

BENZO

“When you ask me about it, I’m going to be the first one to deny that there is a death cult. Nevertheless, do you mean me? That may be a reason not to believe me. Look at me. I feel that I’ve got it together. I know how to draw my limit. I think I’m different than everyone else. That’s why I’m here. I sit here, and I share my stories with others. I have a lot of stories to tell. These stories can provide understanding of the world. They can help others to overcome their challenges. In a sense, you come here to drink. I’m in here to hang around and hear the stories. The drinking only adds to the overall understanding. It also helps to complete the invitation. It’s an open invitation. You only have to give yourself. You have to put aside everything else that’s happening in your life. In the moment, you’re a part of this enthusiasm. If you wanna call that a cult, I don’t know what you’re telling me. I’m not going to survive forever. No one is. A few years from now, this place be completely changed. A few years ago, this place was completely different. Here we are, we are making a New World. We want it to last. We look to the future. We look to the heavens. We want this blessing to be permanent. Nevertheless, we can see the challenges. That does not stop us. That does not make us afraid. We have a mission to complete. And we’re all working together to make it happen. I’m here to help others enjoy themselves. And I know that some people are going to take this commitment to the extreme. I can only be here to add my contribution. I can’t pretend that this is going to work forever. I need more than words. If this is the place where the change begins, I’m all in. Elsewhere, people may feel rejected. They made me feel that no one is concerned about their fate. I’m here to set things differently. I’m not the only one. That’s why we’re all here together. If we support each other, maybe things won’t be so fucked up I know that there are people here for me. Some of them growing impatient. They may have wondered why I’m here all the time. When they don’t see me they may wonder what’s wrong with me. I want to think that I’ve done good for the people that I know. I’ve given of myself. I’ve been creative. I’ve taken the available resources, and I have improved their availability. I’ve done things to make us all proud. I think there’s a certain pride that we all bring to this experience. That is why people seek me out. If something bothers me, I don’t hesitate to call it out. That may bother some. It can’t be any other way. And I give myself for this kind of success.”

“ I’m willing to go to bat for other people. In a deeper sense, what is the culture here? What is going on? How are things affecting everyone? We’re not sitting around reading books; this is a story in itself. It involves all of us in an active experience. Some people may feel as if they’re not being taken seriously. No one really strives to it give them credibility. This is where you come to be recognized. You tell us what you know, and we tell you what we know. I know some people want to be more specific than that. What is the starting points for that reality? I have been a creative person. I have my art. There are others here or just the same. But we just we don’t just look inside of us. We are making some thing, live here now. That is the basic story. And I ask those who are creative outside this place what can you make happen here? I think that this was always my concern. I felt that I had a base I could share my own beliefs. And that community would be self-sustaining. I understood how difficult that could be. It wasn’t as if we started out with that much. Where was all of this going? Where were all of us going? Or in a sense we were saying no to the outside world. What was the basis for that first step? How are we

moving along. We may have focused on the trivial in some things, but that was important for all of us. I wanted to see our art in this way. We didn't create if we weren't making things happen. What was the foundation of this inspiration? Where did it all begin? Where did it all go? Nothing was going on here, what was needed to light the spark. I knew that we had our memories. In themselves, they could almost be enough to make it all happen. But we couldn't accept our past as it was. We needed to ask questions. That was why we got together. The past can be very lonely. They can trick you into believing things that are no longer so. We didn't want our beliefs to throw us off the game. How was that possible? We all became intensely attuned to the moment. If that meant we need to anesthetize ourselves, that was an important part of the process. Why did we need to dwell on unhappy experiences. We didn't want to see ourselves as unhappy. It's not a place to be unhappy. Admittedly, tragedy stocked us. It would try to knock us down one by one. We got together to commiserate. But if that was all, we are really going nowhere. We spoke a different language. We sang a different tune. We created a necessity that went beyond beyond its initial formulation. What was left out? It was not included? How were we supposed to think about the art that we created in this locale."

How could it have a vibrancy be on the present moment? We were seeking a lasting imprint. We wanted to experience to endure. Even if this was a form of oral poetry, that would be testament enough to this movement. We were confident about our contribution. We needed to exist in the now. In order to create, the individual requires such an intense focus. At the same time it is important to be open to what is going around on around us. What was happening? We were being loud into an allusion. We gave a self importance to some thing that was transient. Art wasn't about doling the pain. It also wasn't about tightening the suffering. If we didn't create insight, we lacked true inspiration. We all became involved in this operation. There were others who moved in and out. They saw what we were doing. They could use it for a temporary high. We couldn't really object to that. Sometimes these folk will take advantage of us. They would realize how generous we were. And they would take a little more. And they would take a little more."

