



The Autobiography of Charles Boyd

Charles Boyd's
Autobiography

By Charles Boyd 2013

Stripping For Chocolate Popsicles

My first memories are of Oakville, Ontario, Canada. We had a collie dog that looked like Lassie, so we called her Lassie too. Just two older brothers my parents and me, and the dog. Sometimes, me and my Dad would go down to the lakeshore and pick plums which my Mum would make into jam. Often, there were tons of dead fish washed on the shore, there. I guess it was pollution, but I'm not sure.

Apparently, when I was three I got up in the middle of the night and walked out the front door going for a walk. Luckily, some policemen found me and took me back to 222 Tweedsdale.

I used to get up very early in the morning and watch our little black and white TV. The Hilarious House of Frightenstein was my favorite; with Vincent Price and Billy Van doing most of the other characters.

We had carpeted stairs, and when I was 5 or so me and my Dad would play this game where I would come running at full speed and jump from the top of the stairs and he would shout "da na da na da na Batman!" or "Superman!" and he would catch me. It was like jumping and flying for a few seconds!

My best friend was the pretty blonde girl, Lisa, who lived next door. She was also 5. We used to share suckers with each other. One funny game I remember playing with her was, "Stripping For Chocolate Popsicles". Her mother used to buy her and her brother Pat chocolate popsicles and keep them in the freezer. I wanted one. Lisa didn't like to part with them. So during the day when her mother was out, we struck a deal. I would put on a strip show for Lisa, and she would divulge one chocolate popsicle. Ooh the fun we had.

Averil Crescent

When I was about 5, my family moved to Toronto. I really liked it here. I made a lot of friends with the kids who lived in the neighbourhood. Louie and I used to play street hockey all the time with a tennis ball we would get from the garbagemen. In the summer we would play baseball in the crescent. The Toronto Blue Jays had just formed. I have great memories lying in bed listening to the radio. In the winter I would listen to the Toronto Maple Leafs hockey games. With Daryll Sittler, Borje Salming, Lanny McDonald, Ian Turnbull, and Mike Palmateer. Other times I would listen to the music. It was so good in the 70's. Paul Simon's 50 Ways to Leave Your Lover, Captain & Tennille, KC & the Sunshine Band. My family was Scottish so I

became a huge Bay City Rollers fan. Me, Louie and his sister Voula would jump around in my room with tennis rackets pretending to be them.

I went to Silverview school there from kindergarden to grade 3. I remember walking into kindergarden once and not understanding that words were “bad”. Words like Fuck and Shit. After all, it seemed to me, that they were just sounds like any sounds. How could they be bad?

I remember playing doctors and nurses with a couple of the neighbourhood kids. Although, we were more blunt. We just called it, “Pull Down Your Pants”. They should have had that in school. I thought.

Once, I told Sheena Ublansky that I loved her, and thought that that would be the end of it. But, apparently she kind of liked me back because the next day she asked me to marry her. I couldn't believe my ears. I thought she must have said, “bury” her (in the autumn leaves). I was so stupid. I could have been happily married to this day!

My Cousin Carol

Me and my Mum moved to Scotland when I was about 10. My parents got separated. At first we moved in with my Granny. Then we got a flat for rent on Sunnyside ave. We stayed there about 4 years.

I used to play with my cousin Carol. I would go up to her house which was only a 5 minute walk. The town was called Port Glasgow. It was a ship building town.

Carol's birthday was on Christmas Eve and I remember she would have these dances or parties in her small flat. She was 2 years older than me and she had 2 older brothers and an older sister. At one of her parties there was this excellent kissing game, which was very exciting because most of her friends were girls.

On Christmas Eve around 11:30 at night we would all go down to the church near my house and sing Christmas carols at midnight. It was magical.

When I was just hanging around near her house, there was about 4 or 5 of her friends hanging around too. They were all girls and we would explore the area and graffiti some empty buildings.

On Sunnyside I had 2 friends. Fat Rab and Gordon. Rab would invite me to his family's trailer out in the country some week-ends. It was really great being out in nature. He had a stuffed animal toy, and once when he left the room, I fucked it.

Gordon and me would go up walking to the Old Mill Dam on occasions and catch tadpoles in a jar. I got him hooked up with Carol for a while as her boyfriend.

On my 13th birthday when all my friends were there I received the top 5 singles for presents. We were playing "Save A Prayer" by Duran Duran and I was looking out the window lonely and depressed. Carol knew that I had a crush on her friend Stephanie so Steph asked me to dance. As we were slow dancing with our arms around each other Carol kept moving my hands down onto Stephanie's ass. I couldn't believe it, she was blowing my chance. I'd move my hands back up immediately and then she'd move them back down, (what an ass by the way). At the end of the night after I walked them both home, (Stephanie was 15), I apologized for Carol making me grab her ass. Stephanie said, "You didn't have to move them back so soon." Oh my God! I couldn't believe it! I could've kept my hands on her ass!

Still In Scotland

I remember hearing Karma Chameleon on the radio for the first time. Wow! It sounded great. I couldn't believe it was new. I thought it must be a few years old and've been a hit before I got there.

I was a fast runner and won the Sports Champion award for my school. Once, I was in a 100 metre race and I wasn't ready, and they shot the gun anyway. I looked to the lineslady like "am I supposed to go now?" and she nodded hurriedly and said "Go!". Even though the other kids got a head start I caught up to them and won the race.

Me and my friend David who was the 2nd fastest guy in school figured we'd beat the odds and join together to run the 3 legged race. We couldn't get in sync and finished last.

We had an outstanding rugby team though and we lost only one game in an entire year. It was quite the treatment. We would get on these luxury buses and travel the Scottish countryside to go to out of the way schools. It was like a mini cultural exchange. Going on ferry rides to the Isle of Bute and eating bags of "chips" and drinking "Irn Bru".

Monarch Park (Back To Canada)

When I was 13, me and my Mum moved back to Canada to live with my Dad. I was really glad to get back to Toronto, though I hated the idea of moving all the time with my Mum, which we did about once a year. I started high school near my Dad's house, Monarch Park, grade 9. Halfway through the school year my Mum said she was moving back to Scotland again and I said I just wanted to stay here and finish high school. So I did that and stayed with my Dad. I loved my Mum but she had schizophrenia and was always moving from place to place. When I was 3 she took me to a radio station in Toronto, demanding to see the manager of CFRB. She told him to stop sending her messages in the radio and "tormenting" her.

Once when she lived by herself in Scotland she had a dentist remove all of her teeth because she thought she was receiving transmissions from the CIA who were sending "thoughts" to her. Very sad and very unbelievable that there was actually a dentist willing to do that.

I went to Monarch Park high school for 6 years and had a very good experience. Made lots of good friends, a few girlfriends and got excellent grades in my final years that got me into Queen's, an ivy league university. I was lucky and had a really smart home room/ English/ Latin teacher, in grade 9, who made me feel intelligent, Mrs. Potts. When the class had to do a big project I asked her if me and my friends, Chris and Jason, could make a movie. This was 1985 and home-movie cameras were quite scarce. She agreed and said we should ask Mr. Purdy, our geography teacher, if we could use his equipment. He agreed and we made our classic film, "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Ancient Roman Food But Were Afraid To Ask". It was about a modern student who time-travelled back into ancient Rome and sampled their food.

Just as we were ready to start filming in my house, as Chris and Jason were in the kitchen finishing up the script, I opened Purdy's camera case and couldn't help but notice a GIANT BAG OF WEED! We couldn't stop laughing, I think we were more in shock. We were only 15 and hadn't smoked pot before. We didn't know what to do. Then we had our revelation. Since as an accompaniment to the film we were actually making some "ancient Roman food" for the class....we just mixed it in. We dumped the bag of pot into the cake mix. The next day we got 100% for the film, and after class Mrs. Potts couldn't tell us enough of how she loved the food. "Boys I can't tell you enough how I love this food". We never told.

When I was 16 I moved into the University of Toronto campus housing for the summer with my friend Chris. It was just a small dorm room with 2 beds. He brought his girlfriend, Danielle, there most of the time. She was gorgeous, with giant, juicy tits that I just wanted to suck. Often, they slept together and quietly fucked, at night, while I dreamed of eating her succulent snatch in the next bed. I worked as a dishwasher in the Bond Place hotel during the day that summer. With the heat of the dishwasher machines going full steam and the heat of the summer, it was like working in a sauna.

To make extra money I cleaned the house apartment of an older male massage therapist. Once after work he asked me if I would like a massage. I said "sure", so he gave me a full body nude massage, with hot oils, while I lay on my stomach. When he turned me over to work on my front, I had a hard-on. He smiled and proceeded to jerk me off and then asked if he could join me, so I said, "O.K.", and he jerked us both off and came on my stomach. It was really sexy having sex with an older man and he seemed to like the fact that I was only 16.

That wasn't the first time I had sex with a man. The first time was the summer before, after the school prom. I was vice-president of the student council and although it wasn't specifically "my prom", I got to go and enjoy a nice dinner and dance as well as dressing up.

Before the dinner, I was in the Farrell sisters' hotel room and drinking like a fish. I remember Grand Marnier and drinking some of everything that they had. And they had a lot.

After dinner, I snuck into the convention/ dance that was being held in the next banquet facility of the hotel. I was only 15 but I kept ordering screwdrivers at the bar, and they kept giving them to me; it was great.

The next thing I remember was being outside the mental institution, in the west end, totally drunk and a man being very friendly to me. He walked me over to a bench in the park there and felt me up. He smiled and said, "Wow, you're hard", as he touched my dick, "Let's go over there". So we walked into a dark alley and he tried to fuck me up the ass, but I was too tight, so I sucked his cock for a while, under his guidance, until he came. At home I was sick all over my bedroom rug.

My Music

I made up my first song when I was 7, "Doggie Come Back To Me". But it wasn't until I was 13 that I started to write down stuff. I would take a popular song and change all the words to something funny about my friends, while keeping the melody. I called it Brain On The Loose. Songs like "David Jenkins Rolls Around Town", or "Mark Wilkenson". Or I would write songs about how great I was, and how all the girls loved me, like, "Chucky's Theme".

I got really inspired when I went to see Grease 2 in the theatres. I bought the soundtrack. I thought it was hilarious how they worked in so many sexual innuendos while still having catchy songs. I liked the movie so much, I stayed in the theatre and watched the next showing, too. My mother had freaked out when I returned home, she had called the police and my uncle. Everyone was worried 'cuz I was 2 hours late. I thought they over reacted.

When I got to my senior year in high school, I asked if I could turn the school play into a musical, where I would write funny songs with sexual innuendos. That was a lot of fun; having the other actors sing my songs about trying to get laid.

When I was 17 I asked my friends if they wanted to start a band and call ourselves, "The Joe Rockheads", after a character in the Flintstones. It was fun at first but they started taking it way too seriously, so I quit. On top of that I couldn't play an instrument.

I got an acoustic guitar when I was 17 and started writing songs right away. It was a lot of fun. I had trouble completing them, though. I would write a verse, a chorus, or maybe a chord progression. It wasn't until I was 19 that I started completing things.

When I was 24 I started another band with some friends called, "Lois Lane". We all dressed up in drag and sang songs like, "Where Can A Good God-Fearing Christian Boy Go To Work Off A Little Steam?". We played a live gig once and then split up.

While I was 20 in university, by myself, I was smoking a lot of hash and listening to a lot of Beatles on CD. I couldn't believe how good it was. It sounded so great. That's what I wanted to do. I had written a bunch of songs by that point and was bored with a lot of the futility of my school work, so I dropped out to pursue a career in music. However, one good course I took, "Electro-Acoustic Music Composition", had me enter one of my own compositions in the CBC Young Composer of the Year contest.

CBC Young Composer of the Year Competition

I got a terrible grade for a composition of mine called "Sunbathing In Times Square". So, I decided to enter it in the CBC's Young Composer of the Year Competition. They chose me as a finalist. So, in December 1992 they flew me out to Vancouver, put me in a 4-star hotel with a mini-bar, and gave me a few hundred dollars spending money. And on the plane ride over I bought a lovely bottle of perfume, which I thought smelled better than the cologne. A foreshadowing of the up and coming festivities. The song wasn't typical "music" per se, it was more of an experimental avant-garde thing. It's available for free download at my website, CharlesBoyd.org, from the album Chick Magnet. It's the first song. I added the drums a few years later.

<http://charlesboyd.org/music/chickmagnet/01%20Sunbathing%20In%20Times%20Square.mp3>

I felt incredibly free and liberated in Vancouver for the few days before the competition. When I first arrived I raided the mini-bar and fucked the faucet in the bathroom. Then I went out, had a few

cappuccinos at the plethora of Starbucks they had there. One on every corner. Bought a bag of weed. Took a bus ride out to Squamish to see the mountains. Smoked a joint out there; it was really beautiful.

At night I came to life and started to check out all the gay and lesbian bars and porno theatres with private booths. I had sex with 4 or 5 guys in the stalls there where people would go to jerk-off. I felt tremendous self-esteem and self-confidence over those few nights, like I was on top of the world. Cruising bar to bar, and porno theatre to porno theatre. I had really long hair then. I looked great.

