

(no subject)

There was a portion of life where I was the guy who said love didn't exist. I was extrapolating personal experience onto others' lives. It was fun. It was fun to believe that love didn't exist. It meant I could get into self-righteous arguments about the how the fluidity of language gave me the freedom to define terms however I felt like and therefore love didn't exist because I chose for it not to. It's very hard to defeat circular logic because a closed loop is impossible to enter.

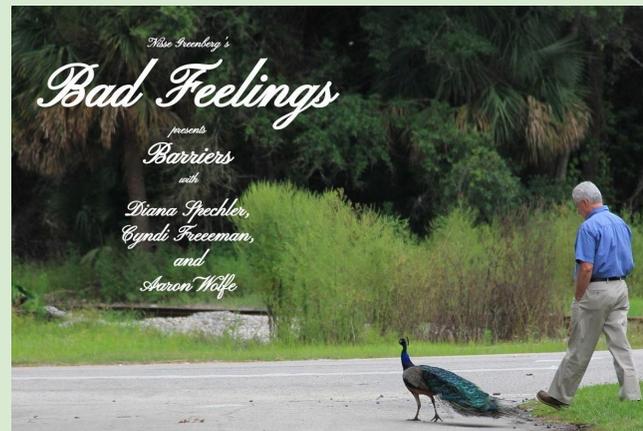
I always won the argument and lost life.

There was a flip/switch/binarychange when I felt love for the first time about a year after I started saying it. Not that I didn't mean it when I said it: I definitely vomited it out in a necessary impulsive release of feelings manifesting into words. BUT I didn't start feeling it really until I was tested - until it was make or break and I chose make.

I didn't used to choose make. I much preferred break.

Break is the space where barriers are broken because break and broken are the same root word, right?

Anyway. I couldn't decide between these two show posters:



This is where email fails. I really want to hand you these pictures.

I was in rural Florida. Because. Because I haven't quite broken my addiction to self-sabotage. And right as I step off the train I'm greeted by a peacock. Peacocks are beautiful birds, but they seem like awful creatures. They really seem to represent that part of the south so well. There's this dignified arrogance to their strut, but it seems so out of place because they also seem to just be minions within the menagerie of demon creatures that roam Florida. They are the one animal that doesn't bite or spit poison - instead they can become really pretty quickly, but as they age, they become walking advertisements for vigilante imposed euthanasia. They seem like old smokers whose plastic surgery has not been able to maintained. And they're the prideful ones.

Let me start over.

I was in rural Florida. I saw a peacock. They have a lot of barriers. So do we. I thought they symbolized exactly what happens when you create barriers. You protect yourself, but you also resign yourself to independence. They (barriers) build on themselves - growing like mold at the bottom of the communal onion container at the libertarian collective. I can't decide which picture represents that better. The simplicity of the peacock in the first is compelling, but the way it feels like that man is just taking his consciousness out for a walk, and his consciousness is the one putting on the brave face seems complicated in a way I respect. I went with the first one. The green is prettier. Sometimes it just needs to be that simple.

Diana Spechler has barriers. Aaron Wolfe has barriers. Cyndi Freeman has barriers. We're not going to break them down because sometimes it's important that they stay up. We're just going to point our storytelling lights at them. See if we find any cracks. We'll break them down later. This isn't therapy. It's pre-therapy.

[Muchmore's at 7pm on Saturday, July 19th.](#)

Shit's gonna get LITERAL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!