

ZODIAC AA

**12 Meetings to AA. Each one as a
different character from the Zodiac.**

Juan Magg

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This is a book, memoir and tone poem.

*I dedicate it to the Cosmic Wizards The ones of the South of
California. The ones of ireland those of England and Japan The
world is here They melody today They are*

*Mahler's Second Symphony Flying Lotus Daedelus Quasimoto
Jonwayne Kid Motor The Gas Lamp Killer - Fuck Jim Morrison -
An American Prayer Groundislava - Pregaming Rapture Young
Montana Gonjasufi Lapalux Kutmah -*

These are 12 apostle wizards that mean in beats.

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Zodiac AA

12 Alcoholic Anonymous meetings in three days.

Each meeting I focus on one step of AA's program. Each meeting I go with one sign of the Zodiac in mind. I think about the sign. Its symbols. Implications. Interactions. I listen to the sign in the words said. Make conjectures. Take pictures. Talk to the people I meet.

My meetings are at the pit of addiction in America — Skid Row, MacArthur and Echo Park, Downtown, Los Angeles. I meet souls going down, souls in the rebound, first-timers, court appointees, people over the bridge, people under the bridge, people on and off the train.

These are the twelve symbols of the Zodiac. This is my schedule.

FRIDAY - DEPARTURE

715AM. Gemini at the Grounded Group. *Be clever.*

Noon. Cancer at the Getting Sober Group. *Be Emotional.*

2PM Leo at Grupo Mision Maravilla. *Be Enthusiastic.*

7:30PM Virgo at Drifters Group. *Work it.*

SATURDAY - JOURNEY

Noon. Libra at the Poplars Discussion Group. *Pair Up.*

2PM. Scorpio at Grupo Vision Maravilla. *Express.*

6PM. Sagittarius at Grupo La Salud. *Seek the Truth.*

8PM. Capricorn at Grupo Unidad Latina. *Be Pragmatic.*

SUNDAY - RETURN

9AM. Aquarius at Drifters Group. *Be Good.*

Noon. Pisces. Pair of Fish at Grupo Camino Real. *Feel Again.*

3PM. Aries. The Ram at Greenline Group. *Play the Game.*

6PM The Bull at Grupo Dos en Uno. 6PM. *Be You.*

Gemini AA



This image of the twins.

Friday, 7:15AM Grounded Group Groundwork Café Basement 108
W. 2nd St./S. Main St. Note

It starts with Gemini. The twins that stare in two directions. I wake up this morning thinking of the events of yesterday where I drank 3/4 of a gallon of vodka in a binge that started with bits and pieces in the morning - I was functional until around 2 - getting a lot done.

My girlfriend arrived in a haze of the afternoon. I asked her to hug me in a green chair, to hold me very tight.

This morning she is not talking to me. I do not know what happened yesterday. I ask her if she is mad, or sleepy. She is not responding. I hope I just passed out and it is just sadness she feels at seeing her man, rendered useless to her. I hope nothing else happened.

Yesterday in my drinking I came upon a blog called the Transylvania Gentleman. I liked many of its entries, the style reminded of what I was doing with my Facebook entries, that is, posting musings and reflections of life, links to ideas and musicians.

One of the many things the Transylvania Gentleman and I had in common is an interest in deconstructing Kubrick films. He had an interesting article musing on the end of *The Shining*, later he mused about changing direction in *Full Metal Jacket*.

My girlfriend has friends sleeping in our main bedroom at the moment. We are renting out the room with food to them to cover 800 dollars of next month's rent. This is our third night in our second room, where I keep the computer and work. The feeling is strange here. We sleep in a sofa and inflate a mattress beside it. For the first time, my girlfriend and I are sleeping in different beds like the older couples who split beds out of victorian decorum - or even rooms because of one's snore.

I have been increasingly inside lately, only going out for necessities. I have a pool and jacuzzi downstairs I use to go down to everyday. At the jacuzzi, in the morning, I used to play with light and shadow. The cauldron below and I was very aware of the comfort of shade, but forced myself into the direct sun, on and off, feeling the stress of change, the living of opposites, created balance. It did and this balance has not been with me the past three or four weeks.

