail at the end of sunset when the twilight is turning darker & darker shades of blue. I rambled way back up the trail to my car & when I got there, the twilight had turned to its darkest blue & was on its way to black. I drove up the road & into Crescent City where I parked my car at a place called Tsunami Landing & fell asleep & dreamed I was back in Texas until the sun rose. I woke up & got confused & took a stroll to see where I was & this punk rock kid with green hair on a bike rode up to me & said "Do you like Rock & Roll?" me "yeah sure, I love rock & roll" him " Yeah me too, its awesome, Hey if you wanna meet a bunch of hella cool people come over to the maze & hang out, c'mon" & proceeded to lead me to

just around the corner to little concrete courtyard with a fountain in its center. His name was Roy & prided himself on being crazy & taking on dares. There were scores of kids there & I was introduced to everyone. Alias, Amy, Lyda, Jeannette, John, Tina, Howie, Molly, Danny, Sarah, Josh, Joe & a bald headed girl named Annie who said she was a white witch & had sewn a crescent moon & star into the sole of her foot and was running around in a sundress barefoot.

I just hung around & used the gas station bathroom to clean up & ran around with everyone a few days when one day Lyda & Jeanette decided to take me back to Lydas house while her mother was working & give me a haircut after washing it "both of them"

& claiming to be witches & cooking me macaroni and cheese and smiling like cheshire cats say "better watch out or we'll use em on you," when I ask about a pair of fuzzy pink handcuffs hanging on a post. Later these two girlwitches get together with Annie, the other girl who claimed to be a witch & took me out to a strange marshy pond that had giant blocks of industrial styrophome floating in it. The two girls boarded one & Annie & I the other and proceeded to "boat" out to an island in the center of the pond by shoving huge branches into the water & pushing off the bottom.

Annie looked at me with her eyes half lidded and glassy & said "I almost melted."

As we reached the island, where the girls laughed and ran around hallucinogenically like a dream.

They sat with me & kissed me and ran their fingers thru my hair with my head in their laps & said things to me I can never remember. They put me in a spell, back on the rafts to float over the abyss of infinity & space of a little pond that became something else as the sun set

down in his silent house of thunder & the darkness
turned everything into one infinite magic out in that
golden eternity. Forever & all time.
Father, sun, & holy ghost. Amen.

Maybe we're Angels
Maybe we're dreams
Nothin in this Life
Is quite what it seems
Maybe we once Lived
A thousand years ago
In some other star system
In the cold cold snow

Maybe I'm dead
& Never been born
Deep in a strange dream
Just before morn
There once was a true Love
That lived long ago
On some distant cold world
& died in the snow

Im not so sure reality is really real.

You do things just to derange and confuse other
people,,,
You mess with their consciousness.

Strange people harassing you perpetually,,,
trying constantly to argue over anything and
everything under the sun,,,
trying to get recognized for bullshit.
Those kind of people,
they're so full of shit that if you cut them,,,
they'd probably bleed diarrhea.

I was camped out at the mouth of the Giant Redwood forest just south of Crescent City California, in a little old 1950's style motorcourt called the "Ocean Way Motel". I had been working down at the fishery & running around with all my magic friends & the punk rock kids & just having an all around mystical dream of a time. I had brought a four track cassette recorder & a little electronic keyboard & a microphone I had procured at the zobrist music shop in downtown Seattle & decided I was going to start trying to teach myself how to make records by myself thru a process of trial & error, & then elimination & deduction. I had met only one other couple that was staying at the strangely vacant place & they seemed to be nice hippy type people. One night, I was trying to record a psychedelic noise piece of pure feedback & ridiculous noises. I had been working at it all night, with no success when someone starts trying to break my door down. I get up and run to the door, dumb innocent hippy kid that I was, & the man, red faced & minus his woman was standing outside with a hunting knife. "Do you know what you've done!" he cries "My woman had to wait till tomorrow to get her medication, & that damn noise you were making drove her insane!" "She's Gone!" "She run off barefoot out into the Redwoods & she's gone crazy!" "Im sorry" I said "I didnt know it was that loud." "LOUD!" he cries "She thought the universe was caving in!" "The cops are lookin for her from here to Arcata & they cant find her anywhere!". "Well I'll shut it down & only record in the daytime. I sure didn't mean for this to happen, man. Im sorry man."

