



W T H S T L

WHAT THE HELL IS SAINT LOUIS THINKING?

This edition of

WHAT THE HELL IS SAINT LOUIS THINKING?

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What the Hell is Saint Louis Thinking?

ASKED BY HENRY GOLDKAMP

ANSWERED BY THE PEOPLE OF SAINT LOUIS

IN EARLY AUGUST OF 2013, a simple project was started with a simple goal in mind: to capture the essence of a city through the thoughts of the inhabitants themselves. I wanted Saint Louis to become the first city to write a book, and I am proud to say that after much ink on my hands, you are now holding it in yours.

For nearly four months, forty writing stations circulated throughout parks, businesses, schools, and homes around Saint Louis City. They were equipped with a typewriter, paper, and a wooden box with a drop slot. Each journeyed from neighborhood to neighborhood, slowly filling with ink, paper, words. The only direction given was from the attached signage: "Type your thoughts here". After several requests, a P.O. Box was established so that St. Louisans who had since moved, along with other outliers, could mail in contributions.

Sometimes, while sifting through the submissions, I felt I was having a conversation with the city. Other times, it felt like I was talking to myself. I'd read a child's thoughts about what he'd like to be when he grows up, then consider my own days of youthful wonder. I'd read a young girl's laments over a ruined relationship, then reflect upon my own heartbreaks. I'd read an old man's fear of his age and inevitable death, then remember the nights that those wretched questions kept me, too, from sleeping.

After reading and rereading thousands of pages, I realized, ultimately, the city was having a discussion with itself. I have curated the submissions to reflect as such — there is no definite line of where one voice ends and another begins. All words you read remain untouched, except for some typos corrected for the sake of readability.

I cannot say enough — I am forever grateful to all who submitted, to this city, and to everyone who supported the project. Two Saint Louisans I must especially thank are Robert Rohe and Kirsten O' Loughlin. I was constantly impressed and indebted by their skills and hard work, and without their talents this project would not have been possible. It certainly humbles me to be able to finally provide a few of the answers to the original question: *What the Hell is Saint Louis Thinking?*

Henry Goldkamp
May 2nd, 2014
Saint Louis, Missouri

Part I

TYPEWRITERS

Typewriters evoke a world of the immediate, a world in which our actions have immediate consequences, a world in which a thought becomes an incarnate word. They are loud, so much louder than the clackiest computer keyboards. they clack, whirr, and ring. they take the sloppiest handwritng and make it legible, even though it may be misspelled. they are emissaries of a time long since passed, and they thus generate a certain kind of anthropological awe...

THIS PROJECT IS A COMPLETE FAIL.

MACHINE DOESNT WORK.

NO INK.

NO MAINTENANCE.

"ARTIST" DOESNT GIVE A SHIT.

GOT THE PUBLICITY HE WAS LOOKING FOR,

i think that all these typewriters are located in areas with the same or similar demographics and dont really represent the community, as they will only get thoughts from white hipsters or tourists.

cuando estoy caminando por la calle, miro la luna.
es como una chispa cigarillo en mi boca.
mis zapatos son comicos, y mi chaqueta, serio.

*when I walk the street, I watch the moon.
it's like a cigarette spark in my mouth.
my shoes are funny; and my jacket, serious.*

theres blood running through these streets
dred scott stands in front of the devils lair
and we tour the halls that tried to burn away the
flesh of kings and queens
womens bones burning under the sound of the false judges gavel
and im supposed to give a fuck about a city tht cares nothing
for its waking dead
cursed under the sound of whips cracking against flesh and b
bricks
building the riverfront where drunk kids still play
you want my loyal ty youre goin to have 2 pay
da lou taught me that
so i give game back
way off in the corner .. cookin up the mixture to cloud
your mind
valentines day seventeen 64 laclede and the devil had a bab y
chouteau and lafayette smokin raw so their families could
be intertwined
death is surrounding this valley
give away the breath
speak to the guardian angels that still protect the mounds
bury their vicious lies and let them never be found

im unhappy.

big suprise.

being born is a mistake youll spend your entire life

Find an identity and quick.

bill made a big mistake

Chicago native stuck in st louis.

The typewriter is quite a different animal than your computers keyboard. Because each letter and word you use is permanent. You intuitively think more carefully about the words you use. It becomes a much more intimate activity.

*Checking your ex-wife's facebook page at 3 in the morning on Saturday:
I fought myself violently and silently:*

Ode to typewriter: machine seemingly lost to time will always find new life
a writer nearby. the visceral touch, the ink & perfume, all is reminiscent of a
life trapped within pages - cornerstone of communication we may mourn ~~the~~ typebars
as computer screens respond to our human touch but none so lovely is the touch of the
fingertip to the key.

You never think
you are going
to shoot someone.

Then one day you do.
I guess that's how my
dad thought.

i wish you had better eyes
and a handshake
~~ixgxxxtixdxxfxxurxxixmsxxixdxx~~
where is the soul
in you?
i watched you from the window
of my studio apt and drank
~~xxxfxxely~~
until I saw red
birds fall - i went outside
and rolled in their feathers
i felt i too could be an apt
winged thing
like the heart
leaving the room.

My dad was an alcoholic and he died from it. My stepdad is also an alcoholic and I hate it.

I haven't eaten a peanut butter and jelly in a considerable amount of time. I should call my dad. He called me the other day but I was jerking off and of course I couldn't answer in that state. I forgot to call him back. That was three years ago. I still have the voicemail. He might have gotten remarried or something, I don't know. My car needs an oil change. It's usually my dad's responsibility.

our
wants
are
what
destroy
us

Sometimes I wonder about how people view me and the way I conduct myself. My parents are assholes. They met my girlfriend this weekend and were shit to her. I'm a lesbian. What's so different about me bringing home a guy?

A penis. That's it.

I don't know
how I feel
about being gay.

I mean if straight were an option I'd be in. A lot less hassles. But where is the fun in that? I wish someone would try and tell me that it's a choice. You really think we would choose the most difficult way possible?

I'm gay. I want St. Louis to
know, yet here I sit, hiding in my
closet, hoping my friends keep my
secret... Every day, I wonder if I'll
be trapped in here forever. Please God,
no. I want out... but I am afraid...

I am struggling
with my
sexuality too
late in life.

Some days are certainly better than others. This is not one of them.

I try so hard. Nothing works. I pretend to smile, to laugh, but it's not real.

Why can't I let myself be happy? My friends never really see me. I feel so alone and scared. I just can't keep it up anymore.

D nt go along in piity. a great wind c arries you

*It sucks, but sometimes I just want people to fail hard
because they need it.*

It'd be suicidal to take on the world.

Oh Bob: What were you thinking as you fell? Eighteen straight feet to your demise. Shit, brother. A shame doesn't even begin to describe it. I hope you get to be south city's real-life alley ghost.

secret es pain is he ly thing that makes ne feel alive
sometimes pain is the only thing that makes ne feel alive

thats some serious shit @ \$\$\$\$.

I laugh when I'm alone and yikes that can't be healthy.

we are all p s y c h o p a t h s

I do not have the patience to talk to one more stranger about the weather. It is the cornerstone of mindless chatter, and we have the fortune to live in a city where it changes every day.

Everyday is a shiny new opportunity for empty, meaningless conversation. Whether it is the innocuous musings of the lonely or the awkward breaking of the ice for... whoever. It causes me real actual pain to be coaxed into this social trap.

A pretty girl, an old man, a perhaps seemingly interesting individual rendered obscenely mundane waxing, complaining, or just plain looking up and describing. This is not a new phenomenon; I am not under any false pretense that this is a unique stance. It just rubs me, relentlessly, the wrong way.

Thank God for facebook imagine where people would be with no one by chance crossing their path that day, without a way to bring their insane trivialities into the homes of millions. A worldwide plague of people saying that it is hot today.

We all drive on, walk past each other, not really knowing who we are. We're all just strangers passing in the street, never stopping or taking the time.

At quiet times
like this, I realize how
alone I really feel.

I thought yesterday was going to be one of the best days of my life. Turned out to be one of the worst.

I hide it well.

It gets hard but you already know that. I know you're on that same old corner. The intersection of uneasiness and "fuck it", that old dangerous spot where the smoke smells good and the whiskey warms the bones. That place where you no longer know what it's worth. Just standing, watching everyone fly by, waiting impatiently for your turn to cross the street.

at this very moment, i am thinking of nothing but booze
here we are, all past employees of the [REDACTED] and we cant seem
to escape it. everywhere we go, there it is in the places and faces
we see. its not so bad once you have a shot or two.

new j o b

plea^{se}

The direction in which I am walking is not towards the
destination that I walk for
I paise back and forth trying to forget what I am thinking
Who just so happens to be on my mind.
So I find myself then drinking
And there are infinite reasons
And there are infinite reasons as to why I am thinking of you
But only 85 proof to forget them

Alright, fine, I will.

