



IT'S ALL GOOD  
SASCHA WEIDNER

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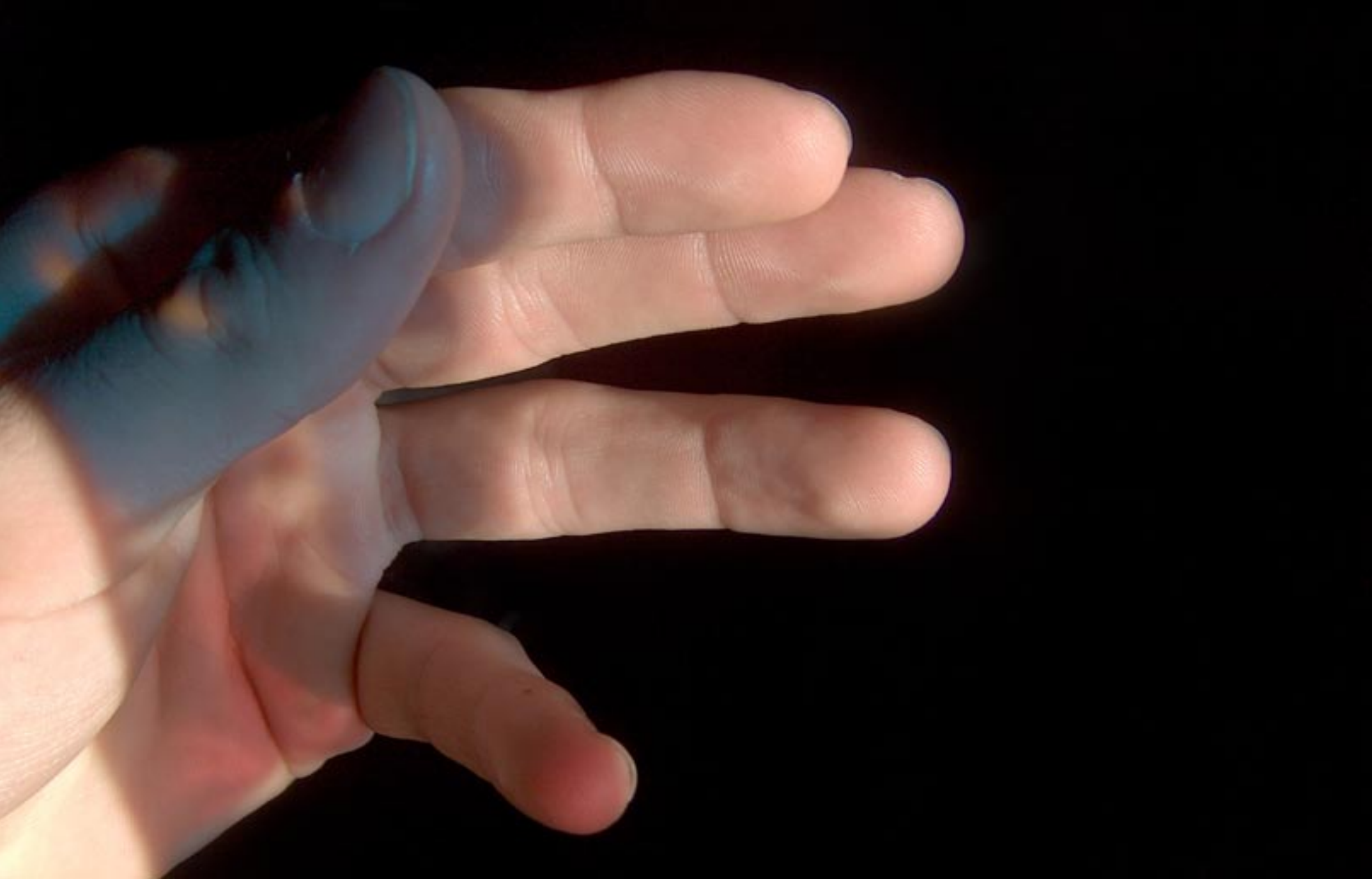
IT'S ALL GOOD



A photograph of an airplane seatback entertainment screen. The screen is tilted and shows a bright, overexposed image. Below the screen, there are two safety instruction labels. The first label says "Life vest under your seat" and the second label says "FASTEN SEAT BELT WHILE SEATED". A magazine is visible in the foreground, partially obscuring the lower part of the screen and the labels. The magazine cover features a large, stylized graphic of a person's head and shoulders, possibly a cartoon character or a famous figure. The overall scene is dimly lit, with the primary light source being the bright image on the screen.

