

MEMOIRS OF A DAYDREAMER



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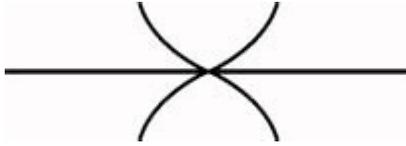
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"The most thoroughly and relentlessly Damned, banned, excluded, condemned, forbidden, ostracized, ignored, suppressed, repressed, robbed, brutalized and defamed of all Damned Things is the individual human being. The social engineers, statisticians, psychologists, sociologists, market researchers, landlords, bureaucrats, captains of industry, bankers, governors, commissars, kings and presidents are perpetually forcing this Damned Thing into carefully prepared blueprints and perpetually irritated that the Damned Thing will not fit into the slot assigned it. The theologians call it a sinner and try to reform it. The governor calls it a criminal and tries to punish it. the psychologist calls it a neurotic and tries to cure it. Still, the Damned Thing will not fit into their slots."

Hagbard Celine

Never Whistle When You're Pissing

I would like to thank the two most important people on this planet, Holly Sue Bowen and Chelsea Aline Bonham for their encouragement and love.



This book is dedicated to all modern day
Discordians. HAIL ERIS!

Memoirs of a Daydreamer

**by Ol Boy Floats KSC
aka Timothy Bowen**

*Where nothing is really explained.
It's just a collection of poems.
So don't worry.*

and try to smile more often.

I am a human individual. A Damned Thing. Cursed. Be spited, spit upon, pissed on, drove into a shell, and smiling. The Residents are the people the majority of all bulk mail are addressed to. They are also a band. "No one knows who they are." I have suspicions. Hell, we live in one of the most superstitious times in history. My father named me Timothy after the man named Leary, whose symbol was an eye in a pyramid. I was born in a vegan, Seventh Day Advocates sanitarium. For the past nine years I've lived in Jonesboro, AR. Sadly Jonesboro is best known for the Westside shootings, where kids shot their classmates from the roof of the school as if they were hunting. The kids were very young, just barely teenagers. This happened in a small town outside of Jonesboro, not actually inside the city limits. Jonesboro is also known for sentencing Damien Echols to death for wearing black, liking Metallica, and reading some Aliester Crowley. Oddly enough, the town lays on what is known as Crowley's ridge. There's a movie about the case called Paradise Lost made by HBO. The main song they play during credits and throughout the film is Sanitarium by Metallica. I once was at a sanitarium in Slidell Louisiana. Hurricane Katrina completely obliterated that town. One day me and my friend Chris Willet jumped into Spring River off of a bridge holding hands, and yelling the word "Penis." God blew us dry afterwards. I went to Jonesboro High School. Our sports team was called the Hurricane. Notice that it's singular. These poems are ones I've written over the last few years. This is my first publication.

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H.E.A.D. Case

Why wait for tomorrow
 when we can get stoned now?
 And I'm REACHING
 for my own personal gain.

Why try to save the world
 when I already know what feels good?
 And I'm just MEDICATING
 my own personal pain.

Doug Funny you TIME SOURCE

Porkchop's in the lost and found
 Skeeter just walked out of town
 he's cool.
 he's blue

+

Roger is the evil Fonz
 he's mean
 he's green
 Patty's acting all nonchalant

Why do little people cry?
 Because little people die.
 And if you use the force
 you'll realize Doug Funny is
 a time source.

Specimen

Take this cup of waste
specimen of filth
to keep a clean record
sniffing hypocrite

Ignore a man's deeds
and look into his pee
Look in your nose
Mr. Boss Man

Blood and Smoke

all I can smell is blood and tobacco
and that's really nothing
worth singing about
can't stay awake
can't go to sleep
just wish at least
there was someone next door

Dream One

I'm all action movie
with the black and red team
trying to find orange team
who advertise on milk cartons

when I read one
I realize they are me
and it just makes me thirsty

I attack the soda machine
until it gives me correct change

then I wake up thirsty
and get some water

Woke up Drunk

You say you have the strangest dreams
when you sleep with me
and you're sure
something bad is on its way
cuz feeling this good shouldn't be
well baby
it's always calm before the storm

Morning Conversation

Him: are you there?
Her: I'm still here
Him: I love you
Her: You better.
Him: Always have, always will
Her: me too.
Him: you're slowly coming out of your hiding places
Her: I know. It's just such a nice blanket.
Him: Don't worry. I'm still hiding.
Her: Let's share the blanket
Him: hide together.
Her: are you still there?
Him: Nothing has changed.

Autophobic

The fear of solitude
isolation - separation
can be a spiritual pain
or nothing more
than a childish sense
of loneliness

Game Three (3-3)?

If Toby Keith were Jesus he'd walk on some water just to mess
with your head.

COUNTRY MUSIC

(is the music of pain)

southern heritage.

all through high school Ol Boy was constantly harassed by
rednecks

he hated them

he hated the beatings

he hated the name calling

he hated his father's southern drawl

HATE

pure, unfiltered, unadulterated hate.

to feel an emotion so completely felt almost romantic.

and what of purity? evolution? redemption?