-my resume

(an archetype for those looking for jobs they hate)

"Will bean count for food."

"Will litigate for trophy wives."

"Will invest current pain and suffering for chance of future luxurious lifestyle."

"Wanted: stable income. Asking price: shattered dreams - or best offer."

"Job perks: enough money for a world-class shrink and anti-depressants."

"Skills: superior resistance to caffeine and verbal abuse."

"Hobbies: n/a."

one must consider where it all began and how

are we the result of a cosmic incident or the dream of a man passed out
in an alcoholic coma, much like one that will surely be induced this
evening. i propose that everything can be summed up in one simple word;;

love

i don't mean this in the cheesy hippy way but rather a way in keeping with
universal laws. she fell and she was drunk and on the floor, she laughed
in embarrassment. for example, that previous sentence was created out of a
love for human interaction, which in itself is motivation for creation
and cultivation for advancement. i have more to say on the subject, but
sadly, i feel i have stumbled into a subject that far too many people have
ventured into and my desire for originality has taken me elsewhere. but
perhaps i am not even being original now, which is a legitimate fear.
society and relationships are driven by new experiences. when one presents
the same experience over and over, life becomes dull and meaningless.
this is why artists and musicians and etc... strive for originality.
it gives purpose to life. while professions like doctors and physicians
provide a means to live, art and enjoyment provides the reason for living
one does not live when they do not enjoy anything. and this art is created
out of love for life and wanting to give humanity a reason to live.
there, love is the sustaining power of our existence.
see how i brought that full circle/
circle of mother fucking life, bitch.

Go home John, you're drunk.

WHAT THE HELL IS SAINT LOUIS THINKING?

YOU MAY WELL ASK. IT OFTEN SEEMS LIKE IT DOES NOT THINK AT ALL. WE HAVE BLOCKS OF UNDERDEVELOPED PROPERTY, BLIGHTED CITY BLOCKS, BEAUTIFUL ALL-BUT-ABANDONED BUILDINGS WITH SO MUCH POTENTIAL BUT THE POWERS THAT BE DON'T GIVE A DAMN. ARTS FRIENDLY? PEOPLE FRIENDLY? REALLY??? ONLY IF YOU ARE FROM THE RIGHT NEIGHBORHOOD OR GO TO THE RIGHT SCHOOL. YOU HAVE TO BE RELATED TO SOMEONE OR YOU JUST DON'T COUNT? THE CLIQUISHNESS IS STIFLING. I HAVE TRIED TO LIVE HERE AND BE POSITIVE ABOUT THIS CITY BUT OTHER THAN GIVE GIVE GIVE VOLUNTEER VOLUNTEER VOLUNTEER... NOTHING. NO JOBS OFFERED... EMAILS NEVER ANSWERED UNTIL NEXT TIME THEY WANT YOU TO VOLUNTEER OR DONATE MORE. ST LOUIS NEEDS TO BE MORE INCLUSIVE BUT IT WON'T UNTIL IT COMES OUT OF DENIAL. THIS IS ONE ARTIST WHO GAVE ST. LOUIS THREE TRIES... IF I MOVE I AM NOT COMING BACK FOR NUMBER FOUR. WAKE UP. LOTS OF US FEEL THIS WAY.

it's hard to be in love with a drinkin man.....

beer is god says me.

I've been struggling to find out who I am, as many people I believe do. I don't know. I guess I just really don't like myself.

There are times in life that force you to look at who you are. If you seek out truth, these times will be painful. Maybe even unbearable. I have learned if you push through it, when you look back, you will be thankful for what you have learned and how you have grown. The key is policing and controlling your thinking. Thoughts lead to feelings and actions. As a man thinks, so he is...

I don't need
no motherfuckin man.

As I walk around South Grand and see couples, young and old, holding hands, eating at those adorable sidewalk tables, or just sitting together on a bench in Tower Grove Park, all I can think is “FUCK YOU AND YOUR HAPPINESS.”

Dating in Saint Louis is terrible. Just terrible.

There was the guy who showed up to our date with 2 other people. There was the guy who spent more time talking to the couple at the next table than to me. There was the drug dealer who got engaged between our second and third dates. There was the guy who I’m sure was afraid of me. There was the guy who kissed another girl in front of me. There were the ones who said they would call and never did. And this year alone, there were 3 that chased me, but weren’t prepared to catch me.

I really thought the last one was different. He had always been in the back of my mind and I was excited to see what would come after he asked me to go on an actual date. It felt right. Then, after a week of unexplained no contact, I get the “this is over” text. I can’t say I was surprised, but I was expecting more. I thought I saw potential. But I was wrong. Again.

I’m so desperately seeking a connection, I’m willing to grasp at any shred of interest that’s shown, even when I know he’s wrong for me. I just don’t know how to stop.

I don't think
I will ever feel good
about my body.

I'll do you. Just give me one night and a bottle of wine. Fuck

i love my boyfrien d but always chea t

stop hurting me :(

I am in love in STL with many people.

i hate my boyfriend sometimes

Sometimes I wish I was somebody else with new problems and different obstacles to conquer. Sometimes I hate you, or maybe I hate myself for continuing to be with you. I decided a long time ago that I wouldn't let myself be unhappy, but somehow you've gotten under my skin and made yourself live there. And now I'm stuck.

Not happy, but not completely miserable either.

Just here, being.

My life has been pretty fucked up since the divorce.
Wake up on lawns. Chilling with strippers. Doing things
I never thought I would. If I could do it all again, I would
have chosen sin earlier in my life. Maybe I could have
gotten it out of my system. Maybe.

Why are men in St. Louis so dishonest?

They are dishonest because they are afraid of the decisions they've made.

Although St. Louis may not forgive my grandma's sins, it worships mine.

I was in Mexico, drinking, smoking pot, and eating way too much peyote. It was 2 am, and I found an old typewriter in the basement of an old gas station. This reminds me of that. I was sixteen.

The white owner of the store called me white trash because she had never seen a punk rocker in her time in Mexico. And I just wanted to write. So I wrote. I wrote about little girls and what it was like to never be a little girl because dad liked drugs too much and mom was mean. Here I was, in a new country, on new drugs, and still I was not good enough because my hair was purple and my parents weren't rich enough to contribute to the local income.

Little girls have no idea how the world works. And how terrible it is. And the fun, the happiness, the joy you have to give up to be a part of it.

BOTH OF MY DEALERS ARE HERE

Mabe things need to be different

She looked out the window and wondered, "whatever may come of this, it's better than making my own drinks."

and in the night, smiling faces

and in the morning
sad farewells.

I know of only a thousand days where night is on my mind. I can neither stay nor run, but live beside my kind. If you knew me, you may love me, or despise the person I am. But I love you. The idea of you. If I only had met you on the day with more. But, my friend, I would know you among a thousand. I know you better than I know myself. You reflect all of my days. I love you.

eee i hate you mother fuckers

This city is full of shit. I think I'm gonna kill someone. Don't try to tell me it's alright your bourgeois paradise leaves us in the dirt.

I live in an overpriced apartment in Clayton.

I pay \$700 to listen to everybody else's lives around me. Fuck that. The neighborhood is beautiful and a perfect utopia. But I'd rather live in a shitty place with peace and quiet than where I am now. I'm desperately seeking tranquility.

Today I saw a lady shit in an alley. I smelt the sewage and asked a mother for a smoke. It was a good day.

i want a big house with a home security sign in the front yard
i want streetside parking and i don't mind using a club
i wanna live where people get shot, but not that much.
you could have it all
you could have it all
you could have it all
in the city.

you know what pisses me off about this town?
the goddamn street - sorry i mean stoplights. you would
think we could figure that situation out. like a timer
sorry i mean timer that, like, changes depending on the
time of day? am i taking fucking crazy pills over here?

you could have it all

Why so many

mean mugs, Shop N Save Customers

of chippawa/kingshighway?

you could have it all

most days, i just wish people were as passionate about the
earth and its life, about humanity and prejudice, about privelege
and injustice... as they are about jesus

to much mental illness

too mny on social security spending onn dope

you could have it all

fix the hood

Smoke before you drink!!!!!!!!!! If you drink, smoke before you drink!!!!!! Smoke some weed before you drink!!!!!! If you're driving Interstate 70 between Lucas & Hunt to the Arch, use the express. If you're staying onto 55 jump off to the MLK Bridge before you kill everyone! Smoke weed before you drink!!! You wanna make it home? Right? Smoke up!!! 420 enty enty!