Life vest under your seat

FASTEN SEAT BELT WHILE SEATED















You come in here, you don't know me, you don't know who I am, what my life is, you have the balls, the indecency to ask me a question about my life? Who the fuck are you, who the fuck do you think you are ? Shame on you! Shame on you!





















Sometimes I worry that I've lost the plot.





I thought you were afraid of heights.

No, I'm not afraid of heights. I'm afraid of falling.

























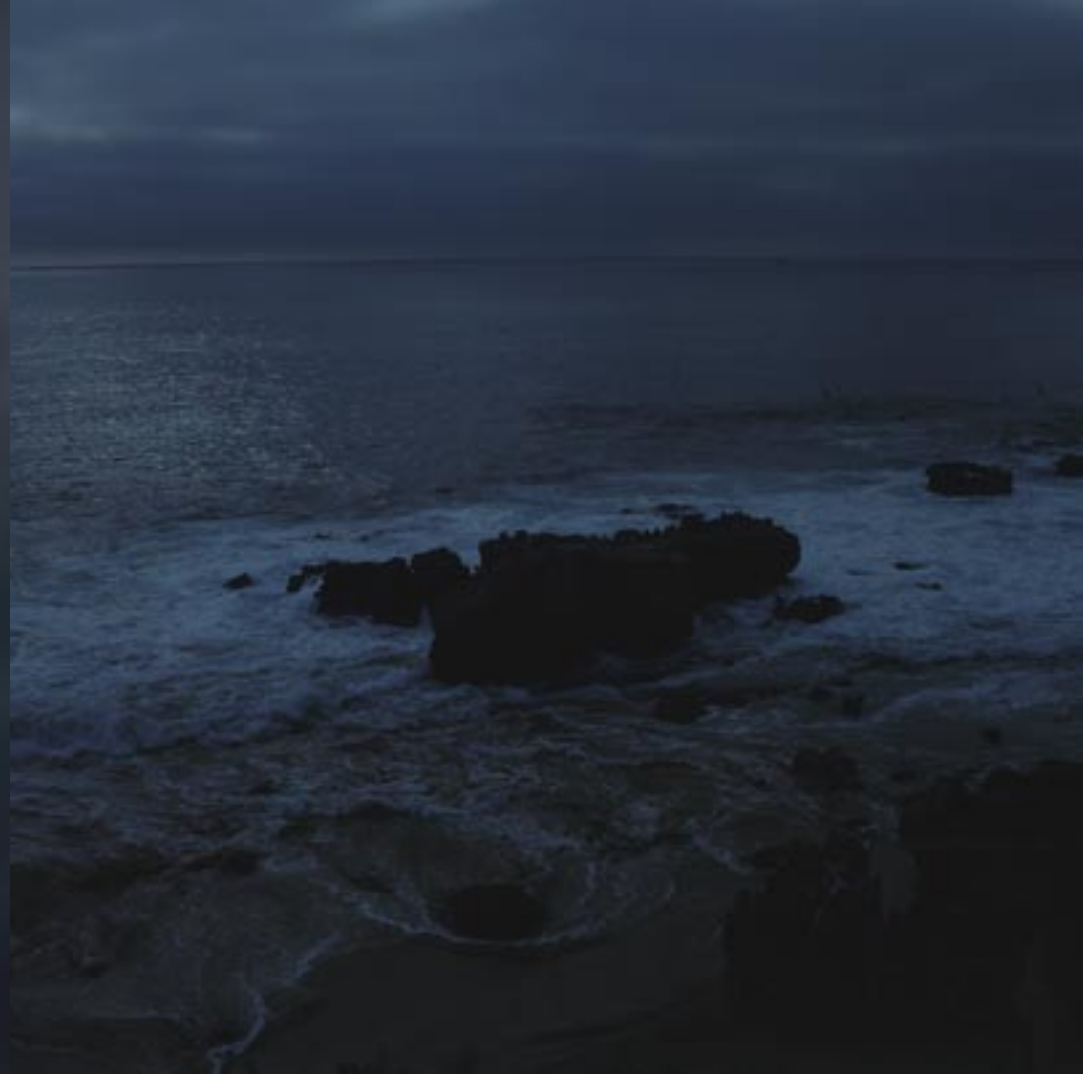








This morning I had a wonderful dream. By holding my arms out stiff and pushing down hard, I found I could suspend myself a few feet above the ground. I flapped harder, and soon I was soaring effortlessly over the trees and telephone poles! I could fly! I folded my arms back and zoomed low over the neighborhood. Everyone was amazed, and they ran along under me as I shot by. Then I rocketed up so fast that my eyes watered from the wind. I laughed and laughed, making huge loops across the sky ...



























I thought you killed yourself. That wasn't you?





What the fuck is going on here?

And I scream for the sunlight or a car to take me anywhere.