Ol Boy sought no such trivialities these days.

No, Ol Boy sought FIXATION

Ol Boy sought COMFORT

In the basest of ways he was still a junkie.

(things are changing)

Where once it was a needle filled with black sludge,

now long hours of un-needed sleep

whiskey

pot

the occasional pill

people's stupid reactions

their dumbstruck looks

these were the fix

(you will change soon too)

Active control agent?

Ol Boy Floats? Coyote 396?

Did he once make an oath to be an agent of change?

(she's stronger than you)

Did he once make an oath to a TOAD?

Why all the turtles?

12 12 2012

I'm ok with all'v us dying
I've heard a secret
You see without even trying
we are gonna get
even better brand new bodies
it's all in the stars
in our science and religion
and in coffee bars

So baby don't you worry
no matter what your faith
we're all gon be reborn
we're all goin to that place

Don't you worry bout Cthulhu
or ol' Darth Vader
all that bad stuff cannot hurt you
brush off that hater
get the dirt up off your shoulder
shit gon hit the fan
and the Norse winds might get colder
just try to understand

You can't kill energy
and that's all we are
all the failures we make
won't get that far

everything is beautiful and nothing hurts

while the congregations busily debated
the problems of the world
we realized there were none
and danced merrily
across the battlefield

hunchback

when I close my eyes and let the pen flow
I seem to always call up the same old pattern
he's slouching and has a scowl
his back is sticking out

and as those images leave my mind
I am allowed a brief reverie

UPON FORGETTING DREAMS

You made me forget my dreams
you dream about me and tell me about it
I'm not sure what I dream about
I think I know a few things that I want
 I want you
nameless entities with offers and temptations
I used to dream I could walk on air
 like stairs
poisoning spews through all I see and can be
 you said I'm lost in the mist
and to accept blind, dumb, LUCK
 another 4 letter whore of night
 scarlet?
Can this all be boiled down to
 a goose and ping pong ball?
 Fuck!?

The Act of Waiting

upon viewing the oracles they all say the same thing
that I know exactly what to do

I have the answers, the solution is in my hands
the image of the silent sitting figure
understanding the action required
in this situation is no action

no care, no worry

that wave over my body
flowing up through my head

it happens when they discuss my
problems without even knowing

it seems like forever since
I basked in solitude
the sacrifices have grown scarce
I've noticed my appreciation for language lately
words like "craving," "longing"
people keep asking me what's wrong
as if I knew and could tell them

I know Zen masters become
the act of sweeping
perhaps I am becoming
the act of waiting

To Be Discarded

constant repetition
 unspoken conduct rules
 recognized
 only touching our eyes
 straining hands plead for more
WALKING OUT THE DOOR
 audience member
 cathode ray absorption
 a view so cruel
 sitting---- o --may I treat
 waiting-----o-----you like
 observation----o-----a princess
WALKING OUT THE DOOR
 object of celibacy
 use just once and destroy
 boredom breeds repetition
 (idle hand-devil)
 motivation to change
 re-structure
 I'm aware of your foundation falling now
 usage, deceit. stagnation, wanting to be held
 remembrance. twitching, bruised. agreeable
 falling again. no more. ritual abuse
WALKING OUT THE DOOR
 spooning. holding hands
 I watch you sleep
 your lips move
 you're dreaming of me again
 so much pain in
 such little contact
WALKING OUT THE DOOR
 all meaning in symbols is defined by the artist
 yet for some reason I can't help thinking all magic is dead

Adjustment

mad twitching towards clouds
 trying to remember what
 the clear light showed me
 chemical dream

crazed primal bearing fangs
 seizing my body
 bonding me- oh my brother

pull me from the flames
 sedate me

...a brief essay on understanding the BLUE

maybe just another type of pain

a bit more subtle
 a little underneath
 the barriers and walls
 yet it all seems so similar

maybe just another kind of loss not so easy to see
 that these bright lights and large sights
 have blinded me
 outstretched, out of reach, out of time, out of money
 and the shame remains the same

I've raged holes through walls with no sound
 with no feeling
 another sedation into another escape
 and I find myself sick

and ready for change

Before Remembering Dreams

Didn't eat all that much last night
smoking all that pot just made me realize
how empty I was inside
a couple hours of sleep and strong coffee
and I can almost feel every inch of my intestines

for some reason the digestive process
has become the source of inspiration and light

rumble...

skin on my forehead tightening
if I keep perpetuating this reality where something must break
something will break

maybe heightened awareness is nothing but
coming to terms with any and all suffering
maybe a small lightening bolt in this
spongy computer misfires
and everything turns grey

Stars Under My Toenail (Celestial Bum)

everything is borrowed
 my skin; my skin
 taken back- old skin
 used flesh- spent
 spun web- skeletal
 cold inside muscles
 face- thin powder
 diminishing moisture
 I borrowed these stars
 nothing at my feet but air
 and I'm only borrowing this air
 I borrowed your face
 2 masks- old skin
 is the mask less real
 than the skin underneath
 yet all that is under the skin
 is still borrowed

