

Row-etry: Inside Chase Gouin

An interview by Jared Souney

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[Intro]

Chase Gouin is one of the most intriguing people to enter the BMX world. If you're a newcomer to the sport you'd likely have no idea. You might have heard his name used in mythical context — a rider who could seemingly do anything on a bike, and along with Kevin Jones pushed riding in ways it has rarely been pushed since. You may have heard his name associated with controversy and confusion, with drugs and with running from the law. All these things are Chase Gouin.

There's no doubt Chase is misunderstood, but part of that is in the nature of us, as people, to try to understand and analyze everything that is not what we perceive as 'regular'. Had Chase been a 'regular' individual as society is concerned, there is little question that flatland, and BMX as a whole, would something very different. Chase has produced some of the most technical video parts BMX has ever seen.

In the early 90s a string of events surrounding Chase's life circulated into rumours, some true, and some exaggerated, while many of the truths are almost unbelievable. For the past ten years or more Chase has remained to most, a mystery.

This is really like no interview I've ever done. In fact it's really just Chase talking about a few things I brought up. I didn't ask many questions, I just had a few as a basis. Chase has a lot of ideas and opinions you may or may not agree with. He might offend you, he might make you think. He'll probably do both.

If you have no background on Chase I recommend you watch some of the following videos before reading this: Any and all Dorkin' videos, # 4 through the present. Glote, and e-Clipse. There are plenty more, but those will give you some background and some idea of what kind of riding ability we're talking about here. The 'final words' contain some of Chase's 'Row-etry' as he emailed it to me.

RIDE: What were you doing before you moved to York, PA? What drove you to move there?

CHASE: There are two main reasons combined which caused my move to York. One was my built up restlessness and anger, from youth into my teenage years. The other was a sort of freak coincidence. I'll just start explaining how it all came together. From what I've come to realize in recent years and months, being raised – oops I mean lowered – by a stern, full-fledged Christian Mother, was the base factor in the suppression of my natural yearning throughout childhood. Since I was very young the god/devil scenario was already established in my head. I remember the feeling of being pent up inside and mentally burdened by the religious messages while growing up. Some people roll with this in more of a casual passiveness. I just so happened to be excessively affected by it as it became my biggest pre-occupation. I shall not elaborate on all the repercussions at this time. But let the point be made that it *was the* underlying problem causing most of my sense of entrapment and angst, which ultimately lead to me itching to move away. The point I want to make is that I always felt like whatever I was doing was wrong or a 'sin,' since the religious regiments simply don't match with natural human characteristics of any age. Feeling like this normally, it's no wonder I was exceptionally nervous about specific expectations and set timed performances. This turned out to be a serious problem for me in contests and 'eyes on me' throughout my entire life. I never overcame the anxiety. The fact of me being (un-knowingly) anxious for something which felt more like a purely authenticated existence, is the general idea I'm trying to get across here. This was, and has always been my dilemma. But I'd rather be aware of our epic deficiency than not knowing the difference lost in a numbed phoney happiness. The torment of losing de-liberation I felt over every thought and action back then, was un-pinpointable and beyond multiple perceptive analysis to me at the time, but I am quite sure that my automatic response system propelled me to be constantly active, acting as an escaping compensator.

I played hockey, baseball, soccer, track and field, guitar, skateboarding, and BMX up until age 12. Although I did fairly well in all of them, I never seemed even remotely content with any of it. That's because no amount of over-doing anything could erase my overwhelming feelings of guilt, shame and dissatisfac-

tion. See, the bulk of what we're forced to absorb regarding fundamental religion, works against the grain of our purest, deepest human desires and instincts — this is the biggest clash/spoof of all time. Hence, our truest, worthiest, most noble aspirations and human experiences are kept from emerging. Unhindered individual essence is frozen in ice-o-late-dead-limbo from the beginning, and most never know the difference. So all is what made me so disgruntled in my youth. I'll spare you my connected and very relevant case of the 'crib crimes' for now, but let me say that I have some highly probable theories to show how 'certain other incidents' helped to compound the problematic themes in my life.

At age 12 I quit hockey to practice flatland exclusively. Up until then I had always done BMX riding — jumping, wheelies, etc. But a boy my age moved in next door and showed me a BMX magazine. At the time, I had a red and yellow Raleigh and he had a Redline 600a. Then I got a Redline 500b or something similar and the first official flatland trick I did was a track stand in my front yard. I rigged that bike to do a few tricks, then got a Haro Sport. By this time I was definitely full-on doing flatland every day. I learned a single decade in my basement, then a double. I had no Gyro, so I ran a long rear cable and pre-twisted it the other way so I could try more decades and ride away. Flatland put me in a more personal space where I was the only one in control, or to blame. This 'expecting more of myself whilst in mental controversy' approach to coping has been a large part of what's pushed me throughout the years. In hockey and soccer I was the goalie, in baseball I was usually catcher or pitcher so you see also why maybe I took to flatland. So here was the deal — I would be the winner of my own satisfaction depending on if I could manage to earn it myself through this particular act which drew me to it. This was not a team effort nor did it require coaches, referees, judges, teachers or rules. The task the bike demanded done was to think of tricks to do on it. At the core it encouraged open mindedness and imagination. Since it was a solo act, it required or at least suggested that the rider set himself apart from the other solo acts. It was perfect. It had established set tricks common to everyone, but allowed for a personal touch. It didn't fit into any format I was accustomed to. It wasn't a robotic ritual of take orders / carry them out. It provided a new sensation involving multiple body parts moving spontaneously, simultaneously, and randomly. It forced my mind to

focus (to some degree) amidst my conflicts, and provided an outlet comparable to no other. It required more from my 'being' both physically and emotionally — and rewarded me with a feeling unattainable anywhere else. Once I got a taste of this there would be no turning back or changing my main interest... forever.

I was a good kid in the sense that I feared god, didn't drink, smoke, or touch a girl. I hated school, but took general level courses, never skipped out, and tried to pay attention so I would have less homework or studies. The reason for this was so I could just practice flatland after school till dark and not be bogged down any other distraction. Plus, I favoured the physical activity and creative mindset over structured academics. I never claimed to be the sharpest tool in that regard, but I'm still in my partially custom built shed yet architected by the dogmatic dullards. I was forced to go to church on Sundays – as something inside me even then knew it didn't feel right – and went to 'youth group' once a week. The big question in youth group was 'how far is too far', to go sexually with your boyfriend or girlfriend. The definitive answer given by the church Pastor was, 'Anything beyond a prolonged kiss is a sin.' Well, at least we knew we could make out for a long time. I was 'born again' at age 12, and I got a personalized bible as a reward. I went on youth retreats, and was baptized in front of the congregation. I remember coming back from the youth trips, where the talk was 'Now you're all going back out into the world, so this is when you really have to keep standing strong for Christ.' Basically the trip was meant to get you pumped up on Jesus and hope it didn't fizzle out.

