

Sept. 9th around 7:00 am Steamboat Springs Colorado

Upon waking in my van that is parked out front of my good friend Michele Moss's home with morning wood full of pee and as hard as Viagra can ever get you I 'suppose, I opened the back door of my van and stumbled out to meet the rocky mountain morning- the crisp smell of fall is already here -sleepily looking around the neighborhood, while scratching my ass, noticing the area that I am in which I had not really seen since I arrived late the night before- tis a very nice Colorado neighborhood with the Rockies as a backdrop. I noticed the house across the street- classic mountain A-frame home stained wood trim, with a front that is all windows- 40 feet ceiling and double as wide -open view from the street of the living room kitchen dining area all for me to see- There is the vague blurry image I see thru my crusty sleep eyes, of humans moving around- breakfast I think. The thought of not peeing in broad view of the people passes through my foggy head. I know the rules, I'm street broken- I lived in my van for some months, I learned the hardest thing you have to do is find a place to pee when you wake up, you can't just climb out of your car and pee in the neighborhood you slept in the night before. That is a definite Van Whore rule

But I am too tired to care, and I have to go-- Besides I've been in the desert peeing into the mouth of Art The Dog- which was The Sparseland County Urinal, "an Art instillation" dare I say, that was in front of our camp, made out of playa and recycled plastic to resemble that of a small dog. All done by a man named Pirate Phil. Phil, who showed up at are camp with nothing more than himself and a little dingy sailboat, that he beached in front of our camp and slept in, marooned throughout the week. During the week Phil made Art The Dog, one of the best pieces on the playa in my opinion- who was very functional for the male peeing needs. You see you peed into this shoot coming from Art's mouth, and out went your pee, to the back end, onto the playa, helping Art The Dog "lift it's leg" if you will.

So you see, I tend to pee freely, as well as pee on Art.

So I Stumble another step, my back to the leering *~Foucaulty'en glass house. Right hand set back on ass, left hand on hard cock 'aiming' - barley doing anything really - manly making sure that I don't shoot myself in the eye. A big old arching piss and steam with the strength of morning wood and consumption of leftover playa beer the night before, powering the stream. 3 feet into the air and 6 feet out, with a slight drop. It's the type of piss that you only want to do outside- never inside -for this is an orgasmic piss- I pee ecstasy. All the fluids go relieving out with no worries about where or what you are aiming at. This is Relief, this is sex, this is pure bliss, this is why man is on this planet- Ohhhhhh Ohhhh so good, to simply pee.

Now trying to hit a toilet bowl with this much power and wood would be real messy, all over everywhere messy. This is the type of piss that if you were forced to do inside, you would have to stand back a few feet from the porcelain and then lean forward, into the wall with one hand balancing, while arching your ass out to get the right angle. Aiming with the other hand pushing down as much as you can bear- down when all the wood wants to do is go straight up -trying to aim for the target below, releasing as little pressure as possible, tinkle dribble spray the floor -the huge urge to let the flood gates open for full steam ahead is unbearable, but the toilet target is only so big, so you reframe, you slowly

release and tinkle dribble spray miss. What ever that little valve is inside the penis that has evolved to “hold it”, was never designed to work like this, for surly, as animals, we were designed to be able to pee any time anywhere. It’s our instinctual right to pee freely goddamnit. Never should one have to “hold it’ or worse to try and control the flow of ones urination process. This is the most unsatisfying peeing experience’s a male can have. As well, this is my idea of hell.

Naaaaa I say, peeing outside is the only way.

Picture if you will, the view from the Glass house, where the *~Foucault family- children Tim Sara Nathen; Mom Susan and Father Michele -are eating there Cheerios. Preparing for the day- Monday at that. Across the street, parked in their very safe and normal suburban neighborhood is a blue van and a 24’ Ryder truck. Then, out stumbles a shirtless barefoot short’s wearing “man”. Who proceeds to take a leak.

“Look mommy, ders a man peeing.” Lil Sara says and points with her spoon. The whole family with O’s in their bowls look out to see- ME. Then the man, after finishing with a long arm stretch in the air, climbs back into the van and shuts the door.

Tap tap tap,

“Get up!”

I throw the blanket from over my head and launch into up right position. Outside is one of Steamboats finest. Flashlight in hand. Get out he waves with it.

Shit, they found me I think. It’s all over.

Out I stumble to the street. The Cop- #1 is stern and with out emotion.

“Some neighbors saw you peeing this morning.” He says

I roll my eyes.

“Yeah.” Is my only reply

“You got any ID?” he says as Cop #2 drives up, gets out of his SUV and stands by.

*~Tell myself I am the secret one by not carrying paper.

“Yeah.” As I reach into my pocket and pull my all to infamous NV state drivers Licenses out of my pockets and hand it to #1.

#1 takes my proof of existence and walks back to his SUV. Going to call me in, check the records on the national scene. Busted for peeing 7:23am.

