

Pastries, Pyramids, Promenading & Percussion: a journey toward  
alchemical experiences as creative spirit  
a.k.a.: *SYNKHRA*, goddess of music & pie  
a.k.a.: some sort of hyper-detailed space-age mythology, full of  
fiber-swallowing girls and sun-kissed divorcees reminding everyone of their  
mortality

Coley Mixan

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## Abstract

Pastries, Pyramids, Promenading & Percussion: a journey toward alchemistical experiences as creative spirit

a.k.a.: SYNKHRA, goddess of music & pie

a.k.a.: some sort of hyper-detailed space-age mythology, full of fiber-swallowing girls and sun-kissed divorcees reminding everyone of their mortality as we all sit around an invisible campfire (roasting particle-marshmallows of sound)

aka: the art of listening, a letter, made plain and easy; which far exceeds anything of the kind yet published; containing one of the most remarkable manifestations of the degeneration of Coley

Mixan

aka: striving upwards

Coley Mixan

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A thesis project employing digital video and sound to expose the ongoing intensities and ruptures experienced in Coley Mixan's voice and body as a means to dispute (and parody) HER/their culture's dominant norms and power structures. Mixan believes the acts of gender and sexually 'coded' norms run parallel to the phenomenon of signal disruption in digital media so the artist exaggerates glitches, errors and dramatics through HER/their artwork as a metaphor for difference and anxiety felt continuously within HER/their body and mind [(as a queer person)]--exposing the flaws of identity compression that occur within American culture. A spiritual twist of sacred sound is added. And, of course, the journey toward completing the infinity of pie (homemade with Love and veganism). SUPPLEMENTARY FILES: a mixtape of music that inspires Mixan's scores and an album composed, performed and lyric-written by Coley Mixan.

**Dedication:**

For the queerest listeners, may you always strive toward the highest SELF.

In Loving memory of Wanda Ewing, Gary Jeck, Albert Mixan and Bernice Mixan.

& my deepest Love to ('Peanut-Brittle') Colette, Sister Mandy, Grandma Jeck, Conor MacBride,  
Brother Eric, Dad & Mom and Tim Coleman.

[and the numerous family and friends I'll always adore.]

& my deepest affection and gratitude to Ellen Garvens, Rebecca Cummins & Wynne Greenwood  
for the guidance.

& Scott Lawrimore and Yoko Ott for the unending support.

& my grandest gratitude to my running shoes, carrying me mile after mile.

& my ALL of ALLs to the MUSIC of existence.

Thank you.

The veil (AKA a screen, a projection, a frothing, spatially thrown light, a spiritual prism of sound, a promise that lives on in hope when *SYNKHRA* sings her honest distance in souls) has a beginning and an end, as consciousness evolves in an alchemy of intervals (Her/Their swathe, a shroud of queer simultaneousness, promises a future commune with fantasy Selves!), and yet is embedded in the paradox of temporality and infinitely-possible repetition. In this two-dimensional space, as light projected upon a surface, the antinomy bound within the preciosity of the interplay between localized and universal expression is the imaginary circumference (as Pi, a beautiful, unending mathematical constant, if you will slice it as such) circling my artistic methodology. Here, within pastries (pie & Pi) of multiplied selves, I use a paucity of economy and an extravagance of bodily and aural gesture in order to explore a whirling vernacular for my own video art, performance and sound composition production strategies. An underlying disinterest in gratifying the predominant expectations of an audience (ingrained by capitalist models of spectatorship and dilettante culture) activates my practice of constructing film and performance works that seek to remain open-ended and intentionally pointed forward unto an ebullient future, even as my video piece and rock-music album may be played back in an effusive loop (therefore, discounting a heteronormative structured timeline). Performance is at the core (the sticky, sweet vegan filling) of *SYNKHRA: Goddess of Music & Pie* as I consciously confound my content with a conglomeration of selves on a constant, unending search for a metaphorical mythology that connects individuality to the eternal All (a transcendence of the veiled screen that emphasizes the Oneness of humanity with all creation and creative moments).

My application of the creative projection stems from both the tradition of queer, feminist artistic inquiry (a search for the representation of the Self, on One's own terms and through One's

own language within the veil of “Other”) and sonic mythology, a way to approach, with near-theological reverence, a production of sound. (Sound and music are, within this context, vibrations greater than just their physical-sensory properties and sources of sensuous pleasure, for I believe sound and music to play the role of a potential-medium in which to achieve a deeper unity with both the outer and the inner cosmos.) I am concerned with what I hear, since my experience as a queer-embodied body is that both inner and outer listening changes our awareness of being to a greater extent than what is currently available in our eye-dominated epoch/culture. I edit my video (visual) work to a multi-layered sound (aural) bed in order to examine my interest in how, I believe, my existence is contained within the (pastry) shells of a prophesied rack of temporalities, often consumed by externally-demanded social justice, artistically misunderstood quantum mechanics/cosmology, unwillingly-appropriated Western approaches to Eastern meditation & spiritual rituals, queer poetics and acoustic ecology. Enveloped by this veil<sup>1</sup> of misaligned Selves and sound, I approach artistic production as a call to the revival of energy, alertness and appetite: a search for non-violent struggles against oppressive structures and timelines (as my character Charley reminds we readers: CAPITALISM & HISTORICAL ART CINEMA, YO!) that position women as hand-me-down men and queer bodies as stunted heterosexuals. In composing *SYNKHRA* and Her corresponding rock albums, I claim myself outside of an imposed chronology, participating in a compassionate mythology of selves who attempt to act in Love, hospitality and with a human sense of inspiration and connection.

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<sup>1</sup> A container of secrets that I wish to consume, like pie. Joseph Campbell, in his book *The Mythic Image*, writes that the Indian notion of the Māyā, or illusion (veil), “refers to both the power that creates illusion and the false display itself...As a cosmological principle--and as a feminine, personal principle, also--*maya* is said to possess three powers: a veiling power...a projecting power...and a revealing power,” (Campbell 52). More on this notion of revealing and containing illusionary secrets within and without pies later.

Employing a constant search for Self in the narrative arcs of my long video-art pieces (which engage themselves as simple, time-based loops of information-dense symbolism for illusionary solutions on the quest towards achieving joy-filled egolessness for All Beings), I overload both my sound bed and picture plane with layers of Selves in order to displace/encourage a discovery of the contradictory (a multi-versed veil) within my existence. For my multiverse, in its hyperbolic gestures and pellucid forms, generates, as if by exception, unexpected alignments of meaning (like slices of pie that contain within them a conglomeration of materials in order to produce a unified baked-good-gesture of hospitality and Love), which are suspended in contravention. It is the unification of these peculiarities that produces laughter and a shy, awkward ticklishness. In my projection's queerest embodiment, a visual and/or verbal pun emerges. As Fr. Leonard Feeney suggested in his work, The Menace of Puns:

Humor consists of seeing an incongruity between fact and an imitation of the fact...The incongruity is not complete, but only partial; because a likeness as well as an unlikeness must exist in the bogus...The mind half accepts, half rejects what is being offered to it for recognition. At one and the same moment, it sees a darkness and a light, a nothingness and a somethingness; it becomes simultaneously aware of its own madness and its own sanity. (Feeney 169)

My approach to this kind of humor and seriousness may be paralleled to the notion of the cultural and political invisibility of the queer 'female' body in heteronormative timelines<sup>2</sup>. The points of cultural dialogue and daily, livelihood-sustaining activities where Her/Their absence (specifically

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<sup>2</sup> The widespread paucity of lesbian, trans\* and queer women in mainstream representations of nonheterosexual-identified people combined with the striking lack of persons of color (within and beyond these limited viewpoints) in media sources a sort of invisibility where the lack of representation becomes the bonafide representation itself: an absence, solidified to continue misunderstandings and societal oppression. Within my work, I explore the invisibility of queer people because of the negative impact this gap of representation had on both my education (art historically and otherwise) as well as my own adolescent search for selfhood. Interested in the camera's (and my music compositions') rich abilities to become research sites for exploring identity, performance and the ways in which invisibility may become discursively outmoded, I offer play and editing moments of improvisation to suggest that every person, regardless of economic class, sexuality identity, race, religion, etc. has a right to equal control of their own stories and image representations.

within American popular culture, Western mythological structures, Catholic theology, etc.) is the key to Her/Their permeating, silent presence and Her/Their ability to define Her/Their own trajectory as a subjecthood in space and time. Thus, if humor emanates when the intransigency of a system (such as the movement of the human body through four dimensions or the higher institutional fabrics of society trickling down to oft so-called ‘lowerclassness’) reveals the lexicon of the plasticity of life, then my video art practice embraces an investigation of queerness as a mythological comedy established through the contrast between two states--concealing and revealing. The intentionally political gesture of the multiple veils (or layers of pie crusts, if you will) personified by my stacked, two-dimensional bodies on screen offers a notion that if one attempts to control as many aspects of their catholic Capital (to ever question: who has access to technology? video cameras? voice? audio recording devices? food? secure shelter?) as possible, our culture may grow nearer to emancipating alternative methods for reproducing (and repeating, looping) our digital, multi-versed archetypes and narratives. Ultimately, I seek to use humor as both a pathway and obstruction to the inner Self, projected into outer space through light & sound, pastries and physical exercise as the building blocks of a post-space-age, rock ’n rolling, queer feminist heroine: my fictional **SYNKHRA**, goddess of music and pie. Pie! Again, another flaky, circumferential container (a veil, a screen, an illusion for digesting) that crumbles into the output of an artistic energy blasted through simultaneous revelation and concealment.

Energy (a movement to transfer out of rest) is first created as a means of experiencing adoration, in joy and exaltation (often routed for humankind through humor and song)<sup>3</sup>. This is the

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<sup>3</sup> A statement I fully embrace as unscientific (based within a metaphoric truth instead of an empirical one) and arising from my own belief in the spirituality of music. Hermann Hesse’s poem “Organ Playing” dances directly into this energetic source of primordial inquiry and electromagnetic fields through these excerpts, “A miracle unequalled, is it not...which answer(s) to the singularly human powers of the player of the keys? And listeners who, perceiving this, can glow

beginning and it endows music with energy, a power to expand through song and harmonic vibrations that tend toward entrainment. In fact, it has been important for my songwriting and video work to realize that all separate energetic movements have a tendency to bend toward harmony (a Oneness, a whole pie--a donut, infinitely bound in its shape), a principle inherent to music and film editing theory. Max Planck, first theorist of quantum mechanics, in his 1893 essay “Natural Tuning in Modern Vocal Music,” stated that, “according to the postulate of quantization, the discrete intrinsic values of energy [in acoustics] lead to certain discrete intrinsic values of period of vibration.” Thus, Planck believed that the quantum energies of our microcosm correlate and desire to vibrate in the quantum harmony of entrainment<sup>4</sup>. [][[made from scratch with devotion and love--one word that comes to mind is intention/INTENTIONAL, ]]]

Plangency semblances, as entrainment and harmonic structures, have been discovered in the most divergent fields, in architecture, in electronics and acoustics, in psychology and psychotherapy, in aesthetics and poetics, in biology and chemistry, in physics and astronomy, in baking and home economics--so striving for dulcet, mellifluous relationships is not only the objective of music and cinema but a wide variety of academic and putative pursuits (Berendt 119). The entire energy of our multiverse (still a veil, a crumbly pie made from scratch with devotion and Love) is striving toward harmonic ideals: entrainment and synchronicity across temporal unrealities<sup>5</sup>.

06-15-2014

Dear Colette,

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and soar in sympathy, vibrate, resound and enter with the music into a pulsing cosmos.” A pulsing cosmology of energy! Of sound! Of Love! Of others regaling themselves into Oneness. A call to listen to ourselves through and within all else..

<sup>4</sup> Defined by Martin Clayton, Rebecca Sager and Udo Will as, “a process whereby two rhythmic processes interact with each other in such a way that they adjust towards and eventually ‘lock in’ to a common phase and/or periodicity.”

<sup>5</sup> See Mathias Danbolt’s *Simultaneously: Queer Politics—All at Once* for an authoritative call to dismiss linear timelines (as they fail our earth-planet 2015) and replace our Western notion of straight time with a queer, political concept of simultaneity. Read it. It is really great. Really.

What, in the historical present, might constitute an activist life in sound? I find my mind spinning with possibilities through the primal sound of being, one singularity (Being Itself!). Are we ourselves sound? Is what we call soul and spirit sound? And the relationship we call Love--is it controlled by progressions (or the 'tonal' scaling--they say music is unthinkable without the act of choice [IMPROVISATION IS IMPORTANT TO MY PRACTICE, CLEARLY MUST BE RENDERED IN MY THESIS BLASTS AS A NOTE TOWARD SOUND/MUSIC AS AN EXTENSIVE CALL TO TOTAL LISTENING! THE ACT OF SURRENDERING ONESELF TO THE US OF EVERY BEING VIBRATING ON THE HIGHEST DIMENSION OF INFINITE POSSIBILITIES. IMPROVISATION AS ACTIVE CHOICE IN SOUND & LOVE!! IMPROVISATION AS PLAY, EXPLORATION FOR UNLOCKING THAT WHICH THE VEIL KEEPS COVERED IN THE DIMENSIONS WE ENCOUNTER ON THIS PLANET!]) so perhaps music is Love)???) Anyway--how is my sound art practice approaching activism? I know I am passionate about social justice (particularly 'seen' through a Queer studies, Feminist & Food-Ecology lens) and believe that the interconnectedness of rock 'n roll rituals can lend exploratory routes of self-identification and liberation from the foreboding unpleasures of repression. Expressing sound and music as a queer feminist offers a chance of redemption from the Label as "Other" because I become the sculptor of my own Universe--for everything is a vibrating string of sound. In fact! I am wondering about how the concept of entrainment (and entertainment--ha, ha!) fits in with all this searching for a harmonious Self! And guitar playing most especially--coming home to the tonic and dominant, the inversion of seventh chords offering progressions that queer themselves from the traditional canon of rock 'n roll (though I must admit I am truly no expert at naming and reading musical structures!). My Love brimming as wide as the symphony of tones sounding in the pluck of a single string!! All tensions and struggles rising in ways to meet the ultimate harmonic goal of existence. Entrainment! Precisely synchronous...the informing of the tendency of everything that vibrates--in other words, literally Everything--to swing together, to lock in! Thus I believe the act of Love (and I am not talking about sex here, though, of course, that may be included and applied in many ways, but the notion of compassion and solidarity for One's fellow Beings) exposes how the universe longs to share rhythms, to vibrate in harmony. Maybe that explains our path too...wanting to be together yet currently held apart by the appearance of spacial distance...All miracles stem not from individual virtuosity but from our abilities as human beings to sense, feel and move as ONE. So rhythm must be harmony and time! And then the question remains--what is my beat? I am so confused, as always...

More soon Love,  
Coley



*"I only hope my masquerade will bring results"*

Nancy Drew double checks her appearance to make sure her night of masquerading as amateur sleuthing will be successful. This illustration is from Carolyn Keene's [The Mystery at Lilac Inn](#). Note the look of self-doubt briefly flickering within this captured moment of female aptitude: Nancy must continuously renew her desire to seek the Truth in all matters, especially within her strivings for justice for the underdogs. (Keene 113)



Joanna Cameron as Isis from the 1970s television series The Secrets of Isis. Cameron's use of her stance and glance into the camera, commanding a reverence as she performs the role of the culturally-appropriated

goddess Isis. I am drawn to both the narrative devices used in the television series (an early attempt of white feminism to give young girls a goddess role-model to look up to) and the ancient mythologies completely white-washed for mainstream media. Here again the sexified costume of Isis becomes a focal point of the goddess's ability to seek justice and Truth for all. Is she dressed properly for listening? Or being looked at? Often I wonder: does the embodied metaphor of goddess, even within mainstream media consumptions, become a metaphysical connotation for the icon of devotion where young women seek to make every effort to pass as fiercely as the imagic representations of feminine strength and goodness offered to them by media conglomerates?

If harmony is the goal of the universe, my art practice must unfold to the genesis of determination and a continual process for the search of 'Truth in Soul. William Blake, the celebrated English poet, in his poem "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," wrote that, "Man has no Body distinct from his Soul for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age. Energy is the only life and is from the Body and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy. Energy is Eternal Delight," (Blake 4). Here I consider and reflect on delight as dancing, like a vine shooting up to reach toward the vitality, pleasure and enchantment of the Sun's photons. For in the dance (and a viewer may observe a lot of failed attempts at dancing within my thesis video) of the photons, without location or mass, I exist as pure energy: a solar warrior, crafting musical compositions that vibrate through encounters of entropy toward a shimmering song of praise and universal entrainment in Love. With neither ascent nor decline, action becomes a stillness in this dance of essence. Thus, my work is an attempt, through the subverting of audience, performer and screen, to cut through the dissonance of everyday functioning (anxiety, fear, anger, suffering, hunger, pain, death, etc.) in order to listen more intently to our multiverse's melodic composition of Love.