When it came time for the dress rehearsals for the competition, (it was to be broadcast live on CBC across Canada), I decided that my time would be better spent smoking a joint, so I did. I did however show up to the interview that was to be taped and later broadcast before the show. When the guy asked me why there was so much swearing, I told him that I didn't think there were any such thing as "bad words". There were only different sounds and that most thinking people don't get offended at the word, "fuck".

The night of the broadcast, hundreds of well-dressed people packed the auditorium where they would hear the best of young Canada. My group was last of the evening, and my piece was to be "performed" live at the very end. It was a stereo piece but it was to be "diffused" across 8 giant speakers at the front of the great hall. I was in control of a mixing board at the back of the auditorium. The audio technician was laughing as he quickly got me acquainted with the mixing console. He said that since I missed rehearsal he adjusted the setting to what he thought I might like. He was smiling as if in anticipation of what was about to occur. I couldn't get anyone to smoke a joint with me, so I smoked one myself.

The song is laden with "Fuck You"s and screaming and as I played around with the volume faders I realized that it sounded better the louder it got. I ended up putting Full Volume to all the faders throughout the song. People in the front 10 rows were covering their ears and leaving their seats. There was a loud ruccous from the tuxedo driven crowd. Some folks were laughing, (they understood what I was trying to do), a lot of folks were moaning and complaining. By the end of the 6 minutes an old lady came up to me and said, "That was the worst thing I've ever heard in my life." I took that as a great compliment. I was grinning ear to ear. A lot of people shook my hand and said they really liked it. I felt like I was standing on the top of the mountains. I had fully expressed my soul to the ladies and gentlemen, and broadcast across Canada a loud, "Fuck You". I came in third place and they gave me a thousand bucks.

Grossman's

Me and my friends in high school would go out drinking at whatever bar would serve us, cuz' we were underage. This usually meant The Commodore or Grossman's Tavern. Grossman's was best because they always had a live blues band there, and there was no cover. Once I went there by myself, with a

few joints in my pocket, and sat right up front by the stage, on an open jam night. The club only held a few hundred people at most. There was Jeff Healy. The late, great, totally awesome, blind, blues guitarist. Singing his hits and putting on an incredible show. I couldn't believe my luck.

One Halloween I ended the night at Grossman's. I was dressed up as "Hedda Hollick, the transvestite hooker who works for spare change." What a turn on to walk around town dressed up, having strange men check you out. I went downstairs to the washroom after a pitcher or so of draught beer. As I was pissing, I couldn't help but notice the older European man checking me out and rubbing against me. I looked over to his urinal and he had a huge erection. I would have loved to start sucking his cock in one of the stalls, but there were people coming and going, so I left.

The Car

When I was 16, I went to Driver's School and got a licence to drive a car. My Dad had a 1979 Ford LTD. A classic boat of a car that I took on many a voyage; to New York, Niagara Falls, cottage country, my girlfriend's house, and many of my part-time after school jobs, like usher at movie-houses. (Download a song I wrote, for free, "The Car" off my album, "Fuck You You Fuckin' Fuck", song #21 at CharlesBoyd.org) <http://charlesboyd.org/music/fuckyouyoufuckinfuck/21%20The%20Car.mp3>

Or check out the video <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Pt8NsDCXujc&feature=plcp>

Some of the funnest times were just driving in Toronto at night. You see, when I was old enough to get a licence and drive a car; that means I had a licence to cruise for hookers! Me and my friends would go sight-seeing on summer nights. Many times, too numerous to count, I would drive up to a luscious lady and my friend in the passenger seat would chat her up. "How much?", "What do you do for \$100?" Sometimes they would ignore us because we were young, driving in father's car, but other times they seemed genuinely charmed to be the focus of attention of a car full of teenage boys. Hookers have feelings too, you know. My first hooker gave me head when I was 15 in a back alley on Jarvis St. \$50 was a lot of money to a part-time dishwasher, but I couldn't help but feel a sense of grown-up mastery as she sucked my cock under the moonlight.

Mushrooms!

Mushrooms! I love mushrooms. The ancient Indians loved them, too. But, they had a saying that if you took them more than 5 times, you were insane. I've taken them maybe 4 times, so I'm still O.K.

In the summer of 1989 my friends Alex and Jason and me decided to try magic mushrooms for the first time. We went to see Larry Gowan at Ontario Place and took them as the show started. Nothing happened. The show was a bit boring, probably because I wasn't a huge Gowan fan, (though I did have the Criminal Mind single and liked Moonlight Desires). Suddenly, the show was over and everyone had left. I looked around the empty theatre and saw the only two people left who weren't smiling, Alex and Jason. Then it happened. For some reason the reality of 3 non-Gowan fans sitting in an empty auditorium, on mushrooms, waiting for something to happen struck me as hilarious. And I burst out laughing. They started laughing too. We got up to leave and it was kind of like walking on balloons.

We laughed and laughed and laughed. For about the next 3 hours or so every little thing we said or did was funny; I mean hysterical. We went to the performer's exit and obnoxured our way through the crowd. When Gowan came out Jason shouted "Hey Gowan, is that your real hair!?" Without missing a beat he looked up at the 3 of us and said "I'm not only the hair club president, I'm also a client." He passed the test.

We laughed until our faces hurt from smiling and our guts hurt from howling. We rolled around the park outside the brewery, and the smell of the brewery to this day reminds me of mushrooms.

Because of the great success of our mushroom adventure, it wasn't too big a leap of faith to start selling them. So, when us 3 were in the Eaton Centre and some guy gave us a sales pitch, we figured we'd invest a few hundred dollars, make some money, get some mushrooms and distribute them to our friends. However, when we got back to Jason's place, we took them....and nothing happened. It wasn't until we were in Chinatown a week later and saw the mushrooms there we realized we got scammed. "Bogus 'Shrooms" a song on my new album was about that. We saw that guy a few weeks later downtown and we chased him through a mall, all to no avail. We got ripped off!

Summer of 1995

I was still on a high when I moved into a room above the SOHO bistro on Queen St. West across from Much Music. I had gone into debt and sold my 3 Wayne Gretzky rookie cards for \$1000 to purchase my own home recording studio so I could record anything I wanted, whenever I wanted to.

In February I had moved into the Cherry Beach rehearsal space for a month to record my first album. It was a giant sound-proof room. You weren't supposed to live-in there, but I did. I had been dreaming of my own studio since I dropped out of Queen's University a few years earlier. I felt a tremendous sense of freedom. I could do anything! I had an armful of songs that I had written over the past 5 years that I was anxious to get recorded before I forgot them, and so I could write new stuff. After I had recorded my masterpiece, I called it "Necropolis Resurrection", I was shocked to find I couldn't make any copies of it, because the audio duplicator company said I needed clearance for all the samples I used. I had lots of samples from Eddie Murphy to Lenny Bruce and Krishnamurti to Quincy Jones. It was a road block. So I just got 4 copies made and put it on the shelf. I later took most of the songs out and put them on my *Monster On The Campus* and *Chick Magnet* albums, available for free download at CharlesBoyd.org.

The summer of 1995 I spent busking on Queen St. W. playing my originals on my classical guitar and wooden chair. I made enough money for my pizza slice lunches and spring water. I got 2 free tickets, from the foodbank, to go see Bonnie Raitt at Ontario Place, so I asked the pretty red-head coffee girl, Shannon, at the Second Cup to go. I was really happy on the way home when she let me fondle her tits. It was really great fucking her from behind in my room that summer, (and eating her big, fat, juicy red-head cunt). She had a nice big ass, and she gave me free coffee! I was sad when she wanted to break up with me.

At one point, the other guys in the 5 room apartment, Damon the DJ, Pat the artist, Alexis the free thinker, and me had an emergency meeting at The Stem restaurant. You see we were all experiencing what we called "Amityville Symptoms". I thought it was just me feeling schizophrenic unable to sleep nights because of the usual hellish hallucinations. However, Damon expressed that he had to sleep with a crucifix and pray all night just to feel normal. I blamed Vince the landlord as a warlock, because he was running a UFO organization, and that he had to have something to do with it. The other guys were really worried and we were all glad to be leaving the house that summer. I was happy for once not to be made the scapegoat and called schizo. Whatever this mental illness was, it was obviously not confining itself to one person's mind. To this day I am still not convinced whether I am suffering from a mental illness or a spiritual illness.

Madonna

In the summer of '93 I lost my mind. I mean completely, actually, lost it. I couldn't find it. I couldn't remember who I am and was desperate for someone, anyone to remind me. But there was nobody in my life. I was living at home with my Dad and we never did much talking. I had no friends left since I left university, and my high school friends were all doing their own thing. Like Neil Young says, "I hit the city and I lost my band". I didn't have a job, was lonely and just drifting without direction. That was until my poster of Madonna started talking to me. She said she wanted to work with me musically, marry me,

have kids and write a sitcom with the guys from Seinfeld. Well, that seemed like a good idea to me. I continued communicating with her telepathically through my poster and was expecting her to show up any day with a stretch-limo in front of my house. I couldn't wait. This would be even better than jerking off to her Penthouse nude pictures in the 1980's when I was 15. However, days passed and she didn't show up. I was very psyched to the fact that whether we worked together or not or even got married; this was proof that telepathy existed and we could go on Oprah! I would stand behind a curtain, Oprah would whisper something in my ear and then Madonna in another room would magically be able to read my mind.

Whether all this was true or not wasn't even important. But I had to know the truth so I got on a train and went to New York City, where I thought I would find her, without an address. I felt as though I had to prove my manhood to her in every thought or action that I did. I would stay up all night in manic episodes running around my hotel room, living fantasies of hundreds of celebrities having out of body experiences through me, everyone from Stevie Wonder, (who could see through my eyes), to Lorne Michaels and the cast of Seinfeld. The CEO of Pepsi was going to produce a multi-million dollar commercial with all these celebrities and we were going to get clean water and food to starving African children with the money. I laughed a lot. But I didn't like the negative feelings I was starting to experience.

When I got to New York I dropped my bag because a voice said it was the thing to do, a presence really, one that I couldn't see but could feel. You see, whether or not it was the thing to do was unimportant. What mattered to me was that a separate entity was communicating to me and this might lead to a cure, the unmasking if you will, of schizophrenia. I had walked up Broadway, slowly, methodically, and eventually collapsed in an alley completely afraid to think or move a muscle in a state of catatonia. A crowd gathered, they took me to a mental hospital, called my father, he came and took me home.

Acid

In December of 1991 I was in the pits of a depression. I had never been that low before, it seemed endless and very real, as if it was natural, honest and unavoidable. I felt as though if I could just talk to my psychology professor, or get a steady girlfriend, things would work out. I was sleeping all day and getting up to go to my evening classes at Queen's University, in Kingston, Ontario. My state of mind can be grasped by listening, for free, to "Sunbathing In Times Square" off my Chick Magnet album at CharlesBoyd.org.

<http://charlesboyd.org/music/chickmagnet/01%20Sunbathing%20In%20Times%20Square.mp3>

I had a big project due in my Eastern Mysticism class. Eastern mysticism seemed like “reality” to me. A lot of the stuff these mystics were talking about made perfect sense to me. It was the spirituality that everyone experiences but isn’t visible in our culture.

It was a small class of about 20 or so students,(Ali Velshi from CNN was in it). I had wanted to do my usual routine that I did so well in high school, which was to make a home movie, show it in front of the class and write a song; always a class favorite. I couldn’t believe my Prof wouldn’t let me do it. I didn’t want to write an essay and the Prof insisted I do some sort of presentation. So, I procrastinated and waited until the last minute the night before to decide what to do. Then I remembered that I still had a hit of acid left from the package Spumonte had couriered to me earlier. I would take the acid and talk about my experience the next day.

I took the acid and waited in my room for something to happen. I thought I’d put on the Beatles’ White Album and it would sound incredible. It sounded terrible, just like I’d heard it 1000 times. Then I thought I would walk outside to the park, things might be better out there. From the moment I opened the front door it was like “REALITY” hit me. It was like I had stepped back in to my “true home” that I hadn’t been to since before I was born. I was so happy, it was like I was reunited with God and Truth, which were everywhere, as I walked through the park with my tape recorder. I soon found the tape recorder useless because I couldn’t put into words fast enough the experiences and epiphanies that were flooding through my soul.

I stopped to sit by a tree in the park, in the dark, in the rain. I noticed an earthworm squirming around doing his thing. Then suddenly, he noticed me. And I noticed him. At the same time it was like we were two creatures who were exactly the same; two equals, two beings. We ceased to be earthworm and guy, and both of us noticed that we recognized each other. I felt as though I could look any schizophrenic in the eyes and cure him. An absolute intense feeling of goodness, love and beauty swept through my spirit, soul and mind for 4 hours or so. It was, and I was, like the source of these things. After the wave of euphoria and LOVE began to subside and I started getting tired, I went back to the room in my semi-(Sarah Harmer lived in the other semi). I saw Sue’s dog, Bangles, and I tell you, he was embarrassed to see me. That beagle had a personality just like anyone, and we didn’t know how to react with each other. I was feeling socially awkward with a dog.

The next day I went to school and shared with the class my experiences. I said that a similar thing happened when I had taken acid at a Grateful Dead concert and a “Big Love” permeated the audience who walked through the stadium looking each other in the eyes and radiantly smiling. It was like “going home” and all people and creatures were “One”; of the same family. I told the class how it was just like how the mystics described their experiences.