#2 -33 years old wearing bad sunglass’s in the not very bright morning day, mullet hair cut -begins the interview, the shake-down of the pee-er perpetrator. It’s gonna be like this then- good cop bad cop ehhhh....

“What are you doing here.”

“I’m Staying over at my friends house.” I say pointing to Michele’s home.

“Why did you not sleep in the house?”

“There was not any place to sleep in the house, only floor, so I sleep in my van. I mean It’s my van man.” I say gesturing to Hamilton Blue, whit a shrug.

“Nice van.” He says.

He explains that the neighbors saw me peeing, and called it in, standard procedure is to now run my digits.”

I say that I can’t understand the fact that a person would call the police because they saw someone peeing.

“It’s a real protective community here. Everybody watching everyone” He explains

Right, America's watching over me. I think...

"Your from Washington?" he say.

We both look at the rear license plate with an expired Washington tags. I wonder if he sees it. Jedi Mind Trick- There is nothing to see here

Quick talk, Look em in the eye

Quick Pro Quo Tyler..

"I use to live in Washington, now I am in Atlanta. We are driving back across the country, coming from an art show we did in Nevada that we got commissioned to do "You're an artist then?" He asks interested.

I am a tourist not a terrorist- I think in my head.

"I have never called myself an artist." I say "I've been helping Charlie Smith, who is an amazing artist build these sculptures that we drove all the way out to Nevada. And now we are on our way back to Atlanta. That's our Ryder truck there." – pointing to the 24' white whale. No need to tell him that the whale was the kitchen/shade home base and focal vortex for our camp, as well as the Home to sir Charles the Chaplin and a girl named Chicken for 15 days. A Ryder truck/kitchen/shade/home that is now retuning the Art and us safely home.

He nods, deciding that my story is cool.

At this point really look around at where I am at for the first real time. It's beautiful, and I say as much to #2.

"Yeah it is." But I don't know if he sees it any more.

"Can I grab a T-shirt I ask?" Reaching into the back of my van ... wonder where my shoes are. Don't make a scene.

As I am pulling over my shirt, a dog comes walking up the street and takes a leak right in front of us. I point. And ask what's the difference between him and me. Shaking my head.

#2 has no reply.

"It's funny ya know, that what this is funny."

#2 starts to explain that usually they don't write a ticket for this type of thing, Public urination, but since the neighbors called it in they gotta go with the rules, or some such such. WHATEVER that means.

My attention has been distracted though, for seemingly on cue, the neighborhood has come alive.

Everybody get out of bed it s time to go to WORKKKKKKKKKK!!!!!!!!!!

Sounds of Garage doors open more dogs milling about here and there sniffing and peeing- No sign of any peeing victims from this domestic public doggy urination display, no tickets being issued to any of the dogs or dog owners for that matter -The sound of big green garbage cans being wheeled out of the Garage up/down the driveway by suit and tied fathers and bathrobed mothers- dragging and pushing the leftovers refuse of America to the curb for the weekly landfill sanitation collection -Mental note: Garbage is on Monday -Little children file out of their homes dressed in all sorts of bright colored wear half combed hair Disney and such logo'ed neon backpacks shoes with soles that flash LED's with each step, a classic suburban urban American mix of boys and girls on their way to be taught the Elements of the USA- 3 feet and taller-they stumble out to wait for the bus, form a line, a single file line next to the Steamboat Springs Police SUV 3, 4, 6 of em line up- I wonder if the line was forced to relocate from it's usual place, due to the

Peeing Police SUV- 2 Foucault kids from the glass house come walking out to join the line- that makes 8, they all look so tired, sleepwalking, sleepstanding, sleepwaiting for bus to school- Up the street about a half block away 6 more sleepstand single file, waiting for the big ol' yellow bus that you can hear just over the hill, getting closer- Standard Morning Child Elementary Pick-Up coming soon- None of the children look my way. And now Dads Moms and lonely single people with no children and no lovers vacate their urban premises, on their way in Mercedes' Benz's SUVs BMW's Toyota Yoda's Fix or Repair Fords Mazdahhs and of course outback Subyrooms... all the cars that perform one function regardless of price- that is they all go from point a to b. Commuters Workers Breeders all keeping America rolling- They too, don't look my way as they drive on by, there's work to do. America is going to work or going to learn how to work in every farm town city county state shit Country even Canada is doing it, 'suppose Mexico too, everywhere right now in the Central time zone- The bell is ringing... OHHH 800 call time. I say to #2 "7:30 in the morning is not a healthy time for kids to get up and go off to school."

He agrees.

I interview him.

How long you been on the 'force'?"

6 years.

"Where you from?"

Here, all my life.

"Well it's a beautiful place to be." I say admiring everything around.

"How many people live here?"

"10,000 year round 30,000 in the winter."

"Wow, it changes that much thru the year, skiers and what not huh."