St. Louis does not think it prefers not to. How else can it tolerate all the inequality and poverty and racism that is ingrained in this city. How else, other than by a concerted effort, could people avoid seeing and thinking about it... ?

If everyone donated \$50
to the local homeless
shelter, If a packed stadium
at the Cardinals game gave
save \$50 to the local homeless
shelter??!!

I hate you people
God hurry + return!!

Where the heck are all the people?
The downtown area is beautiful. And empty.

you could have it all

assistant job for a man. Low pay. Apply at the parks department.

you could have it all

why do st. louis police racial profile black males without cause.
i've seen this happen many of times, there was a male that was walking
down south grand just left the library where I was also stopped and search
was cause of his skin, his hair style, or just cause. he was there working
on the computer with books as if he was writing a paper when he left there
was no commotions when he parted. So why was he stopped walking to the bus s
stop searched by two white police officers and madetto set indian style on the
ground while the searched his bag. They found nothing then he was released.
What was the just caused

KEVIN



is a FUCKING ASSHOLE

you could have it all

being from st. louis , whenever i meet someone new i am obligated to ask where they went to highschool. likewise, whenever someone from st. louis meets me, they always ask me; if i'm besties with nelly and 2.0 if i've ever been shot. highschools and crime is what st. louis does best, i guess

you could have it all

What the Hell is Saint Louis Thinking?

1. The underserved Saint Louisians are not thinking about Assertive Living, INSTEAD they are hustling drugs, murdering and abusing their selves. Yet there are some people that think about education and success but the schools don't always stress reading. It has to come from the home.

St Louis need to care for its homeless.

St Louis needs to make sure all
children are fed.

St Louis needs to stop giving
so many gifts tips.

you could have it all

Walk backwards over bridges, skip over cumulous tones, and grasp the dew scars. Does it matter if we repeat what's already been said? What's already been sung by our mothers and fathers? Our brother already lost the cure for blind feet. Hear our solutions for other lands.

we have a crazy neighbor
he said dont kill nothin yo yont eat
his name is [REDACTED]
he is a drunk
he has forced h is way into our house more than nce

welco,e to 39
he has a mangie dog namamed [REDACTED]
which is short for magnolia
he broke our gate to our back yard
he is a nice man but he causes a kot of problems
happy birthday to me!

you could have it all

you could have it all

you could have it all

in the city.

What the hell is St. Louis
thinking....?

our school / educational
systems are failing horribly
which in turn helps to
increase poverty and crime
rates.

Getting a job in St. Louis is all about who you know. Just like a lot of things in this city.

Why is St. Louis the most dead city of all time? They should tear down the arch and build a new extremely large one so that they can build sky scrapers and people would actually walk around the ghost town we call St. Louis.

Saint Louis is so dang ghetto help me please I pray for u all these hoes cray.

Awful things mostly. Cheated on my wife. Scratch that. My best friend's wife I mean. And I've had sex with most of St. Louis. Came out clean on the other side. Divorce. Growth. Closure. I carry it all around like bricks. I am mostly figuring it all out. I could go anywhere but I choose Saint Louis. I love the city. I have lost good friends this year. But I am figuring out how to be happy. Finally. It's all right there. You'll find your bottom if you quit digging.

Crime has escalated to the point of complete lawlessness. It is sad to see my city become a hood of shit values and in physical space. We used to be a community of shared values and aspirations. Now we are just finding ways not to be preyed upon.

I am here in St. Louis right now and the woman i Love isn't, I am sad and mad at the same time. I love this city and hate it at the same time" this city breaks my heart and makes me love it at the same time

I love my dearest [REDACTED] i wish we were together but I know that life is better for both of us appart.

im tired of this fucking city

I believe it is time for me to move on from St. Louis. My relationship with this town has been remarkably similar to an abusive boyfriend: I am constantly defending St. Louis saying things like you don't see us when we are alone, or you just have to get to know it better. Meanwhile, I am showing up to social functions with a black eye and broken collar bone because St. Louis pushed me down the stairs again last night.

So I have been attempting to find reasons to stay, but all I have are my friendships. Friendships which are rapidly disintegrating all around me. Old friends who are splitting, people who have begun behaving in ways I would rather not be a part of. And yet I can't quite bring myself to go. Give me a reason to stay St. Louis. Just one and I will never leave.

What the hell is
Saint Louis thinking?!

Four words:
HATING EACH OTHER HERE.

even after imleft
even afte i left
even afte i legt
i shou

i shou ld o hav left a long time ago
i should have left a long time agon
i should have left a long a long time ago
i should have left a long time go
a long time ago
it it was better when i was gone

I have reached a point in my life where I am looking at how much time do I actually have left in this life. The end always seemed so far away, but now I'm on the other end of the spectrum, and sometimes it bums me out. My life is finite.

I want to tell you about a time when my life collapsed, much like that bar that keeps collapsing down on the back of the paper. But you're too young for that. I know it you don't know what it's like when all of a sudden your life goes DING! That's it.

That's all it does: DING! That's final. There's no more. DING! But the beautiful and horrible thing about life is that unlike a typewriter, in life that DING is where it quits at, and you don't start over at the next line. Because you're out of paper. You're out of luck. You're out of alignment. You've reached the end of the scroll. One long scroll.

The age of paper, books, and writing is at its end.

Rest in peace.

I have learned a lot here in my time in St. Louis. I didn't know what to expect, seeing as how my ex is here and things didn't end too well with him since I've last seen him. Turns out he's here and still a total asshole. Pardon my French, I don't usually hold things against people too often, but there is just no good that comes out of being friends with him. I had to learn that the hard way and it may not stick this time, but, who knows. But he has moved on. As should I.

P.S. Typewriters suck.

P.P.S. I hope you don't think I'm a bitter evil ex.

Sincerely,



I'm so stupid. I get bummed out about the dumbest things. I get upset when my ex doesn't like my photos on Instagram. That's dumb.

I'm a smart guy.

`My favorite part of being married
is asking my wife if she saw my tweets today.`

My wife died 6 years ago. I've since remarried. And every time I touch her,
I know it's cheating in my heart.

This woman excites me to my core. Too bad
I am still married.

If an apple a day keeps the doctor away, what will keep my wife's attorney away?

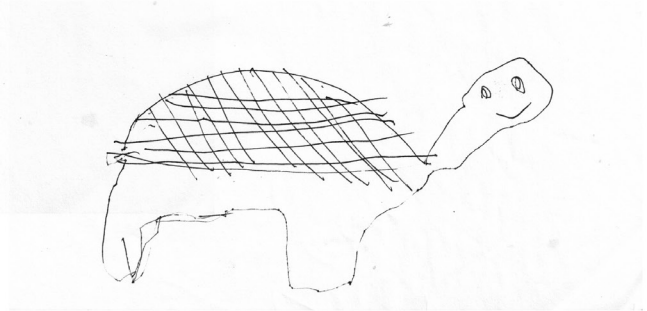
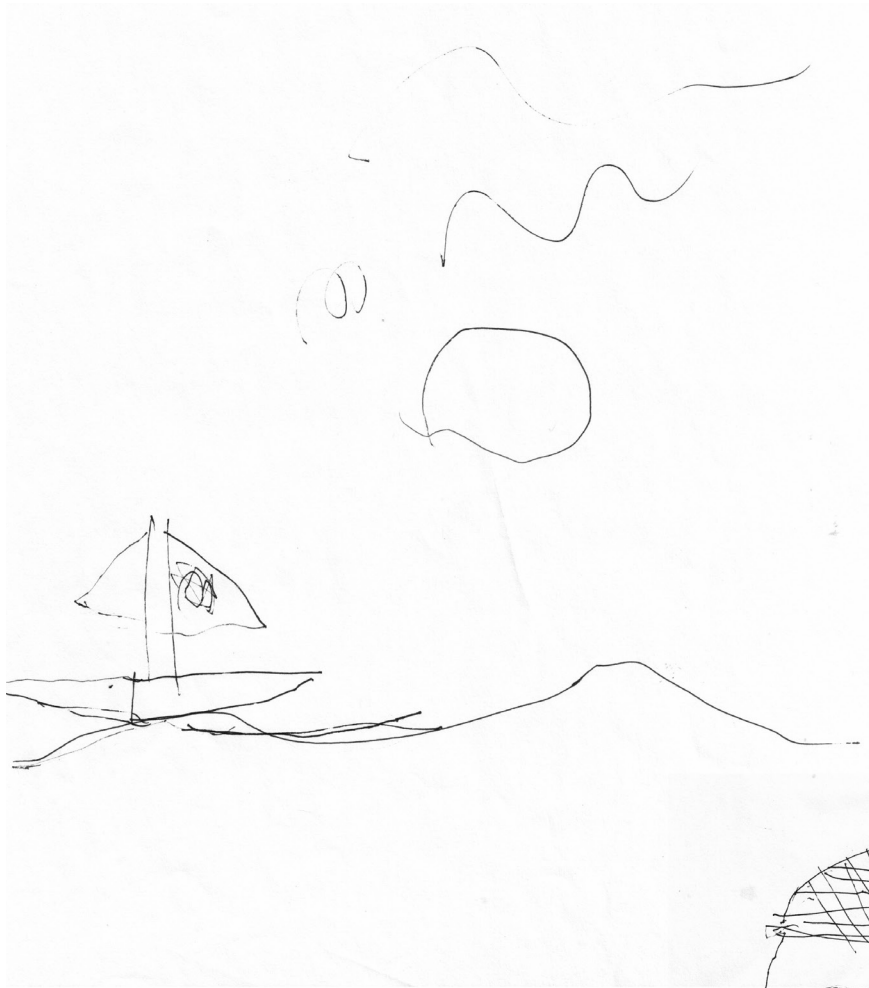
Don't love
the newly divorced.