Both the class and the professor loved the presentation and everyone was happy to hear something they had also known intuitively and people wanted to know if I could sell them acid. Check out the song I did “Don’t Blame The Acid” from the “Douchebag Zombie” album. Free download CharlesBoyd.org.

<http://charlesboyd.org/music/douchebagzombie/13%20Don't%20Blame%20The%20Acid.mp3>

Camp Kandalore

When I was 17 our high school offered a chance for students to go up north for a week in nature to a Peace retreat called Camp Kandalore. There would be a dozen or so kids from other schools there too. We would have campfires, sing songs with acoustic guitars with hippies. I asked Hippy if he could play “Mr. Tambourine Man”, and he asked me which version. “This is great”, I thought, “Play the longest one.” –Talk about vegetarianism and listen to interesting open forum lectures by some of the leaders. It was great being able to see the stars in the night sky for a change, instead of the city. I met a nice girl there, Paula, who I liked and we hung out together. I spent an all night session in her girls’ dorm room, lying in her bed, under covers so her teacher wouldn’t see, with a 4 hour hard-on pressed against her ass. When the sun rose I walked back to my dorm with a painful case of “blue balls”.

At the end of the week they had a dance and we danced slowly to “our” song, “I’ve Had The Time Of My Life”, from Dirty Dancing, it was great. She was my first real girlfriend.

When we got back to the city we continued to see each other for the next 2 months or so, but then she told me we had to break up.

She didn’t want to end up unhappy and divorced like her parents, even though we were only just starting to get to know each other. It was an all or nothing scenario. But we were only 17. I didn’t have the brains at the time to be able to negotiate a compromise where we could continue to be boyfriend/girlfriend without a serious commitment. We never had sex, but she let me touch her tits and press my cock against her. That’s pretty close to love.

Unfortunately, this perspective haunted all my subsequent relationships. If I found that I didn’t think I would be marrying the girl forever and having kids, then I would either break off the relationship as soon as possible or never begin it to begin with!

This concept caused me a lot of sadness and alone time that could have been better spent with a shorter-than-lifetime romance. For example, I had a double standard. I could see as many girls as possible, but if a girl was unfaithful to me, I felt betrayed and broke off the relationship.

When I was 19 I started dating a sexy 17 year old red-head named Maria who I met at my house party. She lived in another part of the city. I would drive my father’s car to see her once a week for about a year. I would eat her pussy, we would have sex, it was great! She was the girl I lost my virginity to, (if you don’t count the black hookers I fucked in washrooms and alleyways, or the oral sex with strange men).

If I came to see her on a school night I would drive her to her catholic school in the morning. When she told me she had been having sex with two of her boyfriends, I should have realized she was a slut, lifted up her Catholic High School dress and proceeded to fuck her juicy fat ass. But not me, I behaved like a priest who found out one of his choir boys had been sucking someone else’s cock, and terminated the relationship. Leaving her, (and most importantly me!), out in the cold because I was “morally superior”.

If it had just been a case of “sloppy seconds” that would have been one thing. But going down on a chick after 2 guys had cum in her cunt, that would have been “thirsty thirds”, and I wasn’t mentally prepared for that at 19.

To illustrate how morally insane I was, here’s another example. A sexy Portuguese girl, Cathy, from my Drama class, who I dated in high school, wanted to continue our relationship after I had made it clear that I wasn’t going to have children, in some fantasy of a future. She was willing to go on the pill and we could have sex! I said “no”. We could still be friends and she would just give me head! “Absolutely Not!” And the kicker is, I thought I was only thinking of her best interest. I was acting “wholly chivalrous”. What an idiot I was! She had a juicy ass! You can download a song I wrote for Cathy in 1994, for free, at CharlesBoyd.org. It’s on the “Monster On The Campus” album, song #14.
<http://charlesboyd.org/music/monsteronthecampus/14%20Cathy's%20Song.mp3>

Some Jobs I’ve Had

Flipping burgers at McDonald’s when I was 15. At Christmas one year McDonald’s had a toy drive. They filled up several boxes of toys. In late January I had to get something from a storeroom and walked in on room filled with the undistributed toys. Another time I pointed out to the manager the ingredient list on the milk shake mix. I noticed there was no milk in it. Two weeks later there were no more ingredient lists on the milkshake mix.

In the summer I sold Dickie Dee ice-cream on a bicycle along the boardwalk in the beaches. I risked getting a \$100 ticket. Once I met Toula down there with her girlfriends. She was a sexy Greek girl from school with a super-hot ass. She always wore skin-tight jeans around high school. She wanted a free fudgecycle because she didn’t have any money in her bikini. I was too cheap to give her one. But I should have struck a bargain. Toula, bend over, let me fuck your super-hot ass and you can have a free fudgecycle. That would only be fair.

My oldest brother and my father started a family business in 1985. Phone-A-Flick. It was a videotape delivery and pick-up service. We would distribute lists of our videos, people would call and we would deliver. Just like pizza delivery. We thought it was a great idea, however, it never caught on. But 2 years later we still had a catalog of videos that my Dad and brother had given up on, so I took over, started charging less and made some good pocket money for myself.

In the summer of 1986 I washed dishes at the Harbour Castle Hilton hotel. They had great food for the employees, and although it was hard work and I worked to 2 am on some nights it was a well paid job. I made enough one night to get my first blow-job from a hooker.

After a convention one night me and the other guys who worked there noticed a cornucopia of bottles of red wine that had been uncorked but not used. They were scheduled for being thrown out. We were having none of that. So a couple of us ran 'round outside a window and the others tossed the re-corked bottles down to them in safety. I was 15 and proud of my large stock of red wine.

On a couple of summers starting when I was 10 with my friend Emptiaz and again when I was 15 with my friend Chris, we bought cases of Coke, ice-cubes, a cooler and walked along the railroad tracks to the far corner of a golf course and sold pop for a buck. We made 75 cents a can. A lot of futile requests for beer, but we made some good change.

When I was 17 I worked in the laundry washing towels at the YMCA. I worked until 11pm on Saturday nights and started at 8am the next morning. This sounds too close at first but everyone had left by 11pm so I slept in a bed they had in the members' Health Club lounge. It was great, I had the entire YMCA to myself. I would get a sub from Mr. Submarine across the street, then enjoy the steam room, sauna and hot tub to my heart's desire. I would kick my tired feet up in the lounge and watch their TV. Have a snooze and start back to work again in the morning. Of course they would have fired me on the spot if I got caught.

Around this time in 1988, when I was 17, our school was organizing a trip to Italy, and anybody could go if you raised enough money. Mr. Purdy was in charge, (he was the teacher with the video camera and bag of pot). Me and Alex decided to host a Gong Show. We got a popular senior student, Jay Moss, a really funny drama teacher, Mr. Hall, and a very beautiful and sexy teacher, Mrs. Kerr, to act as judges. We even had an old washing bin that we stole, hung up and used as a Gong. We opened the talent competition to the school. We worked like dogs hyping it up to the school with posters, announcements and word of mouth. But we packed the auditorium, the whole school came out. Standing room only. Me and Alex were the hosts. We were loud and obnoxious and introduced all the acts. We even had an unknown comic. It was an outstanding success. Some people said it was fixed when our friends won, but it was honest. All the proceeds went to our Italy trip.

In the 1990's, I had acquired enough equipment to open a budget recording studio in the garage. Since I found out my phone number spelled out GOD-DALI I called it Surreal Sound. I thought maybe I could pay for the equipment by recording garage bands. Unfortunately, my mental state was not good enough to function and about this time I had my first breakdown and attacked my Dad, winding up in jail for a few weeks. I was obviously schizophrenic and in need of medication but the guards attacked me and when I came out I had 2 black eyes, a broken front tooth, and a swollen nose. My Dad had done nothing to provoke the attack but I was extremely paranoid at the time and thought people were tormenting me mentally when I left the room. It was like feeling the overwhelming presence of other people so eclipsing my own self that it was worse than anything physical. It never went away in prison and haunted me all through the 1990's until I finally got on a medication that worked for me in 2000, Zyprexa.

One of my favorite jobs in my senior year of high school was a janitor at Monarch Park, Fairmont, and Gled Hill schools. I didn't have to do much work and spent most of my time playing the school pianos. It was great.

In the summer of 1988 I wrote a play with my friend, John Smith (real name). We got the auditorium for free. It was at the Queen St. mental institution. A beautiful large auditorium that they let us use to rehearse and put on a play all through August. The play was called "Milk". It was about 2 brothers, one who was a holy mantra chanter and the other (me) who was a decadent gigolo. They were like the odd couple but were united by the fact that they were both addicted to milk. They spent their time talking about milk and waiting for the milkman to show up, (played by Brent Smith, the unknown comic). We spent the month writing it, John did the music, and after a long day of rehearsal we would go to the Elvis restaurant for cheap beer at night. It was a great feeling putting in all that work for a show.

Unfortunately, our families were the only people who showed up. I mean we posted flyers all over the city, put ads in the NOW magazine and did radio interviews but absolutely nobody showed up. Art for Art's sake.

I used to deliver the Toronto Star and the Toronto Sun newspapers. Around 1985 Diet Pepsi wanted to give everybody a free diet pepsi, so they delivered cases upon cases of diet pepsi to me to deliver via my Toronto Sun paper route. They were paying me for this but I didn't care about the corporate scruples of Diet Pepsi, (or maybe I was lazy), so me and my friends Chris and Graham camped out in Chris' backyard and played baseball with the cans, spraying them everywhere. We drank a lot and got tremendous headaches. I had cases of the stuff in my porch for the next 2 years.

I was a movie usher at Canada Square, the Eglinton, and Hyland theatres. That was a really good job because I didn't have to do much work and they were very generous giving me free passes to as many movies as I wanted, that even included a guest. I loved ushering for Hannah and Her Sisters and Michael J. Fox's Secret of my Success.

I was a bartender at the Canadian Stage Theatre Company and on my last day, April 1, I put a giant dildo in my manager's drawer that she would see when she opened it in front of her theatre goers –very funny I thought-.

Other jobs- floor sweeper /box-boy at Bargain Harold's, dishwasher at Quigley's pub and Bond Place Hotel, flyer deliverer, telephone solicitor/Gallup pollster working for Cheryl the transvestite, library book re-shelfer, party organizer, strawberry picker, chocolate bar salesman, security guard, Cirque du Soleil barker, workin' in a video store, garbage picker-upper, busker and a few other teenage entrepreneurial endeavours.

Cathy

Cathy and I were in the same senior drama class in high school. We had the class for Home Room, which meant it was the first class in the morning.

We both lived walking distance from the school. My house was closest. My dad would go to work as a re-upholstery instructor at George Brown College very early in the morning leaving me alone in the house. He must have believed in that Neil Young song, “the chains are all untied across the door”, ‘cuz he would leave the front door open.

Cathy would come to my house, walk in the front door, up the stairs to my room maybe 45 minutes or half an hour before we had to be at school. Sometimes I’d be waiting for her and sometimes I’d still be asleep and she would wake me up.

We would put on Abba or Led Zepplin and make-out. She would peel off her skin tight, juicy ass accentuating jeans and I would suck her cunt. I mean, that was my only move. The only thing I knew how to do in bed at that point was make-out and eat the girl’s pussy. I didn’t know how to get her to give me head. She probably didn’t know how either. I hadn’t officially been laid so I wasn’t comfortable with that. I’m pretty sure she was a virgin at that point anyway and I didn’t have any rubbers.

Don’t get me wrong, I love eating pussy. The smell of cunt on my fingers and clothes days later. I love it. It smells like, like, like Victory!

When she told me she was thinking about going on the pill, I panicked. I had visions of my breaking off the relationship at the end of high school, and her getting mad as hell or heartbroken or worse and hating my guts for wanting to get laid.

It turned out that that happened anyway even without me getting laid. She was really mad at me, even throwing things at me from across the street. But of course in hindsight, perhaps her reason for going on the pill was just to get laid, too. She wanted my dick.

There was nothing else I would have loved than to fuck her brains out until the end of high school, leave as the best of friends, and then graduate to a whole new ballgame of sluts at the university level. Now, that would have made sense.

We used to walk through the park in autumn with the falling leaves. I would let her wear my school jacket. It was all very tender. I miss her. I still love her. We would go into drama class one at a time, making a minute or two interval in between us, because I was paranoid that the class would be laughing at us if we came in every morning together. I was silly. Now, I wouldn’t care if we walked in holding hands with me wearing a t-shirt with an arrow pointing to her saying “I EAT HER CUNT”. Download “Cathy’s Song”, free, at CharlesBoyd.org, song #14 on Monster on the Campus album.

<http://charlesboyd.org/music/monsteronthecampus/14%20Cathy's%20Song.mp3>

Mental Institutions I Have Been In

The first mental institution I was in, the guy took me aside and said that I was schizophrenic and would have to be on medication for the rest of my life.

It all happened innocently enough. I think it was 1993. I was living at home in Toronto at 381 Rhodes Ave. and going stir crazy. I had dropped out of Queen's University to pursue a career in music, but nothing was happening. My old high school friends had all moved and were doing their own things, and my social group from university was now in another city. I distinctly remember riding my bike and realizing the feeling that I was being crowded out of my head. It was like there were other presences or entities that felt too close for comfort, even though I was alone. So I figured I'd go up north to a cottage for awhile until I could get my head together.