"Yep." He's bored

Small talk... Silence, sound of me shuffling my bare feet,

The neighborhood is in full swing, it's quite madd to me, thinking that all across this time zone reality, all these humans are starting their weekly grind- Rat race oh what a rat race.

"Go to work!" I want to yell.

Go to school too...

The bus is getting closer.

#1 is getting out of the SUV. With a nod to #2, he walks over to the victims home, up the stairs to the front door with his clipboard. Knock Knock, I imagine, the mom, Susan going to the door, she's the victim of a heinous peeing crime. She is the one who called me in. Protecting her family, I guess is her thought. It has to be a women, a fellow man wouldn't do that to me, would he.... I picture her as my step mom, who would do something just like that.

The door opens, Susan is there to greet #1, interaction takes place and an exchange of spoken words. A peeing verdict soon to come.

The bus pulls up to the child line, out whips the red stop sign on go the flashing lights, sliding bus door opens. Remember that smell- the bus smell. The big yellow bus that is like all the other big yellow buses across this nation that are bussing bussed America's "future" to the designated USA "school" training places right now- for the OH 800 hour – where they will be taught by underpaid tired waiting to retire teachers who have them

all look at the same pictures and read the same texts in the same text books that are printed by one big company that has a monopoly on the education system of the USA. One by one the "coloured" kids file onboard to be taken away to their future. I imagine for a moment what it would be like if all the school bus's were animals and such. This one I imagine as a whale of course, as it drives by- there are 2 to 3 kids with big google searching eyes staring out of every one of the school whales windows. There all staring at me as the whale rolls on down the road sea, to the next breaching stop. I think about how the peeing victim kids will tell everybody today the story about a this guy, who peed in front of their home this morning while they were eating their Cheerios.

Not to far away, the unmistakable sound of the garbage truck compacting the leftovers of America, the refuse compacting in preparation for a landfill, one green can at a time.

#1 is coming down the stairs, coming back to me.
He smiles as he crosses the street
I smile and laugh, shaking my head.
He smiles and shakes his head, holding back his laugh. No longer a robot, we have made a human connection
It's called peeing
He explains that The Peeing Victims of the Glass House want to press charges. So he has to write a ticket.
"So here is your ticket, sign there." Handing over the official clipboard and tapping to the X marks the John Hancock spot with his official police pen.
"It's a mandatory court appearance." He says
"Btu I am leaving tomorrow. I'm traveling back to Atlanta." I say
"Well just give them a call, and explain your situation."
I sign the infraction. Saying that I don't concede to shit.
And probably have a warrant for my arrest in Colorado now.
I am an ex-patriot stuck in my own country.

Uniform Summons and Complaint

In the Municipal Court In and For the City of Steamboat Springs, County of Routt, State of Colorado

Hanson, Tyler Nathan

Date and Location of Violation: 9th day of September, 2002, 7:30 AM, Steamboat Springs

You are summoned and ordered to appear in Steamboat Springs Municipal Court @ 5:00 PM on 10/2/2002

Ordinance No. 1274 Section No. 10-95 Violation: Public Urination

"Ok, have a nice day Mr. Hanson."
"Thank you officers." Thank you for what...?
"I'm going inside..." I say as I grab my sleeping bag out of Hamilton Blue

Away they drive to protect and to serve. And the neighborhood is all quite again as I shut the door behind, and stumble back to the house and fall to the floor with a grin. Chuckle. What the fuckle...

There is talk and laughter over breakfast as everyone passes the ticket around. A new rule is imposed on the group- no peeing before 8:00am. Tyler, the jailbird, strikes again. Later on in the day, Charlie Chaplin, ever the one to come up with a retaliation. Says that we should start taking pictures of me peeing all over the country, and send them as postcards to the family for the next year. Brilliant idea we think. So you can understand our sadness when trying to find the address of the glass house, we learned that Steamboat Springs has no postal service, only P.O. boxes. And there was no way of finding theirs. Think I will do a photo documentation of me peeing anyway though

The icing on the pee:

2 days later, while staying in Boulder, we received a copy of- The Local, Steamboats newspaper, where in The Record section of- Police Fire and Ambulance Calls is printed:

Monday Sept. 9th 7:23am A man slept in his van
in the 200 block of Blue Sage Circle
and urinated on the street.
Police gave him a ticket.

Notes:

*~ In reference to Michel Foucault (1926-1984) and his book
Discipline and Punish: **The Birth of the Prison**

~ **Clandestine- Manu Chao

solo voy con mi pena
sola ca mi condena
correr es mi destino
para burlar la ley
perdido en el corazon
de la grande babylon
me dicen el clandestino
por no llevar papel

I go with my grief alone.
cause my prison sentence to run is my destiny to mock the law.
lost in the corazon of the large one Babylon.
tell myself I am the secret one by not carrying paper

www.sputnik7.com/vod/vodartist.jsp?section=music&key=clan

