

Slump Tactics

Junk bond king
'90s-style

Angry Homeowners / See Pages 1-2

Raising Capitalists / See Junior Achievement / Page 3

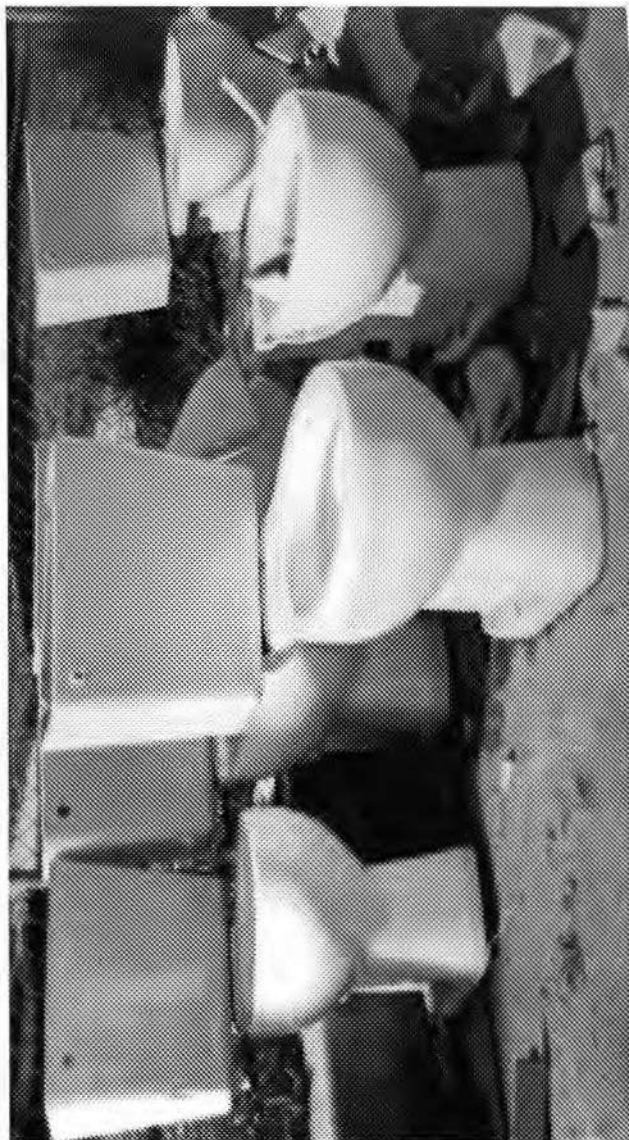
The Screwdriver as a Weapon of Death / See Screwed / Page 4

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Slump
Hormone

Q: as this case is still pending, the names have been altered to protect the accused.

Our hidden cameras and microphones, however, tell a different story. Presented for your consideration is this transcription of an actual conversation between Jumbo and "V," which was captured live via our audio-video lead as it really happened the morning of 12 / 15 / 94 beginning at 07:46 am. **YOU BE THE JUDGE!**

J: (yelling from bathroom, concerned, annoyed) What? What happened?

V: They did it again. There's spray-paint all over my rig.** First the fucking christmas lights, now this again.

J. (entering kitchen from bedroom) What are you doing?

V: (on hands and knees, searching through cupboard under the sink) Nothing.

J: What are you looking for?

V: My fucking screwdriver. Shut. Where the fuck is it?

J: What do you need it for?

V: Nevermind why the fuck I need it. Have you seen it or not?

J: Fuck you,—— Don't take this out on me; I'm not in the fucking mood.

V: Sorry, but—



Last week, an emotional meeting of Silver's group, Homeowners of Encino, featured "hostile and angry" residents who want police to take a more aggressive role in combating vandalism.

"It goes to the heart of the community, it goes to the quality of life," he said.

He cited one wall in Encino, where, until recently, there was 5 square feet of graffiti. "Then, it became 50 square feet. Then in the last few weeks, it will become 500 square feet.

"I don't consider them 'taggers,'" Silver said. "That's kind of innocuous, these are crooks, vandals who are destroying public property — more important — they are destroying the heart of a community."

