

To leave imprints.... How being medicated can produce now and
how Art produces forever.
by Neil Eustache.

Most of Us through the history of Us will go to bed and fell into a sleep. It's a fools
prison this wakened state I believe and with a deep sleeping smile comes as the orange
glow diode light stains across my sleeping face. In these dreams of every other morning
now repeated from a millions of past to billions of present 'Us's' floating around
collecting enough energy to reenact our learnt, controlled, believed existences. These
mornings on Bombay street selling's and Moscow billboard erections we find these
'Us's' projecting laughable acts just like the ones we find in all north American murdered
highways and African rescue's. We find all laughable existence stretched out over this
time and dimension. I want to see the preservations and the unextinct come together and
bring about this collective unconscious suicide so that it can have a proper burial. There
is no medicine to limp along another ideological flaying, even with the ones we have now
don't come close in bringing a true understanding of this word I have been using "Us".
Are there these electrical impulses just to leave imprints on Ionised realities...

My name is Ironica.... This body like frame harbors all ill-will and desire, so go on
young men and women ... go on and make designs, colors, vibrations and miracles.
Cause I have stood on your pyramids, walls, castles.... I have drank from the virgin
walled rooms space handling bad LSD and Elvis triggered devil sons singing repressive
ballads which have induced a swinging of my head back and forth on a couch magnifying
magnetic fields around my iris and orbiting pupils. These are Robbie William hang-over

mornings bright clear and phobic, I don't need to transmit sending out messages from the beyond. One can only rest from all of this... I can see you.

My name is Caw and I have danced through Mexican hording stone laid revolutions and still came up empty. Sure I pretended.... Who hasn't? I romanticized this beautiful moment as a murder weapon and genocidal beach blanket engulfing all of my so called self hate and anger. Heal me and I will come up thorns, bleeding like a after birth, breathing making gold and salvation... you'll preach my name and bring about new technologies, new democratic racist oil painters and sculptures molding pixilated realistic titanistic gardens producing enough bio fuel to re-rule the world again again again... I show you boredom's neighbor's bedrooms after an orgy of plastic rehearsed lovemaking. We are medicated to believe. Step up to the plate and be man enough, hold your family close to your chest and turn with them looking at the sky falling. Wish your choir luck, let them feel the flame of righteous while all the while the Balkans ready themselves, as the meek sign over their mortgage payments. Rise up choir singers and bless us with your will power, force fed me your rights with higher frequencies sending those messages to life that nothing gives up... I can feel you.

Its only ten thirty six am pacific time at this moment and being awake from that last sleep really brings out the worse in me. I pour a coffee. Looking out side and the wind picked up a tad... Gee! It could be nice out there. Looking now down into the coffee. It's so black and solid. Did I ever mention to you about the time that I had a heart attack? Yea I must have mentioned that to you once!?! Did I tell you that story... about the time when

decapitated American Indians stood in line wanting to be a RACE.... Yea man they were there trying to get into the UN... Yea they wanted to be recognized as a race, or that time when performance drew us in and we believed... I can't speak for all of us...but serious. Oh! this is a funny story also they are changing the colour to suit the mood... No! No! I can't tell you that story... it will worsen this ending. Not saying this is the ending of this story... but when this story ends, like all stories do and it will be ok! Now I'll give it away if my mind keeps on like this. See this is what happens. Ever get that feeling you can reach back with your hand and grab your wrist.... Like you can feel it happen and you get this rush of funny bone tickle come to your finger tips and through the bones of your wrist... it some times brings me pain if I think about it too much. And if I really think about it a lot... I can feel the skin tear away and the bones crackle break, as blood flows out in the open air. I don't think about it that much though really... its like I stop myself from thinking about it just in time before it happens.... Can you feel me?

It's now eleven thirty am pacific time... I better let you go... there is still a full day ahead of me. Stay if you like there's food in the fridge and tea in the cupboard...I used to smoke and I still keep a ashtray around so go on and make your self at home...I won't be long. Leave you there I will. So go on sit in my house and look around if you like and see if you can find out more. There's a piece of orange peel underneath my bed. Take it and place it on the table. Look at it. Its old and hard with just a hint of colour left. Don't feel that you can easily figure me out, ask yourself 'was he ever a US?' 'how did he get out here?' take a nap if you like, I'll be back later.... Do you sense it?