"Yeah, well tell it to the cops man, & why don't you learn how to make some decent music." Then the cops came & run me thru the ringer & decided that the man was crazy & took my side but let me know that I needed to keep it down when recording because of noise ordinance/disturbing the peace laws & all that & left me there & drove off back into Crescent City for the night. Later that night, as I was trying to wind down for the night, someone started trying to knock the door down again, Only this time much, much harder. I grabbed my gun, a little .22 ca. rifle one of my friends had given me & hid behind a dresser until it stopped an hour later.

The man moved out of the motel & I forgot about him & his woman who ran off barefoot into the Giant redwood forest because of my awful first attempts at recording music, & then one night, late in the night in the wee hours, when the moon was out & casting blue light everywhere outside, I was awoken by a prolonged growl coming from human vocal cords. It was very prolonged & seemed very angry like a wolf. I peeked thru the window curtain (dumb hippy kid) & saw the distinct shape of the woman who had run off backing up into the moonlight & growling deep in her throat. When she disappeared from my sight, I went and sat in a chair for the rest of the night & didn't sleep. The next day I went walking around the motel, trying to piece something of all these events together in my mind. I walked all over the grounds of the motel until I got to the furthest portion, where the woods were closest. I was nearing the end of the row of rooms, when I noticed the last door was open & I could hear what sounded like a woman talking to herself. I neared & the rambling voice became louder until

I was standing right outside the open door & was staring into the greyblue cataract blind eyes of an old old woman in a rocking chair, who was chanting what sounded like *Transitus Fluvii*. I could recognize it because I had studied it a little before. She was saying things like "Gimmick Rech tyne De Aleph Zain Rech Tyne" & different other things over & over & over & never even once slowed or gave any sign of acknowledging my presence. I noticed the motel room was lavishly furnished, with mirrors & plants & all kinds of strange trinkets everywhere, whereas mine and all the others looked like they had been refurbished in 1969 & left to fade.

I backed up as she chanted the language of witches & ended up back at my room, where I fell asleep & dreamed the black angels dream of nothing.

The next day I went back to the open doored room & there was nothing & no one there. Just an empty room.

The light became blurry all around me
& all the sounds changed.
All my dreams came true
and they were hollow & empty.
Father
Sun
& Holy Ghost
Amen

I was standing by the river
As the sun was going down
I Heard the roaring freight trains
Rolling into town

I was standing on the mountainside
In a garden of roses red
The full moon started risin
River rushing in my head

I was standing in the desert
When the sun began to rise
Everything turned golden
Dreams misting off my eyes

I was standing by the ocean
The waves were crashing down
Stars spinning in slow motion
Thunder in the sound

Sunflower
You got the power

There are human beings
just like you and I
& planets just like the earth
all over the entire universe.

I tore a hole in space and time
A hundred million light years wide

Crushing
the
universe

Blues

Out Of Our Minds & Recycled Rubbish were just collections of leftovers.

They were finished up the year Texas burned to the ground...

There were fires absolutely everywhere & the landscape looked like another planet...

Everything was hazy all summer & the breeze burned your eyes.... It smelled like smoke all the time & it was hotter than hell.

Sometimes there would be a constant fog of smoke even in the streets... It was like something out of World War two.

Then after that there were the haboobs,,, the giant dust storms later in the year... & there was no rain,,, all the reservoirs started drying up.

They are not records that have alot of fond memories with them.... Everything had a nightmarish hue to it throughout that entire year.

I don't understand this thing of people talking about
ripping me off, or imitating my style.
A Thunderhead is a Thunderhead...
I have no set style....
I'm constantly changing.

There is absolutely no competition really,,,
just alot of hateful deathwishing.

People harass you to points incomprehensible for no
real reason.

Dumb girls escalate the harassment to the point
you can't hear yer own thoughts anymore,,,
you cannot even read.
They're harassing you so much,,, you'll read the
same paragraph 5 times before you comprehend it.

Morphine helps this,,, so does alcohol.

I learned to Love myself
& became empty,,,
like interstellar space

I don't get the differences in the perception of art.

Art is everything.

Art is made of light.

Art is made of sound.

Art is made of anything the whole universe round.

God is an artist.

People who get all jealous & obsessed,
Their minds were too frail.
It's like the Light & Sound injured them somehow.

I'm under permanent surveillance.
They worship my private parts
with the nerve jelly in their skulls.