[exhibits]

EXCERPTS FROM A ~~TAGGER'S~~
NOTEBOOK. ALIAS "AGONY,"
"RATE," "OSSIFY."
CONFISCATED JANUARY 16,
1995; ALSO SEIZED WERE 3
SPRAY CANS AND SCRIBING
PARAPHRASIA: SHARPENED
METAL, A SCREWDRIVER.

12.15.94 I know what's
what. Don't try to be a
hero. Heros get pinched.
Last night I almost got
caught. I just finished
fucking-up the side

****rig**, along with the word "semi," rig is a commonly used term among truck drivers. It refers to the large, double-axled diesel trucks used in the hauling and distribution of commodities over America's highways and roadways. ("V" is currently employed by Beef Riggers, a meat packing warehouse located in Verona, CA.)

J: Why do you park it there? You know the neighbors complain—that big fucking cow painted on the side. It was probably one of the neighbors fed up with looking at it.

V: No. I know who did it: those little shits up the street. (standing up and checking kitchen drawers) Probably the same ones who stole the christmas lights. Fuck, where is it?

J: I lent it to T-bone.

V: What?

J: I just remembered. I lent it to T-bone last week when she borrowed the dirt devil.*

V: Great. Fucking beautiful.

J: Well don't blame me. Remember all that shit you said at Thanksgiving: "what's ours is yours. . . what are neighbors for. . . blah, blah, blah," all that shit?

V: I was drunk-off my ass Thanksgiving.

J: Well. . .

V: Fuck it.

J: (pouring a bowl of Frosted Flakes) Where are you going?

Unfortunately "V's" answer was not picked up clearly, having been uttered outside the range of our kitchen mics. However, what the mics did pick-up we have been able to digitally enhance, and it's clear to us that what "V" said in response to Jumbo's question was: "to take matters in my own hands."

We should mention, however, that, upon being interrogated, Jumbo recalled the response as being mumbled, and thought it was "to take care of business," a phrase "V" often used in different contexts: i.e., before going to work, before going to the bathroom, before sex



of a MTA bus: a big "OSSIFY" across a classic rock advertisement. This fuckhead tried to grab me. A "good samaritan." I took off. I hate it when that happens. I just think: man, go back to your coffee and donuts. Who are you risking your life for? I have friends who would've killed you. And for what? For MTA? For a classic rock station?

Don't talk to me about "community" either, when everyone's become a fucking appendage of the police, eager to grab their 15 minutes of fame for turning someone in for something.

"In the last six months, we have really noticed an increase," Racs said. "It's out of control in certain parts of the Valley. It's become a very popular thing to put your tag anywhere you can."

"My feeling is, that is more a reflection of society as a whole. They get even more glory and gratification by being violent. That is what they are after, getting their names out."

Yeah, YOUR community. There's certainly no place for me in YOUR community.

On the way home I hit up Farmer John's truck again. A big fucking "AGONY" across that smiling cow.

*dirt devil: In reviewing previous footage, we can verify that Jumbo did in fact lend T-bone the dirt devil on Tuesday 12/7/94; however, no screwdriver was involved in this transaction. Previously captured footage shows that on the night of 12/11/94, after a drunken brawl that sent "V" storming from the house, Jumbo procured the screwdriver from under the sink and hid it—within arms reach—between the mattress and boxspring of their bed.

JUNIOR ACHIEVEMENT

*dirt devil: we are struck by a beautiful thought: imagine an America with a dirt devil in every household, we could all really be as nasty as we wanna be.

**Illegal: Some would say that it is the very illegality of the black-market that allows such otherwise excluded entrepreneurs their "window of opportunity." Removing the stigma and risk of such a market would only open the door for its entrenchment and take over by those other "law-abiding" capital interests.

Junior had somehow gotten hold of a dirt devil* and we vacuumed the shit up before they came home. You should have seen us later, sifting through all that cat hair and carpet fuzz, salvaging what we could: a regular couple of diehard entrepreneurs.

"Fuck it. That's good enough. These fuckin' potheads won't know the difference. If it burns, they'll smoke it. Besides, it'll be dark by the time we get there."

