

**Book One**  
**This Policy Has a 2 Yr Suicide Disclaimer**

**CH 1**

In this world  
electric toothbrushes  
are just vibrators, video  
games are just mirrors,  
food is just advertisements,  
bodies are just houses,  
sexual preference is just  
another name to have and

my emotions are confused. It would be nice if humanity could just turn into a faceless machine, but everything I do becomes covered in my spew.

I've been thinking a lot lately, about somethin I sang maybe six years ago, "Everything's personal / No one understands." This is such an evil thing to sing. It's scary to me that such things come out of me. And it just don't seem right to tell that type of shit to other people. Cuz people don't really seem to know the difference between their own spew and someone else's. But now it's time I say some things like that again. I guess the evil just builds up inside until it comes out as people.

I spend all day looking in the mirror until I go back to my house and try to clean up all the mess everyone else has left there. Parties suck the day after. Never take a photograph at a party. Or, if you do, take it of an empty part of the house. After you develop the film, I promise you'll see the ghosts.

Hiding from people, I write something down in my journal and accidentally leave it open on the floor. The first person who finds it thinks it's about them. "I tripped over your shit!" It was only on the floor cuz I was eating there. I go back and clean up my shit, close the journal, and shove it into my backpack, toss the McDonalds in the trash, and leave the pen there for someone to step on. "Hope they break it" would be a cool one-liner thought to have right about now. All pissed and upset. Nah, I'm just confused.

I went to this house a few weeks ago. I didn't know anyone there but they had all this music out that I totally loved in highschool and the place felt like something from a surreal age 4 moment. Those moments when you're that young and you suddenly realize, "Where am I?" It happens both in familiar and not-so places. More like, "How is it that I am in a place?" Like, removed from environment, I stand alone in eternity as only the world ages and is in Time.

You're gonna half to believe me that I was sober when I had that thought, but I left my pipe there. At that house where it was some girl's birthday and this other guy kept talking about how big his dick is, yet he can't do anything with it and I told him that it's better to make someone care. Make someone have beautiful, uncontrollable desire, rather than just shoving your dick in them and hoping for the best. And then I went to the

bathroom and saw three electric toothbrushes, one for each of the girls that lived there, and was all like damn electric toothbrushes are such a dumb invention. I asked this one girl who lived there and I thought was hitting on me so I told her I was gay and then the big dick guy said he'd never been with a guy before and asked if I'd let him blow me so I told him I have a girlfriend. So I told this girl, "I hope you don't brush your teeth with that thing. I hope you use it as a vibrator and she was like, "Oh, no, we actually brush our teeth with them."

Don't get me wrong, she was surprised but more turned on than shocked by it. So I gotta go back and get my pipe and I thought about making out with her when I go but I don't really want to or maybe it was just cuz I was all up on this guy at some art opening that night is why I didn't want her? In any case, really want to scrape that pipe right now.

## CH 2

Three girls walk into an event  
of greater sexual tension than  
ever experienced by man.

Three girls walk into this  
moment. Three girls walk  
into movement like before

Man. They have drugged the Lord of their Manner. Holy Trinity is weak and useless and replaced by three girls beyond singular identifications such as One and Three and Yet. The Word crumbled beneath the tension, revealing beautiful, fluid depths beneath the previously enforced static topography of categorizations and understanding. All our fears of a reign of confusion, gone.

Everything's aura in here, no object. Gone. Somewhere both slurred opium smiles and hyper-active raised eyebrow newscaster.

Then suddenly, gone. Slap of withdrawal so real in its time it made us doubt the perfect sexual tension moment.

"Because it wasn't a moment!"

"Then it didn't happen."

"No, it did. It just was perfect and didn't need time as a placeholder. It was movement."

"You mean it was mystical."

Mystical my ass!, pass the bong.

## CH 3

There's Christmas lights in  
the fireplace which is a trash-  
can plugged into nature. So  
easily fucked over.

