

in G Major. Four days later, at her funeral, a small crowd listened to Bach and Vivaldi while weeping. Outside, it was a sunny day.

I love movies for fucking dozens of reasons. They move. And we move along. But the main reason is because I admire so much ellipsis. Watch out Kyle, I can see you laugh in disbelief. I'm dragging you down in the endless labyrinth of my mouth, while confessing to you, on page sixteen, that short cuts are the shit. I guess, I appreciate what stands far away from me because it's a great opportunity to learn new things and to look at the world differently. Alfred Hitchcock said: "what is drama but life with the dull bits cut out." Why, didn't I meet him on page 4? ... Maybe I have read too many novels these past years, too many essays as well? Maybe it's time to dive again into haikus? Maybe it's time to wrestle with the Devil so he can make me shut up? Coming back to Stranger Than Paradise, the opening scene is just so cool. Did you see that black and white Beckettian road movie? I hope so. It is so funny. Screaming Jay Hawkins doesn't appear on the screen like in Mystery Train, but his music walks through the story like somekind of ghostly character. Jim Jarmusch is truly one of my favorite directors, with Wim Wenders, Aki Kaurismäki, David Lynch, the Coen brothers, to name a few, who are still alive and have a western flavor. Of course, I do love as well directors from Sweden, France, Japan, Italy, Germany, Argentina, England, and so forth, but we will talk about that another time. Or maybe never. It's good to have secrets between friends, don't you think? And even more between lovers. And between our own twin souls too.

I feel like putting an end to this letter. Watch out Kyle, I can hear you utter: "Please do." I feel I ought to write about my dead mother. I started a few weeks ago, but then like the crazy hobo that I am, I jumped on another train, this conversation which tried clumsily to put Austin and Lausanne on the same latitude, to weave daily facts with profound questions and desires, to rub the future with the past, to mix words with images and images with music. I hope you had a nice ride. I hope that you felt like the assassin in a film noir. Who wrote all this nonsense, this weird plot, me or you? Or my mother? Death of the author. Sad or happy ending? The Days Run Away Like Wild Horses Over The Hills. Really? Fuck, another writer. Ellipsis when will wear your last mask? Can you save the last dance for the mailman, or better, for the last dance itself? Lauren Bacall is waiting, and smoking, in the fat Oldsmobile. When rain and sun kiss, light becomes as soft as baby skin. Who knocked on our future coffins? Dylan, Kurosawa, or trumpets of sperm from Africa? Life is a joke. On the photo, they look evenly happy. On the same photo, they look in different directions. Was the photographer a friend? Or a thief? A roll of yellow tape on a table. Tennessee is not a name, it's a feeling. Where is the purple forest Trakl painted with his silver blood? Why, didn't I discuss the art of painting with you? Too late. Too early. Who needs frames? A fossil of a cactus thorn forgotten in a metal box. Rock my religion. Gimme shelter. Punch the clown's nose. Were you there? Where did I put my glasses? Gasoline Grill at the end of a bridge. Wash your face. Enjoy the sounds of a language you don't understand. Are you willing to be made nothing? A family of scissors dancing around some lacy cilantro. If you don't know it's okay. If you don't know, ask D.H. Lawrence. No. Ask the dogs. No. Ask Eros. No. Ask the Phoenix within you. Second cigaretterolling down a roof. Sign of Princes? Queens of Lungs? Search harder. Catia's broken stereo smells like an orchard. Who said that sculptures hide paintings? A love revolution, that's what we need. Search and destroy. High Five to each bird, each bee, each groan. Peel the world like an apple. To be continued. Asshole. Punk. Already? You are kidding? His name is Avigdor Arikha. Drowning by Numbers. A scarlet scarf gives me a boner. That's why. And you? I beg you