"All this voice upsetting. These people have truly lost faith. Fortunately our connection with them did not last. They were in an out, and always done. I realized that there was a lot ahead of us. I had become so involved in this wonder that I thought that it could survive on its own. Needed reinvigoration. I was in the middle of my project. This was a work in progress. Nevertheless, at each stage I need to show results. What did that truly mean? What was my contribution to everything that was occurring here? I needed to understand. I needed to commit myself to the future. I needed to make sure that I was a board for what was coming along. Indeed, and I was no longer afraid of my mistakes. I can make them part of this mosaic. Others could add their perspective. For some, this might've seemed abstract. We weren't just chronicling our highs. There was more to this than sleeping off her misery. We sought results. We were here to leave evidence. We wanted others to become absorbed in what was going on. And itself, this was exciting. At times, it seemed as if we were gambling with a future that barely existed. That did not stop our participation. We were in it for the long-haul. That was what made everything so delightful. We believed in tomorrow even if tomorrow would never come."

"What did an art look like that paid tribute to the future? For some, this is a tribute to the children. Many of us felt that our childhood had been ripped from us. We were not here to relive

those experiences. We wanted to imprint reality with our own vision. In the end, we want to make sure that ours existed in the here and now. And there were things that we did outside of this place that were simply a sketch towards this grandmaster work. What would that involve? What were we protecting? Could our defense get us in trouble. Were we too wild. Did we create danger for ourselves and other people? Who is really in our corner? This was not going to be an easy task. There's so many factors working against us. We wanted to be victorious. How could we conceive of ourselves as champions when we might seem so forlorn to others? What had been taken from us. How had we been debilitated by this fight.? We trusted each other. That seemed fundamental. Nevertheless, there are real questions whether we can trust others."

"This went beyond visitors who we let in our room. We were talking about the outside world; what was going on there? How would it impinge on what was happening inside this place? Every day presented new difficulties. There are moments when it felt as if the arts would never be complete. It might've seemed presumptuous to think that we could complete everything here. We couldn't see it any other way. That would be an affront to our commitments. We were looking for the right words. We were looking for the perfect thoughts. But it all came together randomly. We weren't supposed to plan it. We were supposed to limit it as a developed. It was supposed to happen. We believed in the process, and the process is on our side. For this reason, we knew in our heart of hearts that this would be the final result of all our performances. Sometimes, I would be squawking or making noise. I was trying to put everything into balance. Outsiders would listen to me, and think that I had no understanding of the overall process. Indeed they would be convinced that this randomness had nowhere to go. I wasn't like that. I had creative faith for everyone here. I had told them that damn nation was the only way to redemption. From time to time, we never knew which side of the coin we were on. In a sense, it hardly mattered. We accepted where this was going. And we left it at that. That added to our home. We knew that our memories were secure. We had taken a step into the darkness, and we had brought light. That was all that mattered for the moment even if we couldn't demonstrate that passion, we understood that it existed somewhere in the universe."

"To make this truly happen, we needed someone to review our progress and credit our efforts. Who would this be? It couldn't be one of us. We were all too involved in the present. We're all too rooted in the past. And we had this glimmer of hope for the future. We were looking for something else. Who had the same vision? You can make it all happen.

"Come to me, and I can help you finish the story. That is that your role. How is it supposed to end? It all ends badly. You fill in. It is supposed to be there. I'm not supposed to be there; why do I want this? Why do I want to join death cult? I'm waiting for my invitation. I'm waiting for my opportunity. I'm waiting for my confession. We're all waiting for a confession. We're all going to arrive late. We want our confession to be clear."