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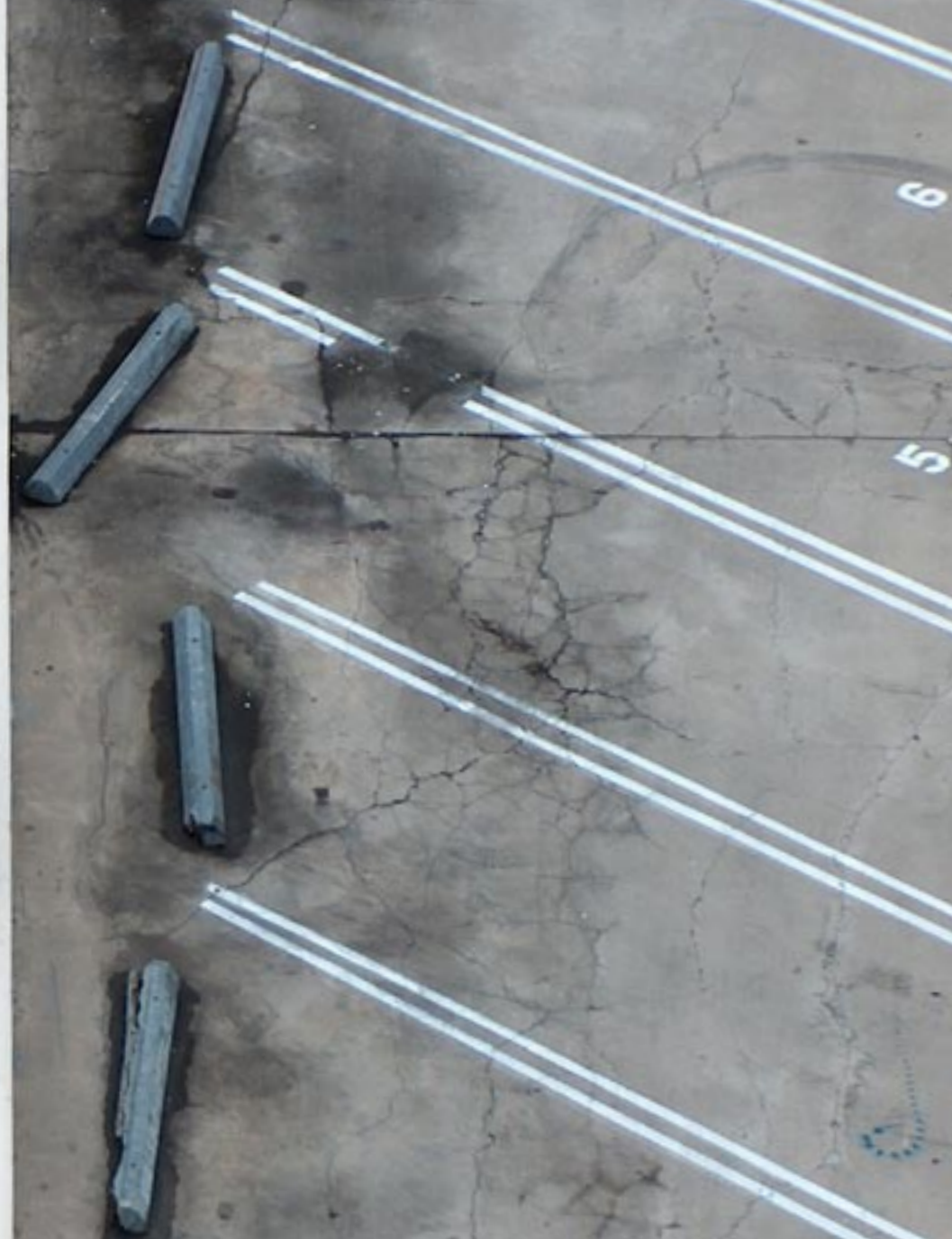
