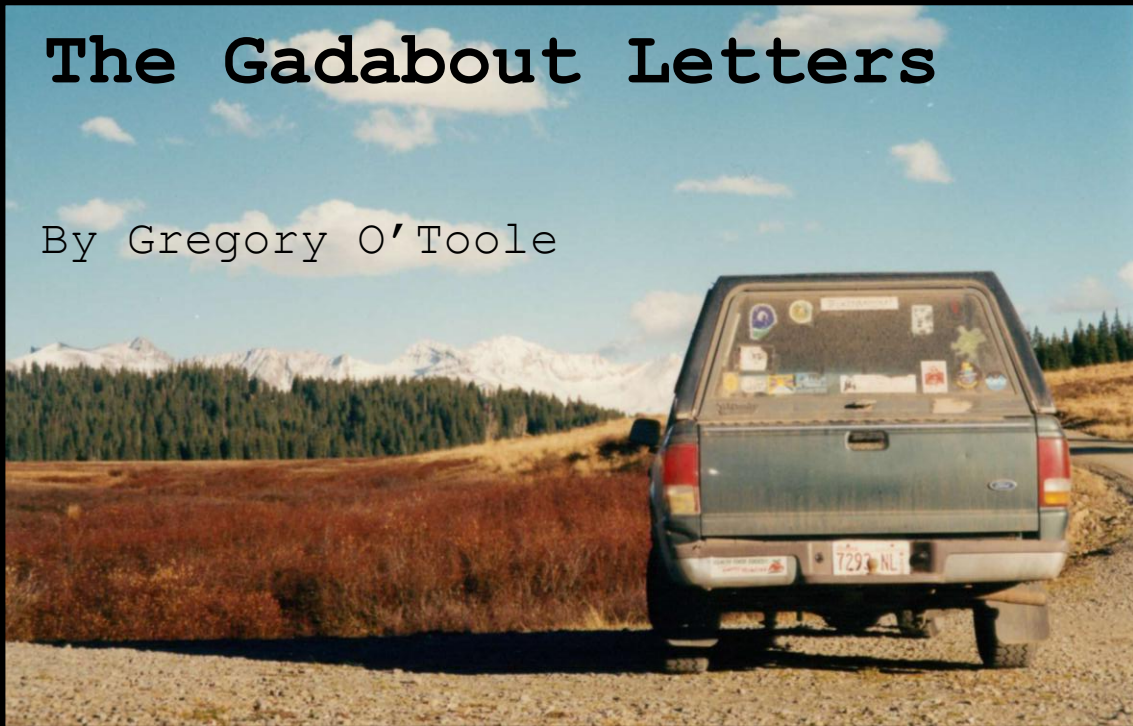
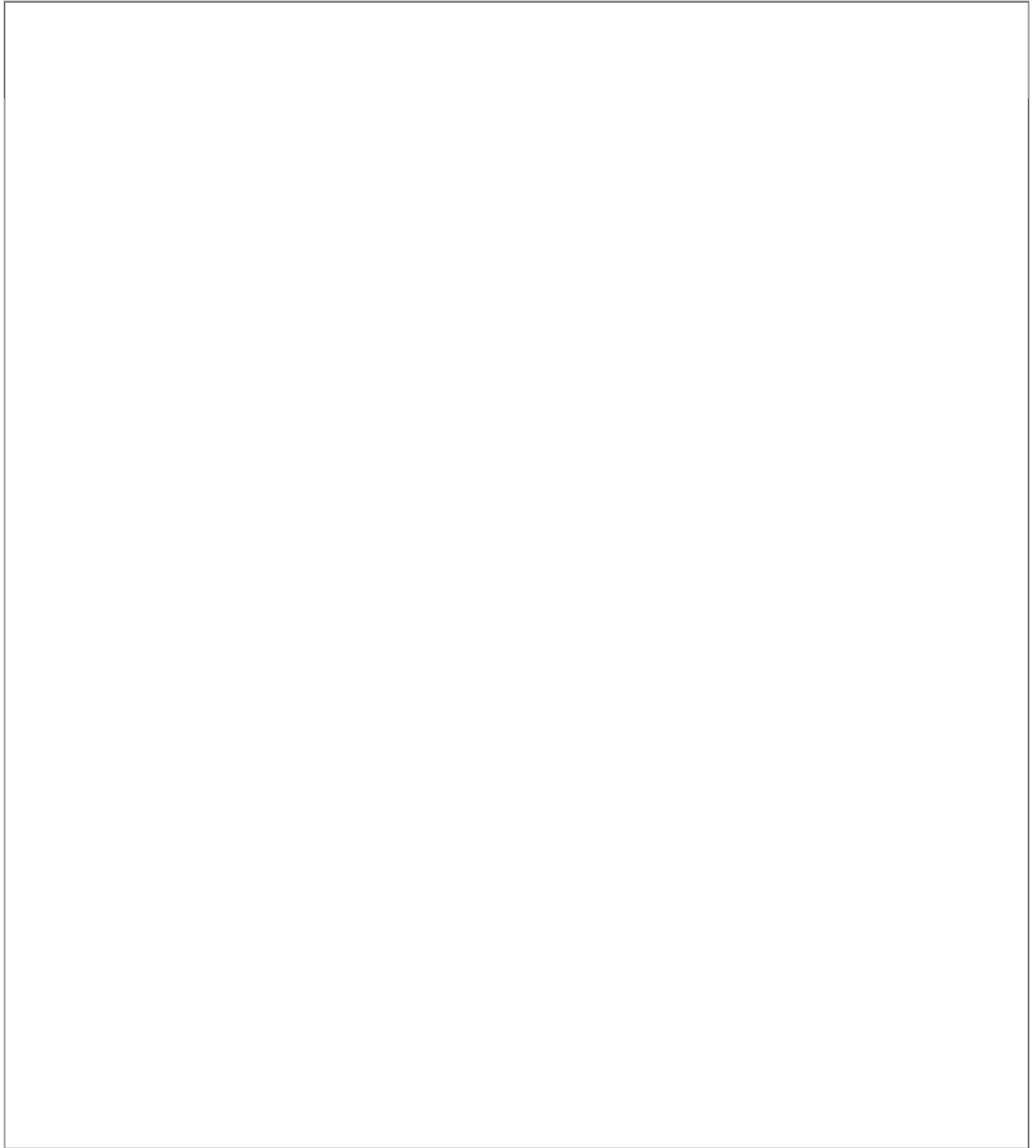


The Gadabout Letters

By Gregory O'Toole





TECHNO-PRODUCTION NOTE TO THE READER

Dear Beloved Reader of *The Gadabout Letters*,

Welcome to the technocratically corrected, gonzo-liberated world of *The Metaphorm Technodysseys*, where the only real way to write a story was devised long ago by writers far more skillful (and boozed-up) than I, and is now augmented and broadcast to you, the reader, by means not limited to my love child, *Radio-QMX*, the virtual broadcast headquarters of *The Quantumedia Experiment*.

This manuscript for *The Gadabout Letters* is generated on-the-fly, as the saying goes, by a single media documentary component of *Radio-QMX* called *The Graphagromaniac Blog*. For this reason, you are getting a temporal version of the whole story. In other words, the manuscript is updated almost daily with new anecdotes added whenever I, the author, see fit and feel ready to do so.

For more explanations, and the updated manuscript, please visit the web site below at your liesure, for, as a great man once said, "*What is life if not a constant effort toward the honest manifestation of our wildest dreams and visions?*" (Chet Voulliard to Noah Dempsey, *October New Mexico*).

Enjoy,

Gregory O'Toole
South Denver 2005

<http://www.otoole.info>

Big world. Now go.

THE GADABOUT LETTERS

Highway Insights & Life-like Correspondence from the Interstellar Roadside Prophet

Gregory O'Toole

This book is part of a collection of literary works by Gregory O'Toole entitled
"The Freeway Chronicles, *The Quantumedia Diaries Documenting the Ongoing Adventures of
the Interstellar Roadside Prophet*"

Number Nine Arts & Books
Denver © 2005

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Number Nine Arts & Books Denver © 2005 ISBN 0-9711125-5-X

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For Richard Brautigan, and
Trout Fishing in America.

Technomadology

I have been teaching Digital Media / Visual Communication online for a while now, and I've made the leap, cast myself from the stable shores of physicality, of walking into and sustaining day after day in the cubicle, for entirely engulfing myself and my professional, academic, creative world into that of the virtual.

I call it "Technomadology," the study of a contemporary nomadic life purely based on and made possible by the advent of certain communication media technologies...

Visit A new blog to take down and pass around to your friends -- <http://www.gregory-otoole.com>

Your pal,

Technodysseus

74th Parrallel 26 May 2007

www.american-idolization.tv

===== **AMERICAN IDOLIZATION =**
DETOURNEMENTAL ILLNESS

www.american-idolization.tv i"d ol"i"za"tion, noun. Detournemental illness and the spectacle. verb (used with object) 1. to regard with blind adoration, devotion, etc. 2. to worship as a god.

A satire on the messages of mass media today and their intended consequences across our fast-paced, instamatic culture. If New York Times Bestseller Dr. Peter C. Whybrow's title "American Mania" had a companion visual and experiential art exhibit this would be it

November 8 - December 20, 2007

Cochenour Gallery - Georgetown College

Georgetown, Kentucky, USA

Gallery Hours: Mon-Thurs 7:45 a.m. - Midnight; Fri 7:45 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.; Sat 8:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.; Sun 1:00 p.m. - Midnight

Exhibition Cross-Media Podcast:

<http://www.gregory-otoole.com/american-idolization/podcast.xml>

Gallery Curator: Karen Gillenwater Karen_gillenwater@georgetowncollege.edu

Artist Contact: Gregory OToole gotoole@du.edu

=====

Cross-up digital media, video, still photography, iconic image LCD projection, surveillance video, speech recognition software, mixed media on wood collage, experimental and mixed audio format digirati social propaganda -- sometimes machine is the only thing that keeps you from writing right through the wall

WARNING: DETOURNEMENTAL ILLNESS is contagious in its effects of de-narrowizing minds everywhere.

Official site, please visit: <http://www.american-idolization.tv>

-- Gregory OToole, M.A.

Capitol Hill Ghetto Update

1. So last night I was running around 9:30 pm, started at 14th, ran down to 1st, turned around the block and ran back up to 13th. On about 12th, I saw some backed up cars on the cross street, and heard a lot of honking horns, and one male voice in particular yelling his head off. So I get closer, round the corner and see this station wagon stop in front of a wiry man wearing a soiled "wife beater" tshirt, walking out into traffic and waiving his hands in the air. This was the yelling guy. So I see him go around to the passenger side window of the stopped station wagon. It seems he maybe knows the driver, but I could tell something wasn't right. All of a sudden the yelling man leans in and I see his feet disappear into the station wagon, diving-in style, the car rolls forward about two feet, lurches, and slams on the breaks. The driver gets out, waves over the guy who's stopped behind him, and starts yanking at the screaming perpetrator who'd dove into his car through the drivers side door. When the other guy gets there, they're both pulling on this still-screaming slime of an individual. Finally, they drag the dirtbag out of the station wagon, and pull him across the street, and drop him on the curb where he laid, rolling around, and hollering, until about six police cars and two ambulances showed up. The station wagon guy and his helper drove off like it was no big deal.

2. This morning I went to the post office to stand in line for a while. Some haggard, scantily dressed woman behind me came up and tried to pick up a piece of scummy paper that was stuck to the floor. Clearly it was some inch-long piece of garbage that had probably been stuck to the floor for years. She got all mad when she couldn't peel it up. Then she went over to the counter and started brushing imaginary dirt or dust from the top of it with her mail. She worked at this for about five minutes, getting in people's way, etc. Then she got back in line and pretended to drop her envelope (and, honestly, she acted as if she hadn't noticed she dropped this no. 10 size piece of mail from her own hand). The guy behind her, for some ungodly reason, went for the bait and said "you dropped your envelope". She said "oh, thank you", picked it up and then started talking to him like she was going to pick him up or something. The whole place makes me want to vomit. (except to pick up the rest of my stuff later on) I won't ever go back to Capitol Hill again.

The place is a shit hole.

Denver 06 July 2005

Like a kid

This is a day I feel like doing no work. I've been in Rocky Mountain National Park and Lafayette for five days and I feel like doing no work. I got back to Denver yesterday and I was depressed a little bit, like having house guests for a week, and then all of a sudden, they're gone. It was windy in Denver and the neighborhood isn't too safe anyway, so that just added to the mess.