██████████ was like this constant charity case of the inability to feel, the type that wakes you up at four in the morning and you're not sure whether to gash her head in with the can of soup in your pantry or warm it up in the microwave. The way she'd look with drooping eyes and open legs was disheartening to say the least. ██████████ was the opposite, teasing every boy she could like princesses in a secret Japanese garden, dipping her toe into every male puddle. And I do not like to be compared to a puddle. Hard to tell who was worse.

It is an epidemic, a horrible disorder, which captures anyone trying to be their own selves. Every time we become captured by this sameness, we leave ourselves out of one of the possibilities that makes us human — our discernment, our separator. And without those, we become another member of the hivemine, bent on some end that we cannot see, cannot even perceive. An end which is our personal differentiation. We ignore ourselves for others.

I don't really think Saint Louis is thinking.
Just doing without thinking about the consequences.

There is so much taken for granted. So much we have forgotten.



crowd sourcing originality huh//?

And so it begins: another sweaty, muggy night in St. Louis.

A night like this was what spurred Shakespeare to write, what moved Michelangelo to paint, what sang to Dali about spirals and ghosts and visions in melted cheese. This sort of night hangs heavy—the aftertaste of cigars, the trailing tail of a dying star, the weight of water against your ears as you dive deeper and deeper into the stollid dark, the tempest reborn, the muggy grip of a whore on your throat, squeezing with desire and desperation.

This sort of night breeds awful legends.

This sort of night has teeth.

Reminder) big girls are hard to love, but big girls love hard.

I recently had unprotected sex with
a partner who was clean no worries right? i got gonorea
There's no explanation for how I got it, but I believe there's a reason
It's easy to justify selfishness and the reactions that come from selfishness but at the
end of the day God said take what you want and pay for it and when we put ourselves
before the human race we destroy ourselves and humanity

I contracted gonorrhea because The cosmos wanted me to know that actually, you
can't get away with destroying the human race. that girl is someone, not an object and
if you haven't figured that out then you're no better than your own objectification
We all deserve second chances but sometimes dealing with ourselves is more than we
deserve. There's hope for the human race but only when we see the human race rather
than the Myself, the I, the ego that is us
Happiness isn't sex, drugs, alcohol video games, chocolate, money,
Happiness isn't gratification
Happiness is community and happiness is labor
There will always be hope for the human race if we remember that
Life is difficult, life is DIFFICULT
LIFE IS DIFFICULT
and that's why life is beautiful

P.S. Buy more ink
300

I want you to know that I have not used a condom since '07.

My mom says to avoid conflict. I figure life is all about drama and conflict.

Listen to mom all the time or you will be stuck under the wrath of mom and we know no one wants that.

I am thinking about my big future and how I would make it in the real world like twenty years from now. I wonder will I be a doctor, a dentist, a movie star, or just an ordinary person?

Today I got in trouble for shouting.

■■■■ is thinking about my big purpose in life. Am I going to be a doctor, lawyer, or bank person? How is life going to be when I grow up? That's all I want to know. If you are going to read this aloud to everyone, please don't.

I wish people cared about learning
and art as much as they do about
shitty people like Honey Boo Boo
and manufactured pop music.

remember when music w asnt about making money, bu t made for expres
sion of the soul and it didnt matter what you got in treturn

when lyrics were soul, anf it didnt need to swear.

the days when kids could go outside wiythout always being monitoresd

when we could run and run and the world was ours

and time stood still

I've been
waiting
over an hour
for my parents
to pick me up.

Part II

gag, this ink is black!!!!

how cum ...

all the neighborhoods that ~~skithaxdx~~
person

said were allwhite hipster zones,

s. grand
cherekeee
the loop,
ect.

all are vey diverse / ????

cherekee is nestly black and maxican with a couple struggling trendy busine

grand is populated by asian owned businesses and south city
deadbeats.

the loop is ghette to the mm max!!!!

i think the haters gonna hate.

keep playing, keep winning.

aka this dumb idea is gonna get you laid.

Sometimes I think that other people have experienced a much harder life than mine. Modern art and music is so much more depressing & harsh than the world I see around me. I see flowers, green trees, smiles, both polite and genuine, puppies and treats. Ice cream and comfortable shoes. Clean clothes and people trying to follow the rules of God and man.

*I am sorry that some people live
in a dark and harsh world, but many times
it is a choice they have made to live there.*

The neon sun still listens.

Has it always been this way?

I wish I knew when I was about to say something that was about to hurt someone.

I'm playing a conversation over in my mind, trying to figure out how I could do conversations better.

There is never
a moment that
I don't think
about you.

Happiness is not terribly complicated. Celebrate small victories. Don't expect too much. Love the friends and family you have. Don't make enemies. Show compassion and respect. Measure against yourself, not your neighbors. Fuck the Joneses. Be you. Be a better you today than you were yesterday. Don't watch so much TV. Don't watch local news. Read more books. Make something. Make more of the things you think you have to buy. Ride a bike. Ride a skateboard. Give a stranger a genuine smile and positive greeting. Give someone a sandwich and a coffee. So maybe all I am trying to say is celebrate, love, make, do, help, and give more often.

In a perfect world , would we respect people,s rights or would we just try to make things better in general for everybody?

I'm a socialist at heart but don't tell my West County parents that.

There are too many municipalities in St. Louis county. They should be consolidated. I am noticing more black people in south county in recent years. I am glad.

HELLO WORLD

I LOVE THE CITY

BUT I LIVE IN THE SUBURBS

MY COMMUTE IS THE ONLY THING KEEPING ME SANE

DONT JUDGE ME

Not so sure
about drinking such
a fine beer from
a plastic cup.

*Please don't blame your existence and dissatisfaction on
anything but your own attitude.*

I love to play sports. I play volleyball, cheerleading, and I run track. I have to say I love to play sports, but track is my weakness. So I push myself to try harder, and it works sometimes, even though I don't run that fast. I want to win so I work hard, eat healthy, and the next thing I know I'm a winner no matter what.

ok so im going to write some poems ok here it goes

.dream the dream you want to dream

: you chace your dreams dont let them chace you

: Y OUR ONE IN A MILLON dont let anyone tell you ur not

:live love laugh

: be free be love and be happy

:let some one love you

so thants wahat a 4th grader is thinking im thinking poems
h

I am thinking about my big future and how I will make it in the real world like twenty years from now. I wonder will I be a doctor, a dentist, a movie star, or just an ordinary person?

I am 17 years old. I am 17, almost 18, and I'm supposed to decide what I want to do FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. I'm supposed to find a job, decide between colleges, and figure out where I want to live. I have to start looking for a car and/or a form of transportation. I feel like my life's already on a track headed into adulthood and I'm not entirely sure I want to follow it. I thought that these were the years you were supposed to enjoy the most and have the least amount of worries, so why is it turning out to be the total opposite of that? It seems like life gives you option A, B, and C, just to trick you into picking C, when the answer is really A.

Time to get intimate, folks.
I am going to share

SHARE

SHARE

God, the R on this keyboard is finicky.
I am going to share my facebook password with you.
Its holdenawaits.
i made it when i was in college and wanted to graduate and
join a commune in washington state called holden
i ended up going to another 3 years of it and then grad school
so i guess that dream is kaput. but every time i log in, i put my life
and goals in perspective by comparing them to my youthful self.

test Today I had a quiz or test in every one of my classes. it is very difficult. Like life is hard. Life is hard, even harder than typing on a typewriter when for all my life I've used a computer keyboard. Like typing on an old typewriter though, there is something rewarding about academic hardship. It's DIFFICULT, but rewarding. I hope to keep working hard, I know that it will pay off, I just have to make it. Sometimes, when trying to achieve a larger goal, the goal for the day is just to survive. But that's a good thing, to be able to survive. After all, that's part of what school is for, isn't it? to survive. but == to learn to survive. But it's more than that. it's to do more than just survive, it's also complicated, but it's wonderfully complicated. To be able to understand, achieve, and seek the truth, meaning in life. I don't know, there's probably people who have said it better, but that's how I can think to say it right now. Survive, and keep looking for meaning.

