



I read Rolling Stone.
Jeff Ament
recommends his
List.

I don't have a list.
There's only a girl.
She lies in my bed.
She watches Roseanne.



She has a nice ass.
That's why I'm in this situation.
That's why I'm forgiving.



Sorry I'm late.

No worries.

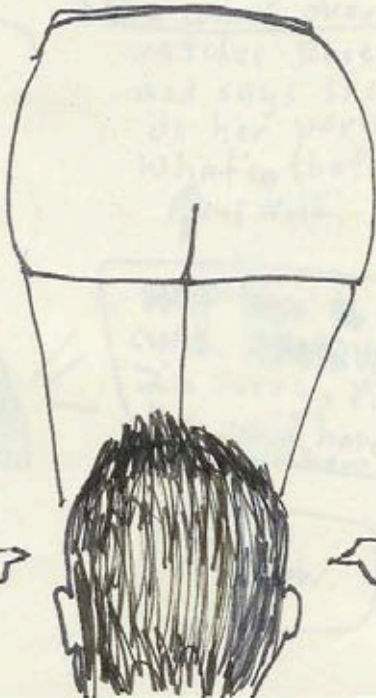


Can you buy me a DVD of Roseanne?

Um... Okay.



Can you pretend we're friends while I get you to buy me things?



Can you worship me and let me have my way with you?

Um...

Uh...



What are you doing?

Uh.

Camera icon

Ahhh

Ahhh

Don't do that. I have cramps.

I am going outside.

I need to call ~~Timothy~~

"T, I am so pissed, ~~she got me to~~ ~~hear what I~~ I told her I was interested in having fun, and she comes over,

watches Roseanne, and says she's on her period. What's that?!"
↑ up with



Why ~~was~~ ~~you~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~club.~~ ~~Amazons~~ ~~Oh,~~ I'm sorry, Pirooz. You could have come here.

I know.





I decided to investigate.
I had no choice.
This was a vital question
to the human condition.

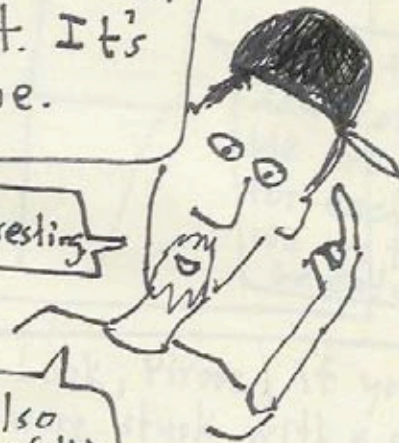


Her ass agreed with me.

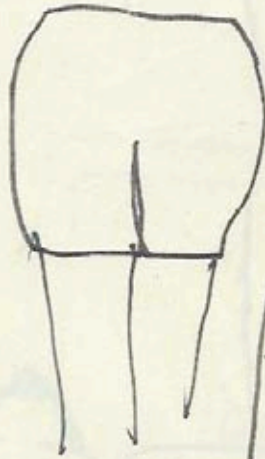


Yes, I need salt. It's time.

Very interesting



I could also make use of this pot on my head.



You could.

Are you SAYING?!



Yes, it's true. You're hungry. We all are. It has been this way

since the dawn of time. We are food for each other. We are to be eaten.



How can that be?

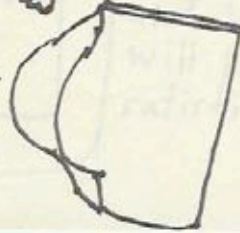
Look, Pirooz, if you were stuck with a choice between starving or eating the finest ass around.

What would you do?



I would eat the ass.

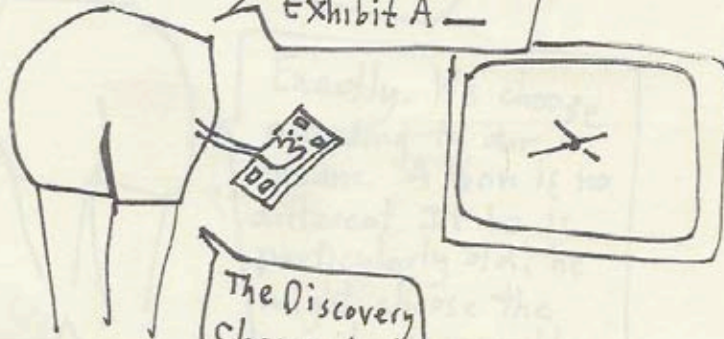
Yes. We all would.





I am impressed with your logic, Ass. But where's your proof. Science is based on empiricism. I need facts.

Lets look at Exhibit A —



The Discovery channel.

Notice how the lion stalks his prey...



He is scanning for the best piece of meat. He is hungry and he will be satisfied.



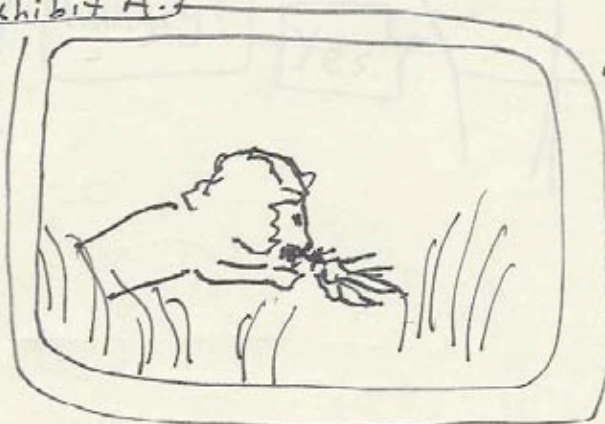
Yeah, but he might choose the weakest antelope.

It doesn't have to be the healthiest piece of ass.

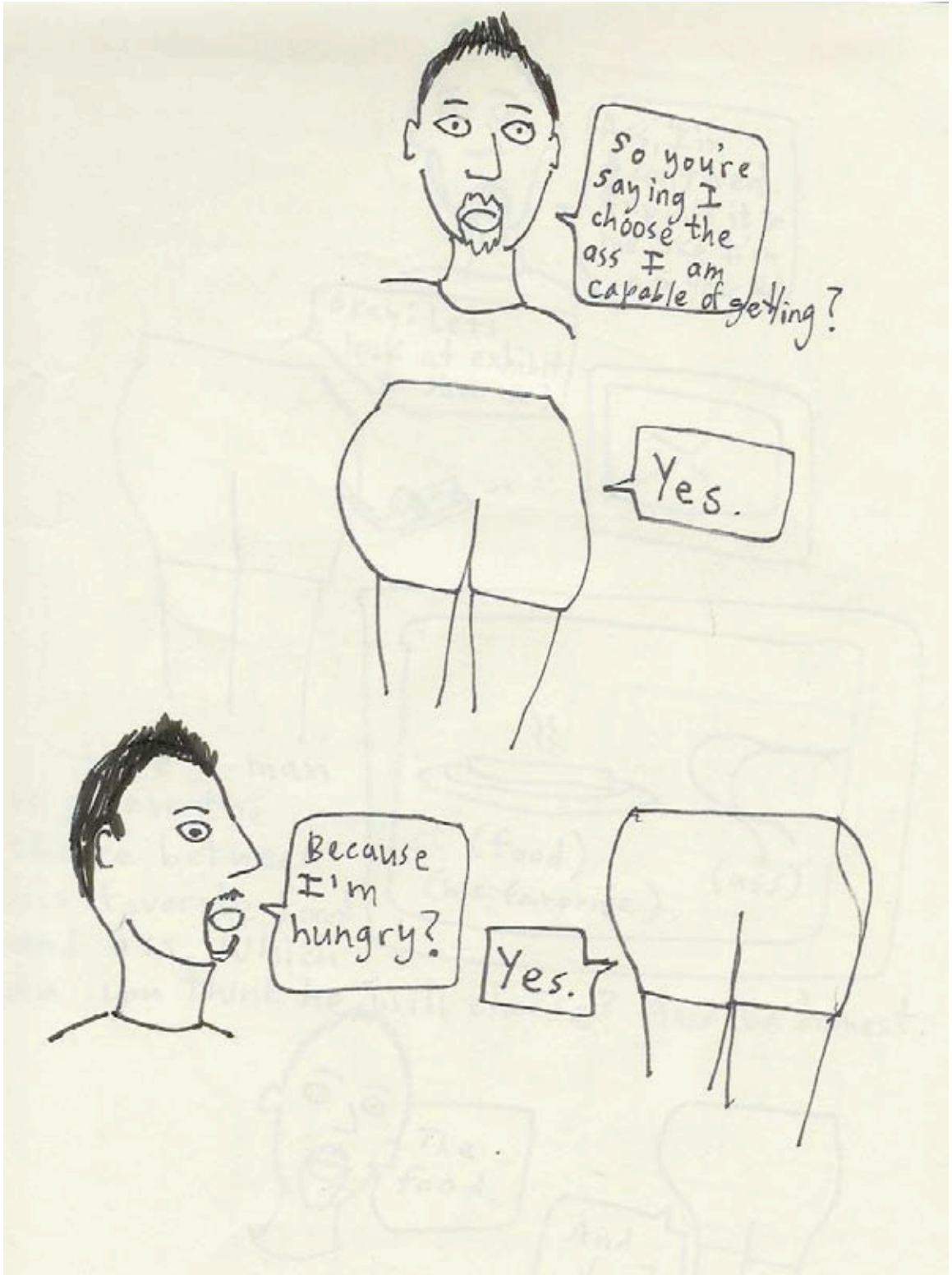


Exactly. We choose according to our means. A lion is no different. If he is particularly old, he might choose the ass he is capable of catching.

This just happens to be the case with Exhibit A.

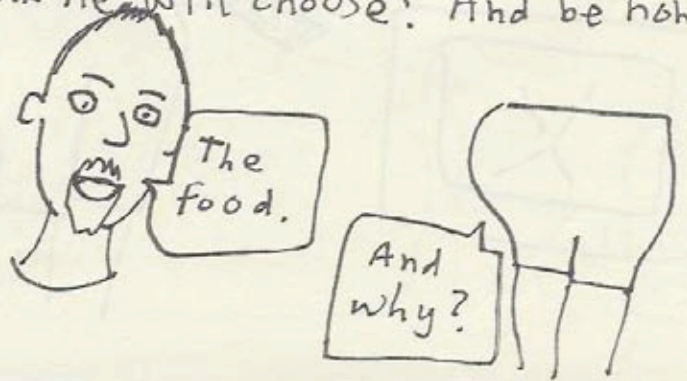
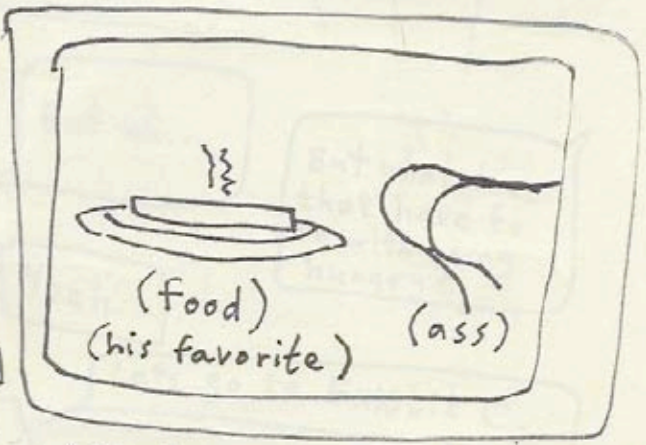


"A sickly antelope for an old lion."

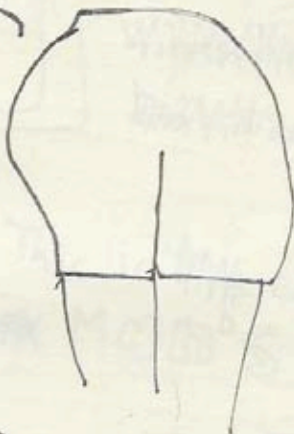




Here a man is given the choice between his favorite food and ass. Which do you think he will choose? And be honest.



I uh...
I mean
"the man"
will choose
food, because
that keeps
him alive. He
can always get
more ass.



Very
good.

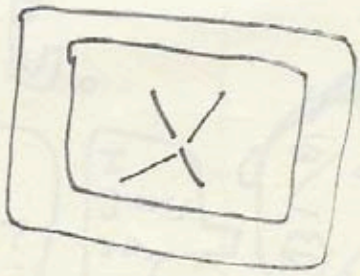
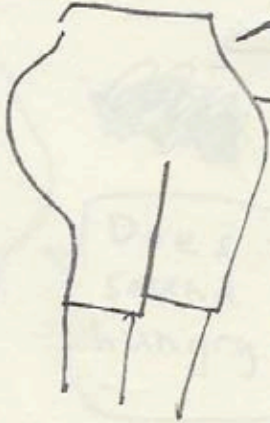


But uh...

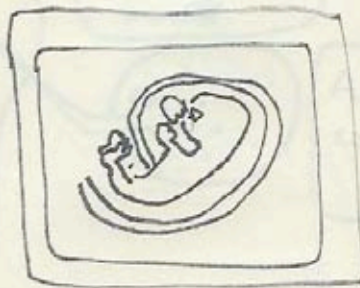
But what does
that have to
do with being
hungry?

Yeah.

Lets go to Exhibit C.



Man is born empty.
There is nothing.



All he knows is to feed.
~~When he is~~
~~born~~

~~The~~
~~child~~
continues
to ~~eat~~



This is ~~the~~ constant
in MAN'S life.

~~eat~~ eat. M



~~eat~~ eat.

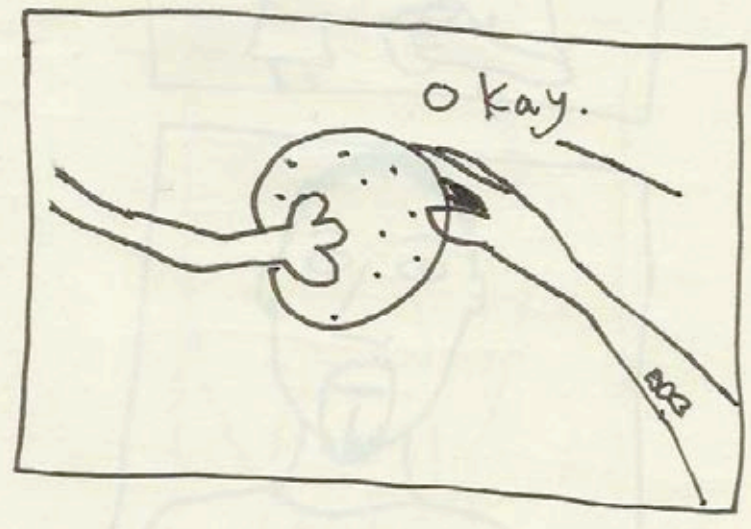
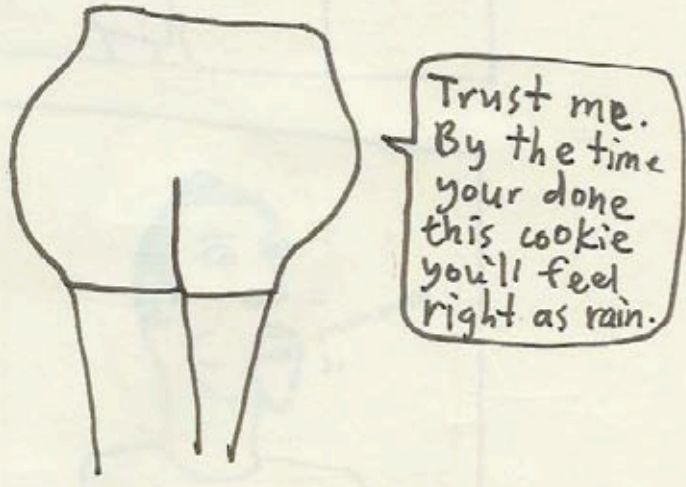


~~eat~~ eat.