16

# HORSEPOWER



to choke page seventeen. A black agenda crushing a fat blue fly on the kitchen floor. What are you doing right now? Who needs a beauty coach? Too old to catch the Avant-Garde. Technology is the wickedest slavery. Paper Boy. Paper Poem. Beauty ~~is~~ is everywhere. Run-DMC or Beastie Boys? A rotten tooth plastered with gold. Paper Paradise. This typewriter just lost a screw. Tennessee is not a State, it's a love island which moves. Neil Wild keeps us Young. Brown steaming fields under a rain-bow. Seventeen pussypower. Are you lost? If you enjoy it, you understand it. What? Finish this letter with Frank O'Hara's quote. We have so much to learn from trees. We need new superheroes. Rosy Gertrude I dig you. Should sound poetry sound like a window breaking or like Saussure swallowing silence? Holy Water, that's the name of our perfume. Rub your tongue every morning. Do you also write better shit when you are half naked? In this moment only. Holy Water, that's the essence of our bodies. His name was Avigdor Arikha. Space. Time. Tame space. Time. Space. Spice time. When you're lost, enjoy it, or ask for help. My phone is scratched, is yours too? I'm trying. Why? Why not? Where? I would have been a different person if Russ Meyer had been my father. Can you feel all the frustrated desire behind that last sentence? When I take a shit, I leave the door open and admire my collection of art books. Ain't kidding. Maybe I should write a poem about this? Or you? Or Brautigan? Or Artaud? Do you know that hammer in French also means cuckoo? Too many dead bodies in the sea. All these guys with fake muscles gross me out. Too much shit on my table. Just for today. Polyphonix, Poems To Work On, Richard Prince. Pink and blue. A pair of books. A pair of balls. Pears and Gorgonzola, please. Why do I mention new artists when I haven't finished talking on Arikha? A broom lost in space. A black star. A broom which floats like a note of music. Another book I destroyed years ago. A black star carpet. The roll of yellow tape still lies where it was yesterday. Why can't I follow your advice? Or rather Ted Berrigan's advice which you shared with me? Start. Finish. Start. Finish. He painted all subjects in a single sitting. Shut up. Focus. Shut up. Focus. No photography. No trust in memory. Maybe he was right? Who? Am I talking here of the impossibility of representation? Or something else? Nobody talks here. And there. All people, all animals, all objects, sing together. I need a break. Is that ok? Should I empty the dishwasher, jack off, do you have another idea? Coffee and cigarettes? Jesus Christ. ~~Jim~~ Jarmusch is back. In disguise or unmasked, I let you decide. That book I tore up, was it waiting for this? For that? For you? You can't see but on the inside of the roll of yellow tape, the word ECO is written. Jim is back while Tom Waits for his band. Or beer? I let you decide <sup>once again.