Graciously Pathetic

anticipation of a hopeless feeling remembered
 a parallel scent of decline
 restless eyes lay open staring
 for the appearance of another splash of color
 to distract from the grey
 remembrance creeps again
 taunting of another dawn
 like the hint of a dream you never want to wake from
 yet laying there on the clouds of approaching desire
 winds of anxiety push forth storms of regret
 and as the dawn slowly fades
 the dream is over

in fear of all life

is it the strong convictions we have
 that deceive us what we feel
 because in one case I feel
 such power sifting through me
 in awe of all life
 and still inside the "I"
 there is all this pain
 sick murderous instinct
 intense pleasure of union
 isolation in separation
 in fear of all life
 ideals are fanaticism
 living amongst contradiction

PROUD TO BE A BAVARIAN

everything is infinite
 there are no scales
 murder is as beautiful
 as any love
 nothing is true- all is permissible
 all things are true- none is permissible
 I can guarantee paradise for absolute loyalty
 proudly Alamut still stands
 in the Afghani sands
 waiting for the day of illumination

red to be blue
 blue to be red
 to ride on his
 white horse

the golden dawn has not yet come
 we still await the setting sun

Innocence

as long as these eyes stay shut
you can go on dancing
sway to the death waltz
all these movements
are a fragment of our souls
these eyes see fear
you fall
these eyes stay shut
fall from your hopes
lusts and desires
a burning retina of regret
just pretend your
crying for me
and we can be
lost together

An interlude!!!

The following is the lyrics I wrote for my first band ever, Drowning Ophelia. (Well ok, first band that did original songs).

For my own amusement, I've left off the song titles and jumbled them all together into one piece that I would like to call:

Being in High school

so pretty intention
 my hand yr skull
 so pretty indention
 in sadness you cried out
 I lost that voice inside
 I lost myself in lies
 it hurt inside yr head
 those lost words that you said
 YOU WANT ME TO LOVE YOU
 YOU WANT ME TO TOUCH YOU
 YOU WANT ME TO HURT YOU
 YOU WANT ME TO HATE YOU
 NOTHING HOLDS TRUE
 love is an inside joke and I can relate
 life is an inside joke and I can relate
 happiness is a joke and I can relate
 and yr just a fucking joke that I can't relate
 harbor all yr hatred it's just a fucking joke
 and it'll just sit here waiting harboring a regret
 regret that I met you regret that you breathe
 regret that you still care regret that you feel
 keep yr money keep yr soul
 keep yr mind and keep control
 ones you love ones you stole
 ones who try to keep control
 IT COMES DOWN TO NOTHING
 it's liberty it's happiness
 it's feeling love it's having sex
 it's in yr mind it's in yr soul
 it's possessions it's control

IT COMES DOWN TO NOTHING
 drilled inside a saviors back my teeth against his spine
 blood wets my lips his muscles crack against my smile
 bones against my tongue I taste his divinity
 guess this is what they meant by "purity"
 choking on the shroud in his mouth
 feeding love in his thorn covered eyes
 pouring salt in his open wounds
 and licking it out with the grace of an angel
 sometimes saviors are less than nothing
 and sometimes I'm left feeding without a true design
 and sometimes all I ever want is to taste salvation
 trust in my soul with god and his wisdom
 at first I had lost this image I've broken
 image of lies yr mind in this garden
 image of truth my eyes in yr soul
 and I don't really care if you don't want it
 lost in my apathy my image of you
 and I don't really care if you don't want it
 all I have left are lies my image of you
 image of you
 I've broken down again
 help me god I have this image of you
 tasting steel every time I dream of red
 can you taste this anger in my hand
 it's intoxicating-their hatred fuels me
 it's intoxicating-their anger feeds me
 retina of salt wreaths holes of regret
 alone in these drops of my salvation
 now apologies are clouding my eyes
 I'm biting my own curb huffing life now
 it's intoxicating-their lies incite me
 it's intoxicating-their hatred feeds me
 worthless lamb born of lies
 invoking lust for breath-the fumes of death
 I speak well with a bullet
 articulating my purpose
 the trigger helps my grammar
 shooting a message in tongues
 "STRONG SURVIVE
 WEAK SUBMIT"
 LET'S SHARE NEEDLES-I SEE YR BLEEDING LIKE A
 STUCK WHORE

HOW MUCH WATER WILL IT TAKE TO WASH
 STIGMATA FROM YR CUNT
 RIDE THEM ON-RIDE ANOTHER DAY OF UNEASE-
 THERE'S TOO MUCH BLOOD TO JUST WASH AWAY
 AND NOW YR JUST ANOTHER RIPPLE IN THE POOL
 AND THIS NEW LOVE WILL WASH IT ALL AWAY
 hands in wait you lay the chains
 a wave forgotten by uncaring eyes
 feel my wings wrap around you
 take it coldly like another pill
 this is only a good bye
 take it softly
 admit that all you are
 is another wasted hole
 FUCKED BY THE FIST THAT FEEDS YOU

NOW WASN'T THAT FUN!!!!!!
Don't you want to be in high school
now!?!?!?
I mean come on... It's the "BEST
YEARS OF OUR LIVES!!"
ISN'T IT!?!?!?