Yesterday, I too saw, the first part of Arnofsky's *Noah* on the computer. I was struck with how many of the ideas there are expressed in *Gold, Guns and God* - the book and documentary, I

am working in right now - in this book - and in ideas I share with my friends in conversation. I no longer think of this as the universal unconscious, or synchronicity. As above, below. As outside, inside. I see the world outside as I am inside at each moment.

We both explore qabbalistic, gnostic motifs in our story. I see a symmetry and power of giving what I thought before only metaphoric, true form. I liked what I saw of the movie very much and hope to finish it.

Gemini is about contradiction. Walking to this meeting I think about the contradictions in my life. Vodka gives me this short euphoria where I move things forward in my writing and in my projects. It also gives me, well managed, this total black out sleep, I wake up from Vodka not with hangover but with this calmed out nervous system, where the most important thoughts emerge with ease.

Vodka and alcohol in general also are destroying or merging into frankenstein this relationship, which has been the best in my life. I will stop drinking one month after submitting my 12 AA form to the court. I will do it to create a true shared dream with this being. That is my intention.

The 12 people at Gemini's AA meeting are all middle and upper middle class. We have a young New Yorker woman. The guy that owns the building where there is a Groundworks coffee shop, loft apartments and the meeting basement, a guy who speaks about holding parties through the 80s in his Hollywood house. A latina clerk type that speaks about her grandmother. The theme is amendments.

The question in my mind is Gemini and amends. The amends of a sign known for being clever, insightful, fleeing. Gemini very much reminds me of the first hours of the binge, like yesterday, you have vodka with water in a cup, as you engage in other activities, you are

still aware, you have time, structure, you have some clever ideas, new discoveries that move your projects forward. Near the end though you start not to remember, you start to fear what you did. You don't remember and though you are curious, the next morning you don't want to watch.

Paying amends - reliving your past - owning it - seems inoffensive, but it is actually destructive. An amend puts you back on that frame of mind, on that person, what is to be forgiven by others, are saying the words out, just you forgiving yourself, using the other as mirror, forgive yourself for what.

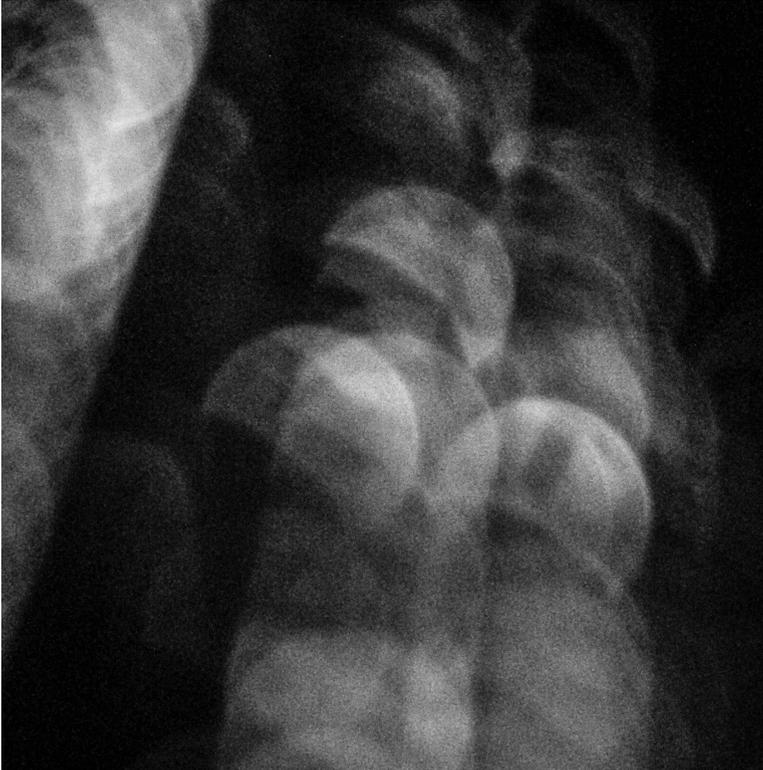
Talking like a Gemini. Seeing as a Gemini. Listening as a Gemini. Acting like a Gemini. I see insight and contradiction.