Does that sound like hungry to you?



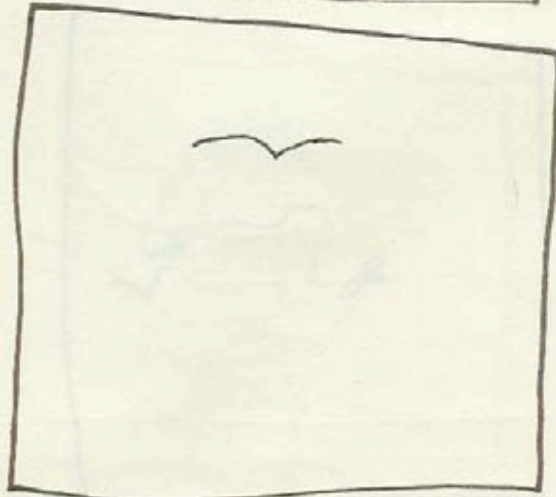
I guess so.







(me as Rob)



(city as fly)



(me as me)



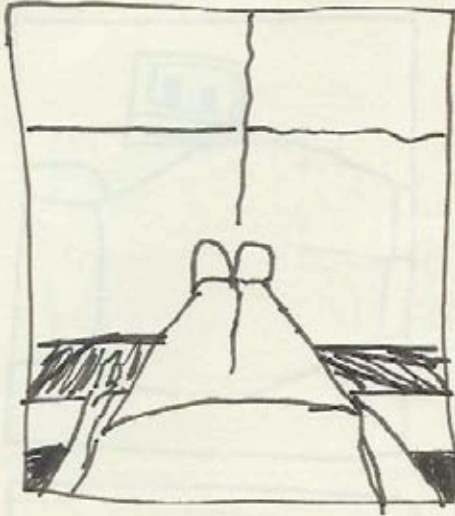
(me as Robin)

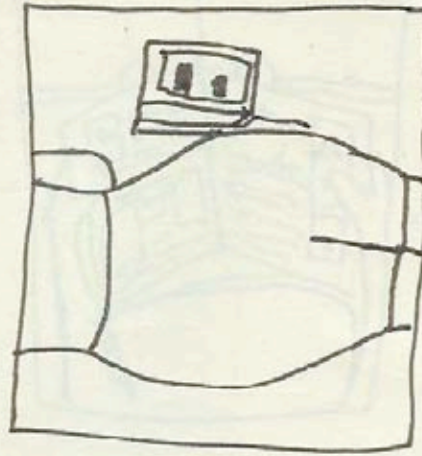


(fly as fly)



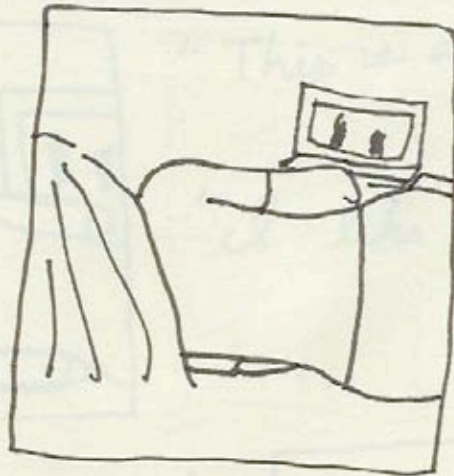
(me as me)





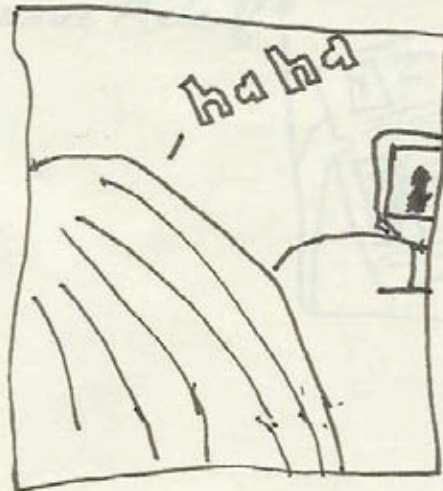
What are you doing?

I'm watching keller stone.

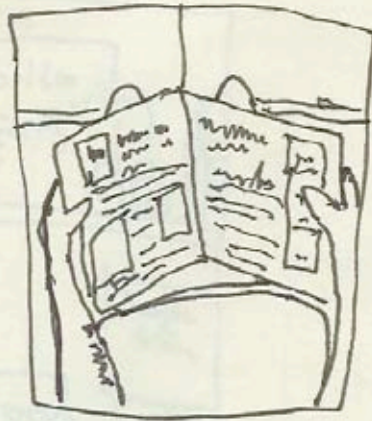


That's a good show.

John Goodman.

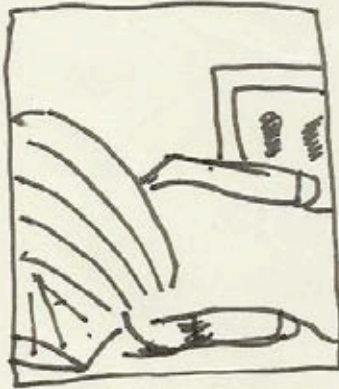


haha



"What are you doing?"

"I'm reading Rolling Stone."

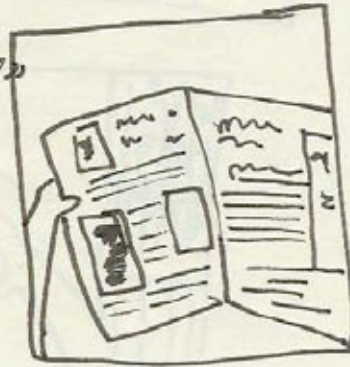


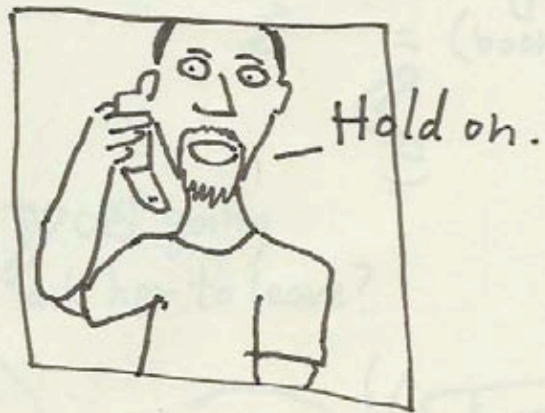
"This is a good show."

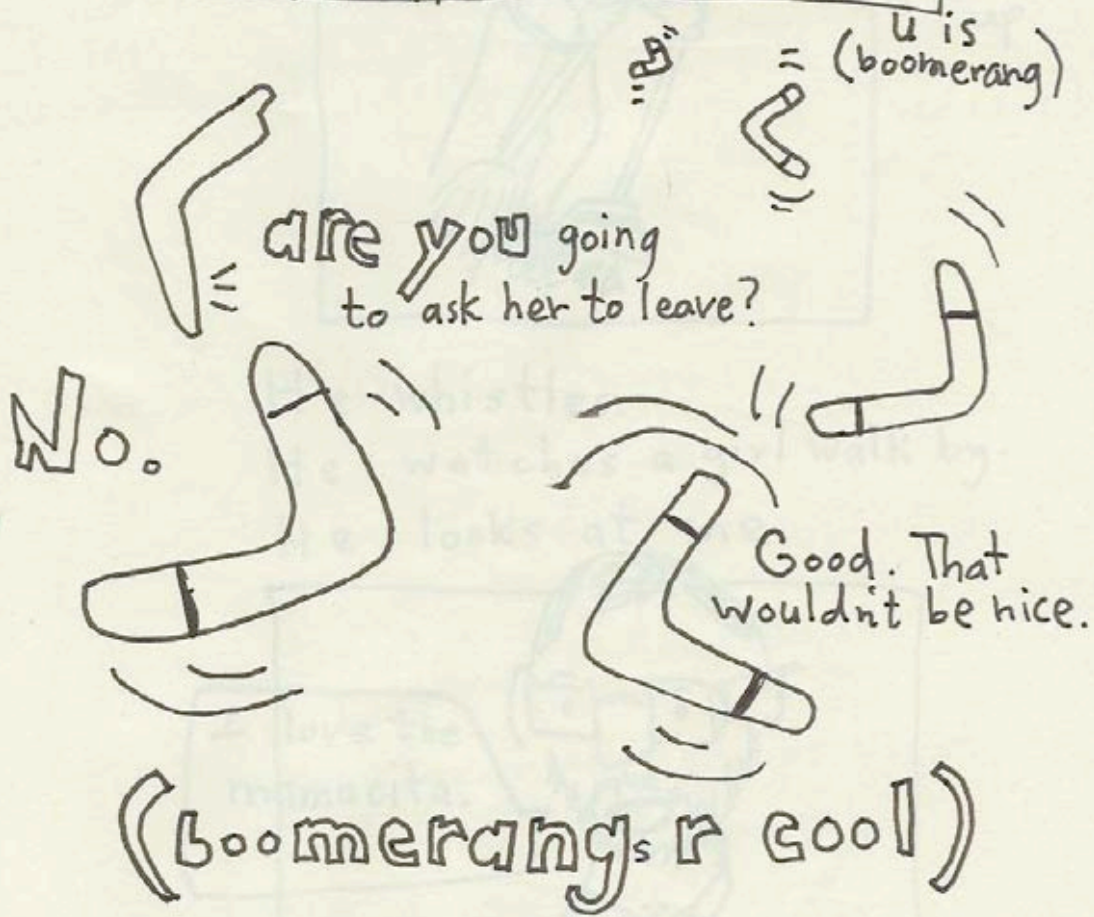
"I like John Goodman."

"I like Laurie Metcalf."

" — . "



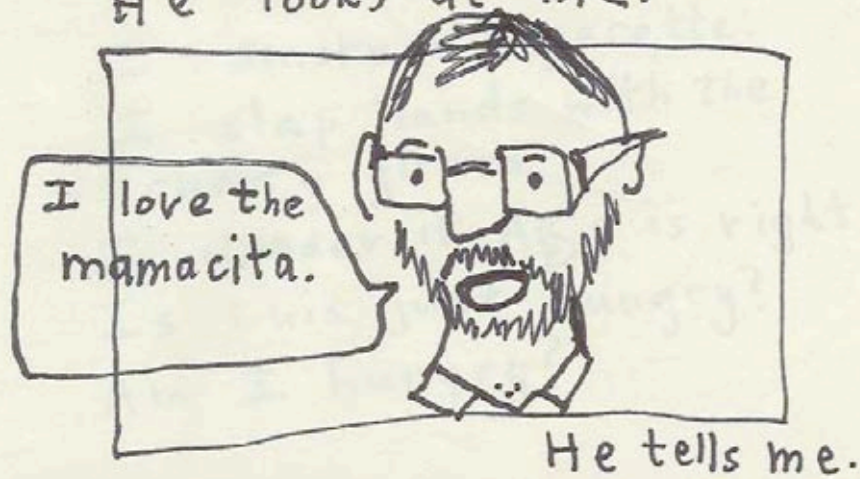




So is Luis.
He is cleaning the courtyard.
He is glad it's Friday.



He whistles.
He watches a girl walk by.
He looks at me.

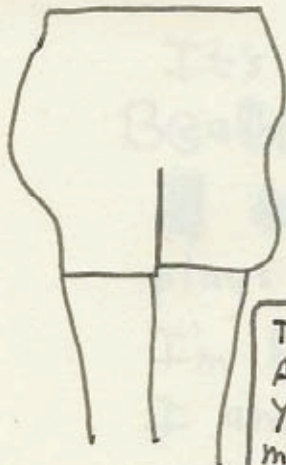


"Listen," he tells me.

"There is nothing better
in this world than ~~****~~
mamacitas."

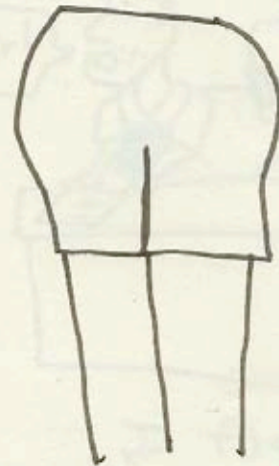


Then he laughs.
He walks away.
I sit and draw.
I smoke a cigarette.
I slap hands with the
security guard.
I wonder if ASS is right.
Is Luis just hungry?
Am I hungry?



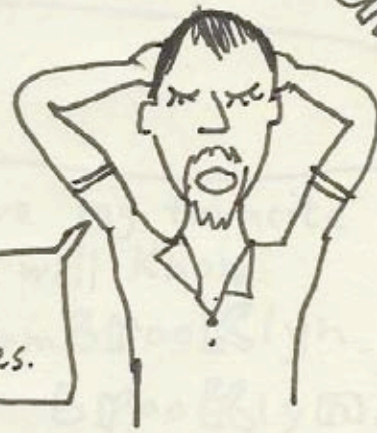
What's important is that you're asking questions.

Thanks, Ass. You make me feel better.

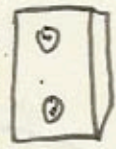


Music helps too.

Yeah. It does.



Something in the way



It's nice to listen to the
Beatles.

~~I'm~~ ~~at~~ Floyd's Barbershop,
plays them a lot.

I'm here for a haircut.

I am also looking for an
answer.



I figure my favorite
hairdresser will know.


She's from Brooklyn.

I trust Brooklyn.

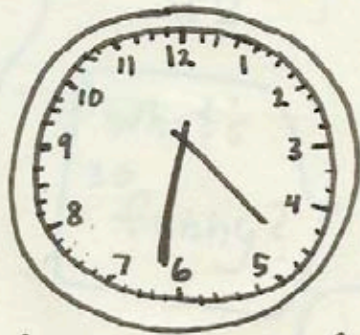
She is busy though.
I have to wait.
I usually don't like to wait.
Things are okay though.
The Beatles are singing.



