

creative

1 REVISIONS

1.1 this is a story about me...

1.1.1 this is a story about me, and how i came to be. there have been hints all along that i was something special, but what? why am i so gifted, so curious, so rogueishly attractive and so inconveniently ethical? as a kid, barely able to write my name, i knew. with crayons, construction paper and an encryption scheme of my own design i drafted a secret letter to my boss, a sort of request for instructions. i snuck it in the mailbox unbeknownst to my parents but without address or stamp it came right back to them. when asked whether i had put it there, i of course denied it. to have let on that i was asking for instructions would have blown my cover. that's when i realized that i was going to have to go solo, and figure out my mission on earth by myself.

1.1.2 going to north manitou with flashbacks what has brought me to this point, thinking, musing

1.1.2.1 adventure - ice

1.1.2.2 service - arrest, activism

1.1.2.3 under attack

1.1.2.4 love addict - girlfriends

1.1.2.5 dreams of glory

1.1.2.6 wasted time

1.1.2.7 what am i - an artist

2 saint

2.1 the canopy

2.2 monologs

2.3 chapter one

2.3.1 where dan throws himself a 40th birthday party, a hard start, magic awakened, king of all crescent, the canopy.

2.4 montage of past projects with an emphasis on technology

2.4.1 what do I have pictures of, really rapid clips of past projects parties, me doing whatever

2.4.1.1 hamlet

2.4.1.2 box

2.4.1.3 don't blink

2.4.1.4 trying to play guitar with larry

2.4.1.5 do i have any of playboys - mike does

2.4.1.6 video jam - mine open houses

2.4.1.7

2.5 hacks and stunts

2.5.1 dirk shenanagins

2.5.2 old buildings and bridges

2.5.3 at the end of rentals

2.5.4 when we get to heaven, we'll be able to watch it all again.

2.6 flow

2.6.1 there's a pilgrimage to NM, lost and found. it's a romp, a celebration, a launching point for what is about to happen. but what was the trigger, why is north a focal point? back in time,

9/11 with dave and stella's mom. war and mayhem initiated, resistance, blockade and arrest, then departure.

- 2.6.2 can we get pictures of that trip from them, where are they?
- 2.6.3 trigger point - happy war! unwar, video of peace meetings, blockade, arrest, media and personal response, so my father said you're making life miserable for your mother and i ... so i left. god it's all good, the commando is called, i am on. all the vectors pushing me out, what matter their origin, the going was accomplished
- 2.6.4 history in michigan, all those years, in training. way back machine gives a sense of how much we developed there, snippets from projects, artist to warrior to artist again.
- 2.6.5 we pack up and leave
- 2.6.6 image synopsis
- 2.6.7
- 2.7 how things connect back to themselves. north manitou is a metaphor for looking back, we keep returning to the island and the spaces the moments there are links back
- 2.8 what would it be like to bring up scenes of barbarism happening in the world from various moments when i was young
- 2.9 the vista is expansive, it's more than ego, it is all of us somehow,
- 2.10 the past is what, what have i become because of what i was?
- 2.11 self indulgence - to be able to figure out where we are, indulging ourselves is useful

3 the outline

- 3.1 there he is on north manitou island
 - 3.1.1 why - because it's my 40th birthday (belated)
 - 3.1.2 i need a shot of the sacred
 - 3.1.3 i am about to reinvent myself, looking for inspiration
 - 3.1.4 it's a critical locus in the time space continuum, an attractor. an icon of the pattern, a portal between the now and the maybe
- 3.2 from the island we leap - transitions
 - 3.2.1 from north, we explore the patterns of our life, hinting at what we are
 - 3.2.1.1 writing
 - 3.2.1.2 physical performance
 - 3.2.1.3 imagery, film
 - 3.2.1.4 music
 - 3.2.1.5 ethics, awareness
 - 3.2.1.6 women
 - 3.2.2 from north, we vector out to key moments in life - north as attractor, north as metaphor
 - 3.2.3 way back machine, do visuals moments on the island suggest crucial times past?
 - 3.2.4 what are the crucial times past?
- 3.3 making of a saint, what's the story
 - 3.3.1 there's this guy who has all these gifts, and how he comes to work with all of them to accomplish something important
 - 3.3.2 is a saint just a spiritually evolved being, enlivening the universe by their presence alone or is it important that he/she accomplish something concrete, physical during their earth stay? shifting energy in some recognizable way

- 3.3.3 is it a heros journey, battling monsters, saving the world?
- 3.3.4 i think a saint saves the world, somehow. save yourself, save the world
- 3.3.5 discovering you are a real life superhero, what's your responsibility. those who find themselves awake - how do they wake up the rest of the world?
 - 3.3.5.1 there are so many things off balance, itemize them and ask... what do i do?
 - 3.3.5.2 itemize all my gifts and then figure out how they apply, what's the plan?
 - 3.3.5.3 the plan in progress, past plans, what we were and what we thought we were doing using old journals, old notebooks
 - 3.3.5.4
- 3.3.6 who i am, relaxing into who i am instead of fighting who i am or being ashamed of who i am - evolution
- 3.3.7 the big questions of my life
 - 3.3.7.1 who am i, who are we?
 - 3.3.7.2 can i heal the injuries i perceive?
 - 3.3.7.3 is my perception accurate or am i thinking there's a problem when there isn't any
 - 3.3.7.4 if there is a problem, is it an injury or am i sensing the difference between what we are and what we could be, am i an agent of evolution
 - 3.3.7.5 i feel different, i feel both capable of heroic action and daunted by the magnitude of my mission - to save the earth, change the course of history and awaken a species, steer the earth clear of apocalypse.
 - 3.3.7.6 the movies and books of my youth, did they program me to feel this way or do the resonate with what was already there?
 - 3.3.7.7 what hints do i have about my nature?
 - 3.3.7.8 who are my allies and how far can they get me? am i leveraging my alliances and strengths?
 - 3.3.7.9 creating a plan - the dossier, the interactive plan, the plan as a metaphor
 - 3.3.7.10 subtitles become headings in the plan
 - 3.3.7.10.1 red october or matrix flavor - feels like operations, data flow. the green on black is anachronistic crt, but that's not what the saint has, how about writing, scrawling
 - 3.3.7.10.2 the big questions...
 - °§ who am i?
 - °§†is there something wrong and if so, how can i help?
 - °§ does my unique skill set offer any clues about the nature of my contribution / mission here on planet earth?
 - °§†what sounds like fun?

3.4 this is a story about me, and how i came to be. there have been hints all along that i was something special, but what? why am i so gifted, so curious and so inconveniently ethical? as a kid, barely able to write my name, i knew. with crayons, construction paper and an encryption scheme of my own design i drafted a secret letter to my boss, i guess it was a sort of request for instructions. i snuck it in the mailbox unbeknownst to my parents but without address or stamp it came right back to them, presumably directly by the hand of a bemused mailman. when asked whether i had put it there, i of

course denied it. to have let on that i was asking for instructions would have blown my cover. that's when i realized that i was going to have to go solo, and figure out my mission on earth by myself.

3.5 lovesick

3.5.1 mysterious afflictions

and

love trauma

3.5.2 What went wrong

3.5.3 damage report

3.5.4 Love - Dangerous / essential

4 script for saint

4.1 introduction - the warrior awakens

4.1.1 illness and decline

4.1.2 where i ask the question... who is trying to kill us?

4.1.2.1 us is the freaks. if they are trying to kill me, i must be a threat to them. so then what am i that i am such a threat? i certainly don't support the dominant culture's approach

4.1.3 i had never had much sympathy for the clinically depressed, until in my late 30's i experienced it first hand. thus is born compassion, certainly a saintly virtue. to me depression feels like dying, a decidedly unpleasant decline of vitality. Not the exhilarating (and to me quite familiar) near miss almost death that reminds us how lucky we are to be alive. to be depressed is to die slowly without honor, crushed, having accomplished nothing, alone and forgotten. at the very lowest moment, i was whittled down to two emotions, my essence I suppose, anger and curiosity. anger at the absolute waste of a perfectly good life, at all the lives snuffed and smothered like this, a smouldering anger that forces this unit to continue. Tapping into the primal reserve, the fierce and compelling command to survive. There is curiosity too, tinted with a divine humor. at the last ebb of energy, far beyond agendas, broken dreams and petty conceits, arises a question with power enough to stir the flattened imagination - i wonder what will happen next?

from these two fundamentals the warrior awakens and low, the adventure (the adventure continues.)

4.1.4 quote from art of war about the best kind of attack

4.1.5 scenes from the cathartic hike, dancing at the opening

4.2 chapter - trip to North Manitou

4.2.1 searching for the sacred, all the troubles taken away by the goddess, purification

4.2.2 for our hero attraction means danger attraction is muy peligroso

4.2.3 two fisted relationship trauma

4.2.4 there's got to be something better than falling in love with death

4.2.4.1 yes i am (all the truly interesting people are) contradictory. it's the yin and yang thing within, and how do we know what WE are? well that's it exactly we are a WE, a bundle of personality fragments and juxtaposed desires and contradictions. That's why master ru reminds us of the middle path, it's balance, brother. two feet and you need both to walk. ah, so metaphors is it? en garde!

4.2.5 why did i go?