I'm the kind of guy,,,
There's a giant pink elephant in the room,,,
& I just nonchalantly walk around him for eternity,,,
and also feed & water him & sing him songs while
stoned.

You gotta be receptive to that indescribable force of
the universe,,,
let it flow through you.

When I was a child,
I used to daydream/hallucinate,,,
That if I could move fast enough,,,
I would somehow cease to be a solid object
anymore,,,
I would become pure conscious energy that could
move thru solid matter,,,
Like mountains or skyscrapers,,,
& become solid again on the other side

?

I don't want to appear so selfish,,,
but,,, I don't do what I do for other people,,, really,,,
unless its the underdog,,,
I'm just amusing myself in a very insolent and spiteful
way.

I have this dream sometimes
Love came back to me
The story ended pretty
The way it was supposed to be

Then I come back to my senses
In a world I never knew
Just an earthbound angel
From the black into the blue

All the keys to the kingdom
Love handed them to me
I threw them all away
I thought I could be free

Eternity out before me
I kept on movin on
All the things I Loved
They faded & they're gone

I don't know why
Everything is born to die
I don't know why
You cried when we were getting high

I don't know why
You believe in lies
A million years
between you and I

The time just flies
Right thru my eyes
I'll Steal all the light
Out from you one more time

Everything is fading away
Into some forgotten yesterday
Bittersweet like a gratuitous crime
Old stoned blues of the strangest times

Ode to a Stalker

You told me your name 1000 times it's true
But I will never hear of you

Don't tell me cause I don't care
I will pull out all of your hair

Like nails on a chalkboard your voice
A sow pig in a new rolls royce

P.S. I am the Rolls Royce

I don't want to know celebrities....
I am not interested in anyone.....
I don't have the slightest desire to know anybody.

Living like Lions

Tomorrow

birth moratoriums

Robot machines of the sun

Eternity

I think we should,,,
Throw all the money away,,,
Burn it in gigantic piles,,,,

Think of the countless innocent
who died in vain in its honour.
For a bunch of stupid fucking paper.

They say I'm insane
& I used to love cocaine
& that the rain in Spain
Falls mostly on the plains

They say that I am crazy
My mind is always hazy
I am out of my head
& I'm lionlike & lazy

I think you have to absolutely isolate yourself from the world
Get out of your mind
and basically tell everybody to fuck off
Otherwise, they will waste all your time trying to get recognized
from hassling you,,,
Clingily tryin to suck your blood,,,
parasites of Heaven

I think people have always tried to get in the way of Rock & Roll.
Its just that in the modern age,
there is inconcievably advanced technology,,,
& they try to drive you out of your mind with it.

There is a world of ancient poltergeists on the other
side of dreams,,,
They travel thru the dreamtime & get into real life...
thru the gateways of infinity,,
They disguise themselves as anything in the world,,, the
wind,,, a voice,,, a person,,, a crowd of people,,,

This is what I attribute the phenomenons,,,
the anomolies,,, in my life to.
Its not that "people" are so unjust to me,,,
its not their fault,,, they are just puppets...

Its the ancient poltergeists,,,
devouring consciousness.

Electronic harassment blues
What else could morons ever do
No one knows their names
They can't achieve fame
So I live in an electric zoo

All the children
are insane
Thank you lord for sweet morphine

All the women
have birdbrains
Thank you lord for sweet cocaine

Idiot man
tryn to cause fear
Thank you lord for ice cold light beer

Dumbass stranger
wanna teach me a lesson
Thank you lord for Smith & Wesson

Music is like Love.

You cannot try „,

You just have to let the energy do whatever it wants.

There are worlds very much like the earth
so far away that even if you could fly at 1000 times
the speed of light
It would take you 10,000,000 years to get there.
The way to get to those worlds out there
in the heavens
in the twinkle of an eye,,,
is thru dreaming
& of course death

I don't know this modern age
I feel like an alien in it,,,
like a time traveller from another dimension,,,
another world
w more wilderness & countryside

Almost all women make me daydream of making pornography sometimes.

I don't deserve Love & I don't even want it really,,,
My spirit is wild.

High
Electrified

Daydreams

Hallucinogenic
Blues

Father
Son
& Holy Ghost
Amen

I am the singularity.
I am just me.
Everyone else is the crowd.

Yesterdays Ghost

He was from another planet
Many light years from here

Forever is Always Tomorrow