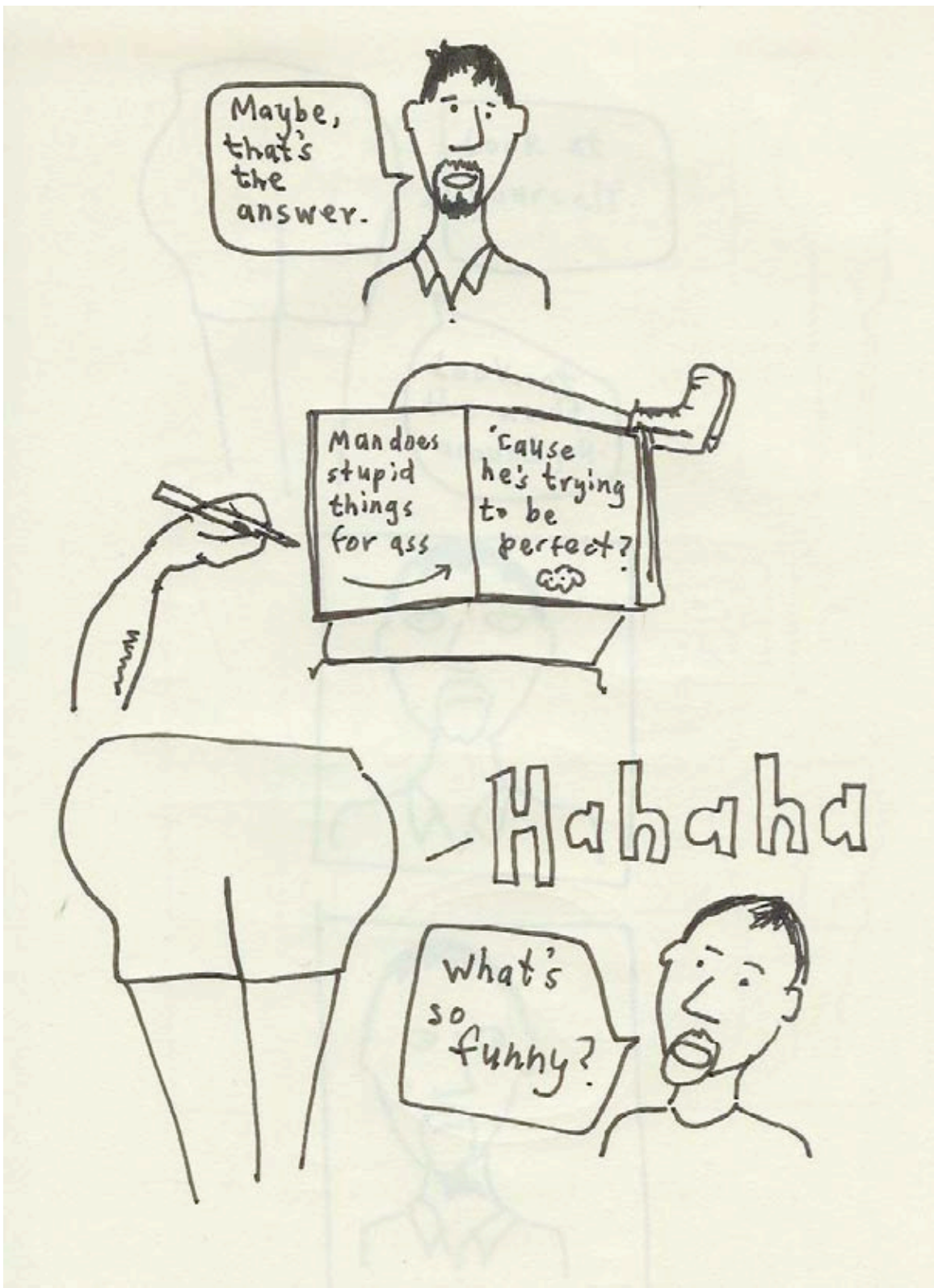
Love is all.

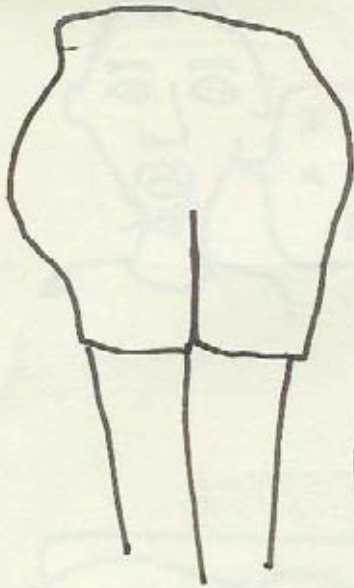
Love is U. 

It's so pretty I could cry.
I don't though.
I draw the clock instead.



It's not perfect.
That's okay though.
Neither am I.

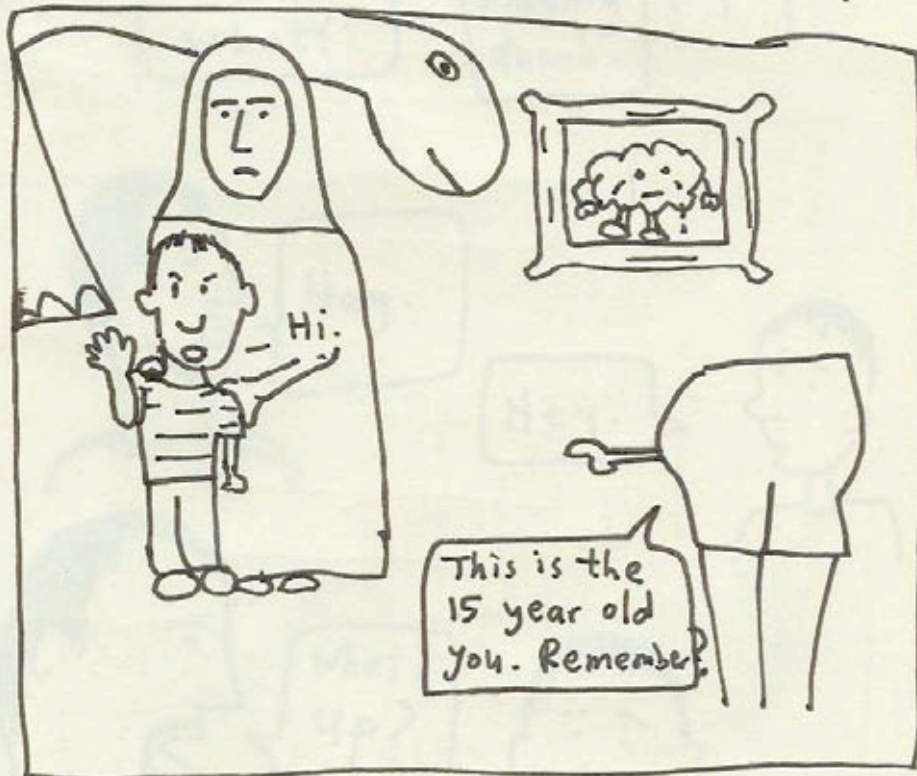




Look at
yourself.

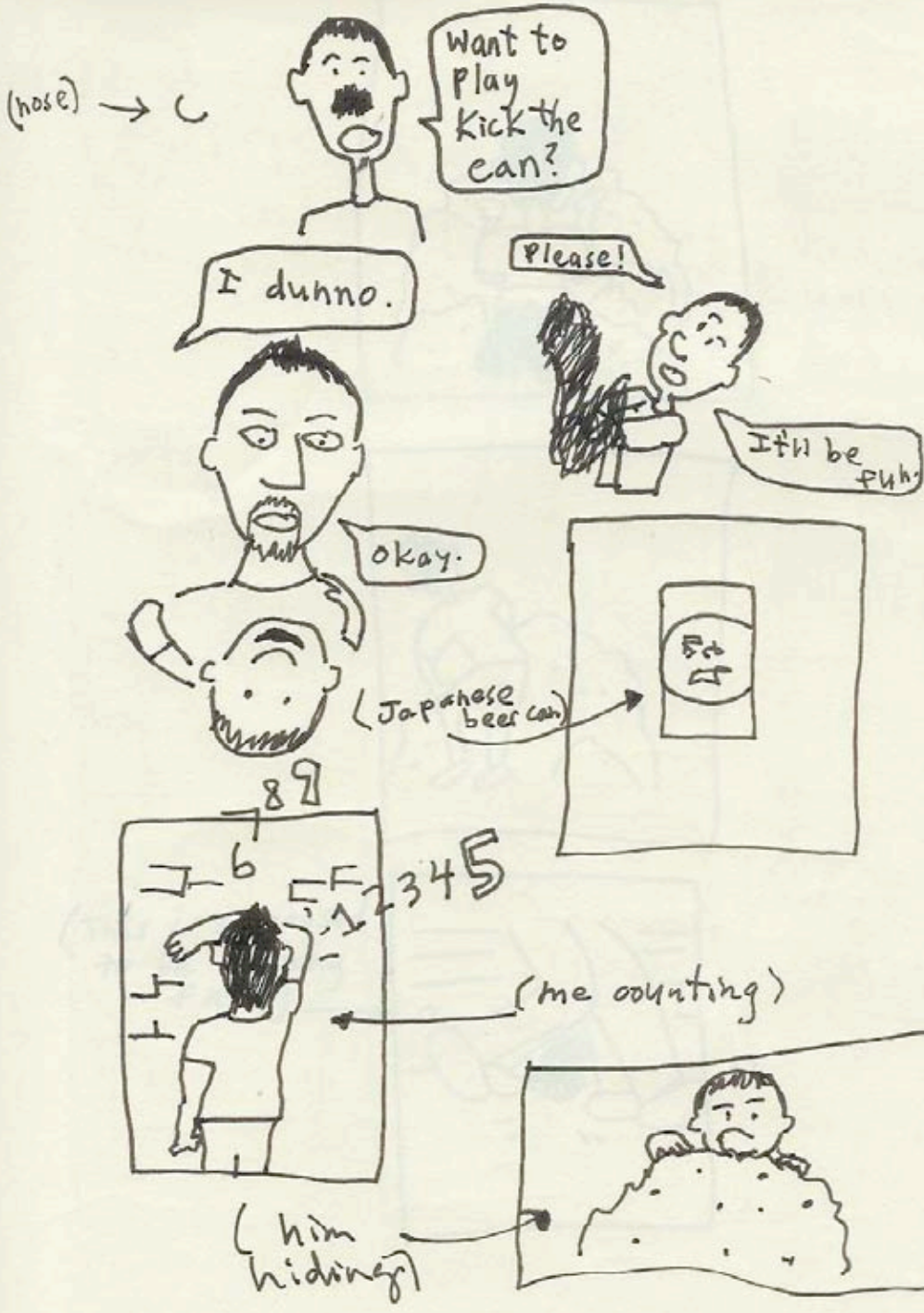
Look at
the world
around you.









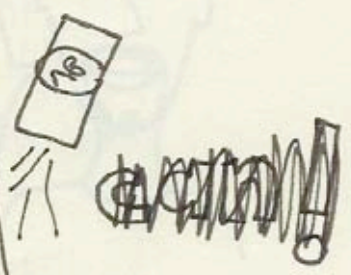
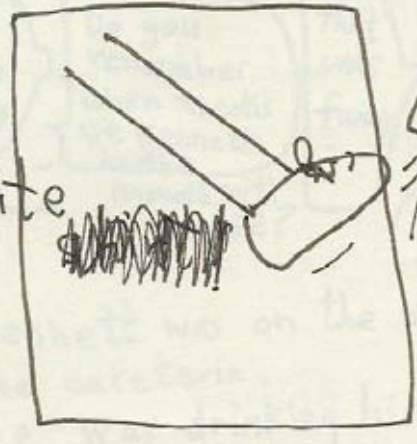
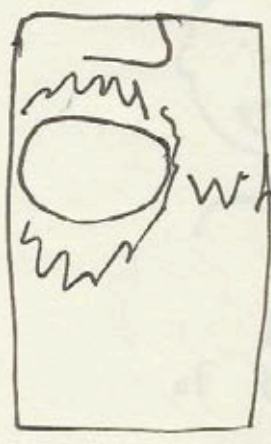
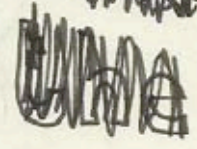
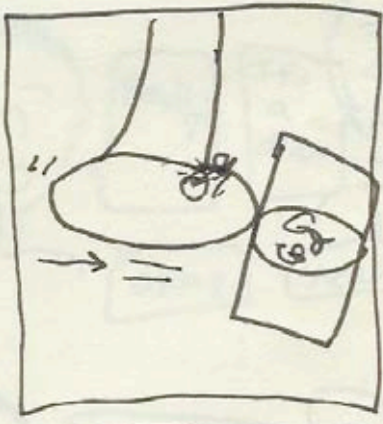


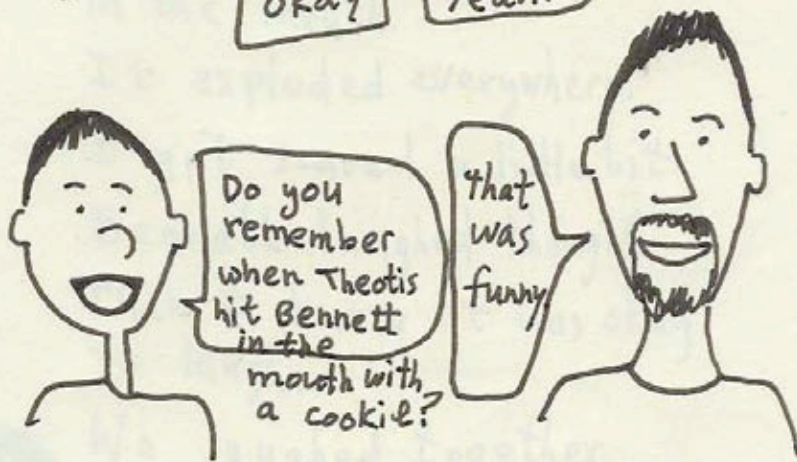




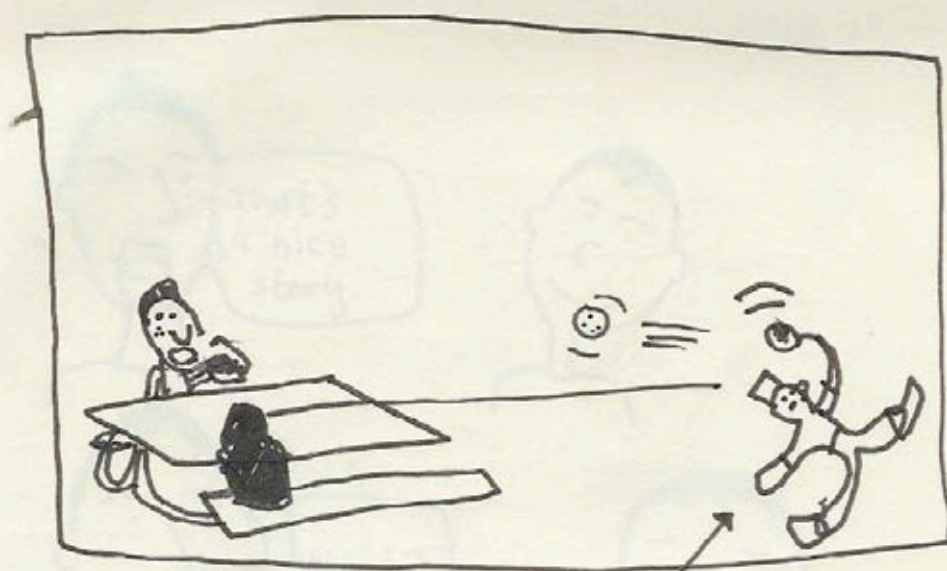
sof
tanto

~~innocent~~
innocent
wishing
break



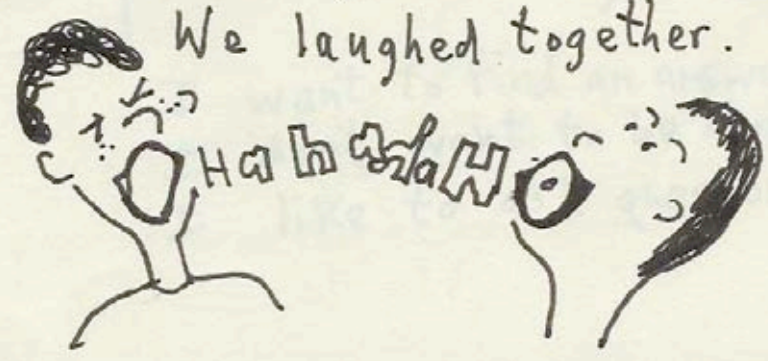


Bennett was on the otherside
of the cafeteria.
He was drinking his milk.
I saw Theotis winding up out
of the corner of my eye.