- 4.2.5.1 when things are not right, it's time to hook up with the source. for dan kelly, the source is wild places, wilderness. lost i become out in the world of men, especially after two really intense relationships in a row, what have we got? we've got a despondent dan. analysis can only go so far. what we are needing is a taste of the goddess, to kiss her pussy and slide my tongue way up inside. that's called revitilization, the oshas (sp) that refresh. north manitou is the place i fucked a mossy log in a drizzle, it's getting down to what is, right now. am i a hungry, am i cold? meanwhile, her love seeps right up out of the ground into my bones. and i go on.
- 4.2.5.2 to think - all the world was once as she is, all the world was a sacred place. could be again, if i could find the lizards in their lair. if i could find the right fight i'd fight it fierce with a great big smile on my face. if i knew where those suckers were, i'd take 'em out. give me a clear objective and a strong sword. mmm, hmm. life is good.
- 4.2.5.3 so in the meantime i train, i prepare for the day i get to go, for the la
- 4.2.5.4 i had better get some income, else i will be reluctant to invite any girl into my bed - to sustain life and be self responsible
- 4.2.6 the night walk discovers a wider sense. hints of unsuspected powers (later master ru says, listen)
- 4.2.7 catching the color of leaves, the colors we are seeing cannot be photographed because they are not a visible light phenomena, it is the signature of life itself.
- 4.2.8 i am naked on the beach
- 4.2.9 shadows in the water, transience
- 4.2.10 barn at night
- 4.2.11 aurora borealis and stars
- 4.2.12 the troll's forest
- 4.2.13 digging up the outhouse
- 4.2.14 monolog
- 4.3 random conceptual stuff
 - 4.3.1 so today i talked to the psychologist and asked her if the game was an indication of psychosis. can a person fly. what do comic books and the movie unbreakable have to do with me? what would a real honest to goodness superhero look like? are there living breathing saints, or do they just in books like the gita and bible. if saints and superheros aren't real, then what are they pointing to, what's their point
 - 4.3.2 if they are real, the am i one? how would i know? what if i was one and forgot, but started to remember? what would that feel like? how do I tell that story?
 - 4.3.3 it's everyone's story
 - 4.3.4 we go to the island, and thus begins an epic story, catching it in mid breath, doing beautiful montage flashbacks, that rythmically back us up, the way it feels in life to remember. this scent, that fragment of music, or snippet of conversation... perhaps a chain of recollection like sifting through a vast visual database skimming
- 4.4 chapter - activism
 - 4.4.1 getting arrested by the cops

- 4.4.2 what does heisenberg say?
- 4.5 chapter - everythingism in Brooklyn, (now)
- 4.6 chapter - love and rapport - the sacred hunger
 - 4.6.1 Barbara Jo Steel
 - 4.6.2 it's a montage of faces and moments, love continues
 - 4.6.3 the lauren movie
 - 4.6.4 the pain of being fully alive
 - 4.6.5 women in my life
 - 4.6.6 the girl friend song, everything i do i do to get laid
 - 4.6.7 something from shakti relationships as mirrors and the end of sex
- 4.7 chapter - water
- 4.8 chapter - what i learned growing up
 - 4.8.1 grandparents
 - 4.8.2 young friends
 - 4.8.3 pound ridge
 - 4.8.4 the influence of the brothers
 - 4.8.5 catholic school
 - 4.8.6 high school in new canaan
 - 4.8.7 europe vs college, the wrong choice
- 4.9 chapter - welcome to NYC - 1984
 - 4.9.1 explorations in reality
 - 4.9.2 living huxley's vision
 - 4.9.3 reagan and historical context - montage
 - 4.9.4 pictures of the boys at 1st and 5th, stevious koza
- 4.10 chapter - refuge and sanctuary, first winter in michigan
- 4.11 chapter - film students in Bridgeport
 - 4.11.1 bob
 - 4.11.2 barbara steel
 - 4.11.3 mike
- 4.12 chapter - mark bocuzzi 1962 - 1999
- 4.13 chapter - trash video
- 4.14 chapter - pound ridge (trees and streams and granite caves)
- 4.15 chapter - new canaan (clique's and conformity)
- 4.16 chapter - growing up white upper middle class
- 4.17 chapter - birth and events prior - the family tree
- 4.18 chapter - any story from my life that illustrates a crucial lesson / point
 - 4.18.1 that which i do is my
 - 4.18.2 all my life i've been moving into my unique capability, becoming who i am. the things that i've done through my life may not seem sometimes so significant or noteworthy, but i assure you they were critical formation events which made me. Everything i've done is interesting taken in this context, as training for a saint. so we certainly have had a life with some stories..
- 4.19 chapter - growing old

4.20 ideas

4.20.1 spaulding gray personal monologs

5 ideas

this is where i toss interesting ideas for safe keeping. anything goes, it's a grand slurry. enter and be blessed with laughter and inspiration

5.1 long ambient sequences - snow blowing, row boat, sleeping, subway are opportunities for reading voice overs

5.2 idea A

5.2.1 there he is on north manitou island

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 - °§ does my unique skill set offer any clues about the nature of my contribution / mission here on planet earth?
 - °§†what sounds like fun?
- 5.2.4 romantic misadventures and minor skirmishes with the US government
- 5.2.5 monolog
 - 5.2.5.1 this is a story about me, and how i came to be. there have been hints all along that i was something special, but what? why am i so gifted, so curious, so roughly attractive and so inconveniently ethical? as a kid, barely able to write my name, i knew. with crayons, construction paper and an encryption scheme of my own design i drafted a secret letter to my boss, a sort of request for instructions. i snuck it in the mailbox without a valid address or postage and so my parents eventually got hold of it. when they asked if it was mine, i of course

denied it. to have let on that i was asking for instructions would have blown my cover. that's when i realized that i was going to have to go solo, and figure out my mission on earth by myself.

5.2.6 safety / survival / trauma

- 5.2.6.1 what the trauma was, working off the idea of safety, catastrophe. the safety equipment. is it an interesting connection? how do we suggest the connection?
- 5.2.6.2 safety hangs on the screen, there is a dramatic crying phone call dan audio - she's got a boyfriend, she had a dream i slept with someone else, i just couldn't get it up, she was always screaming at me, unavailable, remote, that seems to be a pattern, campbell - the pain of being fully alive, i asked the universe, and so we got married, she never trusted me
- 5.2.6.3 it's a gray day on the boat, but it's not immediately apparent that i am sick, or wounded. i seem calm and alert, no particular problems. there's this category of trauma, lovesick - a combination of health degradation and rough romance that has damaged me. what have i survived?
- 5.2.6.4 so the gray day, then a shift into what's brought me here. perhaps the boat stays on screen, and the voices haunt me, the water takes everything away, these things are passing out of me on the passage to north
- 5.2.6.5 repair of damage and prepare for what? what won't i do now, what have i decided to not do? what am i afraid of? questions without answers. lame. i keep looking in the box to see if lauren has written me
- 5.2.6.6 safety survival lovesick
- 5.2.6.7 mysterious afflictions
and
love trauma
- 5.2.6.8 What went wrong
- 5.2.6.9 damage report
- 5.2.6.10 Love - Dangerous / essential

5.3 idea B

- 5.3.1 the canopy
- 5.3.2 monologs
- 5.3.3 chapter one
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 - 5.3.4.1.4 trying to play guitar with larry
 - 5.3.4.1.5 do i have any of playboys - mike does
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- 5.3.11 self indulgence - to be able to figure out where we are, indulging ourselves is useful
- 5.4 everything i do i do to get laid
- 5.5 universal girlfriend
 - 5.5.1 i am in the tree on north
 - 5.5.2 the universal girlfriend
 - 5.5.3 to say goodbye to the lauren within, to acknowledge the real Lauren on her 38 birthday, and to let her know it was a valiant and worthy effort and that we were shining fools to attempt it, as few others would dare. To prepare the move forward by looking back, not through a fog of disappointment, but with some regard for our own courage and faith in possibility. Of course any pragmatist could have predicted our failure, but who wants to live in their world, in frozen limits, conditions and lack? let me burn a little rather than never light a tiny fire and feel the radiance, the glow, the dancing light which drives back the cold and makes the night forest visible, if only for a moment... as long as no animals or plants are injured in the process.

5.6 letter

5.6.1 Greetings friends,

The constitution suffered serious harm yesterday and the USA and the world are in big trouble. The last line of defense is you and me, the people - we are ULTIMATELY responsible for what our government does in our name. The only option left now is to take direct action. Each of us have to decide how we will go about it.

Bless you and good luck.

Dan Kelly

Integrity...

Here is a list who voted against war with Iraq and for the constitution's balance of power.

Senate

Akaka (D-HI)
Bingaman (D-NM)
Boxer (D-CA)
Byrd (D-WV)
Chafee (R-RI)
Conrad (D-ND)
Corzine (D-NJ)
Dayton (D-MN)
Durbin (D-IL)
Feingold (D-WI)
Graham (D-FL)
Inouye (D-HI)
Jeffords (I-VT)
Kennedy (D-MA)
Leahy (D-VT)
Levin (D-MI)
Mikulski (D-MD)
Murray (D-WA)
Reed (D-RI)
Sarbanes (D-MD)
Stabenow (D-MI)
Wellstone (D-MN)
Wyden (D-OR)

House

Abercrombie
Allen
Baca
Baird
Baldacci
Baldwin
Barrett
Becerra
Blumenauer
Bonior
Brady (PA)
Brown (FL)
Brown (OH)
Capps
Capuano
Cardin
Carson (IN)
Clay
Clayton
Clyburn
Condit
Conyers
Costello
Coyne
Cummings
Davis (CA)
Davis (IL)
DeFazio
DeGette
Delahunt
DeLauro
Dingell
Doggett
Doyle
Duncan
Eshoo
Evans
Farr
Fattah
Filner
Frank
Gonzalez

Gutierrez
Hastings (FL)
Hilliard
Hinchey
Hinojosa
Holt
Honda
Hooley
Hostettler
Houghton
Inslee
Jackson (IL)
Jackson-Lee (TX)
Johnson, E. B.
Jones (OH)
Kaptur
Kildee
Kilpatrick
Kleczka
Kucinich
LaFalce
Langevin
Larsen (WA)
Larson (CT)
Leach
Lee
Levin
Lewis (GA)
Lipinski
Lofgren
Maloney (CT)
Matsui
McCarthy (MO)
McCollum
McDermott
McGovern
McKinney
Meek (FL)
Meeks (NY)
Menendez
Millender-McDonald
Miller, George
Mollohan

Moran (VA)
Morella
Nadler
Napolitano
Neal
Oberstar
Obey
Olver
Owens
Pallone
Pastor
Paul
Payne
Pelosi
Price (NC)
Rahall
Rangel
Reyes
Rivers
Rodriguez
Roybal-Allard
Rush
Sabo
Sanchez
Sanders
Sawyer
Schakowsky
Scott
Serrano
Slaughter
Snyder
Solis
Stark
Strickland
Stupak
Thompson (CA)
Thompson (MS)
Tierney
Towns
Udall (CO)
Udall (NM)
Velazquez
Visclosky

Waters
Watson (CA)
Watt (NC)
WoolseyWu

5.7 song of myself 10/13

- 5.7.1 self, all there is
self, all that i know
and words are thoughts manifest, magic
everything coming into being that i speak
self, all that i want
self, all that i get
- 5.7.2 if this is a prison,
then what's freedom like?
do i dream remember?
is knowing enough?
- 5.7.3 self, source of love
self, beauty and bliss
self, complete trust
self, laughter and courage
nothing lacking
everything worthy
self
self
self
- 5.7.4 when we look outside
for the missing pieces
nothing can ever be found
nothing is missing
self
- 5.7.5 i have found the start
for prison unmaking
all worthy
i had forgotten
the source
self
- 5.7.6 and so we fail
brush off dust
little smile
back on the horse again
- 5.7.7 i smell the fumes of unfinished work
i long to breath fresh air
unfettered by shame and self loathing
this is the essence of the prison

hating self
looking outside for what's always within
your effects
are temporary
i return
5.7.8 and so the night begins again
let us pray
dear self
perfect always, welcome back
5.8 book
5.8.1