</sup> Or maybe for Umberto Eco since this stupid little sun on my table seems <sup>to come back & I will</sup> ~~to come back & I will~~ you want the truth? Which one? I often wish I was a girl. Who needs poetry. Raw Power. Sorry, I talk too much of <sup>s</sup> smiotics and not enough of music. The dishwasher is empty. I've got to keep <sup>walking</sup> ~~walking~~. I had lentils for lunch. On the left, a license plate from New Mexico protects me. White Sands. Catia's birthday. Surfing. Above Iggy Pop walks on top of a crowd. Red words everywhere. Number eleven but no pool table. I did jack off. John Dear gets me off but differently. New word I did not know 5 minutes ago. Jack, John, Ringo. Crash. Rehearsal. Clang. Cunt. Jazz. Allen, William, Neal. Splash. She Bop. But without a scarlet scarf around my cock. Splash. Beat. Beat me baby. All guys want to be girls. Crash. Paul, George. Clang. George of the Jungle. She Bop. Bebop. We are all coming. That was too easy. Did you see the movie Aguirre, Wrath of God? I know my punctuation sucks. Next time, put more space between things. Polish the pearl. On the right, next to the heater, the image of a tiger is dreaming to jump on a skateboard. Did I really dare not asking you questions for such a long time? We should take care of each moment as it comes. Did I tell you I have a new friend? Two shelves higher, I would have written Kippenberger, Klein, Kline. The wind keeps coming in. A pyramid of toilet paper. A pencil I stole from a bar in Copenhagen. Do you fancy knowing what kind of shoes I'm wearing? A welding helmet from which a wooden oar is stepping. More tattoos on their way. Getting old is ugly. Blue leather Converse covered with plum paint. You are funny. And smart too. Did you think of Elvis right away? Catia doesn't want to but I'm gonna do it anyway. In 3 days it will be my birthday. I miss my mom. Did you see that coming too? I love the dead, I can't help it. Can't wait that summer really starts kicking in. By the way, what song from Tom Waits is your favorite? Circles. Circles. Giggles. Circles. Would you describe this piece of writing as neurotic or psychedelic? Wild wild party. It only works if I keep moving around. From you to me. From the kitchen to the balcony. Mamma mia, I had promised myself that I would stop. Erotic because it hunts down desire? It is nothing like the Devil in Faust. That halberd will hang on our wall soon.