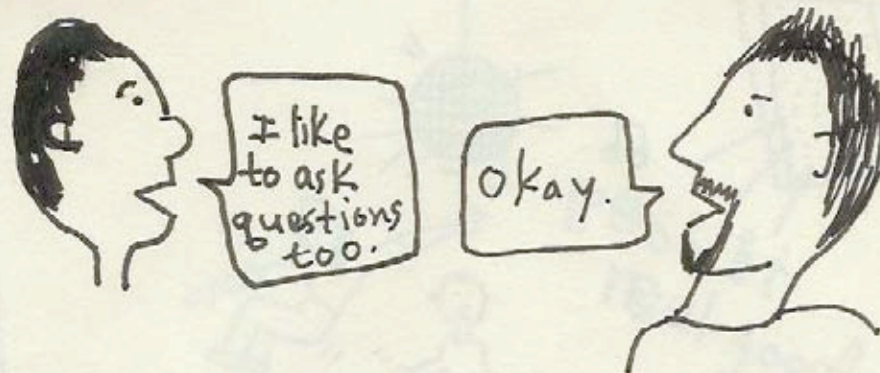
(Thaotis)

The cookie hit him right
in the mouth.
It exploded everywhere.
I got scared a little bit.
Bennett laughed though.
Then I knew it was okay
to laugh.
We laughed together.





I want to find an answer.
I don't want to be stupid about it.
I like to ask questions.



- I like to hold hands.
- I like ice cream at lunch.
- I like Bennett.
- I like Keece's pieces.
- I like dancing to
Salt n Peppa.
- I like their song
Push It.
- I dance good to that song.
That's everyone's favorite.





What?





- I liked her right away.
- I figured she could help me.
- I told her about the book.



She laughed.



"What's your answer so far?"

"Because they're hungry."

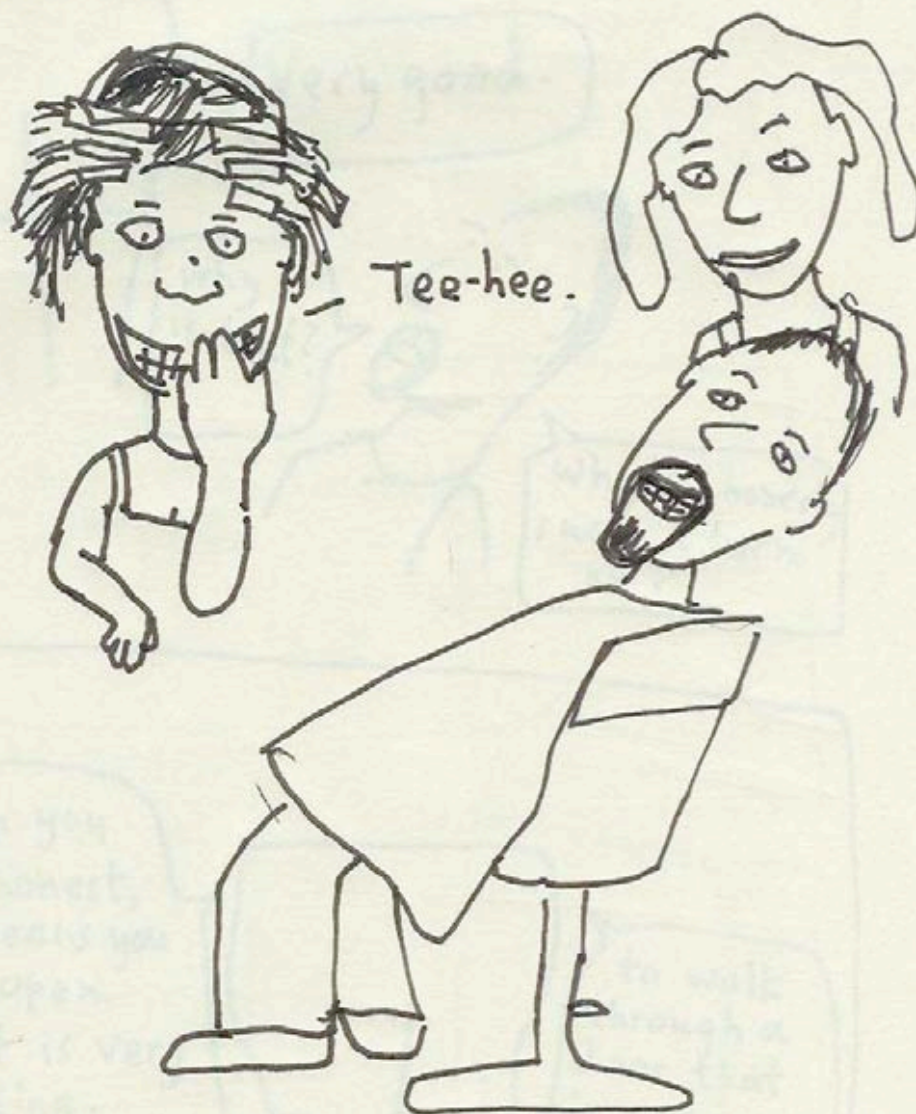
"Sounds about right to me."

"Really?"



I was glad she approved.
I was also pretty thrilled
that everyone else ~~was~~
who was listening did too.
They liked that I talked
to a woman's ASS.
They liked my honesty.

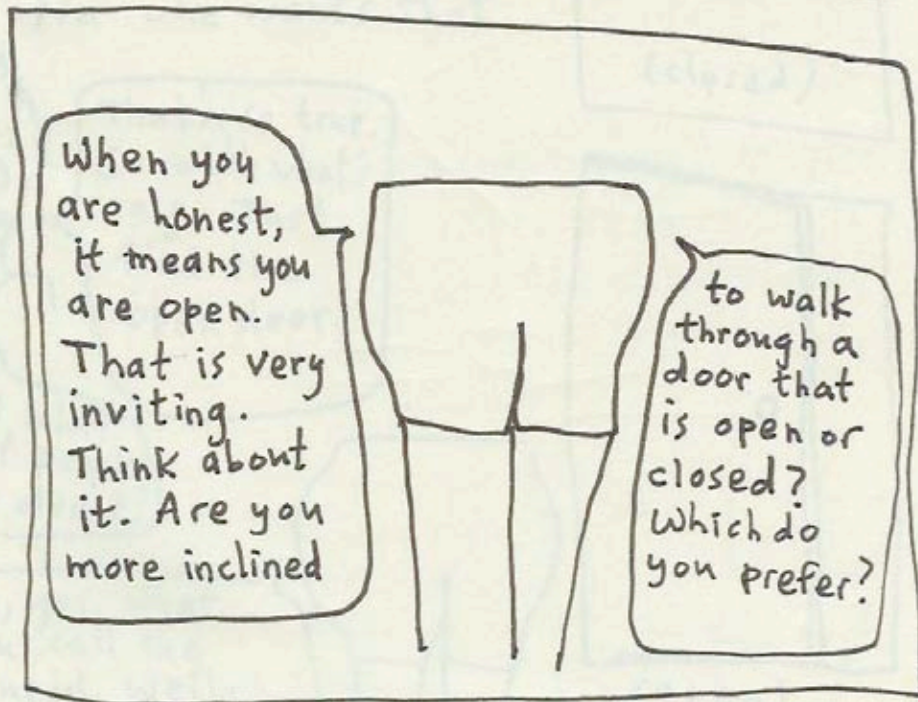
They couldn't stop giggling.



That's when I realized
a truth.

Honesty is a turn on.
It makes us all moist.
It makes us all open.

Ass agreed with me.





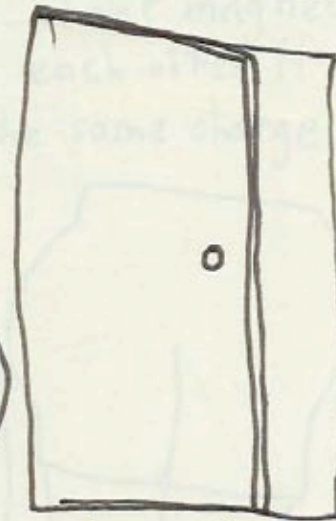
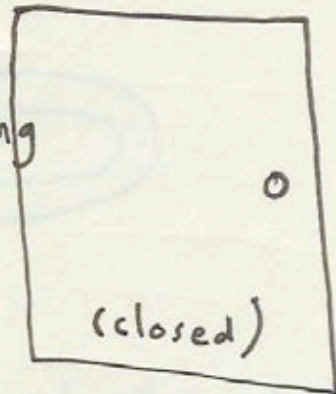
Exactly.
Why go through something that is difficult?

No one wants that.



But what about people who don't?

Ah, yes. What you call the stupid. Well, Pirooz, it's simple.

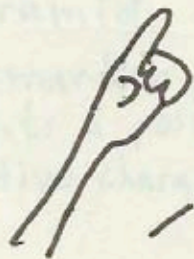
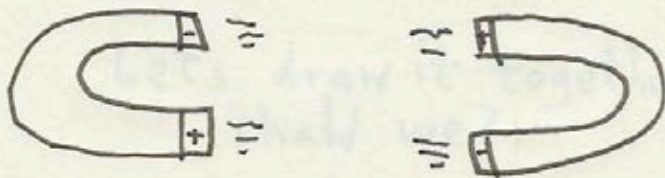


They are CLOSED.



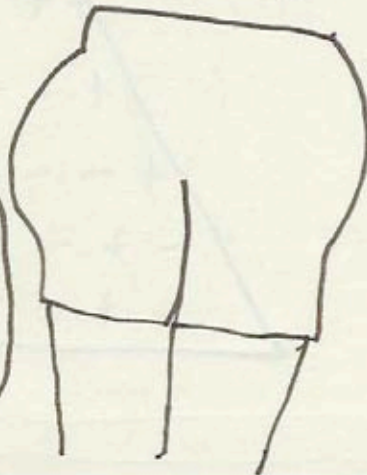
Closed?

Yes. Closed finds closed.
Open finds open.
It's this simple.



But what about magnets?
They repel each other if
they are the same charge.

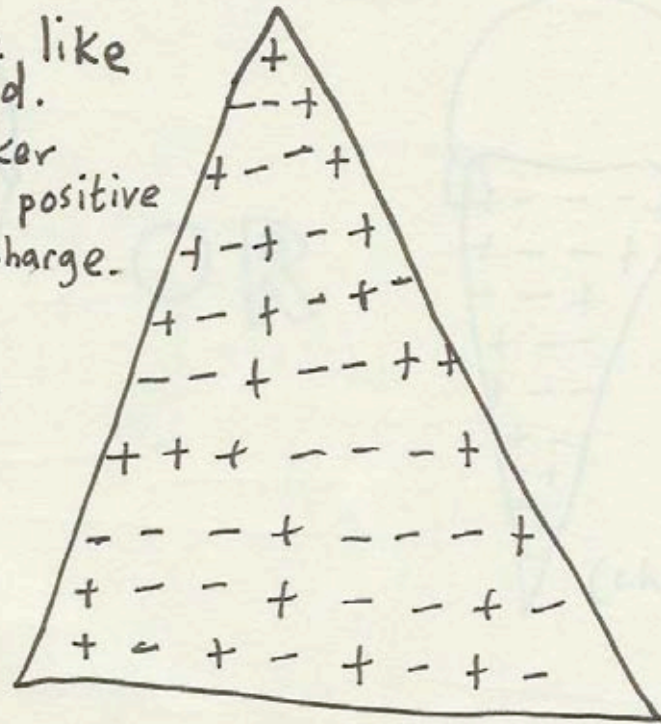
There are two sides
to each magnet. There
are many sides to
men and women.





Lets draw it together, shall we?

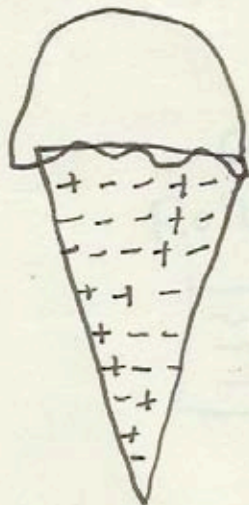
We are like a pyramid.
Each marker represents a positive or negative charge.



These charges themselves
represent our stories.

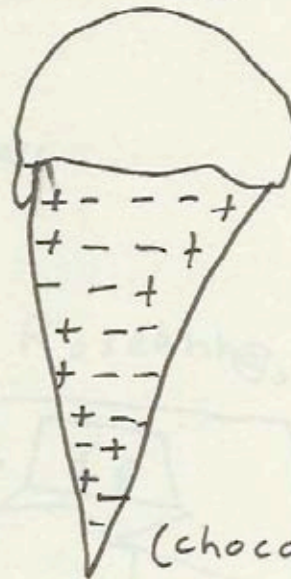


One person prefers Vanilla ice
cream.
Another prefers chocolate.



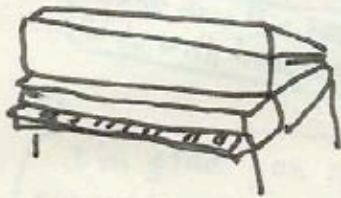
(vanilla)

OR

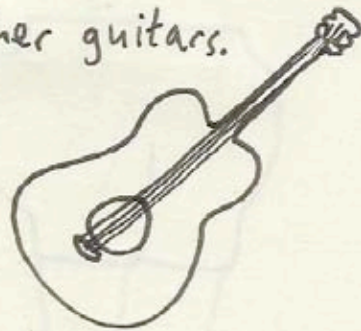


(chocolate)

One person prefers
pianos.