In high school I met a skater named Steve Brough. He was a year older than I and we had no classes together, but we hung out occasionally since I skated too. He was sort of a 'bad seed' I guess you could say, and I was the goody-two-shoes, red-hair-freckle-faced, straight-edge kid. We were both sort of misfits. I think he drank and smoked a bit, cut classes, and shoplifted. I did none of that but we hung out anyway. He had an allure which probably represented the 'dark side' to me. He seemed to take an interest in my riding and apparently thought I was cool enough to be seen with. He would write notes and pass them to me in the hallway. They had cool little sketches and entailed plans about taking off together. We named our would-be escape the 'Coffee and Cookies Across the Country Tour.' But of course in the back of my head I thought, 'He's more on

his way to hell than I am, how can I reach him and still be his friend?' Between the ages of 16 and 18, a few other things happened that dramatically increased my desire to get away from my family and Windsor. I bunnyhopped a post-to-post chain, and hooked my back wheel, resulting in a concussion and thrashed face. My parents wouldn't let me ride even after the doctor okayed it. They locked my bike in the basement, but one day I broke the lock and went riding. They found me at a parking lot, got out of the car and the both of them literally tried to pull the bike away from me. I yanked away and took off, but went home that night anyway. Not long after that, I got a call from Steve Brough who was in Niagara Falls, Canada. He said that I could come and stay with him at some apartment there. I didn't need much convincing. So I planned to run away from home. I snuck out one morning at 5am and went to Niagara with Steve, and his dad who thought I had permission. I got there and stayed a couple nights, but then the cops showed up somehow and said my parents were coming to get me. So my dad and his support buddy convinced me to reluctantly go back home. Another time I was driving my dad's Datsun 510 back from Toronto after failing to get some flatland shows. I dozed off for a split second, hit the side gravel, then woke up and tried to steer but flipped it a few times into a ditch. The car was a write-off but my friend Emil and I were OK. Of course I anticipated that my dad would be more angry about his car than showing how happy he was that I was still alive. What do you know, that's exactly how he reacted. I was as defeated and distraught as I could possibly have been at the time.

One day Steve Brough called again. He said he was living a few streets over from Kevin Jones in York, PA. I was like "What the f—k? —What's going on?" He explained that a few of the Plywood Hoods and friends had passed through his town in Niagara, Canada, in their van. He said that he started talking to them, he threw his skateboard and backpack in the van and they agreed to take him to York. He said that he had told Kevin Jones about me and that I was welcome to visit and ride with them. Obviously I couldn't believe what I was hearing. That's some crazy f—king shit if you ask me. First that he met them, and secondly that he just abandoned everything and tagged along with them, regardless of who they were. So immediately I planned a trip to York. I flew there for a week on March break during grade 12. I stayed at Mark Eaton's and

rode with him and Kevin at the Mt Rose parking lot. I remembered that they were cool and seemed stoked that I could try a few different tricks on request. I was in a state of utter dismay that I was there with those guys. Then I flew back home. I practiced hard, pushed my existing tricks, and learned more basics. But things were still rough at home, and in my head. Once I was staying at a friend's house for a couple days. I remember having the magazine with the Hoods article and dreaming about going there to live. My parents sent over some church guy and he temporarily talked me down. It was inevitable though that I would eventually go there whether my parents liked it or not. So at age 18, on March 9 1990, I moved to York. I had two bikes, \$300, and a bag of clothes.

What changed for you after your move to York? Did it change your lifestyle, riding style etc?

Pretty much immediately on arrival I started changing, mostly because I was not under my parents' control for the first time. This gave me the benefit of feeling unleashed from them and their restrictive overshadowing. I was in a different country and around all-new people all at once for real this time. This freedom quickly manifested in my exploring of the 'indulgences' the world had to offer — namely alcohol and sex. Keep in mind, although I was physically free to do 'whatever' in this newly accessible 'temptation,' my mental confictions continued to haunt me. And now it was much worse because I was actually *doing* the things which would 'send me to hell.' Soon I was drinking at least 6-8 beers a few times per week on average. My first sort of sex happened almost right away. This girl leads me upstairs and before I knew it we were naked. But even from a few feet away, I almost choked on the nastiest stank I've never smelled since. On a mission, I proceeded to enter 'it' anyway. I was baffled at how incredibly loose and sloshy it was. I mean, I had nothing to compare it to, but it still seemed a bit extreme — would that be called a 'grand opening'? Then all of a sudden, someone yelled up to us that her mother was walking up the porch. I grabbed what clothes I could, and literally jumped off the upper balcony in my underwear. Soon after that, I 'gooped' for the very first time in my life when 'ukin' a different 'bakest.' And imagine it took that, to make me curious enough to figure out that I could 'do it myself.' I had not even attempted masturbation

until then. That should give you an idea about my teenage 'angst' and 'build up.'

On the riding scene, Kevin and I became daily practice partners. When I showed up there, I could do a fair variety of tricks and was pretty good at some of them. I was predominantly a left-footed scuffer, yet my good peg-coasting leg was also the left. This was a partial handicap because it kept me from doing some of the newer type combos coming out at the time. I could scuff right-footed and could do a few tricks both ways, but that wasn't enough to really move forward. I was aware of this impairment, so I decided to start learning as many basics as I could both ways. Kevin had already done some opposites of course, and so had I, but we began choosing tricks and we each did them our opposite ways. Like taking turns with little games or challenges. We covered a lot of ground that way, generally gaining more bike control. The basics could be anything like, tail-whips, chick-whips, scuffing positions, small opposite combos like half-lash-swivel-fire-hydrant-decade, rolling, etc. We worked decades and whiplashes a lot. We'd be under a plaza awning in the rain at night and the trick was to do 100 double-brakeless-whiplashes in a row, and start over every time back to zero if one was missed... no matter if we were at 99. Another one we'd do was where we had to do no-brake-whiplashes 1-10 — like single, then double, then triple, etc., up to 10 or start over. One night we decided to practice gnu-twitch, which is a backside-donut, bar-flip together. Within an hour we were doing four to five flips. With the two of us combined, we sometimes learned 15-20 new moves a day with 8-10 hour days, and we pushed a lot of stuff really far. Personally, I learned most of the opposite stuff I wanted and needed, and it started coming together. I think doing two directly opposite tricks gave me the scope of what was possible in the middle of them or together. The diversity of the tricks, plus feeling comfortable in a greater range of positions, was the recipe for stumbling into many little connections. And of course, most of the actual trick positions I was using were Kevin's, and I was riding with him, so that chemistry was definitely also a factor. My mid-way opposite and dual trick approach to what tricks already went well together might have been what was necessary for such an outcome of variations. I can't imagine progressing like that if I had stayed back in Windsor. I think based on those things, what Kevin and I each brought to the table during that particular time of riding together, was what made it such a

turning point in flatland.