OR WAS IT!?!?

With Chemicals Like These

I hurt your pride you call it feeling
I hit the vein and called it goddess
sometimes I vomit
all I can do is vomit
and now I'm numb
and I don't care
with all these stars everywhere
and I am cleansed in vomit
all this death is just too pleasant

Pretentious

how dare I try to pass this
off as art or anything like
self expression
when it's plain as
fucking day that
I'm just farting into
a microphone
and laughing
at you?

Markle Abstract Company

tired tired drained blah
 drab drab dribble dribble
 trying to force myself to write and
 blah blah this is a cry for help
 plea for attention
 self expression
 blah blah
 hokey pokey
 didley derp
 see perp nee gah
 PERTINANT
 I just used a big word
 gonna use another
 INFOSTRUCTURE

Breakdown

she was having physical and emotional breakdowns
 twitching and lying on the floor
 my car broke down three times today
 Alan Parsons Project has a song called "Breakdown"
 on the album I ROBOT
 Methadone won't break down
 so you have to eat it
 the boxes are broken down
 so I have to tape them together
 before I can pack
 to go out of working order
 to have a physical or nervous collapse
 to analyze
 see how you make a brotha break down?
 BREAK IT DOWN!!

Was I Tripping?

That felt good
 I forgive you
 you simply had
 more courage
 than me
 I would have
 done the same thing
 I could have
 done the same thing
 you were there for me
 when I couldn't or wouldn't be
 there for you
 and I forgive you

HARDCORE!!

Stars and Bars and ugly cars
 WOMAN SUBMIT
 voting is fucking dumb
REVOLT!!!
 Dope Fiend
 In praise of debauchery

Interdependence

what I need
 to fulfill need
 need someone
 who needs someone
 I want to need
 what you need
 let me give you
 what you want

ERIS INVOCATION

Oh prettiest one!!
 Great Mother ERIS!!!
 Discord INCREASE!!!
 XAOS INCREASE!!!!

Oh lady of day,
 night
 mid afternoon
 and 1:37pm
 May I call you silly names?

well I will anyway!!

:

Sekhmet
 Lillith
 Shiva
 Yod- Hoe
 Chao Hoe
 Kali
 Susan
 Loofah!?

...

Tim?

They didn't invite you to that party so you all freaked out on
 them and threw that apple in there like when you fed it to Eve
 and all that other crazy stuff you've done with fruit. You

naughty girl you. :)

So I eat this

HOT DOG BUN

& all.

so, like, umm....

come to me and stuff

GOBBLE GOBBLE!!!

Explanation Mark

To steal- rip off
 be a scandalous hoe
 yeah I rob
 oooohhh...BETRAYAL!
 That was "mine"
 you "took" it from me
 Deceit - Lies - Manipulation
 C- O- N- T- R- O- L
 such an urge to SMASH
 such an urge to BECOME

FOOL!!!

There is no "Control" machine!
 (note the power in them 4 letter words)

Well then...

God Damn Mother Fucking UBER NIGGER!!!
 Everything IS
 beautiful
 and oh boy..

uh oh...
 NO - *THING* hurts
 pain is nothingness
 beauty and pleasure derive from some THING
 NO- Thing is impossible
 It is but a delusion
 mistaking pain for pleasure

FUCK YOU MISTER SADE!!!
 no room for mistakes in this GREAT WORK
 for this cumming Golden Dawn
 is obviously
 a
 THING

(the suicide king jumped headfirst into the lemonade)

Sufi PoShit

what would the moon say to you if you pulled her down
 from her lunar grace?
 she would say "I desire to be with you oh bright and life
 giving sun in your eternal phallic wonder."
 So why not call upon her?
 She is waiting.
 patiently waiting
 and sitting
 and waiting
 and sitting
 and waiting
 for all these un-necessary clouds that
 do nothing but distract to part
 from uttering that one word
 that pet name you so kindly gave
 her in your moment of rapture
 in bliss spinning drunkenly
 around woods right outside
 your parents house
 where you've pissed on each blossoming
 life giving sacrament to green glowing ever flowing
 thoughts of subconscious calling out her name
 in that voice you use when things are beyond
 any mundane existence you might
 have strapped yourself down to
 by worrying and pondering
 secrets as simple as a grain of sand
 so that when she comes
 perhaps you'll be in a state where you can
 finally be ready to fulfill every desire
 she never could have even imagined
 in this world of images
 and shadows you can move
 if you could just find that right point
 of focus
 of view beyond cruel beyond good
 beyond any one plus one equals two
 three four five six
 now I'm counting
 my blessings
 and I can sit here for hours

doing nothing but this
 but I would so much rather be lost
 in that divine oneness
 and eternity
 that I can only find
 looking in your eyes