What a wonderful thing to see a typewriter.

That takes me back to when I was in high school, sitting in class all day dreaming about what I wanted my future to be. Now I'm just a working person getting a check, and I don't know if I really made a difference in someone's life.

So as you write this book, please think about me, a hard working black man that just wanted to live a decent life for others.

I'm thinking how focused so many people are in this town on making an impression... one that's more about mirrors than making an impression...leaving a mark, having their say...and I'm thinking about the friendships and creative collaborations that happen here in this space, but aren't always honored for the strength and brilliance they demonstrate...and I'm thinking how good this town is in providing the tension and juxtapositions necessary for creative endeavor and thought to be inevitable...that and hunger. Most of us are hungering for something perhaps that is why there is so much food and so much weight...so much food and so much weight...

i thought by t is time i,d be done with this
but im not

As I stand
up here on
Art Hill, I
think about
the path that
took me here.

Everything that I have done, everything that I have decided, everything that I have said. I keep thinking about whether or not I am ready to face everything that will be following my senior year of college. But as I thought of that on the way here, I realized that the fact I am in the position to make these decisions and the fact that I have gotten this far can only mean one thing I am ready. I fear this world that is full of hate, rejection, and ignorance. But one day, I will be a fully functioning and contributing member of that world. But I won't be like that. I will stay true. Yet I will belong. I will stand toe to toe with those who make me fear the world. I will rise higher than my greatest dreams. I know this because I am here. Despite how lowly I value myself, I am still here. I am getting by even though my mind is telling me that I should be worried for my life. I am not perfect like this message, riddled with typing mistakes from using archaic technology. But like this message, I am far more complete than I initially believed. Far more coherent than I sound in my head. And have come so much farther than I could possibly imagine. If there is anything that I like to think every day it is this: Live each day, do what you need to do, appreciate where you are, and don't do anything to mess that up. We are all blessed to be where we are, regardless of what the situation is. Your life is what you make it: how you remember it, how you perceive it, and how you live it.

Things to accomplish:

1. Finish college
2. Get masters degree and phd
3. Do something I love
4. Find someone
5. Hope it all works out?

To be honest, I'm still waiting for my life
to begin.

gaining perspective on your life can be hard work

there is no reason to simply exist. you need to exist for a reason.
that reason can be silly to everyone but you. hold it dear to your heart.
never forget it and never deny it for it is the reason to
keep sucking oxygen.

When I first heard of St. Louis, it was through the torrid tales of days long past via parents and dinner table talk. They lived here for almost a decade in the late 70s and early 80s. My mother was doing her residency for a nursing degree at Barnes Jewish Children's Hospital in their neo-natal intensive care unit. My father, a recent doctoral graduate from SLU, did his residency in the old city hospital. There were many harrowing stories of the emergency room and 40-hour shifts. One, however, stands out above all the rest.

One night, right at the start of a long emergency room shift, a man walks into the waiting area with a knife, buried hilt-deep, in his skull. How he walked into the place is still a mystery, as is the true nature of his activities which led up to his absurd injury.

However, my dad and his colleague spent most of the next two days figuring out how to remove the knife from his skull without turning him into a vegetable.

To this day, I can count those dinnertime tales as the primary reason for not following in either parents' footsteps and going into medicine.

Every once in a while life sends a wave that knocks you over, but all you can do is stand up and appreciate that you are on the beach.

Take a deep breath.

Now proceed.

I JOINED THE MILITARY, AND I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD FIND
A FLOWER. SHE WAS SO PRETTY..

I love it here. Couldn't wait to leave, but now that I am back I have made new friends and heard from some old ones. See, I count you as a new friend.

Jump into the water
and giggle! Let
the bubbles tickle
your toes! Laughter
envelopes you in joy!

This year, for the first time, I forgot that it was 9/11. I think that may be a good thing.

The world is a special place, and that makes the people in it special.

I like it when I make swish in basketball and I like it when people call me big dog.

I do believe in magic. I saw it swirling around you in fall. Or when snowflakes fall in icy tufts in winter. Or when the blossoms bloom, welcoming the world to their wonder. In summer, when the hot air kisses you, leaving drops of loving spit. What are you thinking if you don't believe?

summer in the city...
moving in with my
boyfriend today.
it's about damn time.

What if I told you
that Im typing a haiku
and you couldnt tell?

Thinking is
the greatest gift.

Thinking? Notifications, emails, texts, IMs, calendar reminders. Buzzing, beeping, begging for attention. When is there time to think?

Thoughts are overrated.

I am thinking that some people say that the government is keeping secrets from the public. Is that true or not?

The best thing about this project is that I can say anything I like and the NSA won't find out... vive la revolution... bomb bomb bomb... airport... hmm... it appears the worst thing about this is that I now realize that I have nothing at all of interest to say.

Sometimes I find myself in circumstances I don't understand. It is in these moments that I realize you don't always have to. Sometimes you just have to roll with it.

I have a lot of thoughts. Just not when I'm asked to think them.

So I am thinking I would like to live closer to the city so I can be a part of a more diverse community, and eat organic produce, and fall in love with a Christian poet who understands my heart as a woman.

*Mostly I think about sex
and getting old. And birds.*

I'm thinking about bills, school, work, and that's about it.

Everytime I start thinking
about something else,
I get more bills.

We are thinking too normal. We got to think more insanely.

I experienced sleep paralysis for the first time last week. I thought it was a spirit entering my body through my feet. It made its way up to my head and I lay there very still. I don't think I was so scared as I was curious. And maybe confused. Then the room began to shake. I was certain it was an earthquake which sounds funny as I type this because what are the chances I would be visited by a ghost and an earthquake during the same few minutes of the same night? The shaking stopped and I sat up. In the corner of my room are two windows and that is where I saw the shadow of a hand and hair and swirls. They looked like shadow puppets and I might have enjoyed them except I was interrupted by the urge to lay back down and make faces – the kind one makes when possessed. I giggled to myself as if embarrassed and made the faces and it felt ridiculous and bad, evil, and instead I repeated to myself the words “Peace, Love, Joy”. This I thought might make things better. And maybe it did because it soon stopped – by it I mean the ghostly experience, the possession.

I sat up and at that point I suppose I felt fear. Yes, I was scared because I had to go to the bathroom and I did not want my feet on the floor. I'm 43, by the way. Since this experience happened in my permanent home, I refused to be nervous in my own home and I made my way to the john. I think this is enough for now except that, according to some stranger on the internet, what I, he and all the others who responded to his blog, I was possibly not haunted, just paralyzed by my own sleeping body. Who am I or he to say?

I am thinking about aliens. Are aliens real? Are UFOs real? I am thinking I wish I had a baby sister from my sister-in-law and I wish when I grow up to be a doctor. I am thinking why do we have life if we are going to die and what happened before slavery. I am thinking how is gravity this strong/will time stop.

I ain't got no time
for thinking.

thinking about the dark haired boy from kaldi's reading "Liveness", and i haven't seen him in two weeks.

Thinking I may like a girl, but my buddy may like the same one. Neither of us will admit it to the other. Hope it all turns out okay.

Today I'm so excited. I might have made a connection in an unlikely person. I have an honest good feeling that maybe, maybe he will meet me and find something to like.

Thank God for alcohol.

HOW CN WE END HOMELESSNESS?

it's not going to be easy.

the causes are many

consumerism, greed, americans are a bunch of babies. grow up!

let's quit worryin' so much about stuff and l ets be, just be

let's hve spirituality in-stea d of religion.

lets quit ~~judgin~~ judging ourselves and others

~~xxxx~~

it iis quite evident that i hhve not typed on a typewriter in decades...since c ollege. cant say i miss i it except foor the sound and feel of the keys

Let Me Get Off The

Soap Box

During the next ninety days I am going to use this time to get myself together. Sign up for stamps, get dental work done, go to GED classes, get my ID, Birth Certificate, find a work training program, Find a job through job search, pay my child support, sign up for low income housing, and maybe even volunteer in the service of others.

Anonomously Your Fiend

Homie

In the midst of the every day politics, I hope I'm not forgetting what's real important helping someone less fortunate than I am.