I stopped off at the Big Carrot, a health food store, and stocked up on some groceries that I took up with me to Muskoka on a bus. I got off in the town of Bracebridge, where my family had a cottage when I was 10. I went into a real estate office and said I wanted to rent a place for awhile. I found a cheap cabin owned by an older German couple who had a few cottages that were grouped together. They also ran a restaurant at the centre. It seemed perfect. Nice & quiet.

Everything went fine for the first week. At night I looked up at the sky and the billions of stars took my breath away. You can't see them in the city. Then my groceries ran out. My mental state of mind began to seriously plummet. It turned into a scene from the cottage in the movie *Evil Dead*. I felt haunted by a 500 year old invisible, Indian guru, Babaji, who lived with his sister, Mataji, in the Himalayas. He was giving me orders telling me what to do, what to think, how to move. I thought to become an immortal yogi would be the best use of my time so I was busy doing my version of yoga and meditation for hours. Deep in the woods behind my cabin, someone had built a thatch hut. I would sit naked cross-legged trying to keep my mind silent but being unable to keep at bay the other voices and presences, like celebrities and people I knew from high school or university who were now my tormenters.

The Guru told me to swim the lake, so I tried and almost drowned. Luckily, I turned back in a flash of common sense, just in time before it got too deep. The Guru would wake me up at 3am and tell me I was to meditate, naked, in the thatch hut in the woods behind my cabin. Since I ran out of food, I decided fasting would be a good idea, too. Bringing me closer to becoming an immortal being.

In my descent to hell I had 2 respites, periods of peace and happiness that lasted for a little while. Once, I saw my bible on the table and I remembered Jesus. And following Jesus was easy, "My yoke is light", or something like that. I remembered good feelings and the happiness of life and realized I was being brainwashed by a competing religion, which wasn't very popular. Then I remembered the record I had owned in the 1980's "Night Shift" by the Commodores. I hadn't heard it for ages, and I had images that the song provoked in my mind, and a feeling of joy filled the room, as I remembered the tune. People were smiling. My state of mind was not congruent to the 1980's. I just assumed it was a natural progression. But there was a juxtaposition. There was nothing worth worrying over, I remembered.

Another time I was exhausted, sitting under a tree when a pine cone fell down and hit the ground. It was funny. For some reason it seemed self evidently hilarious. I made up my mind then that anything in life could be found to be funny from the proper perspective.

I had a stark real, vivid dream that I was being carried out of my body and my spirit flew through the woods with the help of the Guru. It really felt like flying at night.

At the very end of my rope one day I decided while sitting cross-legged, naked, in my thatch hut that maybe primal screaming would help. So I started making guttural sounds, anything that I could come up with. Noises, sounds, screaming, moaning. I had been doing that for a couple of hours when I thought I heard footsteps coming through the woods. "Oh, good" I thought, "someone's going to help me".

"And I was happy to see those nice, young men in their clean white coats and they're coming to take me away ha! ha!". The German couple must have called the hospital, hearing these weird, sick sounds. They carried me naked through the woods to the ambulance without asking me a question. They just assumed I was mental, I guess I was. But to me I was following a rational plan, there was a sort of method to the madness. Though I did need help. But, not that kind.

Pentatanguishine was hell on earth and you weren't allowed to leave. That's putting it mildly. A guy I met there, Brian Wilson (not the Beach Boy), tried several times to escape. They kept catching him, dragging him back and giving him electro-shock for his disobedience.

At first I was stuck in this tiny room with a bunch of other mental patients and the only thing to do was to watch the TV set. It was permanently turned to the Country Music Video station. Billy Ray Cyrus had had a hit with Achy Breaky Heart and they kept playing the follow up single. Playing it over and over again.

After a week of that I was released into the main room where you could at least walk in a large circle. They had a giant size TV out there and as I stood up close watching the video to a new song called "Insane In The Brain", I looked at the plaid jacket the singer was wearing and realized I was wearing the identical jacket. Insane in the membrane.

I was there for about 3 weeks until my Dad could convince the head "mad scientist" that I could receive treatment at the East General Hospital in Toronto, a few blocks from where I lived. The doctor was reluctant to let me go, his parting words were, "I would have liked for him to stay so I could do some Lithium experiments on him." Those people may have had a monopoly on treating mental illness, but they came nowhere close to understanding me, or helping me. It was more like post-traumatic stress from being involuntarily incarcerated by them.

One good thing I remember about the place was that they sold cartons on chocolate milk for 25 cents. That really made me happy, and pulled me through.

Other Mental Institutions

It was never any fun being dragged kicking and screaming to mental institutions. Which is what sometimes happened. At first, it is a lot like jail, in the sense that they won't let you leave. And to make matters worse they give you a large dose of drugs, usually Halidol, to knock you out. Sometimes I might have been so freaked out that the drugs didn't work and I would be up all night praying and reading the bible, or sitting on my window sill afraid to move because the voices in my head were telling me what to do. Some people were so catatonic that they wouldn't move at all.

A lot of the time I was firmly convinced beyond anything that I was not sick and only pretend to take their medicine, spitting it out when I was by myself. They call this anosognosia. A symptom of schizophrenia in which the patients have no insight into their illness and don't believe they are sick. However, it seemed to me to be something spiritual. Something the doctors knew absolutely nothing about. It's kind of like wearing rose-coloured glasses. After awhile you forget everything is rose-coloured and that you are wearing glasses. It just seems like reality to you. When strangers (or doctors) walk up to you and try to take off your glasses, you get angry, suspicious and defensive. "Fuck those fuckin' fuckers, they don't know shit about anything".

Once, when I was staying with my mum in Scotland on an island with a few thousand locals, I was running around through the forest naked, chasing an invisible wood nymph and banging my head against a stone wall. An ambulance was called and they took me to the nearest mental hospital which was a ferry ride and a few hours away.

The next day as I was exploring the halls I met a guy about my age; early 20's, who lived on the same island and had also been taken there, last night. We were in sync without knowing each other. I told him that I didn't think I was mentally ill and that I was only rightfully paranoid and that something spiritual and telepathic was happening to me. He said that he wasn't schizophrenic either. I told him I would think of a word, concentrate on it, and he was to tell me what the word was. He agreed, I chose a word that was my favorite colour and had a childhood meaning to me. He looked at me for about 7 seconds then said "Orange?" My jaw hit the floor and my eyes bugged out. "Holy fuck" said I. I freaked out and immediately paced around. "That was the word." We weren't crazy! And this was the tip of the ice-burg as far as discovering the source of schizophrenia was concerned. For the next 10 days whenever we saw each other we could hardly glance in each other's direction without freaking out. The implications of this were enormous. I feel sorry for that guy because since he was the one guessing my word, how could he be absolutely certain I was telling the truth? But maybe my actions spoke louder than words. I clearly wasn't lying.

At one point I was in the showers and ate my own shit because a voice/presence in my head/body told me to. Let me explain the method to the madness. You see, I remember the guy who discovered the cure for Pellagra years ago in America ate shit to prove that he couldn't contract the disease. I didn't eat the shit because someone was giving me a direct order, rather, the cognitive dissonance meant that telepathy was a reality and schizophrenia was just a bogeyman. It would have been preferred if instead

of eating shit the voice insisted I eat an orange I was holding, but this “evil entity” was just as far out as I was, but in another direction. He never studied psychology in university. It’s kind of like he stumbled on a goldmine and didn’t recognize it as such and just thought it was a good place to take a dump. It’s kind of like the first guy to discover the telephone. Instead of realizing what he has stumbled upon, proceeds to start making an obscene crank call. Paul McCartney had a farm nearby. I kept hoping he would come to rescue, somehow get me out. I was still suffering from Delusions of Grandeur.

They had a common room that I would haunt listening over and over to the couple of records they had there. Donna Summer’s “finger on the trigger”, and Elvis Costello’s “Oliver’s Army”. They gave me so much tea and toast there I was often up all night in my room laughing along with my invisible friends to the hilarious conversations that would make sense to only me. Often I would talk to celebrities living or dead. I remember Sammy Davis Jr. was there a lot. He always had such a positive vibration about him, it was good to have a friend like him hanging around. I remember one revelation he said. Since he had obviously survived death, as evidenced by our conversation, he said, “Sammy cannot be created or destroyed.” That gave me confidence that nothing had to be taken too seriously. Download a song I recorded about this, free, at CharlesBoyd.org. The song is called “Song For Sammy”, and is song #8 off the Fuck You You Fuckin’ Fuck album.

<http://charlesboyd.org/music/fuckyouyoufuckinfuck/08%20Song%20For%20Sammy.mp3>

Or check out the video. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eBF3JyyJKJg&feature=plcp>

There was one crazy, laughing, old lady there who was always talking about sex, Dotty. So I whipped out my hard dick one time and asked her if she wanted to fuck. We went back to her room and I fucked her brains out. It was really a lot of fun. Sex is a good thing. Let me repeat that; sex is a good thing, it is violence that is a bad thing. Love good, hate bad.

Still More Mental Institutions

In the summer of 1999 I felt hopeless. My life was in the pits. I had dropped out of university to pursue music and I was the only thing getting pursued, it felt like, by evil entities. I had tried several medications for paranoid schizophrenia, which is what the doctor said I had, and nothing had worked to restore a sense of peace in my mind, enough at least to enable me to function. So, that summer I decided to walk across the burning bridge and go back to university.

I went back to Kingston, Ontario and filled out the forms and, as I had no money, I applied for a student loan. They gave me a check for a few hundred dollars. It was time to go to Europe. Instead of

renting an apartment there I went back to Toronto and signed up for a bus tour of Europe. It was kind of like a Eurail pass where you could come and go as you pleased except it was a bus.

I went to Paris, Copenhagen, London, Oslo, Stockholm, and Amsterdam. I was like the ghost of a tourist going through the motions of sight-seeing interesting places. My state of mind which I thought would be concerned with the beautiful places in Europe was entirely preoccupied with it's own paranoia and hallucinations. I couldn't relate to real people at all, and wasn't at peace when alone.

I stayed most of the time in Amsterdam where I basically slept in a park at night and smoked hash all day. I had a video camera with me on this trip but the tapes are basically unwatchable. I'm like a boat with no rudder, drifting nowhere fast. Even my old friend the magic mushroom was no fun anymore.

When I was in Oslo, Norway somebody stole my video camera, I had a breakdown and ended up in the psych ward of their hospital. After that, they put me up in a real nice cottage in the country for a night.

When I was in Stockholm, Sweden I was hallucinating big-time. I was at a youth hostel on a large boat and would have these hilarious and lengthy conversations with the guys from Abba as I sat on the top deck at night.

At one point I must have drawn attention to me. I had very long hair that was not combed. Some crazy hippy dude drinking wine and talking to Abba. They called the nuthouse. A really sexy blonde policewoman with leather gloves led me there. They too were really nice to me, and I stayed in their mental institution for a few days until I arranged for a different youth hostel to take me.

The European mental institutions I found had a lot more respect for the patients than in North America. They actually seemed concerned with me as a person, and didn't force me to take drugs.

That is what I believe people like myself and other mentally ill people need. Empathy, love, respect, concern from an honest, caring individual or individuals. Genuine human warmth. Not electric shock therapy. Touching, a more humanistic approach. The problem is that most of the professionals in mental health are not trained for that. They are trained as drug dispensers for pharmaceutical companies.

In Finland, they have something called "Open Dialogue", where when someone gets "ill", they come to your house with your family and they talk for hours. The patient gets the kind of attention that he or she needs. They only use drugs as a last resort and only for a very short time, as in the case where a person first gets sick and needs to be calmed down. The result of this type of human approach is that schizophrenia is practically non-existent in the areas where "Open Dialogue" is in operation.

A lot of times I just needed someone to relate to, who could relate to me in this far-out state. Since I could no longer relate to myself. I didn't need a doctor I needed a good hooker. Someone to love me for who I am & to smile and be concerned about me and maybe even give me a full body hot oil massage. That would be great! And a lot more helpful than electric shock treatments. It would be a step in the right direction.

Back To Kingston 1999

So I didn't go to school that summer in Europe, but I returned in time to start fall classes. When I first arrived in Kingston I was very happy. I hadn't seen the place for almost 10 years and I was walking around my old, former haunts singing songs I hadn't heard in ages, like "Zoom" by Fat Larry's Band. I think my good mood was due to the fact that my mental collapse mostly happened after I originally quit school in 1992. I didn't blame this town for anything and all my memories were good and I could recall a young, strong, intelligent man with a great promise for the future.

I rented a detached house for the same money it would have cost me for a 1 bedroom apartment in Toronto. So, I was pleased with that. I figured friends could stay in the extra rooms if they showed up. I didn't have any friends. And I could play my acoustic guitar as loud as I wanted. My guitar stayed in Toronto.