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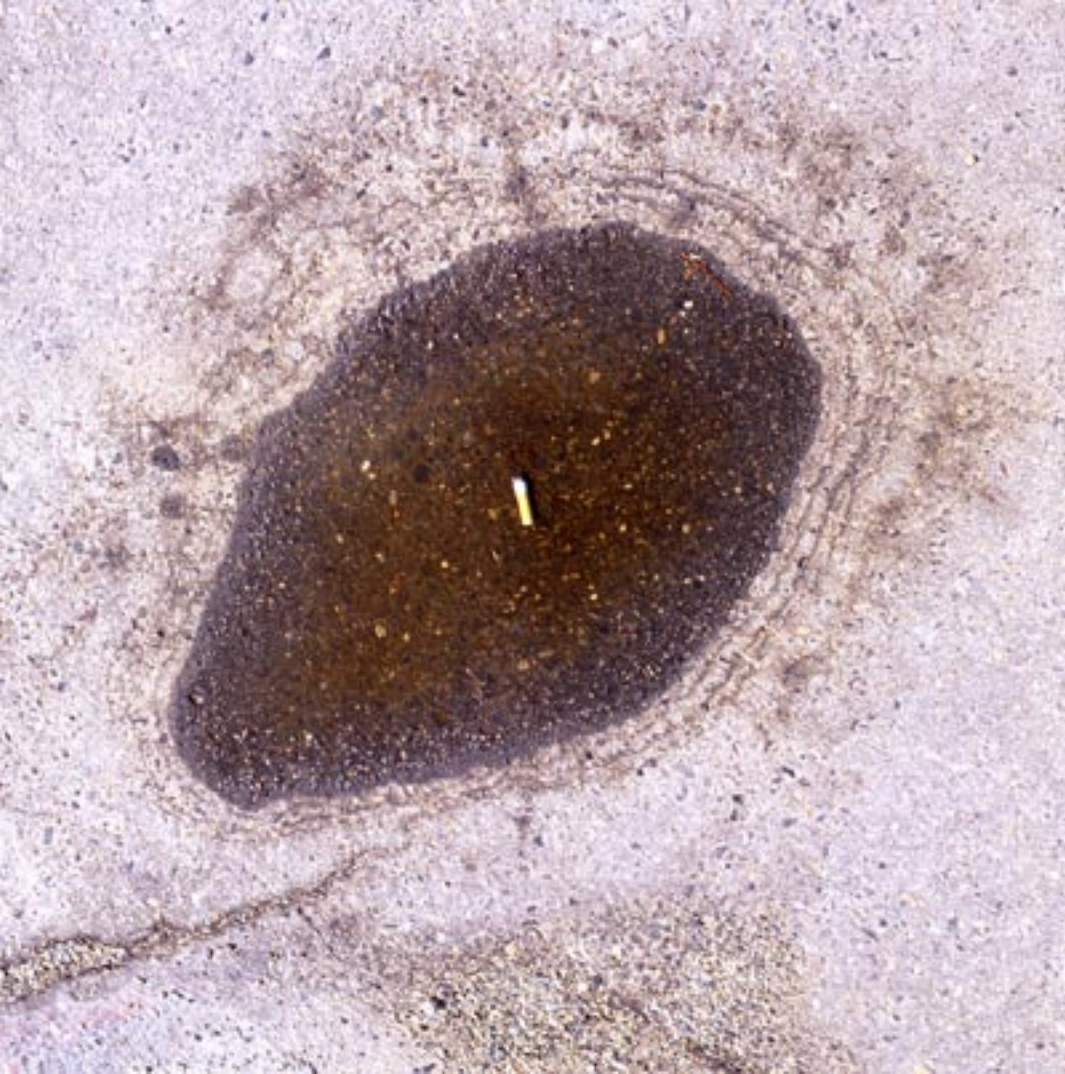