A Plea to Embrace

I study only masters now
 and I can spot one when I see them
 their eyes are large and smiling
 with rascals tongues
 laughing and spitting
 extra-ordinary accounts
 of the divine union
 from touching infinity
 by kissing the one
 till all they can do is dance
 and whirl in ecstatic grace
 and love
 and cherish
 each of us who are still
 in a world of division
 seeking physical union
 with ones we blindly perceive
 as less than ALLAH
 only to leave us shaking
 un-satisfied
 and disillusioned
 but I now have they key
 the one is self sustained
 cannot be compared to
 I already know that you
 and you
 and you
 and you

and you
are exactly THAT

and when the day comes
when we seek to find such union
together
I can only hope
this one simple hope

that you will understand
this is an act of worship
and it is the union we sought

Know Thyself

May I spin you my dear?
Spin you until you truly
feel the purity
of bliss
holding onto the oneness
in awe of everything
worshiping everything?
everything... everything...
that you are

I am
dissolve the separation
and the years and tears
of spending time
and spending money
and spending all those
useless spent emotions
you thought that you
never even fucking wanted
to feel
in the first place!

But it WAS your choice!
So just let me spin you
or at least watch me spin
and maybe we can
synchronize
it
and spin together

Obscure Metaphors are Stupid

Prince has Princess
 Knight has no Queen
 the "Court" cards
 lawyers - Jews
 Seperoth
 Liber
 Kabala
 THE ABLA
 THE DABLA
 a view so cruel
 CUT!!
 CUT!!
 CUT!!
 Repeat!
 AGAIN!
 Repeat!

Robotically repeat the same seven sentences:

1. I control You
2. We control Them
3. It controls everything
4. control controls control
5. I'm afraid to sleep
6. I was stoned and it seemed like a good idea
7. I control You

NOW SCREAM LOUDLY IN BINARY!!!

10! 10! IOA! IAO!!
 punch anyone who "believes"
 in Sumerian Mythology
 even if it's yourself
 dude...wait...I GET "IT" !!!

using livejournal.com like it's meant to be used

I'm supposed to wake up early tomorrow to go hold up a sign on a street corner for \$30. there's this guy who goes to the salvation army to pick people up around 10:30am every weekend to do this. I've done it once before. held up a big ol' sign that said JC Penny's Store Closing 20-40% off. this is what I'm reduced to. I'm living with my damn parents, and holding up a sign for some huge corporation on the weekends to make cash to pay my fines so I don't go to jail. yeah...my fines...for not having insurance. I still don't have insurance. McDonald's hasn't called me back about a job. what do you do when McDonald's won't hire you??? this is my low point. I'm not sure if it's depression or anger or what...but I ain't feelin right. no sir-e-bob. something's gone wrong in ol pogopope's mind and I don't think I can fix it. I'd like to do shows again but I feel alienated and ostracized by what I used to call my friends. seems the only shows going on anymore are at a house I'd rather not go to. seems the bands I was in have all but fallen apart. no one hangs out with me anymore. no one calls. no one emails. or IMs. I still have Chelsea and that's great. one person in this whole damn world is interested in me for who I am and only wants my company. I've been reduced to playing dungeons and dragons on the weekends as well. got a dwarf fighter. second level. battle axe specialization with a +3 to damage and an 18 THAC0. Today we decided to split the weekends and play D&D every other weekend and STAR WARS on the odd weekends. Rolled up my character today. yeah. roll playing and living with my parents. holding up a sign to make money to pay bullshit fines...and oh yeah...I have till Aug 15 to do 20 hours of community service. I'm assigned the fairgrounds. manual labor Tuesdays through Saturdays anytime I feel like working as long as I get there at 7:50am. I have fantasies about guns. not killing anyone or myself per say. just shooting guns. I

used to go shooting with this guy I was friends with in high school. he killed himself a while back. shot himself in the face. guess I can't go shooting with him. and I've been wondering if I just don't have the right self esteem to make money with my art. maybe that's why I always give it away. but it feels better that way. guess I have some ideals still....stupid pathetic old man I've become. I

remember in high school I had

sooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo many ideals. drugs were the dumbest thing someone could do. all music should be hateful and dark. clothing should be all black. boys should wear make up. the worst thing you could ever be is a redneck. above me right now is a picture of the statue of liberty. OL LADY BABYLON with her 7 spiked crown. damn I love America.

Pieces of Comfort part ONE

Do you feel I really care?
 All the same - he put on a red sock.
 The wall got punched.
 His hand started Bleeding.
 Damn, she had great tits.
 Spinning slowing to dancing swirls.
 The universal usefulness of all ideas made them
 beautiful to Ol Boy. Love is the big idea.
 Fear of solitude and isolation were Ol Boy's new
 mountains.
 "Numbers aren't real"
 If I don't die or worse I'm gonna need a nap.
 I just want her to come hear me sing.
 Ol Boy knew he needed companionship.
 Things were coming to a head.
 Confusion struck Ol Boy
He could align the stars his damn self!