But I remember the first evening I was home in the backyard of this house with a cool radio station on. I had a 6-pack of Miller beer and was in good spirits. Then, it suddenly hit me. "We're here too." I hadn't left the persecution in Europe and it didn't confine itself to Toronto. I was being pursued by evil entities, living or dead, I didn't know for sure but one thing was true and that was that my party had been officially "crashed". I couldn't escape. I had tried running away, moving houses, going to other countries, meditating, screaming, medication. The nightmare continued. When I walked around it was like I had an entourage of people having out-of-body experiences at my expense. The jokes were always on me. And these people were not nice. I recorded a song in the school's recording studio at this time for an electro-acoustic music composition class called "Dream Police", it was inspired by the Cheat Trick song and you can download it for free at [CharlesBoyd.org](http://charlesboyd.org/music/monsteronthecampus/12%20Dream%20Police.mp3), old albums, Monster on the Campus, track #12. <http://charlesboyd.org/music/monsteronthecampus/12%20Dream%20Police.mp3>. The professor played it for the class, so I felt compelled to leave the room.

I didn't object to these type of spiritual experiences as long as they were pleasant and I was calling the shots. Kind of like you had to be on the Guest List to be welcome. But just a few of these nasty guys would have me going to the liquor store after school and drinking all night to try and maintain a sense of autonomy, sanity.

I was in a parking lot one night frantically waving a tree branch around and kicking & screaming that I'd had enough of these invisible jokers, who laughed as they committed the "perfect crime". They couldn't get caught. Like a crank call that had no end. Until the police came, put me in handcuffs and drove me to the psych. ward at the Hotel Dieu. The hospital there. The policeman who waited with me until the doctor came was quite impressed with my insight into the illness. It was quite simple. This was a reality to me like having a waking nightmare, so I was entirely concerned with it, consumed by it. But as soon as other people, doctor or police showed up, my focus was on them. Because they couldn't see, feel or imagine what I was going through. But It was as real to me as a bumble-bee in my bedroom.

They let me out of the hospital to attend my Abnormal Psychology class at night, in which we were studying schizophrenia. It drove me crazy sitting in that auditorium that was filled with beautiful girls while the idiot teacher mumbled on about concepts. I wanted to raise my hand and say “Sir, I’ve got an answer to the problem. It starts with me fucking some of these hot, blonde chicks. I believe it’s a win-win solution, and would be of great help to the lonely ones.”

I failed that class and after awhile I was down only to my one class in music composition. I would spend my time in the Harrison-LeCaine music building either playing piano in one of the many piano rooms...heaven, or making experimental recordings in the studio. My problem was I couldn’t function. I could not concentrate. My bad feelings and toxic emotions were chronic. And all my attention and effort went into combating them. I needed help.

Living In The Garage

When I came back to Toronto from university in the spring of 2000 I moved into the double garage we had in the backyard.

“The Garage” was the ultimate hang out clubhouse. Me and my friends took it over in our last year of high school. With my Dad’s blessings. We poured concrete on the floors, got couches and carpets from the Salvation Army for a deal, (I knew the manager, Art, from when I attended the Salvation Army church). We even got a 2nd hand fridge for beer. We ran cable from the house and put in an old TV. My Dad did some electrical work and put in some heavy duty plugs so we could plug our amps in and JAM. You can download a song I recorded at my website CharlesBoyd.org. “Smokefest” is song #20 on the “Fuck You You Fuckin’ Fuck” album,

<http://charlesboyd.org/music/fuckyouyoufuckinfuck/20%20Smokefest.mp3>

Or watch the video, <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xMWa0nAYg&feature=plcp>

This double garage even had a loft, which we carpeted, and dubbed the “Smokeloft” AKA “The Pumpatorium”. We even carpeted the walls for that nice tactile feel.

To celebrate our new clubhouse we held an awesome party. We got some super-duper speakers from Chris I. Kids were dancing to the music that late September. A girl named Emergency was doing this funky-sexy hip-hop dance to old classic records, like Led Zepplin, we were spinning. That was her real name. Her parents gave her that name as they went to the hospital as she was being born.

There was a small stage in the garage too. We played a few songs. Nineteen is the legal drinking age in Ontario.

There was such a good vibe that night at the party. Everyone was friends and happy. I was never very confident with the ladies. I had acne all through high school and that made me very self-conscious. But a very pretty girl that I had always liked, Amanda, the cousin of my friend Brent, the unknown comic, had a beautiful body and waited around late until most people had left. We went to bed together in the

bedroom in the basement. She was a great kisser, super sexy lips, and I loved kissing her tits. I had been making out with Cathy on this very bed. I felt like quite the stud, I must say. I was too drunk to fuck her, I couldn't get it up and she wouldn't let me eat her pussy, my only move! We slept together and I don't think she talked to me until we repeated the same routine at another party a few months later. I think maybe she liked me but my being unable to fuck her was starting to piss her off. Maybe she only liked me because it was my party. I didn't mind, she was beautiful. You can download the song I wrote about this, "Superman", for free. It is song #3 on the "Fuck You You Fuckin' Fuck" album at my website CharlesBoyd.org. <http://charlesboyd.org/music/fuckyouyoufuckinfuck/03%20Superman.mp3>. Or you can check out the XXX video there (scroll down). <http://charlesboyd.org/videos.html>.

The party was so successful we decided to have a repeat performance the next week. Hoping to repeat the "Good Vibes". Unfortunately, everyone told their friends what a good party it was and a few hundred people showed up. We filled the double garage, the backyard deck and the people were packed lining up all along the lengthy driveway leading up to the garage.

It was hot in there. I mean really hot. And the music was cranked. I took a walk with Chris Sinclair and J.P. to get some fresh air and walk around the block. When we got back hell was breaking loose. Nazi skinheads were jumping off the roof of my garage and dive-bombing the neighbour's shed. They totalled that shed. Some loser punched a hole in the bathroom wall. And some people were fighting. There was too many people there. One good thing that came out of that party though, I met Maria the juicy 17 year old red-head who I would fuck for the next year. We kissed for the first time at that party, so I was happy. But my Dad wasn't. He came out during the aftermath where there were broken beer bottles & crushed beer cans EVERYWHERE and shrugged and said in his heavy Scottish accent, "Charles, I don't think we better be having any more parties." "No, Dad." My Dad really put up with a lot from me. And he was always supportive in things me and my friends were doing. I miss him. He died on New Year's Eve 2004. Always make sure your parents know you love them. You never know when you might lose them.

Spring 2000

The start of a new millennium. The beginning of the ultimate renaissance. The whole world was on the same page. I remember watching the New Year's Eve celebrations at different times from around the world. It was very inspiring and instilled a lot of hope for the future.

I was now 29 and hanging around the house drinking a lot of beer. Smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee. All my energy was spent in simply "coping" with schizophrenia. I was always a bit of a loner. That came with never spending a full year in the same school from grades 3-9. I moved around a lot with my mother. But now I couldn't relate to anyone at all. I had no friends except invisible ones. I couldn't

concentrate at all and was prone to unexpected movements and responses if I was conversing with someone for a few minutes.

My dad was always very supportive with my disorder. He would tell me about new treatments such as one he heard on Art Bell's radio show Coast to Coast. It was a device you plugged into the wall and it emitted a sound you couldn't hear but it was supposed to ward off the spirits. It didn't work. He heard about St. John's wort. A herb that was a huge seller in Germany for the treatment of depression. Still nothing. Then we heard about vitamin therapy. More hopes. I saw a chiropractor in the west end who took a blood sample, & told me I had yeast. Nothing sweet like pop or sugar. And a huge assortment of mega-vitamin therapy. I was taking a lot of vitamin B3 and that would flush your face red, & make you feel hot for 10 minutes. Tried that for 2 months. Nada.

I had tried risperdal and seroquel prescriptions from my doctor in the East Toronto General Hospital. I experienced the side-effects but they did nothing for the feelings of being persecuted by invisible entities. Like getting beaten up repeatedly by bullies everyday at school but unable to tell authorities about them, unable to lift even a finger in self-defence. And they showed no mercy. They were chronic and started laying into me at about 60 seconds after waking up in the morning.

The seroquel that I would take when I was having a particular strong fit that was overwhelming me acted more like a giant tranquilizer. I could barely make it home to bed without falling asleep on the sidewalk.

The first drug they gave me was Halidol and that literally turned me into a zombie. My vision was blurry, I had tardive dyskinesia, constant repetitive motions or tics with my muscles. I didn't walk, I shuffled. I used to have to make this grimacing movement with my face, and constant drooling. I remember being at a Salvation Army church one Sunday and being jealous of all the old people around me, singing "It's amazing what praising can do, hallelujah, hallelujah", who seemed to be much more functional physically and mentally than I was. I was aware of the fact that I felt 100 years old. I thought it was just me. I didn't make the connection that if I stopped the medication, Halidol, I would be normal.

The Halidol did absolutely nothing about the voices or personas that were habitually fucking with me. It was like a lobotomy that just missed the mark. Did nothing for the symptoms, but managed to turn me into a walking zombie. Luckily my parents noticed this and talked my doctor into dropping the drug.

I had given up hope when my doctor suggested trying the 3rd Atypical medication that was still relatively new at the time, Zyprexa (olanzapine). I had no expectations for this to work but after about 3 weeks changes began to take place. I was inspired to get a haircut. My hair was down past my shoulders and all matted in a few huge dreads. It had never been combed and was the hairstyle of a bad lady. Not that I ever cared about anybody's opinion, but self-care and a sense of hygiene are typically absent in schizophrenics. You see, you spend so much of your attention and energy dealing with the hallucinations it leaves no time or emotions left for normal functioning.

One day I picked up an Erich Fromm book that I had read 10 years earlier. I sat out back on the deck and started reading. Waiting. Waiting. Looking around with bogus expectations. Still nothing. I could

read. I was still very shaky but I was definitely concentrating enough to be able to focus on the concepts in the book. The thing was, I was alone, that was it. I was sitting by myself and felt a sense of solitude that I hadn't felt in years. I could read a fucking book again! I was out there for 2 hours. It was great! I was on the path to recovery. This Zyprexa (olanzapine) was working like a miracle drug. I couldn't believe it. I was happy. My dad was very happy too.

Some of the side-effects such as lethargy and dramatic weight gain were a pain in the neck but when compared to the alternate of punching holes in my bedroom walls, setting fire to evil things around the house, or leaving water faucets running all night in vain attempts to quell the evil entities, there was no competition. I felt an old sense of autonomy and independence return. In a big sense I was back to my old self again.

Lock Me In The Studio

In the summer of 1992 I had dropped out of university, if I hadn't dropped out they would have suspended me, my grades were bad. But I had moved into a one-bedroom near the school. The professor of my electro-acoustic music class broke the rules and was letting me use the music studio. David Keane, he was a prince.

The thing was, there were strict rules regarding the studio. It was heavily secured and you could only use it for an hour or so at a time, as other students were signed up on the schedule. I had a crush on a girl Danielle and had written a song for her, I wanted to record it but it would take time. The studio was only open Mon-Fri. I knew what I had to do. I got my friend Dan Curtis to lock me into the studio and come and get me out first thing Monday. That way the security system would be tricked into thinking someone left the studio Friday night and entered the studio Monday morning. I would eat cans of beans and shit in a bucket. I thought I would be able to record a slew of songs but only got "Letter To Danielle" done. You can download it at CharlesBoyd.org, old albums, Chick Magnet, song #14. I added the drums a few years later. <http://charlesboyd.org/music/chickmagnet/14%20Letter%20To%20Danielle.mp3>

I thought Danielle was the best looking girl in high school. Her tits were so big I just wanted to suck them....chronically. She was now the ex-girlfriend of my friend Chris from before. She was the girl that slept over at the U of Toronto campus housing we stayed in during the summer of 1987.

When I went to university we would talk frequently on the phone and I went to the YMCA with her a few times. When I was back in Toronto during a holiday we went to a park and smoked a joint together after listening to some Duran Duran. Man, I liked her so much but I was afraid to try anything. My fucked up sense of morality had me thinking about what my friend Chris would do. I thought he would be angry with me. It seemed somehow like I was betraying him.

Back at school I asked her to come up for a weekend. She agreed. I thought, awesome, my chance had come at last. But unfortunately, she changed her mind. I wrote another song for her called "British Columbia". It is song #10 also off the Chick Magnet album. The lyrics go "I wanted to ride my bike with you through British Columbia". We had talked about doing that for awhile, but it never happened. I was alone. Here's the link: <http://charlesboyd.org/music/chickmagnet/10%20British%20Columbia.mp3>

I saw her again recently, (ten years ago), passing on the avenue. I saw her face and she saw me. But I was in shock, so I kept walking on by without saying hello. It wasn't my fault. I couldn't bear to talk to her and pretend that I didn't want to hug and kiss her all over. She looked so beautiful and I loved her so much. I'm not a good enough liar to stand face to face with her and act as though I'm actually interested in small talk.

These days I have the same problem with most of the girls I meet or even the ones I used to know for that matter. I find it inordinately difficult to go through the motions of caring about what doesn't matter at all without screaming "I Love You!" and cover them with hugs and kisses for ten minutes. After that happened, I think I could continue to bullshit for awhile. But, we would have to get all the intimacies out in the open up front.

I admire guys who have that ability to communicate with girls in a language they understand. But I can't lie and pretend. I just can't do it. Mostly nowadays I just avoid the whole scene as much as possible, keep to myself. At least that way I can be true to myself.

I mean seriously, whenever I see hot chicks in skin tight jeans accentuating their juicy ass, or a t-shirt in summer showing off big, succulent tits ready for sucking I think entirely with my dick and my brain gets by-passed. It's not my fault!

