



SOUTH-LAND

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A0000014.VOC (0:22) 00:00:55 /Day 1

Testin this out now... is it going?

Do I speak into here?

Do I speak into heere?

Do I *have* to have a microphone?

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE.

*Begins to sing**

If I siiiiiing will I reallly be singinnnnnnnng? Will I
reaaaally heeeear my voooice?

A0000015.VOC (0:07) 00:33:17

I need to put batteries...

I need to put matches... inthebathroom.

A0000016.VOC (1:10) 21:00:36 /Day 23

...Thinking about how Narrative has always seemed like a
drug to me, when I was a child, um...

Pause

Listening to the books be read to me, it helped me stop
thinking,

And it was folk!

And yet, I learned from it.

I often I identified with characters. The characters who were usually the bad guys, I.. I..

This-This line of thought has lead me to thinking about how, and why I became sneaky.

In order to get what I want.

And how that's been a thread and a theme through my life.

And how compassion has arisen from that because I know I'm not a bad person.

I'm just sneaky and I want what I want.

And moral compasses... I mean... At least I don't want to...

Harm otherpeople.

Idon'tknow.

Just thinking, trying to build character.

A0000017.VOC (0:09) 14:46:17 /Month 5 Day 13

Testing 123...

Testing... mmotherfucker-

A0000018.VOC (0:07) 14:47:43

-lright, we're testing again and I'm just trying to figure out the pla-

Clicks

A0000019.VOC (0:03) 14:49:28

Alright, now we're testing udl-

A0000020.VOC (0:04) 14:49:45

You record like this, "1 2 3" and than you hit OFF-

A0000021.VOC (2:33) 15:10:21

Driving noise in background

I'm recording now.

I'm smoking a cigarette.

I'm on my way home.

I really would- It will be nice to not smoke cigarettes again.

It's um... been a nice little break from, whatever, but...

Things I wanted to remember was...

A sense of being attacked by peers, because last night with my sister, I...

Totally...

Cried and everything, and I cried in the middle of my sleep last night.

And I just really want to get this down. I hope I can write it down, but because I'm driving five hours I can't write.

And I feel like crying now.

But... it's hard being [REDACTED]'s sister

*Voice cracks**

It's hard hearing everybody tell you over, and over again...

*Sneering**

How good she is.

And how good [REDACTED] is.

Even though I know this in my soul,

It's so strange being me.

It's ever- it's all about comparisons and how...

I don't measure up.

Which is really funny given [REDACTED]'s so short.

Pause

I am very um... scared...

Of the way my brain's thinking these days.

I think about suicide all the time.

Pause

But I'm not gonna do it because- I'm just not that selfish.

I may be selfish in every other way, but...

I don't know why I can't like myself.

I'm sure everybody has the answers, cause they always do.

I know all of my faults,
They're read back to me, in list.
These peers attack me.

*Suddenly poetic**

now I stretch my mouth open
throw my head back
my neck elongates
I breathe in and the night fills my lungs
...and it's starry

A0000022.VOC (0:46) 15:13:21

I throw my head back, open my mouth,
my neck egret like
swallows the night sky
the stars scratch my throat
but I know there is peace at the end of this pain
acceptance
less fear

Pause

Just saw a copper, so i'mgonna sign off thennow,
N'd drive,
Bye.

Suited up

Sugar salt

Sweet candy

Wine

Red bull

On my way home, four wheels

The road

The trees, the grass

The roadkill

The passing cars

The orange signs

Pause

I still feel weary,

Tired.

I don't want to go home.

I have no home.

I feel as if I've broken up with my sister, the one person
I relied on,

To heal me!

What kind of selfishness is that?

At least when I called she answered the phone this morning.

I'll send the card... that I bought her,

A friendship card, not a sister card.

This's been a good thing for me, I've let go.

It hurt, it still hurts.

I have my own bloody fuckin life to live without [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] [REDACTED], without [REDACTED] [REDACTED], without hope, without
[REDACTED] [REDACTED], without my father.

No hope.

I'm gonna fuckin live it.

I'm gonna do whatever I can to get from under this debt
and under this mess,

I've created.

God! My house is so messy and I fucking hate it.

I fucking- I'm always uncomfortable, I'm always worried,

I worry every single second.

*Dramatic tone**

I have heart palpitations.