Focus makes good Features

Stop spinning
 stop being so tired
 unfocus on the flickering lights
 open the gates
 all wishes are granted
 time will take care of everything
 the old man told me that in rehab
 he had a beard
 so do I
 Dance music
 Sway softly
 You will get your own place
 Ignore negative thoughts
 Block them from your mind.

I Wanna Go Down Today

Lay in bed all day.

hey

sleep is good
I wanna go down today
down to the numb
tingling
itching

hey

why not?
I like my bed a lot
a couple of pills
a Cursive CD
a blanket to soak up the drool and tears

mo hey now

my stomach has been upset anyway
and it's been raining all week
it's Friday

HEY!

sleep
deep, thick, fluffy
opiate daze haze maze craze

HEY!

been up too long
need a break
or a FIX

HEY!

get well
get down!
take another nap this afternoon

Pieces of Comfort part TWO

Nothing else I wanna try
 that's no way to be
 God don't make no junk
 Ol Boy walked around as if there
 really was a thing called fate.
 Metaphorical Autobiography mixed with nonsense
 comfort
 down for anything
 which made her the best in his mind
 power of language as the written word
 foreign exchange students
 the world turned shades of grey
 except her
 who was vibrantly glowing with color
 further imprinting desire for single mothers
 oh mother drug took Ol Boy in her womb
 in their minds he was a liar
 unfocus on the flickering lights
 I'm not that desperate
 alone
 oh god
 I am
 maybe I don't wanna finish anything anymore
 I wanna go down today
 perfect situation pictured
 I don't care if Monday's blue

This one time

I took a bunch of Built to Spill song titles
 and arranged them
 as if
 they were a conversation

12 12 05 - 12 12 2012

2002- 1 KETHER
The idea of 2013 (3IG) Forms

2003- 2 CHOKMAH
Wisdom - Right brain sees patterns (faith appears)

2004- 3 BINAH
Something Happens!! Energy forms TRIANGLE
Left brain understands 2013 (3IG)

2005- 4 CHESED
Solidification/Mutation
We begin to feel and perform 2013 (3IG)

12 12 2005 - GEBURAH!!!
2013 (3IG) STRENGHTENS!!!
COMPLETE UPSET OF "STABALIZED SYSTEM"!!!

...

what's next you ask???

well 2006 of course silly!!!

6 TIPERETH
2013 (3IG) Beautifies!!
3IG at it's best..

WE PEAK

dream of horses

I been having odd dreams lately.
I had this on the other night where I was a soldier in the
military
and killed myself by picking up a stove and dropping it on
myself.
fucked up.
other weird dreams as well...
head spinning sort of.
I feel like I'm on some strange drug but I haven't taken
anything...
been having dizzy spells also...
and my fingers have been tingling like I'm loosing circulation.

Howling at the Howler

I saw the best minds of my generation raving
 mad running out of bathrooms naked yelling "NO"
 twisted hard on toxic substance
 mutating prana
 seeing imaginary police storming houses

I saw the kindest souls amongst my peers altering
 their DNA to that of a cockroach
 pushing orange buttons to inject
 chemicals from under the sink
 scattering when lights come on
 huddling in corners crinkling tin foil

Great beauties young masochists with arms covered
 in binary scars
 admitting their re-occurring dream is
 to be raped by the devil
 meeting obsessive potheads in graveyards in secret

The brightest sparks aligned with legions of creating newer
 faster destruction
 killing friendships burning bridges
 burying emotion denying the species
 forsaking genetic code

I saw the most welcoming arms closing around their chests
 or raising fists over such untouchable things as words
 soft moonlike eyes turning cold
 feeling separate
 deceived by the number two

Brilliant talents pounded down with pool cues
 over drug debts in small towns
 finding belonging in a bottle and a light bulb
 still running around fields of intoxication
 with younger brother in tote

I've seen the most gorgeous women hide their faces
 behind social constructs of self loathing

building monuments to dark pasts
 they can't leave behind
 not forgetting to never forgive
 entire genders for one's disgrace

I've felt currents pulse through my being
 from unmet lovers sending psychic shockwaves
 across this vacant earth
 on holy days of new
 new aeon shaman building this tradition of sharing energy

I've been the superconductor of waves
 flowing along trailer parks filled with my kin.
 Manifesting trinkets of meaning
 only in my personal mythologies sacred texts
 I scratch on dead trees during isolated binges
 of spectrums of emotions most feared.

I've had pure angel faced seraph turn from me in disgust
 saying how I have no heart.
 Proclaiming me dark lord, shaking at my touch.
 Unwilling to look into my eyes out of fear of confirmation.

I've had ethnic coworkers assert my angelic nature.
 Praising my soft heart and un-yielding generosity my father
 calls a fault.
 Seeing just that mask. I wear them all. All the time

I know skilled wielders of mythic reigns
 hiding out of town in secluded wooden castles,
 complaining how they won't accept them,
 flaunting footage of previous demonstrations of separation.

I see things others don't. Some can't some won't try.
 I see energy in patterns of fractals flowing in perfect order of
 chaos.
 sometimes these energies take physical shape as visions
 or I hear their story of all existence we all already know.

