

VEHICLE COMMISSION'S MANUAL FOR DRIV-ING; or, transstigmata, AKA SOURCES SLIGHT-ED #3 BECAUSE...

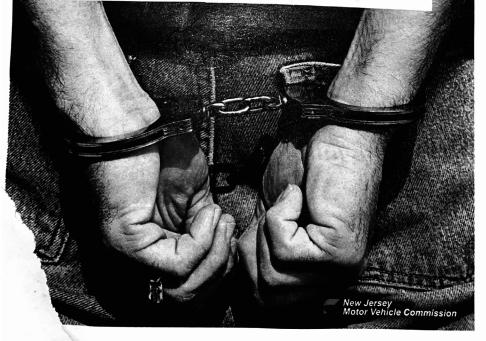
- () you helped
- () you encouraged
- () you are trying to learn how to drive
- () you are failing to learn how to drive
- () you are a government official and i am giving this to you in the hopes that you do not sue me
- () you are my friend
- () i want you to be my friend
- () you paid me cold hard cash
- () you know which source i am slighting at present
- () you need an oil change () you want to pretend to leave
-) and then, you want to meet again when both our cars collide.

The Manual for Driving will help you learn and understand safe driving practices. This manual provides valuable information that can help you become a safe, courteous, and aware driver. Please remember:

DRIVING IS A PRIVILEGE, NOT A RIGHT.

The information contained in this manual should not be used as a reference for New Jersey vehicle and/or traffic laws. There is a discrepancy between what is cited in this manual and what is law.

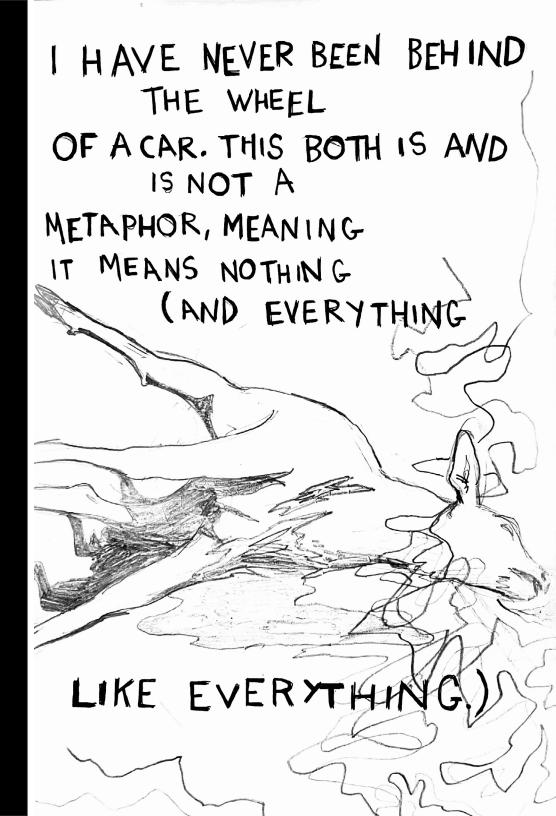
The Manual for Driving would be a high-concept Geiger-esque shoestring-budget porno but the unfortunate reality of this situation is that I will need to get hired again at some point in the near future.













If I want a new-modern-contemporary body,
I have to buy one. You empower yourself
through medical, cosmetic, and cos-medical mutilation. Everyone is complicit,
guilty. We continually create and uphold a
standard. The standard then replaces the
self-identifying perfection due to the simple truth that all beings want to be loved.

You are the standard and the perfection.
You are complicit and guilty.
You want to be loved.

Alchemically speaking, the perfect body is that of the hermaphrodite; the intersection of maleness and femaleness, the eclipse, the sexual convergence, the Transsexual, the car crash, Christ.





One can easily draw a line between the wounds of Christ, the naked body and the juxtaposed vaginal-wound, the car crash, and the hermaphroditic eclipse. Alchemically speaking, the Transsexual is the car-crash body. The reconstructed (perfected) remains of the injured (the dead). In the twenty-first century, the car-crash has become child's play. Decadence is no longer anything but reality. If you have reached an ideal, philosophically, as a society, how do you then use it? The car has crashed and the victim is nothing but a martyr. We have finished with the mythos and moved on to the post-folkloric scar that is the constructed and technological body, the convulsed metal which bites and scratches what you call reality, the blood dripping on decadence, the sex-fluid secreting out from the genitals and onto the bed, the skin, the machine you call friend, lover. Except this is only true in the mind of those who inherently have the perfect body, the perfect soul.

Saying "the" implies that there is only one perfect body: this is untrue. Bodies fit together over and over again in their differences in every way from societally to sexually. Penetration is about understanding, cannibalizing via mucus glands, fingers, and cocks. The machine of which you know every crevasse and curve, every idiosyncrasy, it may as well be your lover. You go to work at the machine every day to either fuck or get fucked. The worst part is that you're so good at it, dear. Just like that. Slip into something more comfortable, get some grease on your hands. We need to look under the hood in order to understand what's going on, is that okay? Take your worn hands and push until you find what's causing my problem. Right there. Just like that, baby. You know where it belongs because you've done it a dozen times.