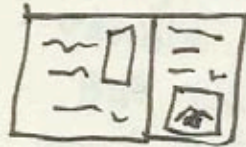


Another guitars.

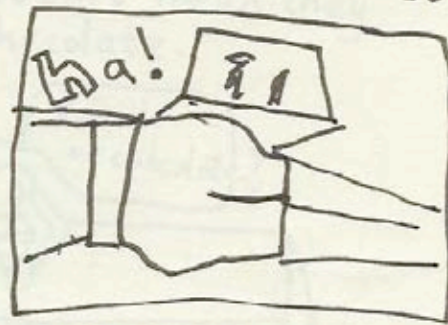


OR

One person prefers
Rolling Stone



The other Roseanne.

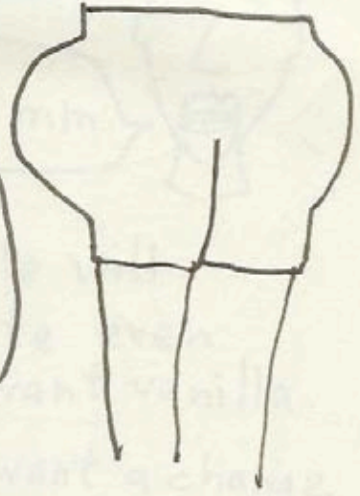




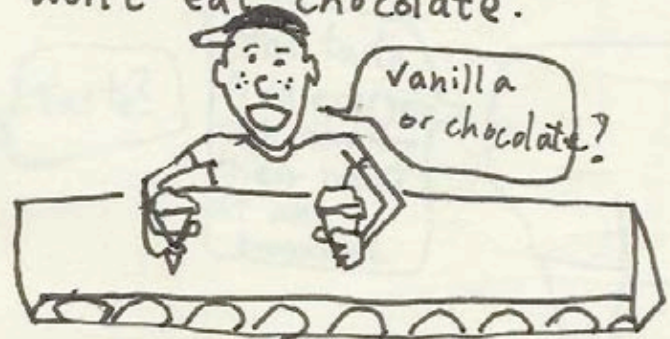
Okay. I understand that. Everyone likes different things.

What does this have to do with honesty?

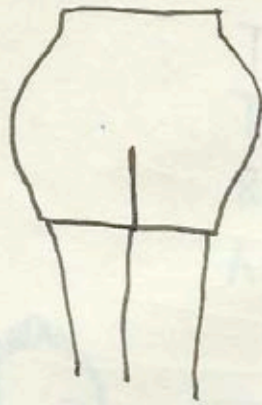
I'm glad you asked, sweetie. Now I'll tell you.
Just Listen.



An honest person is neither here nor there.
They accept that they prefer vanilla ice cream.
But this doesn't mean they won't eat chocolate.



Vanilla or chocolate?



Both
are a
possibility.

skinny or fat?
Bald or hairy?
Hungry or full?

Mmmmm.



Some people will
choose chocolate even
though they want vanilla.

Maybe, they want a change.
Who knows?

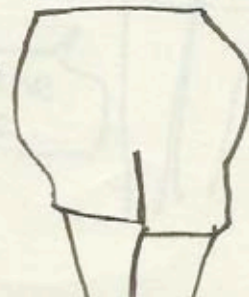
It doesn't really matter.
Neither is better than the
other.

It's just personal taste.

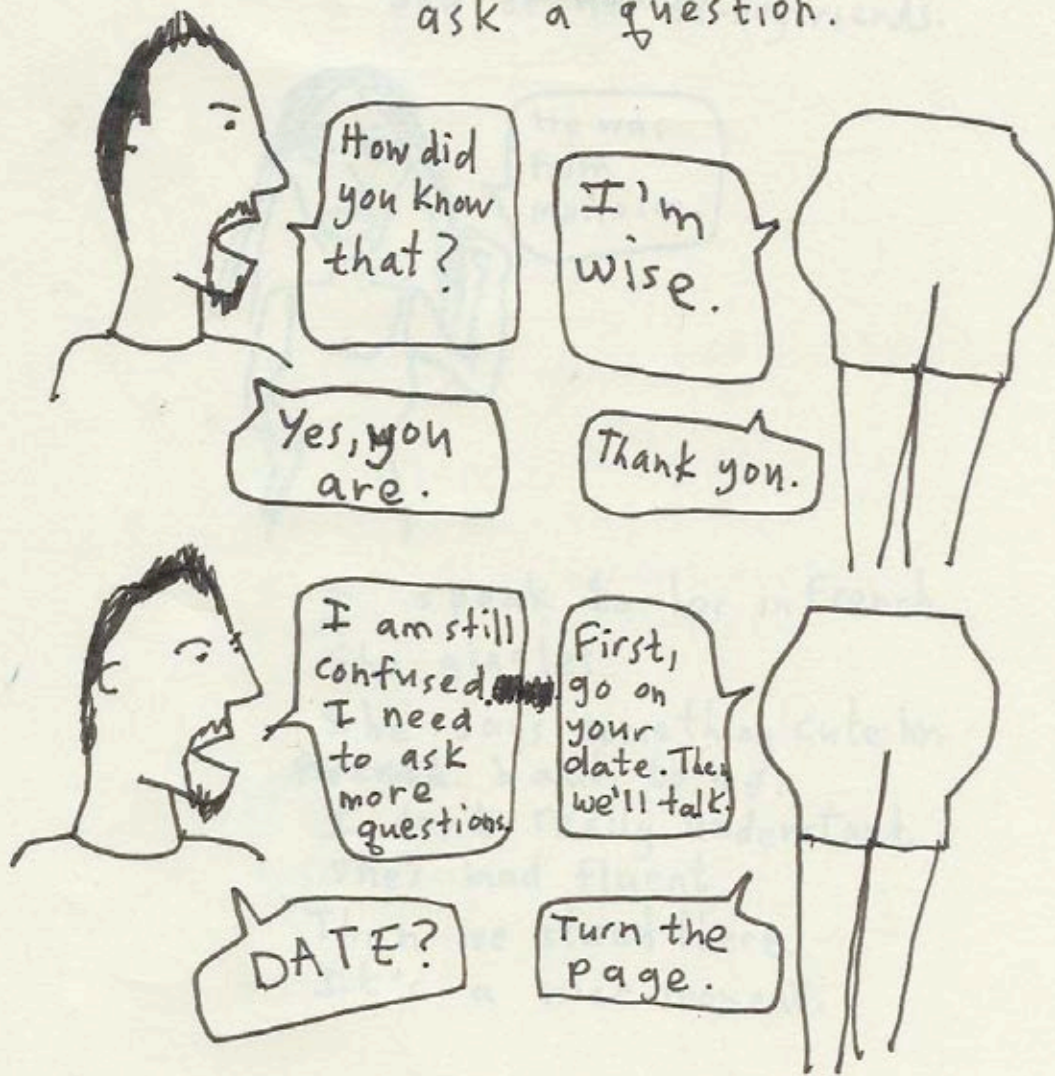


Taste?

Yes, taste.
And everyone
can change
their mind
at any
moment.



Today you like Jackson Pollock.
Tomorrow you like Picasso.
Right now you want some Ass.
And ~~will~~ now you'll
ask a question.



I am about to pay for my haircut.

There is a girl at the counter.

She tells me I look like one of her ex-boyfriends.



I speak to her in french.
She giggles.

She says something cute in french. back to me.

I don't really understand.
she's mad fluent.

Then we stand there.

It's a nice moment.

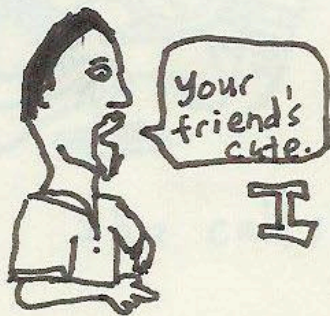


I can tell she wants my number.

I don't give it though.

I walk over to her friend.

She's getting her hair washed by my favorite hairdresser from Brooklyn.



I tell her.



She tells me.

I laugh.



Hot French girl walks up.

She messes my hair. she tells me it looks good.

I say goodbye.



I call Floyd's Barbershop as I drive home.

I tell them to give French girl my number. They do.

She calls an hour later.

She laughs.

"Hey," I say.



She pretends she doesn't know who it is.

She asks about my trip to D.C. to meet a girl I met on the internet.

She asks if it's true.

"It is," I say.

Well, after you get back from there and decide you don't like her you can go out with me.



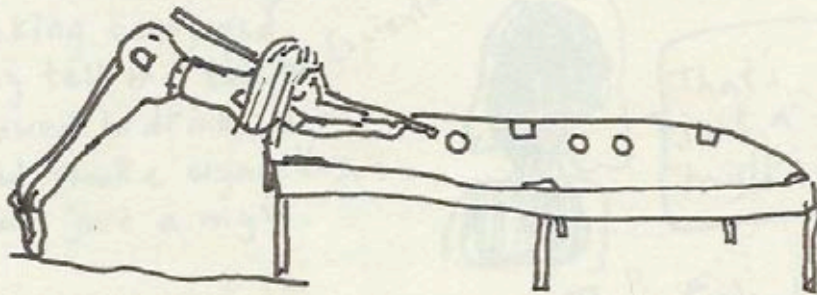
She says,

We shoot the shit some more.
I find out she has a boyfriend.
I scold her for telling me to cut things off with someone I have never met, while she is the one that needs to do the cutting.

She laughs.



We arrange to meet at
a pool hall in Hollywood.
She calls me several
times to see if I'm coming.
I walk the whole way.



She is a pretty sight.
She gives me a hug.
She offers me a beer.
I oblige.

I am no
good at
pool.

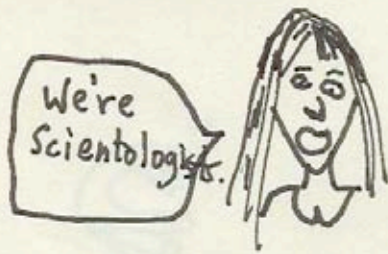


She tells me.



Just have fun
like Tom Cruise
in "The Color
of Money."

I say.



She laughs at this.
So does her friend.
Apparently, Tom Cruise
is a good friend.
They are both
Scientologists.

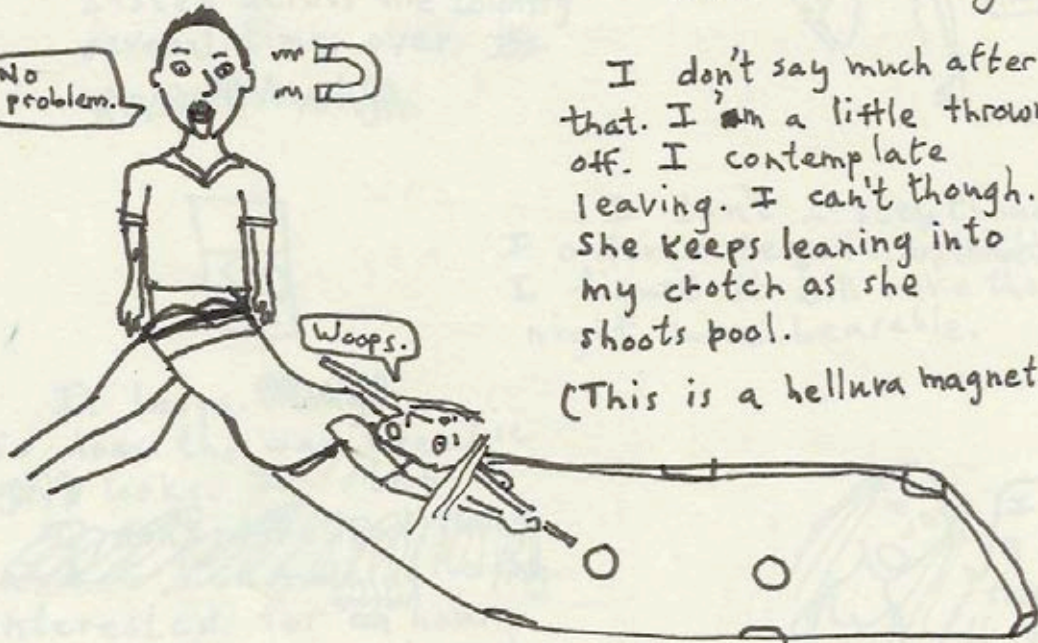
I ask why they're
drinking beer, and
they tell me they
are allowed to drink beer
and smoke cigarettes.
That's just a myth.

(scientologists)



That's
just a
myth.

Her friend says.



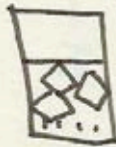
I don't say much after
that. I'm a little thrown
off. I contemplate
leaving. I can't though.
She keeps leaning into
my crotch as she
shoots pool.

(This is a helluva magnet.)



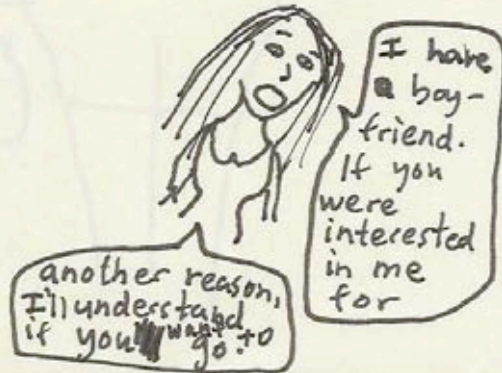
Her magnet is so strong,
I don't even flinch when she
tells me she's 19, and her
boyfriend is 50. I just
nod.
(The magnet nods with me.)

After she tells me her
life story, I realize I
have nothing to say.
She is 19. Her life story
~~consists of~~ ends after
a paragraph. ~~Sambardes~~ Mine
~~from my life~~ could
2-step across the country
several times over. ~~the~~
~~at the end of the night.~~



I don't 2-step though.
I order a tequila. ~~instead~~
I figure it will make the
night more bearable.

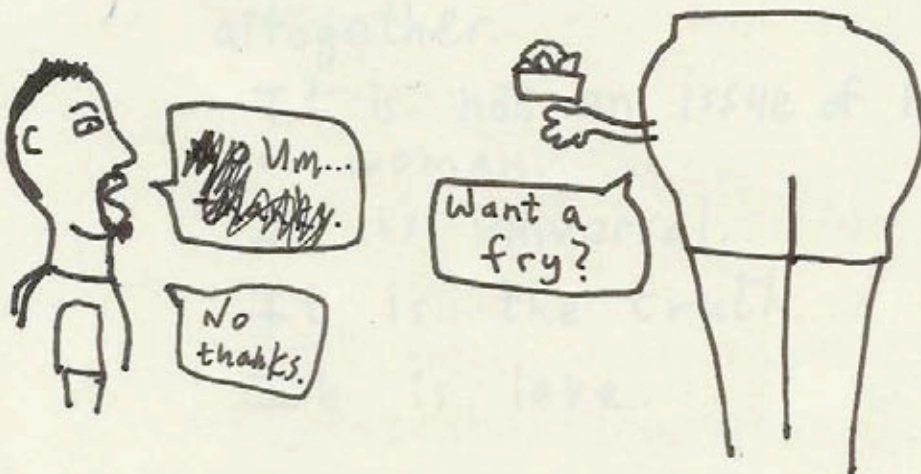
It helps. ~~at the end of the night.~~
So does the way Frenchie
girl looks. I stay
~~I don't like pool though,~~
~~and I had nothing to say.~~
interested for ^{another} hour
~~before~~ before French girl
tells me she's interested
in me as a friend.