"Let's let aesthetic let us in on backwater truths and good, decent, all-American porn sites!" I heard their rally cry much louder than it was said. This trinity was voiceless. Voiceless enough to foreground the silence of truth. The silent truth of

experience brought into full light. The light they used was one of those fake fireplaces you plug into an outlet and watch the fake log roll around on a spit while cellophane flames whip crackle cuz of a fan. And they had this thing out in a forest all set up for roasting marshmallows. And I didn't really care if they were burnt.

"Three cheers for the three most beautiful ladies ever in the world cuz you rule!" I screamed for them. And suddenly they melted away and I thought it must be my fault. I remembered how cruel I had been about the electric toothbrush to that girl and wondered if this perfectly moving trinity knew about that through an omnipotence until I realized they couldn't be 'about' anything cuz that's much too categorical and then felt dumb for having been so caught up in self-criticism that I realized they must have disappeared the second I stopped believing. I mean, like my lack of unconscious belief made me unable to see them cuz I don't mean to say that they are dependant on me but you know they probably are and I'm just caught up in low self-esteem again. Yeah! they are real cuz I created them but this is all much too conscious.

And then in consciousness I realized the light was just some Christmas lights behind my paper shredder and I definitely need to find a way to sleep rather than just be in this delirium of non-consciousness. I don't feel enlightened at all. Just confused.

So I wrote this poem about self-esteem and sound:

More Deftones Lyrics as I Hear Them:

when you're right  
you'll bring out the treble  
when you're right  
you'll bring out the treble  
stop parading  
your anger  
stop  
supporting depression  
when you're right  
you'll bring out the treble  
when you're right  
you'll bring out the treble

## CH 4

A nuclear missile is launched  
towards God, knows where.  
Flying towards a finite  
destination of a finite people  
with finite cartoonish beliefs  
through infinite space all  
characterized by heresy. A  
heresy both so specifically evil  
and chaotically everything. Those

at ground zero see nothing.  
Those just far enough away  
to painfully survive see  
a monolith (falling) done up  
like one of those full-bus-  
advertisements. Here comes  
McDonalds, the force that  
can either bless one  
with life or take it away.  
To those at home, watching  
the launch on TV, this  
fully loaded McDonalds  
warhead shows them the  
strength and vitality a  
consumer culture has brought  
to them. For those about  
to be punished, the golden  
arches are an idol of the  
new, more powerful  
God than theirs. This  
missile advertisement  
is not saying, "Buy," to  
them. No, it is saying,  
"Here is what happens  
when you don't worship  
the true God, Buy." Years  
later, a fall out  
survivor with a strange  
cancerous lump growing  
on one nostril will become  
a new form of advertisement.  
McDonalds gave me this  
cancer. You better  
buy from them too or  
else you will have  
an advertisement as  
nose wear.

I bow down before the new trinity, for they are too far from practical to ever build something like a bomb. In their world, the lack of practicality may make one die younger, but you'll truly live longer.

## **CH 5**

Never trust anyone who claims that the ultimate sacrifice is death.

I will never give up my freedom.

Except for love.

which is everywhere.

Unless I discover that this world has no freedom left to give.

which is a big fear of mine.

I can no longer write, now I am tears.

## **Book Two**

### **CH 6**

Where is this eternal truth? First you're the Buddha, then you're not. Then all over again. The second you know you're right, you're wrong again.

Long before the confusion. Long before the person in this story called I discovered the new trinity. Long before, I was right:

We show people how much we care about them through our peculiar sense of I that is invoked while in their company.

Long before, the eternal was a truth. Now it may be only the search which is eternally true, but let us go back to this long ago.

### **CH 7**

Long ago there was a beautiful land, the land of I. Like a fairy tale land, this was a world where every evil was clear cut and had a face to go with it. The only difficulty in choosing between right and wrong was in having the courage to do what was in the name of good. This may sound fantastical but such a place existed despite your cries, "The I's knew what the choice was between!?"