03-24-2014

Dear Colette,

I write to you (as always, All Ways) because I am looking for a poem. A song. A tentative & stomach thundering moment where I floatingly teeter on the edge of unknowing--that quantum mystery I love to snoop through. Will I really find it outside of me? The questions froth before my ears like an ~~un~~ inexperienced glimpse of the subtle, sparkling, bright, dazzling, and radiantly awesome harmonic Truths dancing through my mind's mirages! What part of me is attached to the circuit<sup>6</sup>, swimming in the lush of everything (incredible moments happening simultaneously--like the fact that I have a blessed opportunity to study and be friends to so many wonderful creators!), burnished with a lust for really living? I'm terrified of what will become of my music practice after I finish school. How do I move further to work with others, constructing better recordings, writing REAL songs, touring, etc.? I know, it is best not to worry--I will find Love and comfort if I give Love and comfort--for now I must focus on the prismatic features of this instant, belonging to the here! Where space and time are unimportant because they are just quantum fixtures of the same: ONE! In our last exchange you commented, "perhaps bliss is captured in the extreme austerity of an almost empty mind." And yet here I am constantly tethered to subjects that mean too much but not enough--a pulling of arms (& hands) that rub against my abilities, reminding me erosion persists when I do not nurture myself with mental, spiritual and physical exercise. I remember a poet writing that you have to think to build up a song (otherwise any progressive stages you've unencumbered will be engulfed in an instant of blackness...like all these sightless mumblings that offer no relief to the basic three-chord tensions I usually kick around with). Stellification [HERE! A LINK TO **SYNKHRA**, GODDESS OF MUSIC AND PIE! FOR MYTHOLOGY OF COURSE PLAYS A HUGE ROLE IN MY WORK--IT IS A SEEKING OF MY GREATER SELF IN THE LEVELS OF MULTIVERSE THAT ARE KEPT OUTSIDE OF MYSELF IN THIS BODY WHEN I ALLOW MY EGO TO OVERTAKE MY PERSPECTIVE AS IF I ACTUALLY HAVE A SINGLE PERSPECTIVE! FOR THE DEFINITION OF STELLIFICATION IS TO TURN INTO A STAR/TO TRANSFORM FROM AN EARTHLY BODY INTO A CELESTIAL BODY & ISN'T THIS THE POST-HUMAN EXISTENCE I SEEK??] is for the few. Maybe I should be honored to believe one day my life will disappear into libraries, digital archives that shall collapse when the last human turns out the light. I'm not suggesting I'll be worthy of being remembered or that I particularly desire my ancient mumbles to gather digital or physical dust...just that if I try hard enough and work tirelessly, perhaps my music, my sound, my OM will leave a trail that inspires someone else to climb to their own divine-creative powers for the benefit of All. What

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<sup>6</sup> Often, when performing live by myself, I employ my well-loved Boss RC-300 Loop Station guitar pedal. This device allows me to, quite literally, play with myself across time: I activate the pedal through laying down a layer of sound that is recorded until I tell the loop station to begin playing back what I have just played. This creates a live-feedback-loop where I am able to use multiple layers of sound to generate a song. By using the basic form of geometries I am metaphorically interested in (the toroid shape of the donut, the circumference of pie, the interconnectedness of round pastries throughout global cultures, etc. feeding back on their cyclical form), I may develop an infinite repetition of striving toward a constant improving of my manipulations of sound and music structures. A primordial circuit of Self in guitar parts and various wailings that offer my performing body space to eradicate the Self within the cycling notions of time that attach my ego to death. For, in the Bhagavad Gita, Lord Krishna speaks of the cycling of the soul in sound, "It is never born, nor does it die: after coming to be, it does not cease to be; it is without birth, eternal, imperishable and timeless; it is not destroyed with the destruction of the body."

gratitude I should fold my Self into! That I have ears! O! I'm turning inward to be external. To Love everyone. As silly as that sounds. I must love everyone.

More soon...With All Love to You,  
xoxo  
Coley

*SYNKHRA: Goddess of Music & Pie*, the title for my thesis installation at the Henry Art Gallery, is a multi-media collection composed of live-in-gallery performance, rock music album, non-linear narrative video art, vegan pies and photographic prints. *SYNKHRA* is a super-queer-heroine-goddess tumbling in pursuit of the fictional/mythological canon of characters/goddesses like Nancy Drew, Wonder Woman, Sappho, Hathor and Isis<sup>7</sup>. Conventionally, heroic archetypes echo and strengthen cultural norms about gender and sexuality. Images of male superheroes/"God" applaud visceral strength, physical perfection, male familial ties and phallic imagery, while women are often depicted as destitute and in need of liberating, or as sexy, ample pin-ups waiting to be taped up inside of a workingman's locker (I cannot number the amount of times I crossed our employe locker room at Rosenblatt Stadium--the baseball field I worked at for several years as a groundscrew member--to encounter multiple images of nude, blonde women taped inside and outside of my colleagues' lockers). Likewise, heroic narratives with male protagonists are recurrently violent and allow the audience to believe any and all conflict should be resolved with physical force. I wish to establish my own superheroine that commands her own media conglomerate: action figurines (via trading cards), posters/wall paper, sweatshirts, videos, music, live performances, etc. By embracing the power that comes with visibility (and audibility), I operate as a juxtaposition of the source (the mysterious, secretive cosmic process itSelf) of imaginative production<sup>8</sup>. It is important to include an overwhelming amount of aesthetic and metaphoric information in my two and a half hour long video piece

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7 See image appendix for some really badass illustrations of these ladies that have inspired both the aesthetics of my photographic work and my use of narrative within my interests in generating mysteries for my characters to sleuth through.

8 A personally indisputable call to operate through listening (emphasizing the sensorial importance of the ear). It is an imaginative sense of time and space that links my strides to infinity because hearing is the only physical receptor that can measure angular velocity (listening to pitch in four dimensions) and never closes (unlike my eyes) when I sleep. Perhaps outer listening is bound to the unfolding of an inner composition.

for two reasons: first, I am seeking to better understand the HyperCapitalist society I am creating within (a continual overabundance of imagery for the privileged and an underwhelming poverty for the majority of our planet's population's daily experiences...here I question how we may be able to shift our aesthetic tone of the world in order to make room for much needed cultural healing) and how my consumption and production (both in revealing and concealing visuals and audio layers of information to an active audience) are connected with the rest of the universe. By repeatedly replicating my own image, I am questioning the perpetuation of both images of women in media to SELL capital and the need to continuously promote a self "brand" via social networking, instant data mining and the intrapersonal transmissions of chaotic sound and crafted aural compositions. I am also employing an onslaught of multiple selves because I am interested in the Indian term for "illusion," *māyā*, which is said to refer to a feminine, personal principle that offers a path to liberate our hearts and inner Selves. Joseph Campbell, in his book The Mythic Image, writes that *māyā* possesses three powers:

...a veiling power that hides or conceals the "real," the inward, essential character of things...a projecting power, which then sends forth illusory impressions and ideas, together with associated desires and aversions...These first two powers, concealing and projecting, can be compared to those properties of a prism by which sunlight is transformed into the colors of a rainbow. Arrange these seven colors on disk, spin it, and they will be seen as white. So too, when viewed a certain way, the phenomena themselves may reveal what normally they veil; which demonstrates the revealing power of *māyā*, which is the function of art and scripture, ritual and meditation: to make known. (Campbell 52)

Put more simply, in Lynn Foulston and Stuart Abbott's Hindu Goddesses: Beliefs and Practices, *māyā* is a spiritual concept concocting, "the power that conceals the true nature of reality" (Abbott and Foulston 14).

In the overloading of Iconography within my artistic practice, I offer my failed<sup>9</sup> attempts at

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<sup>9</sup> My distributed failures become just as important as my visual and aural triumphs because they represent the queering of my body in time and space as a continual process of Self and universal discovery, mystery and searching. As I wrote in the lyrics to my original song, "Solar Warrior": *failure is the best part of the fall*. Crafting a personal space where practice allows room for the importance of mistakes and failures to lead to proper artistic and aural discoveries. *THROUGH USING THE LANGUAGE OF CINEMATOGRAPHY, POETICS, AND MUSIC, I EXPLORE THE INTERACTION BETWEEN BODY AND THE ENVIRONMENT AS A PREMISE TO THE POSSIBILITIES OF AND LIMITS TO PERFORMANCE. I WORK WITHIN THE CONTEMPORARY MYTH AND IDEOLOGY OF ROCK AND ROLL, FOCUSING ON THE*

transformations—displaying the dual nature of the inner/outer (quantum and cosmic) space I believe we all possess by a unique branding of mythological images in aim to transcend the popular notion of an absolute dichotomy of artistic genius and ego. The intention of my gestures (both in filming my performances as crafted characters, composing songs and sound compositions, establishing camera angles, lighting, etc. and post-production processing and occupying live performance spaces) emerges from restlessness in the midst of abundance--my desire to be the best I can be in every menial experience even though I typically miss my proposed goals by getting lost within HyperCapitalism. Thus, while I intend to break out of the systematic structure of 21st century Man (patriarchal, heteronormative, racist, digital, hyper-humanist, anti-environmentalist, etc.), I often misstep and end up writing songs about my lack of apathy, ability and cognition of what is going on around me. Simply, though I wish to become aware and am rendering imagery of myself in a constant search for the perfection I'll never encompass, I am lost within the veiled *māyā* of the screen and aural surface. The saturated colors I employ reflect the aesthetics of my HyperCapitalistic society, exposing characteristics of the surface effect of glamour and spectacle, of the ephemeral novelty and disposable fascination we burn through in 21st century America. Shine is now predominantly produced and obtained on-screen, as a digitally calculated mimicry of (Sun) light refractions. Where our devices are a mediated radiance! And these devices are what I use to compose my videos, mix & record my music and to talk with my distant Loved Ones. Shine and hypercolor are reflections of power when control over resources dominates the structure of our globe--fully embracing that when I do not renounce my ego I seek this power (even if internally I hope that I want nothing to do with it). As Paramhansa Yogananda writes in his book The Second Coming of Christ, “The Sanskrit word *māyā* means 'the measurer'; it is the magical power in creation by which limitations and divisions are apparently present in the Immeasurable and Inseparable. *Māyā* is Nature herself—the phenomenal worlds, ever in transitional

flux as antithesis to Divine Immutability...Māyā is the veil of transitoriness in Nature, the ceaseless becoming of creation; the veil that each man must lift in order to see behind it the Creator, the changeless Immutable, eternal Reality.” Within this screened veil I am ever seeking externally (through art and music production, though quite happily so) that which already lies in completed perfection within.

07-05-2014

Dear Colette,

How do I move beyond the boundaries of myself? Pushing my physical limits and the mental & spiritual blocks I contain within myself? I feel I don't deserve any of the opportunities or praise or Love or friendship that is projected my way--such a selfish thought, I know. I suppose I am just stuck within the continual questions of mysteries that swarm me: how is it I present myself to others? What veils do I cover myself with? Why am I no longer motivated to create anything of worth (and what is WORTH anyway??)? Who really is “Coley Mixan”? This person is a deep mystery to me. Are the spinning electrons of my spine in constant creative flux--pointing toward achieving anything significant? I recognize that I always come back to the blank (like the blank tarot card I drew last night when I was hanging out with Conor & Lexi, the empty, the inclination of laziness)! How will I ever reconnect to the magick, the music, the mysticalness of our quantum and astronomical spheres? I want to live of Love; yet, here I am, sour and chalky like a unripened apple, because I cannot make up my mind on what I would like to do! And it is so simple! I need to go play guitar, write music and study pathways to divinity! And, as soon as possible, quit feeling as though I need space to brood in solitude. My life is amazingly awesome--I must find a way to shade in my bounty. And do it out of joy, Love and veneration to all of the All of the All.

Knowledge is power! Power is Truth! Truth is Love! Please help me give it up! Out do the small self of “Coley” so one day I may be worthy of your blissful Love, darling Colette. I am lingering on the edge of all this momentum, asking: can I contain energy, capricious in spontaneously rejoicing? Is the music of my personal relationships empirically tangible? How is it possible that my physically manifested self should experience such resolute Love? I am trying my best to reduce my fear of failure and misuse of what I experience as time! But I am unsure that I am ever going to be stable enough to positively impact our world. I suppose I can only continue pondering, questioning and hoping to work for an expression of Love! (my music??)

More soon,  
 xxxox  
 Coley

Pies are not meant to be food art. Or so I remember reading in one of my pie recipe books (in a call for a return to the old-fashioned days of not having temperature controls on your oven). And, in fact, it is in the history of the craft of pies—i.e. the handmade care and love placed within each crumbling, secretively delicious bite—that my investigation of the aesthetics of pie arise! For the idealized

completeness of pie does not lie in the pastry's form but in what pleasure its construction and consumption gave to the baker and the eater. Yes, like mySelf (my physical body, my striving soul for acres of wonderment that will yet to allow me to give myself to others) and my video works, a pie's purpose is not to be aesthetically beautiful but rather to be consumed and savored (like a secret!!! Imagine a fine dusting of poetry, boiled and packaged like a stroll down Frank O'Hara's<sup>10</sup> block: here he is joyous in the ever Now, gracefully compassionate with the allotment of goodness/badness/unjudged-stretches-of-sidewalk he smells during a promenade of his New York City! Success coming not from within but from without: an entailment of refrigerated moments that pass like sticky almond brittle in the summer sun—people get the most heated when that solar goddess is covered in a mystic haze of smog and soot, unluxurious yet demonstrably captivated by a draw towards cool water and shimmering skin). Don't all great pies need their crusts to shrink a little and be patched as their fillings bubble over or their meringues weep? What a perfect metaphor for life! In living moment to moment we find, like our pie (& pi) the center is everywhere because the CENTER is inside of each one of us. So here!! A breakthrough: when I allow the backdrop of time and the inconsistentness of resources to dissolve away and let my greater SELF open up to the occult power that shapes my life that is at once of the UNIVERSE and of each of us, a "*mysterium tremendum et fascinans*, which is finally that everlasting fire which is exploding in the galaxies, blazing in the sun, reflected in the moon and coursing as the ache of desire through our veins" turns (Campbell 135). Oh! How utterly

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10 Undoubtedly one of my favorite poets of all time. Here, an excerpt from his poem, "Homosexuality": "It is the law of my own voice I shall investigate..." O'Hara presides over a democracy of affection because he uses his own Self to rejoice in the aesthetics of all he comes across. O'Hara's poems are an antidote to this feeling of shame over the tastes we find natural and immovable (for me this often springs from my queerness). James Schuyler, a poet himself, in one of his many bristling, luminous, and loving letters to his dear friend O'Hara put it best: "Your passion always makes me feel like a cloud the wind detaches (at last) from a mountain so I can finally go sailing over all those valleys with their crazy farms and towns. I always start bouncing up and down in my chair when I read a poem of yours like "Radio," where you seem to say, "I know you won't think this is much of a subject for a poem but I just can't help it: I feel like this," so that in the end you seem to be the only one who knows what the subject of a poem is." Perhaps I stride to place everything inside of my video works because I'm so attached to the feeling of the interconnectedness of all, like O'Hara. Even if the subject matter of my videos (like multiple images of myself dancing) don't seem to others the best subject matter for serious video art.

ineffable and holy is the mystery that repels (in concealment--that luscious flake of pastry wake! Existence! And to LOVE, all encompassing, when there is a static surrender to the active rejection of fear! To bake the crumbly pie that is GOOD and WHOLE with no center except the center itself which lies on all planes in all dimensions, etc.). I use of pie as a metaphor for acting in dignity and trust instead of relying on the capitalist 'Now' culture that renders things with perfect aesthetics but never investigates the role of sacred sound & love to allot for the repetition of spaces kept between all beings! Maybe there is a significant thought in the notion that, I believe, what turns us away from art replicates the same structures that turn us away from a blessed, spiritually inclined existence (seeking to love and serve all people in all ways): desire (for material goods, sex, etc.), death (which is to say, the fear of death...because death will stop us ultimately but it is the fear of it that holds us back Now) and social duties/virtues/commitments (where we must work on work that leads outside of the creative sphere of soul and earn money to “move up” and become stuck in the appearances of both ourselves, those people around us and the products we purchase & consume). One must hold steady (at the CENTER—as Black Elk’s “center of the world” which is not a geographical place but the state of mind that releases one from the vortex of serious senses, fears and commitments by which life in this world is compelled to sorrows and pains) in order to meditate on baking’s perfect container for these secrets, my veiled. Here, in the arc of a creative reduction, I dance in pie’s connection to the Infinite through all that is concealed within the reality of its homemade and hand-packed crusts.