I have two cuts on my right hand so I'm wearing two bandaids there. I haven't worn bandaids since I was a little kid. Sleeping in the national park and watching the huge moose elk stick his head into my campfire where I poured out the boiling hamburger water from ten feet away made me feel like a kid, too. I bet kids often don't feel like doing work either. So, that's what I'm like today: a kid.

Denver, Unfortunately 13 June 2005

Friday Night Chess

Carey and I went up camping around Buena Vista on Friday. We got snowed on and rained on, and her feet were cold in the mummy bag until I wrapped them in a fleece blanket after two flashlight chess matches inside the late night tent.

But, earlier, when we'd just gotten the fire really going bright and warm and blowing around the metal pit, I told her, somewhat spontaneously, that I never have meet anyone like her in my life, and that, for a hundred different reasons, I wanted to marry her. And so I started out boldly--on the longest question I've ever asked, chest pounding, foot tapping--in a roundabout, lengthy, explaining-my-genuine-heart-to-her-kind-of-way, and said this: *Will you marry me?*

She said yes.

The ring is sterling silver with inlaid, milky blue opal. And with it on her, she's the most beautiful person I've ever seen. (Her *without* the ring on is the *second* most beautiful person I've ever seen.)

A day later, walking around town in Boulder, I found this etched into an alley wall and wrote it into the notebook: "As the opal changes its color and its fire to match the nature of a day, so do I." Henry David Thoreau

Sometimes, even the cosmos seem to be right where they should.

Denver 08 June 2005

Last night in celebration

The celebration last night, in light of my new-found, rediscovered freedom, was a smashing success, harrowing and drinking around lower downtown denver. We started at the pub sing-sing, with dueling piano compositions that was simply piped out to their audience at a much much to high level. Later, sitting atop the Soiled Dove, we could see clear to Kansas, and talked about some runaround brazilian chick, and the differences of the Denver neighborhoods. The evening went sour fast, though, when I was nearly home and ran into a mob forming three blocks from my place. A white cop had allegedly shot a black man for pulling a gun first. Whatever the truth was here, the angry crowd on the corner only saught revenge. Some trashy looking white guy offered me some drugs because, in his world, I looked like I wanted some, I guess. I told him no, and hurried on before Colfax turned into Watts, and me and the drug dealer became public enemy number one.

I just cant win with housing in Denver.

University of Denver 25 May 2005

Finally. Damn.

As of 12:29 pm this afternoon, after a long and arduous, 2.5 hour final project defense with three faculty and two half-present colleagues, I've progressed two-fold. The first, and most obvious of these progressions, is the completion of the M.A. degree which I will not hang on the office wall just yet as it is not in my grasp (university attempts to foil the rebellious plans of any feverishly bitter or hyperactive graduate to streak across the commencement ceremony stage, etc.), but will use it in preparation and entrance report for an upcoming PhD. Second, and no less important in the realm of the ongoing publishing empire, is the inception of what I now refer to as the Shakori Rambler Quantumedia Research Library and its soon-available archive vault. Perhaps we should build up a nice world wide web page to get the stacked works (poems, songs, stories, photographs, paintings, theories, academic papers, drunken letters, campground transcripts, etc.) out to the world.

Im not sure exactly how it will go, but for right now, I am definitely sure that I am going down to the pub sing-sing, next door to Fado, for twenty-five cent pints, to revel in the recent victories, and drink myself silly.

Onward!

gto, M.A.

Letter to the Shakori Rambler Founders 24 May 2005

Tuesday

in Denver, i now live about a block away from the irish snug on Colfax. ill be there officially full time end of May. for now i have moved many things over there from the old apartment on campus, but my bed and internet connection are still over there. ive just been very busy and the leases overlap by one month so no rush.

Ive been out of the country since last week. right now im typing this from a very strangely laid out keyboard en La Isla Mujeres, Quintana Roo, Mexico in the Mayan Carribean, of course, writing, documenting everything, and doing research on the access digital divide. We decided yesterday while floating in the aqua water, that once the PhDs and teaching tenurships are in the works, coming down here to paint, write, etc for two months of the year is the way god made life to be. its cheap to live very comfortably, and the sun all day makes the greatest shadows ive ever seen outside of central New Mexico, USA.

i sat meditation in the sand as the sun set into the ocean a short while ago, and now im just kicking around down here in the narrow stone streets of town, hearing the sidewalk musicians play whistle and nylon string guitars, smelling food all around, being heckled by every vendador en la Isla. we decided to found a moped gang and call it the Starfish Liberation Front in light of the small starfish Carey's friend, Payton, bought from a little girl last night at happy hour for 40 pesos. the sea crustation was very obviously still alive, and someone then paid her ten pesos to throw it back into the ocean. i dont know if that happened, but i thought it was a brilliant idea at least, hence, the birth of a new street clan with a diesel powered, but green, moral mission.

thats all for now. more later.

Quintana Roo, Mexico 10 May 2005

Off To Tulum

Enjoy the American crowds, boys, Im off to La Isla Mujeres in T minus 18 hours. The stack of pesos in my pocket is obnoxious. If I don't come back, you can have my apartment in Capital Hill, and tell the DMS dept that my thesis is in the bag. I'll be posting photos and blog entries from the beach, proper connection allowing, so stay in touch through the Technodysseys. I'll have some Geospacial Locations going on shortly as well. Dios amio. Adios.

DENVER 05 May 2005

Sunday

Well, the flight in was easy, as they go. ATA seems ok in the late plane realm. We met Dad after I tried to sleep off a mini hangover on the first flight (to no avail). He met us near baggage claim and then we left the airport to get some TGI Friday's. There was a delay (15 min) flying out of midway, and some queezy turbulence on the way down to Denver, but that was it as far as being in the air. When we landed, though, it was a whole other situation. We sat on the tarmac, listening to the jackass pilot say things like "we need to wait a few more moments for the snow plows, I don't want to get stuck..." for an hour. I kept thinking how heavy the plane must be, and wondered how it could possibly get stuck in 7 inches of snow. Plus, the pilot loved to hear himself talk over the PA, which just made matters much worse. The fkr wouldn't shut up, often. Then we had to wait "a few more moments" for the jet bridge thing to de-ice or some sh*t. Who knows. By then the talky, sauced bum across the isle was close to having himself shot or stabbed by someone I am sure.

Finally, we got off the plane. There were about 5 other people (playing cards or sleeping) in the entire Denver airport. All of the bags from our flight came out the assembly line, but no one was there to claim them. It was weird. I made sure the talky, sauced bum wasn't going to follow the two old ladies he'd latched on to out to their car or something, and we left.

The only way we found the truck out there in long-term parking was to use the panic button on the remote keychain. I worried for a minute. The snow was coming down, the parking lot was covered with about a foot of powder by now, and it is very difficult to locate even your own vehicle when all you see are thousands of giant snow balls lined up in many, many, many rows. It was near dark as well, making me even more nervous. But, only after walking two or three rows in the general vicinity, me carrying the bags, and Carey pushing the panic button, we heard the sweet sound of safety, honking horn, flashing hazards and all. Then I got to dig it out.

Denver 14 April 2005

Letter to Carrie Mandel

On the lady... I think so. I mean, yes, I can see myself marrying her. Sometimes it seems automatic, like I already know we are going to be married some time not too far off. Then sometimes I think something along the lines of 'slow down' to myself, there really is no rush. Going to the wedding last weekend was good in the way that it sort of confirmed my suspicions that we could get along in a long term, very sane and compassionate relationship. You know the saying, or I should say, theory, that 'ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny' (Haeckel), is pretty loosely applicable to a lot of things, in that going to a giant, family oriented, somewhat disorganized and stressful event such as a cousins wedding five states away and coming back in a giant snowstorm, and never once getting annoyed and/or frustrated with her (and she, me) can sort of be looked at as a relatively small instance of a larger life, lived together, just very much getting along and fully enjoying every moment of each other's company, the way I always thought I would with the girl I chose to marry.

On city living... Half the time I really want to leave Denver, travel, move back to some small town. The other half I really like it here, and think that moving away is simply a symptom of the ever present 'Greener Pastures' syndrom...

"Ah, Life, your essence indeed is the righteous and clever temptations which you most often bring." Dempsey, 2054

Denver 14 April 2005

Wish I was still on a plane

That drunk guy was entertaining, and unless you are a monk or nun, and trying to set an example for your students, he deserved us getting in a few good laughs. What else are people like that good for? Do you think he offers any benefit what so ever to his society? I sort of doubt it, but, that's just me assuming things after only knowing him for one long, obnoxious plane ride. All in all, I think we're good.

But, in the case that one of us ever did end up in the psych ward, I'd be the first one to come visit all the time and hang out and write funny stories about what I saw and heard. That, though, I doubt very highly will ever happen.

Im glad you got to go to the gym. I got a free new testament from the Gideons dudes who've seemingly flocked to the University of Denver campus today.

Lastly, last night I watched Me, Myself, and Irene. Three excellent parts:

1. Irene asks Jim if his ass is numb from riding on the motorcycle for so long, Jim replies: "Oh, no, my ass has taken a pounding over the years." And then the face that he makes as he realizes what he's saying is fkn priceless.
2. The pills he takes give him really bad cotton mouth, and the scene where he does the old Fire Marshall Bill face in front of everyone and gags trying to get some spit in his mouth, and then realizes that everyone is watching him.
3. The scene in the police station when he gets water from the jug to take the pills and coughs a little and chokes and keeps spitting up the water as he walks away.

oh well, back to the grind.

Denver 12 April 2005

A Letter

My bet would be that they were doing coke, fars I can establish from the circumstances. That's probably why also they had no problems staying up, partying till 6am. That stuff is everywhere. Its like cigarettes, you just have to make the decision that you aren't going to be that guy. Its not a tough one, once you imagine yourself as 'that guy'. Its like a lot of things, like having fun with it now is just borrowing from later. I guess it's just up to the individual. Me, on the other hand, Im starting to realize that hangovers are a serious waste of time, and a big burden to boot. So, I just got word from the publishing co. they said they wanted a few more poems to fatten the book up and that it is looking top shelf. I sent them the recent one

Denver 14 March 2005

Whores in the Park

Yeah, she was big and presumptuous, sitting there in the car parked next to your truck. After we finished running, when you were still out there in the grass doing calisthenics or something and I was in the xterra listening to the radio, I looked over and she was staring at me with this big nasty head of hair, a brick of make-up, big gold shades, earrings, jewelry of all kinds dangling everywhere and being obnoxious and whorish. She did something with her fingers and her mouth as she was maybe waiting for us to leave, and at that moment I saw these Jackie Joyner fingernails with more chrome and décor. 'Horrendous' is the only way to describe it.

At first, I just thought she was kind of a gaudy dresser, etc. Then we backed up and I saw the head-bob pumping away.

That was nearly worse than running over those innocent raccoons in the VW Rabbit ten years ago as they darted across Bode Road near the Church of the Holy Spirit in the dark.

none 21 February 2005

We Miss Ken

Ken Kesey, wrote *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* early 60s, tested LSD, met Ken Babbs, Tim Leary, Stanley Owsley, Berkeley, rallied the Merry Pranksters, coined term, bought big 50s bluebird schoolbus, painted it 'Further', met Neal Cassidy (Dean Moriarty from Kerouac's *On The Road*), "cowboy Neal at the Wheel on the bus to never ever land (Grateful Dead song lyrics), drove cross-c to NYC met Jack in small Greenwich apt, Jack already burnt from overwhelming literary successes of *On The Road*, drunk, lives with Meremere (his French Canadian mom) in Lowell, Mass., drove down for reunion with Neal and to meet new cultural-literary star Kesey, Jack grumpy and pissed at Kesey's stoner primo-liberal anti-US-government compadres wearing cutup American flag as tank top, makes his dislike known, fed up with slacker wannabees doing nothing with their lives, no discipline, just fuking off. Whole scene goes down in great history books of global literature.

none 08 January 2005

Old Glory rock and roll/A Letter to the Ramblers

Happy holidays, fellows. I was flipping through this Old Glory rock and roll magazine today, laying in quilted bed on the second floor of my moms house in suburban chicago. new snow on the ground (due to it being just after christmas and all), and the rare blue winter midwest sky, sun shining in through the fridged glass. in the catalog i came across this very plain, old-looking tshirt with a black and white portrait of jim morrison and a line of text pronouncing the years that mark either terminus of his life. its about \$16 US. i think i'll order it. the image will be less warn than the one of bearded young Ginsberg on the blue homemade tshirt laying on my temporary bedroom floor right now, and a replacement is much needed for the homemade iron-on dylan one i was wearing all those years ago, drinking cold bottled beer in the stiffling parking lot at the resort in steamboat springs, colorado, where a kinship was induced, unknowingly, that effortlessly proved itself transcendent of the normal monotony, and lay-man's ups and downs of youthful friendship.

somewhere in the foothills of north carolina, some years later, the shakori circle was made complete.

so, without further adeau, i have just this much more to report: we need to make a trip somewhere this spring, take a slew of new photos, strum a few guitars, bang on drums, lay around in the troubadoric afternoon sun, and perhaps even let a line of two of verse shoot through the hot neurotransmitters of the mind. with that seed planted, i'll leave you with this new pome from the upcoming denver collection. it was written the other day in chicago, but is universally necessary for the next book. (See [Big City Freight Train Blues](#).)

none 03 January 2005

Port Town Washington

Seattle on the ocean city of transients and sailors; neon light suitcases purple and green on Broadway wet sidewalk puddles and the hotel district by the sea Port town down town renaissance coffee bean heaven pop-top early morning satori Sunset over the Olympic Mountains... for the bicycles silhouetted black and the space needle crackpipe homeless and cardboard wanderers.

none 08 December 2004

GW STALIN

Have you guys seen the front page of today's NYTimes? What's with the 'uniform' GW is wearing among a heap of his grunts? It was brought to my attention this afternoon that this custom-tailored, military-like attire may ring slightly Stalin-esque, among other potentially dictatorial semblance. After refreshing my memory of a few of the more common, historical J.S. images, the whole thing seemed a bit odd. Supporting the 150,000 soon-to-be troops in the middle east is one thing, but we couldn't remember any other president wearing his own stand-alone form of military attire. Can you?

