



**Blatherings
From a
Heavy
Metal
Hairy
Ampits
Virgin**



"elephants living next to a road" mimicked the sounds of the road"

MY TRIP TO
SHANGHAI
DALIAN
XI AN
AND
BEIJING

Oh my gosh. I made it to this swank ass Holiday Inn and it seems like we'll be eating two weeks of Western knock off food. I got thermally probed coming off the airplane. (They check your temperature from a distance for swine flu-like symptoms.) I rode in a cartoon monorail train. I almost died because 95 was backed up all ways north and could've missed my flight. So now I woke up under this feather down blanket and feel like I'm starting a fever. Went on a first thing jaunt to MacDo's where I had an entirely yellow meal. Couldn't order a pineapple pie because I didn't know how. But I did manage to gesture asking for a spoon. Passed a man selling an assortment of Rubbick's Cubes.

**"YOU ARE WHAT YOU DO" SHIRT.
"BUT IS IT SUSTAINABLE" SHIRT.**

Man wiping his small dogs ass on the street while other man practices trumpet from an open window. Almost got spat on but others continue to wipe their dogs' asses.

Slept like a rock. Big downy blanket. Ate raisin and orange "yummy bread." China makes me feel like I know nothing, like I'm starting over, like a child. We went to the Minority Museum and the thing was lovely. Sprawling wandering going on and on with random white and yellow ducks and cats walking around eating out of plastic bags. Mom put her feet up on the wooden dragon bleachers. Almost broke them and flashed everyone. Running thru the museum chasing Mom because I wandered off. Went to the Olympic complex. Small green motor car with techno pouring out of the back: Hello! Hello! you're going the wrong way!" as we begin to walk up the expressway looking for the Bird's Nest.

God it got pretty at night. After eating that crazy meal. So tired from walking. Pointing to the menu. Potato ice, Yogurt fruit, oooh they have mashed potatoes! The corn was some kind of deep fried and on a doily. And we managed to get a non-smokey. Then we walk walk walked around trying to find a cab who'd take us and understood. Chen Cherry took a bus three hours both ways to see us. We went to the drum tower and bell tower and fu museum (Prince Gong's palace). 10,000 fu's! (Blessings) I rubbed China's first fu and may have received a blessing. Cherry badly wants a car so she doesn't have to ride a bus for six hours. I've eaten corn every day so far. It's been a different way each time. Now I'm watching the Funky Monkey Babies concert on TV. I am spying on Xi'an out the window. It's 10 o'clock at night and I swear some guy is out there filling in potholes. Xi'an is in a state of disrepair and it feels so Chinese. The cop is showing off his taser. I am not kidding. This morning in Beijing there was a Yellow VW. I noticed it because there were stuffed animals on the dash, a Ming Ming. In the back window was a poodle with dyed pink ears! I also saw a bumper sticker "Kitty in Car" (Hello Kitty). I left Dad alone in the terminal and when I came back he had a small crowd gathered. They all turned and smiled at me when I came up.



"IF YOU REMEMBER TO TURN OUT LIGHTS AND AIR CONDITIONER WHEN YOU GO OUT, YOU ARE AN ABSOLUTE LEGEND"

Saw a rollerskating rink! I looked up Beijing on Google Earth. It leaves me with the feeling that even Beijing is incredibly small in the grand scheme of things. A girl at the Pizza Hut spilled her glass on herself and I handed her my napkin. And she put both fingers on her pudgy cheeks and smiled and said: Happeeeee! It was the cutest damned thing and I want a baby so bad at moments like these. A telescope....on a bike....imagine that. (See back cover.)

Discovering your weaknesses makes you stronger. Big ducks leave a big wake and small ducks leave a small wake but each must paddle to get itself to the other side of the pond. Even if a beggar is not really crippled, the thought is still the same. Wondering around the Muslim quarter, cartilage and skulls in the sun with flies on them. Unloading raw meat from the back of a van. Walnuts spinning in a mixing machine. Poor dead Michael Jackson abounds. Went into an arcade. They had Hello Kitty toasters at the redemption counter. It's amusing how I take pictures of every animal or Hello Kitty that I see. Chickens and birds in cages. Some kind of skin or animal fat in the back of a cart drawn by a bicycle. Wandered into a Taoist temple. People selling bells and other religious products turns my stomach. KFC on every corner, made up to look like a temple.

They use branches from trees to make live trees grow straight. Be fearless when you must. There is nothing quite like the sight of my mother, bound and determined to get some answers, marching up to the tourist info booth. She puts her toilet paper down on the counter and begins to interrogate the girl. Which bus do we get on? How much does it cost? Where do we get on at? Is there more than one East Square? Does it go directly there or does it stop? I ate bacon in my spaghetti today. Such simple things make me happy. Do not be ashamed of that.

In my mind, every Chinese person is saying "she needs to buy a bra" or "American girls must not shave their legs." I find myself glancing to the left or right and being relieved that it is only a mannequin and not a person staring at me. Once it happened with a stuffed panda bear. I saw phone store employees participating in group exercise this morning before the store opened. I saw a broke down theme park. Maybe it goes up at night. A man blew me a kiss and I gestured in a dirty way, the international symbol for more than kissing. Being ornery all over creation!



Saw a shirt
Boys
Need
Lloga
Too



ANTS EYE VIEW FROM INSIDE A PAGODA

**WE WOULD
NOT FACE
SEEING OUR
FANTASIES
ABOUT
WHAT WE
HOPE TO
FIND
DIMINISHED
TO WHAT
WE KNEW WE
WOULD
HAVE TO
TAKE.
IN PURSUIT OF
THE ENGLISH
BORIS LESSING**

Saw some shirts:

**GOD
I
AM
HOT**

in big black letters. Last Genuine American Band. There was a Buddha statue in the mall. Are you kidding me Capitalism? Chairman Mao alarm clock in the antiques market, like he's a superhero? What's next Mao underoos?

(BACON AND EGGS PIZZA)

China makes me feel like the following painting: two huge mountain cliffs, black, detailed splendor. Impossible to understand or know. Tiny tiny as if not even part of the image: three men in full color in a boat sharing the experience, gazing up at the cliffs.

The craftsmen who built the terra-cotta warriors were burned alive to keep the secret. Does this negate all the beauty in it?



THOSE GAUNT PICKING FLOWERS WILL INCUR THE FULL WRATH



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