### **CH 8**

**Re: (no subject)**

i want to go to the Old Navy store today and get their 7 for price of eight cheap tshirt sale. i want toys. when i was a kid i loved my action figures so much. did you know i thought it was weird to play with action figures from different brands at the same time. like i would never mix GI JOE with HEMAN (my favorite). transformers were good too. anything fantastical. but never heman vs transformers. i would mix transformers with GoBots, but the go bots were such a lame rip off that my friends and i just used them as cannon fodder. getting stuck with a go bot was embarrassing. i remember we went to this girls house for her birthday and she was all into Go Bots. i felt very uncomfortable because it was obvious to me why she had go bots: they were the poor man's transformer. smaller, less decorative, less complicated motion and transformation. i felt bad because i knew she was not to blame for what otherwise might be a sign of poor taste, but at 6 years old, obeying your sense of political and humanitarian correctness is impossible. children are so disempowered that taste is about all they have to claim. i didn't say anything bad to her or even talk behind her back. i just stopped hanging out with her because i felt both overwhelmingly sad for her and angry at her. angry in the way that all kids are angry, resentful of those that are too different from them. being too different from someone at the grammar school level means you dont have access to knowing them. the deep beautiful insides are far from being understood, especially in a communicable

way. the surface level is all you've got and life is a matter of refining that surface level in such a way as to both reflect your true self and not scare others away by being too different than them. One's surface level is a collage of cultural motifs that others gain access to you through via their familiarity with all things popular. Having a surface level too different than pop culture says to the world, I don't need or want you. But this Go Bot girl made me feel guilty. Guilty that I had no choice but to let her go if i wanted to keep my identity. And trust me, my identity was about as fringe as possible while still hanging out with the cool kids. I was the nerd that sucked at sports but was still fun to hang out with because I was both smart (luckily the cool kids were 30% the smart kids as well) and could hang with their antics. I have always known how to be crass, i just didnt show elders that side of me when i was young. i didn't like the idea of getting in trouble. i didnt want to be labeled a bad kid. i was smart enough to know that you truly become something as soon as everyone sees you that way.

i really wish i had mixed my toys more when i was a kid. the writing i do now as an adult is best described as a mixing of toys. i just take all the cultural identity shit that i find compelling and explore the ways that motifs created by separate corporate forces can be combined into much more beautiful religious statements. but if i had mixed my toys i would not been as aware of the relationship identity has to cultural appropriation. to write the way i write now, it was necessary for me to experience the pressures of remaining culturally statusquo for the sake of feeling a bond between myself and my peers. I still like the feeling, but am much more empowered in the way i shape and control it.

## CH 9

AHHH! Yeah!

94.9 KGOR, you're the 20<sup>th</sup> caller! You've won tickets to all three nights of the McDonalds Summer Super Bash featuring all your favorite 94.9 KGOR artists AND the keys to the McDonalds Super Racer Porsche 911. What's your name, caller #20?

Killer.

Killa? What type of Killa? A Killa on the dance floor? A man Killa? You sound tough, lady!

Not Killa. Killer.

Oh! Killer! Scary, huh? Well, then what type of Killer are you?

Well, right now, an audio killer.

## CH 10

### **Not Even an End of Transmission.**

A small, digital click. Pop.

## CH 11

The first time I grabbed her ass I wouldn't let go like it was my only chance at mamma-burger I'd ever get. When we walked down the street I'd always have a hand in her ass-pocket, slightly applying force. Not to let her know that this wasn't a passive act; rather, because I was afraid of loosing this bond to motherhood that her ass provided. How could she have understood, just mindlessly sticking her hand in my back pocket as well. But somewhere, in the back of my min/Diving into his shallow mind, ridiculously 'decorated' with pool toys named theory, psychology, art, ellipses; Diving in, Suicide easily tears them into foaming blood and takes a leak.

"Don't ever try and use solid objects for the interior design of liquid spaces again, fool. They were all floating away anyway, so don't act like I destroyed shit," Suicide marks her territory with the sharpened teeth, acidic urine of unlearning.