(The photo seems only to be easily available in the print version of the Times, so check it out. Imagine the photo to be a black and white, a bit grainier, with his coat only having maybe a style more reminiscent of Eastern Europe circa 1939. There are a couple pics on the whitehouse site, but they sort of soften the NYTimes' impact.)

none 08 December 2004

Keeping things in check

sorry for the lag in correspondence tonight, I left my phone in the truck, and didn't mean to be lame. i went to a bar by dave's, drank a few; went to bar by TJ's, drank a few more, then gave my old warm striped quilt to a freezing sad cool bearded shivering homeless guy at a gas station with obnoxious Jessica Simpson posters plastered about. I can't get that cold guy out of my head.

we should make tons of thanksgiving food and eat a little then bring the rest to the shelter when its hot and ready to eat. that way no one has to do anything with it; people can just eat it.

none 24 November 2004

The Metaphorm Technodyssey 1.0 | Virtual Graphagromania

Creative Expression & Innovative Cultural Documentation through New Media

A Research and Field Thesis Project by real-world vagabondarian graduate student Gregory O'Toole to fulfill requirements of the Master of Arts Degree in Digital Media Studies at the University of Denver | quantumedia.org/technodysseys

ABSTRACT & ARTIST/TECHNICIANS STATEMENT

The Metaphorm Technodyssey 1.0 is a useable, stand-alone new media application that posits live (and recorded) virtual 'performances' of world-wide, real-time documentary excursions, fusing traditional and innovative approaches to photo/journalism, gonzo journalism, poetics, and spontaneous bop prosody. TMT 1.0 is the founding incarnation of a series of technology-based artistic works developed in the field by a single composer, and made instantly available to internet audiences of an interstellar scope. The individual projects are each a part of the Quantumedia Technodyssey Experiment, a conscious combinatory effort of everyday life experience, and thought-provoking, intentional image- and text-based artworks served up within the context of a series of virtual global expeditions.

For more see: [the project](#)

none 23 November 2004

Last Winter: Denver Nascent-alian Letter

(written January 04) i scrubbed dirt off of white walls under dressing room counters for four hours last night in the new multimillion dollar performing arts building--and mopped the bathroom backstage, and stood, holding nothing but a soiled rag, onstage front and center and looked high up into the darkened balcony seats stomping my echoing foot, and giving the audience a real dose of the true magic of the spoken word. Wired to the gills, as they say, from a tall boy of starbucks, i realized on the way walking home from said post as custodial poet laureate, that the secret ingrediant those fat fuckers up at corporate headquarters unleashed, and the key element that keeps the average customer spending their dollars in their retail chains, is non other than this: crystal meth.

but today i just returned from securing myself a position (part time) with the university digital media department as an author and tech. it wont buy me a big house in the hills just yet, but it should keep me employed for the duration of my two years as an M.A. candidate. then, of course, the big bucks, and the runaway cabin in the woods...

Colorado 13 November 2004

Because my intrepid hibernation

Whooo. I just got into work, due to the fact that I slept for 15 hours "last night". I use the quotes around "last night" because my intrepid hibernation really began in the late afternoon, just after two six inch subway delicacies and a small bag of sun chips. Around 1030 am I roused myself from bed, hesitantly, because, I think, after sleeping that long, it sort of becomes what you know, and anything else is just harsh and cold.

So I went for the good 4-miler in the late morning frosty cold. That helped. Then I went to starbucks (yes, sadly its on the way to school) and talked to this kid from class about video games and him moving to San Fran to work for EA where his brother is already employed.

So now, here I am. Thinking I should go purchase the new deck and boots this weekend, and wing the lift tickets from here on out. They are highly temporal anyway.

I know dave's roommate has a place nearvail. We stayed there for Blues Traveler last spring. She's a stickler and the chances of us securing the place as a fallout shelter for a two-to-three-night bender are slim, but I'll see what I can do, maybe dave can take her on a date and get in on the goods. In the meantime, find backup lodging.

Over and out.

Colorado 12 November 2004

In Response to Solveig's Plee for Help

I have 'Fahrenheit 911' at my house right now, but I still haven't watched it. I don't know why I would want to just make myself feel worse about the whole thing.

Fck it, though, we all voted. People are scared, just how the B-Administration wants them. Good work, all you strongly independent, highly objective US media companies, good work.

On another note, there is much speculation in the cosmos that the Democratic party put Kerry up there for a good show, but never intended on him winning in the first place so that they could put Hillary Clinton up there in 2008, in which case--unless the G.O.P. puts up a woman as well (further speculation on Condoleezza Rice being the one)--Hillary C. will take the election by a landslide.

You think things are weird now, wait till then.

Colorado 09 November 2004

On Forgiveness, Human Behavior & Virtual Reality

If it is Real, or not claiming to be Real, no matter what, you forgive it.

If it is not Real, but trying to be Real, or claiming to be Real, but isn't, you don't.

Colorado 09 November 2004

Right On

The rule was actually adopted on 1/12/2001 by the US Forest Service but has since been under constant fire. The Bush Administration even lifted its application to the Tongass national forest.

Any of the major conservation sites will assist people in contacting their congressmen/women and ensuring the fact that these people understand the importance of this issue.

At the same time one may make a conscious effort to limit the amount of paper products that one uses. Stop buying Kleenex and purchase a few hankies.

Colorado 05 November 2004

A Blast from the Past and Keep Up the Good Fight

Just a little something here from back when, to keep in mind the Great American Division, and to remind the more mindful ones out there to--as Bayard Black says--keep up the good fight...

Chances are most of you have never even heard of our Roadless Area Conservation Rule. Chances are the White House would like to keep it that way. The rule -- which was set into motion by the US Forest Service back in January 2000 -- 'protects the last remaining wild National Forest lands from road construction and most logging, except when needed to restore ecological integrity, protect habitat for endangered species, or reduce threats of catastrophic wildfire,' according to the Heritage Forests Campaign.

With well over half of the United State's National Forest land presently unprotected from logging, mining, and drilling, the rule set aside 58.5 million acres, or 30% of the total USFS land, for recreation, rare wildlife, clean air and drinking water, and scientific research. I think that's fair.

In an admirably eco-conservative and astonishingly conscious move our beloved George W. Bush & Co. made several promises to do its part in upholding the rule. To many people I know this promise came as quite a shock from such a distinctly big-business-bigger-oil-supporting office. We even got an Earth Day Pledge on April 22, 2001: up on the shiny podium, smiling in front of the crowd, crimson, white and indigo blowing in the breeze behind him. Here's some of what our forest-friendly President said: "Our prosperity as a nation will mean little, if our legacy to future generations is a world of polluted air, toxic waste, and vanished forests."

And I agree. But, I learned early on, like most things in life if it seems too good to be true than most likely it is.

The rule was slated to take effect on March 13, 2001, but when Bush was elected his office immediately postponed its adoption and is now taking steps to allow the dismantling of the rule it claims to support. In fact, the administration, in its corporate interests, just finished up another comment period which will further delay implementation of the rule.

Boise Cascade Corp. who happens to be one of the heavy hitters in the National Forest timber market is already into at least one lawsuit challenging the rule. The Mountain States Legal Foundation, a property rights group, is suing. Perhaps their clients are in need of more land for another housing subdivision. Maybe more shopping malls -- who knows. But they want it. And I'm just going to assume they don't plan to protect it as a wildlife or recreation sanctuary.

In addition, the Justice Department and Attorney General John Ashcroft have the power in settlement of any of these lawsuits to render the rule obsolete time after time by continuing to bury it in the 'legal limbo of indefinite review and impact studies', according to the Heritage Forest Campaign. All the while subjecting it to big business interests around the world.

At least for now the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge is safe from the proposed drilling. But excavation interests now only shift. Other areas under the threat of commercial endeavors are the National Forests covering the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains, parts of Montana, and the Tongass national forest, the nation's largest old-growth forest, just to name a few.

Get involved if you feel the need. For starters contact Heritage Forests Campaign www.ourforests.org. You will find yourself as part of the solution. According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, "Never before have the American people so actively participated in helping to decide how their public lands should be managed." This is a good sign. Get involved.

Colorado 03 November 2004

Land Hunting

So I got some good photos of the land down there. It's a solid hour from Taos, which is good... and bad. There is a ski mountain right above the acreage that I was running around on, tripping over sage brush. It's probably small compared to Snowmass and Vail, but it looks damn cool from where I was standing. Plus it's New Mexican snow, not mushy like CO or in the east.

The land is pretty damn flat, but relatively secluded. It's in about the sickest valley I've ever been in in my entire life as far as the surrounding Sangre de Christos (as far as the eye can see). They are a craggy mountain bowl surrounding 1600 acres of sage, and a couple hard to distinguish dirt roads. It's absolutely ideal for solar power year round, a septic, and--if water was easily attained--it could be a good getaway place. But it would definitely be a place that you would go to JUST to be THERE. Maybe drive down to Taos here and there for people contact, restaurants, bars, music, stores, etc. but I'm not too worried about that right now.

It was dark when we headed off the land down to Taos, but I'm sure it is all mountains and really beautiful.

While we were running around on the land we ran over to the town bar (in Costilla...not much there but a cemetery and this bar) and had a shot of tequila. It was an old dance hall, but this day there was no music or festivities going on. There were four other guys in there drinking, all wrinkly and brown. One was pretty friendly. He had a phone call over at the end of the bar. Then we left.

Colorado 20 October 2004

Denver Meditation Sounds

Colorado 19 October 2004

rambling stanza of prose

some of you are too busy with your modern-day professional fast-food instamatic endeavours to write much, but that happens, so it goes. so here i am well caffeinated, before noon, and about to drive down to old new mexico in a handful of hours to shoot yet another series of "**Poems and the Pictures that Go**", quick-captures that may or maynot become fadder for a rambling stanza of prose; may or may not retain the latitude to stand on their own as impressionable images in this mad-cap mixed-up world. but what follows is of relevance, so write back if you can...

(side address: Greaserelli, drive up to Costilla...we drink, be merry, and purchase huge tracts of land beneath the ethereal Sangre de Christos!... onward!..)

Colorado 14 October 2004

Headquarters Update

no saturday night red rocks for me, sadly. man, i hate to admit that...i even didnt go see robert creeley in order to wrap things up moving into the new flat. i exhausted myself, but then went running yesterday and felt good again. my bedroom feels like i wake up in my rich aunt's house or some fancy Sheridan on Michigan Ave (ok, its maybe not THAT good...it is still denver afterall) with the fancy ceiling fan, huge room, stucco neutral earth-tone two-tone paint. the kitchen is the same way with the marble countertops and walls, etc. i have one complaint, thought, that due to the wooden floors, i can hear the people upstairs walking around. as of this morning (first morning they have been home since i moved in) i didnt think theyd ever sit down. i found out a bit later though that today was the tenants' father visiting from breckenridge. i met him on my way out to work. he's a shifty guy, wont look you in the eye much, picks at his dodge dakota exterior paint job. i saw him up there ea rlier through the window drinking coffee. he seems bored maybe and shouldnt just be hanging around the house during the day. all i care is that this means he wont be up there shuffling around all morning on a regular basis.

so now im stoked again and the new office is pretty much set up with the old black and white bearded jim morrison portrait in the antique frame setting on the windowsill. i was wondering this morning who billy collins has in his office, on his windowsill?