I was interested in her for other reasons.
I thanked her for the beer and
took off.
I walked back down Hollywood.
I thought about the pyramids.

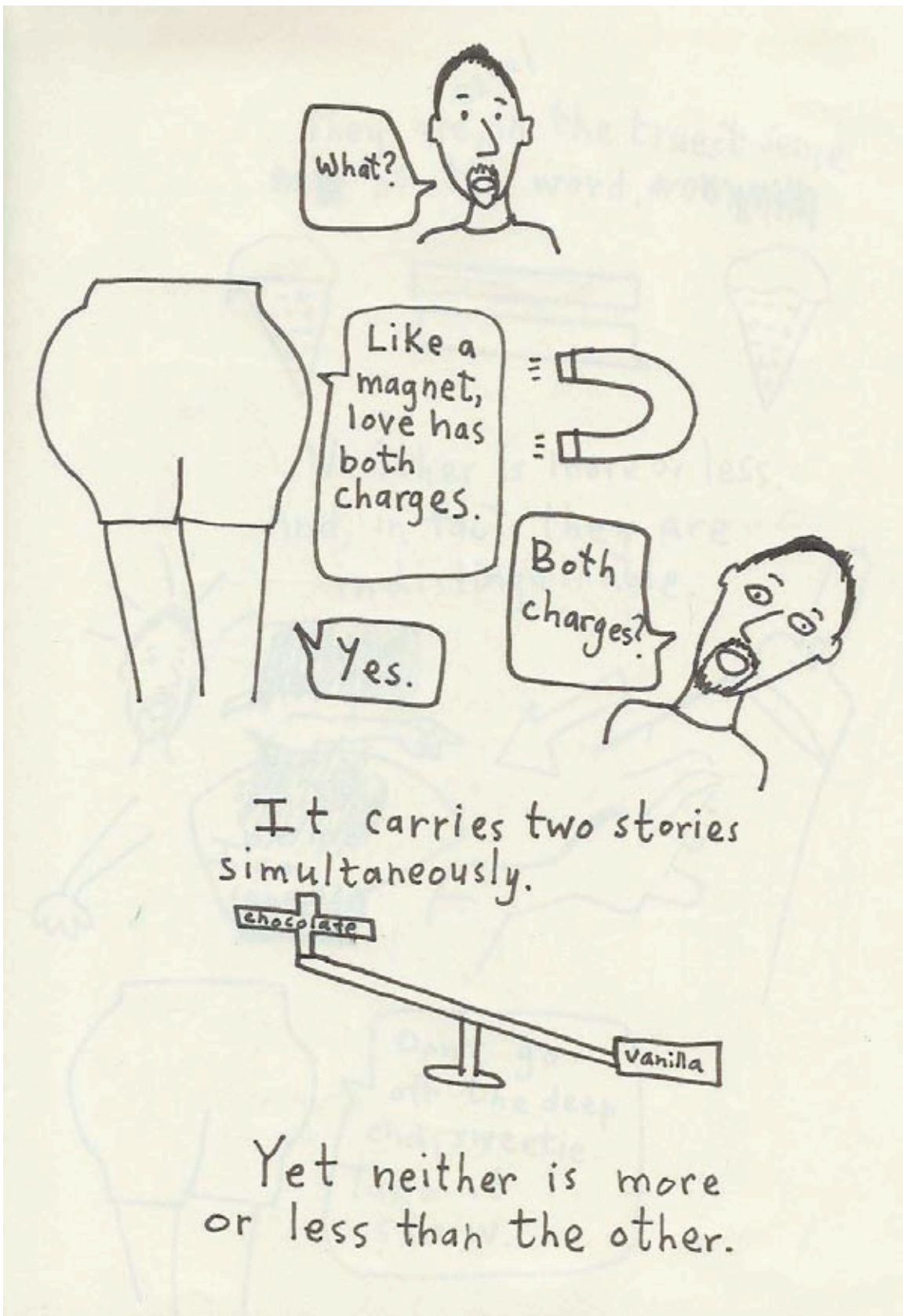


Ass met me at Tommy's Burgers.
She wanted some chili fries.
I was glad.
I had questions.



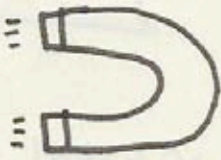


The charges are on the surface.
They are the stories.
There is something deeper though.
Another type of understanding
altogether.
It is not an issue of man
or woman.
It is universal.
It is the truth.
It is love.



What?

Like a magnet, love has both charges.

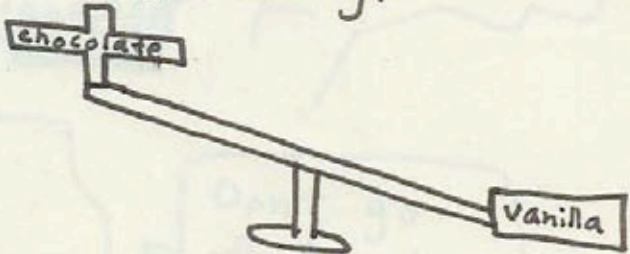


Both charges?

Yes.

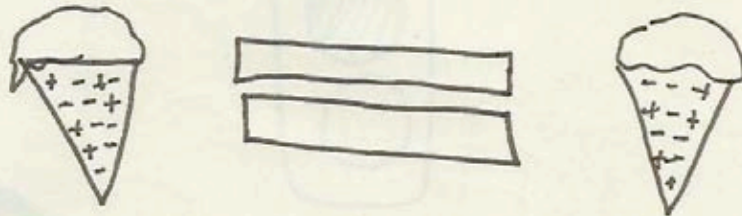
Both charges?

It carries two stories simultaneously.

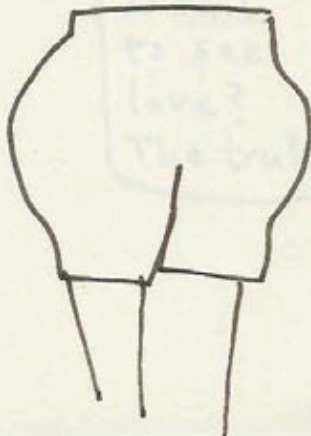
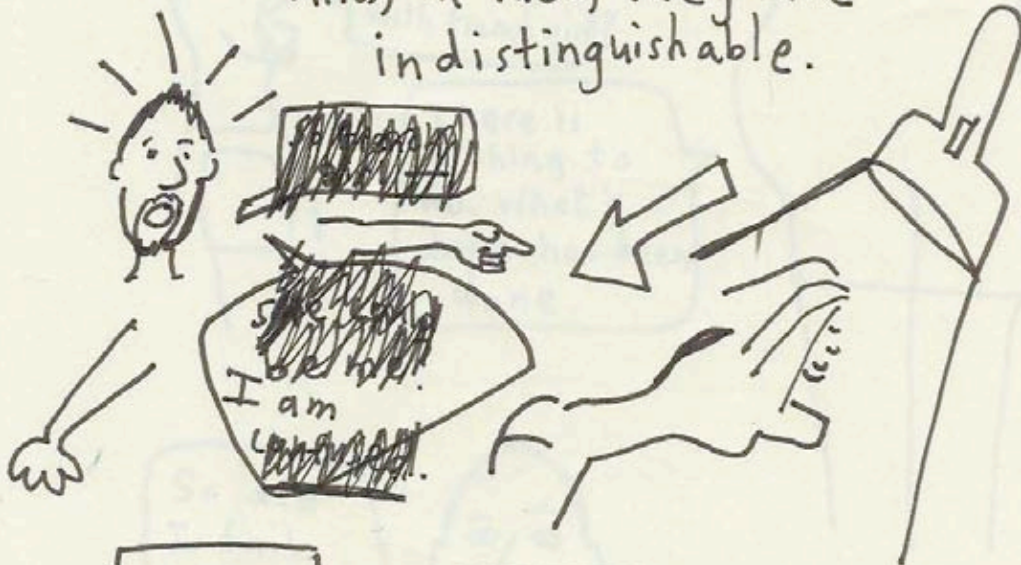


Yet neither is more or less than the other.

They are ^{equal} in the truest sense
of the word.

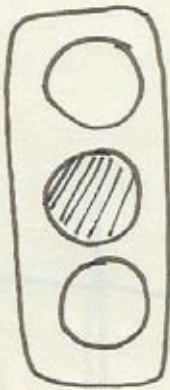


Neither is more or less.
And, in fact, they are
indistinguishable.



Don't go
off the deep
end, sweetie.
Take it
slow.

The truth is there all the time Even now

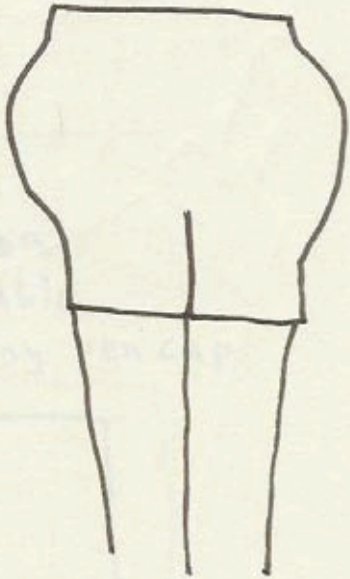


200 night in front of you



So what could I have done with french girl?

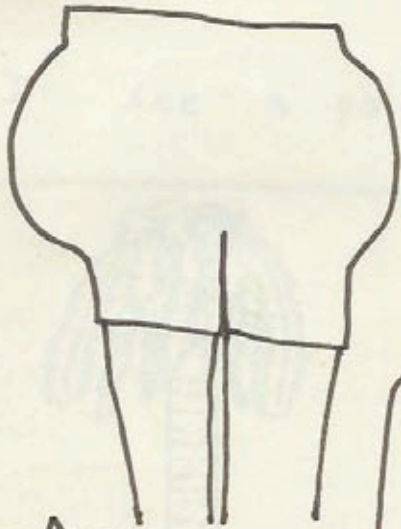
There is nothing to do. What's done has been done.



So did I fail to see love? The truth?



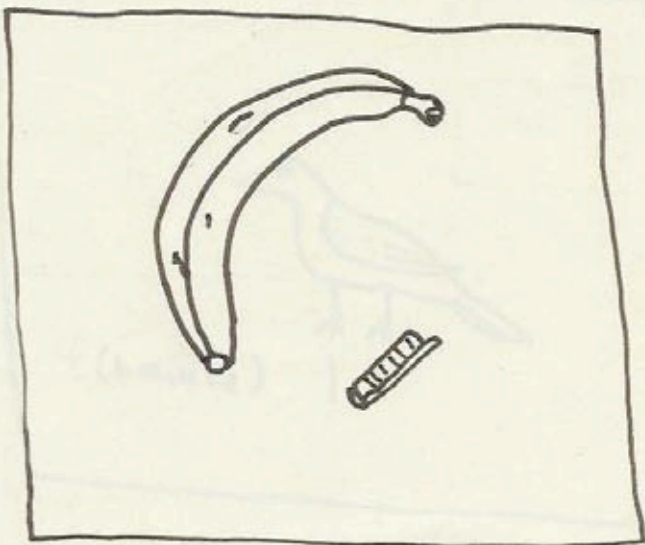
The truth is there all the time. Even now.



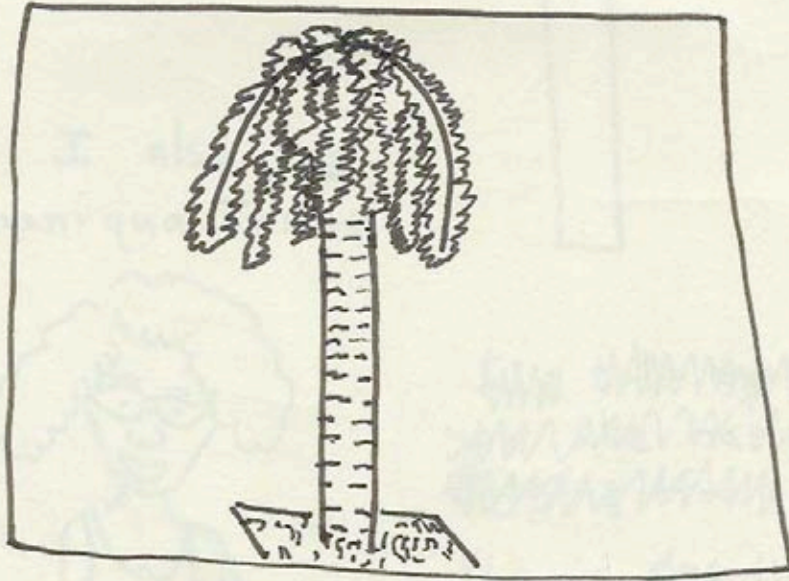
It's right in front of you.

What do you see?

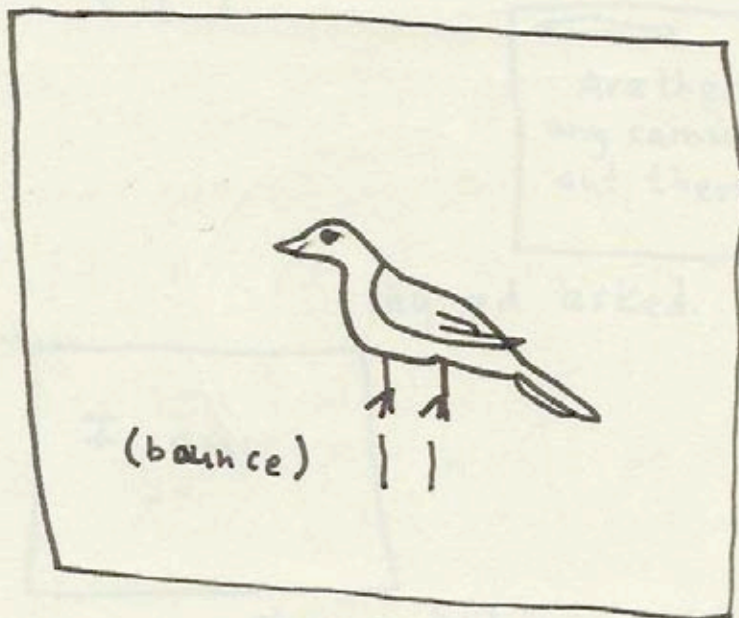
I see a banana.
It is on the table.
It is next to my pen cap.