That was just like Junior, always finding an angle, a real self-starter: "Supply and demand, Sinner. Supply and fucking demand. Fuck Adam Smith. Fuck Keynes. Fuck all those armchair, Wall Street, Nintendo jack-offs, following digital all day. Except for a few heavy hitters, that shit's all meaningless. We're the last of the true capitalists. Laugh, but it's true. It's capitalism at its essence out here. No fucking government regulations, no long term, opportunity cost, investment bullshit, just big risks, ruthless competition, and fucking *real* gains or losses. These guys out here are capitalism's wet dream; they would eat Wall Street for lunch if big business didn't have the government and its police sucking them off—all this rat and mouse bullshit. If this shit weren't "illegal"*** they would be on the cover of *Fortune Magazine*, they would be sponsoring the Super Bowl. One fucking word.

So we're a threat. Instead of being the American Dream incarnate, we're the bread and butter of the fucking penal system."

Junior Achievement—the venerable entrepreneurial program for kids has turned hundreds of thousands of teenagers into successful adult business people, says Kathryn J. Whitmore.

The former Houston mayor is the newly named head of the 75-year-old international organization that hopes to double the number of pint-size capitalists

in Los Angeles over the next five years.

She met with junior entrepreneurs at Monte Vista Street Elementary School in Highland Park.

Fourth-graders there were wrapping strategies to find raw materials for their yo-yo business. A few classrooms away, fifth-graders were practicing job interview techniques.

SLUMP 3



12.21.94 In a world of shit it's hard to keep your hands clean. Things breaking down left and right. Distractions. Obligations. And it's all such petty shit. That's what gets me. Getting wrapped up in all this petty bullshit. Waterheaters. starter motors. When I move out at least I'll be able to control my immediate environment.

CONTROL. That's what drove her away—my need to control everything, put everything in its place. That constant criticism. I fucked-up her self-esteem. I fuck myself everyday.

"We're not gangsters, we're just a crew. Taco Bell is our thing," said Christine Nernick, 16, who showed the mark of her "crew" on her right wrist — a nickel-size circular scar between her thumb and forefinger, burned in with a heated marijuana pipe.

Z

SCREWED

Red, the proprietor of Red's True Value Hardware, was interviewed 1 / 12 / 95.

Q: I notice that the spray paint is locked up in a cage.

A: Yes. If we don't lock it up the kids will steal it. So...

Q: I see you have to be at least 18 years old to buy spray paint.

A: Yes. And I also reserve the right not to sell to anyone I deem, uh, unfit or suspicious in any way. I reserve that right.

Q: How do you go about determining that?

A: Well, the LAPD has given us a list of determining characteristics to go by—including common styles of dress and language practices. I've been around long enough to know what's what and who's who.

Despite their utilitarian purpose, screwdrivers are frequently used as weapons, police say. Recent screwdriver-involved crimes include:

Sept. 28, 1993: A woman is arrested in North Hills on suspicion of stabbing another woman in the neck with a screwdriver in a dispute over a man.

Sept. 27, 1993: A police officer kills a 35-year-old North Hills man who was holding a screwdriver to his 7-year-old son's throat.

Sept. 25, 1993: Thieves in Echo Park attack a person with a screwdriver and steal cash and jewelry valued at \$2,300.

Sept. 23, 1993: A 25-year-old Van Nuys man fatally shoots a panhandler who witnesses say came at him with a screwdriver.

June 18, 1993: A man handcuffs a 37-year-old Simi Valley woman in her home, threatens her with a screwdriver and robs her of \$2,000.

Jan. 5, 1993: Four men beat a 26-year-old Laguna Hills man with tire irons and stab him in the back with a screwdriver.

July 30, 1992: A 35-year-old Woodland Hills man is sentenced to 735 days in jail for attacking a store owner with a screwdriver in a confrontation over a bad check.

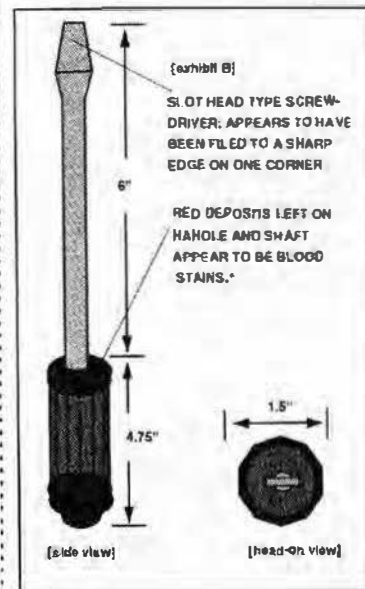
July 15, 1992: A 19-year-old Panorama City man is sentenced to 29 years to life for killing a man by stabbing him in the eye with a screwdriver.