Colorado 04 October 2004

Siraha Haiku

Six Mao rebels dead;
Royal Nepalese Army
Claims no involvement.

Colorado 29 September 2004

Five O'clock

Five o'clock: Quittin' time, just like
factory workers and offshore oil riggers,
and southwest new mexico mason brick layers.

That's me.

Colorado 27 September 2004

On the Dan Rather/CBS Decision

So would you still switch channels if you see Rather now? (if he sticks around i guess, that is.) I'd probably watch him for a little while.

I still think its funny that he "once" brought back all sorts of information from Afghanistan and then reported it (western-worldwide, maybe) standing there all serious and straight-faced in his "ludicrous peasant disguise". He had to have looked as reputable and established as the dressed-up characters who performed their own rendition of Peter Pan, back in the early 80s, in the basement of Theatre 2138.

That kindof rocks, thinking of him, holding mic, turban-wrap billowing across his face in the desert wind. But, it is unforgiveable and sad, really, to forge docs/use unvalidated info/etc. as propaganda in an already squirmy political world.

Its all just testament to the idea that people shouldnt be hinging on what CBS or any of the other news channels say (save for the BBC World and NPR, argueably). Maybe this whole "Memogate" will shake up a few more folks to realize even the rediculously highly-paid news people are only human, subject to potential personal persuasion and political party pay-off.

Colorado 23 September 2004

Only One Natalie

Oh, nice, I just heard Natalie Merchant on the Billy Bragg & Wilco album. I love her. I met her working at an outdoor concert venue in Chicago over two early college summers. I walked up really close to her in the plaza; her giving an interview to a camera crew; me in greasy work jeans and no shirt July, gazing at her face and lips and thinking of her voice and shaking hips on her always barefoot stages. I don't know if she looked at me, really, but anytime she comes up in conversation or letter, I tell people she asked me for a date, anyway.

Colorado 22 September 2004

Monday in September

Today is monday, everyone knows mondays. Coffee helps, but its best when the house is just quiet, your roommates dog isnt barking at ghosts, and the sun is still cool in the cold leftover air from the night before...

this is the new QUANTUMEDIA GRAPHAGROMANIAC BLOG. type away. enjoy.

Colorado 13 September 2004

Farm Homes & the Republican National Convention

Rolling across the North Dakota plains around midnight last night I heard GWB on NPR from Madison Square Garden. It was ink black out there and the moths were tapping and smearing the windshield like butter. Every time I passed a farm house, little orange square windows off to the east or west, I wondered if the families were maybe sitting in their living rooms, not listening to the radio, but watching the Presidents speech on satellite tv.

He mentioned God twice in his well-planned acceptance speech, once calling it "The Almighty God", once calling it "a power from beyond the stars". Both times he used the idea, saying, essentially, that God is the ultimate reason for him invading other countries. It wasn't as direct as that, but when you listen past all of the world class rhetoric and discursive skills he's polished, this is what he was getting at. He kept talking about liberty and "what America stands for" and "is responsible for". The Star Spangled Banner should have been playing in the background. They had a movie screen of fireworks when he was finally done.

After the speech the broadcasters said he skated over domestic issues and mentioned vague ideals in place of possible plans for dealing with education, health care, fucking up the last few ecosystems within our national borders that are not yet fucked up. He should have just stood up there with a Ted Nugent trucker hat on backwards and a bandana tied around his leg, and yelled "God, Guns, and Country...maybe not in that order..." in to the microphone. It would have saved everyone a lot of time.

Colorado 04 September 2004

Letter to Kara on Her Dream About Me Wearing Shiny Jacket in A European Sidewalk Cafe

thats me, after i get my phd and tour europe and the Himalayas working on and performing "Pomes & the Pictures that Go", my newest arts-and-documentation-through-new-media project. its the leg of the tour where we meet up, somewhat spontaneously, and spend the better part of a couple of weeks sloffing lazily in sidewalk cafes, rewearing the same old clothes, and ruminating over master oil paintings that never made the giant coffee table books Simon & Shuster puts out every year. i'll have a girlfriend, i guess. but things will be slightly hyper-real. you are prophetic. i knew you were different.

Colorado 11 August 2004

Private Blues Traveler Party Thursday Night

Oh, yeah, I forgot to mention, I'm feeling a bit tired this morning. It could be due to all the free Pilsners at the free Blues Traveler private party we attended at Joe's on Weed last night. I didn't even think we were going to get in, the tickets were gone--all 1,000 of them--but then we jumped out of a cab and waltzed up to the doorman around 9:30pm, told him we needed in. He said..."Ok, go around there, I got ya." And that was that.

If you had a crappy Walmart point-and-shoot camera in hand, you would have had to zoom out, or back way up from the stage to get a decent shot. We were that close. I think there were a couple hundred people, but I never waited more than fifteen seconds to round up the complimentary bottles of Pilsner Urquell. The band closed with the smoothest and clearest "Hook" I've heard in years.

Not a bad night to close out the current Chicago reign.

Colorado 30 July 2004

Michael Moore

i dont know if the free movie tickets i have would work for opening night of the new M.M. film, especially one designed specifically to rail and hammer the child president in the final days of his disasterous reign.

i doubt it. that dude (M.M.) is like the youngster, mussed-hair bob dylan when he started openly taunting and wilfully crushing the socio-political monsters, calling them on their absurdities, and then walking around smoking cigs like its no big deal.

people love that shit.

Colorado 25 June 2004

Denver to Bismark

Hi. how's things? ben said you might have some routing trix to expedite my high speed vindication from denver to bismark, in order to make it on time for opening ceremonies on the infamous north dakota song writing farm.

i calculated about 10-12 hours tops. that's with cruise control and six cd changer, luxuries i neglected to entertain myself with for the duration of my previous ten year, 300,000 mile requiem for the road.

needless to say, im looking forward to it.

Lucky Charm rocks. the boy is brilliant.

Colorado 25 June 2004

Paris in June

(In response to a letter from a friend working and showing art in Paris, Summer 2004.)

hey man,

maybe you can drink a glass at Balzar's in the Rue des Ecoles, watch the street people, scribble out a poem in an old notebook with the nub of a pencil rescued from a rainy gutter.

have fun, g

Colorado 25 June 2004

Dr. Ellis Stellard

You should think about Dr. Ellis Stellard, the old man on the hill, who says he's been here forever and knows this valley like Jack Castor who drug his father's old Pacific Santa Fe railroad caboose up the mountain to rebuild as his summer cabin, only because his eighty-year-old knees can't take the dry winter cold any longer and who has been living right here for decades. He says he's witnessed generations contemplating the very complexities he now sits here listing off the top of his head as the criminal investigations that were great murder mysteries of the past straight to the one main reporter of the local newspaper, sitting in a stiffy metal folding chair along side a grey desk like a questionable suspect getting typed-in and booked on Barney Miller with Dct. Fish still in the men's room and all the hanger-arounder's getting bug-eyed, a bit sweaty, and fastooned cause they wanna do a story on the idea that there's now a pinned suspect in the Wild View murders that happened two years ago right here in town and allegedly this wiley suspect has been living here all along. the FBI has been closing in on him and now they hint they have some sort of water-tight case that can't go wrong, but can't tell the local press anything just yet. If they let any leads leak out, the district attorney says, the suspect may end up missing and high-tailing it out of town, or vacationing down in Oaxaca next week, and that, they say, wouldn't be good for anything.

But Dr. Stellard just sits there telling them from memory a ten instance list of the killings with shotguns or hatchets, of all the bodies found over the last forty years within eleven mile radius of his friends house and he's so calm and matter-of-factly with Poppop clothes and velcro sneekers from Marshall's with a little bit of that elderly shake that so many of the great ones get past maybe the age of seventy-five or so...but his mind is sharp and he offers up a few exact details saying this: "you'll haffta research my facts on that to see exacty what it is that went down...it's been so long...". The part of his monologue that makes me shift in my chair sitting across from him is when he says " the guy from Nicaragua...sure they were all drug dealers everyone was convinced of that, but they found him right there in the woods all in pieces hacked up with a hatchet." Stellard all the time talking like maybe he was just making sure you understood his grocery list as you picked up your car keys to make the rounds for him and made your way out the front screen door and out into the neighborhood streets.

Colorado 23 June 2004

Tamara Hugo

Tamara Hugo sometimes wears pony tail braids loosley twisted down the sides of her head, no make-up ever painted on her face, she prefers those same old work boots she always has on or sandals when its warm to regular walking around shoes. She spent several summers, to my knowledge, working at an old dude ranch in the Flathead Valley of northwest Montana that had been there since 1945. At some point, she'd come from the west coast in Washington state and then from Texas in search of a real working Montana horse ranch. Ironically enough, Austina's Heads-Up is what she found. Like all of the other seasonal help at Austina's, Tamara lived in a dorm style cabin from May through September, but her job was to oversee the waterfront there, checking the many boats that the owners had docked, along with a stretch of canoes and kayaks lined up on the grassy beach. Tourists and vacationers from all over the world would come to Austina's and Tamara was just cool with all of them. Never shy about much, she had a natural nack for just telling people how it was, uninhibited by what they'd say or think in response. None of that mattered to 'Miss Tamara', as she was sometimes called because she had the contentment of a woman twice her age whose been around the world and back, been to heaven and back and still just wants to keep on keepin' on in the most general ways. She's got plans to move to a country called Istanbul way over on the other side of the world, simply because her mother used to listen to some country western song that sung that country's name in its lyrics. Tamara would talk about Istanbul sometimes as we'd paddle out toward the sunset over Flathead Lake real quiet, just talking slowly and low because it was getting late in the day and most of the tourists were eating dinner or slowly getting drunk on those manicured lawns and the adarondack chairs on decks overlooking the lake. You could here them laughing and carrying on obnoxiously clear to the other side. To us, and to whoever else was around those summers, this was officially titled 'the brilliant time of day' and to be anywhere at this time where you weren't in the direct line of sunlight from just over the western mountains, or couldnt see the stretched out and skinny lamp-black shadows running along and over the solomn, sacred earth was a sin.

Colorado 23 June 2004

A Somewhat Ragged Intro to the Yet to be Fully Seen "The Mandolin Diaries"

1.

Seeing as though the permafrost has temporarily lifted itself from the region (or at least from around my humble cabin in the woods) and the sun is dropping again behind the westward thicket of foliage, I came to the conclusion that a campfire was overly due to myself and the howling mutts stationed sporadically around the perimeter. I think they realize the same, because since I put this thing ablaze they've begun to call out to their brethren, me not excluded, as I've now well passed the one year mark of living every day in these desolate and dense woods. Their sounds are of a joyous bay, a comradery I heard in the Flathead coyotes and timber wolves out on the prowl the other night as I started off on my daily run of approximately four-and-a-half miles. Always during my run, which sometimes leaks into the dusk, I find myself mindful of what--or who--I might come across as I go trotting off into the wild and eerie blackness of another magnificent, star-spotted and ink-hued montana evening. The running, I've realized, keeps me sane. And even after fifteen months of general solitude and a very scant personal social schedule with the outside world, I've yet to experience what Jack London, or perhaps the old settlers might have referred to as Cabin Fever. During the winter months, many afternoons when the mercury has settled itself well below the twenty degree mark in the thermometer wedged tightly into the logs just out the back door, I've layered on jackets and warm mittens and taken off on my nearly five mile trek.

Colorado 23 June 2004

SPECIAL NOTICE FROM THE ADMINISTRATOR of this SITE

From here down, older entries have been lifted from an out of date Blogger journal. Please Note the dates at the beginnings of these entries...those are the dates from when the respective missive was written. THANK YOU.

Colorado 17 June 2004

Denver to Miami

Thursday, October 30, 2003

...yes, preferably by the 20th of nov so i can kick things off rightly. i'll be kicking them off rightly with or without the invoice payment from bensuchy-rock-star-extraordinaire.com, but the extra cash on hand would definitely help the cause.

snow in denver today. i'm going to work on trying to make it down to bask in the west-F-LA-fade-away sun. and drink like a poolside barfly, writing maritime poems and laughing with the angels.

