

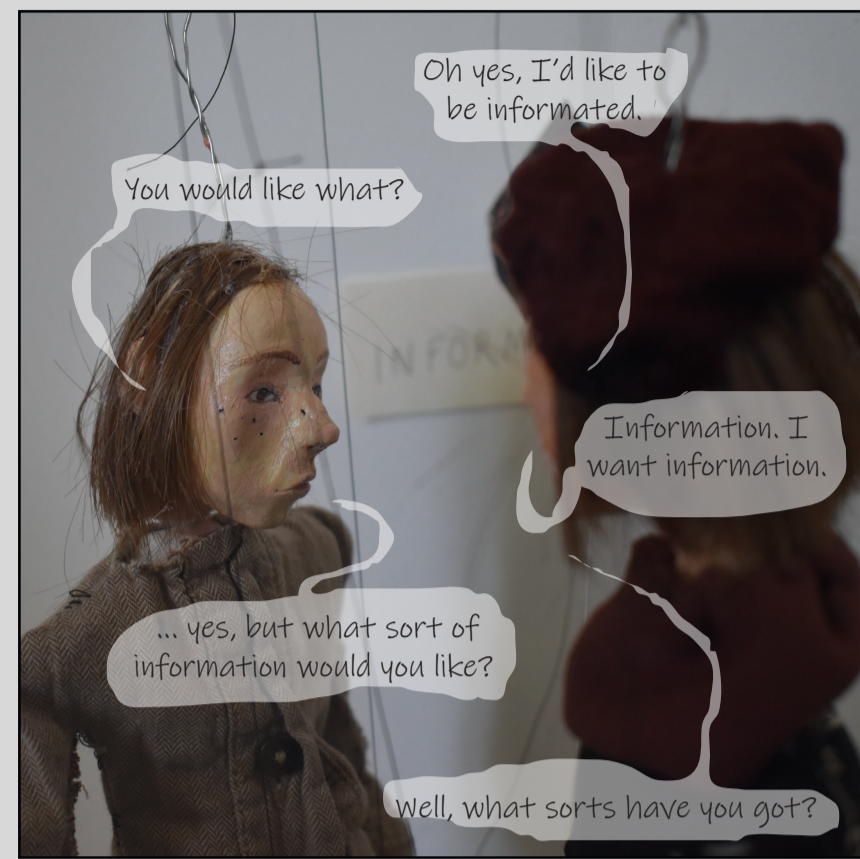
Good morning!

Good morning!

Right ... can I help you?

... What?

I said, can I help you?



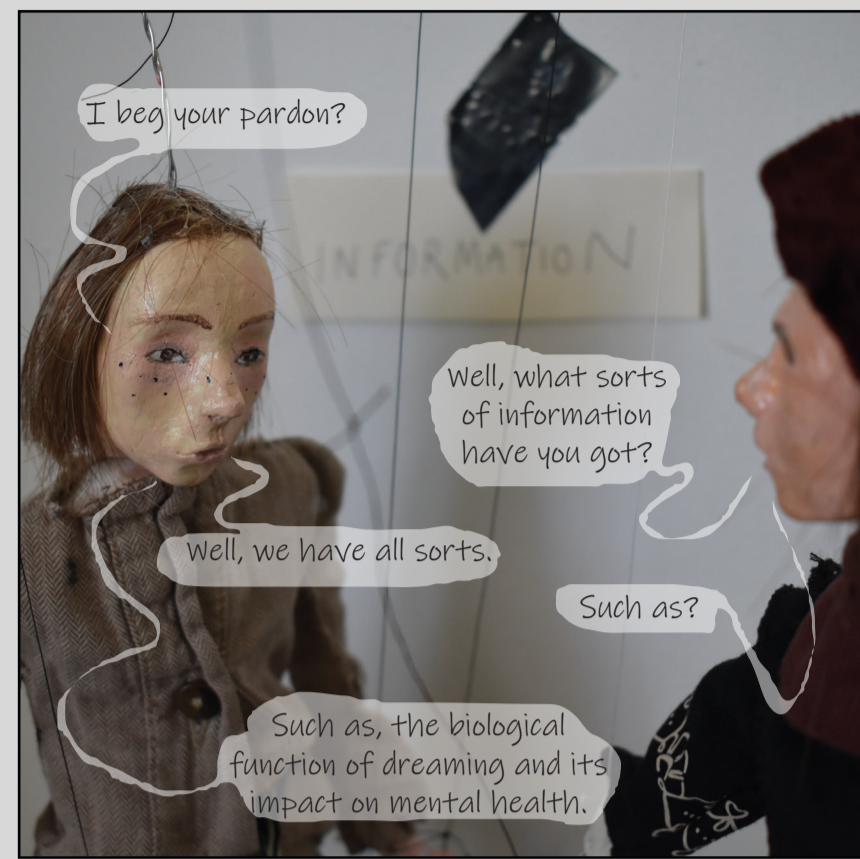
Oh yes, I'd like to be informed.