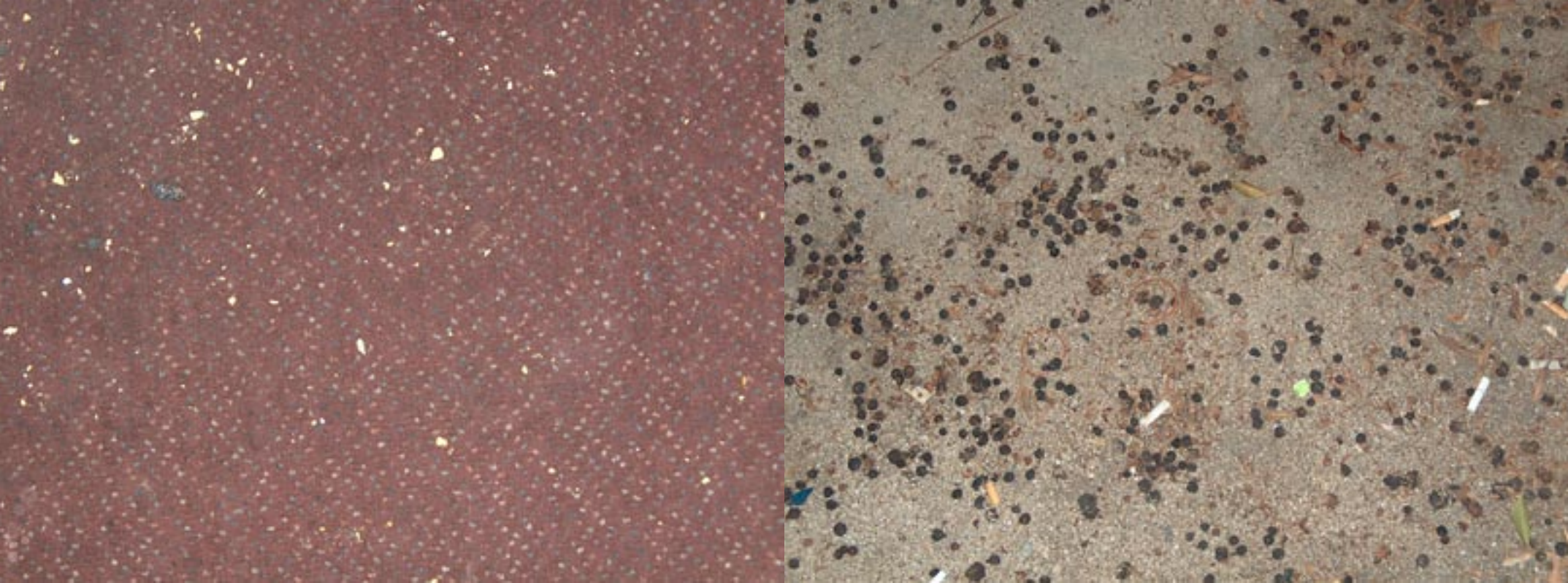
Too bad things don't look the same on the ground.















That's the day I realized that there was this entire life behind things, and this incredibly benevolent force that wanted me to know there was no reason to be afraid. Ever.









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Blessed are the forgetful, for they get the better even of their blunders.































This is difficult stuff.

Making a left turn in L.A. is one of the harder things you'll learn in life.







You know what's wrong with you, Mister Whoever-you-are? You're chicken, you've got no guts. You're afraid to stick out your chin and say, »Okay, life's a fact, people do fall in love, people do belong to each other, because that's the only chance anybody's got for real happiness.« You call yourself a free spirit, a »wild thing«, and you're terrified somebody's gonna stick you in a cage. Well baby, you're already in that cage. You built it yourself. And it's not bounded in the west or in the east. It's wherever you go. Because no matter where you run, you just end up running into yourself.











But this is L.A.! And you're about to find out that this fucking city can kill anybody!