- posted by gto @ 4:51 PM

Colorado 17 June 2004

The Radio October Thirty First

Friday, October 31, 2003

i. The detachable-face blaupunkt has gone missing. some problem child decided it was a good idea to smash the passenger side window of the green beauty (again) and, once inside, proceeded to tear the place up. Now (I don't know exactly when it happened) there is a cracked and gaping hole in the dashboard with colored wires hanging randomly about. Some of the heating vents which were also yanked are lying around on the dirty American freeway floor. The interior is covered with glass chips that till now stood strong against many western winds. I purposely did not leave anything of value in the truck starting several weeks ago when I began to park out there on the street, sometimes for days without changing my location. I wasn't too concerned about the vehicle as an asset, considering its beat-down and roughed-up highway state because the neighborhood is "pretty good" and I didn't really think people were still concerned with car stereos. Apparently, though, they are. Once again, our mindful and well-informed Americans are doing a fine job of proving themselves stupider and far more useless than I recently have been giving them credit for.

America, check your hopeful anticipatory compassions at the door. The smart ones have long-past given up.

ii. So I walked to the festivities, which I wasn't sure about for a costume. Being October 31st on a Friday, and it being a party I was invited to, I thought maybe I should have something drummed up, not to walk up the front steps of a stranger's house fully under-dressed, it being Friday. It being October thirty-first.

The phone rang as I was writing some lines to an independent whiskey beat, so I picked it up: screams of shrieking laughter, vibrato on the hammer and anvil of my inner ear. After a point, things got comprehensive and it was Mona Lisa insisting there is no other way to go out of the house on Halloween, but to be dressed up. I hung up, went back to my words.

And in a flash of minor brilliance, I stuffed a flask of the frigidaire solution into a back pocket, and a stack of new inner-city line-break typewriter verse into my other, and darted out the icy front door, down the wicked steps, slipping and sliding like Mickey Mouse Iccapades frozen hydroplane on midnight rain, no moon no stars and the street lights burnt.

And if some five foot California Raisin or Sponge Bob Square Pants asked along the way, I roared out a Montana poem, drank down a beer can, put my arm tightly around their shoulder and said this as sincere as the day I was born "I'm Jack Micheline, you poor scoundrel, my wavy hair and San Francisco heart, a dry-leaf hurricane kicking over New York garbage cans like a common-day minstrel jean jacket troubadour trading prose for wine or prose for food or prose for prose... You, my new found friend, can call me Harold Silver, though we've never met before!"...

And gone along the way reciting Keats' 'Nightingale' to the crumbling sidewalk hopscotch squares, sipping flask and making jokes with the leaves.

10/31/03 Josephine Street, Denver Big City Frieght Train Blues Denver Poems

- posted by gto @ 4:30 PM Thursday, October 30, 2003

Colorado 17 June 2004

The Jazz of Darwinian Theory

Tuesday, November 04, 2003 Funny how the TV plays John Coltrane low slung seductive blacktop puddle saxophone, slow motion channel 12 PBS documentary against the flash pan camera motion filming a spotted cheetah in hungry pursuit of a warthog terrified screaming for his life across the grassy Serengeti like a Tanzanian love affair, or rainy day spent lazily shooting billiards in the back room of the Gingerman in winter time Chicago.

Josephine Street, Denver

- posted by gto @ 11:33 AM

Colorado 17 June 2004

in response to Q's on the old truck

it was probably some shit bag from around the area. mainly dumb-as-fuck mainstream college morons whom seem to be in-the-plenty around here, but thats a whole other can of worms as it goes.

that blaupunkt rocked and rolled in the past two years (much of it true Traveler sounds) over more miles than most people ever even think about covering in a lifetime. i'm outwardly pissed that it went missing, but as it went down, and unsuspectingly unfolded in the street, the whole deal was somehow greatly liberating: i took out the rest of the highway-worn paraphernalia that was living inside the thing and placed it retiringly into three plastic grocery bags from my last trip to safeway. then i brushed over a pile of ironically geometric glass shards, pushed in the key, fired up the engine and rolled it into an open and well-saught-after parking spot right out in front of the building, where everyone who has a brain outside of their cellphone will see the obnoxious and ludicris damage that was done. so help them if they look further, beyond their shoes, and get a glimpse of the gaping canyon that used to be the army green plastic board of the trucks dash... - posted by gto @ 3:17 AM

Colorado 17 June 2004

confusious is in the top ten

Thursday, November 06, 2003

I sling theory with the best of em. I roll through the code. but this here letter, my dear, actually does the job in confusing me...

who is "the wrong girl"? who's wallet do i have on my formica counter? i think i know one allman's sweet melissa with long dark hair and camo glasses (sometimes) with two email addresses who claims to frequent the dms lab at the university of denver in a building called sturm. i could very well be wrong. i spent the evening (and well into the wee's) at a dark place referred to as the Larimer Lounge with men in space suits rapping out forever rhythms and hammering on commodore 64s, and their "girlfriends" pouring out their life stories down the breast pocket my thrift store flannel shirt, leaking out their inner emotions into the pockets of my missoula montana government issued iron-clad navy blue navy pea inner-city coat. - posted by gto @ 3:56 AM

Colorado 17 June 2004

...on the New Earth Mud

Friday, November 14, 2003

so i guess the ticket officially goes to the infamous "cute, unkempt and sneaker-footed dready girl, smoking an american spirit, eyeing me, and leaning on the sun-warmed red brick wall outside of the cervantes masterpiece ballroom on this stirring, and folky-rock november friday night: me in old courderoys and greasey prosody hair growing out for the winter, strolling into the venue, under looming grandfather backdrop mountains... forever in motion with the big city freight train blues."

- posted by gto @ 2:50 PM

Colorado 17 June 2004

What Most Don't Know

Saturday, November 22, 2003 But as for your situation: good work making it out to montana. I know you mentioned some other place and some other options for the "great getaway," but no getaway is like a montana getaway. Trust me. I've spent the better part of my 20's "career" finding this one true answer to exactly this question (while everyone else was groping themselves in a cubicle...or worse.)

I've forgotten when you said you were going exactly. Spring? That would be nice. During the winter months, and depending on where you go, it's pretty much like this: Brutal. But you live in Chicago, so this could be good, I say, sitting tucked away every night with the black iron wood stove cracking and popping, sipping quietly at a cup of decaf green tea, and not much in the way of technological distractions, etc. you will hear a new silence that very few from our generation (or others before) actually tap into.

You must get a feel for the true mahayana and zen buddhist simplicity of having nothing to do all day but crunch through the big fallen leaves, or kick a path through the piling snow that only you and the feeding white tail's will use, out to the road to maybe get your mail, breathing in full lungs of clean, high altitude oxygen that fills up your brain, making available in your consciousness the honesty you realize, day after day, toward the new trust you've discovered in your own true nature.

You must cook dinner, for at least you, in this same brilliant simplicity.

You must really feel the genuine and adrenaline-pulse fear of what you think could be the grizzly bear or lurking coyotes (whom you heard howling in the distance an hour ago among their pack up on the mountainside and now are not quite sure where they are...) beyond the luminescent reach of your outside porch lights when you crunch through the still-cold or snow-covered ground to piss in the outhouse before bed.

You must know in your mind the grizz are hybernating for "at least" another two months. At least that's what everyone seems to say. But there are sounds in the evening's inky and frosted woods (it gets dark in wintertime Montana at 4:30 p.m.) and they are not scavenging racoons.

- posted by gto @ 11:02 PM

Colorado 17 June 2004

Letter to Mike (a.k.a. Col. Chiburb)

Wednesday, November 26, 2003

First of all, I do very much agree with you (as usual). But, i do have to admit--or confess may be a better word, because i feel a little guilty and saddened because of it all-- that since friday, i have let "the morons" get under my skin so to speak. i can keep the sanity in my own mind pretty darn well, if i do say so, but there comes a limit to where one finds oneself wondering if any of this is really even worth anything.

i have a defense, though: i've been out looking to trade in my truck, and we all know what that entails, sadly. so i grew tired of the whole lame and ridiculous capitalist consumerist propaganda-strewn process about ten minutes after it started. but this time, i knew that i really had to get a newer truck, and so i forced myself to stay with it.

the green beauty (green monster, according to joe o) was tired. he'd still been kicking, but most of the time, he sat out there on josephine street, watching the college people go by, looking tough as ever, like a hockey player or a dirty-faced orphan, got his side tooth knocked out in an alley fight. he had fulfilled his earthly highway duties, we all knew it, and i miss him.

i'll put up a few photos maybe, around the apartment, in small department store frames, like one would their girlfriend or little nephew in another state. mine, however, will be reflective and solemn of an old, small, dirty pickup truck parked on the side of the wyoming highway, in front of the pacific ocean in big sur, or on the snowy driveway of my dad's house in schauburg, IL. the truck was more of my life than any girl, any dog, or just about any friend i've ever had. i understand not to be attached to material goods, and i fully appreciate that philosophy because i know it, and know that it is real and true. my favorite photo of the old truck is one i took from the second story window of our apartment over the Enterprise bar in Rico, CO while i was on independent study, painting for the Art Institute of Chicago in 2000. The town was filled with old mining houses from eighty years ago. I found purchase orders in the abandoned shafts.

My truck was a hobo: a real-life american-born contemporary renaissance troubador. My truck knew America better than most of em. My truck was a vagabond in wolfs clothing. My truck was dependable, it helped me to grow more wise. My truck was a saint.

so... what i was saying is that i had to do the process of getting the new car, which is bullshit like none other. i found the truck i wanted and i like it much. its very nice and solid and will take me places, further places, that when i had the Ranger i was either not ready to go, or unequipped to get there. so this is the logical next step.

however, i will NEVER (---and you can mark my words, because during the stress-relieving high-velocity run i took late last night, i made a personal pact that i will not break---) EVER buy another car or truck through a dealership. they find ways to make it a miserable and trying experience, that i stake myself, my life, and my very ideals firmly against. But, what doesn't kill you, makes you stronger...and, of course, more wise.

The good news is that i have a passenger side window. a stereo. a truck that locks. a truck that doesnt choke in the early morning. a truck that is safe and strong and will drive me back to chicago in a few hours so i can have thanksgiving with the few real and sane people in this maddening and mixed-up world, whom i love, can genuinely laugh with, sit quiet next to, and feel good. - posted by gto @ 9:28 AM

Colorado 17 June 2004

Big City Morning

Monday, January 12, 2004

i was sitting here with the window open drinking coffee with the warm rocky mountain sun falling through the window across my desk until some workers down the street decided this was the right time to cut down a big old tree in the empty lot down the block. they are starting at the top with an overweight chainsawyer hauled up in a yellow crane-lift thirty feet high taking off two foot chunks and throwing them down to the earth. a police car in hot pursuit, sirens screaming and echoing around the alleys nearly woke me up this morning. nearly meaning it would have if i hadnt just crawled out of bed during the five minutes before it came racing past the apartment building. and when i did get into the shower and looked out the window down to evans avenue, there was the normal line of cars, sitting there at a dead stop in traffic.

ahhh, the big city. i can step out onto my veranda of sorts, which looms fittingly over the black cracked parking lot, and see the white snow-capped peaks sticking up all jagged and glowing in the sun back behind the more rounded brown and green foothills, much lower to the east.---- - posted by gto @ 10:13 AM

Colorado 17 June 2004

The Boss and the SuperBOWL Media Blowout

Friday, February 06, 2004

he pretty much sounds like a usual jackass: all opinionated and huffy when sparked (and given the chance to yap at an assembled audience), but not so mindful enough to actually be faithful to such claims of worldly ethics. most people like to fire their mouths off, and get overly garrulous, if you will, but dont retain the self-discipline to live out what they just finished bantering on about.

on another note, how can anyone with half a brain NOT understand that the whole superBOWL/JJ nakedness episode was planned, and successfully carried out, as the latest media-ized "accident" or absurdity to cause celebrity controversy --> a SLIGHT (and VERY boring) enigma --> the next "something" for 200 million American sheep to talk about at work --> radio talk shows to discuss --> massive amounts of publicity for all those involved (bad or good attention, dont matter, remember andy warhol and Louie D.) --> a twistedly absurd amount of money pouring into the recording and entertainment corporations, etc. (due to this overwhelming and sickenly FREE publicity) --> which eventually finds itself trickling down into the pockets of the network machines, tv people, jack asses, idiots, company CEOs, blah blah, with a few mil floating around, just enough, it turns out, to anesthetize the FCC.

and in the meantime, Janet shits gold tootsies, timberlake drives off in his fifth H2 to his number six estate (for the ladies, of course), the superBOWL lives up to its rep as the sad american annual televised highlight of many peoples sad american lives, and the rest of us loose a little more hope.

until next time.