413 utopia boulevard
dialogues with a world savior

i work for the ministry of science fiction. after we overthrew the tyranny of the lizards, human nature turned out to be not quite as nasty as we had been told, (of course). poeple were generally nice to each other - person to person. those who weren't nice were treated with great love and appreciation, bombing them with love we call it, until some sort of turnaround (and it was inevitable) occured. there were still places of incarceration, but they weren't torture chambers of isolation and oppression, they were places of education and healing. once we realized that what was wrong with everything was not inherently our own nature, things just got so much easier.

my job follows the great tradition of taking a few interesting ideas and projecting them ahead - extrapolation. the name ministry of science fiction is campy, but it's fun for us. It's a title and a department that never would have existed in the old world, back then governments did not incorporate humor or irony into their mandate, everything was so deadly serious. and i do mean deadly.

what i actually do is write. i am an author and my work is distributed just as in olden days to the general public. some of the fans are actually working for the government too, they take my ideas and see if any artful application is possible. Human history has been so strangled, so manipulated that we have no idea what we are. Through the ministry of science fiction and the fannish alliance we are attempting to rediscover our destiny. implementing ideas that could have been had we been allowed to go our own way.

the lizards. all great science fiction has the exposition, where the premises of

the future scenario are explained to the reader. it's just that in this case, my exposition is history, i mean this actually happened.

the white lizards have been with us for perhaps tens of thousands of years. they are or were somewhat better resourced than earth beings, meaning that in comparison to the lizards we were like clever dogs, or cattle. But they could breed with us, and did. human stock was enhanced with lizard stock and they accelerated and manipulated our development. so we are creatures of this effort and everything "civilized" was colored by the lizard aesthetic. most of our historical horrors are directly linked to the lizard way. this provides humanity with a blanket excuse for why we were such awful stewards of the diversity and life support systems of our own planet, and why we tortured and murdered our kin.

every aspect of my life became focused onto the art, it seemed that everything was pointing to it, was fueling the effort. these were the great times, times for heros, and where do the heros come from? nowhere. they bubble out of nothing as all the cosmos did in the untime. they are those who've been crushed, and mauled. potential is realized where no potential exists. that's how we found our way out of the prison. and the whole planet was being fashioned into a prison.

is it better to not know what who you are and what you are missing? is it better to be ignorant of your divine nature, and will it exert itself regardless of your surroundings? who came to help us in our struggle? who landed and offered assistance, training? as above, so below. our backwater planet was exploited by a gang of thugs, whose control was in opposition to the design of the cosmos. looking for love, they found sweet earth and proceeded to rape her. after a time, one was no longer apart from the other, the ravagers were our relatives, but the yoke was not broken.

"without the idea of the prison, his life is just sour sweat. working and dreaming but getting nowhere, he had to justify this lack of accomplishment somehow. the conspiracy of the lizards was an easy out, a banal justification for the waste of a life, apology on an epic scale. a bloated ego prevented any real self assessment - he was no average everyman, he was a visionary talent, a real life super hero, Only overwhelming opposition of a highly malevolent nature could shut him down. given this premise, his personal mythology practically wrote itself. The lizards were running the show, and so earth's most noble children were lobotomized. potential revolutionaries and seditious mother

fuckers were preemptively neutralized. killing them was not effective - they would just be reborn somewhere else. the saviors had to be made examples of, crippled for all to see. they could support the occupation and carry a message, walking billboards advertising the premise of the regime - intelligence and incentive made life painful. consciousness was a burden. And the message was received - humans duly deleted these characteristics from their lives, as spiders are swept from the eaves, and mice snagged in spring loaded traps.

but it carried him forward none the less, thinking he was a savior, a world healer. grandeur indeed. in his own mind he was a triple agent - a spiritual commando secreted to earth, then caught and neutralized by the enemy, but working his capture and humiliation into the effort towards ultimate liberation. he was the best of the best of the best, because he could laugh at himself, while swinging the sword of vivica. woe to ye foes of freedom and life, the broken man has arrived.

fifteen twenty fifty... these numbers just come into my mind and i wonder what these spontaneous numbers are symptomatic of.

everythingism, it was the struggle to express himself without limits. almost proved his undoing, until he found the context. it was glimpsed and slipped away again and again, but one day he realized that it was with him always and the illusion of catching and holding it implied a slipping away and a pursuit. by uncatching it, he at last became it.

so the plan, i had to have a plan. if we slipped out of the shackles, the proof might come in the form of a straightjacket or a police cruiser, as a column of tanks, canisters of gas or a dose of cancer, but what use is it to worry about such things? some basic preparations are advised, like addressing the perfect self, staying fit and happy, having some discipline and following our bliss, but the most important preparation is to be ready for anything. to keep an open mind and a sense of humor, those things are key in this particular conflict. finding a lawyer, cultivating some deep connections, and so on. but the threats, the big fears that are propagated through the prison, let us not magnify their importance. let us acknowledge them, dance with them if we must, but no matter what, let us live! AND, if we live fully, if we move in an outrageous, ecstatic and attentive manner, then we cannot be touched by their machinations, our bodies will always be at right angles to the paths of their bullets. amen.

an angry man until he found his path, then joy only.

book one, earth riot

where the world savior, surrounded by razor wire, wakes with a smile

book two, utopia next door

the founding of the ministry of science fiction, the world citizen fair and everythingism.

book three, garage rocket

sustainability and stewardship opens the doors to the cosmos, and what we find there.

There are three things, make that two things... ok one thing i have to say about being alive. it's interesting.

with a broad brush, i sweep across the world painting what could be. the broad likes being my brush, she slaps me only lightly, with her head tilted slightly and gleam in her peepers like love.

and so we formed a new government, without waiting for permission. the constitution was rewritten to enable direct democracy, and to proof against the influence of corporate intrigue. there was a place for representation, but the representatives were fully accountable to their constituencies, and could be recalled. security and infrastructure was provided by the hacker elite and information hobbyists. the difficult question to answer was - what if we win, what if we do throw the bums out, then what? with an entire functioning government ready to go, it was a simple thing to compare the people's government to the acting government, and realize a switch would be worthwhile and absolutely doable. citizens were encouraged to contribute \$250 each to the operation of the government. this made the elected positions viable, a candidate could support a family, the experiment was pragmatic.

so i wondered, what if there's nothing i can do? i mean, am i up for it? these are the sorts of thoughts one thinks when confronted by a seemingly impossible task. gee willikers, that really seems like an impossible task the little voice inside whispers in a tremble-ee sort of whisper. ah heck, i've seen worse than this, way more impossible, why this is only slightly impossible. yep, why i could handle this one with one frontal lobe tied behind my back, and both my eyes gouged out with pokers. this is all recycled humor, but there are still some original ideas squirming around in the old bowl of consciousness, be

patient. well as i was saying - planetary awakening, couldn't be a better time. visualization is one idea, group energy generation. party for freedom. after the pure energy stuff, what sorts of action could one engage in, hopefully without getting arrested. one might want some ID to change into. one might like another identity, and have it on hand. one might at least like a few props stashed away somewhere, a cache. get the house up and running, then we can stash a cache. a cash cache. a few gold bars maybe, some greenbacks, a pistol, papers and so forth. spy stuff, in a briefcase w/encrypted safe house type information. easy. in an ammo box or garbage bag, under the earth, under the water even. righty right. well that was a nice little fantasy, but what will we do that will make going into hiding a possibility. am i going to just plot here in the safety of my trust fund, an armchair bond, a delusional unshaven wanna be anarchist?

see i get the studio up and running, and start getting the message out. web site i guess with links to media. updated weekly. my weekly paper. unwar.com taken

all the key sites should be mirrored to slow down denial of service by providers.

greed and fear, the darker aspects of selfishness, are the levers they use to pry us apart from each other.

5.8.2 how characters defeat night security

5.8.2.1 night security cameras are either going to be very expensive, or rely on infrared

5.8.2.2 let's say a place has lights. cutting power to the lights blinds the cameras, unless they are on a generator. dimming the lights might be effective too, cause then the cameras wouldn't have enough light to see, but the place would still look lit up to witnesses. the next question is have they installed any night vision cameras. if they use infrared, they could be detected, and then shot out with a specially loaded paintball. can one load there own paintballs? this would allow for a variety of interesting possibilities. oil filled paintballs could blind cameras and yet be self clearing, epoxy filled, with a breakable inner sleeve of hardener surrounded by resin could be interesting, etc. anyway, cameras are blinded with paintballs after being detected with infrared scopes. be probably a good idea to learn some basic security, perhaps go to school for this somewhere - security technician. invisible to infrared? cold?

5.8.3 lauren's song

5.8.3.1 life is over and i'm starting again

by lake michigan or the banks of the seinne
like a coma i've woken up from
feel the ray slanting in from the sun
my friend
we meet again
what a lovely surprise

you hold me down and you shout in my face
no reason needed to fight in the first place
we had to battle to find some release
then back in bed to patch up the meat
my friend
we meet again
such a wild ride

on the shaking crumbling edge of despair
there's enough room for a table and chairs
fix us a salad and a mess of chickpeas
we won't take this fate down on our knees
my friend
we meet again
between darkness and light

i knew your brother baby better than you
just heard some rumors that your marriage was through
then after 8 straight hours talking on the phone
our choices narrowed to a common home
animals and fallout, clutter and pain
and don't forget that our hair color's the same
interested parties reverently whisper our names
egos recontstructed and were breathing again
my friend
we meet again
between rebirth and demise

what happens next is anyone's guess
krishna, christ, allah, budda and all the rest
throw up their hands at our perfect mess
tried to pray, curse, accuse and confess
we can't help smiling at the shining sacred truth
you love me and i love you

my friend
let's meet again
between sunset and sunrise
truth and lies
earth and sky
wet and dry
because and why
hello and goodbye
give up and try
cake and pie
growl and sigh
you and i

5.8.4 what's the next project?

5.8.4.1 we are supposed to do a dvd for dick. what's on this dvd? ideally we would like the following

5.8.4.1.1 a song

5.8.4.1.1.1 live for simplicity, then maybe multi-track

5.8.4.1.1.2 lyrics streaming past, multiple versions fading in and out

5.8.4.1.2 a short film (story)

5.8.4.1.2.1 about what, what do we have? montage or planned?

5.8.4.1.2.1.1 montage - maho on the train, dancing
in the bar

5.8.4.1.3 examples of software

5.8.4.1.3.1 lines of code stream across the screen

5.8.4.1.3.2 grewe

5.8.4.1.3.3 sp

5.8.4.1.3.4 perception

5.8.4.1.4 paintings

5.8.4.1.5 poetry

5.8.4.1.6 video of live performance

5.9 anarchist boot camp (game)

5.9.1 basic usable tech

5.9.2 defeating security

5.9.3 protection and defense

5.9.4 nomadic life

5.9.5 non-violent victory, neutralizing rather than eliminating the adversary

5.9.6 creative prosperity

5.9.7 value creation and trade

5.9.8 this will be based on a basic d and d sort of scenario, with hierarchy and corporate organization vs the individual and clans of individuals. starts of simple with missions (levels) against various objectives... tapping into tv stations at their broadcast source, disabling this transmitter will drop the tower, please do not interfere with this transmission,

thank you. how does that work - the way things work tv, radio transmitters. direct pirate intervention.