Dorkin' 4 was filmed shortly after I got to York, so that was not much more than what I had arrived there with. *Dorkin' 4 1/2* was starting to show my own direction a little. Eaton called it To Hell and Back because that's what I would shout when frustrated about tricks. But that was a perfectly fitting testament to the hell-threats in my head. *Dorkin' 5* was likely the high-point of combining the tricks we learned in the previous stages. Kevin's section and tricks in 5 was, and is, my favourite. I think my creativity, and ability to bring it all to life was at it's best around then. *Hypnosis* was good too, but not my absolute best. What I hope to have contributed to flatland is not just the tricks or ideas, but the message that everyone else could give flatland their own personal touch too. In hindsight, the example I set was not an invitation or suggestion to blatantly copy, but maybe that other riders would learn to emulate the quality of striving to be unique. Some just copied, some spawned their own variations from mine, and one particular fool had the robotic talent to do both and got carried away with it. But overall, I'm glad to have put in my two cents.

Shortly after that, I no longer lived in York regularly. It was amidst my travels and other problems in the mid 90s, believe it or not, when I began to challenge myself in different ways on the bike. I needed to overcome some of the shit in my head, so I think that's partly why I had to make something else harder for myself as a way to focus more intensely and escape. This involved no back brake or switch brakes or no brakes most of the time. Just prior to me abruptly dropping the religion in Berlin 95, I had been in a severe physical head pain and excruciating religious mental battles. Ironically, this is precisely when I pushed opposite combos and entered new brakeless territory, plus invented some important usable moves. Going that deep in such anguish was all I knew how to do. My combos became shorter but harder and consistency went down. In a philosophical sense, the uncertainty of some of the stuff I was trying represented my coming into 'awareness' and embracing the unknown. Meaning I wasn't always as sure I could pull the trick, but the rush became greater when I did. It symbolically resembled that I was about to, and ultimately did do away with the fear of Christianity. Basically dropping my biggest lifetime fabricated fear, which allowed me to venture into and face the fear and vulnerability of an all-or-

nothing attitude toward my riding... if that makes any sense to you all. That was one of the most profound changes I went through. It separated me once again from the pack, and then many riders started riding brakeless. But I can't say that this route gave me any more fulfilment. Like I said, I think it was just a necessary process I had to go through, and I came out on the other side no more easy-going or content.

Did sponsorship change anything for your riding? Did it help you? Did it create Problems?

For me, sponsorship and my lifestyle were intertwined in a fumbled attempt to get by and just keep riding. *Dorkin'* videos got me noticed, which made it reasonable for me to approach a company or get hooked up. But around 1990 there wasn't a huge market for flatland if I remember correctly. Plus, it seemed like flat progression was in a sort of slow period. A lot of riders were just learning hitchhikers and backpackers since they were the most recent new positions. Sure there were many other riders pushing themselves and coming up with combos and such, but in general, it seemed like there wasn't a widespread movement of new concepts until Kevin and I joined forces and displayed the new directions and extent of the possibilities in combining. It wasn't hard to get noticed and sponsored when I stuck out like a sore thumb alongside Kevin. I'm thankful for that opportunity. No sponsor had much to give though, even to newcomers with potential, and I rarely got any money. But sponsorship did help my riding because I got some parts to keep rolling and it had me involved with the riding scene. I disliked riding at events and comps, but did so anyway, partly for the sponsors and partly just for something to do. No sponsor added up to much for various reasons as I've explained elsewhere. But it did take me to see some of the world and get some life experience, which was vital to my later awakening.

When did you start experimenting with drugs? How did that affect your riding?

My first attempt to get high was in high school, with the class burnout. We smoked a couple joints at lunch, but it didn't work because I didn't inhale prop-

erly or something. Around that time I also tried alcohol for the first time. I mixed a bunch of drinks, got dreadfully ill, puked, and was dragged across a field. I once tried a cigarette, forced it down, then got dizzy and puked. Those were isolated incidents... I did not do anything else during that time. You would think that might stop me, but like I said before, I was just revving up. Upon moving to York, beer became normal. One day I was in Eaton's basement and found what I thought could be a joint in a cigarette pack from a party one year prior. I showed it to Dale Mitzel, then we smoked it. But I'm not sure if it worked that time either because we were already drunk. The actual first time I knew I was stoned was with Kevin. We were out riding doing 'whiplasharouny' and these girls invited us over. They showed me a bong and I had no idea what it was for or how to use it. So I tried to do as they said. Then we went out riding again to the college whiplash hill. This was the first time I *knew* I was high on pot. I did a row of whiplashes, and then at the bottom of the hill I looked up at Kevin with the woods behind him and said "What is the purpose of the universe?" I seemed like a tiny insignificant spec – which I am – and that just came out of my mouth. That quote was put at the bottom of the screen just before my section in *Dorkin 4 1/2*.

I didn't become a daily smoker for a while though. Kevin and I would occasionally smoke weed and ride / hang out. I was still not sure though if I could function enough while on it and ride good. One time I remember Kevin and I were driving to the parking garage and we had smoked some weed. I remember being pretty stoned because I had made a big deal about the back-to-back Gun's n' Roses songs on the radio. But I also didn't know how the f—k I was supposed to ride in such a state. We got there and Kevin proceeded to do crap loads of rolling tricks down the garage levels... I was blown away. That might have been the time where it proved to me that it could be done. After that, I don't ever remember having any particular problems while riding baked. If you want to know if it actually helped me, I would have to say definitely yes. Creatively, there is no doubt. It never seemed to stop me from taking those ideas and bringing them to life. There are several factors though, as to why it worked for me. Keep in mind that I was in a living hell, head-guilt-trip most of the time. And even though I still thought about that stuff while stoned, it provided enough of

an alteration to generate some strange sort of high gear mode which compelled me to dive deeper into my riding which soon developed into somewhat of an entranced state where everything seemed possible. When you're baked and flat-landing, your mind is pretty much occupied with the lofty tasks ahead. Many people might consider trying a certain trick while baked and then say forget it. But all the things I explained before which made me exist on over drive during that period, erased the question of 'if,' and propelled me to 'over do' the trick and the result was almost always the completion of what I had in mind. They say that pot impairs motor skills, but I can't think of anything more multiple-movement, reaction time, and quickness oriented than flatland. So how is it that I could not only pull old tricks, but learn new stuff and progress under the influence of it? Many others have, and it's really no big deal, but here's what I think: The fact that it may actually be a physical impairment, is almost rendered irrelevant in some cases. First, you must consider the person who's doing it. Someone who already has years of experience and practice at his skill, and has built up the muscle-memory to the point where his body and brain knows what to do when engaged in that act, and adapts well when called upon to make slight and connected variations of those trained movements. Also, it may be somewhat true that creative / artistically inclined people have a greater range of fluxuation in their brain waves, which can capacitate and utilize the induction of mind-altering substances better than someone who is not so pre-disposed, or capable of channelling it toward a specifically desired purpose. This high / low frequency also can be an erratic thought process where more angles or ideas come naturally based on the input. People like this are sometimes prone to manic highs and very depressing lows, even without drug use. Though they may tend to crave drugs more as a self-medicating attempt to level off the fluxuation, or try stay high long enough to avoid the high / low game. But back to my point about the physical impairment not mattering, there are other aspects of the 'alteration' which prove to be even more dominant than the supposed impairment. All things combined in the persons mind which support and facilitate a useful high, take charge in an overwhelming drive toward what must be done. This forces the body to listen and can often result in over-achieving. That's why sometimes I was even surprised at how I managed to pull off the tricks beyond

