

*from* “James Osterberg of Muskegon”

The Second Sally: Adventure of the Windmills

I wrestle with some matters of grave importance to the future of art sitting quietly with bombs going off in my head. I like to walk around the streets with a heart full of napalm

WHAT’S MY HEART FULL OF? It is basically full of napalm

## More Adventures Along the Way: PIGSLOBS & PENANCE

I used to shit on my little balcony and let it Dry I almost always pee in the yard or the Garden Because I like to pee on my Estate Straight down the lifeless path to the joyless garden Gate

We destroyed homes With the greatest of ease Four dashing baboons On a wicked trapeze

Shag-haired, frilly-vest wearing crapola Continental semi-sandals—What the pimp wears Around the garden

## PENANCE (I couldn't do hate's hurt in some dusty dump)

It was up In the North Woods Of Michigan

We had to Take a small plane To get to the town

And we stayed In a rustic inn Very pleasant nice vibes

And we get to A hill And there down below

Is an encampment That was Straight out of Spartacus

Remember in Spartacus When the slaves were camping with all the fires? It was very foreboding

People were pounding On the car And throwing rocks at me

They were wild A really wild bunch Totally out of control

When everything was Cleared away A guy was found

Strapped to a tree With an axe through his heart Legs and arms strapped to a pine tree

The lights went down The music went up I stood onstage And collapsed Without a note being sung I'd OD'd in front of everyone And had to be carried off I think that was one of my greatest shows ever It was so minimally perfect It just said a great deal

The third night  
I decided  
to hang from a pipe in the building  
like monkeys do—  
hang upside down

I didn't know  
the pipe  
was part of  
the  
sprinkler system

So I was hanging  
by my legs  
I was upside-down  
swinging

Slowly  
but surely  
it starts to  
give

The entire  
sprinkler system  
in the whole place  
gave way  
I fell  
on my ass

(What did Christ really do? He hung out with hard-drinking fishermen. And when they asked him, “Why are you hanging out with prostitutes and fishermen”? He said, “Because they need me.”)

(What a line, you know?)

(But what your martial society really wants is blood. We need some blood. We need some suffering. Like, the individual must suffer for the good of the whole. I toy around with that) (Early on, I wasn't looking at Jesus Christ, saying to myself, “What an angle.”) (I wasn't trying to be Christ-y) (But, after all, on one level, this is showbiz)

## PART TWO

### Preparations for the Third Sally

#### The Enchantment of Marshall 2203's

It is the proximity of the electric hum  
in the background  
and this tremendous  
buoyancy and  
power-feeling  
of when you  
start being  
in the presence of  
this power  
you also  
become  
its  
witness

Just the  
sheer  
presence  
of  
electricity  
in large  
doses  
real comfortable  
real calm

the music comes out of the speakers  
grabs you by the throat  
knocks your head against the wall  
and just basically kills you

It was a sweeping sound—  
Mongolian horsemen  
charging in  
thousands of them  
little Tartars with swords  
Lethal elements of disarray

I was in love  
deeply  
completely  
hooked  
on the apparatus  
itself

The constant  
exposure  
to  
amplifiers  
and to  
hearing  
my own  
voice  
amplified  
has  
altered

my body  
chemistry  
in which  
after  
all  
the  
life  
lives

## The Last Adventures

I slather my body in peanut butter  
I barf on my audience  
I insult my audience  
I spit on my audience  
I hump my amps  
I throw myself offstage  
I cut myself with broken glass  
I wear silver-lamè evening gloves onstage  
I go naked  
I shoot heroin  
I make frequent use of my big, beautiful penis  
I crash my car into trees  
I beg horrified record-label executives for drug money  
I pass out in bathrooms with the spike still in my arm  
I check myself in to a mental institution  
I score coke off David while I'm there