- 5.9.9 examples of success (myth) guerilla ops like american revolution, vietnam minus the torture, etc.
- 5.10 what's the name of this new effort?
 - 5.10.1 stir fry
 - 5.10.2 mental health
 - 5.10.3 dregs and dreams
 - 5.10.4 foundation foundation
 - 5.10.5 informal unfettered
 - 5.10.6 nothing soup
 - 5.10.7 this is not a gallery (TINAG) pronounced, "ting"
 - 5.10.8 the envelope please
 - 5.10.9 a fortunate mistake
 - 5.10.10 recycle
 - 5.10.11 the anarchist's sock
 - 5.10.12 please use other door
 - 5.10.13 art now
- 5.11 archive edit
 - 5.11.1 portraying myself as a young vehicle of hot spark, as i see myself today
 - 5.11.2 icon - jesus loved to party
- 5.12 script
 - 5.12.1 (in the dennos parking lot) and in this place, somewhere in storage is something of mine, something i made and was never totally paid for, something i never totally finished either. here i insinuated myself for a time, helped along. dreamed on. an artist's ambition. without hunger, without fire the doors swing shut, my will was the shoe in the door, and now i am barefoot. ah, ah, ah
 - 5.12.2 what's it feel like to be a dirty criminal? my trust fund and a nice place to live, so long as i didn't rock the boat, so long as i didn't live my life, eh? step up to my responsibilities and watch out, the hammer's coming down. there's only one alpha male, and it's the old man. he's got the hammer, better watch out. so you ought to go live elsewhere, this was a good idea maybe 10 years ago, but it's ceased being a sweet deal absolutely now. my investment, believing that i could be myself without fear, trusting that i have been accepted for who i am. but there is no breakthrough, being myself is a threat to their happy life. take down your signs, don't get arrested for supporting the constitution, you ought to have your head examined. make money fool, that's what you are supposed to do.
 - 5.12.3 and members of my family have used me without a second thought, my parents for instance. all their whining and complaining about steve, now when push comes to shove, i am also an outcast, the pattern is repeated. whoa to those who step out of line, who have integrity, who take care of themselves, for they shall be cast out.
- 5.13 outbound
 - 5.13.1 start
 - 5.13.1.1 this was next big thing. what does a man like me do with himself when he has the

abundant gifts and opportunities i have? a minor prince, somewhat privileged and perhaps decadent and yet instilled with an awareness of responsibility for life and global awakening. the alarm goes off by degrees and little by little we come out of the sleep, and notice what we are and what we have. so at age 40, i took stock and decided it was time to set out, to find out, to fathom and steward as is my design and desire.

i come from a wealthy family, the kind that benefits from capital gains tax breaks. i don't know how much my father is worth, it's not that he wouldn't tell me if i asked, but i guess it just never seemed to be a question i cared enough to ask. he is the embodiment of the classic american dream of his day, a young man from modest beginnings, worked his way into corporate responsibility, executing some fortunate if somewhat conservative investments and makes good. four boys, married 50 plus years. my mother was the daughter of hungarian immigrants, living time capsules from the europe at the dawn of the 20th century before the bloom of mechanized war.

i am a 40 year old white guy, straight and spiritually undefined. an artist. so where's the conflict, the story here? what does this ordinary, unremarkable package have to offer the wider world? where do we begin?x

5.13.2 next

5.13.2.1 he would type and then hold the backspace key down just to hear the little purr the backspace code would make as it ran. so quiet, but he could hear the lines executing even so, he could actually experience the logic as sound. not so much a rainy night as dripping, with the growl of thunder all framed by ringing silence. the music of the moment, a composition perfect and spontaneous, never to be repeated.

5.13.2.2 dreams of wheels spinning, of danger and new roads, of wanting to be someone and fast. exodus into another identity, the promise of potential fulfilled. An egg, the white van, and in the morning a sleeping boy will hatch out of it. From the recharge of sleep, the little death where one gathers fuel, then wake and spend or squander it all the day long.

5.13.3 and again 7/24/03

5.13.3.1 funny dream, thought i was talking to dirk, he was asking me about the bike, and i told him it's schwarz color and he said "you bought it" then i realized that i was dreaming him and i woke myself up telling him that he was just my dream, i was dreaming him.

5.13.3.2 this is a story of how i lived, how i launched into my life at last. how i learned to be what i am.

5.13.3.3 the change started when they turned the death ray on me, when i noticed the velvet cage, when fascism turned fashionable in the land of the free. that's when the switches flipped, and i realized what that little stash of cash was for, what all my days on planet earth had been pointing towards. am i a super hero, a world

saver? a sleeper surely in the iron prison, a commando, carefully tucked away, hidden right out in the open. a fortunate prince with nothing to gain from rocking the boat except a little fun and the restoration of planet earth.

5.13.3.4 so i decided to surprise, to reconfigure the landscape of ideas, with my metaphorical cape and my super powers. Let's not forget the treasure bequeathed to me, the 100k in stock for college, for my retirement, finally liquified and put to some good use. Film making equipment, a van to live in, a badass motorcycle for reconaissance and remote operations, a trailer to hide it in, a cover story. a simple idea, somewhat illegal, perhaps trivial but a beginning if nothing else. along the road, on the streets of america what can't be said, what might be read. an awakening in words and icons, just in time for the elections. The saints blessing my path... Don Quixote, Doug Michels, Kathrine Hepburn, Tim Leary, Joseph Campbell to name a few. Steve Redling, Hazel Kelly, John Barnes, Ashley Goersich, Allison Von Brock. All my dead friends and family, translated and so pulling the levers of heaven, manning their stations on the bridge of the starship Afterlife.

5.13.3.5 and that's how i won the war. just like anyone else would and has. by being myself, all the way. by blowing through the daily drudge, by asking for my bliss and not settling for less. the lesson here for those who might wish to follow my path is that the unique circumstances of your life can lead to your hearts desire. you don't need anything except yourself. the elements of my particular package were not essential. beware of getting caught up in the cash - for 20 years that 100k kept me locked down, afraid of fucking up. if you don't have 100k, you can decide to make it, but it's likely that you don't even need it. all you need is to believe in yourself - and no amount of money can ever buy that for you.

5.13.3.6 so that's how this story begins... with a treasure, a desire, a challenge and a mission. but i am getting ahead of myself. here's how it starts...

5.13.4 the angle, the look the feel 7/29/03

5.13.4.1 the story is real life ability, innovative use of objects you find around the kitchen... how art and enthusiasm make miracles. a documentary about self made superheros.

5.13.4.2 is it a docmentary or is it fiction. it has the look of fiction, the feel of fiction, sort of slick and beautiful and stimulating to watch... but it's all real, this all actually happens. it's like reality tv except we are following exemplary people around instead of dufesses on dates.

5.13.5 more impressions 8/22

5.13.5.1 what's my history, fine

5.13.5.2 some of the questions...

5.13.5.2.1 am i different? i see some of my friends, many of them here in northern michigan having children, and last night i realized something. people don't drop of the face of the earth when children come, they still get together with others like them, other parents - so their children can play together, so they can share the lessons of parenting.

last night i saw all my northern michigan friends as if through a little window, and the window rapidly receding from me. i no longer fit in that frame, i have no natural fit there. they are now a community of families, and my destiny is elsewhere.

5.13.5.2.2 I want folks to ask about my adventure, to be curious about what i am experiencing, but why should i expect them to notice me? they are focused on their own epic projects - children! and my lone wolf relationship misfire artist trip is a million miles away, like a star in the night sky. do the stars ask for our attention, do single stars sob at not having our devotion?

5.13.5.2.3 on the way out

5.13.5.2.3.1 all these indicators lighting up, get out, move now. when i first came here in 1987 i stayed solitary for about three years, and that was as it should have been. i was doing the woods, the hermit in the cave by the beach. now as i prepare to leave benzie county, it is much the same. i have many friends yes, many faces who recognize mine, but we are of different worlds now. i am absolutely single and the rest are married and with children, raising families. the best men i know are devoted capable fathers, but i am something else - a free agent, an avatar perhaps, disguised in my brown paper wrapper. i am something else indeed and their lives seem lovely to see, but creating that for myself would be to cross thread the bolt of my being. i am not to be a father today. today i am a rider, a grizzled lone wolf, wrinkling, a little lonely - full of dissatisfaction and promise. the only way to keep my friendships alive is to journal, to document and think of them reading a snatch here or there, while they raise the future. i am the misfit brother to the world, the off color uncle. as for my sexuality, there's no clue. through affection and intimacy have i touched the divine, yet my four - five girlfriends are all awol. they call me to follow, and i do.

5.13.5.2.3.2 as we've seen in the earlier chapters, this trip has a variety of facets. today i would like to discuss my unique position as neo christ, as world savior. who else could i be? i've talked about the feeling that i have a mission, that i've been dropped out of the cosmos to save this world somehow, to do some important work. either by design, accident or attack my plan for what i am supposed to do is not documented, except in the very fiber of my being. the savior saves, taking a page from

allen watts, it's raining... what's raining? the rain is raining, but there's no distinction between rain and raining, the thing is what it does, so therefor the plan is me. what i do as a world savior is what i do as me, if this is my nature then i am it and every natural expression of dan kelly is exactly right, i thought of one possible exception - observing myself, taking complementarity into account can i be both a doer and an observer? either way observing is definitely what tiggers do best, and actually i feel it's possible to step out of duality (transcend) and both do and observe, otherwise what's the point of anything? so the upshot of this is that i am the plan, all i got to do is be natural, be myself and everything will be perfect.

5.13.5.2.3.3 so then i must be myself and how does one do that. honesty, self-examination etc. but i feel the one incontrovertible test is this - am i having fun? if i am having fun, if i am ecstatic then that's all the proof i need. so that's why we concentrate on having fun. amen.

5.13.5.2.3.4 one reel wonders was playing over and over in my head last night in my sleep. what has that got for me?

5.13.5.2.3.5 to write the owners manual for the human body

5.13.6 and again impressions 8/24

5.13.6.1 i saw natasha at the shed tonight, and man she is lovely. too bad i am off on a dangerous mission and may never see her again. even so, i sent her a mild mash note tonight. it's a delightful tiny seed, and that's all. even though that sounds pleasant, the romance and love trip, and of course there is the longing... i have other fish to fry, frankly i am sort of bored with the pattern. i've jerked off til i am broken, and though there's a little shame there, it's a vacation from the hot anguish, the burning empty wish for touch and comfort, from hugs and holding. but i remember what it was like, it was good. i don't shun it, but i am certainly not investing a ton of energy to cultivate it. my apologies. let me dance as i am, see me brilliant snapshot and then vanish. that is the mystery of me, a gladness lingering.

