

Teach me a new language:

"Rock-n-roll is rock-n-roll"

"Rock-n-roll is rock-n-roll"

"The night is red."

"The night is red."

"The children in the city
are going insane."

"The children in the city are
going insane."

"Rock-n-roll is rock-n-roll"

"Rock-n-roll IS rock-n-roll"

"The night is red."

"The night is all around me
and it's black."

"The streets are deserted."

"I can't even see the streets
from my room: how would I
know if they're deserted."

"The children in the city
are going insane."

"How can I tell the difference
between sanity and insanity?
You think in a locked room
there's sanity and insanity?
Anyway I don't know if there
are any children anymore.
Maybe they went out of fash-
ion."

TEACH ME A NEW LANGUAGE, DIMWIT. A LANGUAGE THAT
MEANS SOMETHING TO ME.

Hello Hester would you like to go out to dinner with me?

Dimwit.

HAWTHORNE SAYS PARADISE IS POSSIBLE.

When I was a child, I would go as far out as possible and jump around

and throw my arms and all the stars are turning. The winds are blowing through me. My arms and legs are winds. Slowly, the whole universe is starting to revolve like a giant wheel. This wheel isn't a thing: it is everything. Everything is on the surface. That everything is me: I'm just surface: surface is surface.

Whirling and whirling and whirling.

The sun in the country is hot. When there are no clouds, day after day, it beats down without mercy. Then the winds start. The winds stop start change directions speeds second to second. In one hour the air temperature drops or rises thirty degrees. The seagulls rush into the dock, cackle and hoot perhaps to each other there's no way we can tell in their low voices. The winds rise and waves, appearing out of the water, lash against the blackening dock.

Whirling and whirling and whirling.

HAWTHORNE SAYS PARADISE IS A HEART THAT OPENS UP
AND BECOMES A HEART.

Everything takes place at night.

In the centres of nightmares and dreams,
I know I'm being torn apart by my needs,
I don't know how to see anymore.

I'm too bruised and I'm scared. At this point in The Scarlet Letter and in my life politics don't disappear but take place inside my body.

I have to figure this out: I have certain characteristics from childhood traumas, etc. Since I never had real parents, I never knew who my father was and my mother didn't give a hoot about me (I wasn't brought up, I just grew up like a wild plant), I want love affection the sort of love and affection you get from a parent rather than a jealous lover, and especially a father.

I grew up wild, I want to stay wild.

OK These are characteristics. I can either do what I want to (satisfy my characteristics) or not bother.

Doing what I want to is dangerous 'cause I can really get hurt. So I lie to people. I say "I love living alone." "I fuck around a lot." But I really want what I want. These aren't passing emotions. These are my characteristics.

By love do I just mean satisfaction of the needs created by my characteristics?

Obviously I have to change my manner of life in some large way. And I have to do so in accordance with my needs.

I can't live a slave in a locked up room for ever. Think more on this:

Dear Dimwit,

I'm so scared that I'm not thinking anymore. I want to do whatever I can to make you happy. If you don't want to fuck me, that's OK. If you want to fuck me once a month like you do your other girlfriends that's OK. I'll do anything so I can keep knowing you. I think you're the most interesting man I know even though I'm very scared of getting hurt by you.

Dear Dimwit,

Now you're gone from my life. You're not here. Go fuck yourself 'cause I hate you. I know you don't need me. I hurt. I'm stupid.

Hester begins to break out of the prison of her mind when she starts to do something for someone besides herself despite whatever her emotions may be. Chillingworth while pretending he's curing and loving Dimwit is instilling a poison in Dimwit's shoulder. Like Hester, Dimwit hates himself. Like Hester, Dimwit is conscious he doesn't understand what's happening. Hester sees Dimwit's going crazy and in deepening torture.

When you start to do something for someone else, you start to perceive that you're the cause of all the pain in the world and that only you can do something about it. So Hester tells Chillingworth she's going to she's going to tell Dimwit who Chillingworth really is. Chillingworth says if she does so, he'll tell everyone Dimwit is her bastard father and Dimwit will die.

Robot fucking. Mechanical fucking. Robot love. Mechanical love. Money cause. Money cause. Mechanical cause. Possesiveness habits jealousy lack of privacy wanting wanting wanting. Is that all you think I mean when I say I care about you? At least give me a chance to learn and find out who you are.

This is a plea.

See. I think it's so easy. I throw away my 'A'. But my body goes crazy, night comes and my body goes crazy. I stick my third finger in my cunt, no no that doesn't help, where is relief? Could pick up some young boy.

Young boys are candy; they're not relief. You are relief, but you're in my mind: you're my characteristics again: I want relief. I want to know who you really are.

My body aches and aches and I remember who I am.

Hester tells Dimwit Chillingworth is her husband and hates Dimwit. According to Hawthorne, as soon as Hester does this, as soon as their ego obsessions are beginning to break up (this is why psychiatrists stink: they focus you even more on your ego-obsessions rather than helping you turn away), she and Dimwit and society around them begin to move from prison to being free.

Then Hester falls back into herself. You see, I know I'm selfish. She's going to fuck Dimwit, she's going to have Dimwit for ever and for ever, the moon and the stars in the sky, pluck them out with your hand, put them in your pocket and keep them, a dream of a limitless world, of the sun the moon and the stars. As far as I can go. Love love love. Want want want. This is a message to myself. You are pursuing your own desires and your own desires are BORING.

Dear Dimwit, I WANT TO LEARN.

Dear Dimwit,

This is the plan: we're going to run away from here and live happily ever after. We're going to be able to fuck each other however we want to as much as we want. There's a pirate ship sitting in the harbour. When the pirate ship leaves in four days, we'll be pirates on it, sailing to Persia. In Persia everyone does whatever they want.

I won't impinge on your freedom Dimwit. You can sit on the faces of as many Persian girls as you want, you can stop fucking me, you can have Turkish coffee and hash with me only once a month: I want you to do what you want as much as I'm doing what I want. I want to love you madly so I'm loving you madly. I hope you don't mind...