the. other. party.

botox again 3 weeks late & \$6000 the crying game.

bleach the bathroom. headache.

have you seen the film 'jar head'? horses & crude oil.

have you seen 'ma mere' with huppert? download here dubbed in spanish with english subtitles that don't match but wow the ripened aged. meanwhile range the shelves. one shop sold out first weekend. the bags \$1000. new jacket for the mens line is looking to be

the villain scared to even look at it in the lite more light weight & unstructured inner lining protruding beyond the cuff lets hope for pants. i cant watch anything american wearing fabric belt you gave me with light grey pants & shirt shirt must be simp. you have not written since send photos of your delicious booty legs get up early in the mornings & have no time for the 9 letter target. though, the teaching is quite good 1st years terribly "enthusiastic" is party is next week & i attach invitation in case she hasn't already sent one, you know, just in case you think of flying through. say hello to kim jones for me, at that other party.

the future is brite

had the most delightful encounter with a man of older grace today. i typed him the 'japanese morgan freeman' outfitted in a baby blue blazer with white trim it was a subtle reassurance that we too will look dashing at 53. let us not decline.

had an inkling i will be on japanese tv a few times by the end or the middle of next month. i am hoping hedi will agree to style me. why is dior such a oh my i love it. i havent forgotten you birthday.

how cunning you are rat tail to prance to 17 reid while i was away to present a warm sour dough well knowing that the future would be brite for fashion. how cunning indeed. b

bulk love

XOXOXOXOX you both look a little too attractive for the beach too hot to be associated with a fossilised shitsnap like myself. here suffers some winter thing breathing smoke as our house is arctic tundra. played basketball & our team has a new guy who, i swear, may be he can't catch the ball & i think he may be a christian too. irony: god is not helping this man. writing my final chapter (one hopes) have just finished a bit about a lady who fucks vietnam vets she picks up off the street, so, you know, normal morning for me...a bit of toast & some erotic monologue. soon, i will leave this place hang out with the nonnas down the street & fight them for the last fennel in the shop. is coming home late & has been known to swat at me if she hasn't been fed. can't wait to discuss our plans for the upcoming election with you - & how this time we will drink & wine & win i like your unbutton shirt relax look also. & that you finally bare some leg for the camera.

postcolonial subway reflection

basketball was fantastic, the crowd different to an onethey boo a poor
girl out of the area after the half time free throw compjust b/c she shot 3 air-balls & didn't win the car??? & i
barrack for new york now, marcus camby latrell. a brooklyn man
talks subway this morn, asks if we are yep he replies "good, i thought you were british,
i hate the british" he says everyone in brooklyn hate the british.
makes me say coffee & laughs at me. new york vs miami on t.v & think of you a poem
is published today script reading of some of my work. so tired ushering all night at school
class i
s just white noiseshhhhhh two full houses lots of stressful seating problems. know you're a wirlygig good
time.

russell crowe consistently bringing us to tears

it is suspected that has stuffed the D drive on our computer... get your private, free e-mail from msn hotmail at http://www.hotmail.com. although i don't know whether this has really happened b/c was trying to get him into "war craft" through "my computer" & it kept on saying "D drive is in accessible" except when she went through the start menu it somehow worked. so is very peeved. we watched the gladiator last night do you Yahoo!? Yahoo! on video, it was fantastic i thought, & the ending is very sad. although it was so hot had to go & have a cold shower in the middle of it she was sticking to the couch so much. it sounded as though you were frantically cooking while chatting to me i'd tell a story & then as a reply hear a blender in the background. today the gug, looking forward to seeing it, photos share your holiday photos online! but have heard the art inside isn't that impressive when http://photos.yahoo.com/ compared with whitney, met, moma & co...i can't even think of pastrami or a pickle

after our romantic weekend as i must follow the path of future modelling & fashion shows which are 1st year theatre & exclusive invites to parties opening designer functions in the exclusive shopping complexes i get dragged around like some foreigner whore & introduced as non-japanese speaking boyfriend i don't mind being a prop but i want the reward so i better get a new designer jumper from NY & a contract by the end of next week i walked into this feminist research group this morning (no one told me they were in house & you had to be invited) & D looks at me like i just threw up on her (i was sweating cause it is hot in maryland) & says we don't want to discriminate. oh i'm thinking, this has got off to a bad start. i fled others in the group said they hoped they weren't too scary, no i say, knowing full well there is no scarier theory group i'd ever hope to find. are going to lynch me by the & end of this thing. even if the keynote does discuss contemporary utopias which it does so i've shot a film - but i'm not going to talk about it anyway – the actors were hot & that is all that matters to me really. i always choose straights though which is a problem because i don't get to have sex with them at the wrap party.