5.13.7 titles

5.13.7.1 catholics for breakfast, the jesus ride, song of startan, fried jesus finger lickin' good

5.14 the qualities of a superhero, saint, savior, spiritual commando

5.14.1 version 1 generic

5.14.1.1 description

5.14.1.1.1 a lecture in a scholarly voice leaves three words on the screen. as the voice fades, the words fall onto an application form, legalese

"_____, hereinafter referred to as "YOU" are applying for position as spiritual commando, also commonly known as saint, superhero, prophet, visionary, oracle, mystic. Please fill out the required form listing all proper qualifications and references." Dan Kelly is written into the applicant name box, then two columns - obstacles/ abilities and boon in a gray box (to be completed by staff) this space intentionally left blank. I fill in three obstacles and write in over, please.

5.14.1.1.2 lecture

5.14.1.1.2.1 ...the ubiquity of a single iconic presence in all manifestations of human culture is noteworthy. called by many names - savior, prophet, superhero, saint, oracle, mystic, freak... stories about these figures share several common elements: a mission, the balancing of obstacles against abilities and the boon. a boon can be physical or information based, but often the physical boon is a metaphor for new knowledge, or the story of the adventure becomes the treasure retrieved. Such stories can be episodal, depending on the character and her circumstances.

5.14.1.2 mission

5.14.1.3 obstacles / abilities

5.14.1.3.1 obstacles - trials and travails

5.14.1.3.1.1 romantic misadventures

5.14.1.3.1.1.1 overview - keep what we have layering up beautiful snippets, over audio of 50 years 5 minutes. more layers until the individual features become indistinguishable but remain compelling and sweet. a few audio snippets about the divorce, all the insanity we've been through, she's got a boyfriend song...bua saying you must get married

5.14.1.3.1.2 health trauma

5.14.1.3.1.2.1 audio of examination and so forth, use image of banana being peeled and bratwursts tossed on the grill.

5.14.1.3.1.2.2 read symptoms of candida from natural healing

5.14.1.3.1.2.3 new audio, i literally felt like i was dying, like my life was ebbing away. finally she said, maybe i should just move out.

- 5.14.1.3.1.2.4 anything about constipation, shortness of breath, hearing my wheezing on some tape.
- 5.14.1.3.1.2.5 they got the death ray trained on me
- 5.14.1.3.1.2.6 doctors bills, test results...
- 5.14.1.3.1.3 gaia under attack
 - 5.14.1.3.1.3.1 images of lizards in spacesuits, flying saucers from old sci fi movies, smokestacks belching smoke, money being printed. 40 tons of depleted uranium in iraq at blockade. anything else related to gaia the suppression of native poeple, patterns of oppression on planet earth, slave planet, excerpt from they live rowdy rowdy putting on sunglasses. this is what we are up against... audio on north manitou of this being the source, even if i record new audio and show the island.
- 5.14.1.3.2 abilities - makes the quest possible
 - 5.14.1.3.2.1 guides, teachers, allies, familiars
 - 5.14.1.3.2.1.1 bua
 - 5.14.1.3.2.1.2 ru
 - 5.14.1.3.2.1.3 palumbo
 - 5.14.1.3.2.1.4 steve
 - 5.14.1.3.2.1.5 charly
 - 5.14.1.3.2.1.6 steve elrick
 - 5.14.1.3.2.1.7 melonie
 - 5.14.1.3.2.1.8 trees
 - 5.14.1.3.2.1.9 water
 - 5.14.1.3.2.1.10 cats
 - 5.14.1.3.2.2 superpowers, gifts, weapons
 - 5.14.1.3.2.2.1 the ability to see in the dark
 - 5.14.1.3.2.2.2 yoga
 - 5.14.1.3.2.2.3 dhandals
 - 5.14.1.3.2.2.4 oregano, sage
 - 5.14.1.3.2.2.5 running
 - 5.14.1.3.2.2.6 laughter
 - 5.14.1.3.2.2.7 enthusiasm
 - 5.14.1.3.2.2.8 energy
 - 5.14.1.3.2.3 courage, curiosity
 - 5.14.1.3.2.3.1 two holes kelly
 - 5.14.1.3.2.3.2 walking back in the dark

5.14.1.3.2.3.3

5.14.1.3.2.4 luck, timing, accidents

5.14.1.3.2.5 invisible help from the home office

5.14.1.4 boon

5.14.1.4.1 could be as simple as successful achievement of the quest, **minor in comparison to the process of questing**

5.14.1.4.2 new powers

5.14.1.4.3 prepared for the next episode

5.14.1.4.4 salvation of the people, defeat of the monsters

5.14.1.4.5 heart's desire

5.14.1.5 elaboration

5.14.1.5.1 how do the obstacles and abilities pair off, interact. is there something about their interaction

5.14.2 version 2 fiction and kitch

5.14.2.1 james bond metaphor

5.14.2.1.1 capable, competent, suave, cool as a cucumber, improvisation, elegant, poise

5.14.2.1.2 - moving among the elite, somewhat stiff and inflexible, out of place among the grunge and hackers

5.14.2.2 buckaroo bonzai, polymaths, intellect, art and discipline, tradition

5.14.2.3 the nerd as disguise - peter parker and clark kent

5.14.2.4 trickster, prankster, performance artist

5.14.2.5 turk182 art hack

5.14.2.6 bruce lee, powerful warrior appears only in extreme circumstance

5.14.3 if you want to help this world what you'll have to teach is how to live in it

6 outlines / premises

6.1 commando

6.1.1 synopsis

6.1.1.1 this is the story of the spiritual commando, dropped onto planet earth to accomplish some great work. the nature of the work is unknown, only the nagging impression that there is something important to be done, something significant, that he is in some way special. through his life, he struggles to follow his intuition and makes sense of the clues. his efforts become more urgent when he senses that he is under attack by unseen forces presumably attempting to thwart his destiny and the great work he has been sent to accomplish.

6.1.1.2 alternate endings

6.1.1.2.1 i realize what my mission is, but i don't tell the audience

6.1.1.2.2 like the scene in the woodshed from ED2, montage of my readiness, yoga, tai chi, language, clothing, a real life super hero emerges and hits the streets. you know he's out there, for real.

6.1.2 outline

6.1.2.1 as a child i knew

6.1.2.1.1 catholic school, 1968, i would have been 5, about right age for the

story

- 6.1.2.2 title and beginning
- 6.1.2.3 going to the between place to recharge
 - 6.1.2.3.1 trip to the secret base for much needed repairs
 - 6.1.2.3.2 flashback from the boat illustrates why we needed repairs, audio - if you don't move you will be arrested, lauren screaming into the answering machine (don't have this)
- 6.1.2.4 recent skirmishes (obstacles)
 - 6.1.2.4.1 heartbreak
 - 6.1.2.4.1.1 swami - you must find a wife
 - 6.1.2.4.1.2 distrust
 - 6.1.2.4.1.3 unavailable
 - 6.1.2.4.1.4 anger
 - 6.1.2.4.2 disease
 - 6.1.2.4.3 revolution
- 6.1.2.5 island arrival, it's my birthday
 - 6.1.2.5.1 bob message - paris
 - 6.1.2.5.2 arrival with birthday message
 - 6.1.2.5.3 crucial moment, renewal, auspicious, transformation
- 6.1.2.6 heroic aspects (abilities)
 - 6.1.2.6.1 encoding errors, duality, attacks from the adversaries
 - 6.1.2.6.2 guides
 - 6.1.2.6.3 cultivating superpowers
- 6.1.2.7 recharge in progress
 - 6.1.2.7.1 canopy
 - 6.1.2.7.2 barn
 - 6.1.2.7.3 in the tree
 - 6.1.2.7.4 water shots
- 6.1.2.8 once again into the fray dear friend
- 6.1.2.9 forming a plan
- 6.1.2.10 moving out
- 6.1.2.11 on the road
- 6.1.2.12 return to ny
 - 6.1.2.12.1 full on bliss
 - 6.1.2.12.2 the warrior awakens
 - 6.1.2.12.3 preparation and training
 - 6.1.2.12.4 now i know
- 6.1.3 general qualities
 - 6.1.3.1 the doofy stuff contrasts with methodology, competence, decisive action, concentration
 - 6.1.3.2 remember, this is "making off a saint", not "i am a saint" or "how to be a saint" to pull the title off, all we have to demonstrate is extraordinary potential and progress over time.

- 6.1.3.3 how to proceed - with an outline, stand alone chunks, assembled into a sequence without too much consideration for the seams, then begin meshing things together, weaving the components into one another
 - 6.1.3.3.1 outline with key concepts
 - 6.1.3.3.2 describe concepts as standalone components
 - 6.1.3.3.3 check the archives for relevant content
 - 6.1.3.3.4 weave it together on paper
 - 6.1.3.3.5 assemble components
 - 6.1.3.3.6 juggle the order for maximum clarity
 - 6.1.3.3.7 mesh the edges

6.2 anatomy of an epic

- 6.2.1 for an audience to be enraptured, captured and enlivened, one must elegantly introduce the elements in opposition, and the story flows from the character of the balance - especially lack of balance. in the classic underdog setup, there is an apparent mismatch between the magnitude of the quest (the enemy, the problem) and the resources of the protagonist. the underdog succeeds although the odds are against her. this is all too common, but done artfully it can still be potent. why is this? because (i believe) we all understand the truth that underpins reality, that our abilities are limitless and we are capable of miracles. also, bravery is important, the likelihood of being smashed into your constituent atoms attempting to do something worthy like saving the earth makes the achievement more of a rush, this is also subtext - that you are much more than the body and your mission on earth is the primary consideration. it's what you encoded the body for. then of course love, all sorts of horrors are palatable if love is central.
- 6.2.2 but back to balance. who is our protagonist, what is he up against and what has he got going for him? he stands alone against an unseen enemy that is sapping the life from his planet, he has been smuggled into the black iron prison. how can he break open the doors and free the people, heal the planet? he is sort of afraid sometimes, he keeps getting himself entangled in life sapping relationships with emotional vampires, he is recovering from an extended period of illness and depression and his confidence leaves something to be desired. in other words he seems to be spinning his wheels and going nowhere.
- 6.2.3 what has he got going for him. a totally irrational and sporadic optimism, the ability to bounce back, to smile in the face of heartbreak and failure, to laugh at nothing, to keep moving surrounded by a sense of dread, to dream of something better and the knowledge that it is better, but somehow stifled.