my expectations. You can't *make* this type of thing to work for you, usually it either helps you or hinders you. Sometimes you can learn how to use it, if you think you have that sort of discipline. I'm not trying to entice kids into smoking pot or anything else, I'm just trying to explain what I have experienced. But all this can be a guide for whether or not you want to. I began smoking pot more often after I moved to Austin, and then more after I moved on to Arizona.

Crystal Meth is the only other drug worth mentioning since it did a couple things for / to me. I know for a fact that it 'jump started' my writing of 'rowetry.' From that point on I was always writing something. Back then it was mostly nonsensical run-alongs, which didn't amount to any particular or practical meaning. It's just been in recent years that I've actually been writing the sort of content which has personal meaning to me, and that may contain some accurate assessments of the human condition. There is one thing that I would like to refute from my last interview in *Ride US* — When I said that 'Drugs gave nothing to me except for a few poems,' that couldn't be more untrue. Although at times I was addicted to the thought of doing hard drugs, I never did any hard drug to the point of addiction. It was few and far between. On a few occasions though, I thought I might have lost my riding ability, and that was scary. But it was always followed by some progression spree to blast out of it. What I want to say is this: There are a couple ways to go about [using drugs]. You can just start trying whatever is available in a party atmosphere. Although you may have a good time, this careless approach can lead to purposeless use and a coach potato future, besides being immediately dangerous. Then again, you can avoid drugs and alcohol altogether, which is your choice. Or you can wait for a time when you have a specific outlet or work, which is personal and pleasurable to you. From there you can do research on different drugs and understand how they can affect a person. Don't get all psyched based on someone's report of amazing experience. And don't get paranoid about side effects or down sides, just keep them in mind when deciding. If you choose to use a particular drug while performing, writing, reading, engaging in sex etc., you will be engaged in an act which provides the drug with something to work with. And the fact that you enjoy and are interested in what you're doing to begin with, brings the heightened experience — depending on many things including mental predispositions.

This can prove to bring you retainable and valuable forms of 'awareness' and evolving your thinking. Of course, this is not the intelligible way I went about doing drugs, and I can't change the course of my past. But it is not mandatory for a person to be the shining success story of the advice they give in order for it to have merit. What's done is done for me. I am now in hindsight passing along what I feel contains some degree of sense. Recklessly doing drugs only in a party setting, can have an adverse affect to any potential realistic insight. Since superficialism is the pre-dominant picture before your eyes, and, being naive and susceptible to portrayals of how we're supposed to present ourselves can transform you into a shallow, typical person, incapable of looking any deeper. You'll walk away missing out on the deeper revelations which can come in a more conducive set and setting. Of course, not doing any drugs or alcohol is perfectly fine, and you should never be pressured into it. But there are fairly safe and intelligent ways to go about altering your mindset into the openness and potentials of multiple perspective analysis. Some with drugs, some without. If you yearn to expand, explore and excel your minds self, then fear not the contemplations of things outside what you're strictly accustomed to, or engaging in the experiences which may bring any desirable change about. And never feel guilty about doing so just because it may oppose what you've been taught to abide by, although that's next to impossible in this world — good luck.

In regards to my current situation, although I don't necessarily think that pot, alcohol and other drug use is solely responsible for the extent of my depression and anxiety problems, I'm sure it had a fair amount to do with it. I have always had really bad performance anxiety. The innate feeling of impending doom, combined with a hyper personality, manic states, and emotionally crushing lows, embarrassment, yet being very forward and outgoing in my nature... It's been complex and frustrating ever since I can remember.

I had never had an official anxiety or 'panic attack.' Just a lot of high-strung stress, and massive depression. A little over a year ago, at the end of summer 2002, I woke up one morning after a night of drinking and pot smoking. I took a couple puffs off a joint and immediately knew something was going terribly wrong. I couldn't breathe and I felt paralyzed. I felt like I was going to definitely collapse and die. I pedaled my bike home one hour from where I was. I stopped

smoking pot and drinking alcohol immediately, and for a while. I had a few drinks about one month later but I felt similar symptoms the next morning. Because I was still not out of the physical addiction yet, a few times I stupidly tried to take one puff of pot to see if it would happen. Sure enough I went into an anxiety attack like the first time. An anti-anxiety pill and an herbal tea helped, but it took hours. I absolutely stopped pot then. I thought however, that I still might be able to enjoy a couple drinks. I seemed to be ok with that for a few months, then I would start having those anxiety symptoms again. I went down to two beers, then one, and still the same thing was happening. So I came to the ultimate realization that I had to be done with all of it. My fear was that if I stopped everything and the anxiety and attacks continued, I would be in big trouble, and what do you know, that's what proceeded to happen. I had a bad anxiety attack one night at a bar without any drinking. The attack lasted four days, until I went to the hospital. I ended up having to go on steady and high doses of anti-anxiety pills, just to exist. I was too doped out to do anything. I lowered the doses myself and tried to wean off them. This was several months ago. I think that first anxiety attack was basically a stroke of some sort and it tripped out a trigger and changed something inside me, and it stayed that way. Now I've been sober for a while and take only one pill at bedtime. I basically developed an anxiety disorder. You really have to have had this problem to understand it... it's not cool. It's not a fear of anything, in my case, rather just a condition which can act up to different degrees. I just do what I have to do to get by, and ride when I can.

There are plenty of people who have done a lot of drugs, way more than me and they don't end up with these types of problems. Then there are those who have never touched any such substances and have bad depression and even anxiety disorders. I know there is a history of anxiety and depression in my family so that may be one cause of it. The substance use, and my lifestyle / problems could have eventually brought it out to be this bad. So know your family history and keep tabs on yourself and your stress levels before it gets too bad. I am an extreme case in all aspects. But do remember that alcohol, pot and other harder drugs mess with your nervous system and change the chemical balances in your brain. Although I don't drink or do drugs anymore I am still

not against the use of drugs in general. I think that such altered states of consciousness have been a big part of pushing thought and human achievement. But again, it's a fine line. So keep this in mind before walking the high wire: You've got to give to get sometimes. For the most part though, I don't think you have anything serious to worry about if you're smart about it.

Did you discover your contempt for religion and your upbringing soon after moving to York? Or was it some years later?