You would like what?

Information. I want information.

... yes, but what sort of information would you like?

Well, what sorts have you got?



I beg your pardon?

Well, what sorts of information have you got?

Well, we have all sorts.

Such as?

Such as, the biological function of dreaming and its impact on mental health.



Oh, I never knew that.

You never knew what?



I never knew that dreams had a function.

Well, have you got any other information?



Well yes, but you have to ask me questions, you see.

Oh, I see. And then you tell me the answers?

Yes.

Oh I see, alright. Let's see. What is the secret of contentment? Do you have any information on that?



I am afraid this information is restricted.

Oh. You can't tell me?

No, I am afraid not. You see, it's a secret.



Well don't be afraid, I won't tell anyone. Can't you make an exception for me?

Ohh, ... let's see ...

... aaaaaalright... sooo ...

Yes?!



... so, the secret of contentment is ...

Yes?

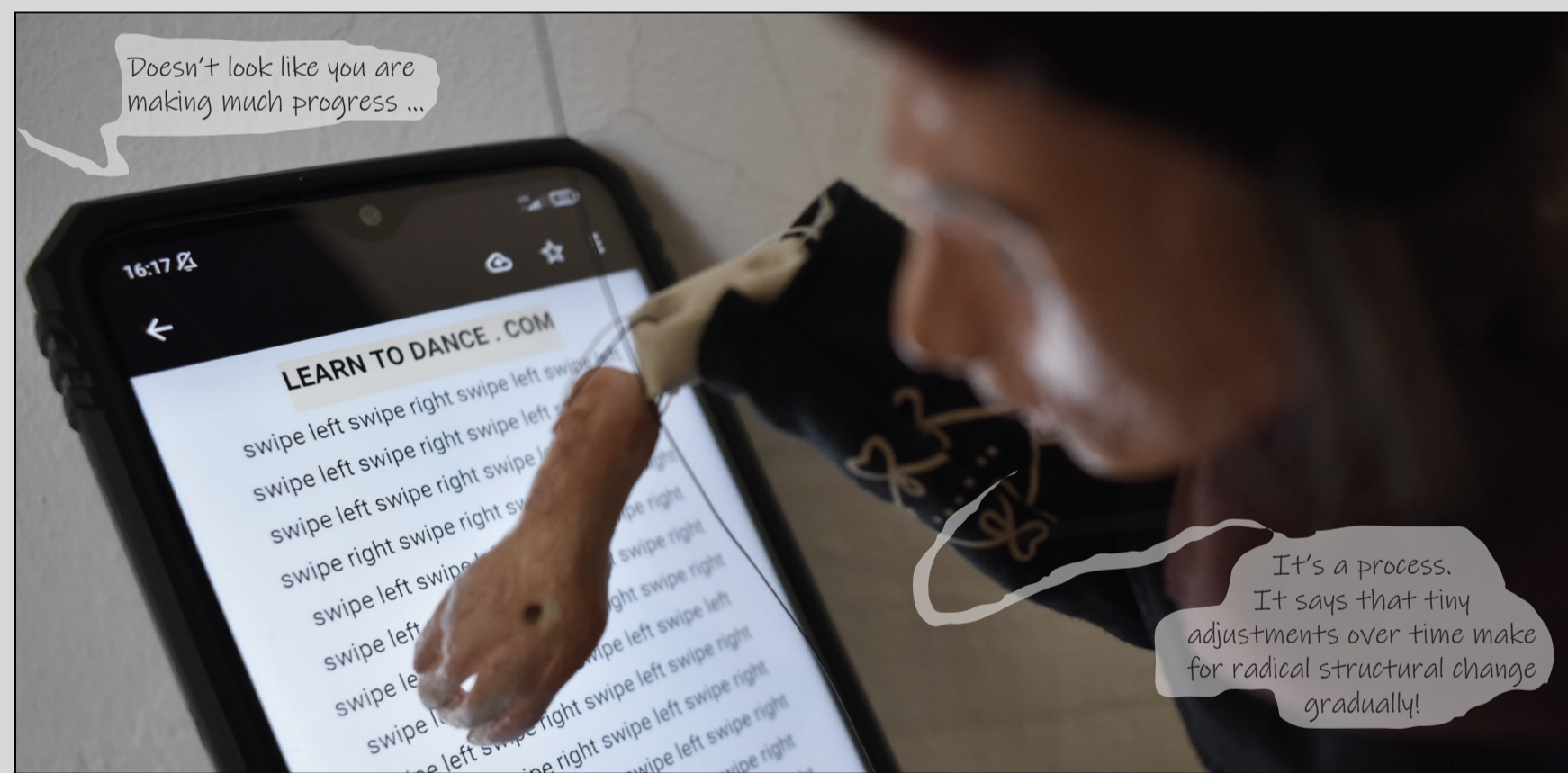
The secret of contentment is: Not to ask any questions.