6.3 whirlwind

- 6.3.1 life as fast forward, touching on the key concepts that are important, "this is really important" or "here's the point" and then some zany scene.
 - 6.3.1.1 courage
 - 6.3.1.2 humor
 - 6.3.1.3 curiosity
 - 6.3.1.4 anger
 - 6.3.1.5 derelict projects
 - 6.3.1.6 old girlfriends

- 6.3.1.7 stunts / rituals
 - 6.3.2 components
 - 6.3.2.1 dan two holes
 - 6.3.2.2
 - 6.4 universality
 - 6.5 who am i?
 - 6.5.1 this is really the question, this is really what it boils down to. the beginning is appropriate, we are trying to figure it out and the whole film is about the search. the questions, the exploration. it is an exercise for me, each facet flashing as it is turned to the light. so what are the questions?
 - 6.5.2 so the film is about the search, what can i learn from my records?
 - 6.5.3 the things that are intriguing to me, the story arises spontaneously by collecting them together
 - 6.5.3.1 what can they tell me?
 - 6.5.3.2 revealing both triumphant and embarrassing moments
 - 6.5.3.3 derelict projects and why they went away
 - 6.5.3.4 writing as narration
 - 6.6 who am i? v2
 - 6.6.1 heading to north
 - 6.6.1.1 montage at the beginning
 - 6.6.1.1.1 beginning - artist, business guy, lover, wanderer, son, brother...
soundtrack accelerating clock maybe backwards from the present, or something like the cosmos in the beginning of planet of the apes. for now traditional image montage slowly building to that one image as a kid, that catholic school thing
 - 6.6.1.2 multi-layered flowing slurry soup of images
 - 6.6.1.2.1 sort of the configuration of my being before the launch to waves washing up. these are some of the elements i designed in, these are the things i will be referring to later. the soundtrack is of air traffic controllers.
 - 6.6.1.2.2 it's a chance to tell the "whole story" in the first 45 seconds, so things will feel like deja vous when they show up later. i can build it as i go
- 7 video snippets
- 7.1 possibilities
 - 7.1.1 #2 dan in bathtub michigan talking about me
 - 7.1.2 #3 talking about stuff
 - 7.1.3 #4 the brothers sequence re-edit?
 - 7.1.4 #31 moray eating a fish - metaphor
 - 7.1.5 #5 bill
 - 7.1.6 #5 talking to mike on phone
 - 7.1.7 #7 marijke about living in benzie
 - 7.1.8 #7 bob naked in cold water
 - 7.1.9 #7 rambling on philosophy

- 7.1.10 #8 first impressions of me
- 7.1.11 #8 think thoughts
- 7.1.12 #9 dan and grandma digging
- 7.1.13 #11 chinatown
- 7.1.14 #11 constructing the ultimate womanizing pad
- 7.1.15 #11 larry's cooking show
- 7.1.16 #23 we take these pills to feel better
- 7.1.17 #23 grandma in airport w/ dan
- 7.1.18 #23 49:10:00 i was out all night last night
- 7.1.19 #15 great sequence of pissing off paul
- 7.1.20 #15 gg watching tape 5 and 6
- 7.1.21 #17 search for extra terrestrials
- 7.1.22 #17 11:26:00 dan and barb doing hair (raw footage)
- 7.1.23 #20 ice
- 7.1.24 #22 we are starting a band
- 7.1.25 #22 ice
- 7.1.26 #24 dirk
- 7.1.27 #25 inm experiments
- 7.1.28 #25 coming in over tc
- 7.1.29 #28 mark's b-day at wonderland
- 7.1.30 #30 jumpin in cold water
- 7.1.31 #33 inm rough edit
- 7.1.32 #23 shot of lighthouse from frankfort window
- 7.1.33 #36 paula julie dancing
- 7.1.34 #100 teaching kids
- 7.1.35 explaining why i am there

8 virtuous

9 lizards 9/17/04

9.1 how do the lizards enter the scene

9.1.1 anime, what's

9.2 the consistent degradation of human life - is this human nature? does "nature" create unbalance, why are we in opposition to nature, ho did we loose our nature.

9.3 writing a script

9.3.1 here's this guy, he is the main character, right? or does he come later. what's he doing here? what's the best way to stifle a world savior? make him comfortable, then he yearns for struggle for discomfort, for meaning and heroic action. that's his nature. the nature of the hero is to find adventure, to live an epic life. that's what i feel pulling on me, and i look around and ask why then is my life not epic, why aren't i a movie star, a super hero, a world savior. well what if there was an agency keeping me down. and on and on, this is nothing new. ensnared ina golden cage, noble but diabled.

9.3.2 you've chosen your next assignment then? yeah, (passing over a sheaf of papers.) Again! An interesting scenario, promising perhaps. I admire your tenacity, but there are so many other opportunities for you, The cosmos is brimming with possibility. you were lucky to

move beyond the confines of your situation there, then too it's possible for you to backslide, return to your earlier status, resurrect your origin template and reclaim your dominion.

That might not be desirable. That might be a setback.

9.3.3 it's research, i want to understand what's happened.

9.3.4 It's a slave planet, and you cycled through many times. eventually your poeple will release their grip as you did and be free. It must happen in it's own time

9.3.5 who am I?

9.3.5.1 close up of eyes staring right into camera. unblinking, voice over (who am I?, Who am I?, Who am I?)

9.3.5.2 mission to save the earth

9.3.5.2.1 in the cosmic jump station, suiting up

9.3.5.2.2 so you've chosen a suitable mis en scene, venue, situation?

9.3.5.2.3 it's a parallel of my awakening life, when I found liberation

9.3.5.2.4 that's an interesting twist, what opportunities does it offer?

9.3.5.2.5 I thought that perhaps by resonating with the awakening pattern, I might make some breakthrough

9.3.5.2.6 for the entire planet

9.3.5.2.7 it's worth a try

9.3.5.2.8 i applaud your persistence, many share it

9.3.5.2.9 we will eventually free the earth

9.3.5.2.10 inevitably, all the earth will be liberated, whether you succeed with this cycle or not

9.3.5.2.11 i am restless with this story, I hunger to unwrite it

9.3.5.2.12 it would be a worthy accident

9.3.5.2.13 thus i return

9.3.5.2.14 you will be targeted

9.3.5.2.15 I will disremember my mission

9.3.5.2.16 quite the repetition then, you return without knowing yourself and thus avoid detection

9.3.5.2.17 for a time

9.3.5.2.18 but hints?

9.3.5.2.19 only desire, anger, curiosity and whatever cannot be forgotten

9.3.5.2.20 your destiny will itch

9.3.5.2.21 and keep me awake, one trusts

9.3.5.2.22 i am excited by this scenario, may you at least find your own release again.

9.3.5.2.23 thank you

9.3.5.2.24 (smokey red light)

9.3.5.3 this is a story about me and how i came to be

9.3.5.4 there is no conspiracy, it's just human nature, it's the way things are, 5% of the poeple own 90 % of the resources, resist, concentration camp,

9.3.5.5 the end

9.3.5.5.1 there is no release, there is no capture... we are but agents of

10 let's play a game (lizards)

10.1 9/25

10.2 Einstein came up with insights into the nature of things through thought experiments, running scenarios in his brain. I call these games. so let's play a game. let's pretend that certain things are true and see what happens

10.3 Einstein came up with some useful insights about reality by doing thought experiments, by playing a "what if" game in his head. I am playing a what if game, actually, I am role playing a what if game. I invite you to play with me for a little while. Here's the rules of my game. Let's pretend that events on planet earth are being manipulated by entities who don't act in the best interest of human beings or life on the planet in general. Whether these entities are robots from our future, transdimensional invaders, bloodsucking extra terrestrials, the legions of satan, republicans or all of the above doesn't really matter for the moment. Ok. Now here's the next part of the game. You and I are volunteers in a rescue force, like cosmic smoke jumpers - the folks who parachute into forest fires. We have volunteered to come to earth and balance things out - how would you do it? What would your mission look like? Imagine you are in the ready room, designing your mission.

10.4 Ok hang on. To really get into this game, it's important to suspend your disbelief. Since this is my film and I am supposed to be some sort of brilliant artist, I guess it's my job to assist you at this point. So let's make a little magic. cue einstein

10.5 Here's Einstein - imagination is more important than knowledge well said, ok so let's imagine the sun and earth! (solar system, earth) home planet, mothership, mystic blue jewel of the solar system, an lo, ancient people planting and hunting. (men in fields, woman warrior, thank you for your life) but look malevolent beings twisting our history, (robots, aliens), inciting hatred and violence, poisoning the earth, (marching armies, pipes spewing sludge, atomic bomb, history of war in 5 seconds) pull back to monitor in ready room, enter colonel buzzy bee, (elvis) right thanks for coming today, there's tea if you haven't found it yet, (exposition, blinking) welcome to the build your mission to earth workshop, I'll be your guide (colonel charcoal brazziere) heavy southern accent - colonel kong from strangelove. right well we are talking balance, which in a dualistic frame of the earth means opposition to the oppression or simply freedom. Now each and every one of you will design your own mission and logisitical support. that means who you'll be, what sort of family situation you'll be born into, money, class, caste etc. We have the capability to insert you into just about any situation, as long as it meets the parameters of the design documents distributed earlier. In short, great talent in one area may mean weakness in others. The Mozart and Van Gogh incarnations are good examples here, bountiful in talent but deficient financially. Obviously the most elegant designs are auto-executing, not only because of memory suppression. from audience It's a pretty trick to download infinite awareness into those baby minds! (laughter) it's been done certainly with some pretty expensive tradeoffs. an elegant design integrates the ebb and flow of available energies to support what you are, so that flowering into a full blown agent of change is as easy as riding a wide river on a summer's afternoon. Of course, planting knowledge caches addresses the loss of memory issue, but it's a kludgy hack. Ok, now let's get through this overview so you all can settle into the mission design.

10.5.1 empower the indigenous earth peoples, confound the oppressors, expand awareness,

promote transparency...