**★ the privilege of being present leaves my mind spinning in wonder and  
fear--indeed, it continues to oscillate<sup>11</sup>**

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<sup>11</sup> Important announcement! After reading Michael Talbot’s [The Holographic Universe](#), I realized that I needed to tell YOU that YOU are NOT your physical body! Just like Coley’s videos are not REALLY Coley’s videos...Our (and others’) Videos are not Linear, they are Holographic, they are a part of Our Mutual Advanced Holographic Structure. So you can’t really say the exact number of the Viewers (many of them are not physical) watching them (and the videos of others) and the Impact they create on our minds, on our Holographic Structure, because they are not

- ★ i'm fascinated by all narration of bioacoustic interactions (o the trees!  
if we listen to them will our ears become an effective method of  
addressing global climate change?)
- ★ i cling to the insistence on the necessary demands an artist must put  
on herself--passion for the pursuit of knowledge (in every field!)--in  
order to guide one's expertise in applied action, directed towards the  
improvement of the globe
  - purposeful listening!
  - essential call of the creative Self to be
    - held in awe by the sacred myths of our  
environment!!
  - dedicate time to actively seeking solutions!
    - oh what a need to move art beyond the clever, bitch!
  - ask like a sleuth in consumption: what ways can i advance and  
expand my practices so i can discover a means to dynamically  
participate in establishing the environment i want to exist  
within? how can i push myself to fight beyond the obvious and

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separated (I mean our Minds, Our Society, our videos, our grocery stores and US, everything WE do, our lives - all of it belongs to Our Advanced Holographic Structure)!

PIE is NOT linear, the organization F.I.B.E.R. (feminists improving boundless, eternal rock n' roll) is not Linear, it is Holographic, so it would be foolish to trust any capitalist's or any other company's statistics, because their statistics are physical, linear and usually heteronormative! We need to mentally switch from Linear Thinking to Holographic Thinking!

It wasn't difficult for me to work it out. There is a lot of Energy in Videos ! And even MORE in MUSIC and Pie!!!!

to be really willing to invest my time and energy into discovering and exploring a solution to a problem?

- ★ sitting around and simply asking questions is an excuse to shrink responsibility [but i understand that Coley is perplexed at how to transform her vibrations from analysis to synthesis, from rational knowledge (of which she has little) to intuitive wisdom (of which she has even less), from aggression to peace]
- ★ explore the abilities of sound to be spiritual, whole & engulfing
  - the sun is a beautiful abstraction (for the musician and the poet as well as the chemist and the mathematician)—like a centrifugal force of meditation. but i have neither discovered the right questions to chase nor the proper medium for building a resolve to a true environmental problem. i am frustrated
    - sunshine is manifestly more than heat and light and invisible rays—as the whole can be greater than the sum of its parts; the sun is something subtler, nearer to the mystical, something close to the quick of life itself.
  - transperception is not like sliding into home plate during a baseball game. is one always sticky with sugared treats?
    - urge your canon under the twin pressures of  
WITHIN & WITHOUT
- ★ the banana really isn't symbolic nor a reclaiming of the phallus

★ the doughnut could be an investigation into the toroid shape and it's connection to the infinite (for isn't the donut shape also the form of a magnetic field?? perhaps the cosmic, unconscious doughnut echoes the flowing of being and non-being as though the WHOLE of the doughnut is also the HOLE of the donut! where the center springs from an eternal now that never really needs much reflection outside of the glazed surface...) but i doubt Coley is smart enough for that sort of secret binging

★ wouldn't you like to stuff your mouth full of marshmallows too?

Ultimately, my practice extends from the queer-feminist tradition of using the performativity of my body to explore the awkwardness of self-identification--especially in regard to the expression of verboten sexualities and the embedment of ego within the myth of the 'Sovereign-Individualist' (as in rock stars, etc. of which I perversely long to be) promoted by American patriarchal/capitalistic mores. I use digital video, GIFS and sound to expose ongoing intensities and ruptures I experience in my voice and body in order to combat (and parody) our culture's dominant norms. I am a multi-instrumentalist and poet weaving music & words into my films, works that often reference my love of my family yet highlight my distance from their Roman Catholic ideals. I am attempting to obstruct the myth of the self, combined with all these flourishing symbols, and learn how to equate the flamboyance with our current sense of disconnection to the proper handling of resources (environmental, acoustical, spiritual, physical, intellectual, etc.). Personally, music is the most successful way for me, as a practicing artist, to connect my strivings toward the center of everything (a pie!) to the search (consumption! consumed!) for a bridge between the inner notions of my outer space. I long to craft my skills, image and imaginings in action towards environmental and social

justice by use of the rhythms of astronomical processions (like equinoxes, eclipses, transits, supernovas, etc.) in the chaotic pacing of both my music and video compositions.

I utilize music in my creative practice because I believe that, as Joachim-Ernst Berendt wrote in his book, The Third Ear: On Listening to the World, “whoever learns by listening, mainly playing his own music and doing without notation...leaves music where it belongs: in time where listening is the prime sense...Our age is becoming aware - hesitantly and much too slowly - of hypertrophy of the visual and the associated dangers, and more and more people are once again starting to recognise the ear as our most important and noblest sense. That *must* result in intensified consciousness, interest and joy, active involvement, and experience with regard to...hearing yourself as the rushing of the universe. The rushing of the big bang that was a primordial sound which is still resounding - in the cosmos; in the genes of everything alive on this planet; on every other star; in electrons and photons” (Berendt 175-176). Thus, I recognize that my sound compositions and rock songs are embedded in the firm, contradictory history of improvisation (the majority of my practice in composing and performing) and even the Western musical tradition of composed and scored music (despite my lack of training in such realms).

[an aside: in my source presentation, entitled *the secrets and desires of apple pie: a cosmology of coley mixan in post-beyonce materiality*, I briefly described my investigation of teen-aged sleuth impulses on the slippery semantics of consciousness, desire, and bodily materiality by using a homemade apple pie as a metaphor for both the signification of hospitality and the craft of concealing that which is innermost from our surrounding peers (on the assumption that people can only be privy to your innermost components when they consume you). Here I have included the first few paragraphs from that presentation as I believe there is some sort of key floating around in its chaos to unlock the secret mysteries I hide within my thesis video and sound work:

\...I am greatly inspired by the life and works of Mother Catherine McAuley, the foundress of the Sisters of Mercy. Mother McAuley's life was of generous service to persons in need, with a special concern for women and children. Her spirit was one of hospitality, justice, compassion and trust in the providence of God. In fact, when Catherine McAuley was dying, many of the sisters

gathered around her bedside to say good-bye and to pray rosaries for the dying. Not long before she died, at the end of a long day of waiting, she said to one of the sisters: "Be sure you prepare a comfortable cup of tea for them when I am gone." Ever since, the comfortable cup of tea has been a symbol of the warm and caring relationships which were at the heart of Catherine McAuley's Mercy vision--that one should always offer one's services and Love for the benefit of others. So to honor of Catherine's spirit of hospitality and to strive to let my actions be of service, I offer you a symbol of my own Love for you: an apple pie. Now, I have learned that nothing can equal the universal appeal of the food of one's childhood--the foods of our cultural consciousness that are ever linked with motherhood and nationhood. Like pie--a substance to be cut and shared at Thanksgiving and on baseball outings with Dad and at picnics by warm-hearted Aunt Mary Sue...and if the looming pie of our memories (a powerful nostalgia for warm, cozy kitchens and the smell of Grandma's baking) sells not only its desirability as biological fuel but the secret remembrance of the ritual of feminine kitsch, then there must be one other meaning of pie, particularly the homemade one, which sums up a baker's universal esteem for her audience. For an apple pie is a sign of a caring cook--one that loves you enough not just to throw over-boiled apples on a plate with a lump of soggy wheat but to craft the fruit slices in their own little pastry gift package. Apple pies in particular have become deeply embedded in the history of American sentiment--beginning in 1902 when a New York Times editorial claimed that, "pie is the food of the heroic. No pie-eating people can be permanently vanquished." American soldiers during World War II also did their part to popularize the pioneering spirit of this grand dessert. When asked by journalists why they were going to war, a common slogan used as a response was, "for mom and apple pie" which later gave rise to "as American as motherhood and apple pie". Because most Americans are suckers for patriotism, apple pie was quickly adopted as "the" American thing by the 1960s, a fulcrum for civic myth-making.

So if apple pie is edibly identified with the sense of nationhood and patriotic spirit, what becomes of the occurrence of making pie? What meaning does apple pie have when it transcends the ideal and becomes the corporeal? And when the lofting scent of a fresh baked pie has at last faded away, what remains of the performance of a pie's possibilities? Especially if the baker has been absorbed with that inward look that only comes from the memory of sugar and spices--all the repressing of anxieties about pleasure and indulgence that leaves an observer with her nose pressed eternally to the pastry-cook's window? Perhaps the classic Merriam-Webster dictionary can help us: **Pie--a noun of Middle English origins with its first usage recorded in the 14th century, typically evoked to describe a dessert or savory dish consisting of a filling**

served in a pastry shell or topped with pastry or both. Also defined as a whole regarded as divisible into shares...So, if words often give clues to PRIMORDIAL origins of things, and this definition seeks to suggest that a pie has contents of a miscellaneous nature, perhaps every pie, thus every person that creates or consumes a pie, carries a secret inside of itself. So the act of baking a pie from scratch is intrinsically inclined to both reveal and conceal. To concoct. To consider, secretly. For isn't someone always claiming a secret recipe (in fact, don't ask me how I made these pies--I learned from my grandmother who learned from her grandmother that if we focus on the goodness our pastries conceal, we can concentrate on what hunger seeks to reveal: that utter mystery of sexy consumption--the origins of our existence). And speaking of the origins of our existence, what does Carl Sagan, one of my all time favorite writers, have to say about the ideology of our pie?

IF YOU WISH TO BAKE AN APPLE PIE FROM SCRATCH, YOU MUST FIRST INVENT THE UNIVERSE!!!!

IF YOU WISH TO BAKE AN APPLE PIE FROM SCRATCH, YOU MUST FIRST INVENT THE UNIVERSE!!!!

**...and i concluded my speech:**

By some miracle I cannot figure out, I've been blessed with the ability to hear these secrets--all these rippling examples of human lives, from St. Vincent to Doris Day--and when I listen carefully I can hear that they are communicating secrets about communicating secrets, and when I listen carefully to their sonic enigmas I can hear that they are singing about listening, eavesdropping on the sparkling mystery of space and awareness where the essences of creation are at play. And this has been the journey set forth for me, of desirous listening. I used to believe that I wrote songs because there was something I wanted to communicate. Then I thought, "I will continue to write songs because I have not yet said what I've wanted to say." Now I persist in songwriting because I have not yet heard what I have been listening to. Until then, the secret shimmer of sound in my mouth and fingers and heart and soul evoke a desire of knowing, a gush into the infinite divine. The invention of the universe from scratch. A fresh baked apple pie.]

My music is a process of sleuthing through the jubilation of time immemorial. To dance, as energetic movement, in nature and the universe. This is my personal way of navigating through the darker moments of my existence: remembering, through an intensified listening, that the universe itself is a creative call to Love -- purely and simply -- in the energetic fluctuations (vibrations) of the basic building blocks of All. Through the process of listening, to oneSelf and all Others, I believe that We!! (a collective

whole! hole! holy!) strive upwards into the marco-and the mirco-cosmos of the Multiverse! Music is a self-evident path for my observation of nature (the veil of *māyā*) and my need to work for the social/environmental benefit of every Being. My task is to listen to the music and dance that are concealed everywhere. I must find harmony (entrainment, etc.) where I am as of yet unable to hear it (or see, feel, taste or sniff it)! This continual search occurs by a process of devotion to the unwilting time and space of practice: an embrace of failure in order to discover the moments of genuine creative spark that arise within and without each of Us.

01-06-2015

Dear Colette,

Clary, my work extends from a performance tradition, right? From desiring to BE something beyond myself--a goddess, a rockstar, a queer heroine: a Woman that works for social justice through the activation of the space around her. Often I wonder if the way I edit my videos is demanding enough...my work embodies multiple meanings on multiple levels which makes it hard to articulate and control the large variety of ideas often swirling in my head (and heart).

What is the connection to Yoga (Nada Yoga in particular)?

What is the connection to the cosmic (the holographic universe)?

What is the connection to Culture (both a resistance and an emersion--to process healing)?

Do I need to expend and investigate pataphysics/metaphysics/post-humanism?

What is the connection to librarianship (artist as data roamer??)?

What is the connection to feminist video/performance art?

Where does my work emerge?

For my final thesis show, I wish to craft an album and a companion video to the album as well bake many vegan pies for my friends and family. If I could host performance and “workshops” throughout the duration of the show I believe that would help as well. Something like the art orchard we want to operate someday. Of course, I want to perform at the opening--songs, with video interaction. With this letter I am enclosing a mixtape of some pieces of music I believe have informed the shape and scope of my sound work. Hopefully my choices make sense. Of course, I’ll be making a special mixtape just for you soon enough--but for now I must render you a cornucopia of music and sound that resonates with my thesis research.

*artists/groups that inform my work (AKA basically what I am listening to/ looking at right now):*

1. Calling Planet Earth - Sun Ra

- a. Here! A political call unto all earth beings--a beginning of dissonance and strange reverby vibes...An influence in both performance modes and his post-human mythological structures, Sun Ra, as a ground-breaking jazz musician, used his vast knowledge of world mythological history in order to craft a poetic past and alternative future for African Americans. In my music and character building, I too seek to dissolve the heteronormative timelines that surround me in order to joyfully celebrate all people in music. Sun Ra is a master of intuitive performance modes and using poetry to change his political environment.

- i. EVEN SUN RA'S COLORFUL ALBUM ART INFLUENCES MY AESTHETIC--CHECK IT OUT:



2. Till Victory - Patti Smith

- a. Patti Smith is a true rock goddess. Fierce in her compositions and poetics, she also commands the camera with her glance in every image that is made of her. An example by

the photographer/filmmaker/artist Mike Hoolboom:



- i. I choose the song 'Till Victory because, personally, the song has always been a call to strive towards personal triumph in every aspect of one's life. Allowing oneSelf to overcome religious bias, asking the Great Creator to hold off on our deaths until we come into spiritual Victory (note her inclusion of a need to lift the "veil" of reality in order to properly address the mystery of existence). Here, the lyrics to this amazing song--included so you may note our similar approaches in lyrics composition:

*Raise the sky.*

*We got to fly over the land, over the sea.*

*Fate unwinds and if we die, souls arise.*

*God, do not seize me please, till victory.*

*Take arms. Take aim. Be without shame*

*No one to bow to, to vow to, to blame.*

*Legions of light, virtuous flight. Ignite, excite.*

*And you will see us coming, V formation, through the sky.*

*Film survives. Eyes cry.*

*On the hill, hear us call through a realm of sound.*

*Oh, oh-oh. Down and down.*

*Down and round, oh, down and round.*

*Round and round, oh, round and round.*

*Rend the veil and we shall sail.*

*The nail, the grail: That's all behind thee.*

*In deed, in creed, the curve of our speed.*

*And we believe that we will raise the sky.*

*We got to fly over the land, over the sea.*

*Fate unwinds and if we die, souls arise.  
God, do not seize me please, till victory!*

3. Cosmic Dancer - T-Rex

- a. Honestly, I think this might be one of the greatest rock songs of all time. At least the greatest on the subject of cosmic cycles and reincarnation. This song was performed by my character Clark in many scenes of *SYNKHRA: Goddess of Music & Pie*. I choose to have Clark perform the song in order to indicate a conscious shift in one's placement within the spiraling tapestry of the cosmos. Marc Bolan, the lyric writer and composer for the song, highlights the metaphor of dancing for the energetic source that powers all of our vibrating existences and soul re-births. I believe that his use of powerful, visual lyrics with a simple, repetitive melody parallels my own pathetic search for answers to the grand, majestic questions of Being that continuously float about me. Here, an excerpt of lyrics to this absolutely wonderful, tear-inducing song:

*I was dancing when I was twelve  
I was dancing when I was aaah  
I danced myself right out the womb  
Is it strange to dance so soon  
I danced myself right out the womb  
I was dancing when I was eight  
Is it strange to dance so late  
I danced myself into the tomb  
Is it strange to dance so soon  
I danced myself into the tomb*

4. Regret - St. Vincent

- a. What goodness may I write of St. Vincent (Annie Clark)? Her music is stark, spring-wound and ever intelligent. I Love the music of St. Vincent--she has been one of my biggest inspirations for several years--because of the hyper-detailed attention she submerges within the power of breath, voice and guitar arrangements in her compositions. Truthfully, I could use any number of her songs for this mix to highlight the places of influence her work has had on mine but the track "Regret," from her latest album, *St. Vincent*, is slick as any pop tune on the radio with an extra corrosive bite to its underpinnings. Particularly, you should listen to the guitar solo that comes in around one minute into the song: gushing, glorious and steeped in innovation like a distorted burst of ground-to-cloud lighting. This guitar part makes me feel like running as fast as I can down a desert highway, tripping my way closer to figuring out exactly who I am! St. Vincent's lyrics are also dynamic and life-changing--this song a call to negotiate one's life-situations in action so you may avoid the regrets of bitten down words and unacted moments:

*Morning, pry the windows open  
Let in what's so terrifying  
Summer is as faded as a lone cicada call  
Memories so bright, I gotta squint just to recall  
Regret the words I've bitten more than the ones  
I ever said*

- i. Indeed! Annie Clark's work is absolutely astounding to me. And, as a live performer, she blows minds, often incorporating theatrics into her live sets (as pictured here performing at the 2015 Sasquatch Music Festival:



5. Numb - U2

- a. U2 has been my goal since I began playing guitar in late 2004. I had just turned 14 and U2 had recently released their single "Vertigo" as a part of Apple's iPod campaign. I was absolutely smitten and dove into their entire discography, my life dreams changing as I fell deeper in love with the band and their earnest, live performance style. Before I began listening to U2 I wanted to become an astronaut. Then, as soon as I meet Bono, The Edge, Larry Mullen Jr. and Adam Clayton, I realized that what I truly desired to be was a rock star. In fact, in lieu of a proper thesis paper I am fairly certain that I could give a track-by-track analysis of U2's entire catalog. I know and Love them from the very essence of my soul and someday wish to properly articulate the Love and hope their music has given to my life in my own music. I choose to include 'Numb' on this mix because, not only is The Edge (U2's guitarist that is my guitar hero in every, exact definition of guitar-genius) performing lead vocals, the songs takes on a mantra like sound in the monotone list of "don't" commands found in the lyrics--this mantra a seed toward a veiled existence. The Edge said his lyrics and performance tapped into the notions that we, as humans, are bombarded by so much information that you can find yourself shutting down and being unable to respond. I believe part of the length and editing structure of my video piece for the Henry works in this way: there is such an information overload that often the viewer can't focus on their first time view/listen of *SYNKHRA*. An excerpt from The Edge's lyrics:

*Don't move*  
*Don't talk out of time*  
*Don't think*  
*Don't worry*  
*Everything's just fine*

*Just fine*  
*Don't grab*  
*Don't clutch*  
*Don't hope for too much*  
*Don't breathe*  
*Don't achieve*  
*Or grieve without leave*  
*Don't check*  
*Just balance on the fence*  
*Don't answer*  
*Don't ask*  
*Don't try and make sense*  
*Don't whisper*  
*Don't talk*  
*Don't run if you can walk*  
*Don't cheat, compete*  
*Don't miss the one beat*  
*Don't travel by train*  
*Don't eat*  
*Don't spill*  
*Don't piss in the drain*  
*Don't make a will*  
*Don't fill out any forms*  
*Don't compensate*  
*Don't cower*  
*Don't crawl*  
*Don't come around late*  
*Don't hover at the gate*  
*Don't take it on board*  
*Don't fall on your sword*  
*Just play another chord*  
*If you feel you're getting bored*  
*I feel numb*  
*I feel numb*  
*Too much is not enough*  
*I feel numb*  
*Don't change your brand*  
*Gimme what you got*  
*Don't listen to the band*  
*Gimme what I don't get*  
*Don't gape*  
*Don't ape*  
*Don't change your shape*  
*Gimme some more*  
*Have another grape*  
*Too much is not enough*  
*I feel numb*

*Gimme some more*  
*A piece of me, baby*  
*I feel numb*  
*Don't plead*  
*Don't bridle*  
*Don't shackle*  
*Don't grind*  
*Gimme what I don't get*  
*Don't curve*  
*Don't swerve*  
*Gimme some more*  
*I feel numb*  
*Lie, die, serve*  
*I feel numb*  
*Don't theorize, realize, polarize*  
*Gimme what you got*  
*Chance, dance, dismiss, apologize*  
*Gimme what I don't get*  
*Gimme what you got*  
*Too much is not enough*

6. Twerk That Driver - A-Trak

- a. I dance to this song during a part of my video. I chose this song because I love its beat and find meaning in the dominant male voice telling the female protagonist to “twerk that ass.” Apparently, one must be “a stripper or a new member of the track team” in order to perform well enough for the omnipresent male gaze and voice. Here, I use the song to highlight the uncomfortable glance that heterosexual men place upon the seemingly female-identified body...even one like mine that is both sexually unavailable to them and balanced in a gender-queer space of non-gender conformity (except, of course in the scene where I indeed “twerk my ass” in front of a backdrop of spiritually-inclined imagery, obstructing a physical pull toward the holiness of sexuality and the human figure...embodying the role of the female-bodied entertainer, shaking my body as sexily as possible for men to recognize their power in controlling how I appear for their pleasure).

7. Knit a Claw - Tracy + the Plastics

- a. What does it mean to be a Queer Heroine? This is one of the major questions I've been chasing since the beginning of my time at the University of Washington. Wynne Greenwood, the brilliant mind behind Tracy + the Plastics, is one of my heroines--she is a fantastic example of living a life dedicated to healing her culture through music, teaching and art. Not only does my video and performance work extend from the theoretical dialogues of queer-feminist artists like herself, I believe my compositional style and nod toward subtle humor is extended from a path carved by brave artists like Greenwood. The music crafted through both the Tracy + the Plastics project and Wynne's solo compositions articulates the artist's combat of repressive power structures and dynamics on all societal levels: institutional, familial, intrapersonal and even the contradictory power structures found amongst band mates. Her questioning of these power structures is particularly important for queer-bodied persons--through boldly asserting a

non-heteronormative voice in a vocation often dominated by white, straight cis-males. Greenwood allows emotional existence to become a call for universal acceptance and peace. I Love all of Greenwood's work and I am including this song on the mix because it drives forward a call for political feminism and, sonically, highlights the originality found in all of Greenwood's work.

*We'll have to learn to face the fire...*  
*We'll have to read what you will write*  
*We'll have to find the time to fight*  
*We'll have to burn the porch*  
*And you will know us*  
*Your writing is suddenly changing!*  
*The shape of your letters is shifting!*



*The gold in the sky is lifting!*

8. Let's Go Crazy - Prince

- a. I want to be Prince. He's a **magickal** genius. Have you seen his music videos? Brilliant!! His songs combine sexuality and spirituality and the pure-bliss-of-divine rock 'n roll in way I can hardly describe. I could listen to Prince non-stop. And, if you want to hear one of the most brilliant guitar solos of all time, tune in to the end of this song. Prince is a multi-instrumentalist, like me, that records all the parts for his songs (in a similar way that I do--layering multiple takes of varying tracks of instruments and then mixing them together himself). At the height of Prince's popularity (though I would argue that his two latest albums shine with a lustrous brilliance even yet! Prince never goes out of style...), his songs had enormous, colossal, sweet choruses; they amalgamated elements of disco, funk, rhythm and blues, and dance-rock into a blissful, popular parcel. He recorded feature-length films of himself (like my **SYNKHRA** project) in order to turn himself into an auteur-like figure (as most multi-instrumentalists attempt to do with their careers--and as I would like to do with mine, selfishly).

*I'm excited*  
*But don't know why*

*Maybe it's cause  
We're all gonna die*



9. It's My Party - Lesley Gore

- a. You would cry too if it happened to you--because nobody knows where my Johnny has gone...
- b. This song is very important. A key to my thesis film--used as bridge between scenes and as a metaphor for the loss and longing of familiar ties. Throughout *SYNKHRA*, I use the name "Johnny" to represent a male figure continuously outside of research: whether from the broken-hearted Clark character addressing the man he believed was his faithful beau in the cover song or through the character of Coley calling out to "Johnny" to come and eat her homemade apple pie. "Johnny" represents the gender unnamed: the feminine within the masculine, the girl that has always longed to be a boy and, from a personal troupe, the name my mother calls out to my father (who's name is either John or Johnny depending on how well you know him). Another childhood memory lead me back to performing this song: on my 5th birthday, burning up in the backseat of my father's old station wagon, I was crying because I didn't want to be buckled against the hot, metal seatbelt while Gore's tune blasted on the radio. My father cranked the music and sang it loudly at me as I grew more and more frustrated at not being able to control where the vehicle was going. Of course, the song is important too--in that it was sung by Lesley Gore, who was a feminist and lesbian icon all throughout her life. I changed the upbeat-teenaged-angst pop song into a more solemn call to the "Johnny" that was everywhere yet nowhere all at once. This song became my metaphorical anthem for the problematic disappointments can arise during a queer person's life: the loss of friendship, family members, self-hatred, etc. all based upon a confusion of gender, attraction/affection, love and "gayness."

*Nobody knows where my Johnny has gone  
Judy left the same time  
Why was he holding her hand  
When he's supposed to be mine  
It's my party, and I'll cry if I want to  
Cry if I want to, cry if I want to  
You would cry too if it happened to you  
Keep playin' my records, keep dancin' all night  
Leave me alone for a while*

*Till Johnny's dancin' with me  
 I've got no reason to smile  
 It's my party, and I'll cry if I want to  
 Cry if I want to, cry if I want to  
 You would cry too if it happened to you  
 Judy and Johnny just walked through the door  
 Like a queen with her king  
 Oh what a birthday surprise  
 Judy's wearin' his ring  
 It's my party, and I'll cry if I want to  
 Cry if I want to, cry if I want to  
 You would cry too if it happened to you*

10. Hang On to Your Ego - The Beach Boys

- a. Ah, The Beach Boys. Brian Wilson. In 1966, Brian Wilson composed the lyrics and music for this track, entitled “Hang Onto Your Ego” but, after demoing it once, he changed the words, and renamed it “I Know There's an Answer”—which is the track that ultimately ended up on The Beach Boys’ landmark album, Pet Sounds. I dearly love both tracks—but choose to include the first version because I believe it more a authentic to allowing oneSelf the courage to overcome your dark parts (which, for this song, is Wilson’s exploration of psychedelics and a disinterest in familiar matters...) and literally hang on to one’s ego. Though my work is a personal exploration of attempting to dissolve my ego, I listen to the use of instrumentation on this track and recognize Wilson’s artistic struggle to make the sounds he heard in his head physically manifested. Often, I struggle with a search for perfection in my music--always recognizing that I will never be able to what I internally, egotistically long to do--and this song is one that changed both my life and my approach to composing ‘simple’ pop songs (Wilson an absolute musical genius, despite the seemingly “easy” going sound of the Beach Boys. The majority of their compositions are quite musically complex and structured to include leitmotifs that occur on multiple records). Here, the stunningly powerful lyrics that ask one to look inside for answers to difficult, personal questions:

*I know so many people  
 Who think they can do it alone  
 They isolate their heads  
 And stay in their safety zones  
 Now what can you tell them?  
 And what can you say  
 That won't make them defensive?  
 Hang on to your ego  
 Hang on but I know that you're gonna lose the fight  
 They come on like they're peaceful  
 But inside they're so uptight  
 They trip through their day  
 And waste all their thoughts at night  
 Now how can I say it?*

*And how can I come on when I know I'm guilty?  
 Hang on to your ego  
 Hang on but I know that you're gonna lose the fight  
 Now how can I come on  
 Hang on but I know that you're gonna lose the fight*

11. North by Northwest: A Conversation Piece - Bernard Herrmann

- a. North by Northwest, a spy-esque thriller directed by Alfred Hitchcock in 1959, is a prime example of a mid-century American film taking advantage of the opulent musical structure of its score. Composed by Bernard Herrmann, the North by Northwest score is very multifaceted, packed with calorific (and motivic) progressions, inventive orchestration, stirring silences, and enthralling rhythms—structured on an immediately identifiable “Hitchcockian” fandango. The pulsing metre of the composition embodies the nature of the film’s light entertainment (part of what many critics consider the “spy film” genre) while its subtle harmonic dissonance sets off the depth, charm and integrity of the cinematic work. North by Northwest is the story of a Cold War chase through mistaken identity and, as such, Herrmann’s music is anxious with driving, rumba-like tempos. The love theme, “A Conversation Piece,” emerges on the moving train after the two characters spend dinner heavily flirting. Intriguingly, Herrmann leaves the first meeting between Roger and Eve (when she helps him evade police in the train’s corridor) unscored. Most other classic Hollywood composers would, when the amorous figure is presented, allow a love motif to be directly resonated, signifying the potential eminence of the two characters’ rapport. Through not employing music during this movement, Herrmann has allocated a subterfuge in relation to her character, permitting the audience to encode their own impression of her as Kendall’s performance role shifts throughout the narrative. This is especially important to the part of Eve Kendall, whose true identity continuously transforms between webs of lies and cover-ups. Thus, when the love theme is finally brought into the film, the moviegoers’ assumptions have not been trained to regard the female spy as permanently on Thornhill’s side. Allowing the dialogue and visuals to introduce North by Northwest’s female protagonist also boils American identity issues stemming from race, sexuality and gender (that were particularly repressed during the late fifties and early sixties). Eve’s character—a subordinated female—seems empowered but isn’t (has basically fallen into government sponsored prostitution) and appears simply as the wicked woman present to lull men into sex until Herrmann’s love theme begins to poignantly connect Kendall to a potential relationship with Thornhill. Here, of course, the problem lies within a female character subsisting to further a male’s story arc. Marie Saint’s character must present herself as tempting and enigmatic to safeguard her double-agent pretext and this constructs Eve as a “Hitchcock-blonde” since her role playing within the narrative imposes the director’s fetishistic implications of capitalism’s natural degradation into female personality masking. If the principal function of the Hitchcock heroine is to lie, exact masculine doubts (in line of Laura Mulvey’s criticism of the castration-fear symbolism found often within classical cinema--the male gaze!!) and then endure myriad distresses without messing up her mascara until she must be saved by a male figure, Eve

Kendall is an exemplifier. She is deemed to be incipiently perverse and helpless (emotional despite the need for her performance to be emotionless if she wants to survive in the world of espionage) compared to the power and intuition welded by characters like Thornhill, the Professor, and Vandamm within North by Northwest. However, the position of Herrmann's melodic love theme plays into her brief escape from repression, offering the audience a reading of her character as independent from the authority of men over her actions—until the love melody concludes surprisingly with a intimidating cadence, an overture to Kendall's seeming deceit of Thornhill. The musical piece itself is romantic and regaling as it begins [49:55] with a light ostinato that transitions into a swelling melodic line which heightens the audiences' emotional attachments to the pair as a couple. The lyrical tune refines their ardor, a brief interlude of tenderness from the harsh coldness of espionage, as the spectators are fooled into the mysterious façade of Kendall's role-playing (ROLE PLAYING!!). Jack Sullivan, in his book *Hitchcock's Music*, comments that, "this is Herrmann's most graceful love theme, a languorous oboe-clarinet duet that hears up an already sexy train pickup...There is a veneer of coolness—this is Hitchcock, after all—but the erotic intensity is palpable." "Conversation Piece" is filled with a resourceful longing made modern through its use of dissonance and mixing of traditional Romantic and Latin genres. The musical love theme is strong enough to stand on its own but is rendered even more stirring with the visual sleekness of Grant and Marie Saint (55:07) centrally framed within their train car (oh Hitchcock, perfection!).



12. Take a Chance on Me - ABBA

- a. This song is sung (over the original, while driving a car around Omaha, NE on a sticky summer evening where I asked my sister to perform as a cat around the metro area in highly public spaces, etc.) by my sister, Mandy Mixan (as known as the most brilliant artist and human I've ever met), and I during a scene of my film. I included the song and our performance of it as a metaphor for sisterhood and bonds that grow when one takes a chance on another being through an investment in time and Love.

*If you need me, let me know, gonna be around  
If you've got no place to go, if you're feeling down  
If you're all alone when the pretty birds have flown*

*Honey I'm still free  
Take a chance on me  
Gonna do my very best and it ain't no lie  
If you put me to the test, if you let me try...*

13. California Desert Party - Jonathan Richman

- a. Is there anything more lush than a cactus? Many yucca plants are seen throughout my video piece. The desert is also a personal sanctuary. I am drawn to the California desert's flora and fauna—it's haunting forms outstretching in the middle of the night. One evening, on a dark road driving through the desert in lower California, I saw the best moon rise I ever have laid eyes on...a giant, orange orb hovering in the sky as a majestic personage of relatable sources. It was so red and so large (and so unexpected) that at first I thought it was an atomic bomb, detonated in the distance. You and I stood close to each other, hovering under one of the blankets you had dug out of that locked blue storage unit. I remember wanting to cry—here I was, standing on a midnight-blackened ledge with you, honed in on that satellite in the sky, so unsure of the past and future because the moment was of the NOW—hovering like that moon, begging us to dig inside ourselves. One of my dreams, seeing Joshua Tree National park, manifesting before my very senses. Not only is the desert one of my favorite landscapes, Jonathan Richman is one of my favorite songwriters--combining post-punk performance (in pataphysical humor) with classic rock song structures (allow yourself three chords and the truth & suddenly all revolutions are possible). And genius, witty lyrics. Always. I am also interested in his use of horns as I often employ brass in my compositions. Note the food/dancing references in his lyrics too...