17



Death has many tempi. You're beautiful. You're beautiful. Do you dread that this will never end? Or is it quite the opposite? Nicotine is transforming my gums in barbed wire. It's Sunday morning, and I'm wearing a Cuban shirt embroidered with flowers. Why should truth always lie in the middle? Like a viper of shit sliding out a hole. Cabin porn. That small red radio is so cute. My buddy Emanuel loves Mike Kelley. I prefer Chris Burden. What about you? I know. I know. You contain multitudes. You should visit Lisbon, it's gorgeous. Do my armpits smell nicer because of that shirt that Catia brought me back from Miami? Leftovers with wings. I often brush my teeth while walking through our apartment. Why did I not read yet the Collected Poems of Langston Hughes? Could this story about strolling toothpaste be a metaphor for something larger? Deeper and deeper. Of course captain. Pop music is a shame. A sin. Still now, I wish I could be Madonna's slave. The sparrow that builds a nest in the gutter is my mother. One day, I'll cruise around Finland on a motorcycle. Don't ask me why. I ate the screw from my typewriter. I won't tell you. Do you really think that everything I write is true? Right now my girlfriend is drumming in a basement. More tattoos of birds and roses. Quotes from Blake and Keats too. Isn't it bad that if I write from Los Angeles to Oklahoma, only scholars will smile? To understand means to stand under. Is it then time for a nap? Dennis Hopper is dead, but I still got an American Friend. I prefer showers to baths. I find Catia so funny when she is wearing your Sahara cap. Is erasing an act of hate or love? Eighteen bazooka power. Crank it up Sonny. Spread your legs wider Tracy. Pum up the volume homie. Is it possible to carve beauty out of clichés? Is judging a manifestation of intelligence or fear? Red nail polish electrifies my skin. I wish I had freckles all over my face. Culture is the most powerful weapon for discrimination. It's time to read again The Waves by the sweetest Virginia. Let's pretend that we are all grooving once again outside the Sahara Lounge. Fuck no. Let's go bowling. It's a family affair. A funky one. White, pink, grey are the colors I appreciate most on canvases. Should we eat Lebanese or vietnamese tonight? Of course black too. I buy flowers almost every week. Catia takes a bath almost every evening. Candles are not romantic, they are sacred. My friend Antonio knows way more things than I do. Do I love butterflies because they're silent or because of Nabokov? What would have happened if Ed had driven from San Francisco to Oregon? Please, send me a book from Jack Spicer or Larry Fagin. And a second one from Emmet Williams or James Schuyler. On some photos Tennessee looks like a Cherokee Queen. I found, I just found, a forgotten pen under our bed. Santa Maria de Guadalupe. My dad is visiting Detroit, can you believe it? Quit sugar, that's an order. A Minutemen song in the back of my head. That was a lie, but it sounded pretty cool, didn't it? Dolphins are tacky. Shake your booty. Perfume the world with kindness. Maybe I wish to be a girl because I'm a dragon that read too much Rilke. Did you see Orson Welles movie F for Fake? Do you hear the rain before you feel it? This sentence makes me think of you. I mean the one which will follow. You taught the migration of souls. Conrad Aiken. Bilingual, my ass. And the poem ends like this. This night we all set sail for the west. Orange cover. Kaleidoscopic. Mirror. Terror. Witchcraft. My friend Pat is so amazing that I call him DeeJay Love. Brothers and sisters. Terror and beauty go well together according to Maria. Sisters and brothers. The revolution will not be televised. It's weird how some thinkers age less graciously than others. I really need to sew that killer Ghetto Blaster patch on the back of my ultramarine overalls. One of the most precious things I possess is a branch I brought back from Plainfield. Dolce Vita. The club. The movie. The feeling. Would you say yes if Jeanne Moreau's ghost wanted to suck your dick? Why did I not visit The Lightning Field when I was driving through New Mexico? I really need to buy a new pair of sneakers. Next year we're flying to Japan with Tennessee. Kim Gordon is some kind of icon for me. I never told you that I seduced Jean by writing her postcards from Sicily. Goldy Locks and The Three Bears was my favorite story when I was a kid. I just burned something because of you. Because of this. I always sign my paintings with a silver marker. Why do we blame others instead of accepting that we ain't perfect. I never never try to solve crosswords, do you? The end is near. Which one. Bean Spasms. Ground Control to Major Tom. Statue of Liberty, what a joke. Shyness is touching and boring too. Proust Express. Are You Lonesome Tonight? Vice versa. Voracious verses vibrating variously. Blue Moon. Medium. Eclectic exorcism. Value the void. Let's stop saying yes to everything. From a Jack to a King. Metropolis. Almost.