Drama

I was very happy with my dramatic arts class in high school. I liked it so much I took the senior year 3 times in a row. By the third time I knew I knew it so well they gave me the drama award. I loved acting in the plays. My friend Matt wrote a play called "Jason and the Man Upstairs" about a student and his thinking, scheming brain. I played the brain, the man upstairs. That was a lot of fun. I also loved "Three's A Crowd", an old play written in the 1920's about three students trying to get to the school dance while getting romantic. It was kind of old-fashioned so I was glad when the teacher, Miss Yarmouth, said we could camp it up and let me write songs for us to sing in it. I loved getting the other kids to sing my songs, which all had sexual innuendos, but nobody seemed to mind. I got the girl in the end.

We put on 3 shows for the students of the school to see in the autumn of 1989 and then in the spring we put it on again in the big auditorium for parents and anybody else who wanted to watch it. When it

came to the night of the drama show in spring, there was a small problem. I couldn't talk. I had laryngitis. Miss Yarmouth was mad, she thought I was doing it on purpose. Then she had an epiphany. Since I was the only one who knew my part, I would go through all the actions on stage while another student, Ray, would stand backstage with a microphone reading my lines. It made the show even funnier, the audience loved it and I got to really ham it up miming the motions. I wanted to be a professional actor for awhile, I would have loved it, but I figured there was just too much competition out there. Everybody wanted to be an actor.

I was disappointed when I got to university and enrolled in the Drama class. It made me appreciate just how good a job Miss Yarmouth did in high school. It was years ahead of the university class. I was bored out of my mind having to do all these grade 9 type assignments.

A major part of the grade revolved around acting out a scene from "The Importance of Being Earnest". I was to do it with a girl, Treana. We spent a lot of time rehearsing in her dorm and she even made costumes by hand. I grew to have a crush on her after awhile, but she never seemed to be looking at me. We would drink her herbal tea in her room and listen to Cat Stevens. I remember looking out the window listening to this beautiful music and hoping or praying that what happened to Cat Stevens would never happen to me. Here he was in the 70's singing "Peace Train" and he had divorced himself from his music and said "Salman Rushdie must die" because of what he wrote in a book. No more free speech or love and peace train, it was now "Hell Train". Unfortunately I did lose my mind years later when I attacked my dad and I was starting to lose it with Treana, as I'll explain.

I kept looking at her longingly. I just wanted to hug and kiss her, what was wrong with that? But my fucked up morality kicked in and I kept asking myself "Yes, but do you want to marry her and spend the rest of your life with her? You must be fair to the girl." I didn't want to marry her but I loved her and wanted to get intimate and have her reciprocate feelings for me. At 3 in the morning I cracked. She had finished the costumes and I walked home to my dorm. It was a stormy, very windy night. I was freaking out. The play sucked. I didn't want to have anything to do with it. And my mind was on fire. Why couldn't I tell her I loved her. But, I didn't want to marry her. I just wanted to touch her. But, I didn't want to break her heart. I spent hours walking home in the storm screaming out "The Back of Love" by Echo and the Bunnymen. When I had spent all my energy walking in one direction, I finally turned around ready to go home and as I turned around the sun had began to rise and struck me. Everything was O.K., I felt a sense of peace come over me.

So I decided to not associate myself with our horrible little presentation and sleep in instead. I was at least living by my own standards even if others might not understand.

Because of that the prof. failed me in drama. Treana was sad and confused as to why I didn't go through with it. She must have thought we were friends, and I go and do something crazy like that. It wasn't her fault. I loved her but I had no explanation as to my motives for not following through on the project. I felt totally alone. There was pretty girls everywhere, and even not so pretty girls with awesome personalities, which I liked just as much. But I couldn't get started with any of them. My emotional problems seemed to be much more important and interesting than the stuff we were

learning. There was no Love 101. If there was you can bet it would have been a packed course. I had no one to turn to that could relate to me and my feelings. I longed to be able to say in relief "Ahh! To be understood! And not to have to understand!"

Blue Jays

The happiest I've ever seen this city, I mean really happy, was when the Toronto Blue Jays won the World Series. Happier than New Year's Eve, even 1999-2000 new year's eve. The Leafs haven't won the Stanley Cup in a long time, and they have won before. But when the Blue Jays won for the first time in 1992 the city went crazy. Yonge St. was packed with cars honking their horns and people were streaming up and down the sidewalks smiling, looking each other in the eyes. Grinning from ear to ear and celebrating. I've never seen anything like it. Everybody became best friends. The closest thing to it was at a Grateful Dead concert when everyone would walk around throughout the auditorium looking at each other's faces and smiling. But everyone was on acid. The Blue Jays was a natural high.

I gave a sincere prayer that they would win. I saw Jane Fonda on TV also praying Atlanta would win. My psychiatrist was at all 4 home games. Lucky doctor. But everyone shaking each other's hands and giving each other high fives was sure a great feeling. The Blue Jays should win the world series everyday.

Italy

We had a great school field trip to Italy in 1988 when I was 17. It was a tremendous party with my friends. We drank lots of red wine and cappuccinos. We climbed the leaning tower of Pisa when you were still allowed and saw some beautiful architecture. Venice was breathtaking. We took a lot of photographs of us dicking around and being irreverent. When the group went to see "The David", my friends and me cut to the chase and went breakdancing on Michael Angelo's tomb instead. I'm sure Michael Angelo would have been proud.

We would obnoxure the local girls with our Italian phrase-book. We'd be in the middle of Venice and ask pretty girls "Where can we find the ski-instructor?" And when we knew for certain that they couldn't speak any English we would casually ask "Your mother's a whore and owes me \$50?" They would always smile and agree with us saying "Yes! Yes!"

We drove Mr. Purdy, the teacher in charge, nuts. We would always stay out past curfew exploring Italy, stealing government mailbags (not the mail), hotel towels with insignia and the such. We were definitely on the loose without a license. Me and my friends would laugh loudly a lot and do and say what we wanted. There was a girl on the trip, Jenn. Looking back I hope we weren't too rude to her. She was a nice girl but she was fat and had a huge crush on my friend Alex. She would follow us around when we would be in a group of guys talking "guy talk" and we didn't hold back.

We got bored with Jenn following us, so at one point we decided to find out how far we could push her. We took her to a hard core Italian porn movie, inside a theatre, and sat up front. It was hilarious, us four guys and Jenn relaxing in the Italian porno theatre. We couldn't stop laughing. The movie was about a girl who liked to suck horse cock. Jenn seemed a little rattled but unless she was prepared to suck us all off she could keep her mouth shut. We got her to take our pictures. She stood up in the front of the movie house crowd with a flash camera, taking photographs. She was the butt of all our jokes, but I've got to hand it to her, she stuck around, and any girl who would put up with that kind of behaviour without complaining or talking back to us can suck my dick anytime.

Jerking Off

I hate it when people walk in on me when I'm in the middle of jerking off. I mean it's not like I'm doing anything illegal or something. Three times I've walked in on friends in the middle of jerking off. I always feel like a cop who decided to look the other way upon discovering a kid committing a misdemeanor.

For awhile I was in the habit of asking a girl point blank, "Do you wanna fuck?" I've said that about five times. Never a favorable response so I just quit. I mean girls have sex, enjoy sex and love fucking. Why can't it be the same for girls as boys?

Whenever I jerk off I always have an imaginary relationship with the lady. I don't just stare at her cunt in a magazine and go "Oh, my God, a cunt!" That's kids stuff. That's how I would jerk off to my Madonna photos in Penthouse when I was 15. Now, I admire her and respect her for having hairy armpits. I'm a grown man! I'm a fucking adult! I treat the girls I jerk off to as real people with personalities. My nude poster of Pamela Anderson isn't just tits and ass, although that is a huge part of it. No! I have a great deal of respect for her decision to get naked in public. And it's amazing when you fantasize about a girl's personality. It comes to life! I mean it's so real it can actually fool you. You end up saying to yourself "I could never make this up, it seems so alive! It's more real than just my imagination!"

I go through different phases of jerking off. When I was a teenager I used to like Chinese chicks. They seemed quiet and shy. I could relate to that a lot as a shy teenager. For a long time I used to fantasize about black chicks. I've got a few copies of Black Tail magazine. Download my song "I Subscribe To Black Tail Magazine" for free at CharlesBoyd.org. It's song #14 off the Fuck You You Fuckin' Fuck album.

<http://charlesboyd.org/music/fuckyouyoufuckinfuck/14%20Black%20Tail.mp3>. Or check out the XXX video: <http://charlesboyd.org/videos.html>

Black chicks have asses that just protrude out slightly more than your typical white girl. And fucking a girl from behind is my favorite position. 2 Live Crew said “Face Down, Ass Up, That’s The Way We Like To Fuck”, and Spinal Tap said “The bigger the cushion the sweeter the pushin”.

I have serious long term relationships with my Spice Girls poster. Seriously, we go back for 15 years. We have favorite songs, preferred positions and Mel C just loves to suck cock. Posh likes it in the ass. I swear to God I don’t make it up. The facts come from outside. Not from inside my mind. I’d really love to eat Mel B’s pussy for about a week, but she can’t seem to understand how someone would like to eat pussy. That’s only a natural response for a heterosexual girl I suppose.

I briefly dated a black chick in high school but it didn’t go anywhere. I kept waiting for her to make the first move, but we just sat in my car for 15 minutes before we finally kissed. However, what a kiss! Her lips were electric. I really loved her personality and didn’t care about her looks. But looking back at old photos I love her looks and wished I had had more insight back then. But she had a tremendous talent with singing and making up songs. I just wanted to fuck her but couldn’t bring myself to asking for it. She was in my drama class in high school. I kissed 4 girls in that class, 3 romantically and one in a play. But that still counts because I wrote segment in the play myself!

I have to go to a porno book store and get some new porno mags. Nearly all my porn mags are “18” or “Babyface”. All the girls are half my age. I got the huge stack from my friend Chris whose brother had a subscription to them. Second hand porn! However, I must admit that after jerking off to younger girls for the last 5 years, I’ve grown to appreciate their attributes. They have no pre-conceived hang-ups about sex. They have yet to be brainwashed by a fucked up society that no problems with hate and myriad methods of violence but that who relegates love and love-making to back alleys, jail and censors it as a form of crime deserving of shame and disrepute.

Sucking Cock

I like sucking cock, I enjoy it, I love it. It’s just what I do. The feel of some guy cumming in my mouth, what could be sexier than that? Eating a hot black chick’s pussy, maybe. Millions of women suck cock everyday. Did you ever stop to think about that? At any given moment someone, somewhere, is cumming in somebody’s mouth. Women suck cock everyday and nobody even notices, but the moment a guy sucks cock suddenly the name calling starts.

Sometimes the guy might be polite and say something like “Can I cum in your mouth?” My answer goes along the lines of “ Why do you think I’m sucking your cock?” I think it’s sexy when a girl swallows

my cum. I mean, seriously, if she doesn't like the taste of cum she should be doing something else. Like maybe eating pussy. My friend got head from a hooker once, Maxine, who was incredibly fastidious when it came to her hair. "Don't touch my hair!" She didn't have a problem with a dick in her mouth but for fuck's sake don't touch my hair.

Hanging out in porno theatres with dirty old men, or frequenting the darker regions of certain parks; Gay bars and bath houses are all places of interest.

Talking To Myself

I must have gotten kicked out of a dozen places for talking to myself. Even the gay bar in Kingston wouldn't have me. I'd be sitting in a bar having a drink, laughing out loud and talking to people who were not there. Is there a crime in that? No! But bar after bar would either cut me off, even if I had only a beer or 2, or just throw me out for having a party with myself. I mean, really, I'm in the best company I know. I get ALL my jokes, I always understand where I'm coming from. I can say anything I want to myself without offending me. It's great!

I was sad when they threw me out of the Rex jazz bar on Queen St. W., Toronto because I used to go there all the time when I was a teenager and they always served me. Me and my girlfriend Maria Heythorn went there a lot and had sex in the city hall children's playground a block away. That reminds me of a song from the Steal This Record album, "5 O'Clock Rock", song #3 <http://charlesboyd.org/music/03.mp3>.

The John T. Davis & Jim Heineman band was completely awesome I thought. "T" would play the hell out of that Hammond B3 organ. But on this night I was laughing out loud to something about Trini Lopez. I thought it was hilarious.

I used to like going to lesbian bars, and just hanging out. I love lesbians. Listen & download my song "I Love Lesbians" from CharlesBoyd.org, Steal This Record, song #5 <http://charlesboyd.org/music/05.mp3>.

Most of the lesbians didn't seem to mind me being there. Although sometime I might get a beer from a bartender who genuinely seemed to have a problem with men, probably from some lousy past experience. I felt bad about that. I didn't want to hurt her feelings. I always felt like a lesbian inside. I don't know why, it's kind of strange, but I'm sure there are a lot of people who feel that way. I sometimes would consider myself kind of like a dyke with a dick. Hey! Now that's a party!

When I go to a mental institution, either as a patient, or just visiting, I see all the people shuffling around talking to themselves. It kind of feels like home. I think "Now these people are normal." These are the sane people of our society. I can relate to these folks!