- 10.5.2 would you be a warrior, a healer, a prophet
- 10.5.3 how would you do it
- 10.5.4 our mission is complicated by our loss of memory
- 10.6 so you have a man and a woman, and thier about to engage in a conceptual act, that's your opportunity. now you might want to go back farther, I rarely go past grandparents, but that's me, I prefer improvisation over orchestration. There are those who design scenarios spanning generations, very complicated affairs and that's commendable. The farther back you go, the more momentum, but then it's a neat trick to keep things precise, to get things to work out just so.
- 10.7 If you are detected, you will be targeted, they may try and cripple you, or give you some wasting disease, or most devious of all make you real comfortable. human beings that get too comfortable resist change, and what do we call those who resist change class? BORING! right those who resist change are boring. anyway, it's very unusual to be murdered outright, unless the scenario you've created is highly threatening to the oppressors. usually the more of a threat you represent, the easier it is for the oppressor to spot you. then again getting spotted might be part of your plan, and if you can get them to hobble you in a manner you planned for, then you can pull off the rest of your work off their radar, so to speak? any questions, right!
- 10.8 We've got a short film to cover the basics, roll the vidoe!
- 10.9 returning to temporality, a primer.
 - 10.9.1 You've chosen to return to temporality as an agent of change. Blessings! To serve the universal principle is to join the ranks of the eternal spiritual masters. For those who have achieved release from the wheel, volunteering for another turn is the ultimate expression of love and grace. You will once again be subject to severe limitations of your awareness, to emotional turbulence and the unmitigated isolation of physicality. Your transitions will likely be either abrupt and violent or prolonged and painful.
 - 10.9.2 The spontaneous gestalt of creation is highly attenuated in temporality. Beings in space time experience the universal principle as change - beginning, ending, ending, beginning. Sequential events have sharp demarcations and are organized in a flowing pattern.
 - 10.9.3 On oppressed worlds temporality has been skewed, weaponized. Indigenous beings on these worlds are bound to the wheel and rarely escape. The mechanisms of time are manipulated to limit change and impose agendas. Agents who enter these worlds are often detected and neutralized. Temporality was designed as a special application operating under the universal principle. Selected entities have serviced temporality elegantly, others have become entangled by it, and serve rather than service it. They are the oppressors, intoxicated with space time and out of balance. Their domains are your destinations. Your life designs will be applied on these worlds to facilitate the universal principle.
 - 10.9.4 Let's look at the life design of the crystalline gralekingue, corbmanskux. His/her sojourn on the defraxian numbless clouds is the stuff of legends in his/her temporality. Here is an excerpt from the complete archive of his/her life.
 - 10.9.5 cubes shooting out vectors, jibberish, switches to a diagram of ghandi, a smart cat and an anemone, split screen. Gandhi speaks at his wheel, meantime there are subtitles in defraxian
- 10.10 i appreciate all that broohaa haa about us being so enlightened and principlephillic, but i am going

back because things that are broken have a certain aesthetic, don't you agree? / you certainly don't get "broken" in eternity. / these oppressors have MY gratitude, without them our perversions could never find full expression. / being a saint is not what i expected. / get over it (enter portal)

10.11 i am not sure i buy the seduced by temporality bit. These oppressor entities might have discovered something, who knows, maybe they will perform the ultimate service to the UP. / their methods are very harsh, prison planets, global concentration camps. / i know, it doesn't make sense. why poison these seeds? still i wonder if maybe there's something about oppressors we don't know, something missing. compassion perhaps? / montgomery over there, he's a rare bird, a veteran of an oppressor world, been back there with multiple design variations, i don't think he has much compassion for the oppressors. / what's he doing in a life design primer? / rumor has it he's working on a team design, he's taking the whole training again and checking out the fresh meat to be. / wow, let's go talk to him, i could be his father ...

10.12 These conversations are snippets of the main themes, we exposit in snippets, building a premise

10.13 all genders she (like master ru)

10.14 the back story is that the oppressors are exploring something key, that if change comes will be lost before it's import can be fully appreciated. they are holding back change in order to give it complete consideration. that's some deeply buried backstory, but it might also prove a key motivation for some character, for me?

11 10/10/04

11.1 i would really like to come up with a potent comic version of saint. hand drawn and so forth, something that perhaps is the thread that ties this life together. cats have bad breath.

11.2 it's important to draw when i start reading these scripts, because this has got to get access to the visual centers soon. here's some more writing

12 alone in my room

12.1 here i sit in the center of the city, with only two cats surviving from my cat brigade. I am alone in nyc, older true but still available to adventure and awe. perhaps more open now than ever, or potentially more open than ever. i survey the world from a high vantage, i view my own horizons with mixed feelings, knowing that i am willing, but wondering whether i still have the courage. isn't desire the precursor to courage? if the desire is grand enough, then all things are possible, resources are instantiated and available. one has only to follow desire like a child.

12.2 ok to the point. i am alone and changed, more capable in some respects, perhaps less in others. what's next? can i shed my self loathing and open to something else? am i going to be god, or subside into something my younger self would feel cheated with. i look to myself, i see my younger self looking forward, what do i have to offer him after all the troubles and trials, after all that courage and heartache. what can i offer my younger self?

12.3 and what can i offer myself?

13 slavior

14 the prologue

14.1 Our lead character is about to change everything. he has accumulated enough experience to make a decisive move. we join him as he performs a ritual to prepare the way. (when i masterbate, it feels like damage) by making a film, this film, i discover what's next, and energize my vision. bad habits are there, impoverished emotional states, but rather than try to battle the darkness i just open the windows and let in the light. creating excitement and inspiration makes the bad habits less

interesting because i expand my options. more excitement is the antidote to lethargy and poor discipline.

- 14.2 the ritual is a trip to north, somehow getting there. during the boat trip, there are lightning flashes of memory, there is a time machine. a clock is wound backwards, reversing the hands creates pressure, the clock bulges with the past. we do the professor routine with a control room. how's he doing so far, what a mess, standby for regression, is this for the audience or diagnostics, let's run through it again, you've got the microphone in the frame, we'll fix that in post, standby, ok call chit! nice interface whimsical and yet packed with relevance, whoa are you sure you want that much potential (winding back the hands) let's do a real demo, let's go for it. holy shit.
- 14.3 "have we got an interface implemented yet? the prototype is mostly ready, fire it up then, (nervous) uh, here goes. an interface that unwraps on the screen, first a line, then everynow. "lovely, temporality?" clock, category "all", hands spin back there's a great clanking ratcheting noise, the little clock object bulges, springs and things pop out of it, great lumpy deformations appear as it goes back, accumulating mass, then the release with images rattling forward, like a rubber band on a wind up plane, and the sound of a baseball card on a bicycle wheel, whirr, images and scenes flicker past, run it again, "hey that works great" thanks, ok lets engage some selection criteria for him, ok right, go. a tibetian wheel of life version too, past lives, and this was his choice, very sneaky, it's dicey to say the least, well that's his schtick, he thrives on dicey. don't you think it's a little overmuch on his eastern euro look, he's looking rough at this point, looking the part of the grizzled loner. the look of excessive masterbating, tres chic, the junkie look back in vogue, could we get back with the program here?
- 14.4 so the island is stage setting, some critical moments that define the man. we've launched out of michigan and into our life. a life that we are defining with every trainride we take into manhattan. i am watching myself, i am constructing myself now. here's the life i've intentionally designed, at least what i can manifest and what i want to manifest. the movie is a vehicle of the manifestation. the prologue is a stae setting, we have various elements interacting.
- 14.4.1 1) the mission to earth - i chose to come, i designed this life. i am the architect of the effort. there's two me's - the meta me who did the designing and in some sense is in suspension and the literal me who is here on earth, breathing and aging. the meta me is mythic, he speaks through a cast of operators who monitor the earth dan's progress providing backstory and some plot advancement. the interface is a character, the expression of a team in action.
- 14.4.1.1 quick aside. my life on earth right now has certain main players, friends who reveal the narrative. these people have changed over time, i think bob will play a major role. the operators could analog this, sometimes the control room is brimming with operators, other times it's deserted.
- 14.4.1.2 "he's in a sort of composting mode right now, it's a prolonged down arc of the life cycle. it's been this way for years local time." many characters go through this, all we can do is wait for his nature to express itself. when it does then we can help again, this gallery will be chock full. This is where the design becomes important, if it's an inherently effective design, he'll emerge and be a player again. otherwise, it's just a death watch, then back to the drawing board as they. this from an instructor guide who brings a cadet down from life design training to view

the inactive epic. the control room is deserted, most of the monitors are off. this is an unusual approach for him? all his approaches are unusual, that's his way. none have been as dicey as this though. he might not be able to extract - these monitors might never come back online. well just have to wait and see. (thought while walking, want to be careful not to be too matrix-like, with folks watching screens back in the non-illusory world. how do we transcend this? with humor and whimsy, they got skipped the interface implementation in matrix by having an inscrutable river of numbers flowing down the screen, and the operators peering into it. the word operators too. what story does the interface tell? the interface as character as vehicle to further plot. it hints at the nature of reality, of our latent powers - what's this switch for? i keep running into these matrix analogs - like uploading software for new abilities, like recoding on the fly. yeah mine's reconfigurable, the whole metaphor is reconfigurable, the interface is an expression of the team, of the collaboration. it's an expression of the inherent design of the agent. walking down the corridor to the dan center, we pass many other centers in operation, with activity and events flowing along. here's the divergence from matrix. we have some idea what the agents are about, eventhough the mission was pseudo mystical for neo fuzzy and therefor sort of hokey. the interface on the other hand was just this thing that pushed the events forward, that enabled the agents. in saint, the interface is a player, it's the mysterious machine without the owners manual - we don't know what's going on, the operators don't know even. but they dance with it, the reconfigure and sculpt the interface. they have a relationship with it as a means to view and reveal. this is how we relate to the operators, they are in some sense beyond human, but they don't know, there is no knowing in the universe. there is only dance... the interface is a way of documenting and learning, of assessing success and reconnoitering the prison world. and that's ongoing, looking into and revealing the mystery, celebrating the mystery. even in heaven there is no certainty, certainty is illusion. so if the interface is clay, then the life design is the sculpture, it's unviewable in heaven, the experience of earth is for earth alone. but windows on the world can be opened, new categories of experience defined. the characters and their mission is what unfolds, setup initially by the designer / agent, directed and influenced somewhat by the operational guides who mostly monitor and analyze.

- 14.4.1.3 so to summarize, the interface shows the character of the agent, drives the story and the flow of events, the mission on earth is known already in the sense that the guides can dial up any moment in spacetime and so predict the future but nothing is certain, it's all just an extrapolation from a given moment and a given viewport. change moments and viewports and everything might shift. we look at futures, possible futures and herd these possible futures toward some consensual destination. it's the interactions, stupid! so in this sense, the future can be shaped, but not fixed. for any given "thing" there's a viewport that shows it to be in transition, changing, no matter how permanent it appears in some other set of

viewports.