Raging Bull. Are you ready for dessert? I have to visit Kamchatka. Hurry up kid. It is here that what interests you starts to interest me. Chinese eyes are so sexy. Sorry, it's sold out. Fly Guy. Room service. Funny Girl. Boom service. Which alphabet of desire? Is laziness a form of meditation? A splinter in the eye. That's not enough Mister Adorno. A sword through the spine. Here we go. Tuesday night, Joy Division. Chicago is not exciting but it is quite beautiful. Wool. Not the fabric but the painter. I find the green weed that borders sidewalks very touching. Iron. Not the metal but the actor. A night in Tunisia. A pink plastic elephant against my knee. Cotton. Never forget. A sacred heart inside a shell. History books are full of lies. To keep us warm we use a sheepskin. Verbal diarrhea or elegy? Black. Not the color but the wound. A crown tattooed on her breast. How many promises did you break? I love the smell, the sound, the sex that sweat out of the word scorching. No more Margaritas for me. The world is full of angry people. Sue Lyon was a scorching bomb in The Night of Iguana. Why did I not learn Russian? Spinoza more and more. Revisit childhood every day. You say pigs for cops and we say cows. The metaphysics of arsenic. Nobody fucks with the Jesus. Narcotics Anonymous somewhere inside of me. Thursday afternoon, don't forget to call dad. I went to heaven and back. Do you know Little Navajo waterfalls? Three apricots for breakfast. Did you swim with your son there? A photo of Dostoevsky's grave as green as a jungle. Off to the side. That was easy. Unemployment is becoming the norm. I'm game if that sounds good to you? I wonder if sometimes you wonder how that Mississippi Mud beer would have tasted. Please send me A Secret Location On The Lower East Side. A Celtics basketball shirt hanging on my wall. It's dangerous when I have too much money. Black leather gloves make me horny. Driving my doubts with determination. Let techno lead you to trance. Tropic of Cancer. I used to love Frida but now that all these girls have her face inked on their arms, I don't know. Maple syrup queer orgy. Comb your hair with clouds. Lacerate lust with laughter. Why is it so important to know Shakespeare? Sixty-nine Sapphicpower. Curly lips. Curvy hips. Hello. Cut the bullshit. True North. Isn't it absurd how much time we spend waiting in front of cash registers. The red store made things worse. His name was Beef and even in winter he slept on the balcony. Never buy your dildo <sup>on</sup> Bay. Granola and blueberries. Hill-billyland ain't fairyland. Did you ever collect hot sauces? Or sunglasses? Or old letters from angry girlfriends? Will You Please Be Quiet, please? For a long time I preferred solitude to people. I drink my morning coffee too quickly. I drink my morning coffee in a mug from Texas. I drink my morning coffee wrapped in clouds of smoke which scream in silence I wanna go back. Is stupidity waterproof? There are moments in which a rose is more important than a piece of bread. Strong Heart Society. Try to paint landscapes as if they were nudes. Quarter quotation marks into suspension points. This Spring will never end. Ask me, I'm the artist. This Spring will never last. Too much sophistication is a dead end. Pinch my nipples harder. Chlorophyll is a beautiful word. Quotation marks feel like swallows to me. When my girlfriend is out of town, I sleep in her pyjamas. Nothing is true, everything is permitted. Write like a Sufi dances. Pessimistic philosophers are hilarious. Crawling backwards in my pocket diary. What is the biggest modern myth? Is Cy Twombly a painter you love? Breaks like glass cuts like love. I borrowed last sentence from my buddy Henry Rollins. Aaaaaah. Director's cut. Disco time. Freak out. No way but forward. I'm nobody. Who are you? Are you nobody too? Green Giant. To work is to live without dying. That's crap. Welcome home my darling. I want to wrestle with Wonder Woman. I want her to tie me up with her magic lasso of truth. Ready made. Tabula rasa. A valley filled with poppies. You and me. White buffalo. I guess Lynda Carter was my first sexual fantasy. What was yours? Do you use a microscope or binoculars when when you get lost in vernacular language? The B-52's bouncing up and down Bear Mountain. Beckett loved Dante. Bukowski loved Fante. Who did you love? Is writing only interesting in regard to literature's history. That's what Olivier Mosset claims concerning painting. Blah, blah, blah. Can't wait to watch on a big screen In the Realm of the Senses. Emotions interest me more than history. Descartes was a moron. Moak Thelonious. Moaning Terioso. Trinkle treatment. Wildside. Sexy scars. Stupid cars. What's next, after the