When these people have schizophrenia and talk out loud to themselves either one of two things are happening. One, they are like a dog chasing its tail and they are completely alone. Or two, there is some entity, spirit or presence there and they are relating to something just as real as talking to someone else a city away on a cell phone. They are in another dimension, one in which they can obtain some of the respect, attention and understanding that our “sane” society just can’t provide. Whether it’s “real” or not is not important.

Problems With Schizophrenia

I have a lot of problems with watching TV. If it is a sporting event like baseball or basketball I get an overwhelming feeling that my feelings or whims about who wins or scores a goal is directly tied to the outcome. I cause the game to turn out as it does. Or some great God of Sport deems me worthy enough to have my team win and causes it to.

When bad news happens in the newspaper & catches my attention, I realize that I controlled it to happen because of something I did. Never on purpose, but I am never the less held responsible. Or the great Satan of the World has decided to include me and my personal life in a giant web of horror. When princess Di died, it was my fault. If there’s a hurricane or earthquake? My fault. I did it. I’m a bad boy.

Things don’t have to be bad or evil for them to have been caused by my deciding to go to the park on Monday afternoon instead of grocery shopping either. I can’t watch Saturday Night Live because it seems that the crowd’s laughter and subtleties of the performances are somehow intimately tied to my every move or thought. The whole show is completely contingent upon me.

This sort of thing doesn’t vanish in the face of truth, either. I could be watching a whole episode of Saturday Night Live in torment because of its relationship to me, and then find out it was a repeat. For a brief moment I am off the hook because I wasn’t watching when it was originally recorded, but then it starts up again! It doesn’t go away.

A song I wrote about never being able to feel alone, like being watched or stalked by an invisible man who is constantly judging me is “Douchebag Zombie”. Download it for free from CharlesBoyd.org. It is the first song on the album of that name. Or you can listen to the link <http://charlesboyd.org/music/douchebagzombie/01%20Douchebag%20Zombie.mp3>

Songs on the radio can be a real nightmare. I can’t listen to new music without feelings and thoughts that they were influenced by me. New music was somehow inspired by my life, my attitudes or state of mind. It’s a real pain since I make music myself and would like to be able to hear new music coming out. It’s similar to my mother going up to the manager of CFRB radio, taking me along when I was young, and telling them to stop sending messages into her brain from the radio waves. It’s all very sad since the

facts don't lie when they say this is not real. The similarities of the hallucinations are also strange. These types of delusions are very common with schizophrenics. And no matter how absurd these occurrences appear, the pain and torment are real.

New York City

When I was 19 me and three friends decided it was time to go on a road trip to New York city in my dad's 1979 Ford LTD boat. We saw the play Cats on Broadway and spent our only night in New York stuck in our hotel room because we had bought some magic mushrooms and couldn't bear to leave. We ended up all night trying to sing for hours into the early morning. We couldn't harmonize, we couldn't even sing in tune. It was awful.

I thought I was a pretty hip kid from a big city who had seen some "things" in the world. I had been exposed to lots of movies and had thought creatively and on top of that I smoked hash regularly. But we walked through Times Square and I had to check out an adult bookstore. I was looking at all the different porno magazines, when one caught my eye. "Poppin' Mammass"! It blew my mind! Pregnant women getting fucked in the ass, sucking cock and getting drenched in cum. It was hilarious and yet totally disturbing at the same time. This was a whole new ballgame. Download my song "Already Pregnant" from the Douchebag Zombie album at CharlesBoyd.org It's song #4. Or listen by clicking the link <http://charlesboyd.org/music/douchebagzombie/04%20Already%20Pregnant.mp3> Also check out "Friends In New York", song #11 from the Fuck You You Fuckin' Fuck album or you can listen by clicking the link <http://charlesboyd.org/music/fuckyouyoufuckinfuck/11%20Friends%20In%20N.Y..mp3>

This is the YouTube video link for the music video Friends In New York
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hW-QD3hPN5Q&feature=plcp>

Florida

For March break in 1989 me and 3 friends went to Florida. We started normally, to have a nice mellow vacation. Guy's parents reserved a hotel for us to stay in when we got to Clearwater. Everything was fine for the first day but we soon realized that we were stuck in this town and the only thing to do was walk along the beach. So we bought a \$250 car and decided to go on a road trip across Florida.

We would sleep anywhere. We slept on the floor of the University of Tampa. In Cocoa Beach we crashed a Holiday Inn when we saw the sign that said they were having a talent completion. We pretended we were staying there. So the four of us formed a band, Alex on drums, Chris on bass, and Guy on guitar. I sang and we did the Troggs' song "Wild Thing". We needed a name so we called ourselves "4 Guys Staying At The Holiday Inn". We didn't win the competition but some girls who were actually guests, took notice of us and we went back to their room. I was having a mental breakdown in the parking lot, sitting by myself, drinking beer and listening to my mixed tape, of disco music and "Kiss" by Prince. I was frustrated and depressed because I couldn't relate to the party-goers in the hotel room. But Chris could, and when I woke up in the morning in the back seat of the car, Chris was driving and it was very early. I wondered why we were traveling so early, Chris said "'Cuz' I fucked a fat bitch on the beach last night and I don't want to stick around."

The shitbox of a car we bought broke down in the middle of nowhere on some Florida road. So we abandoned it but made sure we totally trashed it before doing so. We demolished that car as much as we could. We had to hitch-hike to the nearest town. Finally some guy stopped and we jumped in and we started driving. Then we gradually noticed that his windshield was extremely cracked, and on top of that he was very drunk. I had long hair then and he kept mumbling over in surprise "I thought you were a girl." This was trouble so we got the hell out of there and made it to the next town where we bought another shitbox car. We continued south heading towards Miami Beach.

We drank a lot of American beer. It was very cheap compared to Canada. Busch was our favorite. Our Clearwater hotel room was so covered in empty Busch cans we called it "The Cunt" because of the preponderance of Busch. We got very drunk on the beach listening to Disco music, until we almost missed our flight back. I think I wanted to stay in Florida & not go back to school. But, I was out voted.

Health

When I'm in a club with music I always feel self-conscious, like my mood controls the "vibe" of the place. People turn around and look at me, I get paranoid. I had to stop smoking pot because I would end up feeling like a Himalayan mystic. People seem to notice.

I stopped smoking pot mostly for my sanity. I felt fine getting high by myself, but the minute somebody else was involved I would get freaked out. And coming down was never fun. I really enjoyed hash in university, listening to CDs or even with friends in high school, but I must have reached my "maximum toke level" or something.

I went vegetarian in university after reading "Diet For A New America". John Robbins really layed it out. The reality of the way the animals are kept on factory farms is quite unbelievable. If you've never

seen video or photos of the inside of a factory farm it's for a very good reason. They don't want you to. You'd most likely stop eating meat right then.

The individual's health is also at stake when eating our typical western diet. T. Colin Campbell makes an airtight case for a plant-based diet in his wonderful book "The China Study". In short, before western food invaded rural China, there was no heart disease, cancer or diabetes, and the more people ate dairy products and meat the faster these diseases "mysteriously" showed up. A great documentary, "Forks Over Knives" is available on the internet.

I found what foods to eat and not just the foods to avoid by reading John McDougall's "The Starch Solution". He makes the case that all long lived societies through the ages have centred their diets around starch; like brown rice, oats, sweet potatoes, wheat & corn. With fruits and vegetables rounding out the diet. You must check out drmcDougall.com

In university, one of the reasons I dropped out was because the senior years in psychology were "advancing" to rat experiments. Giving random electric shocks to laboratory animals. It's not even as though these experiments actually go to prove anything. I mean, the experiments have already been done and any information regarding them has already been gleaned. The experiments were for the students' sake. So they could say "Oh look how the rats behave when I fuck with them, I've never seen that before". I already know how the rats behave. They don't like it, would rather be left alone, or preferably released. I think I acquired my love for animals early in life. Most of my childhood we had a dog. I really learned to love those dogs. -Don't touch the girls, shock the rats instead.-

Costa Rica

In late November 1998 I had had my share of crazy presences, voices, entities, hallucinations, delusions, fantasies and imagination masked against the backdrop of another Canadian winter. So I decided to get the fuck out of Dodge. Any place that was warm and far away would do. When I saw how dirt cheap the flights to San Jose, Costa Rica were I decided to leave my problems forever in the snow. I kept thinking of the Burt Bacharach/Hal David song "Do You Know The Way To San Jose?" I didn't know it was referring to San Jose, California. I had a Frankie Goes To Hollywood album in the 1980's and they covered it. This was the perfect chance.

When I went to the airport I had a sinking feeling that I wouldn't be leaving everything behind me when I saw my old friend Spumonte, the acid man, from my Drama Class. Him & his girlfriend were catching the same plane to San Jose.

Arriving in Costa Rica my next surprise was that I hadn't left my hallucinations behind. In fact they stood out like fish out of water. Everyone was speaking in Spanish, but my imagination was obnoxious

me in English. The more exposed I got to Spanish the more their American accents stood out. Even my imaginary boyfriends followed me, even though I distinctly remembered trying to leave all my problems behind.

I moved into a youth hostel in San Jose for a few weeks. It was a lot of fun hanging out with the locals drinking in the bars that were far away from the tourists. I loved the seediness of one bar that the transvestite hookers frequented. I fell in love instantly with a transvestite named Jo. She kissed me on the lips and smiled. Jo was beautiful and looked just like an attractive woman. The hookers would get changed in the back. Prostitution is legal in Costa Rica.

I loved checking out all the brothels where the women would all line up in a row, looking pretty, just waiting to get fucked. Very Sexy. I fucked one very attractive black prostitute with big tits. That was fun.

My routine in the morning was to go across the street to the market where I would get some rice and beans and a bottle of Coca-Cola, in the old fashioned bottles. I'm telling you that Coke must have changed their recipe or something, or maybe the plastic bottles in North America screw with the taste. Because the bottles of Coke in Costa Rica were awesome. Just like I remember it tasting when I was young, like it used to. I explained that to the waitresses that grew to be my friends. They would laugh at how much I loved that old Coke.

Another cool bar that I hung out in that was filled with English speaking people was the "Beatles Bar" where they only played Beatles music and had all kinds of memorabilia covering the place.

No, I had reached my limit of spiritual abuse in Canada and I was very grateful for the warmer climate & Spanish culture. Even though the incessant heckling continued in my head in Costa Rica, I was having a lot of fun. All the tourists were back-packers looking for the rain forest. I liked the busy city of San Jose, with all its pollution. Although, I went to the coast for a few days over Christmas and went swimming in the warm water, that was very nice.

After I had been there about a month I ran out of money and had to go to the Canadian Embassy to get a flight back to Canada. My jailbreak attempt had failed. All my problems had followed me. Somehow I suspected they might. But I had to at least try to escape from my mind, or whatever. I still have fond memories of Jo's sexy transvestite ass, and the "all you can drink coffee".

Johnny Cash's Ex-Wife

When I was 20 I went on a Caribbean cruise with my dad. It was really great stopping off at beautiful islands like Curacao. I rented a motor scooter on Curacao and drove around the island taking photographs and talking to the locals. I almost missed the boat. They don't wait for late-comers. The

food was fantastic on Norwegian Cruise Lines. All you can eat gourmet food every night. It was a lot of fun dancing in the club. I would sit in the cabin for an hour listening to my John Denver's greatest hits tape and drinking Kahula and then go dancing.

I was sitting in the club one night talking to some older ladies. When I asked them their names, one smiled and said "She's Johnny Cash's ex-wife and I'm her sister." They were very Southern. She showed me her driver's license and said she was Roseanne's mother. I ended up spending the night with the sister Sandra up on the deck drinking champagne in the moonlight. I somehow talked my way into her having sex with me in a friend's cabin downstairs. It was great! She had awesome tits and kept telling me to fuck her and cum. I ate her pussy. She seemed to like that and wanted more. She was really hot for her age and I was very excited to be gettin' laid.

La Cage

In the summer before I went to Queen's university in Kingston, Ontario in 1990, I got a job working backstage at the theatre production of La Cage. It was an entertaining show with musical numbers introduced by a transvestite doing Joan Rivers. Lots of transvestites and tits and ass and hash. That's what I remember. The dancers didn't have time to go to their dressing rooms to change in between acts, so the chicks just got naked in front of me. I was in charge of lighting and things like the smoke machine for the Batman number. They did a dance to the Prince song.

It paid really well and I got some hash off my friend the other stage help. I was in a band at the time called "The Sunshine Jamboree" and I was deciding which university to go to. If the band was serious then I would have kept the La Cage job and driven back and forth to the nearer Trent University in Peterborough. I couldn't pin the guys down to how serious they were so I said fuck it and went to the school with the music and film departments.

One night Eartha Kitt came in to see the show. She was the original Catwoman on the old Batman show in the 60's. She had too much to drink and when the Batman routine came on she lost it and stood up motioning around with arms "I am Catwoman! I am Catwoman!" It was pretty funny stuff.

That same summer I had to take an English Lit. class to make sure I got an A average, (Queen's is an Ivy League university don't you know). I did a really cool video project on the book Steppenwolf by Herman Hesse incorporating clips from Easy Rider and my best narration.

The teacher told us how the best poem ever written was "Howl" by Allen Ginsburg and before he could read it Paul interrupted, "Sir, it's such a beautiful day can't we go outside to read it like in Dead Poet's Society?" So the teacher agreed and we all went out to the park.