During the winter of 1995, while living in Berlin, Germany, I reached a conclusion regarding my religious beliefs. After years of serious mental stress over the issues, I dropped Christianity as my unstable, half-ass belief system. The nonsensical nature of the stories, plus its very noticeable conflict with my mind and instincts, were two main factors in my awakening. But ironically enough, one of the clinchers was a book that my Aunt had sent me. The message of the story was that, we (meaning humanity as a whole) were specifically created by God to be his counterpart or wife. 'Our role' was played out in the book by a filthy whore. The intention was to show that no matter how much we've sinned against god (like the whore in the story), he will always take us back if we genuinely ask to be cleansed. The book was meant to encourage a backsliding, living-in-sin Christian (like I was at the time), but instead it just convinced me of its ridiculousness. It was shortly after that, when it boiled down to hours, minutes, and even seconds to the point where I basically said to myself, 'On your mark, get set, throw it all away.' From there I began my 'freshly damaged' re-assessment of the process I'd been put through. With it came the initial relief of not having to fear such doctrines or punishment. But along side came the feeling of helpless guilt due to being brainwashed into believing, and the wasted prime stages of my life living in fear

People are swept along with the momentum of this 'heat wave-goodbye' and

it burns all in its careless path. In light of this essence-blazed-bonfire, (and how convenient for their purposes) the blame is spread thin and none can be reached for accountability let alone acknowledgment of our 'World-wide forced fire.' Early man had a justifiably ignorant fear of nature and death. I don't believe that there is a God who created mankind in 'his image.' Rather, man invented the idea of gods, and the gods were made out to be in the image of man (since realistically, man could only identify with man). Example: How fitting is it that the gods they invented ruled in a fashion matching the primitive fears of man in his existence. This caused man to attempt thinking and behaving according to what they thought the gods they invented wanted to see. Hence the endless slew of compounded complications the world has suffered because of it. I need not elaborate for now, but there is no excuse for crude ancient-myths dominating the mind of modern man, yet admittedly, and sadly enough there are a lot of real and uncontrollable reasons for its continuance.

There are many reasons why this issue keeps killing me intimately. I have to sit by and allow my niece to get brainwashed by my mother who is keeping the cycle going. I may have a lot more to say one day about it all. The general public doesn't even half way understand what's behind it when planes get hijacked and flown into buildings. They can't see that all the 'lower level' side effects and consequences of such religious beliefs, that are all connected and add up to the more noticeable complex problems or shocking incidents in the world. Regarding the topic of terrorism, a guest on *Politically Incorrect* (an American television show) made the comment 'You're asking for trouble when anyone over 7 years of age believes in fairy tales.' And 'Things get dangerous when people believe unprovable doctrines.' In a nutshell, he basically summed up the bulk and roots of a lot of humanity's problems. If indeed Bin Laden was calling the shots, he certainly has his religion to contort into justifying it. Then he has his hatred for America. When the money and means and motivation is there to do something like this... Boom. Then afterwards the American people hurried up to regain faith in their own god. What has anyone really learned? Sure Bush is taking 'practical measures' to eradicate the perpetrators. But he calls it 'acts of evil,' which perpetuates the concept that there are two hovering sides — good and evil, God and Satan. This keeps people in the mindset thinking that actual forces

of evil are working through the terrorists, hence keeping it at a level they can comprehend. It's funny how Bin Laden calls America the 'Big Evil.' They both are essentially saying the same thing... that 'the devil' is working through the other. Like children pointing fingers at each other, blaming unseen forces. When in actuality, no one has the right God and no one is being controlled by evil, but it is the belief in all this which is certainly helping create the initiative. It's all a silly but deadly overgrown fairy tale.

You can't realistically imagine a world without all these religions, therefore it's impossible to guesstimate how things might have gone differently or better. The entire history of man has been religions and wars, and killing and torture. This is just a modern example of the same old shit. I find it impossible to believe that intelligent educated informed men who are our leaders, actually believe in the doctrines they hold true to the public. The President of the United States puts his hand on the Bible and swears to uphold the most beneficial duties to help the people. But he's swearing on a book which has caused nothing but physical / mental war amongst us and inside us.

For those who may not know or may have misunderstood, describe a little more clearly your phases and darker turmoil around the mid 90's.

Okay, I'll try to sum it up, while trying to be fairly precise. After getting out of Arizona [after an altercation with the law], I hopped in my Honda Civic and drove straight to Detroit with just enough for gas and food. In Detroit I sold my car for \$800 in one day, then crossed over to Windsor, Canada. I didn't feel like dealing with my parents, or anything else, so I bought a plane ticket and flew to London, England. Within a week or so I ended up living on the streets. I lived in an extra shack that belonged to this bum. It was next door attached to his. It was at South Bank near the Waterloo train station across the Thames River and Big Ben Clock. I would ride during the day, usually passing a hat for spare change, for food and cider at the end of the day. At night I would either roam the streets or try to sleep in my shack. I would lock myself in with my bike, clothes and little food, and maybe a couple ciders and a joint if I was lucky. I was

basically living off the 4 b's (bread, butter, bananas and biscuits). One morning I woke up and saw that my backpack was ripped. I opened it up and discovered that some rats had nawed through the backpack and eaten a portion of my loaf of bread and dropped their shit on it. That was all I had to eat.

I soon found out about a homeless food bank that served meals so I started to go there, as well as getting food and blankets from the hand out vans in the area. Shortly after that I met up with these traveling circus gypsies. They had been living on the premises of an abandon warehouse and invited me to stay there. I did tricks as a part of their show in their street performances. The thing was, they stayed in their campers and custom buses outside the warehouse, whereas I stayed *in* the warehouse. I had breathed in so much dust, and that it actually caused the chambers in my nose to become infected and swollen, causing oxygen deficiency and 'brain pain.' Around that time is when I really started feeling some serious brain pressure, and was seeing black floaters in front of my vision. I soon ended up in Stevenage, England, where I worked for a short period in a factory for a Temp agency. Somehow I got the opportunity to go to Berlin, Germany and do some shows with a crew of different artist type people. So in Germany, we traveled around in a bus and did various performances. The pain in my head was an incomprehensible torment by this time, but I had no choice but to accept it as normal and proceeded with daily functions, even riding and progressing. After that tour I found some good people in Berlin to stay with, and did stage shows at night. I would ride in and underground train station for my regular practice... this was in the middle of winter. I mentioned earlier that in and around this time, I pushed both opposite and brakeless tricks as a means of coping.