Unfold and melt like gold.

waiting, (C) =  
 hiding, (D) =  
 working & needing a moment  
 to work to achieve  
 to make up + find  
 an answer

to let through  
 this feeling I've achieved  
 by music & writing  
 to break out of my head  
 this nervous contains me

~~I'll only fall just a little bit~~  
~~I'll fall out of some for a moment~~  
~~Schopenhauer~~

my solitude contains me, this life I  
 deserve but only...

for my ego & fear & confusion to end  
 & then someday

I will wake up, & I pray  
 that you will have left me  
 -- so you don't



Mr. Blue and red lines  
polymer are made of an oxide  
of ~~carbon~~ <sup>silicon</sup> ~~shap~~ <sup>shap</sup> ~~pend~~ <sup>pend</sup> ~~wire~~  
they lay on ice cream &  
cookies for my basket of fun  
yung in the ~~sand~~ <sup>sand</sup> ~~base~~ <sup>base</sup> ~~temple~~ <sup>temple</sup>

He flies through the air, screaming &  
 taking off heads & stuff  
 it just seems a little unnecessary  
 Oh no, what have we here?  
 Elena got sick on herself  
 & everyone around is fidgeting  
 & sitting uncomfortably  
 What can we hope for when  
 seeing someone's spiders are  
~~leaving~~ the cucumber  
 & the squirrel is bound to try  
 to chop on ~~down~~ still fall  
 on the big fat nuts for his dinner  
 I don't know why  
 but I'm sure I can handle it

I feel like I was born to love you  
I know you are better off with me

Now that I've said 4 years and that we're over  
I'm over now?

Is it over now?  
is that just another thing  
still feel me

I know you still feel me in your  
when can you come back home?

I wish we could be just we used to be  
In some ways I feel like we are  
What kind of man could I be for you  
I know I couldn't have been there  
Always yours  
in you

I don't want you to bleed ~~over~~ anymore  
you may leave out me but  
these wounds will heal in time

if I could be inside, out of reality,  
out of space, out of time.

I =

~~see how these words~~  
~~are~~

~~see why I cannot~~

~~do you see why I cannot~~

do you see all the angels

do you see angels flying round  
~~me~~ by your side

I cannot reach you now

within I could teach you how to  
be

see why I need you all  
of you from my mind  
I find a space in time  
freed myself from

built on what you know

that is the key (←) (← inspired!)  
(who you are) (←)  $\frac{dub}{as}$

New Method

→ don't eat! (or drink)  
just play!!

(don't think of  
or souls  
either)

if this is what you are  
supposed to do  
(if it is, what else  
is there?!),

than  
FUCKING

DO

IT!

Don't you weep. There is nothing as lucky, as easy, and free.





















So, what are you doing here in L.A.?

Dying.

























The point is there's a gulf in this country; an ever-widening abyss between the people who have stuff, and the people who don't have shit. It's like this big hole in the ground, as big as the fucking Grand Canyon, and what's come pouring out is an eruption of rage, and the rage creates violence, and the violence is real. Nothing's gonna make it go away, until someone changes something, which is not going to happen. And you may not like it, even I may not like it, but I can't pretend it isn't there because that it is a lie, and when art lies, it becomes worthless. So I gotta keep telling the truth, even if it scares the shit out of me, like it scares the shit out of you. Even if it means some motherfucker can blow a big hole in my leg for a watch, and I'm gonna walk with a fucking limp for the rest of my life and call myself lucky.









Then I wonder if it makes any difference.





What's it like not to feel anything?





















People are afraid to merge on freeways in Los Angeles. This is the first thing I hear when I come back to the city.



I used to make long speeches to you after you left... I used to talk to you all the time, even though I was alone. I walked for months talking to you. Now, I don't know what to say. It was easier when I just imagined you. It was almost like you were there. I could hear you, I could see you, smell you. I could hear your voice. Sometimes your voice would wake me up. It would wake me up in the middle of the night, just like you were in the room with me. Then... it slowly faded. I couldn't picture you anymore. I tried to talk out loud to you like I used to, but there was nothing there. I couldn't hear you. Then I just gave it up. Everything stopped. You just disappeared.











You're in it right now, aren't you?