I REALLY THINK THE MAYOR SHOULD BUILD A PLACE FOR THE HOMELESS SO THEY CAN STAY AWAY FROM PEOPLE TRYING TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

An opened mind will get you anywhere you want to be.

A closed mind will get you nowhere fast.

Wherever I go, people compliment my baby's skin color. I'm white, and he is browner than me. I say "thank you," but it makes me feel strange. Also, I've been thinking about the Columbia Bottoms, the park that surrounds the Confluence. This spring a road and a trail flooded out there and they still aren't fixed (it's September). I love that trail. I'm worried that budget cuts will keep me off of it. Also, I've been thinking about Mississippi River mermaids.

We spent today in a childbirth class.

My first is due soon and we aren't going to find out the sex. I am slightly nervous about having a baby girl because I don't know if I will be able to fully relate to the feelings of her, but at the same time, I am unsure if I will be able to relate to an infant anyway.

However, it turns out, it's all pretty awesome and amazing.

Me and your mom used
to run around, but
you are too young to
remember it.

I think of you both when
I'm driving through.

no one ever told me that when i had kids that my nightmares would
stop being about bad things happening to me and start being about
bad things happening to my kids. things i couldnt prevent

just awful

*Sometimes I read the local crime section of stltoday:
I like to believe I only read it for entertainment. But I know
there is a part of me that is doing it with a hint of fear
of the city I love.*

what the hell is up with cops planting drugs on ANYONE, let alone brown skinned individuals

what the hell is up with our schools not being accredited?

what the hell is so important about a catholic high school

i love when we open the door for one another, we dont do this

i love when we acknowledge another human being with love, ~~and~~

respect and care regardless of hair, eyes, body type, gender, ethnicity.

BUT THIS IS NOT ST. LOUIS. what THE hell IS that ABOUT stl ""

we will move on and most importantly forward otherwise we will all die or kill each other

signed

AACuban American female ~~ixxtxxxx~~

And if someone should say that this anonymous, untraceable medium is a cowardly one to voice his opinion, I would retort that I will say nothing here that I would not scream on the bus, yell in the supermarket, or write on a piece of paper, wrap around a brick, and put through a window.

There is a giant, glaring problem with the way people are treated and the struggles they endure to survive. But without a real movement, we will only see a further divide. When separated by these clown show examples of “protest” we are weakened. More provoked by the commercial for a fast car or the reality show on after than the happenings in the news. These movements are silly and we know. And therefore do not stand behind them. But they address issues that burn deep within our being. But the displays make any realization of change seem all the more futile.

We need a movement, with something real to say, with a clear objective, a clear threat to opposing forces. We need it to speak to us all. And we need to be united behind it if we want to change anything. And until that day, we will be considered workers, complacent and ineffectual.

We will be used, and we will be used to it.

I am thinking that it is a beautiful day to be alive.

have you pooped today?

There is nothing worse than the sound white women make
when they unexpectedly see each other.

I moved to St. Louis two years ago. I thought I would miss the ocean, the big cities, the “culture” of the coast. But I found myself in the people that wave to me on my runs. In the free museums and music. In the quiet, warm nights of cicadas chirping. My family and friends make fun of me for my new love of a Midwestern place – but Missouri is now part of me, even if I move away.

Neighbors came by to ask me to cash a \$65 check. Instead, God allowed me to help them open a bank account at US Bank and the bank allowed them to withdraw the entire amount right away. What a mighty God we serve. God allowed me to empower them.

What you do in your life changes what someone else does in theirs, and that changes everything.

Omg I'm so very drunk.

I guess I'll smoke cigs in the court yard and go from there.

I remember sitting in typing class in high school at Mater Dei Catholic high school and looking down at my keys and seeing Sr. Ann, feet in sandals on the floor out of the corner of my eye. I remember thinking how strange it was to see her toes and feet, but I couldn't see her hair??????

I can't help but wonder how many people have touched these keys.

This typewriter
is beautiful, and
it still works!

IS IT A SYMBOL FOR
SAINT LOUIS???

Oh great. A typewriter.
Now everything I write will have
Some old-timey gravitas.

Why does Saint Louis think so little of itself ?

A relative of mine recently visited from Los Angeles. Our waiter discovered he was from out of town and visiting from L.A. The waiter paused and stared too long. “Why? Why here?” He couldn’t understand why anyone would visit St. Louis. I hear this all the time from St. Louisans. St. Louis has a low self-esteem complex. We don’t value our music, our history, our local talents. We have a tough time bragging about our city. My relative was having a great time in under-appreciated neighborhoods, bike trails, villages, scenic riverfronts, listening to great local music. The waiter couldn’t understand anything except the ocean and movie agents. And it’s always been this way, as long as I can remember. And I’ve been around here since 1956. Pat yourself a little more on the back. Brag a little more. It’s okay.

I want to do more favors.

I'm up to 3 thank you notes on my fridge.

All the time people are putting up with my drunken talking and bragging behavior. I want to do more favors. I love this town and don't deserve anything that it does for me.

i wish more people asked me questions about myself when we meet.

*I have always wanted to know what it feels like
to shake my own hand.*

Today was the day we got the news a test would need to be done on our mother. She had a test yesterday that came back not-so-pleasant. Blockage in her jugular. So today we opted for drinks. My brother, mother, and myself. Lots of drinks, good food, and amazing conversation led us to here to finish our day in my favorite place. What the hell, St. Louis? Why might she be sick?

Jesus Christ.

If you don't like that I
said Jesus Christ, why?

He made you, and cats,
and clouds.

So at least drop him a
thank you note.

In St. Louis people are afraid to exit the highway.
Literally and figuratively.

I wonder where God is at in Saint Louis?

I wonder where our sense of purpose got lost?

When it became okay to live for something so small?

When we became the standard? I wonder who we are
living for?

I love Saint Louis,
but does Saint Louis
love me back?

I moved back to Saint Louis really wanting to be somewhere else.
Then I saw her at work. She was wearing a red flannel shirt.
We both have commitment issues. Neither wanted a relationship.
Both afraid to care more than the other. We live walking distance and I
can't go a day without seeing her. I think I love her. I can't tell her yet.
I'm not sure if she knows and or if she feels the same way. But you know...
I want to be all in. I don't want to do this half-assed. I love her. It's scary
because I don't want to be that vulnerable... but she might be the first
person worth it.

Hipsters of St. Louis:

*ONLY IDIOTS WEAR FLANNEL IN JULY,
TRIM THAT SCRAGGLY BEARD, I HAVE ALREADY
SEEN THAT ARM TATTOO BEFORE,
THE NERD GLASSES MAKE YOUR GIRLFRIEND
NEITHER UNIQUE OR INTELLIGENT,
WHY DON'T YOU MICROBREW MY NUTSACK,
ANYONE WHO HAS EVER CALLED THEMSELVES
A DJ IS A TOTAL DOUCHE NOZZLE*

A guy on facebook asked me if we could hang out because he just moved here from L.A. Then he said he wasn't like the other EDM DJs in St. Louis. And I had no idea what that meant but I was pretty sure it meant I didn't want to hang out with him.

I am moving to the middle of the fucking desert in 6 days. I am moving because I love 

I'm 22 and I'm not afraid to commit to him

It was December. My lady friend called me from out of town. She told me about these three things that were thrown in the back of her truck: a lamp, a fire extinguisher, and an African statue. It was just before Christmas. There was a secret santa involved and she was ill-prepared. She decided to give one of those random objects in her truck as a gift (the African statue).

I came to visit for Christmas. The day after at around 2 am there was a rapping on our door. When I looked out there was police and detectives looking through the back of her truck. They informed me that they were looking for murder weapons.

Apparently one of the neighborhood ladies used to take in underprivileged girls and tried to get them back on their feet. Three juveniles were involved. They bludgeoned the lady to death in an attempt to rob her. They decided to throw the murder weapons in the back of my lady friend's truck. My lady friend gave one of the murder weapons away as a secret santa gift.

The three girls were found guilty of murder. I have no idea of what their sentence was but that was my first experience with St. Louis. I still think about it to this day.

the media has a large role in the perception of the city

when a crime is reported in south city, the neighborhood is named along with how quiet and safe this area is

when a crime is reported in north city .. it is just north city there are named neighborhoods in north city the reporting creates an image or rampant ~~crime~~ crime and chaos

there is this color divide that should not exist

you know, ~~like~~ like do not travel north of Lindell, it's too dangerous .. and this is not true

i live in south city, born and raised in south city and I do not ~~like~~ like the stigma attached ~~to~~ to northcity

I WAIT FOR THE DAY WHEN THE EXCHANGE OF
SMILES BECOME MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE EXCHANGE
OF STOCKS

ww We are all raindrops w might seem small and insignificant but together
we have the power of the

Part III

Stodgy? No. Hip? Not exactly. Racist? Sometimes.
Intelligent? Well, we've got a lot of colleges.
Outdoorsy? Yes, as long as there's beer.
So who are the St. Louisans? We are one. You can
spot us in a New York crowd. We are wearing the
sensible shoes. You can spot us at the nudist colony.
We have our clothes on. You know us.
We are big-hearted, fearful, laid-back middle America.