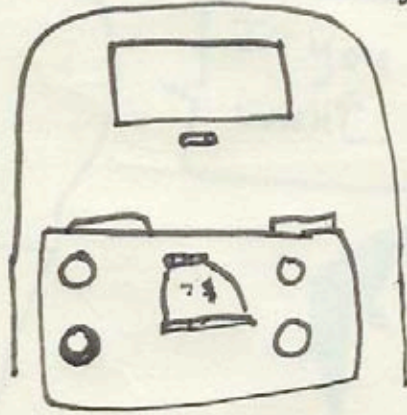
I see a palm tree.



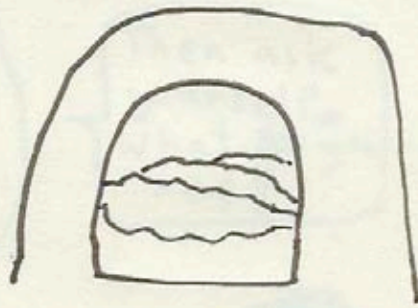
I see a finch.
It is bouncing around.



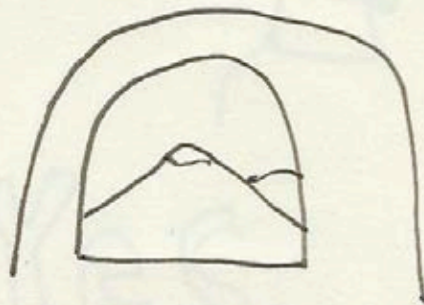
I see a bag of peanuts.



I see clouds.



I see mountains.



I see the Washington monument.



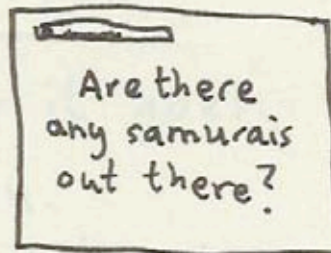
I also see Shaniqua Jones.



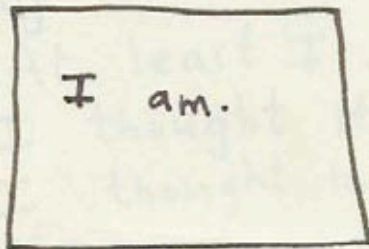
~~I see the Washington monument
you see the Washington monument
Shaniqua Jones~~

She is ~~the~~ the girl I met on the Internet.

She was the only one who answered the ad.



my ad asked.



she replied.

We talked on the internet
for a while.

Sometimes it was language
games.

Sometimes it was talking
dirty.

U is tasty.

I'll suck
you, yo!

I dig U.

come
here
now.

I want to
eat you.

You know how it goes.

We were smitten.

We decided to meet on Memorial
Day.

At least I did.

I thought it would be romantic.

I thought maybe she was my

Neo.

My one and only, you know?

I wasn't ready though.
She kept pushing the issue.
She wanted to come visit me
in L.A.
She wanted it to be more than
a weekend.



She called me out on my
evasion.





Then she said it.

I love you.

My reaction was fear.

Whoah!



I said.

I guess I couldn't handle it.

I guess for as much as I
was ready for love I wasn't.

I don't know.

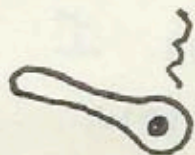
I couldn't figure it out.

I was open.

I tried to be open.

There were things though.

They kept pulling me closed.



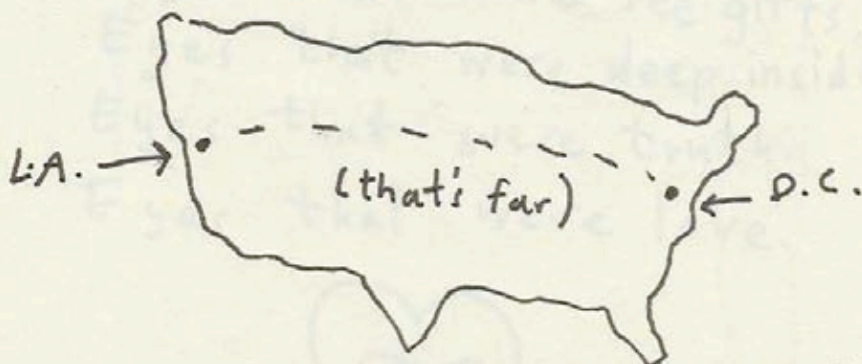
She smoked marijuana.

She was emotional.

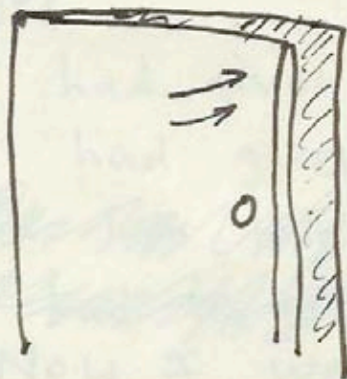
It's too hot.
I have to
go.



she lived far away.



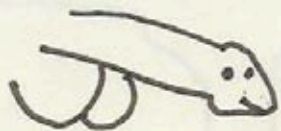
Would it be worth it?
Could I handle it?
Did I want it?



slowly, I saw
the door shutting.

I was closed.

I realized it then.
I was looking with the wrong
eyes.



There were other
eyes.

Eyes that could see gifts.
Eyes that were deep inside me.
Eyes that were truth.
Eyes that were love.



I hadn't looked with these
eyes.

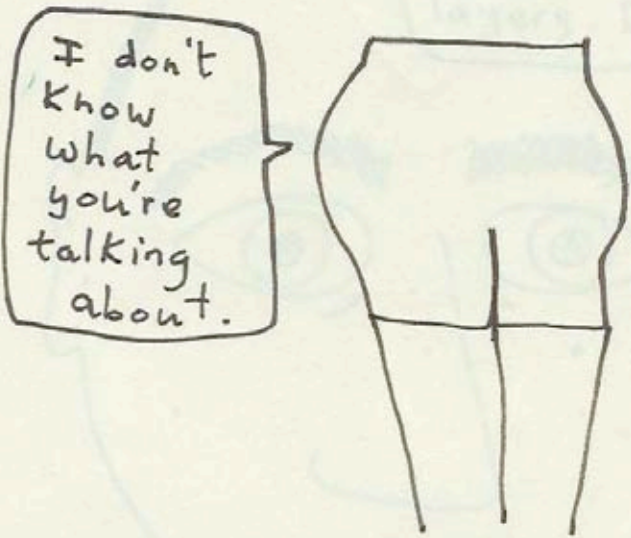
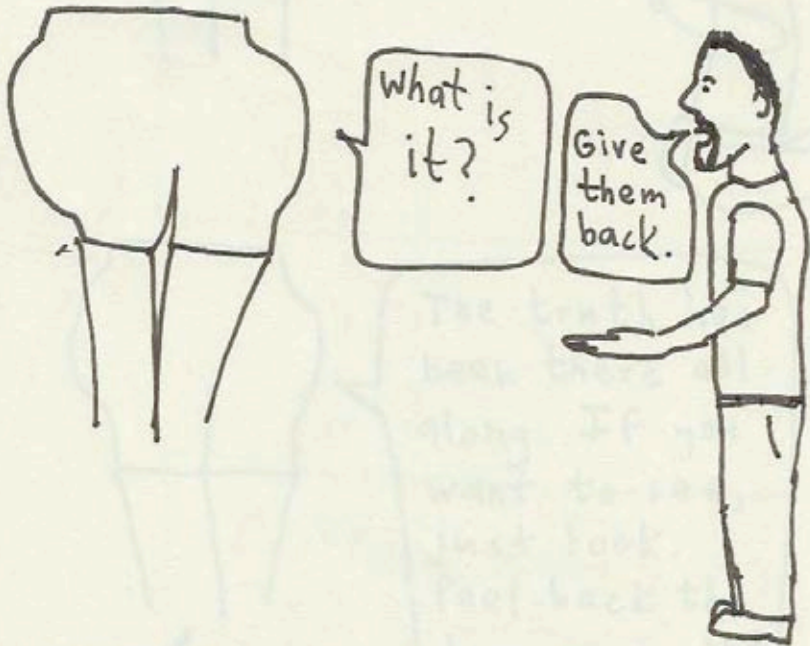
I had given them away.

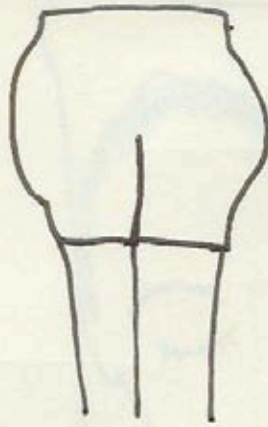
I had given them to Nicole.

~~I had given them to Nicole.~~

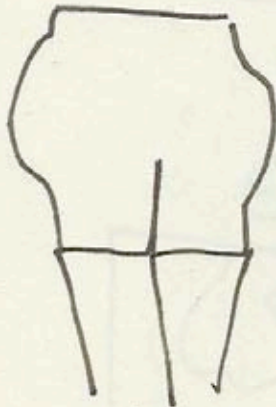
~~I had given them to Nicole.~~

Now I was a blind samurai.

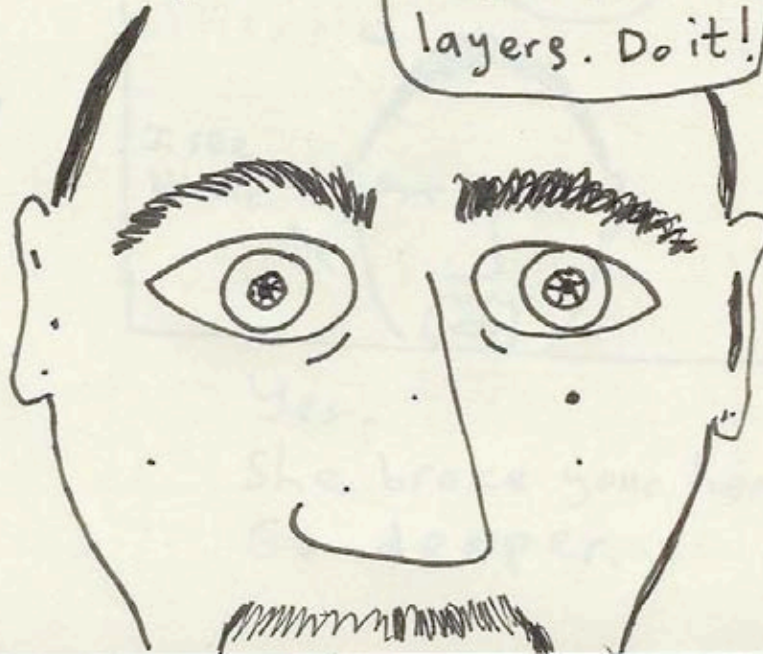


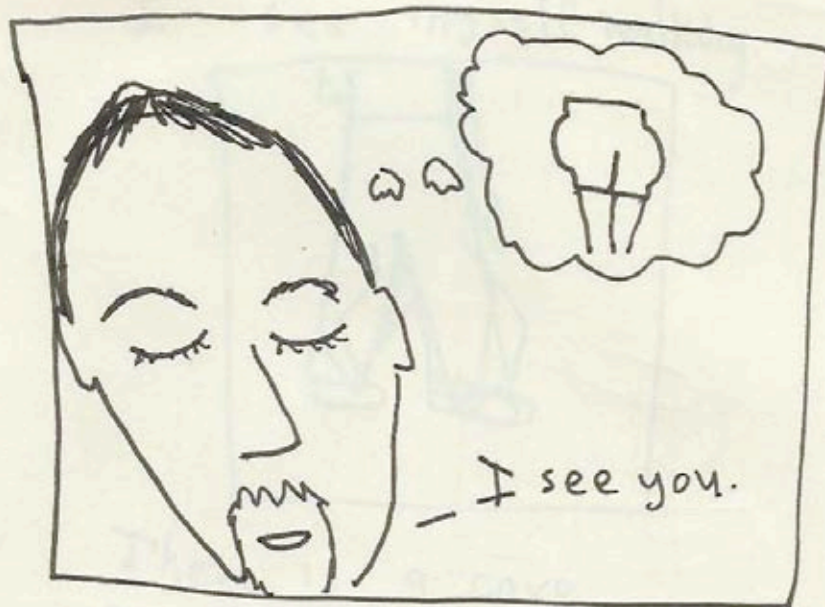


Please help me. Please. I want to see the truth.

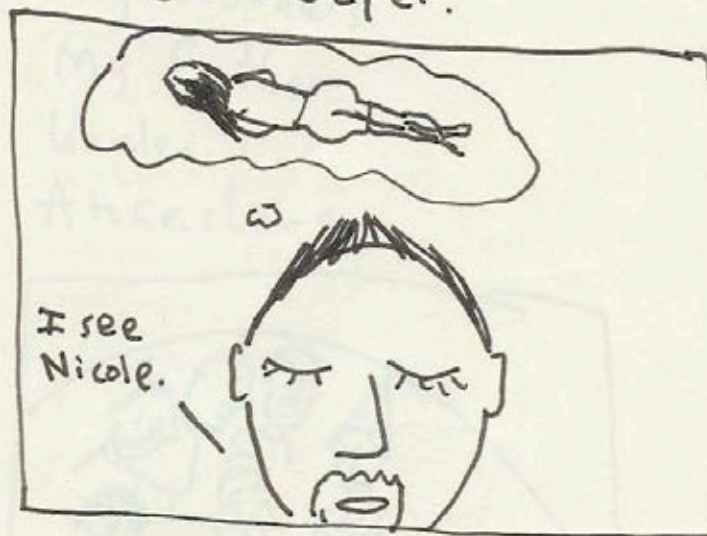


The truth has been there all along. If you want to see, just look. Peel back the layers. Do it!





Yes.
Go deeper.

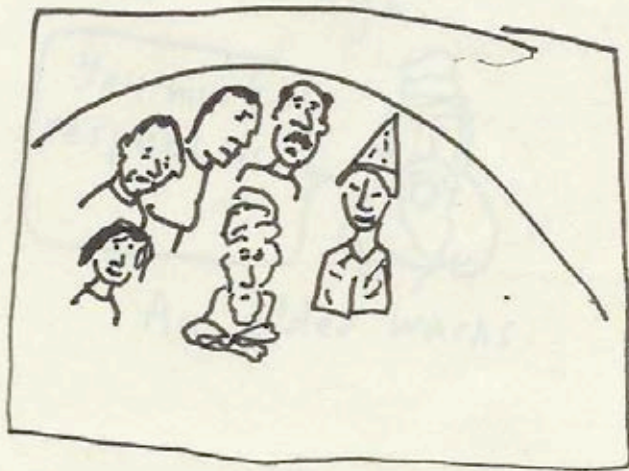


Yes.
She broke your heart.
Go deeper.

I see myself walking.



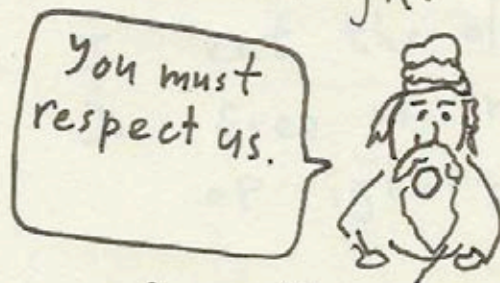
There is a cave.
I walk inside.
There are men all around me.
My brothers.
My father.
Uncles.
Ancestors.