*Everybody's dancin round in the cactus garden  
yucca trees are all around Cholla too, look out  
Guacamole's there for you, carrot juice and nachos too  
it's a California desert party  
(Landers, Lone Pine, Palms of 29)  
California desert party*

*pack rats, kit fox, petroglyphs, and sleeping bags*  
*California desert party*  
*they brought the harp and the lyre*  
*they turned the hot tub higher...*

14. Holy Shit - Father John Misty

- a. a. As much as I would like to analyze this song, bit by bit, I recognize that it is, in its current form, as near-perfect as an astronomical orbit. Just sit back and enjoy one of the greatest living songwriter's voice and lyrics. My thesis work trails far behind Father John Misty. The singer takes on capital, mythological patterns, his generation's seeming apathy towards the success of higher institutions and compares them to the struggles found between two people that share Love. That all systems replicate themselves from the smallest microcosm unto the grand vibrations of the universe (which also comprise of the universe's deepest sounds). An uncovering of the extremely personal—as though to get to Love and a true notion of Self (egolessness), one must strive daily through the muck and the disastrous shortcomings that arise from the way humans can potentially treat each other and their planet. As if, by the end of the song, Father John Misty realizes that the step-by-step process of life has lead him to the conscious moment of Now: a surrender to struggles of Love in creation. I suppose all I can really write is that this record (and this song, especially) has offered me moments to cry...tears of solidarity in the universal found where the songwriter allows his most personal experiences to shine.

*Ancient holy wars*  
*Dead religions, holocausts*  
*New regimes, old ideals*  
*That's now myth, that's now real*  
*Original sin, genetic fate*  
*Revolutions, spinning plates*  
*It's important to stay informed*  
*The commentary to comment on*  
*Oh, and no one ever really knows you and life is brief*  
*So I've heard, but what's that gotta do with this black hole and me?*  
*Age-old gender roles*  
*Infotainment, capital*  
*Golden boughs and mercury*  
*Bohemian nightmare, dust bowl chic*  
*This documentary's lost on me*  
*Satirical news, free energy*  
*Mobile lifestyle, loveless sex*  
*Independence, happiness*  
*Oh, and no one ever knows the real you and life is brief*  
*So I've heard, but what's that gotta do with this atom bomb and me?*  
*Colosseum families*  
*The golden era of TV*  
*Eunuch sluts, consumer slaves*

*A rose by any other name  
Carbon footprint, incest dreams  
Fuck the mother in the green  
Planet cancer, sweet revenge  
Isolation, online friends  
Oh, and love is just an institution based on human frailty  
What's your paradise gotta do with Adam and Eve?  
Maybe love is just an economy based on resource scarcity--  
What I fail to see is what that's gotta do with you and me!*

15. I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free - Nina Simone

- a. Flawless. A performer and songwriter that truly changed the world by being herself, no matter how difficult that was. I remember reading that Simone believe the American cultural landscape to be a personal hell that continuously told black girls like her that they were not what was worthwhile. It's an experience I will never understand but can feel the pain in her voice and the way she plays piano. This song is one of my favorites of all time because I believe Simone delivers the lyrics in the most comprehensive and demonstratively angered way possible. She gives herself to her songs and her performances and that is why she is one of my all time heroines.

16. Where the Streets Have No Name - U2

- a. "Where The Streets Have No Name" is not just my preferred U2 song, but the composition is the most unparalleled, beloved piece of rock and roll in my music collection, period. Melodically and instrumentally, I cannot imagine other songs that sound more characteristically U2 than "Streets," with Larry's propulsive drumming and Adam's profuse bass line supplying an unyielding substratum upon which The Edge's delay-saturated guitar can burnish while Bono sings of a mythical (like the F.I.B.E.R. headquarters...) somewhere where Love is the solitary concern. It's an uplifting song, one that builds gradually then bursts forth into a blissful sonic surface that zooms me up & away each instance I listen to it. No other song is guaranteed to make me cry when performed live. Every time. I can't help myself.

*I want to run, I want to hide  
I want to tear down the walls that hold me inside  
I want to reach out and touch the flame  
Where the streets have no name  
I want to feel sunlight on my face  
See the dust cloud disappear without a trace  
I want to take shelter from the poison rain  
Where the streets have no name  
Where the streets have no name  
Where the streets have no name  
We're still building, then burning down love  
Burning down love  
And when I go there I go there with you  
It's all I can do*

*The cities a flood and our love turns to rust  
 We're beaten and blown by the wind, trampled in dust  
 I'll show you a place high on a desert plain  
 Where the streets have no name  
 Where the streets have no name  
 Where the streets have no name  
 We're still building, then burning down love  
 Burning down love  
 And when I go there I go there with you  
 It's all I can do  
 Our love turns to rust  
 We're beaten and blown by the wind  
 Blown by the wind  
 Oh, see our love, see our love turn to rust  
 And we're beaten and blown by the wind  
 Blown by the wind  
 When I go there, I go there with you  
 It's all I can do*

17. Unbelievers - Vampire Weekend

- a. Could any other band make a spiritual search sound so catchy? Mmmm... that organ bass line is a dance of pure ecstasy!

*Got a little soul  
 The world is a cold, cold place to be  
 Want a little warmth but who's going to save a little warmth for me?  
 We know the fire awaits unbelievers  
 All of the sinners, the same  
 Girl you and I will die unbelievers  
 bound to the tracks of the train  
 If I'm born again  
 I know that the world will disagree  
 Want a little grace but who's going to say a little grace for me?*

18. Strange - Patsy Cline

- a. I used this song in a very short clip of my video. I am interested in the originality of Cline's voicings. In fact, one scene of my video has a guitar-playing Coley singing the improvised lyric, "I'm no Patsy Cline/I'm no sacrifice..." Oh! How strange...The note she hits all through one word (the STRANGE that describes the awkward strangeness of my characters interacting with one another) is absolutely magickal.

19. Pretty Hurts - Beyoncé

- a. Beyoncé recognizes that it's almost impractical to dissociate grief and suffering from the ideal feminine aesthetic. The song's lyrics bring up some of the things and actions women move across to become attractive (like obsessing over our diets and exercise routines). Beyoncé critiques the collective fascination with attractiveness. "Perfection is a disease of a nation," she sings, continuing to insist that "We try to fix something but you can't fix what

you can't see / It's the soul that needs the surgery". Indeed, I used this song in my video because I agree that we are so obsessed with physical perfection (and I am guilty of this too! I've forgotten how to take care of my soul by being too obsessed with getting thin. Can good looks really make me happy?). Everything is a distraction and Beyoncé nailed it.

20. Celluloid Heroes - The Kinks

- a. *Everybody's in showbiz, it doesn't matter who you are...And those who are successful--be always on your guard--success walks hand-in-hand with failure!!* One of my favorite songs of all time.

21. Easy As Pie - Doris Day

- a. Doris Day is another queer heroine of mine. She's performed in drag and has her own voicing style. She makes it seem as easy as pie!! And as far as performing & dancing goes, I too believe that anyone can DO IT. YOU CAN LEARN--AS EASY AS PIE!!!

22. Severed Crossed Fingers - St. Vincent

- a. The lyrics of the year:

*When your calling ain't calling back to you  
I'll be side-stage mouthing lines for you  
Humiliated by age, terrified of youth  
I got hope but my hope isn't helping you  
Spitting our guts from their gears  
Draining our spleen over years  
Find my severed crossed fingers in the rubble there  
Wake up puddle-eyed  
Sleeping in a suit  
The truth is ugly well, I feel ugly too  
We'll be heroes  
On every bar stool when  
Seeing double beats not seeing one of you  
Spitting our guts from their gears  
Draining our spleen over years  
Found my severed crossed fingers in the rubble there  
Well you stole the heart right out my chest  
Changed the words that I know best  
Found my severed crossed fingers in the rubble there  
Holding on and on and on enough/enough/enough  
Spitting our guts from their gears  
Draining our spleen over years  
Find my severed crossed fingers in the rubble there  
Well you stole the heart right out my chest  
Changed the words that I know best  
Find my severed crossed fingers in the rubble there*

Remember when you told me to look into the Kabbalah? I read something about the magic door (of the Hebrew "tree of Life"--kind of like those tarot books we were looking for at John K. King's shop) being

the original point, a synthesis of light and darkness that gives birth to the universe and now I am thinking there must be some connection to the traditional symbol of the pyramid! I still need to look into the conspiracy that the ancient pyramids were used as communication devices...perhaps my thesis project could be well served from its own orchestrated symbols (which could also allow me to confront contingencies during a performance as I often find I am lacking when there is a need for decisive action). I am still trying to allow music to remain a revealed truth of intense personal meaning but I fear I am slowly allowing the rational to steer me down a poor path. Long story short: I am still grasping at the edge of a raw field! Any thoughts that could help me unlock some of this? How to play the notes as the poets write their words? A need for feeling?

Yes, my Love, look at all this mess of lyrics I've left trapped in my notebooks of corruption and inspiration (a simultaneous loop of Coley Mixan!):

**\*\*\*isn't funny how music can just twist you up and take you there (where the there is I am not exactly sure but I sense that all I want to do is continue to practice and make better the outer space of guitar playing in order to crack the surface and find an experience as segregated and well researched as if there was a real art and a much needed learning of craft through reading!! when will there be time for anything?  
what am i interested in researching?  
how does my gender identity (not quite female or male) rattle me away? and make me nervous and frustrated in my body??  
what is the promised MAGICK LASSO that offers us the powers of TRUTH???)\*\*\***

searching for the date garden  
and the sun isn't gapless  
when we listen to siri she misdirects us  
and i knew i should have just looked at the map on my phone instead  
because we can plus the plus of plus  
dividing ourselves without them answers but  
you'll always put distance where i want to park  
in the valley of your hand laying on my flat chest  
two prostate planes weeping vintage delegations  
(blankets are expensive here because everybody wants one)

i generalize  
for what i mean is, back to the date gardens, palms,  
resurrected too much fiber// (F.I.B.E.R. - feminists improve boundless rock n' roll)

i am desiring the sweetness of the first  
and what sort of proper hierarchy i placed on it  
the sip, the satisfaction, the unmiserable swoop of affection

and it is funny that my memories swarm on grocery stores

i remember on tour with conor, coming out of a national forest, scenic,  
 to park & use the restroom at grocery store that reminded me of home  
 of bag 'n gag or bag 'n slave depending on the day  
 the isles fascinating me the way i am sure  
 so sure i have a problem now  
 (of always thinking about food  
 and walking down a grocery aisle  
 yet longing to rid myself of fat  
 and feeling really icky in front of them/him/SHE)  
 as i pull our bodies into the Shields Date Gardens  
 prepared to drink the World's Greatest Date Shake  
 and wobble my body back into a density  
 desiring everything easy and smooth  
 the opposite of Us  
 right?  
 two and a half decades  
 determined that not many others may relate

so fuck them

because i feel it must not be mine to express

rejoicing in the sound of your body next to mine  
 humming like the way an avocado sandwich  
 melts in our mouths after a long day of hiking

it just feels right  
 yet explosive and volatile because  
 the gesture is as sticky as cactus honey

a ball of protein love

you make the best granola bars  
 they make me want to marry you  
 everything you do makes me want to marry you

even searching together for our fourth date shake of the week

participating in dipping our fingers in the whip  
 an electric flux of smiles

Sensibility is the serpent crawling across my feet

I can trick the flesh with flesh but never her whispering  
 This national bank of Catholic roses  
 To touch and arouse all that decomposes  
 I am an open house  
 Freedom flexed profound  
 Will-o-the-wisp, a wasp of spirit  
 I stung my calling before I could hear it  
 Yes, I tried to cover up the natural disgust  
 Of a body condemned to lust  
 Commodified by the glory I've sought  
 Nullified under a failure of thoughts  
 I am collapsing  
 Like the snakes surrounding me  
 (By who's definition is my ambition any less than theirs?  
 Is water necessary to save me?  
 Oh my children, who's definition?  
 Am I living under the correct set of circumstances?)

Searching for responsiveness  
 With volume and dissonance  
 I am limited and limiting  
 A symptom of identity  
 Wondering how to get involved  
 With Creation—towards the Om  
 Gotta sing what's action-packed  
 Offer up big love and laughs  
 Perplexed by viewpoint and attitude  
 The swinging mallets of my moods  
 Through light and energy  
 The person is political  
 I know I can only be me  
 But I am far too critical

What can we give to the world  
 But the fullest expressions of ourselves?  
 We must not only be moved by art  
 But thrown into momentum through gladdened hearts  
 Remember my children, be grateful for what you have  
 Give them Love and make no demands  
 You've got to read poetry at night  
 If that's what inspires your eyes  
 Don't be oppressive to yourself  
 There's plenty of hatred to go around  
 Don't be so controlled or controlling  
 There is a role to play without role-playing

The essence of everything can only be expressed  
 When you strive for your best  
 Through an honest art practice  
 Make poetry out of the invisible  
 Set the universe to your time scale  
 You are infinite  
 Because art confirms the way you've spent  
 Your life  
 Your Love  
 Desire is a defense against desire  
 As with an arsenal of noise making objects  
 I cut the seeds and bend the wires,  
 Any assumptions I assume leave me hesitant  
 Can I obliterate myself while simultaneously living  
 Stretched between the identities that I've been tricking?  
 Concentration shakes her fist at my mirror  
 I am responsible for living as an artist not a career  
 Someday I will be the silence that speaks  
 The vision over visibility  
 Habitual fascination  
 With media based distraction  
 This process is possessed  
 Lustfully undressed...  
 She summoned visions close and tricked invisible waltz  
 Where my marrow beat as wildly as my pulse  
 I was dancing-mad, glittering rage on the ground  
 Until she whistle-romped chaos to that curious sound  
 Yes she laughed me out and then laughed me back in  
 Her womb no womb of veneration  
 Now incomprehensible gaiety and dread  
 Attempt to force the Truth through my swollen head  
 I react against the challenge of distractions  
 Avoiding the internal dynamics of satisfaction

The swell from flesh to spirit cracks open the portal  
 Where the word out leaps the world and light is total  
 Yes, I am sweating out my fears so I can live a single Love  
 Yeah, I shall perish in no form if I embrace freedom  
 I shall kiss the granite valley when my body's a corpse  
 And my affection for her blossoms back to the (our) source  
 Oh my body won't be a madhouse of sexual healing  
 I will let it pass into the openness of awareness

Once I had a dream that I had woken up to find my pillow turned into my father's birthday cake. I was terrified because I know my father would never want to have a cake for his birthday party. He would much prefer one of my homemade apple pies. With a side of cinnamon ice cream. Anyway, a few hours later, after having been wandering around the city for a while, I noticed a chunk of frosting in my hair. I realized that I did indeed wake up on a birthday cake—but it was not my father's. I will never be my father's son.

Amin F C E F C

Why am I still writing songs  
 If I will never be my father's son?  
 God, I'm still (righting my wrongs) observing stringent flaws  
 With every cliché that dances off my tongue  
 So I retreated from the drabness of family  
 Just to better prune the violets of my mind  
 And in this I flux I've realized what's wrong with me  
 I've always been too selfish with my time  
 Oh father, won't you forgive my transgressions  
 And every game I've ever forfeited?  
 And you see, mother, it's not depression  
 I'm just swamped with too many tenants in my head  
 Some days there's too much violence in the feminine

G F C F C F

And I can dance, and I can run but I shall never be free  
 And I can classify all knowledge but never know what it is to be me  
 And though nothing is truly separate in this reality  
 My electrons shall not ooze their quiet mystery, endless history

A C#min D (E)

Why am I not rejoicing for the time I'm gonna spend  
 Dying all these little deaths until I am born again?  
 For if I doubt the doubling I will shimmy problematic  
 Cause the universe is brimming vibrations, holographic!  
 And I'm another mark, another line  
 Impossible to define  
 Like our source of life

Tracing points of view as if I had a gender preference  
 With all that I pursue I still gather endless questions  
 Like what is the difference between Love and God?  
 And will I ever need all my dangerous wants?  
 And I'm another breath, another sigh  
 Impossible to define  
 Like our mysterious sky

I guess I'm just unsure of all that is beyond  
 Outside of my perspective, queries I've yet to solve  
 I guess I'm just unsure of my symbols and sense  
 If all existence is subjective can I be happiness?  
 I suppose in my supposing only Love shall exist  
 Can I rejoice in the sunshine like when I was a kid?  
 Can I scrape both of my knees climbing over her fence?  
 Can I tear down my fears without building confidence?  
 Can I look in her eyes without desiring a kiss?  
 Can I be all that I can be and still feel worthless?  
 Can I offer up my friendship without financial gifts?  
 Will I ever be grander than a lonely burden?  
 I suppose in my supposing only Love shall exist

Bmin D Bmin D G D  
 Perform with my (your) deformity  
 In shapes that stretch before me  
 I've been guilted under gluttony  
 In sounds that rise above me

Invest in her orthodox  
 Practical concerns of lust  
 What emotional cue (daze) makes the cut  
 Feel more ominous?

G Bmin G Bmin G Bmin A Bmin  
 The subject is astonishing  
 With currents that pulse and heat  
 I'm still upsidely by the barstool pleas  
 Of fear's formless realities  
 Observing our T.V.s  
 In the library

Even the concrete is stained  
 By time's muck and shame  
 I've been tripping all the way  
 To her terrible hint of decay

A casting call to raise the verbs  
 Our howling smoked but never heard  
 And in darkness, the single word  
 Greets our knotting silver orb  
 I am not unforsaken  
 By the marrow I've been shaking  
 Donated bones so misshapen

Nothing in me will ever straighten  
 Totalized and so reprised  
 No sound will ever spark in me  
 Vandalized and so uptight  
 I am my deformity  
 Perform with my deformity

Cmaj7 Emin  
 I'm getting high on lonesomeness  
 Where mirth is hidden in the breath  
 Suspended entertainment  
 (F#min7 G??) Bmin D  
 Like a well structured laugh

I recognize relevance is better  
 But I still prefer to walk cemeteries  
 Where each of my strides is severed  
 Amin C  
 By the dead's whisperings (forebearings? Ceaseless warnings?)