- posted by gto @ 5:15 PM

Colorado 17 June 2004

Slavic-Proletariat Messages

From "The Man with the Movie Camera

THE REAL The Man with the Movie Camera seemed to elucidate and exaggerate the ideas of separation between the Imaginary (perhaps Spectacle) and the Real. The old theatre as an opening scene is what got things rolling in this direction. The theatre is universally known to be the environment of the imaginary: sets, actors, scripts, plots, costumes, audiences, etc. As the film went on, I thought the cinematographer/director might have consciously juxtaposed this idea against (or as an introduction) to the rest of the film in order to send out the message (once the viewer has experienced some of the body of the film) that what you are about to see is not Imaginary&but Real. Further, it is made clear in the opening credits and subtitles that there were no sets, actors, scripts, plots, costumes, audiences, etc. used in the making of the film. Before too much of the film gets underway, then, we as the audience are guided to the intended interpretation on the part of the cinematographer/director that what you are experiencing is the Real.

In conforming well to Kittler's theory that frequency is of the Real, because there is no line between where the audio experience stops and (ultimately) our consciousness begins, that we are possibly completely saturated with sound, the cinematographer/director adds in the musical compositions carefully altering the moods of the various scenes or chapters of the film. This has great effect on the viewer's immediate perceptions of the scene being played out at any given moment in the film and viewing experience. (e.g. The light, flowing scores harmonizing around scenes of the busy, flowing, trafficky city streets gives the sense of continuity and naturalness to what is seen later on, with much stronger, faster and heightened, pounding beats, as complete industrial and ontological chaos.)

THE IMAGINARY As the film continues on the cinematographer/director then begins to take another stance the first time he is shown in a scene carrying around his camera and tripod. This, to me, was the first moment of **HYPERMEDIACY** as we are abruptly reminded that we are indeed watching a film, and the separation between the cinematographer/director's message and (ultimately) our own consciousness is drawn agape. Moments later, though, we are drawn right back into the film, to a sense of the Real, because of the use of the film, its content, fast pace, wonder of why? (it was made), and, of course, if not mostly due to, the audio compositions surrounding us as the viewers. This continues on until once again, almost like clockwork, we begin to see a pattern emerge of cinematographer/director in and out of scenes, reminding us of its **HYPERMEDIACY**, then soon into an **IMMEDIATE** state, back and forth&etc.

THE REAL There is another aversion to the sense of the Real that happens when we experience the cinematographer/director carrying around the camera which we associate with having emulsified the very film we sit and watch: an impossibility we (maybe subconsciously) decide to overlook. We see scenes of the laborers, the factory workers, the minors, the working class hard at work, sweating, breathing in coal dust, molten metal exploding brilliantly around old mechanized gears. Then we see the cinematographer/director walking among them, wielding his camera and tripod on his shoulder, no differently than a minor carries his pickaxe. This is an exaggeration of the notion that, although we are not seeing the very film he turns in his camera, we as the audience are experiencing what cinematographer/director is experiencing as he stands or trudges through those very scenes in his real life. For the times, the cinematographer/director goes to great lengths to immerse his audience completely in 1920s Russian working class existence.

THE IMAGINARY Just as these ideas were going on in my head, for the first time, the audience witnesses the use of split screens. The surface of the film, or movie screen in Sturm room 434 once again, becomes mindlessly apparent. A jarring realization, once again, that we are not walking around in 1920s Russia, but have been using our imaginations all along to put us there.

THE BREAKTHROUGH The film takes on the qualities of a Dadaist or Surrealist painting or installation, where we as the viewer are intentionally placed in a waking dream state, only to be constantly reminded that it is indeed only a waking dream state.

The crude special effects (choppy magician tricks, hallucinatory audio instrumentation in looping trance-like compositions, the velocity of the tracks, etc.) remind me of maybe what the Cedar Bar painters (the Abstract Expressionists, The Founders, The Heavy Hitters, The Originals) might have gone through trying to break down

OUTCOME: PART OF THE HERD

The Situationists, Debord, and McLuhan

Debord's Society_

The illusion (vs. truth), the sign (vs. signified), the copy (vs. the original) has become society's one reality. In entrusting (or mindlessly following) the path of least opposition, people have become/are becoming disillusioned and sidetracked from their truths. Life becomes a grand collection of spectacles and events of distraction, nothing more, and nothing less. Life becomes a representation of what it could (or should) be.

The spectacle presents itself as an instrument of unification. It concentrates on the gazing and consciousness part of society; fooling and deceiving because, inherently, it has a separateness. Therefore then the gazing is deceitful and consciousnesses false: creating a rather unfounded "unification", but one that is easily believed.

This seems to be much more apparent now than it even was when Debord was writing *The Society of the Spectacle*. Perhaps then this is causing a snowball effect into the new millennium? Alienating people further from their nature? Seemingly content with their cell phones duct taped to their heads?

On The spectacle is not a collection of images, but a social relation among people, mediated by images _

Media puts out these images. These images portray a version of society back to that very same society. People buy into these images as at least having some amount of truth or accuracy. The people are then buying into the media itself. They begin to ENTRUST the media, whatever that media may be, and the fact that they are simultaneously distracted by the CONTENT of the message doesn't aid in their subconscious desires for independent thought. The media-FAITH is built up. The media knows this because THEY pay for this INFORMATION (which becomes KNOWLEDGE because they put it to use). The media has successfully manipulated the unknowing (or dim-witted) consumer/user/viewer, and the process continues on and on & resulting in a poorly informed community and further down the line, newer generations, each one more misguided than its predecessor.

Why does this massive misconception Debord calls the Spectacle exist in the first place? Numbers of people? Media gain? Capitalist profit? Lazy people not doing their homework, letting things be decided for them? Knowing a good deal about many different types of people around the country and seeing obvious patterns in human traits, it is easy to see HOW the Spectacle CONTINUES to flourish in society, but I wonder WHY it even exists at all.

A Connection With McLuhan_

As we were talking about in class on Wednesday, about the video camera becoming a tourist's vacation; that blurred line between the media as an extension of our perceptive senses and the actual reality surrounding the extensions, and the changes this causes. The danger comes when these people start to accept a certain FAITH OF THESE MEDIA. They start to ENTRUST the camera as their EXPERIENCE of that weekend in Paris. Not the Paris they are standing in, walking around in, smelling coffee in the cafes and baking bread in, but the electronic images they are seeing in the 2x2 in. viewfinder as they wander the rue Cardinal Lemoine, or trip over the morning edition of *La Gazette de Lausanne* in a twine-wrapped bundle tossed along the sidewalk from the truck.

(Although W. Benjamin brought up the idea of unconscious optics showing us a reality, or maybe more of the reality we think we already know, as does psychoanalysis examines unconscious impulses, I don't have any reason to assume that is what the average dv camera buyer from Best Buy is out to accomplish.)

McLuhan's thesis that media as extensions of our perceptive senses has us believing that media IS the reality.

Debord: social relation among people that is mediated by images. The connection I am trying to make is the similar existences of faulty perceptions through TECHNOLOGY/MEDIA that people have been somewhat fooled by, and continue to TRUST, and that these perceptions are of an unfounded FAITH.

The eMPATHY Machine

Someone said to me once that the internet is the only functioning anarchy that can exist. Maybe that means a truly operational state of anarchy has to exist in the "other world" that we have created.

Maybe not the ideal word to use here is "anarchy", but the concept of an idealized world. Starting with roll-playing, Bolter and Grusin examine how this idea can be a benefit to the self. Specifically, they talk in depth about virtual reality ultimately leading to a form of universal Empathy. Where B&G leave off this clause and I pick up is here: what the human race needs is more opportunity (forced or not) to experience empathy. Quite possibly it is the answer to a more sympathetic and understanding race. Beyond that, it is a method of creating a better world for the inhabitants of that race, and the "lesser" animals who share in this space.

"Benedikt thinks of the relation between these two worlds ("natural" and cyberspace) as an evolving process of dematerialization..." (B&G, 181) "...with the ballast of materiality cast away--cast away again, and perhaps finally." (Benedikt) "...Proponents of cyberspace seem to be replaying the logic of transcendence at the heart of Christianity..." (B&G, 182) or Buddhism, or Taoism, or Hinduism, Judaism, etc. "The design of cyberspace is, after all, the design of another life-world...offering the intoxicating prospect of actually fulfilling--with a technology very nearly achieved--a dream thousands of years old: the dream of transcending the physical world, fully alive, at will, to dwell in some Beyond--to be empowered or enlightened there, alone or with others, and to return" (Benedikt, 131).

The concept of "immaterialization" and the shedding of material goods and concerns go back as far as I've ever read in the beneficial creation of a more spiritual identity for the self. Empathy, along with the idea of shedding materialism is universally relevant on the path to enlightenment (no matter which structured Religion you are discussing, if any). From simplicity and empathy comes a further understanding, compassion, good will, grace and heightened awareness of the world one inhabits and "beyond".

So I'm going to build The eMPATHY Machine. Starting in grade school, children would have to sit in The Machine once every school year until they are 18. Then, it would become something like the civil service act, and every US citizen would have to stay registered and sit in The Machine once a year, every year. Once it works and goes out for mass-use among the people, it would be advisable, most likely, to change the name to something like the CAT Test who seems so harmless as its induced into every child across the country every spring time elementary year (California Achievement Test).

More technically, The eMPATHY Machine could be a VRML-based application that allows for the user to live out fifteen minutes of life as experienced by the a starving Sudan child as seen in many an Adbusters socio-political work (Remediation), a twelve year old black girl in Selma in 1954, a Jewish father in Poland 1939, an abused woman, your movie star of choice, homeless folk, handicapped war veterans... and on and on.

- posted by gto @ 12:01 PM

17 June 2004

An Interpretation on Walter Benjamin's "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction"

In the preface of "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction", my interpretation of what Benjamin is saying may or may not be accurate to the author's intended rationale. It seems, though, that to Benjamin, the changes in conditions of art production or reproduction are much more noticeable today than they were fifty years ago. This argument can be more clearly, or more readily, elucidated by examining (or writing or reading a thesis about) the developmental tendencies of art under present conditions in the world as opposed to, for example, utilizing a thesis on the art of the proletariat after its assumptions of power or about the art of a classless society.

Reason: Today it is noted that the dialectic ("The art or practice of arriving at the truth by the exchange of logical arguments." (dictionary.com.)) of the developmental tendencies of art under present condition are just as prevalent in and relevant to our economy as they are in the superstructure of our society. For this reason they have much potential to wield power: "It would therefore be wrong to underestimate the value of such theses as a weapon" (W. Benjamin, 1).

Further: The developmental tendencies of art under present condition brush aside elements "such as creativity and genius, eternal value and mystery" (W. Benjamin, 1), words with which we are familiar, but when applied by an individual in any seat of power, an autocratic (or Fascist) institution, information can be processed in error. Be it a trendy magazine editor, corporate CEO, or high-tiered politician, it is dangerous for one person to have the power of influence over the masses. Keep in mind, people are like sheep, generally, and will assume the role (buy the product, agree with an argument, vote this way or that, etc.) which is most readily presented to them.

With this in mind, Benjamin sets out to show that his concepts introduced into the theory of art are not so that the information can be misunderstood or manipulated in a Fascist way, but perhaps so that we can decide, in the light of our current instamatic, mass-produced and mechanically reproduction-alized world, what is and what is no longer to be considered art.

On A Relation Between Steve Mann's Cyber-Men Experiments at the University of Toronto and Paul Valery's Excerpt of *PIECES SUR L' ART*, "La Conquete de l'ubiquite"

As I watched the bearded man in dark sunglasses walking down the rainy sidewalks of Toronto or across the University campus with the narrator explaining Steve Mann's experiments, it seemed plain to me that the need for art galleries and concert venues-- among many other public places-- could, or perhaps would, soon disappear. With the convenience of a limitless database of information available to the individual, called up upon request to a small monitor on the inside of a dark pair of sunglasses, eyeglasses, or own inherent retina, any and all information requested by the individual would be omnipresent. This includes books, weather forecasts, your neighbors favorite color, the price of a six pack of beer, famous paintings on exhibit, new works of art, and your friends live music performance--as it is happening--in a bar across the city. No longer would the individual necessarily have the need to get up out of their house, fight traffic, pay for parking, risk an auto accident or getting mugged, etc. With an AOL Buddy-list-type collection of friends and family in your iPod sized database, the individual will tap into the virtual space of their friends band while their friends anywhere in the world will do the same. Connected wirelessly with voice and video streaming the friends can enjoy a night out on the town together without ever leaving their homes or paying a cover charge. As we all know, beers from the store are cheaper than beers at the bars; in the long run this would save people money, but perhaps simultaneously render the venues and galleries obsolete.