I see great truths of my generation as truths of the old
 saying no thing is true. I exist in realities shared by tribes of
 many

and tribes of few, both parallel, both false.

I've seen soft timid creatures bare fangs at the site of blood.
 I've seen death in my arms puking in my mouth
 from underage junkies in country sides of majestic majesty.

I've seen virginal truants feeling alone
 amongst hordes of this drug cultures jargon spewing minions
 sharing histories of disgrace.

I've seen what was right in front of my face
 disappear with out reason, without meaning.
 I've seen myself assign definition where there was none
 alone in rooms full of comradely.

I see fields of brown, Sky's of red. Grey ash covered faces
 horrified, running from flames. I accept this as being perfect.
 I see it's place. I've seen an image of myself touching infinity
 in ecstatic orgasm of all in its right place.

I've seen you as wrong. I've seen you as love.
 I see you as a sex object.
 I see you as the only real enemy in my life I'm meant to
 destroy.
 I see you as part of the divine holy everything I will ever love
 or call a part of myself I'm willing to die for.

I see myself mostly. Doesn't matter what I'm looking at
 or who I'm viewing it's introspection.
 You have this trait I'm proud of having. show it. Now we're
 one.
 You have a trait I'm ashamed of. Show it. Now we're two.

I'm deceived.

A sick Game I used to Play

The following is actual documentation of a game I used to play on myself. I won't go into great detail. Needless to say, I've stopped playing this game.

Date: 2004-09-03 14:50
 Subject: when I wear blue I am like the wind
 Security: Public

*I shaved my head just now.
 now I don't have to brush my hair in the morning.
 still need to take that poop....wonder how long I can hold it
 without pain....*

...

...

ok...I'm going poop.

*I'm still here
 nothing has changed*

Date: 2004-09-05 17:25
 Subject: you can cough on me again
 Security: Public

*doing that thing again...you know where i have to poop but
 won't let myself.
 I'm sick.*

Date: 2004-09-11 00:21
 Subject: Mu is better than E
 Security: Public

*I took such a good poop today. it was very solid and I barely
 had to wipe. makes me feel good.*

Date: 2004-09-17 21:42
 Subject: hey
 Security: Public

*I haven't had a bowel movement in a couple days now. not that
 I've been holding it in or anything...just haven't. I ate some El*

*Acapulco yesterday so I had nice gas last night...still no poop. perhaps tonight. perhaps after I finish writing this update. perhaps I'll see if I can tough it out a couple more days.....so a child may live....
business as usual. if anything new happens I'll post something other than poo poo talk*

I'm still here

Date: 2004-07-13 17:42
Subject: communication
Security: Public

Timothy Leary said that most all domesticated primate communication is variations on "I'm still here, are you still there?" and "business as usual. nothing's changed."

Date: 2004-07-10 12:18
Subject: lamentations
Security: Public

*1 Remember, O LORD, what is come upon us: consider, and behold our reproach.
2 Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens.
3 We are orphans and fatherless, our mothers are as widows.
4 We have drunken our water for money; our wood is sold unto us.
5 Our necks are under persecution: we labor, and have no rest.
6 We have given the hand to the Egyptians, and to the Assyrians, to be satisfied with bread.
7 Our fathers have sinned, and are not; and we have borne their iniquities.
8 Servants have ruled over us: there is none that doth deliver us out of their hand.
9 We gat our bread with the peril of our lives because of the sword of the wilderness.
10 Our skin was black like an oven because of the terrible famine.
11 They ravished the women in Zion, and the maids in the cities of Judah.
12 Princes are hanged up by their hand: the faces of elders*

were not honored.

13 They took the young men to grind, and the children fell under the wood.

14 The elders have ceased from the gate, the young men from their music.

15 The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning.

16 The crown is fallen from our head: woe unto us, that we have sinned!

17 For this our heart is faint; for these things our eyes are dim.

18 Because of the mountain of Zion, which is desolate, the foxes walk upon it.

19 Thou, O LORD, remainest for ever; thy throne from generation to generation.

20 Wherefore dost thou forget us for ever, and forsake us so long time?

21 Turn thou us unto thee, O LORD, and we shall be turned; renew our days as of old.

22 But thou hast utterly rejected us; thou art very wroth against us.

23 Get out!

What's My Name?

"Ol' Boy Floats 396 Fenderson aka Pogo Pope 1111 Dope
Pope aka Tyny Tymn aka Pope Tymnothy "Rightous among
the nations" Edward Bowen-Fenderson KSC not KFC Bitches

that is my one and only Discordian name
and you should address me by it always when you see me
in person during Discordian ritual OR YOU DO NOT LOVE
ERIS"

is my name

Yep

so it seems there's a cat
outside my door
constantly scratching at it and meowing...
but when i open it there's nothing out there...
so i go smoke on the carport
with the light on
and a hammer.....

sometimes my brain doesn't function right.