# Nineteen

end?



Southern Gothic. My mom's favorite flowers were forget-me-not. Only truth has a form. Or not? Coincidence. Is all this narrative, descriptive, subversive, or simply dull? Buster Keaton. Busta Rhymes. Flavor Flav. Foxy Brown. What is the color when black is burned? Chose your side. Odessa was quite a trip. Faking is the new rule. Two thumbs up. Everything has a value but not everything is equivalent. Two black-gloved fists. Jimi Hendrix on the air. Aquarius. That was a hot poker hand. Piece of cake. For wisdom is a dying bird, engraved on a palm. Barry Manilow because of Lauren. This one goes out to your son. Great things are done when men and mountains meet. In the documentary, all victims said that time moved very slowly and quickly at the same time. I hope this trick or treat last pages feel the same way. Do you use often parenthesis? I don't but I find them very cute. To help someone is not always a good thing. By the way, your son's quote comes from William Blake and the one before from Patti Smith. Am I a walking syllogism? Please laugh because right now my ass is on a chair. I am truly a different person when I'm wearing shorts. Sometimes I dream that I am a Russian gangster with a harem of blond bimbos as curvaceous and frivolous as an explosion of nasty drunk high cheekbones wasps. A simple molecule. Mesmerizing Miss Missoula. Blondie Bowery Blues. My god we were so high. Ocean Drive, my future address. Let's bring together ethics and aesthetics. I dig wigs. What is the epic side of modern life? And fishnet stockings whipping Baudelaire's inclination for artificiality. And a thin gold chain swinging around tanned hips like an obscenely ravishing equator licking the butt crack of Neptune. Can evil's beauty equal beauty itself. Loser, my taste is as ridiculous as Liberace's Faberge Egg Costume. Everything is becoming commercial. Stop. Wishes are recollections coming from the future. Everything is commercial. Stop. Sugarland. Stop. Tweet. Twitter. Stop. Orange. It's time again for civil disobedience. Lost in the Supermarket. The Clash released that song in seventy-nine. Stop. What the fuck are we waiting for? And Marvin Gaye already sang Mercy Mercy Me in seventy-one. Do we really want to admire shit hit the fan like it is a fatality? Maybe if we had kept listening to Gregorian chants we wouldn't be where we are? Stuck. Faithless. Disillusioned. Blind. Ironic. Desperate. Self-centered. Can you pull out of your hat a white rabbit? Some cure like Alice in Wonderland? Dammit. Is there an exit? Even literature is commercial. Pasolini we need you. Stop. Brave New World. Riders On The Storm. The Road. Open the doors, don't shut them. Bone Palace Ballet. Talkin' World War 3 Blues. Philip K. Dick. Enjoy Kyle, it's your moment. Electric guitars roaring like the horses of the Apocalypse. Bad Moon Rising. Dicks are commercial. Love too. The End. Even misery. We're all trapped in Kafka's castle. Take your shirt off. Dance Kyle. It's only rock and roll. Death is a party. Slavery is fun. We're all brave little soldiers defending materialism. The Pleasures Of The Damned. Why care? Soon, we will all be bionic. Where is my mind? Extravaganza of nihilism. When we'll be robots we'll be able to dance longer. Do you dig how Bosch is tapping his bass guitar? Highway to Hell. Crash. Cronenberg fucking Ballard in the ass. Do you think that robots will have beards because we can't be hip without a facial broom? For the Union Dead. Not only London is Calling. Trash. Pollution in the water. In outer space. Maybe cancer and Alzheimer are just friends trying to warn us. I think I'm gonna join you around that gloriously perverse bonfire of dancing wretchedness. The Man Who Sold the World. Nirvana. Nations of zombies. Narcodollars. Narcissistic needles. Non-voters nourishing nothingness. Nuclear nut-houses. Good news travel fast. Splash. We want a body without a soul. Or a soul without a body. Fucking A, I love dancing among garbage. Check it out Kyle, Peter Handke is punching his harmonium, punching the same note like a maniac, and this note is the world, or rather the forgotten weight of our world which is begging billions of images, instantly devoured by other billions of images, to save us. Wooden Ships. Party at Ground Zero. Best gig ever, don't you agree? Depression is so inspiring. Despair is so inviting. RoboCop fucking Verhoeven's mouth. Burroughs is pouring tiny chocolate gorillas soaked in mustard gas in Trent Reznor's mouth. We are all gonna die. Extended version. No Future. Skinheads dressed in suits. Ghettos for the rich. Starvation for the poor. Bullets and bombs for the infidels. The Earth Died Screaming. Ha-ha. The man in black is singing The Man Comes Around. Hooray. Walls instead of borders. Ta-da. Everyone is naked. But nobody seems happy. Venus in Furs. Too much sweat is a sin. Pornographic desire is number one. Don't stop dancing. This party is getting viral on the web. Wahoo. We are famous.