Sometimes I feel like my heart beats so fast it stops.

Pause

I have to clean it up.

I don't know how.

I don't know where to put the stuff.

I have no help.

I have no one to ask.

I have no one to help, meee.

No one, I am utterly alone.

A pre-death feeling...

Everybody I know has some one... except maybe [REDACTED]
[REDACTED], because,

*Sneering**

He won't ever rely on anyone anyway.

Pause

Who has me?

No clue.

I'm not there.

[REDACTED] is dead...

[REDACTED] drank herself to death...

Pause

I just exist, in a state job...

With animals...

Who rely on me!

They rely on me.

I don't trust anyone to take care of them as well as I do.

Because I take pretty good fuckING care of them.

I'm not so bad,

It just feels like I am.

I'm a mess.

I'm dreadfully dead inside.

I'm tired and want to lay down to sleep,

Because I can't quit moving around,

And my thoughts never rest.

Pause

I feel like I'm done.

*Exasperated**

I've done everything I could.

This art shit,

It's just all bullshit,

It's just all fucking fucking bullshit...

I should just... give it all away.

Carry on.

Rolls down window, cabin howls.

I'm simply incapable,

Of leaning on you.

Although that's not true, my sisters leaned on me before.

I'm simply incapable, of understanding this, on a physical level.

I can understand it intellectually and rationally.

You know, when someone's crying sometimes it's just ok to let them fucking cry...

To assure them that it will pass.

To tell them to hang on.

*Beginning to tremble**

Fucking meek-ass people!

You tell me not to cry, and I just shut the fuck up!

Pause

Is that what sleep is?

Permanent sleep?

Just shutting the fuck up?

*Whimpering**

Mind you, I'm not blaming.

I'm not blaming at all,

I don't know how to not be me!

I don't think I like me...

You don't like me, I don't like me either.

So I'm just crud.

I save bugs and I'm nice to people,

That's all.

Sometimes that's enough to keep me going for me.

And I wanna withdraw.

I wanna start over.

And I don't wanna be here anymore, I'm not happy.

I am NOT happy.

And I am NOT happy with my... husband of choice.

Working all the time.

Family of not choice.

Job of not choice.

Life... NOT CHOICE!

I chose none of this!

Pause

I'm so fucking done.

I'm so tired.

I don't feel like staying awake any more or moving very much.

I don't even care about T.V.

That was something that always kept me going.

I always wondered what the next episode was gonna be,
But, I know what it's gonna be.

The same old shit, regurgitated.

In Narrative.

Narrative kept me alive,

The Narrative is going away.

There's no more Narrative.

FUCK YOU!

Fuck YOU!

Fuck youuu!

Fuck-you-fuck-you-fuck-you!

Everybody,

Fuck you.

A0000024.VOC (0:56) 18:34:29

Feel It by Kate Bush plays over the car stereo

*Singing, tone deaf**

See what you're dooooooing to me?
See what you're dooooooing to meeeeeeee?

God, but you're beautiful, and youuuuuuuuuuu,
Feel your warm hand walking around.
I won't pull away.
My passion always wins.
Keep on a-moving in.

Keep on a-tuning in.
Synchroniiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiise rhyyythm now.

Oh yeah, on the road, Kate Bush.

Still feel completely like shit,

YAY!

A0000025.VOC (0:49) 18:37:33

Oh To Be In Love by Kate Bush plays in BG,

Alright, goals.

Out of debt.

Get all the bills, paid up, so that they're- I don't have to worry about them, they just come out of the account.

Have a budget.

Stick by it.

Don't shop to feel better.

Maybe this is just my time to feel like shit.

Maybe it's gonna- Maybe I'm gonna feel like shit for years.

Oh Fucking Well.

Who doesn't?

Um... Clean up the house.

Be organized.

Have a clean space.

Have cleaned off surfaces...

Make art!

Make fuckin art!

Make fucking art.

Make fucking Art.

Make fucking art.

Blah blah, blah blah,

Make fucking art.

A0000026.VOC (0:03) 21:51:37 /Month 5 Day 24

Fumbling with the recorder

Nothing else

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1 INDEX file and 13 recordings from a lost voice recorder.

This zine is a work of fiction.

A mi hermana Nicole, por todo.

February 2016 - Tallahassee, FL