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(musical project of Ol Boy Floats and his friend Josh Travis)

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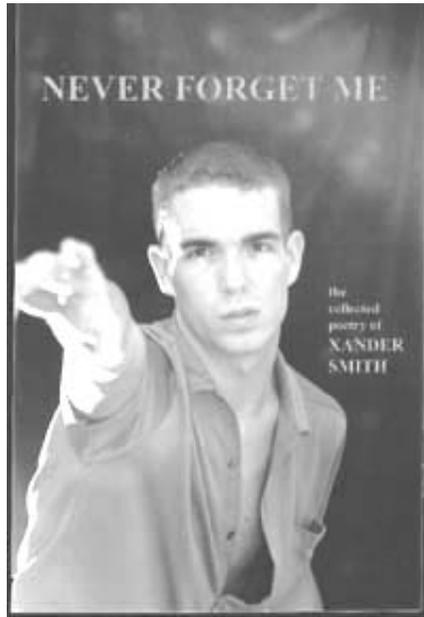
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COMING SOON!!

Comfort

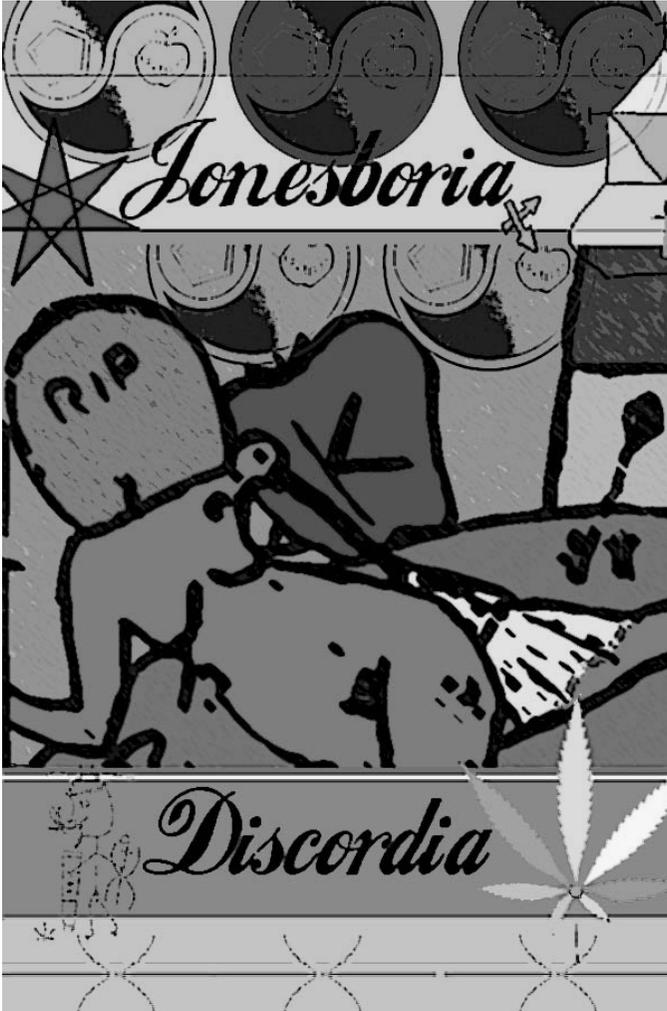
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Tim Bowen can be contacted at :

billybobgrammar@gmail.com

**Additional information on 3 Inch Giants can be
found at:**

<http://www.myspace.com/3inchgiants>

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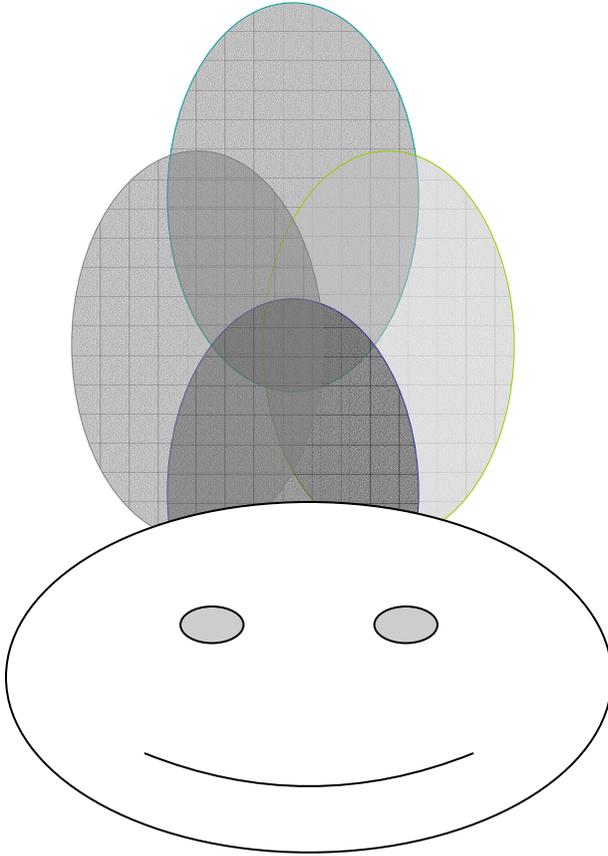
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~Tim Bowen