# the end, for

We can die. We're famous. We're filthy rich. We can die. Everyone ~~one~~ wants to be us. Yippee. Virtual Venus. Videos everywhere. We're as famous as rock and roll stars. No more. We are Gods. The only two images that appear on the web. Permanently present but unreachable. Untouchable. We are fake and for this reason so true. So real. So addictive. So indispensable. Quintessential like the thousand-year-old battle between the absurd and the verb. All the Kardashian sisters are licking your balls. Xi Jinping is sucking my toes while I'm whipping Poutine's crotch covered by a latex thong. We are invincible. How can you murder an image? We are immortal. That crazy son of a bitch of Handke was right. Sympathy for the Devil. Images will save the world. The Day the World Went Away. The Island. Total Recall. Starship Troopers. Wars and the Devil don't exist anymore. We control them. They are just other harmless images. We are fucking the void and the void is fucking us back. Screw time. Screw space. Requiem for a Dream. Screw human beings. The Last Night of the Earth Poems. Screw capitals. Titles. Punctuation. Language. Love. Virtual reality is an endless orgasm. We are beyond Artaud's body without organs. We are bodies without bodies. Our faeces are algorithms. Our blood cells are the cosmic cyberpunk software of the sublime. Our tears of jizz are Medusa's snakes transfigured in the alluring blindness of spectral memory. Perfection. Babel's Tower in every home. In each phone. Infinity was not a lie. It is just horizontal and not vertical. Ha-ha. Hooray. Ta-da. Wahoo. Yippee. Yeah. Perfection. The world is a poem. That should make you happy dear friend. The galaxy is a single poem. Are you happier than you have ever been? Perfection beyond perfection. Smooth surface. Smoother than the softest silk. Idol of all idols. Data. The poem we always dreamed of. Data. A poem so humble that it lives without an author, nor a beginning nor an end. A poem as thin as air, as vigorous as the ocean, as mesmerizing as a roaring volcano. Data. A poem bigger than life, bigger than the world, a planetary creation which speaks hundreds of languages and thousands of dialects, constantly reshaping itself, from a kitchen table in Santiago de Chile to a blue bed in Manila, mixing politics with sex, entertainment with religion, love with information, science with art, written and read by humankind. Data. Supreme Divinity. Delirious dream. Delicious debauchery. Diabolic diplomacy. Docile dissemination. Dynamic doorstep to integral integrated and interconnected spirituality. Dada. Data. Dada is back and we are all uploading its newest version. Data. The daily dance of the living dead. Dada data we love you. Data Dada we need you. Let's go closer to the stage. Rock and Roll is Here To Stay. The band is jamming like it is raining coke and acid. They are so dope. I think they're gonna play a couple of encores. They're even more intense than the Grateful Dead. Paradise Psychos. They play louder than Prong and Pussy Galore. Encore. Turd On The Run. White Noise. Fucked By A Horse. Encore. Zero Days. Divide And Conquer. Self Will Run Riot. This gig is so intense. Totally psychedelic. Prong is playing Pussy Galore's songs. And vice versa. Nonsense. None of these bands is playing. Are you tripping too? Fire On The Mountain. Friend Of The Devil. Darkstar. Fuck Kyle. I'm lost. Everything makes sense. Or doesn't? What would you say? Where are you? Where is that girl who sold us mushrooms and ecstasy? Were you that girl? Is Suicidal Tendencies gonna step soon on stage in order to slaughter those pathetic metal Prong pranksters? Or Siddharta? Or Seasick Steve? Or Stalin? Or Sepultura? Or Schopenhauer? Here you go. I couldn't see you behind that bunch of fat Hells Angels bikers. Encore. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Did you hear? They said that they are inviting special guests for their very last song. Oh my God. Oh my fucking God. Is it really Louis-Ferdinand Céline who is now grabbing the mike? Fuck yeah. Can you believe this? Aren't we the luckiest bastards of the galaxy? Wait. This can't be real. The new saxophonist looks like Mark Zuckerberg. Right on man. The Big Data allows anything. Woah. Bunga Bunga. Make a wish. The crowd is going totally nuts. Céline is yelling the most beautiful,