- 14.4.1.4 the reason that earth is only accessible in certain specific ways is because of temporality. temporality is like the speed of light, things behave very differently at c. so to with temporality - temporality shapes the character of reality.
- 14.4.2 2) the lizards - thwarting change in the cosmos, crippling saviors and subjugating the earth. they have discovered something and are moving heaven and earth to give it time to flower. there is a benevolent faction using a dirty faction to do the heavy lifting and to mask the effort. that's why some lizards are ok. so the message is for an anti-conspiracy movie, that's pretty much the only way things get accomplished, a gang of people get together and conspire to achieve an objective, often in secret to keep the competition in the dark, to give the thing time to be birthed, to hide it from the oppressor, or just by default, because no one shares their vision. then suddenly their work blasts on to the scene or composts for another few years.
- 14.4.3 3) other agents - your karass in action
 - 14.4.3.1 these are your collaborators, who knitted their story together with yours in the before/after
- 14.4.4 4) the vessel / the interface / the mission
 - 14.4.4.1 your vessel is designed with mission specific capabilities. Every body is endowed with traits like strength, agility and charisma to a greater or lesser degree, depending on the objectives. Common to all bodies is a connection to the cosmos, which finds expression in the body's interface. The interface determines how energy can be passed between the wider cosmos and worlds enveloped in temporality. The interface starts as a basic toolkit that you and your guides may augment during the course of life on earth, but each interface has a characteristic appearance related to the mission / vessel. The interface represents the thoughts and perceptions of the agent.
- 14.4.5
- 14.4.6 yoga
 - 14.4.6.1 yoga and advice from swami
 - 14.4.6.2 yoga has laid a foundation for the superior performance, for the possibility of becoming fully human, capabilities that i used to classify as superhuman before. stopping the heart, pippen holding his breath for 10 minutes, drying ice water soaked towels with body heat. this is the foundation for what is to come.
 - 14.4.6.3 scenes over the years of building the knowledge
 - 14.4.6.4 classic mistakes - knee bent is bad form
 - 14.4.6.5 the awareness gained, vegetarian diet
- 14.4.7 extra-sensory powers - the walk back at night
- 14.4.8 courage and adventure
 - 14.4.8.1 two holes kelly
 - 14.4.8.2 arrest
 - 14.4.8.3 something noble and innocent, something stupid and endearing
 - 14.4.8.4 insane projects doomed from the start section
 - 14.4.8.4.1 inm production

- 14.4.8.4.2 the box backstory
 - 14.4.8.4.3 bpa
 - 14.4.8.5 getting professional, projects he pulls off (synopsis-ese)
 - 14.4.8.5.1 grewe
 - 14.4.8.5.2 storypaint
 - 14.4.8.5.3 last gesture
 - 14.4.9 relationship malfunction. love and loss
 - 14.4.9.1 all these women laughing and loving and yet he is alone... why?
 - 14.4.9.2 what are my patterns?
 - 14.4.9.3 whatever the reasons for his love problems, the upshot is he's got to go solo
 - 14.4.9.4 i am heading into my destiny - dire circumstances. one does not drag one's lover to her death. how can i take a partner when the outlines of my destiny are assuming a dangerous shape? it is anathema to my nature I am a servant of life.
 - 14.4.9.5 she would be a warrior herself, a mystic, as loyal and dedicated as only an epic partner could be. intelligent and savvy. seeing in me and catalyzing my potential. until then, solo.
 - 14.4.10
- 15 steps to creating a movie.
 - 15.1 there's the cobbling together of footage, good start
 - 15.1.1 catagories we want to explore
 - 15.1.2 collect footage images and audio into a folder
 - 15.1.3 ideas lead to sequences
 - 15.2 then there's the script where ideas are simplified and refined
 - 15.3 then a storyboard for the synthesized parts
 - 15.4 animation pencil tests, where the characters move and speak
 - 15.4.1 the animation pencil tests require new capabilities. they require me to internalize several characters and then flow them out in any position, depending on the requirements of the scene.
 - 15.4.2 this will mean frist one idealized human, then several chracterizations. the primary character will probably be someone of my body type
 - 15.5 final renderings and paintings for production
 - 15.6 i am preparing for my most ambitious project to date, perhaps my magnum opus, although i would rather think of this as my coming introduction
 - 15.7 then there are voice characterizations, especially for the control room operators
 - 15.8 a rapid, succession of images - art and fantastical monsters building up to the kid at catholic school, cue the kodak 35mm slide projectors.
- 16 a dvd for distribution at gems, my reel plus something new to introduce it all. a flurry of images of the body, perhaps a monolog about the interface.
 - 16.1 we have music videos - lauren, and cruisin' through the cosmos, and rice and beans. so several music oriented selections.
 - 16.2 we'll need sfx machine, dvd pro, web site completed, update... recording software compatible with sfx...
- 17 yo jesus my man

- 17.1 yo jesus, i heard you were back! how was india? the food was amazing! ah, wow. so the plan hasn't changed then? gonna bust the duality wide open with agape? yeah but that's a few years off yet. you know what i missed most? wine - can you hook me up? absolutely my brother and there's a couple of fine ladies i'd like to acquaint you with too. let's go!

18 elements

- 18.1 private research revolutionaries, looking into banned knowledge. the free university meets militia.
- 18.2 depicting thought and experience visually
- 18.2.1 in comics it's thought balloons, in film subtitles convey secret thoughts, but there's the dream sequence and the flash back, one way to do thoughts (ex fast times at ridgemont high) the brother is masterbating thinking about his sister's best friend and then she walks in on him, so the harsh cut as drawing the line between fantasy and reality.
- 18.3 story as reality
- 18.3.1 historically correct factoids - the zionist nazi collaboration, sacrificing someone else for the greater good is always suspect, verifiable events, what actually happened where - ralph shonmen and mia shoen, it's a rich and complex universe, it's cosmic sophistication, we always get the adventure we are ready for. if there's trouble in the cosmos, i want to heal it. what this requires is research, research, research. and what's the mosad and cia after, besides oil, motive and opportunity, who are these facists, monagham begin wore the fascist black shirt in his youth, who'd have thought that jews would sacrifice jews, but the zionists must not be jews, just as the fundamentalists are not christians. and so we have the name only
- 18.3.2 so it's not just historical fiction, it's autobiographical fiction, it's the inspiration of autobiography. these snippets play on the radio while i do something else, dishes or whatever. montage of theories there is a huge war going on but it's not the one on tv.
- 18.3.3 the enemy is our own ignorance. our enemy is ignorance. wake up america! the enemy is not human. our government is not benevolent. have a nice day. this is not your father's republic. welcome revolutionaries! the next american revolution is nigh
- 18.3.4 we interrupt this ad to bring you some free speech
- 18.3.5 american citizens to uscorporate government and corporate - we are awake
- 18.4 what role have women played in my life other than just lovers? grandma redling and kelly, my first experience of woman and of course mom, very strong woman impression, all the early stirrings kathy sharkey and veronique with her dark nipples in the pool, carol chiani and the girls in the tales of the bedraggled buffoon where they were getting undressed in front of me, something i had never seen. no wonder the theater made a strong impression on me. all art reduced to sex, love that. but of course there is the presence of the outdoors, that is equally potent, just being outside. but anyway, back to women. in some sense they have all jipped me in one way or another, and my life has been about jipping them back or asking not to get jipped this time.
- 18.5 i can say, hey saint is going to have some sarcasm and sardonic wit, but that's the humor that's stuck. what would be worthwhile is to comb our archives for snippets of brilliance, ideas that point somewhere and from that a script emerges. now this begins to feel like the never ending project. i mean why not just let each personality speak - the ego boy, the lover, the melancholic, the avatar, the adventurer, the poet, the vagabond, and so on. a good way to start on saint is just to start building mini stories or vignettes that talk about something that matters to me, and perhaps at

some point they become chapters or segments. in the old days, chaplin used to just make his films he didn't think much about scripts and so forth, same for keaton, but then the big studios imposed the budget and organization and perhaps this made sense, but aren't we in a time when the film maker can once again flow? the equipment is available to experiment, no one is telling me i must do this or that. ideas, ideas, ideas.

- 18.6 i think the woman thing is interesting. imagine a room full of feminist critics, how can we seduce them? hah! well, one strategy is to bring in my sisters like cyn and ann and ask them the big questions, why are we friends, how have you seen me change, how have you changed, what are your first memories of meeting me, what do you think this whole life thing is about anyway? Have we ever been lovers? maybe melonie and jil, kari, etc. lauren if we could get her away from the boy du jour. terri - impossible. how did i serve you, what have i brought to your life? why do you think all my relationships have fallen apart?
- 18.7 teachers and mentors - swami, ru, palumbo, frank, steve k, charly,
- 18.8 opening
 - 18.8.1 to save the world, first save yourself
 - 18.8.2 the magic spells, the rituals, little preprepared intros to cooking, yoga, showering
 - 18.8.3 what with all the shit that's going down in this here world, we gotta figure out how we can make a shift, cause we see a problem brewing, if we notice it, then you can best believe that we are likely to be the solution. solutions see problems, eh? that's how i knew what i was, i was seeing so many things that were just totally fucked up, i mean FUCKED UP. like fer instance turn on your dang tv and light up this spliff and let's take a little culture tour. then if you pay any attention to what's actually happening to the dollars you pay to the government, it's tribute to the empire. the oligarchy, plutocrats and same such villians. if they can take advantage of you, they certainly will. it's not so much taking my money, it's spending my money on hell and horror, that's not unacceptable.
 - 18.8.4 when did you realize that dan kelly is a real life super hero?
 - 18.8.5 what is hip?
 - 18.8.6 this is my dream therapy. as i relax, i visualize beautiful women with sharp black hair gliding in for a long slow kiss, i see myself doing great work in the world waking up global joy and getting taken care of. This prison has been projected on us and all we got to do is reproject. our challenge is to practice projecting harder, happier and healthier than the those wankers who feed off of misery. i need a generator. i am a generator. i am a magic shining color projector slamming joy into the sky and back it comes to eyes everywhere. hey! ho!
 - 18.8.7 This is how i brew up the future, i think about how amazing food is in general, stuff grows out of the ground perfectly designed for us to eat. we gather, clean and toss those into a pot, they rejoice in the transformation from earth to human on a mission, on a mission from god. so i thank and celebrate them leaves, roots, seeds and fungi, fruits, oils and spices as i stew, steam, toast, broil, bake, simmer them. and then what we got the aware food, the woken up food, ready to rock in the body and do something special. then i say this little prayer that goes like this... then i name the dang dish, i dedicate it to the making of something, fuel this baby. then while thinking and feeling how good it's going to be, how good it is, i chew and tongue and savor the magnificent mess, i eat it up and the flavor is

the thing i am bringing about, this is what sweet freedom tastes like, this is what intelligence and compassion and truth actually tastes like. and that's the food magic.

18.8.8 and here i am doing tai chi on the roof at 6:00 am

18.8.9 and here doing yoga at swami bua's

18.8.10 and here sculpting

18.8.11 and here drawing

18.8.12 wonderful surprises

18.8.13 happy reconnection

18.8.14 long and sweet kisses

18.8.15 strong and supple body

18.8.16 intuitive guidance

18.8.17 super powers

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