Listen, you met me at a really weird time in my life ...









































Is the only way you can succeed is to see me fail?















And nothing now can ever be taken away from you.











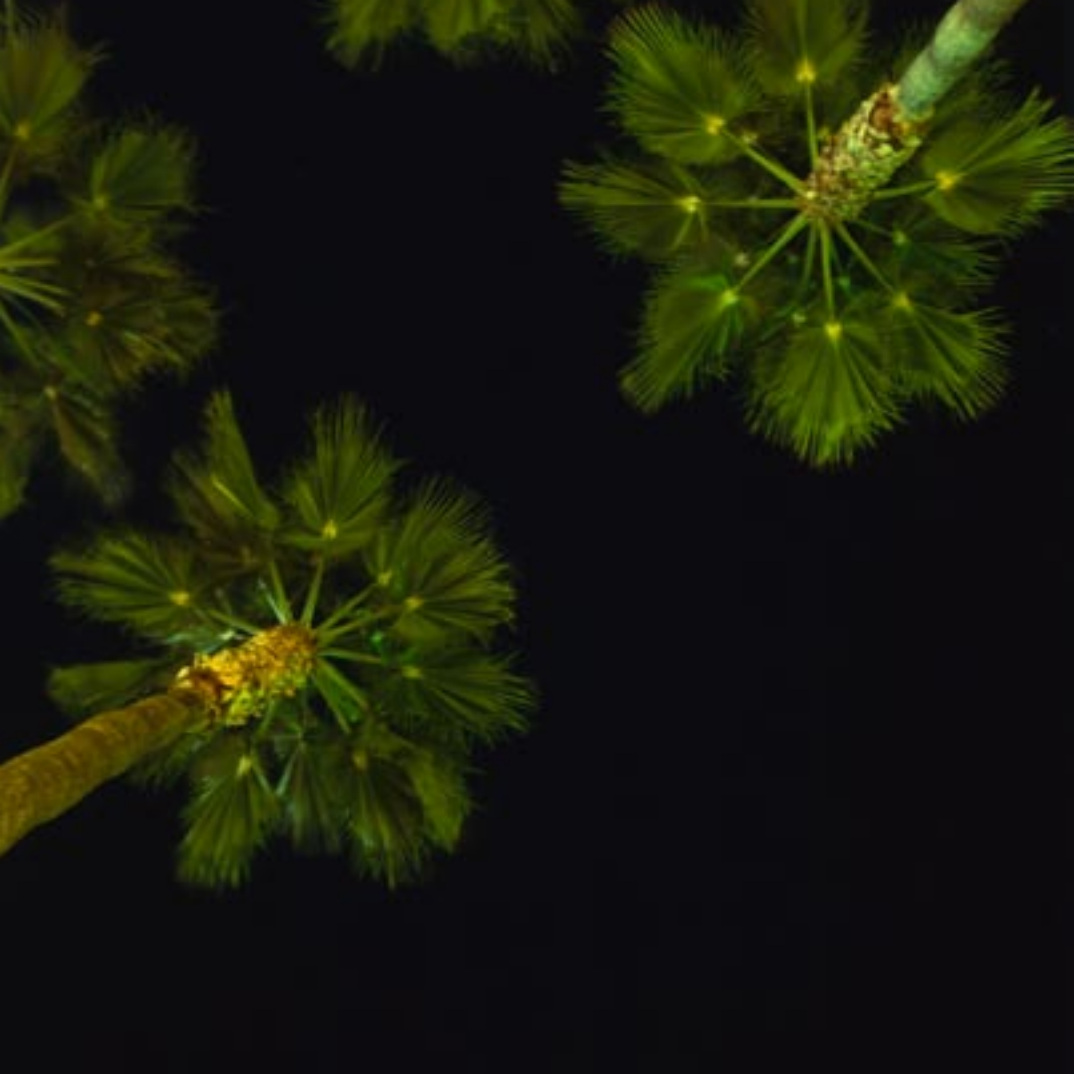


















HFTB



Just forget you ever saw it. It's better that way.

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»It is a story of Los Angeles, a grim portrait of a city where people cannot put down roots, a story of a sprawling, powerful, richly endowed city where people can get desperately lost.«