[[[(But I've yet to manufacture anything clever)  
 By despairing disconnections  
 Amin C  
 Keeping track of failed redemptions]]]

G Emin  
 So what will I make  
 Of all that I have  
 Cause I've been browsing  
 Between the emptiness

Emin Amin C D G  
 I've been covering my body in plastic sheets  
 Seizing the light I bite between anatomy  
 Like a waterfall as watermelon ecstasy:  
 This is the ruin that keeps us brief  
 They say any healing is long and intense  
 Oh you know I'm still confined by her bed-rest  
 And whatever prepares the nightmare for its projection  
 Slices into the essence of what she calls heaven  
 I want my song to be fronted by Joan of arc  
 Slice off my hair and kiss my marks

My rage is splitting open again  
 I've been picking at that tender skin of  
 The mystical elite:  
 Sickness, paranoia and dreams  
 Of all my mismanaged schemes  
 I'm crossed out by the defeat  
 To move within appealing ways  
 To make-believe that I am brave  
 To sever my spine from my brain  
 I wanna become a human quake  
 And now I cannot see  
 What's always been in front of me  
 I am paranoid  
 That I will destroy  
 Any goodness I have left inside  
 And I just want to unfold  
 The nights and visions that leave us cold  
 But I've been keeping my goddamn mouth shut  
 Cause I will never be upfront (about anything)  
 You know I've been forced into elegance Composing all these hieroglyphs  
 of affection and regret  
 What chaos will I tame yet  
 Like all these words that get stuck between my lips  
 The cemeteries dissolve into black extremities  
 And I still just want to go to sleep  
 D\\\G  
 Widespread weirdos hobblin' down the street  
 Plasticizing people with their bleached out teeth  
 I don't know how I can carve this any straighter  
 Everybody's reading a tiny pocket poem  
 The sort of words that leap lightly unspoken  
 I can't think when there's a (no) silicon disaster (eraser)  
 A Emin  
 Cause I've been avoiding the mirror like a villain  
 My eyes are deceitful my body's never healing  
 I can't reflect what my mouth's been concealing  
 A G  
 Graffiti kits stolen like bars and tone (like candy bars)  
 Cause everyone's an artist if they can out run 5-0 (their home, own, etc.)  
 [everyone's an artist once they upload]  
 D A Emin G  
 Their fingers in the mud and mire  
 Earth-body so dangerous it sings desire  
 Each atom's still a pixel  
 Bouncing back essential

9.27 – “Cacti Spines”???

I’ve planted fingers in the mire and mud  
 Silked earth-body ever dangerous  
 I’ve dreamed of breathing as someone else  
 But SYNKHRA called me back  
 I’ve dipped my dancing in the desert sky  
 Plagiarized my legs with moonlight  
 I’ve stumbled many and fallen more  
 But SYNKHRA raises me intact  
 Now I know the promise  
 Lives on in hope  
 When SYNKHRA sings her honest  
 Distance in souls  
 The cacti loom over Nero hours  
 As the spiritual re-collapses power  
 I’ve dreamed of breathing as an earthworm  
 Re-remembered pain in wavering arms  
 But now I can sleep with the shadows on the wall  
 As long as SYNKHRA calls me back  
 There are notions that can’t be naught  
 Still unspoken deep down in my gut  
 One day I promise I shall create the sine  
 That buzzes spindles down all cacti spine

And SYNKHRA will  
 And SYNKHRA always will

B F#

You will give up might for the mighty  
 Dedicate all your depths to lightning  
 Understand you’re made of danger  
 Knowing violence isn’t your nature  
 You will slip beneath the (leaping) unknown  
 With a twist of ink and unveiled prose  
 Words of cotton and butter  
 Sweeten the roads (we may) you will suffer  
 D#min E

Never afraid of the poverty in the start  
 You will craft the jelly-juiced, linoleum art  
 F#

That collective madness has expired

You will fear desire’s dark dress  
 In summoned thoughts that you suppress

In your lonely craving for grace  
 You will turn the (charred) raven away  
 You shall affirm the demonstrations  
 Of corporate expectations  
 And without blinking your eyes  
 You'll link the moon to the tides  
 D#min E  
 Cause even in the darkness there is a sound  
 A rhythm much like breathing every wave hammers out  
 Into the madness and the fire

Oh!

I heard the crazy things the birds were singing  
 Everyone wants to hear but instead they are sleeping  
 Tucked away in my corner, I've been preaching  
 To the plaster walls

10/31

She said the mushroom's her favorite flower  
 Loves their whispered tales from deep night  
 She said I {always} miss their perfect hour  
 Summoned between my fists of flight  
 Whatever vanity consumes me never consumes me when I walk with her  
 (isn't it a//)It is a rarity to stumble and be aware that Love occurs  
 Cause there are many like me, lonely and weird  
 Cutting sentences (in attempt) just to disappear  
 But it's a wondrous time to meet this squarely  
 The challenges that rise up and prepare me  
 For the ultimate expression of sacrifice  
 Dedicating all of my life  
 To my great Loves:  
 The earth and the sun  
 Every moment squeezed within  
 Something as simple as a minute  
 Oh she said that even ideas (ideals?) will be meaningless  
 If I'm unwilling to greet them with a hungry kiss  
 So I disappeared  
 Behind a trail of fears  
 Because there are things more important than life or death  
 And I started pretending  
 That my world was ending  
 And finally understood that I could be meaningless too  
 If I dropped out from my flaming, passing moods

She said sometimes people die trying to do great things  
 Cause its insanity to never want any release  
 From all of this miscarriage  
 From pressing our ears close trying to hear it

Eating flesh as the world spins in ritual  
 We connect by what is not perceptual  
 She said we'll decide the best we believe we can  
 Even if we're capable of limitless plans  
 No, the mushroom won't be a flower in everyone's eyes  
 She said sometimes people die  
 Long before they're laid inside a grave

So now I hope I wake with tranquility on my tongue  
 Because I must Love everyone, I Love everyone!

“wahh”  
 Riding the tiger, flying the kite  
 Got no control of my appetite  
 The word became flesh  
 Your flesh became word  
 I falsified darkness  
 To laugh of the absurd  
 I've gone into the deep  
 So I can sweat out all my tears  
 I only sense release  
 When my body disappears  
 Well I'm trying not to think  
 About you too much  
 But the deepest rose is pink  
 When the moon is offered lush  
 And tunneled into dreams  
 I am feeling flush  
 How will I ever speak  
 If my limbs are caked in mud?

Flying with rods and tackled bait  
 Attempting to lose more and more weight  
 I no longer sense a sacred goal  
 I've been sleepily standing at an outside of control  
 My body is frantic  
 Yet tumbled sore  
 I've been ghosting my habits  
 To deserve softcore  
 No, I'm not as strong as I once thought

I've weakened my knees to dismantle this stuff  
 I'm running like a fault line of false bottoms  
 Paranoid that every syllable (I breathe) is a problem  
 A poisonous rattle of fuss  
 No matter how badly I want to discuss  
 The ways I'm fucking up  
 Every moment I've be blessed to hear  
 I want to smear blue diamond salt across my eyes  
 I want to engulf the flames that melt paradise  
 I want to need nothing but a stroke of genius  
 That terrifies the world into weeping  
 "11/3"

There's a steady wailing  
 Beyond the ocean's pavement  
 Condensing our marks in time

I reach for alchemy  
 Stretch to be conceived  
 Outside of pure harmony,  
 A boulder, sweep  
 Now, I am not washable or worthy  
 An organic sigh so dirty  
 My blither tumbles a tutter of displacement  
 i am worth all of this encasement

She transcends the transcendent  
 Commands my commencement  
 Exists through all resplendent  
 Echoing  
 She's the spin of particles  
 Grand loom of the cosmos  
 Mercy for the merciful's  
 Temperance

"11/2"

I know I've been cranking underneath  
 Another false prophecy  
 But everyone wants to believe  
 They can share a part of me  
 I have so very little left  
 That when I try to catch my breath

I feel I'm staring down at death  
 A shroud the future expects  
 To encompass all my rummaged doubts  
 An attic filled and aroused  
 By prophetic gold still crowned  
 Into a swell of drought

When will I ever be enough  
 To defeat myself?  
 They said that I am the one  
 But I have nothing else  
 To offer

Another hour, a mystery  
 I'm sharpened ever lifelessly  
 Unto the role the's carved for me  
 Without power of delinquency  
 I am pacing hotels of Sioux Falls  
 Wondering if my love will call  
 Without the consequences  
 Of those drinks in Omaha  
 Without the past abuses  
 Of his wandering eyes  
 Bruising my limbs into lies  
 Another post, no letter hence  
 I'm so strung out on my suspense  
 I've got no will to forgive  
 The moments that come of him  
 So what to write, what else to speak?  
 My spine is nerves and my nerves are weak  
 I claim no bounded authority  
 It was a false prophecy  
 To believe what I believe  
 Love at first sight isn't what we seek

10/30

I remember your promises  
 Like cigarettes  
 I hate them  
 Left such a bad taste in my teeth  
 I couldn't spit you out for weeks  
 I am still the lesbian predator  
 You cower away from?  
 I'll never be able to forgive

What you told my mom  
[[I guess when I look back now  
I always did love your mom]]  
And legs with legs and legs  
I'll never make up for my mistakes  
Dis-slumbered thoughts of Kansas City  
And how your new friends absorbed my pity  
I was always wanting more  
Without understanding my longings  
Isn't funny how we change  
Yet our interests stay the same?  
Isn't funny to laugh away the mornings  
We woke up holding hands?  
So now I am assured I am happy  
And perhaps you are pretending to be  
I wonder what would happen  
If I let you talk with me  
Because if I never hear your voice again I'd be fine  
I'm not angry with you I am just resigned  
And tired of wanting to write songs for you  
Is this horrible little thing enough  
When will I give it up?  
Lyrics abated and poorly delivered  
Broken terrible yet given  
The unfinished business of sentiment  
is still hanging high in my thoughts  
But when I really get down into it  
I know that I'm still lost  
Does a cactus need to comprehend its spines to know that it's alive?  
Or can a being protect its flesh just with the simplest of spikes?  
I suppose I am uncertain of every move I shall make  
But I guess to celebrate life that's just what it will take  
The joy of being present  
To the miracle of sound  
It's an ancient alchemy  
That stirs my deepest self  
And I am so unguarded, pleasantly aroused  
To seek what I have parted  
When I open up my mouth  
The joy of being persistent  
And humbled by humankind  
Insisting on the instant  
Where we smile at our rhymes  
And bare our teeth  
To the alchemy

Of ancient music  
 And muses!  
 Of certain magic  
 And truces!  
 Love and dance will conquer in the end  
 Without romance or any judgment  
 We're all gonna dance and sing  
 At the end's opening  
 How marvelous it will be!

11/15

intoxicating queer fallacies  
 morph decadent catastrophes and  
 plagiarize the resurrection  
 Without the thorns of crucifixion  
 A theology woven between the price of salt  
 If you seek salvation (don't look back at what has gone before)  
 To believe or unbelieve is the thrill of all thriving  
 To acknowledge heavy greed in the will of surviving  
 I am vermin  
 I am vein  
 I am certain  
 I am shamed  
 I am lost among illusions I place upon my feet  
 The honesty unvoiced in ease of cycling beats  
 Rapture lurks in the shadows of our goodness  
 Where we think that we are worthless  
 So much so that most of us are starving  
 And the rest of us don't find it alarming  
 Quite accidental to cast aside success  
 Without considering the earnest  
 I am a madhouse of vanity  
 And reproach this duality  
 A paradox so slippery  
 There's not a thing to grasp  
 So why do I exist?  
 To communicate the living act with words?  
 To screech and moan until I am certain I am heard?  
 Without tomorrow yesterday is absurd  
 But I preach like filtered wisdom is a verb  
 And on and on my fingers get dirty  
 Charcoal idleness unworthy  
 To even wake up on those benign mornings  
 Every opportunity is wasted before me  
 I am a mirror of nothing but expectations

Littered lifeless in my inabilities to perform good work

Solar Warrior: a video EP

-funk

-horns (see Monk's Evidence—layer horns in conversance with guitar riff?)

-dark energy

-electromagnetic fields

-feminist performance art/video art

(track titles: Solar Warrior, Lavender Milkshakes, A Saint of Incidents and Danger, It's More Fun to Run, Wanda pt. 2, Lunar Heroine, Exalt the Morning)

Coley Mixan is an MFA candidate at the University of Washington. Using the language of cinematography, poetics, and music, she explores the interaction between body and the environment as a premise to the possibilities of and limits to performance. Mixan works with the contemporary myth and ideology of Rock and Roll, focusing on the interplay and interpretation of the visual and aural, where the staging of music overflows sound to appear in the movement and tonality of video and photographic presentation.

My love for you isn't destructive

I can trip around in dark

And still feel seductive

We possess nothing material

And I doubt this is even chemical

Just utterly ethereal

I am solar warrior

I am nuclear power

What engages Truth

Who dismantles hours

What are the critical issues of my privilege? Find a way to translate objective representations of place/people into socially engaged actions and symbols. The sanctity of the body (white, female) and how it became involved in the control and repression of people of color (white women are defined by sexual sublimity in direct contrast to the presumed hypersexuality of black women). The iconographical markings of whiteness and blackness (ANIMALS=black || UNOBTAINABLE=white) continue to structure contemporary cultural production.

Staging specific performances (for video) can mobilize images of and ideas about the performer that pre-dates the video itself. *Obfuscated* under modes of perfection—in conceptual purity, the mental construct of the ideal type cannot be found empirically anywhere in reality. The interaction between body and the environment not only functions

to equate the Woman (often colored) with/as nature but also works to establish the possibilities of and limits to performance. The untamed landscape is matched by the 'untamed' and 'uncontrolled' body of hair and booty shaking.

The construction of female sexuality—cognizant of modernity and a subject of its own enunciation. How important the film style and technique in the construction of sexed and gluttonous identity !! Question the normality of whiteness! So gross!

Your directory information is currently unlisted. Jazz and freedom belong together.

Such a huge bagel

Oh baby, how you doing? You know I'm gonna cut right to the chase Some women were made but me, myself I like to think that I was created for a special purpose You know, what's more special than you? You feel me

It's on, baby let's get baked  
 Loving your practical roll-with-a-hole shape  
 For real, I want you to show me how you taste,  
 I consider myself hungry, that's a new daze  
 Why?  
 Well, you got the key to my stomach  
 But you ain't gonna need it  
 I'd rather you open up your body  
 And show me secrets you didn't know was inside  
 No need for me to lie:

It's too big  
 It's too wide  
 It's too strong  
 It won't fit  
 It's too much  
 It's too tough  
 He (I) talks like this cause he (I) can eat it up  
 He (I) got a big bagel  
 Such a huge bagel  
 I love his (my) big bagel  
 It's too much  
 He (I) walks like this cause he can eat it up

Usually I eat toast  
 Right now I don't choose  
 I want a ring of yeast dough  
 Something nice and thick to chew  
 Some call it breakfast

I call it providence  
 You decide when you find out  
 What I'm spreading with  
 Damn, I know  
 I'm killing you with my whole grain  
 Better yet, my rye  
 Slathering you with peanut butter  
 Or jam divine  
 Bagel, you're a sight to see  
 Covered in cream cheese

Bagel so big, you must admit  
 I've got every reason to feel I'm that bitch  
 Bagel so dense, you can't complain  
 I don't need no spread, I can eat it plain...

I was around long before my birthday  
 And I'll be here past the flowers covering my grave  
 For though you are there now  
 And I remain here  
 I let no fear surround  
 Our infinite pier  
 I'm searching for an ordinary existence  
 Let me sell all my possessions  
 I'm wildly rich in everything  
 Without owning anything  
 In a previous life I was a coal miner  
 Silent retreats  
 Ashrams I'm shaking  
 What could your love mean?  
 I want to start again at my beginnings  
 Defeat my loses with my winnings

If I can fill the unforgiving minute  
 With sixty seconds worth of sweat and blood  
 Then I can crusade all through and within it:  
 Let the spirit rise above the guts...

I'm thinking on the time my family and I stumbled upon that small little town in the Rockies. It was summertime, I went inside an antique shop. My family had been eating at an Italian restaurant across the street. I was excited because it wasn't a chain restaurant. It takes eons to convince my father not to eat at a chain restaurant. My family has a difficult time being culinary adventurers. I remember going inside the antique shop and observing

the older gentleman behind the counter. He was what you would expect—rusting, white bearded, wearing a baseball hat and overalls. I believe we discovered this spot after driving past a church made out of rocks. We actually went inside. Looked around the property. Strange memories...I need to find a better way of describing exactly what they mean for my character.