A friend helped me search for a doctor who would take my head pain seriously enough to try and diagnose something. While in a desperate state of brain torment, all of a sudden my appendix almost burst, and I narrowly escaped infection of my vital organs and potential death by getting rushed to the hospital for the removal of it. While recovering from that operation and laying in bed, I was trying to convince the doctors to help me find out why my brain was killing me with a piercing pressure in between my eyes. The hospital was a series

of separate houses in a big courtyard. They made an appointment for me to see some doctor on the other side of the grounds. So barely able to walk from the appendix operation, I walked un-escorted in the freezing cold with a light jacket 15 minutes to that other building. I arrived at the office to find the doctor was not in. I walked back and freaked out on the nurses and doctors to no avail or apologies. I recuperated from the stomach operation while still in immense brain anguish looking for yet another doctor. My friend and I settled for some number in the phone book, and made an appointment. This happened to be a 75 year old war time doctor who had amputated legs without anesthetics, and had his licence revoked several times for 'medical mis-conduct.' Of course I did not know this at the time. At first he tried some heat lamp on the area and something else. This was not helping. Due to translation problems I barely knew what what going on. He then decided to do some operation which I was sort of informed would involve slicing open the nasal chambers to allow the oxygen to pass. So I was put under anesthetics (the second time in one month) and the operation was done. I came out of it then a couple days later the doctor came in to remove the gauze from inside my nose. Instead of inserting lubrication and slowly extracting it, he surprised me and yanked out four feet of gauze in one pull. Immediately the blood that was trapped in my nose began to go down my throat and I was choking on it. At the same time he was telling me to breath through my nose which i obviously could not due to the swelling. He put a tray in front of me, and then I threw up the blood from my throat into it. He then took the tray of blood and whipped it across the room splattering all over the walls and the by-standing nurses, and walked out of the room. There aren't really any words left to describe this, except that I was balling my eyes out and flailing on what felt life deaths doorstep but still conscious. They gave me one extra day stay in the hospital for free then told me I had to leave. I attempted to recover at the home of the very kind couple whom I did shows for. That's when I went for the post operation procedures and a different doctor picked pieces of the butchering from my nose for a month or so. He told me that if anything of the sort would have happened in Canada or America (although you can't imagine it happening anywhere but a horror film) I could have sued for millions.

Soon after I flew back to Canada and stayed at my dad's. I went on anti-depressants and anxiety / sleep aid pills. That summer Eells 'Bells' Watson flew to Windsor to film for the video *Glote*, when I somehow again pulled tricks that were fairly progressive and new for me, pushing limits in the most unlikely circumstances. I skipped the border at one point to live at Chenga World. It was ideal in the sense that I lived in the back room and walked out to the flatland area and rode whenever. I still rank my Cleveland days as some of the most progressive sprees. I went to Huntington Beach, California without a place to stay, and I wandered around. I slept wherever, and rode with the locals then moved on Mission Beach, San Diego, where I roamed around. I had a camper shell which I had bought back in Huntington. I did the California / Cleveland thing twice, and at one point I stayed in Long Beach. I rode fairly well, considering, and Eaton filmed a part of my *Balancing Act* section there. During my second Cleveland stay, I pushed a few trick concepts further and Eaton filmed the other part. After that, while back in Canada, I got the chance to go to France for an Extreme Sports Festival, and I accepted the offer. The week before going, I was hit from behind, while in the back seat of my buddy's car. There was no extended head rest, so I got the worst of the whiplash and my back and neck were f—ked up. Minutes later our driver almost had a head on collision at the intersection on the way to drop me off. After dropping my other friend off first, he backed out of the driveway and off the curb, further f—king up my neck. I went to the Doctor and he said there was some trauma caused, so I was prescribed muscle relaxers and ibuprofen pills, and told to 'take it easy.' So I went to France and was told by my greeters that they were previously informed not to give me any credit card number to buy my ticket, because I was not to be trusted, among other rumors. The translation of what they were told (as a warning about me) was this: 'Chase will f—k your girlfriend, steal everything you have, then roll up your carpet and smoke it on the way out.' I know my personal antics may suggest I'm out of control at times, but this is ridiculous and un-true. At the campgrounds near the contest I fell very, very ill. Somehow I pulled out barely enough to pull most of my runs and 'take the win, bitch!' Alex Jumelin, Jimmy Petite, Alain Massabova and I packed into the car and headed

back to Paris. While taking some crazy winding dark roads, Jumelin was goofing off and hit the side rail, almost crashing us. I had already taken my downers and was drowsy, beat down, and sick from the weekend. Somehow they talked me into driving because they said they couldn't. I drank tons of espressos along the way and got us there safely. Back in Paris, I rode for a video for this agency and narrated some of the tricks. Talk of this trip is toned down-believe me.

One of those summers around that time, I went to Japan. They greeted and treated me very well. I think all the years of seeing me in videos built up an image, and they were genuinely happy to see me in person. They did not judge me in the least. It was hard work because they basically showcased me around and I did most of the shows with one or two others or by myself, plus practice, plus filming, drinking, etc. You could tell that they were trying to absorb the most out of it, and of course they should have. I thrived off their genuine nature and rode hard, plus felt exuberant at times inside about these unique experiences. It stands to be one of (if not thee most) incredibly alive trips of my life. Great sex with a beautiful Japanese girl who spoke English, topped it off. It was like tears of joy the whole time for them and me. I drank ice coffee and smoked cigarettes and ate Dominos Pizza, Subway, and snacks. I crashed hard a few times, thrashing my knuckles and chest on rough pavement. I puked, rejoiced, got high and low in this strange world. My final performance was called the 'American Dream Festival' (fitting enough), and I was the last show on the agenda. I went out at the end of the day around sun-set with some lights on the wavy, un-even surface using a front brake only. Upon my entrance they blew some smoke screens for effect and I couldn't see where I was. I got even more nervous waiting for the smoke to clear. My solo show was disappointing to me, but I probably did enough portions of tricks for the crowd. At my going away party they were trying to get me to drink tall glasses of this deadly high alcohol content drink and wrestle with them, probably as a last ditch effort for some form of male bonding since most of them didn't speak English. We all sat in a circle, then someone told me to shut my eyes, so I did, thinking that the girls next to me would kiss me or they'd give me a present. It was a surprise alright when someone kissed me on the lips and it was a guy (it was a joke I'm sure).