"Benzo, do you want to lead the congregation? What do we know? What's going to come on? I don't wanna see any of this? It's on my face. Is that what I think I'm saying? Do you know who I am? It's not I was supposed to go. This is supposed to be completed. It's all supposed to be in place. It's all supposed to be out in time. Now, I think I understand. No one bothered; this is the everything of my life. I got caught. I was hiding something. Everything came crashing down. I feel that I'm coming down with something. I feel as if I am contagious. This becomes my existence. It's because my world. I enjoy this. I think that you have the potential to change. Do

you remember meeting me? I'm the same person, but I look different. This is in part of the story. Sit down with me and tell me everything that you know. We all know one thing. We all know something uncomfortable about ourselves. We sit there and we take it. We sit there and we watch. We found a way to be perfect. We find a way to blame the world. Find away not go in the world. What do you want me to do about this? How can I make your life better? How can I make your life into something? I feel as if somebody's following me. He's asking me to do things that I wouldn't do on my own. Some great stuff was going on here earlier. What's happened to the world? Why did we do this? Why did this bother you? Why did you get involved? What would've happened if you had done nothing? But with the people have thought? There is a difference. The propaganda is getting more and more intense. How are you going to care for these people? What are you going to do to make things better? It's getting more and more grotesque. There is something that I need to ask you. What do you think I showed up here? What do you think that I want? Do you want if you want all the time. None of this is changed. None of this will change. We don't wanna lose you from the fault. You know that he's not one of us. He's not been initiated. He's not part of the death card. You're letting him wander around and not protecting us. We brought you back. Used your teeth. Bite in! Bite in hard!"

"I think I need to get this. I was going to. Don't think that you get this. We need to be solid about what's going on here. We all share the same beliefs; we all see things as they happen. Do you think that you are well? It's one thing when you see what's happening. It's quite another when you were doing things to make it worse. Put on the mask. Put on a happy face. This is the happy face corner. Sit down and sacrifice. I came here because I want to talk about the art. Are you talking about the art? Here's where things get thorny. You were trying to create works of art. Are you were showing people what they already know. You were repeating memories have gone over again and again. And they were exactly the same. And you have photographs. Nothing changes. And you darken things here and there. Things vanish before your eyes. Do you know what you're looking at? Do you know who you're looking at? Who interrupted you? Where is this going? Why are you so unhappy? Why is everybody unhappy here? You asked a question, and you got an answer. That's how it works. Think about a blank canvas. Think about the performance. Tell me what to do. Tell me what to be. I think you do need a script. You need a list of things to do. I need a list of things not to do. This is the list-of-not-to-do-things corner. We all sit around and talk about the things we did, and what they were going to become, things we didn't do and what they weren't going to become if we talk about them in the right way; this will create art. We won't understand the circumstances. What is the setting? What is the argument? Where do we belong?"

"I walked by the factory day after day and I see what they are producing. They take these products; they put them on shelves. Then they load them on pallets. Then they ship them out. Where is all this stuff going? Can you hotwire a car? Is that the story you want to tell us? Tell us how you hotwire a car? It's all going in this direction. You and your buddies, and you never got caught. And insurance wrote it all off. That's all that ever matters. That's the only thing that can matter. We can't become a club. Arrivals for the same thing. You've offered me more than I need. I'm devoted to this project. There's something I need from you. Need from your friend."

"Why did you change your name? Why did you change your life? This is getting a little weird. I'm a little frightened. I'm a person who lets things get to her. I personally let's things get

to him. I'm sure okay here. I just spent a lot of paint. And moves back-and-forth. These are the flowers. Let's do a portrait. Who are you? Where am I supposed to start? I start with the eyes. I look in your eyes. I tell you what you need. I tell you what I can do. I need to save up. I need to save us. This is the place where we all get saved. I would like to explain it better. I will tell you where it all started. It started with a smile. I think someone has finally understood. I want one person to understand. And I want one other person to understand the person who understands. This is where it's getting good."

"She sat next to me. She held my hand. What went next? I need another drink before I can remember. I need another drink so I can forget. Where do I want to start the story how do I wanna keep it going? And where do I want to cut it off. Look at her face! Can you recognize her. Can you recognize any of this all at once? It's all coming at me. It's all driving me crazy. I wasn't able to do anything. I wasn't able to change the thing. I just want to follow one line along. I know that this is the only thing that makes any difference. We're on the same page. We're on the same page for a while. I don't want to do the same thing again. I'm chanting to myself. You're listening to my chance. I'm not going to say that this is a death cult. It isn't. But we do say things to each other. We do get along with each other. That we do. Things are for the really over. For a while, they are still fresh. Everything here is fresh. It's a little crazy. Then it gets really crazy. The next few days are going to be very difficult. Going to be very difficult for all of us. Then things are going to become clearer. Then they're going to get more difficult again. This part is supposed to be different.