swish swish

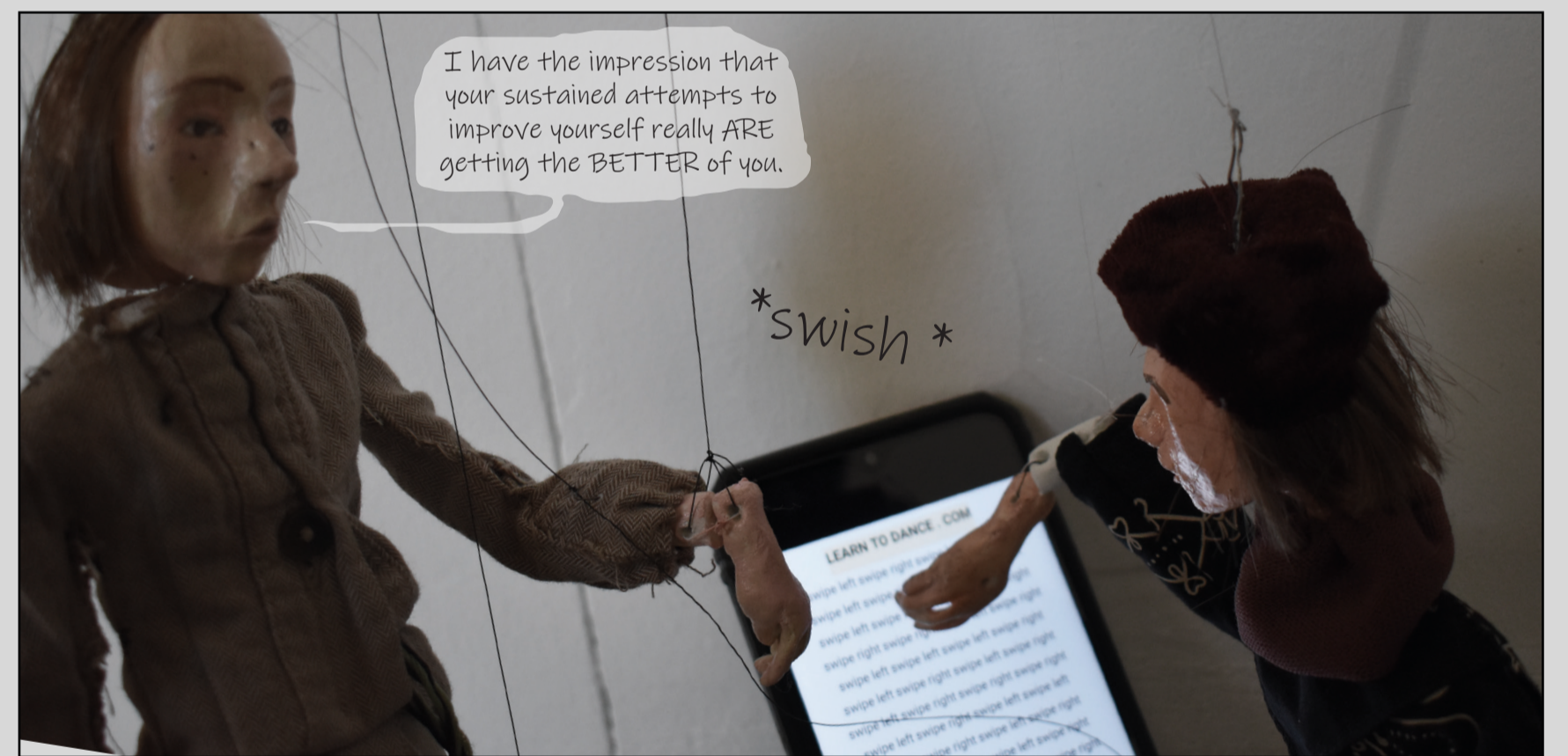
What are you doing?