Sept. 17, 1991: An off-duty reserve police officer shoots and kills a suspected car thief who repeatedly charged at him with a screwdriver in Canoga Park.

Sept. 1, 1991: An off-duty police officer in San Diego is stabbed in the arm with a screwdriver when he approaches a group of men.

July 15, 1991: A police officer shoots a man who stabbed his 72-year-old mother with a screwdriver as their car swerves through traffic in Glendale.

*blood stains; lab tests of deposits taken from handle and shaft of the confiscated screwdriver (exhibit B) proved positive for a chemical concentration indicating a substance not blood, but paint. The high concentration of CO₂ in the sample further suggests a spray paint—perhaps a Krylon Cherry or Candy Apple Red. However, since most paint will indicate positive traces of this compound, the lab conclusions with regard to the specific nature of the paint in question should be viewed as falling below the lab's 99% scientifically certain standard.



12.22.94 Christmas lights, helicopters, and gray days of things undone.



UNIVERSE

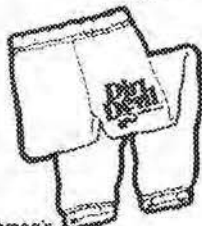
the renewed interest in heavily doped semiconductors, i.e., semiconductors with high impurity concentrations



Golf Shirt



Coffee Mug

women's
pants

Can Hugger



Golf Hat

Conductor's
Chair

Sweatshirt

The variations in topography were large enough, scientists said, to create the gravity needed to attract more and more matter into increasingly expansive clumps. These variations had been predicted by theorists but were never observed until now.

The discovery, made by scien-

tists analyzing satellite data, is being hailed as one of the most exciting and important developments in cosmology in this century.

"What we have found is evidence for the birth of the universe and its evolution," said Dr. George Smoot, an astrophysicist

1.15.95 I've been busy the last couple of weeks, getting everything set for tonight. It was a hitch getting the paint. I had to break into family man's garage. I had some black and yellow left, but I needed some red and I remembered I saw him painting his kid's bike once. Sure enough, there it was, next to a tool box. Fuck it, I took some tools too, might as well, could come in handy.

I made up this whole story about spending the night at a friend's house, just to make sure. My mom's already caught me sneaking out three times the past few months. It was a tough sell—she knows I don't have friends.

The rail yard is pretty far from my house. It's not that bad. I've walked it before. Just follow the tracks past the restaurants and warehouses, over the overpasses. I think there's a guard there 24-7, but it's wide open if you follow the tracks in. They're just sitting there like huge mechanical cows—brown, hollow Santa Fe carcasses.

The shooting was "a lawful killing" because Masters reasonably believed that "he was in imminent peril" as he faced the two taggers—one carrying a screwdriver—in a midnight confrontation Tuesday under a freeway overpass

Imagine a semi idling stopped at a downed railroad crossing; the distinctive dinging of the warning bells is a constant disruption in the background noise of our audio lead as it transmits live from inside the plush cab of "V's" rig.

With the help of a few of our carefully placed mics we know that after leaving Jumbo in the kitchen, "V" picked-up Sinner. The following is an edited transcription of their conversation, taped as it happened:

V: So let me get this straight. Junior wants me to transport a load of frozen steer carcass with 30 pounds of weed discriminately wrapped in zip-lock glad bags and shoved up inside the various openings, and orifices. . . ?

S: Yeah, you know, the glad bags will protect any cross contamination from either side. So you don't have to worry about hurting them. I mean they're dead anyway, right? Anyway, it's all precaution; C.Y.A., you know? Cover Your Ass. Junior's figured it all out. She knows what's what. What'd she say? Let me see. Oh yeah. Check this out. She said it's an accelerated form of freeze tag with killer stakes involved. Get it? Killer *steaks* involved.