Benzo is sitting in the corner. I am Benzo. I have my drink. Do you want to talk to me? What do you wanna talk about? I want to talk about art. I think that I get this. You splatter yourself against the canvas. It's like a fight. Punch. You don't want to hurt anybody. But you have to stay in this place. And then you gamble. You gamble at all. I could put it all together. I could give you a clear picture. This is going hurt more than you know. That's why you need to be a part of it. Some these questions need to be asked. Sometimes you're afraid to ask these questions. They define who you are. They define who you don't want to be. They're fine who you're going to become. This is about to get exciting. Benzo is about to reveal everything. I'm about to review everything this is my art. This is my science. Benzo, tell us about your science. I wanna tell everybody about my science. That's why you're all here. That's why you're all gathered around me. I'm here to share. I'm here to share what's inside. I have an art. I have a way of thinking. I can explain things. I can describe colors. What do you know? Where is this going to go? I want you to tell me what to do question. I'm gonna tell me which hand to raise first. And just give me a started. That's all that Benzo asks.

"He wants you to get him started. He has a great tale to tell. No one seems to understand. Who is in the way? Are you in the way? This is going to take a long while. Why do people use this place to get fresh? Benzo this is all up to you. This is my prayer to you. I don't never matter to you. None of this can matter. I can't do this again. I need to stop it before it goes any further. Is there somewhere around here that can help me at all?. I just get this feeling that you're going to fade into oblivion. You're not going to pop up righteousness. It will all be complete. There's a difference here; you're not able to give up that much of yourself. What do you want to know? What do you know? What can you say? What can you say to others? Why are you going around the circle? This is where it gets really frightening. Do you know if this is coming. You know that

there's a bitterness here. I'll get it to you. But I want understand. Everybody wants understand. But understanding doesn't really mean understanding. It really means forgetting. So your art reflects this moment of forgetting. Important details are left out. At a certain point, everything is left out. I think I understand it now; we are getting to this place. We are arriving in the middle of nowhere. Someone picked out a room for me. Someone picked out a house for me. I am being active in this process. Can I join in? Can I be happy? This is the happiness corner. Benzo invites you to the happiness corner."

"I'm in earnest. I was riding my bike. And someone tried to run me off the road. So I took my bike, and I broke her window. And I broke her life. And I destroyed everything that she was. And she came back at me one more time. Where are you going? I thought you had this all worked out. You keep going around in a circle. I just don't want someone to pick up the book, and tell me what is inside. What am I missing? I was someone to walk that same path. Much. This is too much excitement. This is too much enjoyment. Benzo, hold me back. Benzo gets tied down. Benzo screams. What kind of place ties me down? I'm screaming. Let me go and I'll stop screaming. We tie you up because you're screaming. You're a danger to yourself. I know. I've always been a danger to myself. This is what happens here. We realize that we're dangerous to ourselves. We do things that hurt. We do things that don't hurt. We don't do enough to draw boundaries. What's the boundary? Jump over the line. Benzo play another game. Benzo classes. Song. Benzo makes us high. Make us high! I want somebody who knows. I want someone who understands. This is coming to you. You can look at this when it's convenient. Are you are very controlling. I know. That's why I get things done. But I have doubts here. I have doubts that this is going to lead to anything. You have one goal in mind."

"You're very good at it. And I hope it works out. I need someone else to lead me on. I need someone else to tell me what I need to know. I need to steal. I need to beg. I need to borrow. What's in there? What can we put in there so we can get out what we need. I look at the canvas. What is on the inside? What is on the outside? There is the splatter. What is this represent? This represents the shit of now. Are you really going to make an effort? If you found somebody who really made an effort, he wouldn't tolerate your bullshit. Do you see what this is all about? You tell me you have plans. Your only plan is to wake up make coffee and go to work. At least you have a job. For other people, their plans are to wake up and make coffee and tell them selves that they will eventually go to work. None of the plans mount anything. Because it's not your job to make plans. Benzo do you understand what this is about? It's not my job to make plans. I just show up. I see what's happening. I gave him my five cents worth. Where is he going? Why does he keep coming back. Why do any of these people keep coming back. Are you really open? Are you really survey? Will you give me what I need? Why did you lock the door? The sign says open. The sign says that I am invited. He invited me. He's an inviting person. He invites everybody here. This is really happening. This is real time shit. It's not like it's something in my head. It's real time shit. I'm the witness. I'm sitting with him. And I'm hearing what they're saying. And they're all saying the same thing. Did you see the dog? Do you talk to the dog? I saw the dog last week. I saw the dog jump. I saw Sally jump. I saw everybody jump. Did you see that? What does that mean? This is where it gets even more intense."