12:30.... Highway 97 just north of Kamloops British Columbia, its mid spring heading south... I am driving a blue 1990 Chevy Cavalier 4 door... I think. The sage has just flowered the air and the Thompson River turns the dryness down stream. Pulling over at a rest stop turning the car off. I sit there and wait. Ever get that sense if you go on any further, another mile, second, moment, that it could change everything by not pushing into the future, that if you on purpose just stop for a moment or two... that it won't matter anyways... really won't. Cause the Jew's will still be hated for killing Christ you know and the Jewish comedian will make late night television forget about it self, and that the Chinese disliking the Japanese will just go on and on. That all of the dumbshit will happen anyway's won't it? Only thing good and real that entertains is the news that hasn't been reported yet or can't be reported at all. It doesn't make me feel any better or worse but its just good to stop for a second or two....let me check your heart rate, my you are a bit warm also... here take this? It will make you feel better and if not better less bitter.... It feels numb doesn't it.....?

By late afternoon, after rolling around with banks, bills, laundry and a newspaper. I reread my script again and rehearse my movements. Now where was I? Oh yea! I was standing there in an operating room, it was emptied and an abortion had just taken place. The light from the hallway creep'd in. I stood in the corner not knowing if I was in some sort of after life rebirth nightmare. Convincing myself that I couldn't taste my mother's womb juice on my face. Holy fuck I was just murdered. But how could I be murdered

when this is my after life... Sensing my body a bit deeper this hallucination was looking more and more like a bad 8mm 3D cartoon gone really bad. Holy fuck I was supposed to have lunch today and talk about doing some recordings and then later meet up with this old friend of mine. Doesn't look like I am gonna make it, being a dead fetus and all. Ok I am getting a head ache I really need to get a hold of someone.... who's in charge of the after life... Oh! Good reality is giving up now... cool its time now to get out of these insane moments. Never stop on the highway... keep moving.... C'mon lets put a bandage on that.

6:45 and I know what your thinking. "To leave imprints.... How being medicated can produce now and how Art produces forever." What am I to say about this? To bring insight... should I bite the hand that feeds me and tell you that I believe it cruel to turn on Television for sick children... that it's sadistic spending all your time alone basking in the summer sun waiting in line to get into the MET or any other Art gallery. Does your video store clerk know really how much they do for human kind.... That a diversion like Al Pacino in Scarface could make someone fell better about themselves enough to beat cancer or heart disease. Did the Shaman really cure or inflict? Don't get me started... Would it make you feel better to talk about it? Get it out of your system. Here let's hold hands... take my hand. And help me sing this song titled 'for the working class healers of the future.'

To leave imprints

We'll remember you youth

Fighting your age

Hording being soulless

Awarding statues magazine rehabs

To leave imprints

This David Bowie cocaine summer

A blue's baby black sales man

Lets here it for them

Burning country

Leaving imprints to space and beyond

Our Nazi kin

Peace never had a chance....

(all songs performed under the guidance of trained professionals, copyrighted 1984 from the chapter book; The Adventures of It.)

“Let’s get this over with then.” I got home later that night and drank a tall glass of water with a bottle of scotch. You had left a note saying that you needed to go for a walk and had I known also I would have come with. Cause if I had known that the walk you took

was along the riverbank. I would have come barring booze and cigarettes. But now I see your reason, I'll stay here and wait for you. Oh look you found a photo album. I looked at some pictures and committed suicide a few moments later. I am speaking to you now, can't you hear me. I am looking right at you... oh don't be alarmed, were both dead. Through this great after life called now... I took your picture once and it hangs there on my wall. Good memories.

My name is... forever

I have been healed again... put back together. From a deep sleep I come from... every time beauty stings you with: "Knowing that when all that was *imagined* and *realized*..." Should never come and haunt you like your present nature. Let your eyes open and see what has been created from free will. Art is forever and it can heal you now... so let me go to sleep and then reawake me when its time to do this again... It's too late to reconsider or discuss the finger paintings that my daughter draws for the world to see, cause it makes all the pain and hurt go away looking at a yellow sun hanging over a green tree and a purple flower. I feel a lot better... Do you know this too? Its midnight now I have to reform and become orange stars and flaming blue skies. Einstein lingers just over there trying to figure out peyote and existential economics. You'll see it and become genius and or sick. It's just a few seconds past mid night.... Take your medicine and turn off your TV. This doesn't last forever