## CH 12

Why are we just sitting around dumb all the time? When are we just going to admit that there are some people that need to hate, period

When you're really in tune you'll just cry forever  
The worse atrocities and the greatest of miracles will all pour down in tears  
Tears that know no difference between a right and a wrong  
All anyone needs is a Now says fuck off to any history or future  
because both are just drones of  
Now let's be sexist fucks  
Now let's be the greatest saint  
Now let's live forever  
Now let's knock it till the wheels fall off and never come home and always kiss till it never ends and I tell you what, Lance is my favorite member of N Sync, he's so fucking cute, but I would fuckin shoot him in the face for fucking worshiping McDonalds like he does.

But whatever.

Hint City: The trinity was in full effect at the beginning of CH 12 and by the time McDonalds came into the picture, they were gone.

Hint City: Insomnia ends and I've lost the Trinity's trail again. I heard somebody in space, turned my head to look, and the feeling in my neck made me aware I exist.

## CH 13

So this electric toothbrush and this girl and I run into her later at this other party where I'm entirely in this new world and then suddenly this other world of her comes flying in like Hello. A giddy scream of, "Oh my Gawd!" that falls heavy and thick on the floor like a slab of wet clay. OK, so it's me and my life and it's very colourful and I

know that and speak that but really, meeting her and her vibrator was all about nostalgia and so why am I so disappointed that I can't give her that again on this second encounter. Or, why can't I give myself that. I'm stoned again but shit, now I'm just this party lame-O until right then.

A kiss.

This amazing kiss goodbye on the cheek, ok then, on the other cheek, hushed undertones of word that cut the sound of the entire party to murmur and, "Now, on the lips," ok, "Wanna go make out?" but I have no voice. I'm supposed to be leaving, I'm confused, I'm swimming, I'm just one of any, this friend's intoxicated target for yet another moment, she'll have so many, and isn't it that which makes it so great? And now I have that kiss to take home and care for, that pulls the air slowly out of me, cinematography of passion that wasn't there in reality. Just another filmic illusion that becomes more empowered the more you learn to see it as the fantasy it is. Three girls drift in as I fade out. .

## **Book Three**

**“Blame it on the musica, it’s 666 for everyone.”**

### **CH 14**

#### **I have the same disease as well**

This boat we’re on that sails through arctic walls of friction air, I felt the you’re awake of cold on burning cheeks and the thought to myself or to the world: FAMILY VACATION. Across the hull reads Gigantor and rightfully so, the majority of this ship is a room. Like ten olympic-size swimming pools stacked on top of one another. All the passengers of this white, empty, anti-monolith, just staying together in one big room. “Why wouldn’t they just build cabins for everyone?” until we reach the end of sailing waters and it’s just glacier all around.

6 months deep through the center of ice, not like a realization but a memory of something you never knew before. I don’t even wonder, how could I have forgot; as the ship starts using down for our new trajectory forward, the cold water begins to creep in along the floor. This room will fill up with water and everyone starts getting their breathing gear ready.

6 months through an ice cave highway, straight to the other side of this ice moon. Filling with water to counter the pressure and living in a new city underwater and my mom begins to scream. My ears will kill me. She has never been able to even swim three feet under water without the pressure making her ears bleed and I must admit panic as well.

### **CH 15**

To preserve our last emotions in silence, the water completely fills the room. And why is it only us that seem bothered by this new way of life. How is this a mode of transportation? I’m certain that no one is captain, no one steers. This is just a machine built to go. To go into deeper, more isolated, perfectly one-thing space.

I watch the strangers’ behavior patterns and discover that they don’t move around aimlessly, just meaninglessly. To one part of the room, up to another, across to another, just looking at each other. Suddenly a face pops down right in front of mine. With these gags of air hose in our mouths no one even has facial expressions anymore. But this face looking straight into mine seems different. The eyes know everything I’m thinking. Somehow I can tell that they are crying when they come across my thought of my mother’s last scream in terror. And in the eyes I see happy. The hose slips out of her mouth and air goes shooting up her nose, making her reel back in what feels like laughter and her eyes are bright.

And we are kissing.