I got such a good response from the teacher and the class for my Steppenwolf project I thought I could do anything. So for my next video project I got my friend Chris' sister Sally, who was 15 to say into the camera "This Raymond Souster character who wrote the poem "Young Girls" is obviously a child molester and I would be discusted and abused if he "stole Kisses" at me or any of my friends." Bad marks, but it was still hilarious. Today, I forgot the whole class but I've still got the "Young Girls" poetry project on DVD. And that's what counts. I did a lot of video projects for high school. Teachers and students always loved them. Usually I would also write a song and incorporate that too. When I started doing them I took everything very serious, but through the years as I gained more confidence I began to take more and more liberties. Incorporating pot, Jimi Hendrix, Frank Zappa, child molesters, X-rated clips from movies, rape scenes. One project I did with my friend Matt was "In Search Of Elvis". We drove all over Toronto on a mission to find him. Was he working in King's Shoe Repair? The premise was he didn't die and moved to Toronto and hid from the publicity. So we would go into King's Shoe Repair on camera and ask where Elvis was. "Are You Elvis?" We checked out the "Heartbreak Hotel" and got Matt's security guard to say "I'm sorry sir no Elvis Presley here, but we have an Elvin Presley." At the end of the show we ended up in the "Elvis Restaurant". The owner was adamant about us not filming, so we ordered a bowl of chili and started filming. "Matt...is that a sideburn in your chili?!" "My God, it is! It's Elvis! Elvis is in the chili!" The owner chased us down the street swearing in Greek and throwing things at us.

Dark Parks, Gay Bars & Bath houses

I used to often hang around in certain parks in certain areas of the city dressed in tight cut-off shorts in the summer. The objective was to get fucked and suck cock. Ever since I was younger I found it sexy and exciting to visit the darker areas and let strange dirty older men fuck me. As many men as possible. It was always very thrilling to get molested out in nature. It's not as though it's a bad thing. I mean you can hate anytime, anywhere you want, to anyone, but if you want a little humanity, some loving touch, you have to hide in dark places like a criminal! That's bullshit.

Sometimes I'd go to a gay bar where someone would buy me a beer, I was an easy lay, then we'd go to one of the gay bath houses. Fun, fun, fun. Good clean fun. Many men, many nights of sucking cock and getting fucked. Some gay porno theatres would have "glory holes", holes conveniently cut in the wall for the guy in the next booth to stick his cock through to get sucked off.

Let's get one thing straight. Violence is bad. Love and sex are good. A few times I went hitch-hiking through High Park at night. Doing 10 guys in a night was not unusual.

Sometimes we'd go back to the guy's apartment if he lived nearby. I was always a submissive. On the receiving end, so to speak. The one getting fucked. Unless of course the other person was a sexy

transvestite. I love transvestites and on Halloween I'd get to dress up as a transvestite. That was exciting. I love sucking cock, swallowing cum, getting fucked in the ass. When I was 10 I used to fantasize about dogs fucking me. I even tried to orchestrate the event with someone's horny dog. But the dog was too small.

I remember once in Allen Gardens having a line-up of guys behind me, fucking me in the ass, while I sucked the other guys off with my mouth. I love that kind of attention. It makes you feel....special, kind of like a supermodel. Occasionally the cops would come and spoil the party. Or eventually drug dealers might move in and then there's a conflict of interest.

Gay Bath houses are great because they have a sauna, jaccuzzis, and steam rooms. Since everybody is gay you can have sex right in the steam room. Or you can rent a room with a bed for 8 hours. I was very rarely dominant with another guy unless it was a transvestite. I realise now in looking back that I was playing sexual roulette with AIDS. I was very lucky.

Stuff

In December 1988 my friend told me how he was in a bar in the beaches, using the washroom, when he noticed that they kept their cases of beer by the emergency exit door. Three of us pulled the heist. We were too young to buy beer legally. My friend walked in, went straight to the washroom & left with 2 cases of beer. I was waiting in my dad's Ford LTD. We took off like a bat out of hell.

When we got up the street I realised that my lights were still on. That meant they could have seen the license plate. We were incredibly paranoid and hatched out an alibi scheme of what we were doing at that time. We were sweating. But we didn't get caught.

We took the beer to a hotel room we rented for New Year's Eve. The room was near City Hall, Nathan Phillip's Square, where we were going to party.

We had our hopes up, hoping we were going to have a great time, and get laid! It was very lame. But, at least I remember eating some bitch's pussy in the toilet. She was extremely bored and boring. Her lack of interest in sex was quite the turn off. At least there was free beer.

I seem to have the same problem with a lot of girls I go out with. Either they are bored & totally not into me or they get hysterical and hate my guts. I mean it's not uncommon for a girl to end up hating, screaming, crying, throwing things and turning lesbian on me. Looking back I can see that some of it is my fault for being confused about right and wrong. I used to figure that if I wasn't going to get married, have children and live the rest of my life together with the girl, then I should spare her feelings & break up immediately.

One girl who seemed to understand me as a friend was a black girl who worked in Wendy's at Charles St. and Yonge. I used to go there all the time for their salad bar. It was not uncommon for me to pawn my guitar to get enough money for Wendy's salad bar. She talked me into going to church with her. It turned out to be pretty funny. There I was, the only white guy, with a Good Times t-shirt and a big smiling picture of JJ, singing in this all black gospel church. All the people were really nice and friendly to me. My friend was really kind.

I should have kept seeing that girl. She had a good head on her shoulders. She would have been able to keep me connected to reality. Most of my uncontrollable insanity happens when I've been alone for a long time.

That reminds me of the time I went to see Natural Born Killers when it came out. I had looked forward to it. At some point in the middle of the movie I snapped. The movie became real and came off the screen taking over my mind. I was totally overwhelmed and panicked. I remember going outside, taking off my poncho and all my clothes and running naked up the street. A car of teenagers drove by and threw eggs at me. They actually pelted me with eggs. This of course was incorporated into my insane fantasy as having great meaning and the teenagers were all a part of the grand scheme that left me holding the short end of the stick, to put it mildly. I ended up at the local hospital and they called my dad who came & picked me up.

There was always a "world is coming to an end" scenario. Once, I freaked out, took off all my clothes and ran into the freezing lake water, because I "had to". It sounds crazy to be listening to voices in your head or obeying orders they give you, ultimatums. But, it always appears rational. Like, the only sensible thing to do to save the world and myself. Delusions of grandeur. The inability to actually recognize what is happening until it is all over and I am recovering in a hospital bed with people who are there to help me. I haven't had a reality break like that since I've been taking Olanzipine (Zyprexa), it's really been like a miracle drug to me. I prefer the side-effects, mostly weight gain and lethargy, to the hell of schizophrenia. It reduces the symptoms from about 60-80%.

Memories

When I was recording my first album in Feb. 1995, I had rented a large rehearsal-soundproof space in Cherry Beach for the month. I couldn't release the album because it used illegal samples. I kept really strange hours because there were no windows in the space.

Often at 2 am I would visit the Second Cup coffee house at Church and Wellesley. They had a great jukebox, and I always felt comfortable with the gay clientele. Lots of good music. I remember playing "Anything To Turn You On" by Roxy Music, from the Avalon album. Me and my girlfriend Maria Heythorn used to listen to that record all the time when we made out. So it brought back good

memories. Although, I was very excited to be recording my first album. I had a lot of songs I wanted to record before they became too stale. And also to let me go ahead and write new songs. There was also a 24 hour video store across the street, I rented all kinds of arty stuff, like Lenny Bruce and porn.

It was good to be living by myself and able to make as much noise as I wanted at anytime. I was also free in regards to artistic expression. Two years earlier I was kicked out of my own place that I had rented with 3 other guys. Everything was great for the first few months, but the other guys stopped wanting to pay the bills as they came in. I lost it and painted the bathroom bright orange and yellow. With pictures of chickens and bagels, I even painted the shower and the toilet seat. I thought it looked really cool! The guys were not impressed. I thought it best if I left before I lost the remainder of my mind.

Before things went bad in that house I used to take my girlfriend Diane there, and we would make out on the couch that turned into a bed, but I was too lazy to turn it into a bed, so it remained a couch. I had fallen in love with Diane at a Blue Jays game where my friend had rented a huge box. The only hitch was that Diane was my friend's mother. Matt, the guy who I made the Elvis Presley project with. We were really good friends. It didn't bother me at all at first. It was a bit strange though, because long before this we used to have a lot of fun insulting each other's mothers. For instance, if someone said something nasty about "your mother" the other guy would say "keep your mother out of this and I'll keep this out of your mother." I mean, we never got tired of mother jokes. We had a great time. I had two older brothers who were Diane's age so I didn't feel any generation gap. But, I hoped I wasn't hurting Matt's feelings. I really felt in love. However, it didn't matter because my same old fucked up sense of morality kicked in anyway. Since she didn't want to have any more kids, and I did, I figured I had to break up in order to preserve some ideal relationship in the future. The fucked up part is I didn't care. It was always what I thought the other person would want. Of course, I never discussed this with the girl, who might have been more than happy to continue going out with me, even though it would eventually end. I was a serious minded young man. Too serious, with not too much common sense, I think, looking back.

In university I had listened to Tony Robbins tapes and liked them so much I gave them to my neighbour Sarah Harmer, who didn't like them & gave them back to me the next day. She certainly didn't need them, it turned out. But, I was impressed and wanted to be like Bob Geldoff and bring water and food to starving African children. I had seen some late night Feed The Children infomercials with Sally Struthers and was determined and committed to change the world with music. I was very hard on myself and was an angry young man. These days, I think to myself, "If you had a child, would you want him to hold himself responsible for the world's ills?" The answer is "Of course not."

In Conclusion

Corporate rock music has had its day. No more rich fat cats making billions of dollars off of your average Joe musician. With the advent of the internet anyone can put up a website, playing any kind of music that they want and they don't have to deal with middlemen who want to sell a million records. No more censorship and people can say what they want without worrying if 13 year old girls will like it.

I won a lot of medals from playing chess in junior school, don't you know.

I wrote a letter to Hugh Hefner and he wrote back. I framed the letter.

When I lived in Kingston in 1991 and went to university, I smoked a lot of hash and listened a lot to Sly and the Family Stone, David Bowie's Space Oddity and Hunky Dory albums as well as the Beatles' Rubber Soul and Revolver. I also had the collected works of Simon & Garfunkel and Astral Weeks by Van Morrison. These are the types of music that really made me want to do it myself.

I'm banned from the Delta Chelsea Hotel for life for using their swimming pool.

When I lived in Kingston and the other housemates moved out, I had the strangest sensation that one of the girls used to fuck her dog. It was just a sensation mind you.

I like to read a lot of self-help psychology books and positive thinking books like Psycho-Cybernetics by Maxwell Maltz and Pollyanna. Brian Tracy has helped me get organized. I also subscribe to Schizophrenia Digest (SZ Magazine), which helps me get my illness in perspective.

At one point in 1999 I was being a doormat for invisible heckling so overwhelming that I stopped what I was doing and declared it "Jim Croce Joke Week". You see I always liked Jim Croce and the invisible hecklers thought everything I liked was just a big joke, so I put the pie in my own face and started having an imaginary film festival with my own home movies. I even gave out awards. The winner was a John Wayne Gacy documentary I made, that was too scary to watch again.

I've been having a serious relationship with the late Karen Carpenter for the past 12 years. I'd like to find me a wife that could help me reincarnate her. My invisible friends are mostly dead celebrities with nothing better to do. They include Elvis, John Lennon, Karen Carpenter, Peter Lorre, John Belushi, Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant, Marilyn Monroe, Jim Croce, Mama Cass, The Rat Pack, Colonel Sanders, as well as regular people from high school whose photos are on my wall and Pamela Anderson, Farah Fawcett & The Spice Girls. They all love me and they all talk back!

Aural Art Concepts in the Late 1990's

One of the only things that anchored me to reality in the 1990's was making the occasional Art album. I wasn't writing very many new songs at all so I would splice in parts of demos I was working on with odd samples from movies, commercials & other songs. I kept trying to get these things duplicated but since I didn't have clearance to use the samples, I was always stuck.

I wasn't on any medication that came close to helping me so I was overcome with emotions and feelings and disturbing thoughts that were simply out of control. My attempt to gain control of the situation was to try using spiritual concepts to dispel the negativity. For example I would do the recording only on a full moon or Anais Nin's birthday.

One album I made, "schizophrenia", I did everything on Halloween evening wearing a ski-mask. A ski-mask? Yes, a ski-mask. I summoned up the spirit of Jimi Hendrix to work through me as producer and I had 8-tracks of my previous normal recordings and blasted them all at the same time. This was my attempt to make a "spiritual" album. One that I would be able to play back and all the hell of schizophrenia would be banished and I would be washed clean. It didn't work exactly as I hoped but it did give me false hope and something purposeful to do, and that was good. People broke into my house in Kingston and stole the masters for two of the five of these records. Maybe something positively spiritual worked on my behalf and in a different manner and with a different timing than I would recognize. I am definitely in a better position now than I was in the late 1990's. Maybe someone up there is looking out for me. Or maybe I'm on a good medication. Or maybe both.