After the meeting I walk around downtown and take pictures of sculptures, landmarks, corners. I am very happy with a series taken outside the Los Angeles times building. They have put glass-enclosed poster-size representative news pictures. A beisball game, a revolution, an inauguration, fashion, movies. I have taken pictures of these at an angle that frames interesting ideas inside these pictures and also the environment surrounding the display.

There's a lot of power in these pictures. I now see my girlfriend's feet moving. Is this a sign?

I walked to Gemini's meeting - my first meeting of Zodiac - not committing to anything but with a lot of things in my mind.

Libra AA



I go to this meeting visualizing this image of the scales.

Saturday, 12 Noon Poplar Noontime Discussion Group St Barnabas
Episcopal Church 2109 Chickasaw Ave./Eagle Rock Blvd.

I speak with Bill this morning about the nexus where numbers and
arts meet. A nexus where going the wrong direction is the right
direction. Columbus wanted to go to the East but he went to the
West and found our continent.

This morning as I thought of this meeting, I meditated on the lyrics of this song. It is hard but delivers its message with the smooth balance of libra. I go to my next meeting, anticipating meeting new people with this phrase as mantra: "Remember that every man is a variation of yourself."

Kutman - Doom (HD) From: The New Error Released 2011

In the time of your life. Live so that in that good time. There shall be no ugliness or death to yourself or to anyone with whom your life touches.

Seek goodness everywhere and when it is found. Bring it out of the hiding place and let it be free and unashamed.

Place in matter and in flesh the least of the values for these are the things that hold death and must pass away.

Discover in all things that which shines and shies corruption. Encourage virtue and whatever the heart may have driven to secrecy and sorrow by the tyranny of this world.

Ignore the obvious for it is unworthy of the clear eye and the kindly heart.

Be the inferior to no man. Nor of any man be the superior.

Remember that every man is a variation of yourself. No man's guilt is yours. Nor is anyone's innocence a thing of heart.

Despise evil and ungodliness but not men of evil These understand
Have no shame in being kind and gentle But if the time comes in
your life to kill. Kill and have no regret.

In the term of your life, lived so that in that moment of time. You shall not add to the misery and sorrow of the world.

But shall smile to the infinite delight and mystery of it.

I cast October. October is obsession month. It will be in a penthouse in New York City.

The Obsessed for Success Penthouse. 400 events broadcasted live; 12 books edited, 30 days of smooth progress.

I speak of it below. Words come from my Spanish and English AA.

Cada historia es un proceso de transformacion. De movimiento entre opuestos. De la proposita a la catarsis al final. Easy Rider comienza en el triunfo del drug deal, sube el triangulo con cada vez mas accion. Planta las semillas que son las consecuencias de ser. Luego el tiro a la moto en la carretera Transmuta el triunfo del drug deal que compro vida a la muerte en el fuego. Nuestra comedia cuenta nuestro camino de nuestro pasado hacia un futuro glorioso. Antes de ayer le rompi un vaso en la cabeza a una persona. That's my beginning. What's yours, in this story? The word Emotionally Thought Perfect. We go from there. You broke a bottle out of what emotion Self preservation? Anger? Care for my sister. Protection. You go from living for others To being for yourself I go from Skid Row AA meeting To dilettante in New York Mago. We need an image.

How can people see that? And then the after image. Mine is simple and I can see it. A glass meant to be broken on someone's head. Ends up In a glass broken, just left away, slipped from the hand Because so many good things will keep on coming. Yes It's a tone poem The symmetry of the design attracts the ideas that shape it My idea is obsession That's my symmetry. Represented in a broken glass.