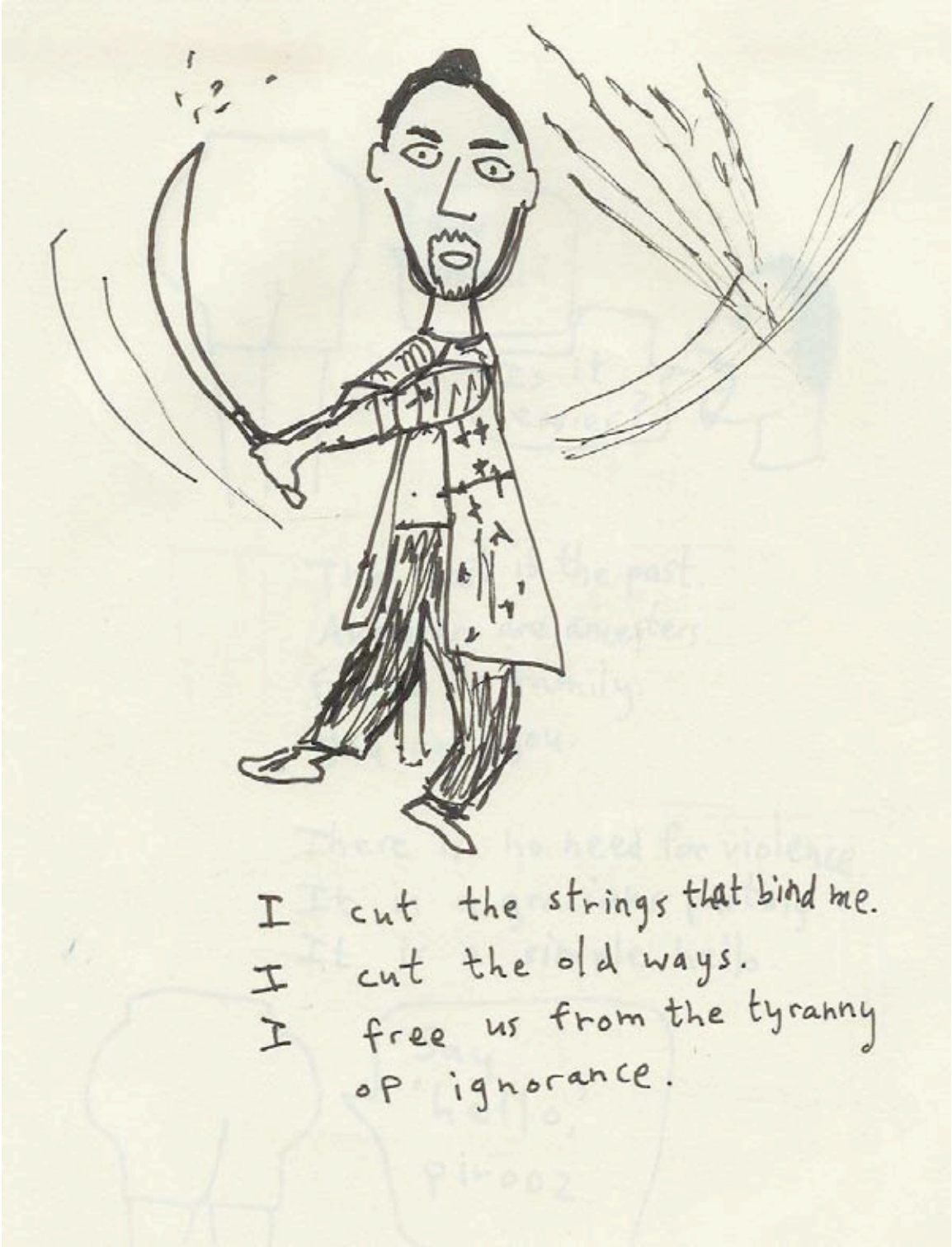
They are hungry.
They talk of killing a lamb.
They talk about women.



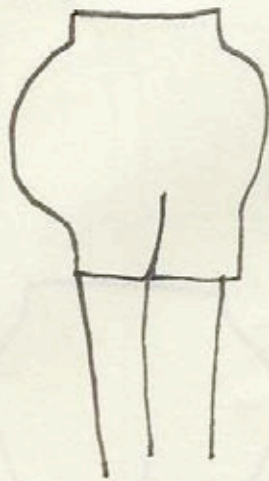
I hold up my hand.
I laugh.



An elder warns.



I cut the strings that bind me.
I cut the old ways.
I free us from the tyranny
of ignorance.



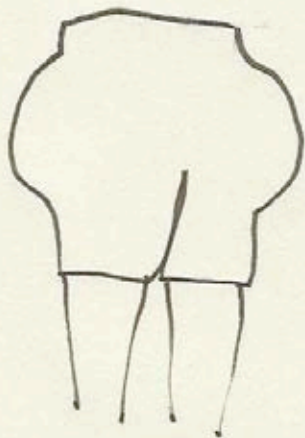
How violent?

Is it easier?

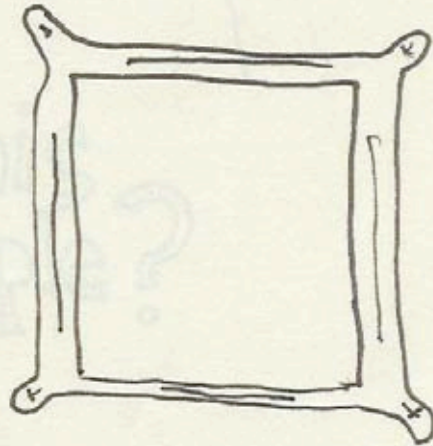
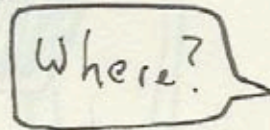
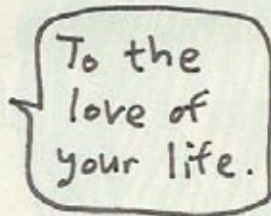
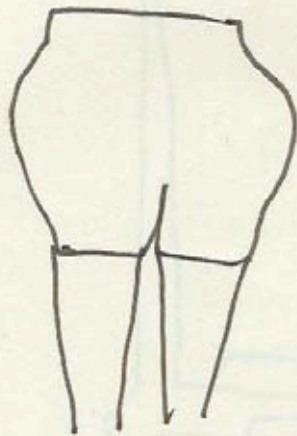


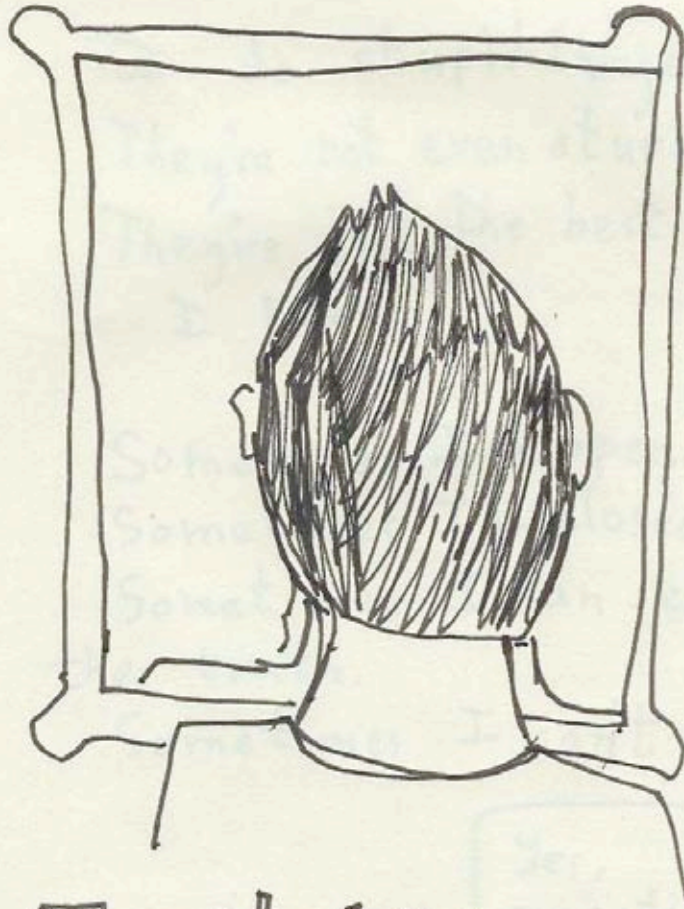
The past is the past.
Ancesters are ancestors.
Family is family.
You are you.

There is no need for violence.
It is a gracious parting.
It is a simple hello.



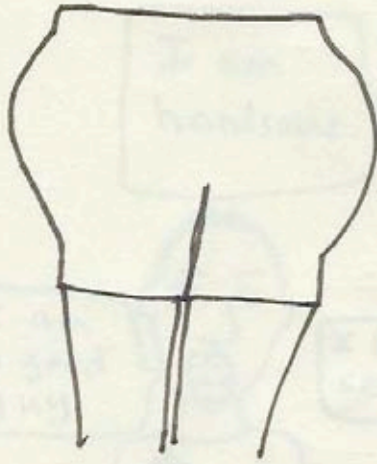
Say
'hello,'
pitooz.





Is it this
Simple?

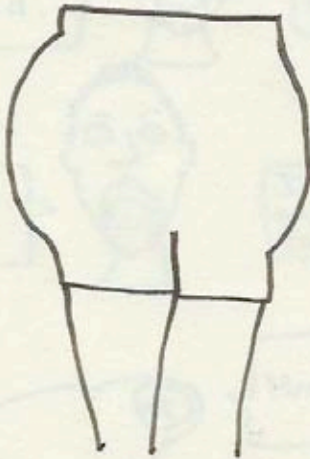
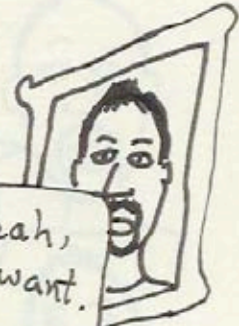
It's just me.



If you want.



Yeah, I want.



Then ask yourself what ~~you~~ you see!



I see me.

Yes.

I do stupid things for me.
They're not even stupid.
They're just the best that
I know.

Sometimes I'm open.
Sometimes I'm closed.
Sometimes I can see
the truth.
Sometimes I can't.

Yes,
sweetie.

There is
no one else
in the picture.

It's just me.

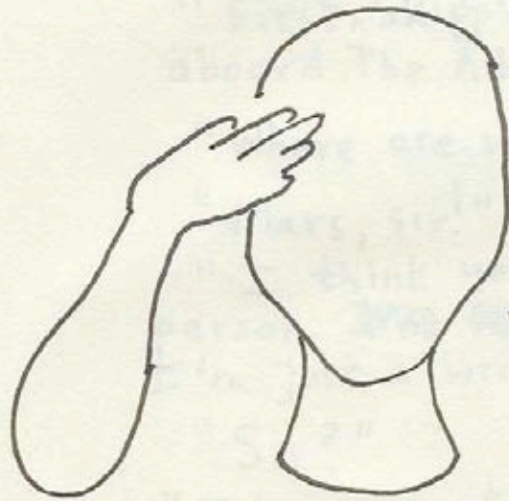
Just
you.

And all I have
are words. Can't
I get away
from words? Can't
I shatter the mirror?

Oh, Pirooz,
all this pushing.
You can't leave
this skin. You
can't break
that body.

I want out.
I'm ready. I
want to get away
from words altogether.
I am ready.

I am ready
for the
journey.



Everything
is ready,
Sir.

Who are
you? Where
am I?

"First ^{mate} Skippins, Sir. We are aboard The Albatross."

"Where are we going?"

"Mars, sir!"

"I think you got the wrong person. ~~I'm a writer. I'm a writer.~~
I'm just a writer."

"Sir?"

"I'm a writer. I don't know anything about Mars. I need to get home."

"We'll be there soon, sir?"

"Where?"

"Home, sir?"

"Home?"

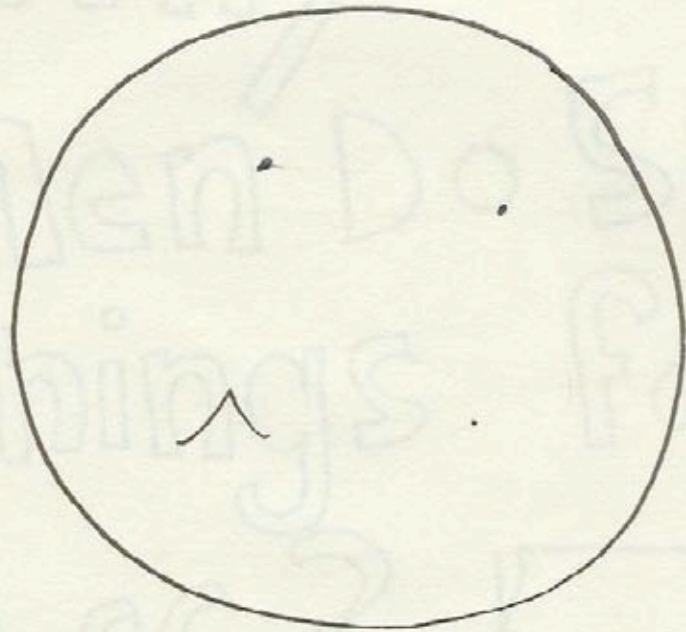
"Yes, sir!"

"And where is that?"

"Just like you said, Sir."

"Where?"

"Right around the corner."



About the Author

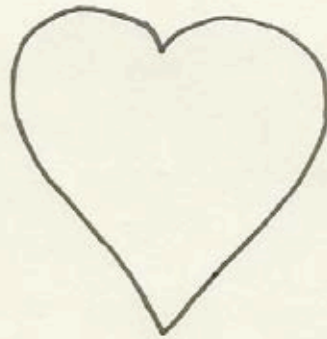
I was always curious about authors after I read a book. Who are they? What do they look like? Sometimes I even wanted to call them up. I wanted to shoot the shoot. I wanted to ask questions.

Sometimes I just wanted a little bit more to read. Sometimes I was pissed that a book ended too soon, or that I would have to wait another year before the new one came out.

I am glad I felt that way. It meant the book was special for me. It meant my senses were activated. It meant that I could go out and do something with that. ~~z~~

I could go out with friends. I could draw a picture. I could make a movie. I could talk to my dad. I could go out with my high school sweetheart. I could do so many things.

Because the door was
suddenly open.



(Hopefully, this is enough for
you to feel satiated. I know ^{it} ~~the~~ ^{the author} ~~what~~ ^{like}
didn't tell you much about ^{the author} ~~what~~ ^{like}
~~author~~ ^{other} pages do. But this
isn't your typical book, so why
would this page be any different?
Besides, there isn't much you
need to know about me. I'm just
like you. Trust me. Go out
and live your life. Go out
and witness your magic. Go out
and share your truth with others.)