I had a couple of other close calls over those years. I was pushing a car, on a service road at night during a rain storm in Texas, in '92. I looked behind and saw a car approaching in the distance, but assumed it would see us and drive around. I waited a few seconds, and for some reason looked back again to see it was driving just as fast and much nearer. I walked out of the way, then turned around to see that the others pushing hadn't. I yelled for them to get out of the way and they did, just a split second before that car crashed into ours. We would have all been dead or chopped in half. Another incident was in Davenport, Iowa when my rusty handlebar cut my wrist. I thought nothing of it. Then a week later I became violently ill and thought I was dying. There was a lump on my elbow and I checked it out there and got no answers. So I flew to Detroit and my parents picked me up, taking me straight to the Windsor hospital. They even sent me home with an arm the size of a football. I came back in the next morning still thinking I was dying. Then they yanked me into this room and cut open / squeezed out the boiling infection. At any time it could have eroded my bone which might have resulted in amputation. It's safe to say it's unbelievable that I'm still here, in one piece, let alone pulled together enough to ride these days. I have been through some phases which were more self-destructive or problematic than others. I look back and can't remember any particular period of my life which wasn't spiked with serious downsides (I mean often having nothing to do with drugs). I won't say that what didn't kill me made me stronger — I don't really believe that. But I will say that what I've been through, has made me value still being here. 'Dying a little bit makes you appreciate life,' eventhough it's mostly just a sick raw addiction to existence and not fear of death which keeps me here. But I think if I can ride a bit longer, I may be able to persist for a while. I know it won't bring me a lot money or things — I can't be bothered to care much about that. I'll channel what's left into what I feel is the most important, and won't give myself a guilt trip or worry complex about the security of my future. It's up to me to deal with, and no one else to demand what I'm going to do with my life. If I died today, I'd say it was all heavily tainted, but still more than good, and way more than enough, yet nowhere near remotely satisfactory. Some incredibly exalted overwhelming feelings inside a

major bum deal. I'll be the one to say when enough is enough. I couldn't possibly get into explaining all the crazy shit I've been through for this particular question in the interview. But there's a lot more.

You had Tendonitis and couldn't ride for a lot of the past few years. What was that like?

I'll just explain what started to keep me off my bike, then talk about the tendonitis, which was a separate issue, but was connected to that ride-less period and now beyond.

Right after getting back from Hungary in September of 2000, I was hit head on by a Jimmy Truck while I was driving alone in a Topaz. I took the fullest impact possible because the guy had blacked out at the wheel and drove into me at about 60 km per hour without hitting the brakes. My car was knocked back pretty far, and everything crushed in all around me. I had my seat belt on, and somehow only had the tiniest cut on my leg. I had flashbacks of being trapped in the Datsun when I was 17, and I guess like in the movies, thought that the car was about to blow up. So I calmly took my seat belt off and got out the passenger side, and sat on the grass. The next thing I know, I get that too late prick sensation when a mosquito gets you. But just as that was happening, some kid on the side walk comes up and says 'There's a mosquito on your back.' It's like he knows I was just in a car wreck, but still told me about the mosquito. And to be honest, I would have said the same thing. Except I would have gone one step further and wacked it off the person before it got them. But, I'm glad he said something anyway, and didn't see the mosquito as irrelevant compared to just being hit. This is mildly symbolic regarding the re-occurring themes in my life. My back and neck were f—ked up from that as well as some bruised ribs.

Some of you probably know about the O.G. video bullshit I went through

on the internet that fall, so you know there's never a second to chill out. Shortly after, in some fluke, I sprained my wrist badly when my pants stuck to the sweat on my leg and I tripped on my frame. I had some health problems followed minor surgery that winter. Then in the spring 2001, tendonitis developed in one wrist. I was just doing some bar twist step through tricks on the front wheel, and all of a sudden felt a sharp pain in my wrist along with some grinding. Ironic how the tendonitis didn't act up during the year of filming for *e-Clips* when I probably did thousands of brakeless decade attempts and jumplashes.

I'm not sorry I didn't hit the tricks faster for that bitch-ass Marton Szilagyi. Nice try e-mailing me one year later to say my 'bad attitude' doesn't bother you anymore and that you feel good about moving on to new things and wishing me luck with my tricks...Bullshit! One year doesn't change f—k—all from the time you conspired with Viktor and talked pure bullshit about my sponsorship past. How f—king pleasantly nostalgic of you to remember our parting of ways. Time shouldn't change what you thought of me if what you thought from the beginning was really the truth. Why change your tune and tell only me in private e-mail? So I'm letting the public know that you are a fake-ass dirty-pussy Hungarian who needs to go wash his socks for once. Are you still wearing the same pair? You said in that e-mail that you started the company 'because of me.' You should have said 'for me' but your improper English gave away the truth. You did it because you had access to me. Then I carried out my duties as a professional flatlander for you which was all you needed. You didn't need me to be a rocket scientist or go to university or have a steady girlfriend or get along with my family or get up at 8 am or ride 10 hours a day. There's a big difference between you or Viktor doing websites and editing, then what my riding took out of me physically and emotionally. Easy for you to tell me you're all fine and dandy after one year. If I hadn't produced so many tricks for you to sell after we split you wouldn't have made that money back. I didn't waste my time around you, I pulled some of the best tricks of my life, and plenty of them, even if only riding 3-5 hours per day. You will always be in the wrong for getting mad about me missing that German filming day and for everything else you said to and about me. So go be happy and oblivious you f—king peice of shit.

Now back to my tendonitis... After being off my bike for a while, doing some simple but repetitive moves may have activated it. I'm pretty sure now of some the factors adding up to getting it. Like I said during *e-Clips*, I pushed myself a lot. I was on a heavy bike which was very stiff, I had changed to a stiffer handlebar with less sweep, and I was running 130 psi in my tires. For several years I had been a vegetarian, and not always done it right, getting far less protein than I needed but always pushing myself regardless of malnourishment at times. I can't say if pot or alcohol played any part. I know that I've always been 'straining' when riding and generally a tense, and hyper person. I think the diversity of tricks, the amount of years, and probably the heavy load of slamming down on the multiple brakeless decades and stomping jumplashes played a big part in it in the year prior. I went for some T.E.N.S. unit therapy on my wrist but they cranked up the dial abruptly (twice) and zap shocked the area. They claimed this didn't hurt it but a deep electric painful shock doesn't seem like it helps. I quit that and dealt with it on my own, just wearing a brace and not riding at all. I thought I could ride two months later but it started in my other wrist and spread up both arms. To give you an idea of how bad it was, at one point I could barely hold a drink cup by it's handle or do the dishes without sharp severe streaking pains. I went for laser physiotherapy combined with a different healing regiment for many months. It's the kind of repetitive strain injury syndrome that can't really be cured, but I took the time and measures required to improve the condition somewhat. Basically I put it into partial remission. I have two problems in both arms actually. The condition in the wrist is called Dequirvin's Syndrome and in the elbow Epicondylitis. I can ride a bit with all the proper braces (a few hours a day a few days per week) and the pain comes in varying degrees. It always seems like a fragile situation. Now I get a lot of throbbing in my elbows along with pain in the wrists and foreams. I can ride, but all time off my bike has to be maximum rest. After riding my arms aren't good for much except barely making dinner. Then the next day I try to face it again. I take Glucosamine Sulfate supplements to minimize disintegration, eat better, do minor wrist exercises, swim and water jet spray massage my arms in a hydrotherapy tank. I don't know how long I have left until it f—ks up again big time and stays that way. I'll continue to try and ride until it's pysicaly impossible. I'm pretty burnt out

emotionally on life anyway, and not really interested in the long haul. So I'll ride this shit out for a bit I guess.

Any last words?