We are the ones who never leave.

gateway to the west
along the mississippi
some one stole my car

S.T.L.M.O.
Some say Fly Over Country
I chose to live here

I've done that
once — slept under
a real Mississippi bridge.
So I'm a man.

It's getting easier every
day but I miss him... He
was my Colombian man.
My one true love.

Maybe he wasn't ready for something serious,
maybe he needed time to grow as a man, a human
being. Hopefully we can both grow one day grow
and make more memories together. I commit to
sharing and being vulnerable around him... if I
ever see him again. Don't take things or people for
granted. Love to the fullest.

When you have a
connection with
someone, it never
really goes away.
And you'll snap
back to being
important to one
another, because
you still are.

delmar metrolink
today i hugged my old young neighbor
we got some looks
since he s black
and i,m not
such is life
he s a real good hugger

It's the classic story. Boy meets girl. Boy falls for girl.

Boy loses girl and her harpy friends make it miserable for the boy. In the meantime, girl meets boy. Boy becomes her stage partner. Boy rips out girl's heart and takes it to Cali. And so we are left with the heartbroken... but what if they met? What if their paths cross and in crossing, the girl and the boy realize the other was the person they were looking for all along? That their happiness was under their noses all along? Down the street? What if?

So. We did. We met, fell fast and hard, and made each other happy. There's no moral to this story, but isn't it nice to read about love?

I love you.

I'm from Saint Louis and I love this city to death. I'm proud of where I come from, and I do all I can to represent the community here in North City.

I am volunteering my time to help build the community back from urban blight and ruin. I am passionate about this because St. Louis has so much to offer.

From the people, infrastructure, history, entertainment – the list goes on and on.

I hope one day people will take pride in where they come from and help make it great/better. I will sign off by saying peace and love, peace and love – I'm out!

The energy of the city permeates each abandoned building, every new inhabitant. As the mass increases the prospects become greater. As with moths, the human race flocks to where the source is the strongest...

Could it be that there is a revolution going on in this fine city? The beginning of something bigger than anything that has ever happened to the people?

Smoked a
cigarette because
I was so nervous
we're changing
the world.

I remain unconvinced that there is any greater human act than witnessing live creativity. Witnessing art being created on the spot is akin to becoming God. And isn't that what we all want? To, in the end, feel immortality's kiss upon our upturned lips?

Neither man
nor beast can
survive eternity.

I thought this morning about how grateful I am for being a care-taker survivor. Being a care-taker for my mother and cousin for so many years was emotionally and physically challenging beyond belief. Thank God I was given the opportunity to serve and thank God I survived. What a beautiful day.

When the weather
turns for the good,
things are so
lonely here. No one
needs words when
you can live in the
green and stare at
the blue.

Susan & Brian
are about to go
to Forest Park,
bitch.

If the weather gets hot again, and the weatherman predicts cool weather,
he is personally coming over and apologizing.

S t louis weather has just gone from hell to heaven in 48 hours. 100 swe
swe a ty de grees to a delicious 74. I a m in love again.

I have traveled the world. Been to India and Japan, to Paris, to Rome, to the ends of the Earth and back again. I have had love in my life and pain, I have reached ecstatic highs and suicidal lows, and here, today, I happen to be in St. Louis. For love. And what I know today, more than anything I know in the world, is that nothing is as real as love. Not fear, not pain, not ambition, not pride, not money, not success... nothing is as real as love is. Because with love you can travel the world with someone's eyes, you can feel the highest highs with their breath, you can find power and strength in their words and you can attain the greatest success through their happiness. So since I am here for love today, St. Louis is as beautiful as the streets of Paris, as exotic as the mountains of India, as breathtaking as the ocean, and as vast as the sky. Today, I have love. Which means I have the universe contained in my tiny powerful heart.

Anywhere
in the world
can be home
if you have love.

Fountains abound,
and rivers get rowers.
My shoelaces stay tied even as
I wade the farm river.
My heart says that you know
how good this place is, even as you
make motions to leave.
Saintliness surrounding everything,
and touching nothing. A halo
profound and ordinary.
Goodness and badness sitting side
by side, barely touching,
breathing together, and water
all around this little land-locked
island of ours. Come aboard this
riverboat, and smile for me.

come join us
but don,t splash
the water we chill in
great too are the tunes
we pump out to the sky ceiling
food soo good mom says
we killin it
kids with smiles
pinata split skulls
candy brains are spi
spallin
summer on blaine
pot lucks
we fellin it

Living in
St. Louis is a lot
like living
in a piece of art.

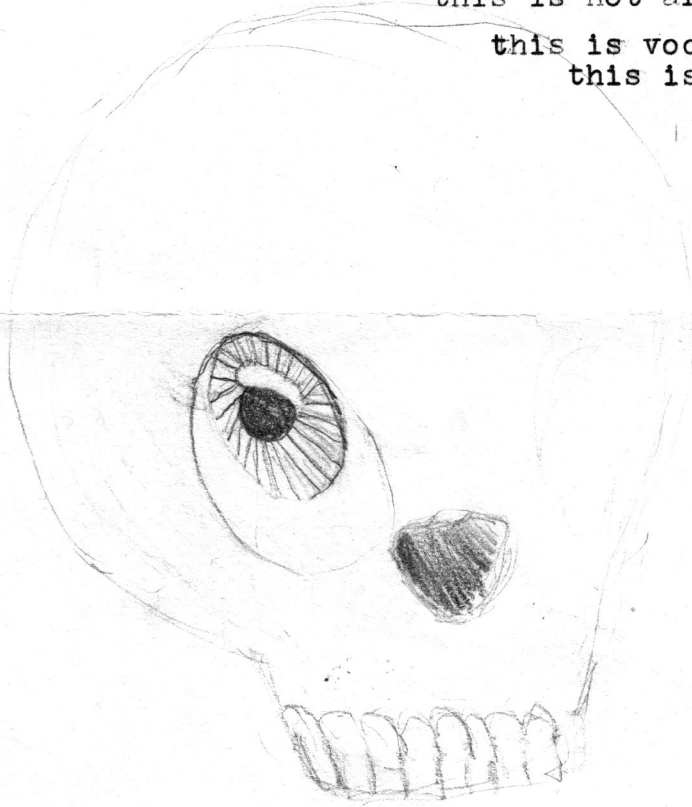
I love the potential of
St. Louis, specifically the
art world here.

Breakfast before art.
Especially my breakfast
and your art.

this is not art..

this is vocal expression.

this is my inner monologue.



Thinking is a lost art form. Art is where you find it.

So try harder.

I feel
like chalk is
the medium of
my HEART

*When I see someone walking by with a sour look on their face,
I smile and wish them a good day. I wish more people
took a moment to do that.*

I think Saint Louis is
a beautiful place when
you think about it.
If you actually pay
attention to it you realize
that it is really nice
and colorful!

My favorite time of the year is upon us. Looking forward to the beautiful colors of fall, comfort food and the holidays filled with special times with family and friends. I am so grateful for everything in my life and thank God for making it all possible.

The Pink House
isn't just for
snacks it's
also for being
yourself.

St. Louis is the city
that has inspired
greatness in me. And
I am in the process of
fulfilling that dream
through selfless
imagination.

*As we enter a new moment, we
are aware of the transient nature
of our souls. Living each with
awakened sense of purpose and
thoughtfulness. Changes are
imminent when awareness and
energy combine in the
tangible world.*

Him: Love is patient.

Me: No, love is morning sex and breakfast in bed.

i think i might be f

a

l

l

i

n

g in love.

-you know who

Celebrating 18 years of
marriage! Life is good!
Weird to say but so
thankful for modern
science!

a night out...without child, with husband. friend caring for baby...able to
sleep in, oh what an awesome gift.

The evening began with a gift. But that gift opened up to reveal more gifts – a new friend, a delicious meal. The chance to pay it forward, a complimentary dessert. A compliment from my lover, a bad movie. A good laugh, a refreshing drink. And an effervescent kiss, and the hope that the night would never end.

Traveling through life, one must always remember that every life, including your own, is a gift. Rest your heart, mind, and soul in this fact. Fail not to continually accept the unstoppable ability of your own humanity.

You know what? I quit my job to pursue this thing called art and enjoy this beautiful day to stroll along Washington Ave. to see what area businesses supported local artists and designers by displaying their wares in their establishments. Before stumbling onto this project I was literally thinking to myself “Why in the hell is STL not a freaking cultural mecca?”