I have a tangible and pragmatic definition for Benjamin's "Aura" that I keep in mind. It can be said as the following: An object's uniqueness; not limited to but including it's placement (historical, physical, spacial, timely, etc.) in the superstructure. It is the elements of the object (art work, natural object, etc.) that give it it's unique and authentic value. (Which makes me ask this to anyone who's read "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance": How is the Aura the same as Robert Persig's 'Quality'?)

The viewer's experience would obviously be much different, much like Benjamin's comparison between the actor's aura in theater and film? Perhaps this eventual breakdown of the need for art galleries and concert venues would result in a decline of the art work's aura?

digitology

Friday, February 20, 2004 digitology i was thinking this today: i walked down, to the way south end of campus to the mass comm building to try to open the last issue of green door house that i only have a digital copy of left, in quark from macOs9, on my hard drive, which is running on OSX. its not a good scene really, but this is not the issue.

anyway, it was warm and sunny and i was having this really great walk down there, listening to jason mraz, singing, etc. (people probably get a kick out of me walking by, especially when im walking and its sunny and i can see the snow capped mountains to the east and if feel really good and high, drinking tea and on and on..)

and then i got into the lab and there was the email from jjReal and i read it and it was all just very cool, you know. so then my buddy dave came by unexpectedly and i told him some things that were going on. his bike is broken. he's from chicago.

so i read over her email a few more times and wrote her back and left the lab. THAT is when i wondered why you never mentioned this girl or her work before... so i guess we had the same thought today, independently...

on another note: im working on this semi-anonymous/virtual identity idea tonight. my teacher has a rad one: pHarmanaut. so i've been thinking though, you know, about chat places, SPOKEN WeRD cd/dvd publications, performance, etc. sort of like a stage name for the digital realm. its pretty fun really, make a list of words, cut them up, combine, chop apart. i havent gotten The One yet but when i do it'll stick around, you know, then ill use it to sign in everywhere, IM, chat, etc.

you could dig my prof's site: <http://www.du.edu/~treddell>

17 June 2004

Mixed Up Auditory Experimentation

Monday, February 23, 2004 Mixed Up Auditory Experimentation E23: right now, i have four main ideas which i plan to manifest as at least part of my trace class material. im sure i'll pick up a ton of cool stuff from him during the course, so its all a work in progress. what i have for now is a endless supply of poetry/prose/ramblings/cut-ups/etc to record of my own which will be mixed and layed over and experimented with the following:

1. man made rhythms, sounds and beats, one track which will be something like "Thrift Store Courderoy Jam" (various rhythms created with the scratchy ribs of old school Levi's)
2. the experimental piano compositions of MissDelReal. you may have seen the cd for it on the site (<http://ninearts.org/real.htm>). shes this rad computer lab chick in chicago who creates these works and mixes them up, plays around with her own original piano scores. i have only two mp3s right at the moment, but she's stoked on the idea and working on many more. (carrie mandel--the last Industry Profile i wrote for dmspace--introduced me to her recently)
3. my riotously dionysian drunken poet friends in knoxville tennessee
4. the delta folk slide guitar acoustics of my good north dakota traveling hobo friend Ben suchy (<http://bensuchy.com>).

right now, i dont know HOW these ideas are going to pan out. by that i mean, im not sure if i have four separate cds here or one bad ass MF that does an interesting job of spanning the potential spectrum for fusing contemporary american road poetry with a lot of different types of performance work... i really think the SOMETHING OF THE REAL cd will be its own work. miss del real and i have been talking and she's so stoked to be composing for it. we've already decided its going to be titled above with an american roadtrip theme running through all the tracks. i think right now its going to be a pretty somber and reflective type of outpouring, you know, a meditative album that ironically battles back the chaos of city traffic, busy lives, the samsara circle, etc...i think its going to be pretty sick, volume turned up in peoples car stereos, you know, they're cruising around dodging stop lights and the voice and music coming out of the speakers is like "...in the mad hoard of twisted spoke hysterics, my gang and i first took over iowa, then nebraska, then..."

submissions always accepted. i'll keep you posted as to how the SPOKEN WeRD projects evolve. i have traces class next quarter, so most of it will go down then.

thanks for inquiring man.... so many projects...so little time... we definitely need to find PhD teaching jobs so the summer and part of winter are semi-free for work in the field and studio! - posted by gto @ 5:26 PM

17 June 2004

BLUES TRAVELER

Thursday, February 26, 2004 BLUES TRAVELER | CO leg : miniSpringtime Rockies Tour i plan to be in full attendance, armed only with the Cat's Meow, freestanding SlickRock, and new truck--dirty and packed with all of the necessary rations--at the following shows. if you haven't seen the Traveler on a mountain venue in colorado (where they are at their auditory prime) you are missing one of the great pleasures in life (not to mention the lightening fast, mind-bending, contemplatory harmonical enigma we refer to as John Popper).

if any of you modernday gadabouts are interested in coming along, here are the goods... (this could be a good trip-swap as well, if you are unable to ski due to a torn ACL which you registered while busting a 'fancy move' around a squirley defender on the sticky turf of the indoor soccer field.)

BLUES TRAVELER | CO leg : miniSpringtime Rockies Tour Fri., Apr. 9 : Steamboat Springs Sat., Apr. 10 : Vail Sun., Apr. 11 : Grand Junction

- posted by gto @ 9:34 PM

17 June 2004

Gone To See A Movie as A Prize Fighter Writer

It's Sunday night and I've gone to see a movie as a writer, out the front door, down the steps, bouncing out into the city streets, horns honking, coffees steaming in hands of bustling citizens, the cracked sidewalks with newspapers like a mogul run down the long block of greystones and two-flat bungalow haven.

The evening snowstorm in March is not unexpected. The Chinese restaurant is always closed at this hour. The gas station beer store, on the other hand, is always open. People buying cigarettes and pumping foolish gasoline with engines running, wintery exhaust filtering up into the fluorescent glow. Lotto scratch-off metal dust tickets that don't match a thing.

Scuffing my blacktop alley soles along the pavement I think about the film house, old broken down popcorn bags one dollar a piece. No soda, bring your own, or bring your whiskey if you need be. The movies usually aren't that bad.

Rip rap on bullet proof glass, One, Please. Only one, tonight, suga? She creamed back slowly. Yeah. I said, sliding in the dollar bills, Just one. You don't look lonely. She emphasized the word look in her statement and pulled pornographically on her cigarette. I'm not. I smiled, and looked right past her to the black and white Jack Dempsey poster hanging on the ticket office wall.

Passing by the black windows at Red Dragon after hours, I seen myself hip hopping past the shops, hands jammed down into front pants pockets, reflected in the flat plane glass like a Portland Polaroid self-portrait not much like a solitaire drunkard in the streets, but like a Belfast prize fighter, lean to the bones and muscle, quick in the mind, fast on the bout, right to the fists for any yip yap passer-by, floating from the skinny profile, proletariat knit hat tip-tilted atop my head at just the right victorious, spit-bucket, pay no never mind angle, zip front sweatshirt under thrift store snap-up windbreaker died skyblue and radiant in the yellow streetlamp glow, snow falling all around, sticking to these heavy leather shoes.

The movies usually aren't that bad when you enter the film house with illicit industrial intentions of filtering your future content back onto the street, thoughtful detournemonte, concocting a new Bigger Picture, more honest than the rest. In the light of things, the movies are just usually not that bad.

03.04.04 Josephine Street Big City Freight Train Blues: Denver Poems

17 June 2004

Untitled

Saturday, March 06, 2004 Lately hey girl, lifes crazy sometimes. i've been running around with a lot of girls lately. i guess that might come off as an attempt to rub in that very idea, but, ironically, that is not my intention. i dont know, but the whole many girl scene is crazy, and/but i've been writing even more lately, working till 2:30 am in the computer lab, etc. so that helps. one of my teachers turned me on to this wonderful book that i have not been able to much more than crack at this point, but it's a gem of insight. that much i know. its called the road to excess, a history of writers on drugs, and so far the speed freaks are my favorite. there is a whole section on bodhidharma (the missionary monk who brought buddhism to china from india, where it originated) having trouble staying awake during meditation, and finally, in frustration, he tore off his eye lids to be eternally awake. where his eyelids landed, tea plants sprouted. later the drink was used to aid prayer in the eastern christian church of ethiopia, and on and on. its a great book.anyway, we got into the gothic theater (where we saw liquid soul one time when you were here) last night for free. the radiators tore the place up. i havent been to see a solid five man band in way too long. new earth mud, i think, last quarter was the latest. at first i attempted to drunkenly sweet talk the girl at the door, because dave was digging her, and i just feel free enough to do that these days. it didnt work. it was late and she was probably tired of dealing with people, not being able to go see the show herself. eventually, though, she just let us in. i was asked by the director of the program to TA his internet design class over my spring break. it pays really well, and it will lead me to a professorship at some point. life is crazy sometimes.i was thinking today...well, i just wanted to say hi i guess. im sure that your new long distance dude is planning on coming to denver for your operation, so it might not be a good idea for me to come see you. i dont want to have to hit a nurse in a hospital. hehe. i hope you are having fun there.ps benny suchy called yesterday, he's back on tour after a long bout in FLA. he's got dates in sandpoint, hot springs, and bozeman. im hoping to tag along and be the rambling SPOKEN WeRD roadie. what fun it is to ride and sing, a sleighing song tonight. oh!i have my own editorial column again. this time its for the DMSpace website here at the university. its called the unKnown Zone. its like spring in denver today, and some soul just drove by down on the street below my window blasting Against the Wind by bob segar...life is good.gWhen you cut up the present, the future leaks out. :WSBurroughs

17 June 2004

Another Night

Friday March 05, 2004 no drinking for me till friday. i made the pact. last night a downed a few with stephanie (from club spank's) and watched that fucking twisted ass freak of a movie i borrowed from you. jesus, god that thing was strange. those fucking infecteds, man. and why the hell didnt the black hot girl and bubble head go loot a few uzi's early on. this baseball bat and broken beer bottle as weapons shit just didnt cut it. i guess it wouldnt have been nearly as suspenseful if they just roamed around london mowing down the screaming vomiting neo-corpses at the flick of a trigger. i sure woulda dug it.

stephie and i bonded over that one, man, nice work. a couple pass time pales and a cutie on sunday night. somebody in the big house likes the technO-dee. waking up at 730 sucked.

the border? what the fuck? you're looking for some freshies, i guess. that place now reminds me of the gaming dreddy girl. i just want to run into her out one night and make eye contact, and give her the three-second "what the fuck's your mis-deal" look, and go back to my pint, full belly laughing at something TJ does. fear not, stranger prophesies have happened.

keep friday open. notify the scouts. its going down.

-the doc

17 June 2004

Extra

i needed a more powerfully connected M-A-C for the zip disko fantasmic orchestration technique i was mastering for the final project. the F.A.J. was not in the house. i think he got back today as well, but not in office. no need for that on a saturday night fever. TJ, on the other hand, is running amuck, solo in orlando. he's got the fukin bus schedule mapped out all over the hotel room, figuring exactly what time he's gotta get up, swim, etc so that he can make the crosstown transfer to the rap show and have time to sauce in between. brilliant stuff. next year you will go to the iDMAa. no law abiding dms hoodlum should go without.

some chick called the hotel room when i was writing and tj was saucey talking to his brother or his girl, and this chick asked for me then said she'd call back because feefe said he was on the other line. i still have yet to find out who this chick is... intriguing, dont you think?

so is anne going out dressed like pat benatar again? are there chicks swinging freely around your house this evening? i'll bring em some killians. they will dig.

be there soon.. blasting the neighbors with truth be told in the six speaker surround sound leather pimp R.V. ...

17 June 2004

To Dave

hell yeah, i was kikin it in leo block. just me and one other chick, one teacher came on through on his way out. it's a bare ass annie going down over there after the last critique in fajardo headquarters let out, the lights went out in georgia. the whole fuckin place was locked good thing some dude was going out through the indoor and that i use no punctuation anymore high dive? yes rockit someone pick me up i dropped a fitty on the cabbie in the F-L-A and dont qwant to do that anymore no punctuations cool

check this essay out kiddies ---> <http://ninearts.org/academic/beatific.htm>

got word from TJ, he's rockin it at a rap concert downtown disney tonight. the kid is high on life right now guaranteed. but the dewars pitcher in his backpack is helping.

dive: 11:00 pm i have a few kills to finish before then. dave im coming over to drink at your place. call up the hunnies.