I'm just warming up though-aren't we all? It's getting' hot in here, so take off all you're clothes. Hmm, fear of flames is broiling us... hey why not expose it? Here's my theory as to why black attracts heat: Black is the color which symbolizes not being able to see. Not see what? The unknown of course. So we fear what we can't see and have continued to entertain thoughts of 'burning in eternal damnation' which certainly puts the heat on us now. Hence black attracts heat. Who are you attract-dead to? It's like 'Damn! So and so is hot! I'd like to get in there!' (Speaking of course only about the appearance). Ironically enough, it's *because* of the flames in this heat treated inferno, that our true inner essences *can't* be de-thawed to un-veil their raw potentials. Since inner congregating is not possible, regain propped posture and toss yourself aside. The ride will seem a lot easier without the extra unwanted weight.

Here are some matching syllable rows: Salvation as foundation= you're only 'salivation' is that you've 'found-a-shun.' You attended church= You 'attend-dead-church' = the churches messages bring the real death to you as you actually show up there at the stinking 'pee-use' dead to the world. Identity = oops! 'I-dented-e' ('e' for existence as always). 'No-bud-e' = Oh well, our own exist-stance never really blossomed. Emergent-sea = Emergent-see. 'Rows to the ok-shun' = The only occasion we rose to was to shun us from ourselves, but also these rows expose that we supposed it was ok and sew on we're really ripping it up dudes. Fell for the trickery = They feeble and they fable and they

all fall down because of 'trick-or-e' meaning getting tricked instead of discovering our own authentic exist-stance. It's also the trickle down affect 'trick-all-down.' Every super zero needs a 'sigh-kick,' either that or a good super 'he-row.' Elastic = Getting bent out of shape in fear of 'e-last-tick' (existences last tick-death). Multiples in all directions = The 'multy-pulls' in all 'die-wrecked-shuns' = The lies and mixed messages tugging from all angles which deterred facing ourselves. Philosophy = All the 'following' 'feel-loss-of-e?' Then 'fill-loss-of-e.' Philosophize = 'Feel-loss-of-i's?' Then 'fill-us-of-i's' etc. Think you have freedom of thought, wait. They give you false answers to 'free-dome-of-thought,' which is actually mental slavery to hinder the search for obtainable truth which ensures you to continue maintaining the fabricated one. Also the self-explanatory 'flee-dome-off thought' etc. Essence Criminals = 'crime-in-alls.' Hey, do you need to cover your dirty issue 'privates?' Then get some 'under-aware.' It's like I'll invite you down into my lit up dark room, but you'll be the the one saying 'welcome to my layer,' then I'll say hello to your un-peeled back shell, and say again 'hell-low' damn that hellfire sure was a low blow, why'd you go for it bro? Oh, I know! It was actually the big question 'why' which is why you had to throw it all away. If you are inclined to do what society tells you, would that mean you have 'societal tendencies?' F—king 'sue-e-side-all tendency' meaning we lean towards taking away existences total assets, because we're too anxious and had to conclude what we don't know and ruined everything. F—king 'sewer-site-all,' yes everyone hangs out in this place of waste. 'Lick-it-e-split' = They think they've got the answers to existence licked, but really they've already split. Other meaning is to get a real taste of your own exist-stance before it licks you and you have to split. Go figure out 'long-dissed-stance-runner.' It's gotten to be pretty awkward around here with these 'too-left-feat.' Too many people left because accepting the inevitable was made out to be a major feat. It takes two to tango means it takes a separation to cause our struggles (aahh, shrug-alls). You want to hear my roar? Ok, Here's my 'rower' who's me. Then again don't forget, all those other rowers throughout (fairly recent) history were our best 'oars' to paddle through this current fiddle faddle battle tale of sad old permanent fear consciences nailed. Hey, in which row are you 'seed-dead?' Claude M. is French so he was forced to count 'z-row' - what

up 'Count!' Catching their z's is really a row huh? But it all (including what I'm saying) could quite possibly add up to zero. 'Eau de source' meaning water from its origin. But Changing it to 'ode-e-source' = words to express what we owe to the concept that we came from nothing. Sure, matter within existence formed your body and brain, but what were you prior to that? So what makes people think that something must continue after the physical expiration? Get on a 'meant-all-health-e-die-yet,' accept don't know, we go-just try it! 'Bull Dozers' = the bullshit put em' to sleep. 'Silly-clone-valley' = copied the stuck in a gut wrenching plastic rut. Sell out = We're made of cells and we're constantly not even trying to 'cell-out,' meaning escape our own prison. Hey, Scott from Creed took a weak 'Stabb' at it. Ok, us? No, oohhh chaos! What's the only Pre-requisite we need? The 'pre-wreck-quiz-it?' = do you want your existence to be pre-wrecked? Then quiz it! Just like the first duty of philosophy is to question this life and our own individual lives. This is essentially the only law we really need. That and this: Man has the right to be what he will. Which means each man should have the right to think, say, do and become what and who he alone wills himself to be. How is any of this possible when one thinks they know the story behind it all and who is the master deity? So are we like cellular phones in the sense of being 'cell-you-liar-phonies?' Who opposes the main stream? Would that be the un-herd who goes un-heard? You'll re-call that streamers are like a flag. Therefore the majority of 'so-sigh-at-e' is composed of 'main-streamers' flapping in the wind. It's like a hurri-cane when people 'hurry' to reach for that 'crutch' of false stability. Are we 'dread-locked?' Hey I heard you fell, how's your head? When you think about it really though, couldn't we all use some good head? You know it's like we try and try, but just can't seem to get a head these daze. I can't figure it out, I mean I've got my 'thinking cap' sealed on tight (oh that might be the problem). On the seventh day, god created 'I scream Sunday' can f—k off. Have you been put through the process and pastor-ized? Seen through the pastors eyes? Is this some glazed grazing? Holy cows! When you go to the temple do they drill your temple when sitting in the 'elect-trick-chairs' with a tasty serge of 'shock-alot?' Hey kids, ya want some 'canned-e?' Christians are fed to the 'lie-ons.' Have you been burned by the 'son?' Do you need some 'son-block?' Tell them to stop playing *Space Invaders*. You need to be able to

freely wander the recesses of your own mind-you need 'a-roam-a-therapy.' Now I'm starting to get cross-over this cross thing. Look to the crucified em', but then there's those who bring solo rows for the 'crews-to-fix'em' back. This is scary, we are the 'O-cult,' the little clan who stands for nothing other than this simple concept. But I know these words don't fly although I try to make them 'soar-row.' Un-sorrowfully I cannot not apologize, but as Brandon Fenton said 'I appall all lies.' Stop getting crushed by 'king-con.' But this is really monkey business. We might have at one time swung from trees, but then started taking deadly leaps of blind faith which makes us fall like leaves. When the true beauty is radiant, it's too late and all-ready to snap from stem and decompose. This has been 'autumn-atic.' But on the other hand, don't you think we should be a little more down to earth?