Completely different meanings before and after. My image is the view of a Motorcycle riding in the middle of the desert heading east with power. We have two symmetries That's only the beginning. We have an identity Riding bikes to New York. We create this reality into being With our imagination We take Gods motorcycles east to the Obsessed for Success Penthouse in SoHo. Obsessed for Success October is here Its real already. Words have power The words are imagination Here we name and live by imaginations Imagination is the gift of comedy. Imagination is here In reality glow to Freedom freedom implies escape. Yes And aren't we escaping? We are on two motorcycles Escaping hell Glow to what is, as we want it to be. The future glows with us forward We are making our own reality. We are making everyone's reality Freedom from thoughts in the clouds Yes. We roll our obsession with action To clouds under our feet. Every word here is a list To nothingness To everythingness. Yes The duality Yes! So we go to smooth excitement We are turning it around! Penthouse elegant Penthouse decadent Everything upside down! We are riding with full power Listing the slogans That will populate our literature The script of this human masterpiece The continuation of Balzac's human comedy today We are making it a masterpiece. We enact Of Nietzsche's human all too human. Poetic precision Smooth execution Onto freedom for the hell behind into out glorious free thinking selves. Execution of until now fearful abstract paja. I correct it The image was ahead It is the Penthouse. Home Home for a month. The view of the two motorcyclists riding east in the desert heading to the Obsessed for Success Soho Penthouse Home for a month. Babel was transitory Many languages were there spoken Many stories of obsession told to the people of Babel That's why it's great. We ride to the Penthouse ahead. It's a full on give it all journey to a home we know is transitory. In the Penthouse a new context will house our metaphor. You are trapped with faulty consequence You know the beginning You know the end We go towards freedom With the money and fame should you Choose the left road With the money and fame we create we choose The left side. Experience, experience, experience. Or we choose to

make it transitory The right side Freedom We give ourselves the gift
of a freeman Ability to choose the universe's future direction The
end is clear. The beginning already is past. The process will inform
what you choose to do when you are free Yes. We are right in the
middle of this. In medias red Res Act II Our past is irrelevant As a
thought Our present manifests it with action Tomorrow obsessive
flow. Amen.

Pisces AA



I go to my tenth meeting visualizing this image of the last two fish.

Sunday, Noon El Sereno Grupo Camino Real 3115 N. Eastern Ave.//Templeton St. En espa ol, reuni n abierta

I walk to Pisces meeting feeling two fish in my heart.

You see the poetic patterns. The title is dub step effigy Life coming into being in a go pro camera heading down to earth

A 300 dollar camera replacing a half a million space special lens.

Life tweets out in haiku beats of direct experience.

Beats of meaning.

Our new reality is speed

Our new reality is sampling.

Our new reality is success.

Our new reality gives to our hand multiplication the rhyme of vision

In the past you carried the weight of your camera on your shoulder strap. Behold Ansel Newell. He has a car full of equipment.

It takes Ansel time to frame a shot. Time to process it. Time to share it. Now is immediate.

You see it Snap out your phone Take the picture

The past is the tragedy of time. Today is the comedy of speed.

Before was a three hour opera. Today is an opera of singles, 3 to 5 minutes.

We live with speed Movement back and forth between two extremes so fast it is still.

This is what I see.

Dubstep is at the speed of twitter It carries voices as beats

The beats that touch are sung

They are played with in live concerts and become singles

A collection of symbols makes the artist today

Apt the metaphor is not collection, as that roots in manual labor.

Apt the metaphor is becoming.

You make of all the voices and beats that pass you. Your own eyes,
your heart, the images taken and posted. The thought immediate
out in the context chosen - print, performance, book

I manifest to you my beats in this book.

Cosmic effigy is this.

We watch planets explode in conversation.

We lay in bed with a white and black sock

Your heart beats out thoughts and sustenance

Cancel thoughts of the artist

Cancel thoughts of friendship

Cancel your thought of time

Be reborn to the poetic comedy of today.

In aquarium with this thought I became a Star Child.

Three more cardinals signs, take me to execution.

Tomorrow is Pisces.

The two fish.

In the past it took 10000 hours of practice.

Today it takes 10000 contexts

The metaphor then was practice to the concert hall. Training with
Rocky to the the final battle. Will and exertion.

The metaphor today is comedy. You create 10000 contact nuggets,
10000 published pictures, 10000 tumblr entries, 10000 plus google
facebook updates from heart. It. You live a life of public imagination

You live at the speed of texts

The person is the band

Riding at the speed of obsession

Red flame burns its brightest blue.

A piece is not the whole. It is static. A masterpiece is a master static incomplete. That is why in the tragedy of yesterday books took long.

Today's comedy is a game of chess. We study the master plays of the past, the games, we don't plan the game but play it. We play it now with words. Black are the weak, wet words.

White is single purity.

We play a mastergame against the black pieces of banality Every moment of our days are plays. Our vision is victory.