## CH 16

The room hangs empty with dripping water like rainforest sweet from the canopy between you and the rainfall. And muggy now. Empty except for she and I staring into her and the room as third person cinematic viewpoint sympathetic with me as narrator and her as lead.

The insects we found in the drying out room were some real nice work. This one hissing mother, crouching over her kids on a dinner table. Somewhere between a ladybug and a spider and big, real big. The scary part was the legs all hard and pointy and when we got close enough to the thing it just launched off the table at us and scurried off into the wetness. The babies left on the table were all white and soft, waiting for their exoskeletons to form, like a toe when the nail gets ripped off.

And to think, if I hadn't found that kiss I would have had to put up with these things swimming around in the water with us for 6 months.

### **And we are kissing**

everytime I find us we are. But then, everytime we are apart she says that the passionate stuff has to stop. I feel like the electric toothbrush. I'm built for making art and good conversation, she says. That's why she likes hanging out with me. That's a fact and that's what I'm there for. Oh! but Electric Toothbrush knows how to make you so much happier! Why not just let it.

Music: There is a way. To sing. A. Love. Song. Without having a voice. To carry. The passion.

I guess I don't mind being an electric toothbrush, but really, I just like the eternal moment of a slow kiss. I find that the problem usually is, I'm not masculine enough even to be a girl. Quelle damage?

I found out that the pipe is no longer at the electric toothbrush girls' house. The blow job guy had it for a while and then passed it on to the girl I kissed while being a party lame-O.

Her phone felt off the hook tonite. I wouldn't really know.

### **Warn me everytime I make a decision**

The looks we had, what were they for?

## **Epilogue**

### **All of these Things I have Said are True, Despite the Fact that Nothing Is**

The three girls, the new trinity, disappeared for good the day I realized that it was more than all me. That it was more than just my imagination carrying me away. My insomnia, my hallucinogenic naps, my beautiful unconscious, I never really blamed, but I did think were a part of the cause. Really, they were just the physical side of the symptom. The girls were kinda the mental or psychic side and both went hand-in-hand. I think that my confusion between a desire for something that is me and my desire for others needed to show me somehow that they are both, in a lot of ways, the same thing. Our ability to think of and describe them as two different desires makes them truly separate. But as long as we can describe the opposite, then both are a part of the truth. Ultimately, this is nothing that spectacular. Just the age old realization that you need to have an ego to be compassionate towards others. It's dumb but it's beautiful. There's a lot of hard lessons we learn and we got to be willing to let other people's hard lessons get in the way of our own. Just as other people have got to let us punch them in the face for getting in our way.

We don't need freedom, and honestly I don't know what I'd do with it if I got it. I mean, I like to be able to say what I'm thinking and just run with it, and as long as other people have to deal with that, they don't have freedom. Just like how I don't have freedom either because I have to deal with their shit too. I mean, if liberty supposedly ends at the point at which it invades upon the liberty of another, then liberty only exists for the truly isolated. For those that live completely alone, in a perfect sphere with an infinite radius. And never have desire.

Our desires, while we have them, are our own. But where they come from and where they go have nothing to do with any type of self or other. We just swim in the pool of them. And the pool, honestly, is not as big as we'd like to think, so we got to fight for our place in it if we want to live together. And that's okay. I like community, and the love I have for it necessarily must have expressions of negativity. Most of the time I would say that the limit on this negativity should be just a thought or a word, but, then again, violence exists for a reason to. Just like hugs exist. Just don't be stupid about it. How many strangers do you think would like to cuddle with you right now? But there are many ways to reach out to other people, even people you don't know, and we have got to keep on doing it if we want to keep this world alive. I guess there is a freedom I believe in. The freedom of communication. Not just free speech or it's American counter part, free choice of finite options. No, the freedom to create and send out activeness into the world. And this freedom comes with the obvious price of also having to be a receiver of such energies, even when they suck. There is no privacy in a world of free communication. There are no copyrights in world of free communication. There is no such thing as plagiarism in a world of free communication. There is only love.

Brian Miller

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Richmond, California.