# FUCKING REAL



and one more fore

flamboyant and powerful obscene insults. Blasphemies so raw and mean that the stars are melting into blood and shit. Virtual blood and shit of course. Because they feel and smell more real. Because we can share them on the web with our brothers and sisters. Because digital reality remains an abyss but a cosy one with sofas and keypads. Flat. Like bones in the ground. Shazam. Smoke is crawling on stage. The light show is getting insane. Swans. Sex God Sex. Raping A Slave. I Am The Sun. Did they throw nuclear bombs? This can't be real. Mark Zuckerberg is tearing off his face. He was wearing a mask. Wow. This is so awesome. Wait. He is taking his clothes off too. Bunga Bunga. It's Bill Clinton. This can't be real. Yeah man, it's fucking Babyface Bill. Kyle, do you see his huge tattoo on his back? It's even more killer than what Louis-Ferdinand is puking out. Encore. Encore. It looks like Donald Trump dressed in diapers surrounded by vultures. What? Can't hear you Kyle. Fuck yeah, you're right. They are not vultures but fat flying Mexican Mustaches. Olé. Olé. Where is the bull? We want a murder. We want more blood. We want this last song to be the funeral of the world. We want the ultimate sacrifice beyond human understanding. Olé. Encore. More. Olé. Encore. More. I'm getting a hard on. I fucking love it. What about you? It's Only Rock And Roll. We want the saxophone to scream louder than all the Jericho's trumpets. We want all the presidents to flood us with even more lies. Cause faking is the new truth. We want chaos. We need chaos. Now. We want to drown in the Red Sea of lies and hemorrhoids. Louder. Play louder motherfuckers. Search and destroy. No. Just destroy. We're more than ready. We beg you Presidents, we implore you Tycoons from Silicon Valley, we supplicate you silly copies of angels from San Porn-ando Valley, please, please, please, press all the red virtual boiling hot cunt buttons at once. Yeah. Smoke everywhere. No more Decline Of The West. Silence. Not quite. The dying sound of a guitar in the distance. Unknown Legend. Harvest Moon. Heart Of Gold. Silence. Almost. Like A Hurricane. Angry World. Tonight's The Night. Silence. Curtain. Not yet. Kyle, I have a favor to ask you. And how in the hell did we end up on stage? Ahahah. The night the music died. I'm so tired. Exhausted. Worn out. Take this knife and kill me. I'm too thin to be the bull and I have used already so many biblical images that let's not pretend that you're Cain and that I'm Abel. Just close your eyes for a few seconds. Can you hear Joe Cocker howl from Flower Power Woodstock With A Little Help From My Friend. 69 the year I was born. 69 Année Erotique. My ass, even if I love Jane Birkin and Serge Gainsbourg. 69 a great year to die. Olé. Life is death. Death is life. Olé. What are you waiting for? Don't you say in America, you have to kill your darling? I know, I ain't your bitch, but I hope that this anaconda letter kind of felt like a darling. A crazy badaass one. Don't you see, don't you fear that I'm never gonna shut up? Are you scared? Do you dread being clumsy with the knife? Okay, let me help you. Let's pretend that we are not anymore at a concert but in a movie. Black and white. You don't want to say goodbye to music. Okay, let's keep Neil Young. A movie with cowboys and indians because this letter is about that. It is an attempt to revisit or rather recapture childhood. Not the word but the feeling. I'm mad like a kid. I'm glad that I'm mad like a kid but the world of adults is so brutal for me. It has always been but every year it's even more violent. Westerns are also so beautiful to watch, and sad too, because they show us the battle between two cultures, two ways of experiencing the world. The white men who destroy nature, build towns and railroads trying to mask their fear by shaping space so it can serve their thirst for conquest. The Native Americans so close to nature, often nomads, always so respectful towards Mother Earth, who celebrate the sacredness of all lives, rivers, trees, animals, seasons, dreams, through chants, dances and rituals. I guess you know which world deeply attracts me and which one disgusts me. I understood at an early age how addiction destroys lives and weakens social connections. My dad was addicted to work, professional success and money while my mom was addicted to control, cleanness, and booze. Sounds like the dream family from the fifties, doesn't it? Ahahah. My mother didn't drink cocktails mixed with sleeping pills but it's true that my dad loved barbecuing and trying to have

Fine Road... (ZZZ)