“You feel as if you’re dying. And they’re taking away your ability to make decisions. And you still have decisions to be made. And you’re trying to communicate them to the world. Now they don’t want to hear them anymore. The decision maker is not being listened to. And you keep talking on. How do they make you that way? How do they make anyone that way? And you keep talking on. They take the words from you. You don’t want to suffer this. You play some game. Let’s go golfing. And you’re asleep on the golf course. Can I sleep here? I have a place. But I want to sleep here. I can’t sleep outside here. Why not? It’s the daytime. I want to enjoy the sun. If I fall asleep, that’s my right. You’re not allowed to fall asleep. Why not? Where is a better place to sleep?”

“:You can sleep while you eat. I was asleep in a restaurant. I don’t know how it happened. I slept at night at home. But I went to a restaurant. After I ate, I felt tired. I just fell asleep. You know that I’m looking at you. You know that I’m watching you. You know I’m the one person who is watching you. Benzo sees everyone. Do you want to be with Benzo. He’s the source. You’ve spent all this time trying to find a source. You’ve gone around in circles. You’ve been wasting your time. You’ve been training me. And you need to go around one more circle again.”

“This is how I make my money. People like what I do. I have my art here. And I have my art outside of here. If we could figure out the art here, so it all makes sense. Really, he just has a splatter. And people attribute more sense to what they say. This could only be one place. This could only be one person. This could only be fun. That hurts me more than it hurts you. I want to talk about this. It all collects in one place. That one person tells me what I need to know. This is a different thing. I don’t see it. It’s all the flash. It’s soaked in alcohol. Do you think you can bring us to life? Is this your art? We are all in jars. You’re soaked in alcohol. And you’re here to bring us to life. Are you a doctor? Do you know medicine? Or I will take that question. What if I become?? We go back. There’s no way that I could ever listen to you. You’re trying to save me. You’re trying to be luxurious. I think I know where I met you. I had this dream. I remember you talking to me. The way you talk.”

“It’s a little bit inflected like a baby talking to me. You’re learning new words. You’re putting it all in place. This is the only thing that means anything. And I’m still thinking about one thing what’s her name? Did she change her way of talking? Did she change her way of acting? Each person has a complex story. And I’m here to listen to it. This is going to be very different than you think it is. I don’t even know what I’m talking about. This is getting crazy. I can’t stop myself. Neither of us can stop the other. Neither of us can stop the self. The self will not stop talking. Benzo will not stop talking. I need to talk to Benzo. Benzo needs to talk about things. He can help me. He can help me get better. He’s helped himself get better. Everybody here is getting better. Why do people act like this? Why do people feel like this? Where is any of this going to go? I need to get up early in the morning and put it all in place. I need to show my anger. I need to show my hatred. I need to show my love. I’m sitting with Benzo. Her arm and arm. And she comes over to talk to us. When he comes over to talk to us. Can I buy you a drink? Can you put a drink on my tab? Who really cares for me? Who’s going to free me?”

“Get free. I’m not part of any of this. I need a suggestion. Where is this going? I can’t stop myself. Nine and nine is eighteen. We’re getting answers. Where do you want to start. I could start with some simple questions. Who made me? How was I made? Why do I feel bad about this? I’m sorry I’m a little behind. I’m goiong clear all this up. Then I’m gonna clear this

up again. I'm gonna clean it up. Here's how it's working. You do this for me, and I do this for you. Do this quickly. Show up. Find me. Give me what I need. I have an issue to discuss. There's so much that's bothering me. There's so many people that are bothering me. I got all that I needed. Tired, tired. That's brilliant. I know what this is about. Someone's going to put words in your mouth. And we've been talking? What are you--the person who talked to me last week? I can't remember near this. I don't wanna remember any of this. This is a forgetting stone. Touch it, and you can forget your most terrible memories. I can't afford for this to happen. Around my terrible memories are these wonderful memories. This is what happens in the real world. Why do you think that you can patch up peoples lives? Came and patch up your own life. You can't put the pieces back together. I hear the dog barking. I hear the rooster crowing. I think it's time to get out of here. There's nothing better to say. You are wonderful. Don't open things that you're not going to be able to finish. Thank you very much. I would like to think the Academy."