Your hallelujah brought me to my knees  
 So I set a mask upon my passion  
 To cover up my spectator's sleaze  
 It is a poem with a mustache of theory  
 I dig impertinently, surgically, for the elusive within her gentle taste  
 Fingers are at the tip of my words!  
 "The mechanics of amorous vassalage require a fathomless futility."

E B7 F#dmin C#min  
 (What is returned?)  
 (What has collapsed?)  
 All has collapsed

In the pulse of (photographs) experience?  
 By the conscious, pulsing  
 Like a rhythm trapped in foucault  
 So human in its faults  
 Released in blood and sperm  
 Every ache that we've earned  
 I led my feet away

Dmin F Amin  
 Fingers are at the tip of my words  
 Anything for anybody anywhere  
 I can't relax until I feel I've earned  
 Each vowel that I swear (snare)  
 (An elusive and slipping stare)  
 Vulgar grottos and essential passions  
 I dress the part and read my lines  
 What branch of language collapses  
 When the senses (limbs, sensations, circumstances, images, triumphant) are defined?

C F Dmin Amin  
 A saint of incidents and danger  
 C F Dmin F  
 The ghostly light of sacrifice and wagers  
 They're liting and agate under both of our ears  
 Higher than eagle seas, the music of the spheres  
 Dmin Amin

(Well they, hardly need to) all but disappear

I can run but I will never be fast enough  
 To out pace those blood soaked sheets  
 There's a violence that I'll always recognize  
 (Cause I can't free you from your memories)  
 (Cause it's a weakness trapped inside of me)  
 Yes, I know you want me to cleanse you  
 Of these old places and people  
 Oh honey can't you comprehend  
 To forget is a sin beyond all other evil

Bmin D Emin G (Chorus is D Emin G F#min A)

The fainting into skies  
 From a high diving board  
 The express train overnight  
 To Detroit's damp bars  
 I want a song to play  
 A miserable line or two  
 Some chords and some mistakes  
 To harmonize with you  
 My classroom days are flutters  
 Propagating in the dark  
 Where I think about the others  
 And how I let them rot

Following my passions through  
 Be it in heaven or in hell  
 Wherever mystery will fume  
 And the melody shall swell  
 I can't be pretentious  
 If I am giving it my all  
 Why mark the self so serious?  
 Failure's the best part of the fall

Our life on these streets seem silent in comparison to leaves  
 And I can make a bit of noise but it's nothing under nature's echoing  
 So let my fingers tumble in convulsions  
 Let my spinning head drape  
 I am petrified in motion  
 To find the stillness in my grace  
 When the summer's resonance is playing  
 All those rich, deep meditations  
 And I'm freed for night, slick like jazz improvised

I am the solar warrior  
 Cosmic spirit, co-explorer  
 (the divine's unshackling effects on my sensory bonds will free me for higher spheres)

Don't worry about your lineage  
 You will be forgiven  
 Don't you dare put up a fight  
 That's not nonviolently driven

(be willing to stand in awe of the mystery that springs before your eyes!  
 Well, god damn I'm willing, yes I'm so willing in this enterprise!)

G Emin F C  
 Unfathomable tenderness  
 Unconditional love  
 Auricular proof  
 That eloquence flows in moments unsung  
 Cycling fragments of silence  
 Companionship untied  
 Promise of future riches  
 Easily identified  
 I'm invigorated  
 Swimming in your eyes  
 (feeling vibrations of) Vibrating stucco waves (consciousness)  
 Breaks mirrors across my spine  
 What is yours is mine  
 What is yours is perpetually mine  
 Weaved into cosmic Divine  
 (For all the rest of time)

Em F C  
 Housekeeping would be so nice  
 Doing chores right by your side  
 Little moments held together  
 By our belief in our ever, ever

Restoring order where we reside (on our life)  
 So in the evenings we'd be free to dive

[I would love to cook a meal for you and then wash all of our dishes, a gourmet adventure but just an ordinary night at home, you are my home my mellow ticking clock, reminding me of what is to come, all that I hope to better myself as, comfortable in your eyes, I see myself as beautiful in your eyes, like reading a favorite poem, you are the colors of my cells, swishing an evening from town to town, a cassette tape warping sounds, repeating

everything as crisp as the first time we laid eyes on each other, a house—not needed!, just a scene or place to make you things and hold your hand and relax again by your side]

And now I am thinking on rings  
 The heavy things Wanda was buried in  
 At her services her friends stood up and told stories  
 I pressed myself up against the coddled wall and pressed my tears into my brain, straining  
 my neck so no saltine would drip down my face  
 Yes I gave myself a Nefertiti neck so I could wait until I shuffled back outside to my old  
 silver Jetta and break down in tears sobbing

Knowing I needed to go out with Emily when I got back home and then trying to avoid my  
 mother's pitied glances at me because she underestimated how much Wanda meant to me  
 (and Conor). Why shouldn't I cry for a lost mentor and heroine?  
 And then, of course, my thoughts were on rings to begin with because  
 The other day I finally opened the leopard print egg Colette gave me  
 Stuffed with dried rose petals, the floral scent unfolded to a clear, plastic ring  
 Quite beautiful and moving  
 No one had ever given me a ring before  
 Especially someone that means so much to me  
 I'd like to write a proper poem on my feelings for her  
 But they tower over me  
 Like a heavy concrete wall  
 Or maybe something rusting by the Sierra  
 Just impenetrable—as if she didn't move me at all  
 Or maybe it is that she is moving me so very quickly  
 My senses aren't fast enough to see and feel and hear and taste and smell and sense  
 My soul flicker about at all  
 The truth of the matter is I am blocked in and heavy  
 Because there are no words in my vocabulary that can match  
 The brief instant our eyes meet outside off The Coffee Bean last Thursday night  
 Really, our glance was held in total love and admiration  
 As if neither of us could believe we were sitting across from one another  
 Held in awe, awe, awe  
 Made manifest the sweetness of life, divinity (how cliché!)  
 I could have dropped a whole bunch of stones on my toes and never known the difference  
 She said, "it was nice to see the light in your eyes tonight"  
 I thought, "it is beyond my wildest dreams to be here with you, exchanging affection"  
 And now my mind goes to those hours spent online late at night  
 Reading the shittiest stories  
 Fanfiction, really  
 Longing for someone to see me as pure and bright  
 I guess I'll never truly know if another being can wholly love me  
 But with Colette everything feels right, like home

Holding her hand was the best thing I've ever done  
 Although that teasing kiss I left on her lips at the airport was close to heaven  
 The closest I've ever been  
 And now I want her near me so bad I can't even write a proper song or poem or paint a nice  
 picture and my professors are expecting me to work  
 If only they knew her  
 And my love for her  
 Then they would realize why it should be okay for me  
 To do nothing but sit around and daydream of her  
 And make things for her  
 And compile playlists for her  
 Right?  
 But if I come back to rings  
 Like orbits of planets  
 Or resonances  
 I am also bought back to Colette  
 And our love of space and music and time and thinking too deeply  
 I will write a poem to send her in the mail  
 I've decided to be cheap  
 Because I have no money

And I expected, terrified and excited  
 Really I cannot write on her beauty, inner or outer  
 Like I will never be able to capture the essence of the Joshua Trees we saw  
 Nor the sliding grace of the moon rising above us as we gripped each other as tightly as  
 possible...attempting ...  
 And that her light laughter has filled my ears with humble amazement  
 And that her perfect smile has danced on my eyes with erotic intensity  
 And that my words fail me even when I am speaking to her  
 Despite she being everything to me in all ways, always  
 my smolder  
 The hanging incense  
 My curiosity on the bigger questions

I have never felt more moved by the spirit  
 Goddess, I ask you to watch over us  
 And let our Love be your Love  
 And let me give you my ever-flowing gratitude for this person  
 This beautiful person  
 The person I need most  
 How your gift of her life is exponential  
 God, she loves me?  
 God, she loves me!  
 God you let me hold her! She fell asleep in my arms!

May we always do that? Let me build a house for her, a home. Protect her. As she protects me. A give and take. And share.

I am thinking about the clear plastic ring. I wish I had it on. Like a good luck charm or something. It might as well be a sacred relic for how emotively I guard it. I am in love. I cannot believe it. Every moment with her is celestial, perfected, just simple and grace. Right now I am listening to the mix Colette made me. I'm swooning, entitled. Unkempt. Out of check and line and palling under my thoughts of her collapsing for me. Oh! Oh! The pressing of her hand in the morning light or the outline of her nose against the pillow, out of focus because I wasn't wearing my glasses. Completely vulnerable in each other's space but willing, I believe to give in to that ease of familiarity. All I want to do is write the perfect song for her. Something immune to others or my mind's anger or my frustrations at being unable to create.

Amin C D | | | | F#min E7dim A D Bmin A (E F#min...)

[I'm swooning, I'm entitled  
To the delicate guard of disgust  
I'm completely in denial  
Of all that will become of us  
Pressing her hand against the morning light  
I'm defiant in my answer  
A call and response knit tight  
Cause we're human sort of dancers]

Emaj9 (099890)  
D#maj7 (x68676)  
G#m7 (464444)

I'm scheming up lavender milkshakes, baby  
Quick-witted caresses underground  
You're shredding fiery earthquakes, lady  
(How will I ever get back down?)  
Touch my body, (all the throbbing) ripened poppies, I'm aroused  
I'm dreaming of desert mountains, sugar  
The arc of your belly and your breasts  
You're dancing silk yet a pressure cooker  
I'm exploding in this clothing, let's (get) undress(ed)

B E  
Oh my god, I've been hit  
By the touch of your fingertips  
Oh my god, I've been caught  
In the echo (hurricane) of your (perfect) love

I'm scheming up lavender milkshakes, sweet one

Road trips to pierce (melt) the summer's rocks  
 Your graceful motions are reckless and fun  
 Flexible, your sexy soul is all I want  
 Yes, tonight I'll do just as you please  
 Any of your pioneering (dirty) thoughts  
 But if you'd rather just go to sleep  
 That's alright, I'll spend the night wrapped in your peace  
 Yeah that's okay, I'll wait always, cause you're the one I need (for your beauty)

I'm scheming up lavender milkshakes, baby  
 And leaving all of the foam on top  
 I know exactly where it drives you crazy  
 Dripping wet, all down your neck, I'll never stop  
 Your smile is too much for me to handle  
 Your voice is even more of a turn on  
 So if you'd politely blow out the candles  
 (peel off that flannel...so if you're tired of being fragile)  
 I'll give you head, make you beg, let's get it on  
 Bmin A D F# (G Emin Bmin D)  
 It's more fun to run with you darling  
 Bmin A F#  
 Our feet echo the shore's waves  
 It's more fun just to play in the sun babe  
 Bmin A D  
 Neurotic and afraid

G Emin Bmin D  
 The planets boil  
 Yet I'm joyful  
 The winter wanes  
 I celebrate  
 (F#) We live to live  
 (G) All we commit  
 She died a death  
 You can't forget

There's more hope to provoke our favor  
 In you I sense eternity  
 There's more hope in our dried out throats  
 Than we will ever let scream (release)

My legs are soil  
 Your love is loyal  
 The summer's tame  
 I leap insane

We die to die  
 Collapse our sides  
 She lived a life  
 She played too high  
 I promise darling  
 There was no stopping  
 Her fingers danced  
 To her last breath

Turning calmness into brutal force  
 A source of intrigue and bewilderment  
 She's soft-spoken, halting, judiciously eloquent. Her pronunciation is crisp.  
 Near future cult leader

Dmin G7 Cmaj7 Amin7

A source of intrigue and bewilderment  
 The brutal force of the solar winds  
 I'm filled with a violence that I can't shut off  
 Distilled under science (ever spineless in), that magnetic pulse  
 [[Humbling my thoughts in the middle of the night  
 When she inches her body against my spine]]  
 Humbling all the nerves where I am afraid  
 Of (spiraling absurd into an early grave) what they observe when they're reading my face (of  
 all I disturb with my petty mistakes//)  
 In the dark of the dark she cuts a candlewick  
 And I hum through the sparks of that timid trick  
 Though I know I need to improve  
 I can't close the plots I should refuse

Dmin G Emin F

Cause what I try to strive for  
 Isn't enough for you  
 And what I pray through the night for  
 Is simply the Truth  
 I am not available  
 To be the savior of your soul  
 If you think it's favorable  
 We could give it a go

Planned to be trapped in my songs for the best of your days

Em C G

I know I left you desperate  
 But honey we're just kids

Maybe I'll catch you in another life  
 When we won't be so foolish  
 I will never again relinquish to love  
 I don't want to touch any more of that (dark) stuff  
 I had planned around the best of your days  
 Without considering your helpless chase  
 And now you're gone  
 An intensity that's all my fault  
 I still taste the iron on my tongue  
 From the vision of your spilled salt

C D Emin

Oh hallelujah there's relief in somebody else  
 Oh Jesus Christ, you know I still doubt, I doubt

C D G

Oh god, I crashed—I nearly went insane  
 And followed you through that black curtain

C D Emin G

But now maybe I can love myself again  
 I am destructive but won't destroy this new relationship

Of course!! GMOs, the interconnectedness of the crash of the environment, pesticides (in Nebraska???) Think the destructive patterns we've been growing corn and soybeans under, fuck!!!), the fall of the bees and the almond crop, the plague of the bark beetles (DESTROYING OUR FORRESTS???) Fuck no! I refuse to let the majesty of the trees die out dying my lifetime. What of my art and studies and research and searching can actually positively contribute to leaving the world on a better path during my lifetime? What does my interests in feedback loops have to do with anything?? I know I need to further look into the work of David Dunn and other Acoustic Ecologists—then I can better realize the potential of dedicating my life to bettering the world. Of course music will be involved. But what is the essence of music (of sharing, of communicating, of reaching out to another being) that can be translated to improving humanity's relationship with its total environment. We have two years left to save the bees? All the life that will no longer exist when bees are gone!! Yes, science is a beautiful path of inquiry but when left to its own devices it becomes pathological (just as art for art's sake becomes paralyzing in its "all up in my own ass" sort of thinking...). I have no desire to be a part of the contemporary art scene. I do not want to put on exhibitions. Concert tours, performance tours, books, etc. yes! Videos, of course. (maybe video installations in galleries but even that seems like such a waste of time and energy! Much like David Dunn said in his talk with our Art and the Environment class today, art for the sake of being clever—or having someone else think you are clever is pointless! It doesn't move us further! And we are all so interconnected that there is no more time or room left for sitting around and being amused by oneself! Art must merge with true, dedicated research (in so much as I will have the ability to become an active participant in professional levels of discussion) in order to really resonate with changing the world. Look into the dedications of people like Margaret Mead, Gregory Bateson, etc. Art needs

scientific inquiry in order to emancipate the imagination. The inner self is the true key to unlocking this imagination because it is the parallel of everything else. Like Elizabeth Haich had written in her *Initiation*, ultimately every being is sacred (the mystery of existence held in every miniscule particle that makes up our essences!). If we care for the self, we care for all. If we dedicated our minds to better problem solving of immediate issues, then art will flourish. We cannot be artists if we are fighting for survival. What can I contribute outside of a song? Or, better yet, how can my knowledge of 'pop' song writing deliver problem solving answers to humanity's most pressing problems!!! The environment and we are ONE!!! ONE in Love and Light!!! Now to marvel at the grand mystery!!! Of All, All, Om!! Wonder

G D Emin Amin

2349

I'll drive them all in day  
 I know it's not really possible  
 But I'll try anyway  
 It's not romantic  
 To be obsessive  
 But your voice is calling me on  
 Waking me up, up, up  
 The moon is hanging low and hot  
 And I'm ever thinking on us  
 The destiny I covered in your arms  
 Climbing a picnic until swarmed  
 In light  
 You said I was your gallant warrior  
 I never heard a better line  
 (We held open doors for each other  
 And fed upon the sights)

AD AD F#min E Bmin (D)  
 Scrape my knees and sprang my neck  
 I'll give you all (that) I expect  
 I'm nothing but scabs and bruises  
 Because my life is not my music  
 How can my art reach beyond  
 The questions that I'm tired of

A saint of circumstance and danger  
 The lives of circumcised strangers  
 All my life is trying make a quota  
 Blah blah blah what I've told ya  
 My blood is fuel in the search of suicide

If there's a hole in nothing does that become something?  
 Breaking off of the void

Emin D#dmin G C (Emin D C) (crawl between c and G chords)

Wander on, oh wonderful Wanda  
 I can't count all the times you whipped my ass back in line  
 Wander on, oh wonderful Wanda  
 I hope I'll be seeing you on the other side

E B7 F#dmin C#min

The sci-fi scenes of El Paso are dripping off your sleeves  
 As I turn out my raincoat, tryin' to locate (rummaging for) our keys  
 Well the hike was long and vigorous but I feel fine

My legs are scratched and my arms are covered in bruises  
 But the heat doesn't suffocate when I've got you and music

G# A E

I am just so glad you're alive  
 I am just so ecstatic you're at my side

E Amin F B7 (thick lower strings)

Darling, I swell to you  
 My rising hope, yearly strength  
 I believe in you  
 My saint and romance  
 [C#min E C#min E G# A E A E A...]  
 Literature never prepared me for the truth of it  
 And I haven't even heard the remedy in music  
 I feel like my limbs are covered in hibiscus  
 And instant coffee can't even shake me up

Amin G Dmin F

My limbs are covered in chrysanthemums  
 Where you found me, lover, wringing wet with blood  
 I'm just a coiled venom ready to strike  
 To prophesize the written (prison? women?) under my bite  
 Ah, yes—the poetry in motion straining this carpet  
 You can scrub away devotion but you'll never clean regret  
 I am talented and dramatic, I want my exit big  
 Feed their inner romantics with all I never did

**C F C F**

There's nothing dominating me anymore  
 I found the release I couldn't voice before  
 And it is death's (door) raptured suicide  
 Just a quiet moment where I control my life

My peace is struggling beneath the ocean  
 Cause I've been tied up with the cycling tides

**G# A E**

Riding the tiger, flying the kite  
 Working to control my appetite  
 The word became flesh  
 And your flesh became word  
 I spoke of a darkness  
 Before I laughed of the absurd  
 I went into the deep  
 So I could sweat out all my tears  
 Now I only sense release  
 When your body hovers near  
 Well I'm trying not to think  
 About you too much  
 But the deepest rose is pink  
 And the void is blush (flush) (when the moon is offered lush)  
 And tunneled into dreams  
 I am feeling flush  
 How will I ever speak (weak, meek) (I am mingled and meek)  
 At your slightest touch

**F# B**

Ohh.....