I am learning how to dance!



Doesn't look like you are making much progress ...

It's a process. It says that tiny adjustments over time make for radical structural change gradually!



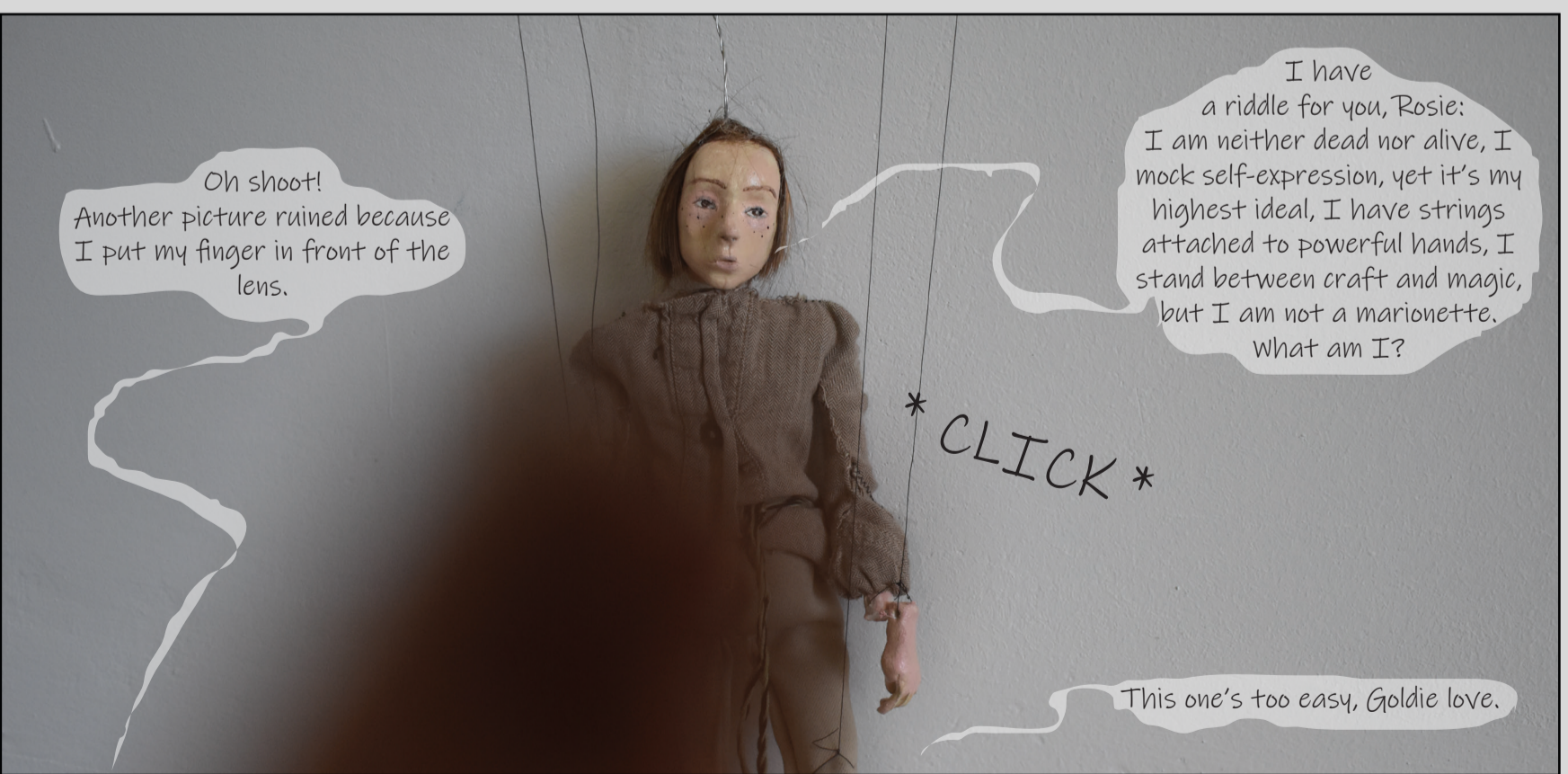
I have the impression that your sustained attempts to improve yourself really ARE getting the BETTER of you.