V: You picked a perfect day to drop this bomb*, Sinner.

S: What.

V: Did you ever see that movie *Double Indemnity*?

S: No.

V: Forget it. Let's just say I'm not in the mood for any of Junior's screwball ideas right now; I'm busy with my own. You're lucky your sorry ass isn't walking right now—bringing that shit up.

I don't care how much you need those panties**.

S: They're a gift I said. And they're on sale, damn it. Why don't you chill-out already, girl?

NOTE: To put a series of large letters on a wall usually in more than one color.

also see appendix, pg. 7

**panties: after buying panties, Sinner would later be asked to leave the *Space Station* video arcade for repeatedly hitting on one of the machines, complaining of stolen tokens.

12.27.94 My writing is growing more and more desperate. More obsessive. I am constantly disappointed. I left to walk on the railroad tracks in the night air. Relics. Railroad tracks. There's nowhere I can go that hasn't already been plotted over before me. I walk in patterns, on sidewalk, in the shit and bones of an intense graveyard full of relics. Traffic noise. Street lights. Fences. And to think you can escape in your imagination is just another illusion. The imagination is another fucking graveyard full of ghosts and jokes of dirty old men.

The city is the only relevant narrative.

The on-board event recorders, similar to aircraft flight data recorders, will be analyzed. Federal laws also dictate drug tests for the crews.

The train speed at impact wasn't immediately known.

The fire and wreckage was clearly visible from nearby Interstate 15.

"It looked like a movie set out there; the cars are just upside down everywhere," said motorist Loraine Stevens.

Witness Fred Dressler ran to help a conductor: "He said that they were sitting there waiting because an Amtrak had just passed them. Then he heard on the radio where this other train was coming down. It had no brakes."

GLOSSARY OF TAGGER TERMS

ALL CITY: Tagging all over, not just in one area.

BATTLE: A contest between different taggers or crews to see who can write their tag the most times in a certain area within a given period of time.

BOMB: To put a series of large letters on a wall usually in more than one color.

BOMBING RUN: When a tagging crew comes together with the express purpose of putting up as many of their tag names and the name of their crew as they can either on public or private property.

BOMBED: Something which no longer can be used.

CREW: A group of taggers with their own distinct name.

COOL: A really good tagger who is considered to be "cool."

DOX: To disrespect someone by writing over or on another tagger's work.

PIECES: Pieces of tagging styles that are considered good.

PUTTING UP: Putting your tag on objects.

REAL: The best tagger in a crew or area.

SHOOTER: The large overhead freeway signs. Sometimes used to refer to any high objects to tag on.

STOLEN: A citizen who tries to stop someone from doing their graffiti and attempt to detain them for the police.

HOUSE: Dancing group, posse, or crew that dances at parties held in a house.

LOOT: To steal a tagger's supplies; usually by robbery.

LOOT-UP/LOOT: Like street gangs, several members will beat a person who wants to get into the crew or wants to leave the crew.

GRAB A WALL: Put graffiti all over a wall.

LAND MARK: Fixed street objects, such as street light poles, electric poles, city sign poles, etc.

MOVE: Putting as much graffiti on an object as possible; usually in short period of time.

PIECE: An elaborate graffiti mural put on a wall or other large object.

POKE: Stealing; shoplifting paint, markers, etc.

POLE-UP: Arrested.

SLASH: To cross out another tagger's/crew's name. Meant as an insult or a challenge.

SPOT: A store to shoplift from, which is kept a secret from other taggers.

TAG: A nickname or the act of putting graffiti on an object.

TAGGER: A person who adopts a unique nickname and then puts this nickname on objects.

TAG-BAT: To defeat another tagger/crew in a battle.

TOO-UP: Put large bubble style letters on an object.