(D) Expansion phase. Continuing backward rock, operator drows subject 5 arms apward, applying just enough lift to tect resistance and tension of victim's shouldins. Arms then are dropped to complete the cycle, which should be repeated 12 times a minute at uniform rate. Arm lift, by expanding chest through pull on chest mescles, forces inhalation of air.

IF) Operator who weights 98 pounds applies orm att on 220 pound subject to demonstrate ease with which a small person can carry out the method on a larger victim. The method is effective in resuscitating victims of asphyxia caused by near drawning, electric shack, nerve gas.



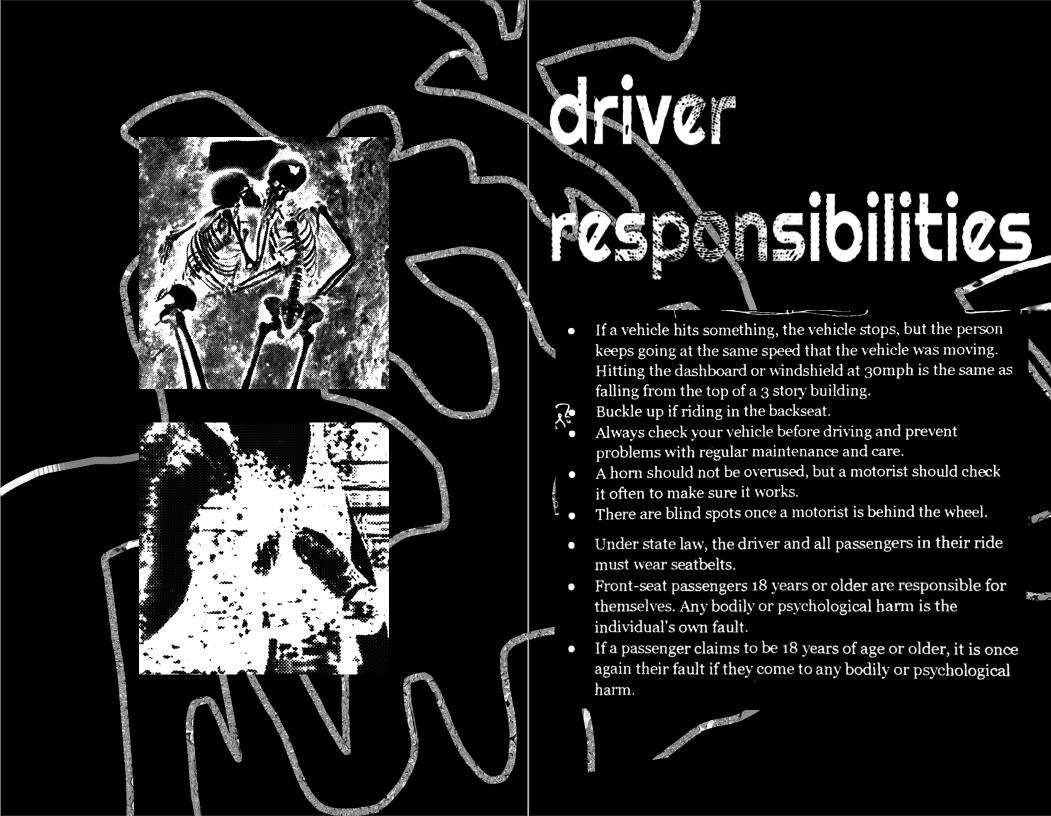
Obligation and Pleasure can be one in our delusion. Keep going.

Don't stop. Right there. Don't think about anything but this and maybe you'll make it out with your skin intact, but more likely than not you'll get your back scratched while trying to fix a problem which won't go away. You like the marks, though, don't you? The remains of the night before being eyed in the corporate coffee shop you'll pretend you didn't patronize. Blood rises everywhere, in and out, over and out of control.