**SYNKHRA: the goddess of music and pie!**

Introduction to TV show—like ISIS, SYNKHRA must have a soundtrack and must move forward to encompass why I want to make her!

The goddess of music and pie is a reflector of the secrets contained within each and every person. Here a focus on Nada Brahma will be assistingly pleasant.

Scene: Clark and Charley search for a Secret Pie Oasis

Clark (looking at map, perplexed): It appears that if we follow this trail until it splits off onto another path, we'll find just what we're looking for.

Charley (holding shovel, tired): Wait, what are we looking for again? I'm hungrier than rhinestone eyebrows. I'm not very fond of passionless gloaming.

Clark: Shhh. Beautiful lady, had you been any more prodigal or any less of a saint we wouldn't need to be chewing our fingers off for music. The secret! That's what we search for. Pie.

Charley: 3.14159265359?

Clark: That's close enough. You know, I think this trail leads to the center of things. The container. A pastry. Charley, have you seen Coley?

Charley: No. Last I saw she was on a run.

Clark: Still can't quite make out any pure geometry of tones. Slicing up these complicated commentaries as we wish—maybe this isn't the right map...

Charley: Exercise is a mirage of sentiment and ideal choices.

CUT to flying scene, SYNKHRA "theme" plays.

Screaming, uncomfortable – cut to center a close up of Clark's mustache saying, "center, center, censor, center, center, censor, center, censor, Caesar, camera, center, center, center" and then cut to jello takes and a video of me falling down over and over again.

CUT to Action Packed.

Cut to Overlay scene of aerobics video with voiceover. (interlaced with raisin bran touching)

Cut to disco/roller blades into "play back trouble/working out and screaming/fire" into I only sense release when my body disappears

COLEY's transformation dialogue:

Oh great goddess of music and pie—lift me up so I may fly!

Ancient grains and holiest fiber—send me grace to crack this cipher!

In music and pie, wonder goddess—allow me to manifest your justice!

Oh heroine of fruit filled pastries—let your secrets be containing!

Divine fortress of pie and music—help me out so I can do this!

Scene with Hannah's class:

Cut aways of Coley spinning into SYNKHRA, holding Prop Pie / floating donuts.

Panning/dolly shots as Coley Spins between the goddess and the runner

Close up shots of shoes / running vs. gold boots

Coley transforms into SYNKHRA and flies out to save something off screen and we cut to a...

Earlier, at F.I.B.E.R. headquarters:

Clark, Coley and Claude sit around at table (here a frame spilt into three parts with each character sitting around the 'table')

Clark: Yes! But isn't silence more powerful than sound?

Coley: Only when we can equally undivide the nothing from the something. I am still terrified, you know.

Clark: Is that why you won't fully give yourself to your training? (cut to coley reaction)

Claude: Try and trace what lead to your declaration! Isn't it the noise of the automobile? Often I find myself plugging my ears. The question of whether they "exist" in space and time can no longer be put in this form.

Coley: What form?

Claude: Poor aural landscapes. Cities and architecture designed without regard to frequencies.

Clark: Claude is right, Coley. Totality is in motion. Everything flows. You could say in a holoflux. So these fixed images of single process movement are just an abstraction of the whole.

Claude: But people aren't aware yet. And they are noisy.

Coley: So the Goddess of music wants me to bring about silence?

Clark: No. Not silence. You will never be powerful enough to reach silence alone. She requests that you learn Total Listening. A cancelation of noise. Sound is the opposite of noise.

Claude: And we beg you not to forget about the important concealments of pie. A container.

Cut to SYNKHRA Pie commercial?

SYNKHRA Pies bakes vegan goodies to remind you that the world does not contain you.  
You are the World.

There may be no such thing as the glittering mechanism of the Universe because You and your body are not a Machine. To that extent it is appropriate to employ the word magick. SYNKHRA vegan pies are a magical circumference of hospitality and Love.

Our flavors include:

(list flavors here)

Come open and share a slice with us today.

Is it the hole of the donut or the whole of the donut?? Don't be shocked by conclusions.

[[I am geminately terrified of what I am doing because I am constantly doing nothing. A nothing of nothings in nothing but terrifyingly holding myself back under no triumph of circumstances. Maybe I should head home early to sleep tonight but isn't this what I have done? Isn't it? A mirror in the division of X or Y of inequality filling the void of myself that resonates on a various dimensions . I look in a mirror and ask? Who is Coley Mixan and what is she really. Not a she or a silhouette of an unconscious exhaustion of something else but a firm soul that needs to cause love in all directions, recognizing her potential for friendship and warmth and love (empty, emote)

maybe everyone feels this empty inside and I should help the realize that I love them and want them to feel as comfortable as they are on a warm spring day sitting next to the animal of their choice

always one

always one

always not alone hot alone nor in a crowd

never never a queue

a mental prick. Undivided. Exocentric

scene – f.i.b.e.r. training camp:

Claude: Coley, I've heard rumors that all you want to do is listen to music and dance with your sisters. Is that true?

Coley: I've never heard a more honest statement.

(cut to multiple takes of c. dancing)

Emin G C

Magick abounds in the carcass of my cactus

I threw it away cause I was out of practice  
 The spines and spindles offer too much to be afraid  
 Yet I overindulge because I am underpaid  
 I've got a book of longing tucked underneath my sheets  
 I pull it out whenever I can't sleep  
 Turning and tossing my body across its words  
 I give bruises to muses to keep absurd  
 No water for weary population density  
 Another birth, another timeline of forgiving

I've got no song of the deer  
 I've yet to grace sincere  
 It's the illumination of anorexic ears  
 Since all my Love has turned to fear  
 I wish to be a perpetual beginner  
 Stir nothingness in the vaguest spiraling  
 Let me burn my knees among the cinders  
 Smoking spirit out of rationality  
 Well, the sun is ripe to shake down our secrets  
 And plant the strangest seeds...  
 That natural magick hangs me speechless— [priestess, sleepless, genius]  
 Opposite permissions may I be released!  
 No agency outside of me  
 I'm thick with needles and canopy  
 Temptation sleeps dynamically  
 O materials aren't materiality

Processing toward limitation in death:  
 Catastrophe's a plague to the unprepared  
 When I grapple with what I guess  
 Will be the future screaming despair  
 I see the offer is for the lucky  
 And the bodies still-electric with life  
 But no certain hand will stop me  
 From granting magick fantasized  
 From running mouths of sacrifice  
 From digging up our paradise  
 Replacing bones in diamond skies  
 For alchemy in laughter cries  
 No stranger in the strangest sighs  
 I watch them say goodbye

Chorus:  
 C / Amin / G / Dmin

I am not practical  
 Working with this soil  
 It's only temporary  
 No agency belongs to me  
 Time is not fertility  
 I'm thick with needles and leaves  
 But my body is fidgeting  
 And my thoughts are forgetting  
 Eternity mistakes...  
 The way the blood vessels break  
 For ease within our days  
 For ease under our pains

Walk to the farmers' market for stress relief  
 Within the concrete I smell the answers  
 Honey lavender serenity  
 When taste buds assume my standards  
 I am filled terror and odd visions  
 I'm often an unwanted man  
 I am find in calm outside precisions  
 To make soul of percussion  
 Beat on beat I tap it out  
 Scraping shovels' heavy whip  
 Gravel in and gravel down  
 My life is death when I commit  
 Here, a plea to perpetual beginnings  
 Crack my teeth so I can laugh  
 Euphoric in the heaviest diggings  
 Future, future chants in bitter blasts

A C#min D (E)  
 Why am I not rejoicing for the time I'm gonna spend  
 Dying all these little deaths until I am born again?  
 For if I doubt the doubling I will shimmy problematic  
 Cause the universe is brimming vibrations, holographic!  
 And I'm another mark, another line  
 Impossible to define  
 Like our source of life

Tracing points of view as if I had a gender preference  
 With all that I pursue I still gather endless questions  
 Like what is the difference between Love and God?  
 And will I ever need all my dangerous wants?  
 And I'm another breath, another sigh

Impossible to define  
Like our mysterious sky

I guess I'm just unsure of all that is beyond  
Outside of my perspective, queries I've yet to solve  
I guess I'm just unsure of my symbols and sense  
If all existence is subjective can I be happiness?  
I suppose in my supposing only Love shall exist  
Can I rejoice in the sunshine like when I was a kid?  
Can I scrape both of my knees climbing over her fence?  
Can I tear down my fears without building confidence?  
Can I look in her eyes without desiring a kiss?  
Can I be all that I can be and still feel worthless?  
Can I offer up my friendship without financial gifts?  
Will I ever be grander than a lonely burden?  
I suppose in my supposing only Love shall exist  
Bm A D  
Everyone assumes I am a man on principle  
Someday I'll render those distinctions invisible  
Voicing out the sewn pockets of dedication  
I'll determine when to liberate (thread) my emancipation

And if there is no space for indecision  
I hope I never let myself play the victim

G D G D G D  
Cause I cannot displace  
The bravery it takes  
To measure compassion with grace  
Or to Love with my whole faith  
A  
With the feelings I once had buzzed  
Emin  
Behind a mouth raging by blood  
G  
When I thought I should give up  
A D  
But now I know music is the stuff

I want to be made uncomfortable  
By an honest and courageous precedent  
Some kind of jarring and intriguing call  
That renounces all of my bad habits

Someday I'll carve this body beyond pregnancy  
 Barren to the point of creative exhaustion  
 And all that I'm afraid of will shine through me  
 No longer collapsing between the steps of caution  
 I will keep on dreamin' and wishin'  
 That I will always be a Mixan

And I will feel saber-toothed and proud  
 And I will rise in swells of singing sound:  
 Disciplined through (knowledge of) the infinite  
 I'll no longer care about the distance

I am afraid of being brave  
 In my inner-most tides of expression  
 How will I ever generate  
 The freedom that sparks connection?  
 Someday I will distill all of my sources  
 And dance upon a couch of pink roses  
 (Like a lunatic hailing the moon)

(chorus)

On a hill of black cypress  
 I shall peel away virtuous boredom  
 And with all my thoughts undressed  
 I'll need nothing to support them  
 Just an open soul and mind (mind and soul?)  
 My quantum telepresence of rhyme (quantum flux of rock and roll?)  
 (4:9) Fear is desire's dark dress  
 The summoned thoughts that I suppress  
 Corrupting modes of happiness  
 I can't perfect what already is  
 As if running from the raven was brave  
 I have been craving a subtle grace  
 And dancing straight into my grave

I want to leap into the leaping of the day!  
 I've got to affirm and proudly demonstrate  
 That every bone must rattle in its place  
 That every tone must shine like its gay  
 Without a need to elaborate  
 I'll shut my books and misbehave

Fear is desire's white tux  
 The haunting modes of quantum (subtle) flux

And forgetting every ounce of luck  
 I can't get back what I gave up  
 As if running could benefit my lungs  
 Or acknowledge the spilling of my thoughts  
 Across every second I've fucked up  
 I am a war of tangled knots

I fear the fear of fear  
 And every person I hold dear  
 What happens when they disappear?  
 Cause all I want is to hear  
 is music rendered so sincere  
 That I cry  
 That I don't hit those notes right  
 That I play all though the night  
 That I let my voice get ragged and raw  
 That I pretend each moment I am tough  
 Don't you see? I am a war of tangled thoughts  
 Across every second I've fucked up  
 Only the innocent have fought

And in the rearing of tomorrow I suspend  
 Every hour blessed with sorrow's digital infinite  
 Align the stars with our ceiling, a glow in the dark  
 Overwrought with the feeling that madness is the spark  
 Generating the growth from within  
 I wish I could figure out my intent

There's nothing in the something where we hold emptiness  
 As though the space between our actions perpetuates and persists  
 Though I am not alluding to the women we've lost

The battle for our bodies is the function of thoughts  
 Each hour celebrated until it's all lost  
 And the darker we seem the more they taunt  
 Grinding our teeth to return back to dust  
 The paled horizon of emptiness  
 Must perpetuate all this strangeness  
 What will truly persist  
 When what's solid is crushed to bits?

I must

B F# D#min E  
 Adjust yourself to collective madness

Pinnacled dim in the flame of happenings  
 The fear of freedom is entanglement  
 Like incongruent lunatics  
 Why dedicate a song to the moon  
 If her reflection will never recognize the truth?  
 Afraid of the poverty of beginnings  
 Emptiness will always pay with fillings  
 The leaves you hold in your hands today  
 Will curl dry and wither gray  
 So comfort and function don't belong with art  
 That doesn't mean the future waits around just to start  
 There's nothing so sure as the unsteady rages  
 That cause our wrists to fight off blank pages

With a twist of ink and unveiled prose  
 You all slip beneath the leaping unknown  
 Does it really matter? To be so full of anger?  
 What paces do leap under thresholds of danger?

You will give up might for the mighty  
 Dedicative depths that chant of lightning  
 They said death comes fast and frightening  
 But only if you live just to expire  
 And never sense beyond physical desire  
 Are we still chasing color?  
 Not free to demand the other?  
 I believe there always time  
 Cause we need sensational sublime

I'm not the solar warrior anymore...

---

**MY VOICE RESOUNDS IN A CHAOTIC DESERT  
 OH THIS ELASTIC SACK OF SKIN  
 WHEN WILL I LET MY LAUGHTER BECOME  
 THE MAD RAGE OF THE PLANETS?**

**THE PERSON THAT WISHES TO BE MUST  
 RECOIL FROM ALL HER INCLINATIONS**

**TO LIVE LIFE TO THE FULLEST, ONE MUST  
SENSE WITHIN ONESELF ALL THE GREAT,  
LEGENDARY AND HISTORICAL REBELS  
(~~HERE COLEY IS ALWAYS FAILING~~)  
--FOR! THE COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS IS  
WHAT TRANSFORMS METAPHYSICS INTO  
MYTHOLOGY--**

**THE EXTERIOR I'VE DENIED IN ABSOLUTE  
DIVORCE // EATS AT MY BODY AS AN  
ABSURD, INDIFFERENT CORPSE.**

(for you may only designate an identity through the  
negation of all externally and internally assigned  
attributes)

**\*\*nature! and it is all connected, right? our culture's  
overproduced desire for stuff, instant connections and  
a "cloud" of data available to those that have privilege  
and power at any time. capital and resources  
separating us from the multiverse we are of! how do  
we get out of this>!>! because white men labelled all  
that is "female" (divinely of the earth) and "othered"  
(the inversion of reason), i believe that we (artists,  
leaders, etc.) must re-endow our spaces with moments  
of surrender that sustain our curiosity and give us a  
web-logged notion to leap back to our origins in  
WONDER and SPIRIT! ah! to Love everyone has**

power but we allow surfaces and faux separations to overtake the shimmering creation all Beings possess/  
 in my work and wanderings i seek to outskirt my own laziness and call my movements to be aware of my own silliness: expressing the demons in me that cause me to expound the people i Love with my negative feelings...mmm! self-awareness is a universal good! give back! can an album change the world? who repeats themselves into the hope of others' hearts--and why do i always feel sticky with regret?

every significant act sets up a counterfield of resistance, a mutual arising out of the imminence of death

the life of a heroine is filled with deeds and the culmination of the revelation of character in the value of a single Being, essence.

{[[You see--hours and hours spent heaving!! I long for the perfect, unmanifested release in sound. A veil, an infinite loop. But I am filled with all my rummaged doubts. Yet! I move forward, ever hopefully...]]}

Before the caving in of all that is, I am that final thing---a person learning how to sing.

More soon,  
 Coley

xoxxxo

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