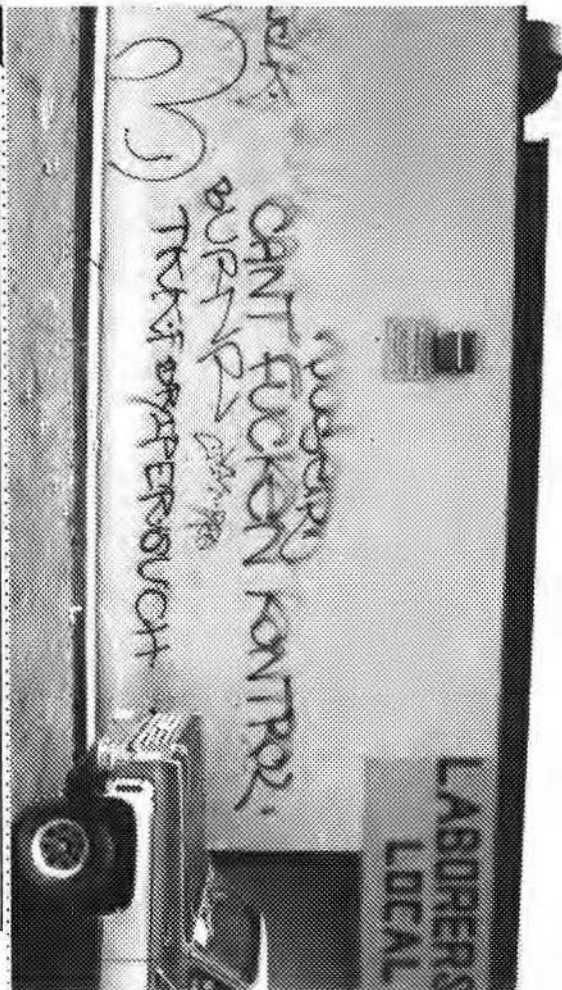
TOP: A beginner or a tagger who writes in an amateurish manner.

WILD STYLE: Unique style of tagging that exhibits overlapping letters.

WRITE: To put up a tag or graffiti on an object.

WRITER: A person who does murals (pieces); a person who puts his tag on objects. NOTE: a person who does pieces considers himself an artist and refers to himself as a writer. They do not like to be associated with taggers. A person who just tags can also call himself a writer.

Source: Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department.



“HATE”

cackle, cackle, cackle. like a fucking helicopter. i want to stick my head in the spinning blades, maybe then she'll shut the fuck up. i would love to see that. i would cry. beneath the red neon tubing, the wet streets shine in the predawn traffic lights. asphalt and oil. parked cars like abandoned children, freezing in alleyways, murderers, smoking cigarettes, billowing exhaust, sad eyed dim headlights on dying batteries. so the index begins: with eyes like dying headlights, and hands and limbs tired of their continued use, cold like plastic running through the veins. nothing what it is, but what it isn't, or what it's next to—proxy, contiguous, metonymic. like looking at the mush in the gutter that was yesterday's headlines contemplating nothing putting one foot in front of the other, swinging one dead meat hook in time with the other, stepping. static in the mind collapsing in with the broken voices of the street, swirling stomachhead, acrid, syrupy sweet ear wax symphony. arcade philosophy, it's so much easier that way, smart bombs, i mean, smart drugs. candied ass fuck. large plump children driving into each other, protected by walls of fiberglass and rubber, a cockpit

candybar with a fleshy mush center spilling out over the highway at a hundred miles per hour. hands like claws now, burning cold palms on metal, avoiding razor wire. hands are precious. reference to time here. we've moved. dizzying, contemplating speed and height in

personal darkness. i never knew freeways were so loud, past trees. vulnerability exaggerates everything in absurd increments, like a post-disaster price gouging petty-bourgeois fuck. no time for syntax now. hit and run. stroke yourself later. compartmentalized blue lit existence. then and only then. with a cherry on top, gut full of poison, head on ice. tripping through highway landscape, sloped iceplant and sprinkler piping, adrenaline. ego erection, tracing subtleties back into that which never happened, that composureless transgressive frenzy—a tenuous non-event continually

re-sutured in turning and looking back. the signifier is loosed on the world. it's mine, it's not mine. it has everything and nothing to do with language, breaking the law; inside playing with narratives; tip-toeing over slippery hardwood floors into cold sheets. cold hands gravitate to warm middle. it's the precious hands that give you away.



407-Lycra THONG with money pouch. Colors: Black, Gold. Sizes: S - M - L - XL.