17 June 2004

To Dave & Evan (again)

dave: the paper was excellent, well done.

Father cakes: when i graduate, and have a job, indeed i will, but he'll be the biggest jet black dog you've ever seen and i'll name him Moses.

on the other note, i wasnt using the critical approaches final essay comparing marshall mcluhan freidrich kittler the beats and most specifically the media of the three part model to pick up chicks, she'd already been picked up at this point, and it was at least our third email.

now, stop writing me you fuckers, im trying to post up the good dr.KIT, and i cant get away from this iBook, i seem to have developed a vanilla latte induced addiction for sending along short paragraphs of electric prose.

snap back to reality, op, there goes gravity... you know the rest.

17 June 2004

Four Days in the FLA

i just returned from four days in orlando. it was 85 and sunny the whole time. hot chicks by the pool...me, kickin it, digging them all...flashing them a smile here and there....you know, working the scene in general. my friend TJ who went with (it was a conference for school) shared a room. i was working on a paper one of the days and he went to the "free booze" party in suite 1113. i knew it was going to be trouble because he was so stoked about it and talked about "oh man free drinks..." and on and on. so he comes back into the room two hours later hammered and rambling on, carrying a plastic tumbler of white wine in one hand and one of red in the other, going on about how he "talked to everyone" and tried hitting on some girl, but got blocked by some other dude, and that he told at least one person there (he had no idea who he was talking to at any point during the cocktail party) that he was a professor! i was like, "man, how many of those free stiffies did you get your greedy little hands on, anyway, you're slurring..."

and he started giggling and said, "seven or so gin and tonics, plus these two..."

then he dssappeared into the bathroom for a while and i though he passed out, but came back out saying "oh man i just thought of something...i know they ran out of dewars, but i didnt check if they still had any beer." and he turned and ran out of the room.

then we went down to dinner in the big banquet room when he got back. we were standing in line with a lot of other people and TJ was talking loud and saying things about the conference sucked. at first i was going to tell him to keep it down, but then i figured maybe he has an opinion and it takes nine cups of the sauce to get him to voice it, so i just let him rant for a while, and laughed the whole time.

ahh, florida...the eternal spring break.

17 June 2004

Earlier in Orlando

dr odysseus is back in the operating room after a lovely early morning jet airliner across most of the contiguous united states. remind me not to fly again for a lo-- oh shit, im going to chicago in two weeks. oh well, traveling offers the luxury of seeing hot chicks in a plethora of environs, not excluding the two we tried to meet at the hotel bar after seeing them sunbathing at the pool earlier in the day. the plan may well have worked, only i think i took too much time doing my hair in the room. five minutes after TJ left me working with kittler last evening, he came busting back into the room, sweaty and out of breath, doing his best not to spill a pint of killians that he'd brought up with him from the lobby, going on about "the chicks from the pool" and how he'd seen them in the elevator. and now they were in the bar.

"did you talk to them?" i questioned, looking up from page 24.5. "no." "no? why not, we need to know where they're going. get on that, man!" "because i only had this much killians at that point." he put his thumb and forefinger together about a half inch apart and lined them up with the two-sips worth of empty glass at the top of his pint. "they're all perfumed up." he added, stretching my imagination a bit further.

we rushed down but they were gone. point is, we drank three pints a piece there anyway. fuckin broads, man, who ne---

HOWEVER... "The Grand Wizard LexiConductor or The Lunatics Have Taken Charge of the Asylum" is complete. i will be uploading it in a number of minutes, and quarter two closing celebrations will be well under way shortly thereafter. anyone have any plans for tonight? i was thinking maybe something different for a change, you know, a lot of drinks and some chicks. (maybe i should stop referring to them as chicks and one of them would actually stick.)

17 June 2004

LexiConductor

Despite the onslaught of his 1964 publication *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man*, the book's strangely overwhelming and nearly immediate academic acceptance, metamorphosis into Holy Scripture, and the ensuing run of celebrity status years on television talk shows, corporate lecture circuits, Warhol canvases, and Hollywood movie sets, the man who had the air about him suggesting a firm belief that it was the business of prophets to bring prophetic news (Lapham, ix), and a scholar who retained the charisma of a haruspex with the irresistible certitude of the monomaniac (Thomas Wolfe), Marshall McLuhan's rather ubiquitous hypothesis that The Medium is the Message, denies the condition where the more consistent message is not only prior to medium, but exists independently of it. The medium, not only plays a vital role in the transmission of a message-concept through time and space, but serves as primo-translator, manipulator, and even possible interpreter of the message-concept, and its content, from its preexisting and preemptive incarnation. ...see--> <http://ninearts.org/academic/beatific.htm>

17 June 2004

Chicago Letter to Anyone Who's Listening

Chicago: my family all lives there. my brother just bought a house at Irving & Francisco and had a baby boy three days ago with lots of black curly hair. his name is Martin Joseph O'Toole. my sisters both live in the suburbs. same with my mom and dad.

i have a girlfriend here, Ryane, its only been a month/half, i want to marry her like mad. crazy world.

No, i dont talk to jen (collier) anymore, havent for years. i used to email them (i was pretty good friends with her boyfriend after a while) and it was all cool then she just stopped ever writing back. so it goes. i think she still lives in carbondale, but for all i know could be in chicago, 30, with a dog, etc. bagging groceries at Jewel, running a company, who knows.

i have one more year of my M.A. and i got one of the G.T.A. positions here at the university in my department (Digital Media Studies). getting a Nikon D1X in a couple of paychecks. also trying to go abroad to shoot and write sometime soon...somewhere with enormous mtn peaks and dirty faced children who run around barefoot, live in tents or huts and soak up their surroundings and laughter like a sponge. it'll happen, i just haven't hit the nail directly on the head just yet.

im getting more excited to stay in school: Ph.D. in mad cap laughs and philosophy, figure out some way to get payed, buy a cabin, 20 acres, three dogs, my studio, and a few guns, just to shoot around and never hurt no one.

the manager of the band My Morning Jacket is personally UPSing their extra bonnaroo ticket overnight to me to my friends place in Knoxvegas TN where we're meeting before the shows. ...small world, and on a daily basis now, i realize that each one of us isn't much different from the next...

g

Founder & Publisher-at-arms

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08 June 2004

Mountain Arts Rescue Mission

using DSL/mozilla, sipping heavy vanilla latte in Alley Cat Coffee house, Fort Collins,
CO:=====im in. ill be on the road second half of june
for benny's second grassroots fest and a stint in the humid tenements of chicago, and--if all goes well with another
grant proposal--there is a slight chance i'll be

28 May 2004

Monday Letter To Dave, Last Week of Spring Class

by this time i was fast asleep. the devil got in me sometime sunday evening and i drove to taco bell to get stared at by the hispanic drive-thru girl, and to pick up two burritos too many, i realized, as i gorged my tired and spent self in front of the television, Friends reruns where someone was kissing someone they probably werent supposed to in a quaint wooden coffee shop. Then, out of guilt and boredom, I went for a late night stroll through the neighborhoods looking for houses to rent, maybe something with a driveway and hardwood floors. After twelve blocks or so, I returned home and collapsed into my cold midnight bed.

I'll be in the faction 2-1-1 later today. Im working in the College of Law right now, coding for a few hours into the afternoon due to the fact that i rolled in here at noon after sleeping in very late and taking a long oatmeal-soap shower.

ps your parents signed up, and are now official Graphagromaniacs. i'll be eagerly anticipating baring rants from the ex-prof.

24 May 2004

Sundance Saturday

i was mighty taken by the combo of the studio library (much expected, literarily speaking) and little hoodied eli handing me some of the best jazz ever recorded as a sort of toddler-esqe collaboration saying something to the effect of 'im in this scene, too, man, just cause im little dont mean a damn thing...!.

but then sleepy ryane opted for a later night of sundance films at the place she's house-sitting this weekend back in denver, mainly because her healer (Hydy) was there and needed to be let out to pee and what not. i have to pass this on to you guys, because tonight i experienced the single greatest film i've yet to sit through to the most recent of my relevant recollections. its called Love Liza. get it somewhere. blockbuster's sundance section should suffice. have nothing else to going on for the most part when you go through this thing. its heavy. its real. its Great.

23 May 2004

Extract from A Denver Friday Night | THE GADABOUT LETTERS

myself and some other people went to the Rockies v. Philly game last night at Coors Field. as a side note, you wouldnt be wrong to assume they only serve coors products... and fat tire. we bought the cheap seats, of course, and sat in the last few minutes of sunset which falls deep behind the third base line. as the game crossed to the bottom of the third, the rows in which we were seated became continually more crowded, until there were about 100 of these crazy high school kids, taking over the "Rockpile" (the honest, but failed, Denver attempt at creating their own bleacher seats like the bleacher seats at Wrigley) and having a grand time of it all.

so these high school kids were all rubbing this purple and black paint all over the place, and wearing wigs spraypainted silver, giant penny carnival sunglasses, glitter, waiving fists and chanting; most likely they were all just feeling stoked that it was friday, and nearly summer. But then this one kid gets down in front and turns around and starts rallying the rest of them, raises his hand into the air, other hand layed across his chest like a knight, and kicks into Mel Gibson's war-ready motivational rant from Braveheart when he is about to lead his infantry head-first into the climax battle and this kid's just down there, maybe seventeen years old, no shirt, backwards baseball hat, flailing his arms, pointing to the crowd, then to the field, then back at his ragged band of painted troops, never skipping a beat or fumbling a syllable--and the kids were all digging it, crawling all over eachother, getting fired up and he just kept on going with this speech, man, it was so excellent. I had to cheer him on a bit and give him a few claps, if based on nothing more than masterfully executed and timely kicks, and brilliant originality.

ryane was like "who does that?"...

i said "him. he rocks."

then philly won.

i didnt really mind.

g

Saturday, May 15, 2004 Extract from A Denver Friday Night from THE GADABOUT LETTERS coming soon.
NUMBER NINE Arts & Books <http://ninearts.org>

"Sometimes I walk around town looking at the faces, wondering why the bodies go to silly places." Jim James

17 May 2004

Meeting of the Minds in the Masses Part II : Ramblers in NYState

after speaking briefly with jim james last night at the fox, and a long phone conversation with the kindly modernday american troubador, ben suchy two days ago, i've come to the conclusion that among other things, two unsurpassable events of the ensueing summer are as follows: bonnaroo and the grassroots in NY state. i will throw the air plans together last minute if necessary, and hope to have a car and driver(s) awaiting my arrival in Knox-Vegas on wednesday june 9th, sometime after noon. (i'll need a car and driver, then, if possible, back to TysonMcGee the following monday at whatever time is least expensive for yours truely, and whatever time keeps you both from getting any sleep.)

when you pick me up, though, just remember classes will be over, the summer will have officially begun, and i may be wearing a broad tweed sunhat and dark incognito sunglasses, sandals, the same cutoff jeans i never washed during all of SCI AMERICA, 2001, and a cigarette holder like the one HST sports, just for the hell of it. i'll be carrying an old bed roll and rucksack, and not much besides. I may have the most beautiful girl i've ever seen walking along side me, if im really that lucky.

on another later-into-the-summer note, your presences are highly sought after by the rambling storyteller himself at his performances in NY state July 22-25. My plan at this point is to drive with the love of my life, in the new beauty (now with fresh MMJ sticker) up to Bismark, ND on July 16th for ben and bridgets party, camp on the parents farm somewhere far from downwind of the maneure patches, but close enough to be awakened by the rooster at dawn (just to say i did it). their party is the 18th, sunday, then we head for a night into the windy city of chicago to see one new niece, and one new other baby who're being born as we speak. We'll be in NY by wednesday the 21 and i told ben if he needs a ride from syracuse airport to the fairgrounds, i'd probably be there already and that he should just let me know if that occurs. same for you'all if you decide you may need to fly up in order to save time/money. (as we last parted ways, sam, you were saying something about needin g to get in a plane and fly somewhere far...)

we'll head out of NY monday the 26th, and i'll stopover again in chicago for maybe a week or so. if Ryane doesnt have a job yet, she might probably hang out as well if she can, tour the art institute school and museum, show her the Gingerman Poetry Bar, hang out at my brothers new house, etc.

so that's that fans and loved ones. the point of this letter is to muster up the Meeting of the Minds in the Masses Part II: Shakori Ramblers SummerTour2004.

PS on a side note, as soon as my last class is over next thurs, you'll all be getting an invitation to join the new virtual open mic performance space and become a registered user of "Anecdotes of a Graphagromaniac".

just

like

me.

17 May 2004