*My first thought?
I'll be 30 in eight years.*

The way women think, I suppose. Why is there a mysterious typewriter on my porch? Why are we here? What makes all us 20-somethings love St. Louis so much? What the hell, STL?

I wish my friends had more faith in their dreams. I see them half-stated and then swallowed. I want to help them declare them to the world in full form. How do you keep people dreaming and believing that they can become real? Sleep well and dream light. Wake up and run with full might. Don't lose your true love for words. Don't love your love for laughs.

This city is almost too wonderful. Long live the weird, the strange, and the sincere creative community.

We've been sitting here
drinking for the last hour
talking mostly about our
fears. Is that weird?

Fear keeps me from dreaming so I will not live my life in fear!

Happy Sunday Saint Louis! A year after arriving, I can safely say that there is no one like you. You are a little tribal and a little wary of outsiders, but if you let down your guard you would be easy to love.

Today I am celebrating my 5th birthday in St. Louis.

This city has been a special blessing to me. I met my wife and
got married here. I bought my house here. This is my fosterhome and
I love it as much as a man can love a city.

*I found the love
of my life in St. Louis.
Love this city.*

I went rock climbing with my brother-in-law just before I married his sister. We repelled off of a cliff that was 240 feet with a 120 foot long rope. So we almost died, but we didn't, and he still let me marry his sister, which I really appreciate.

love is in the air, just like the stench of g bad perfume

It's not until I left this city that I was able to find my love for the place. I think it's interesting how such an abstract idea as "city" can define such a complicated thing as life & existence. But that's exactly how it is: this place on a map has defined me in every way possible, much like the way we don't choose our parents or color or sex, we don't choose the city that we're born into. And yet, it defines every aspect of my life — even when I've tried to leave. I guess I could choose to love or hate the idea of St. Louis because of this, but instead it's something I have a pride about regardless of the positive or negatives that have come about. I have a solid idea of home, and that's something not everyone can claim to have.

Dear STL,

Be awesome: Find solutions to the issues that plague you. Maximize the passions of your people. Be like glue. Be sticky for those who visit you. Don't let them leave. Why? Because you are awesome.

*As I stand next to the threadbare
little couch I want to lie down and
daydream out of the window
on that couch.*

At some point back in the 80s, I talked my way into a choir that was singing the Faure Requiem for the funeral of a blind man at a north city church – Holy Trinity, I think it was. After Mass I heard the choir director say of the priest: “I think he’s my second cousin.” That was the first time I realized how tightly this city is woven. Even though I’m north of the Mason-Dixon line, even though I’m in a big city, people here know their second cousins. Even though I don’t have any relatives here – other than the family and wife I have planted – it makes me feel more at home to be living in the midst of lots of people who are related to each other.

St. Louis is the best small town big city.
until you break up with someone and you
can't go to anymore punkhouses..

Ok, I was born in 1959 at the Jewish hospital before it became BJC. The town has grown in many ways. Imagine being like 1 of 5 Asian Kids in an all white high school where the diversity was very low. I think we equaled the same amount of Black kids in school. I am talking about all grades.

Now when I go to see the high school it has become more progressive. Kids seem more open to t to the way people are * -- no jjudgements. The older crowds have been more accepting, though it has taken them longer to grow.

My home smells like beer & pretzels.

I live in Benton Park, a stone's throw away from the brewery, and if that needs explanation you need more help than I can offer. I am just a few blocks away from Gus' Pretzels and all their salty doughy glory. My home is a red brick castle built by immigrant hands at the turn of the century and is made of all the best things in the city. Two and a half stories tall, stately if a bit rundown. My red brick castle has a dirt floor basement and more character than I can describe. How do you explain the alternating styles of brickwork and the color the bricks have after a hundred years of weather? My home is the stool at the corner of the bar on my street, the one that still only takes cash, which makes me mad sometimes, but other times reminds me just how long this place has been serving the king of beers. My home is a place that shuts down in October there is always baseball to watch. My home is a place that has a love-hate relationship with football. I want to love it but hate to have my heart broken when the Rams lose. My home is a place where you can date someone by whether they call our baseball team the St. Louis baseball Cardinals. My home is starving for the Stanley Cup. My home is a land of German brewers, Italian grocers and brickmakers, Irish laborers, but only if you think the immigrants stopped coming here when the Titanic sank. My home is open to Bosnians, Serbs, Croats, to Koreans, Vietnamese and to the Somalians and Eritreans who need a place to call home now. My home is a place that has an inside joke about high schools, but if you really think your highschool means something special then you aren't really in on the joke. My home is a mess of neighborhoods whose borders changed with highways. My home is called the gateway, the most dangerous place, the worst place, a boring place, flyover country and so so much worse, too. I don't care what others call it though. I don't care because it is my home.

My home smells like beer & pretzels.

*St. Louis loves baseball.
Love is contagious.
I like living in a city
with contagious love
of baseball.*

~~toni ght i celebrate people i love in the city i love.~~
there is truth and life and hope. God is good. He really is.

Smile because you are beautiful and somebody loves you whether you know it or not.

When I hug my friends, I feel good.

Hi there my name is Leah and I love you.

Today will be awesome. You feel me?

Life is short. Have fun and be nice.

she whistled and whistled and whistled until her feet stopped dancing

Bitch always
rollin' her hips
to Mariah.
Always.

Here we are at the St. Louis Art Museum at last after being gone for a lifetime of travel and school and babies and jobs. How comforting it feels to return to the place of sledding down hills, cartwheels with drunk friends, and inside as well the Monets, the Degases, the Modiglianis, the beauty and cool darkness which harkened me into a place of hopeful future.

Can't ever go back, but can go home as a new person and be grateful and loving and happy.

Hey horsey,
do you think
you can make
it into that
lagoon?

*This was my first time and it was awesome. Louis was here.
Louis, age 12, beneath the statue of Saint Louis from the
1904 World's Fair. Perhaps someday a statue of me
will be in a park somewhere.*

This is the first day at Washington Park library
The sky is blue, the sun is out, the AC is cranked
These kids know how to have fun

The dogs are fed.
Cats always have
enough food.
Trees got some
rain on the
Southside today.

I drank tonight. Four big Stags and a shot of Jerry at the [REDACTED]. There was a brief ruckus as a bunch of kids chased another kid down the street, fists up & chests out, blowing some newly-minted testosterone. Nothing really came of it. Some of us from inside the bar stood outside to watch the boys, puffed up and proud, walk back up the street where they started. Some I was standing with there were pretty disgusted. People complained about the drain on society. I wanted to argue against their pessimism, to talk about me starting out a stupid kid with a chip on his shoulder, but now being a homeowner, taxpayer, lawn mower. I didn't, though, and now I'm glad of that. Based on the anti-conventional clothes, the scars and tattoos, these folks didn't have it all that easy coming up either. The weirdos are making the neighborhood better, not because they're weirdos, or creative outsiders, or beatniks focusing attention of wealthy art supporters, but because they live there. They have kids, and they want their kids to have a safe environment to grow up in. The southsiders are optimists. They demand something from these neighborhoods. The neighborhood expects more.

I moved to St. Louis in 2008 and it took a lot of time before I understood what it meant to be a resident. St. Louis is an incredible place. The people are loyal and full of pride. I love the culture of the residents of the north side. They love, they laugh, and they are there for each other. They may not appear to have much in the way of material goods but they live life to the fullest each day because they understand the value of each moment. Thought #2: Segregation in the city must stop. Opportunities must be provided for all. And from my daughter: Never mind. She got too shy.

As we enter a new dawn of understanding, it is more important than ever to have compassion. People are hurting, they are sick and feel hopeless.

Extend your hand to those in need and you will be comforted.

Wishing S t. Louis got more credit for being such an
incredible place. I s pent part of today at the Botanical
Garden, and I;m still tingling!

today victoria used a typewriter. and it was good.
today josh looked hot in his glasses. it w s good.

Yesterday I got engaged to the most amazing man in the world. I love him so much and like that we got to play like little kids in the museum before we have to be all grown up and shit.

I have the same thing on my mind
as every red-blooded American boy
in Saint Louis. Mia!

the greatest thing youll ever learn is just to love and be loved in return. the end.

my thoughts, you ask? it,s hard to say reallyw hat im thinking. i almost j ust knocked my coffee off of this counter while typing this because i w wasnt paying attention to the f act that i sat it right next to where the paper shifts. i guess you could say that im dis tracted. distracted by the love of my life. wh just walked over and tried to see what i was typing. i think ill get back to him now. keep on lovin, st. louis.

FINIS