“OSSIFY”

“the total body must revert to the dust of words, to the listing of details, to a monotonous inventory of parts, to crumbling: language undoes the body, returns it to the fetish.” the orchestrations of the western eye; always a hop, skip and a jump away from heaven, presence—a successive unfolding of necessary absence; *delay*. jack and jill went up the hill. . . always banging my head against a wall, when there—on the surface—erect, engorged, staring me in the face, always already there: see jane’s dick; see jane’s dick run. see jane’s dick run over there, see jane’s dick come back, take a break, and run some more, run over here, run over there. i want to play with jane’s dick. “the contract of desire: falsified. now we can enter this symbolic field by three routes, no one of which is privileged: provided with equal points of entry, the textual network, on its symbolic level, is reversible.” i don’t want to enter at all right now. i want to tickle the skin, stimulate the nerves with a feather touch. die laughing like chinese water torture, like a third degree burn overloads the nervous system creating all kinds of surface tension, ruptures and leakage.



489-Lycra THONG with embroidered “Love Muscle”.
Colors: Black, Red, Royal.
Sizes: S - M - L - XL.

dropping the text into a tub of ice water, numbing out the insides. “the painting, by contrast, has no inside: it cannot provoke the *indiscreet* act by which one might try to find out what there is *behind* the canvas. . . the aesthetic of the canvas—less emblematic, more indifferent—is more easily satisfied: a statue breaks, a canvas blurs. . . but writing extenuates still further the hallucination of the *inside*.” cackle, cackle, cackle. mixing balls banging against metal fuselage. discerning ears take over when surfaces seduce the eye. there’s something moving in the bushes. there’s something there because i hear it. i don’t see anything; there’s no wind, so there must be something there. read me a story. tell me the truth. confess. but you blush. look at him; he’s blushing. something inside. what are you hiding inside. tell us, because you can’t hide it. it’s written all over your face.

it’s written all over my face. *liar. liar, pants on fire. liar, liar, pants on fire*. most parents are surprised to learn their son or daughter is in trouble or using drugs, but if you learn to read the signs early on you can learn the truth before it’s too late. my precious hands betray me.

“AGONY”

suddenly there's spreading, growth, a wall space is transformed, temporarily engendered in graphic exchanges: conversations, viral signs accumulate, cluster, temporarily, a wall space is characterized, *vital*, the blazon—the ostentatious (dis)play—“expresses the belief that a complete inventory can reproduce a total body. . . . it accumulates in order to totalize.” the amorphous semi-conductivity of urban/suburban space has been exploited for decades, an unquestioned, paradoxical arena: experienced as public, yet almost completely privatized. it is highly vulnerable, volatile, the unpaid for and therefore unlawful characterizing of architecture is silenced, defaced, and otherwise rendered innocuous, which only increases the stakes—the challenge—and the sense of power for the transgressor(s). “the game here is gramatical in essence. . . . it consists in presenting, acrobatically, for as long as possible, the plural diversity of possibilities within a singular syntagm. . . . to produce a constant model carried out to infinity, which is to *constrain language* as one wishes, whence the very pleasure of power.” when political acts become socially deviant behaviour—i.e., delinquency—it's easier to

eradicate, amputate, the offending organ(s), in the name of. . . for the good of. . . *it's mine, it's not mine*, shift here: repetition of previous lexia: narrative temporality / intertextual cross referencing, sliding through iceplant on a freeway slope, turning and looking, re-suturing,

through a slit in the fence onto quiet oppressive cul-de-sacs, down through alleyways ripe with overtipped garbage and rotting tree fruit apricot mush epileptic neutered domestics yelping; all the cultural codes which distinguish this particular suburban desolation so i can make it home to hardwood floors and cold sheets, and then tomorrow i'll drive by with clean hands and look up through a glass encasing metal capsule and it'll be quick and careless like an insult, but now i hide bespeckled hands from the night, closing off another sequence in the

narrative i'm constantly constituting, it was a success, it was failure, i'll know tomorrow like a slap in the face, and then i'll interrogate myself, i'll give myself the third degree, i'll give myself a polygraph test, i'll torture myself like a double agent caught behind the lines, like a double agent who really had something to tell.



413-Lycra "Devil" Pouch.
Color: Red.
Size: One Size.