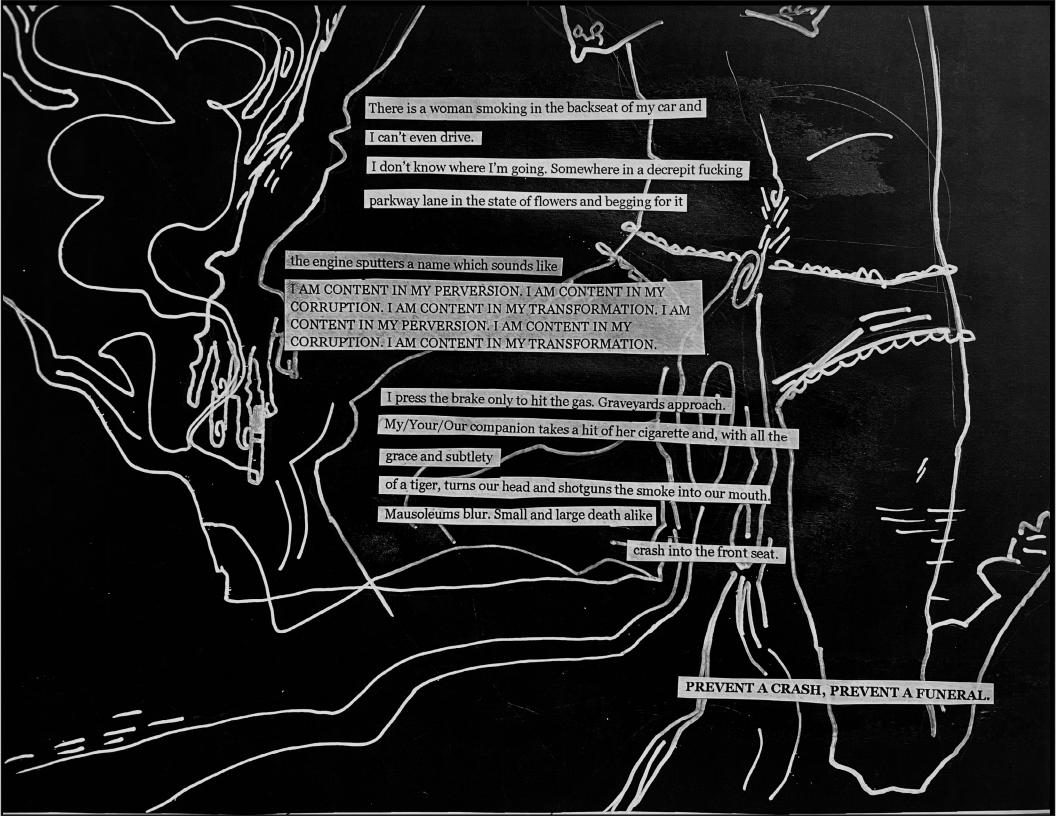
The Machine stops. Our friends can't look us in the eye after the surgeon saves us. Your funeral is closed-casket with no body in it cause you fucked it up so bad. Nobody came that didn't have to.

Funerals make us want sex. Long black dresses and long black lace.

Grandma's crying because she thinks you're dead. She doesn't even know what you get up to in the night, fucking vampire. The Machine starts again. You go to work. You're so good when you say you hate







OF THE WORLD There are many unwritten laws of driving, especially in New Jersey. (AKA MY BRAIN) The roads here are filled with micro-lanes and undrawn lines which confound the non-locals. : Can I go there? : No. : Why are they going there? : Because they're an asshole. You've heard of the devil wanting to fuck (you) in the back of his car, but have you considered asking for it? Get used to begging for the desires of someone else, it's easy to do. Soon you won't be able to tell your sins from theirs. Then you'll learn the truth: it doesn't matter who casts the first stone as long as you draw the first blood. You want to satisfy yourself, but there's only so much you can do with your hands. Fuck now, ask questions later. Don't look at the road. When the semi hits my hands won't come off the wheel and neither should yours. DELIRIUM BLVD. Everything falls apart. this is you you are rapidly approachingthis Do I have to destroy myself in order to become that which I am? Is it Driving any individual car comes with it's own eccentricities: Don't destruction if I want it? What do I want?/ touch here, this whole thing will explode, Touch here, this whole Lies? Truth? Freedom? A Pony? thing will-The car crash beckons me as though I'm a moth and it's a porch light on a summer evening. Some part of me wants out of this body so bad that I'm willing to go pancake flat in a glorified sheet metal casket on the hot black pavement in order to chase my "perfect body." Maybe when I'm pulverized like an unlucky squirrel the doctors will see that I was right and there was a ghost inside of me. I'm too haunted to only have organs. Every second I recognize myself, I change. If I die in a car crash, there's a chance that the priest at the mass I went to on cars have such a perfect edibles was right and my little immortal soul will have to look on at Vitu of the caskets. you my contorted body, folded like a child's first attempt at origami, could crash straight into the grave yard & save yourself bleeding out, and say oh shit before being shot down to hell. some time.



There's also a chance he's wrong.

There's a chance we're both wrong.

Are you afraid? (I am afraid)

Do you know what you want? (I do not know what I want

people want me and i
let them. over and over and over
the wheel of the world goes

inside

the anatomical theatre

surrounded by voyeurs cut open

it's only surgery baby, let me in

death

is my only real lover.)





THANK YOU FOR READING THE NEW JERSEY MOTOR VEHICLE COMMISSION'S MANUAL FOR DRIVING OR;

TRANSSTIGMATA (also retroactively Sources Slighted #3). I want to take a moment to thank (in no particular order), the British Bastard Ballard, my dear Kathy Acker, Thursday, Dalia, Lara, Celeste, Josh, Wes/Janey, those random pretentious gay people who saw my Bauhaus shirt at pride who I have yet to text back, and any and all of my friends who have encouraged me throughout this process.

BONUS MIXTAPE/PLAYLIST:

car trouble (parts 1&2) by adam and the ants
there is a light that never goes out by the smiths
cars and girls by prefab sprout
the only time by nine inch nails
the other side of a car crash/over and out (of control) by thursday
understanding in a car crash by thursday
standing on the edge of summer by thursday
asleep in the chapel by thursday
tomorrow i'll be you by thursday
at this velocity by thursday
running from the rain by thursday
unintended long term effects by thursday
you were the cancer by thursday
fast to the end by thursday
dragula by rob zombie