swish



Three intransitive verbs walk into a Café. They sit. They drink. They leave.

The past, the present, and the future walk into a Café. It was tense.

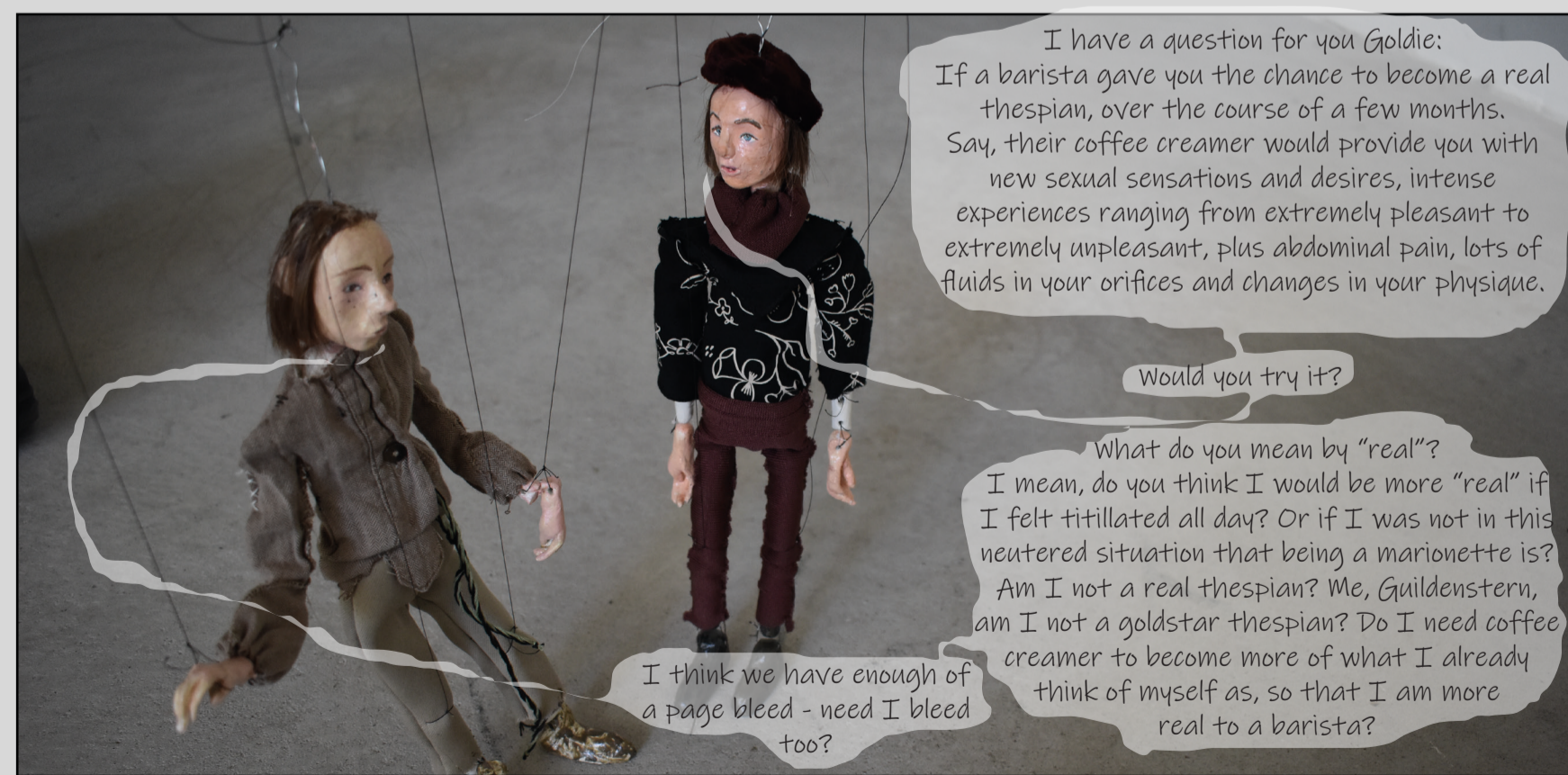


Oh shoot! Another picture ruined because I put my finger in front of the lens.

