

From the Memoirs of the Sophisticated Slacker
 (a.k.a. The Disposable Photographer)
 (a.k.a. The Sentient-Mentalist):
 THE CREATIVE YEARS
 Alternatively titled:
 Yes, My Best Friend Was a Dreamer—Part 2

On Moderation

My newest secret to success in life? Modest portions in generous proportions. Or, modest proportions in generous portions. Either way works—pretty much the same thing—just a good thing said saying nothing much of anything.

On Not Concentrating

Haphazard stints of blind looking, reckless minutes of visual crippled-ness, things I've always been subjected to—moments when I feel like I should be caring about one thing or another but can do nothing but fixate on oddities like giant cowboy hats. Physiological residue I figure—in a word, natural. No doubt I became the spectacular specimen I am today precisely because of these wandering untrained stares. So . . . sobeit said the sloth.

On Personal Possibilities

My only full-time job these days is figuring out what to do with all the wondering in me—what exactly are my possibilities?

Not so much what I may do with myself, but what can I do? Not so much what's going to happen to me, but what can I do to make something happen? Can I only sit and watch and take notes, or am I primed for something more active. Where do I put my fulcrum? What can I do to hold onto a sense of balance? Should I just keep thinking about it? Is that enough, just to keep writing in my goddamn diary?

On Becoming Like One's Parents

I have more good music than I have time for. I think I have now finally entered adulthood. The music I listen to is aged. The music I listen to, I still listen to.

On Apologizing for True Ugliness

One person says to another, A to B, that it is a person's smile that determines whether that person is good looking. The discussion has been sparked by an article in the Denver Post stating that "surveys show good looking people achieve more success in the workplace." This argument has begun because character A wants to build a case for "good looking" being an outward facial expression of friendliness, compassion—like the way of a wise warm smile. Character B calls character A an "apologist," arguing that you can't make an ugly person good looking by saying they have a nice personality. (Character B might argue that if you don't have anything mean to say then don't say anything at all.) Character A responds to the charge "apologist," first taking a moment to consider the charge, then leveling his eyes at Character B and saying "Yes, I think you might say that I'm something of an apologist—but hear me here. I am at fault for my positive attitude because I probably spend too much time apologizing for people like you Mr. B. Not many people need as much defending as you do." A gets B in the end you see.

On The Future

The future is not significant for the fact that we're going to be sending high-resolution video faxes to our grandmother's golf cart in West Palm. The future is only significant—can only be significant—if the owner of such technology has something to say. We may fax a picture of our ass to a girlfriend, but like anything else, asses are much more affecting in person. I don't really know what my point is but my point is this. The value is in the message, not in the machine that sends it. They say you shouldn't shoot the messenger that brings you bad news, but isn't it also true that you better not give the messenger more credit than he deserves when something smart comes along?

On Good Moods and Flying

Airborne stream of nonsense concerning my present emotional condition—a bliss of contentment—a bit different that way, different from the exaltation of knowing God or love on an island—my rapture is all about having love for what isn't with me now as well as for my own life—it has the glory of a regional confederacy, painted red with my blood and electric silver with my racing thoughts of calm peaceful things.

On Clear Thoughts and California

My thoughts have come to visit me today in an orderly fashion and in numbers—not single file or wounded in any way—there is no time here for casualties of the mind! My thoughts are many lines converging and weaving and undulating, like parallel sine curves with no collisions—friends are with me now, and the ones I care about the most are inside me sharing my air, turning over my organs, tanks full and running on the fuel of love and admiration—and I now again remember what matters to a life which can't claim to do more but grow older a bit at a time—moments always just lived and passing—taking note—taking

stock—and here my head is full of muzak, and now less and less as the airplane begins to drop from cruising altitudes, from up where I was able to get a glimpse of a part of the coast that I figured was Santa Cruz or Carmel or Big Sur or one of the other places I haven't seen in between L.A. and S.F.. The honey-roasted peanuts have stopped coming. I think they figured me out.

On Landing in Los Angeles

Now just two hundred feet over L.A. and falling, with luck, landing—car dealership highway hotel plane parking lot plane grass asphalt bump skid bump brakes. Ears now useless, everything suddenly on Dolby Noise Reduction. I fly the friendly skies because I don't know any better. *Vamosos*.

On Negative Spaces that Really Count

The negative space of conversations is a much more interesting subject to me than the negative space of paint on canvas—lines drawn erratically with words—the spaces in between more than mere light or darkness contrasting color in the foreground. Words can be effective, of course, even poignant or amusing, but they're never quite enough. However, our conversational negative spaces would be meaningless without words, without context. You need to know where they would have gone to fully appreciate their absence. What were those words that your friend or lover knew about even before you decided not to use them?

On Enthusiastic Concert Goers

I met a kid in L.A. who went to a Pink Floyd concert in high school after taking ten hits of acid. When the band began playing the song *Time*, the boy got so excited he ate dirt.