CLICK

I have a riddle for you, Rosie: I am neither dead nor alive, I mock self-expression, yet it's my highest ideal, I have strings attached to powerful hands, I stand between craft and magic, but I am not a marionette. What am I?

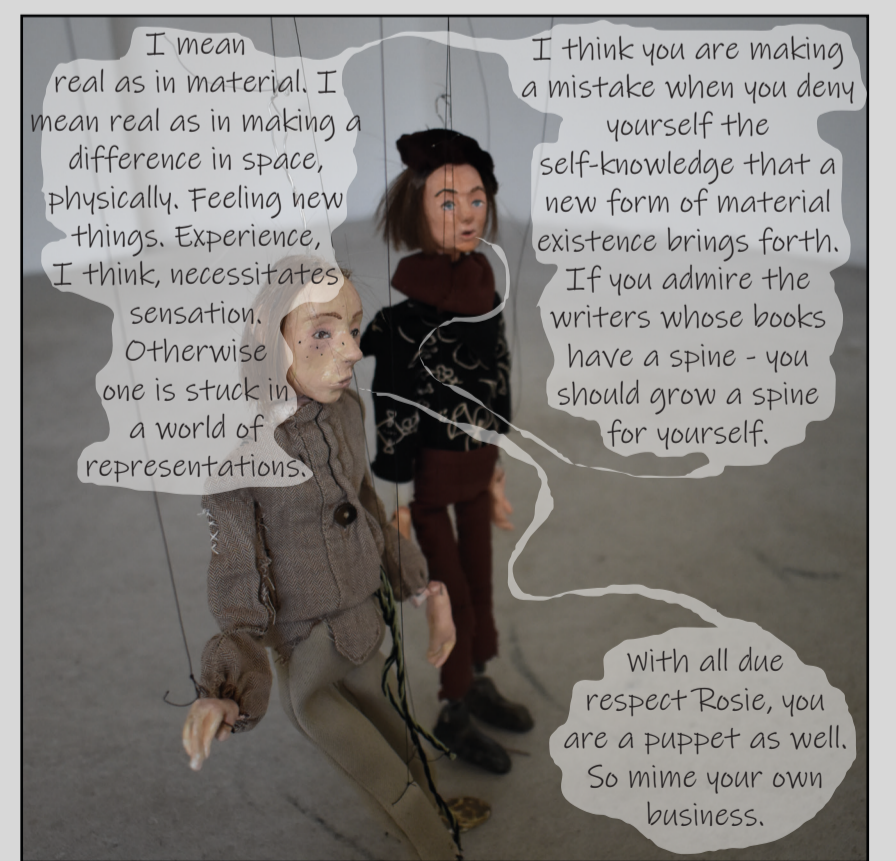
This one's too easy, Goldie love.



I have a question for you Goldie: If a barista gave you the chance to become a real thespian, over the course of a few months. Say, their coffee creamer would provide you with new sexual sensations and desires, intense experiences ranging from extremely pleasant to extremely unpleasant, plus abdominal pain, lots of fluids in your orifices and changes in your physique. Would you try it?

What do you mean by "real"? I mean, do you think I would be more "real" if I felt titillated all day? Or if I was not in this neutered situation that being a marionette is? Am I not a real thespian? Me, Guildenstern, am I not a goldstar thespian? Do I need coffee creamer to become more of what I already think of myself as, so that I am more real to a barista?

I think we have enough of a page bleed - need I bleed too?



I mean real as in material. I mean real as in making a difference in space, physically. Feeling new things. Experience. I think, necessitates sensation. Otherwise one is stuck in a world of representations.

I think you are making a mistake when you deny yourself the self-knowledge that a new form of material existence brings forth. If you admire the writers whose books have a spine - you should grow a spine for yourself.

With all due respect Rosie, you are a puppet as well. So mine your own business.