



IT'S ALL GOOD
SASCHA WEIDNER

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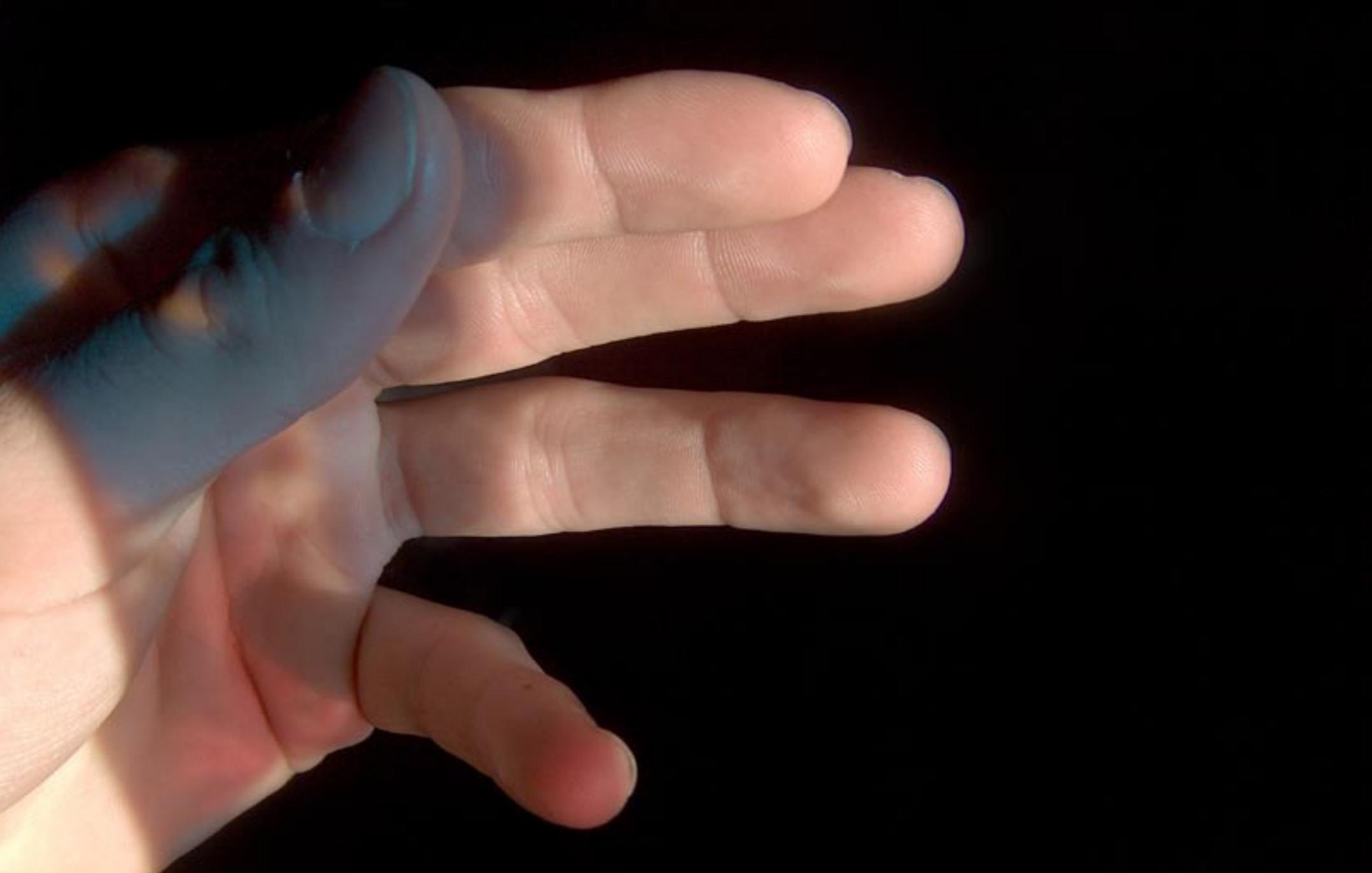
ALL MODELS WERE AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF
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IT'S ALL GOOD



Life vest under your seat

FASTEN SEAT BELT WHILE SEATED









You come in here, you don't know me, you don't know who I am, what my life is, you have the balls, the indecency to ask me a question about my life? Who the fuck are you, who the fuck do you think you are? Shame on you! Shame on you!



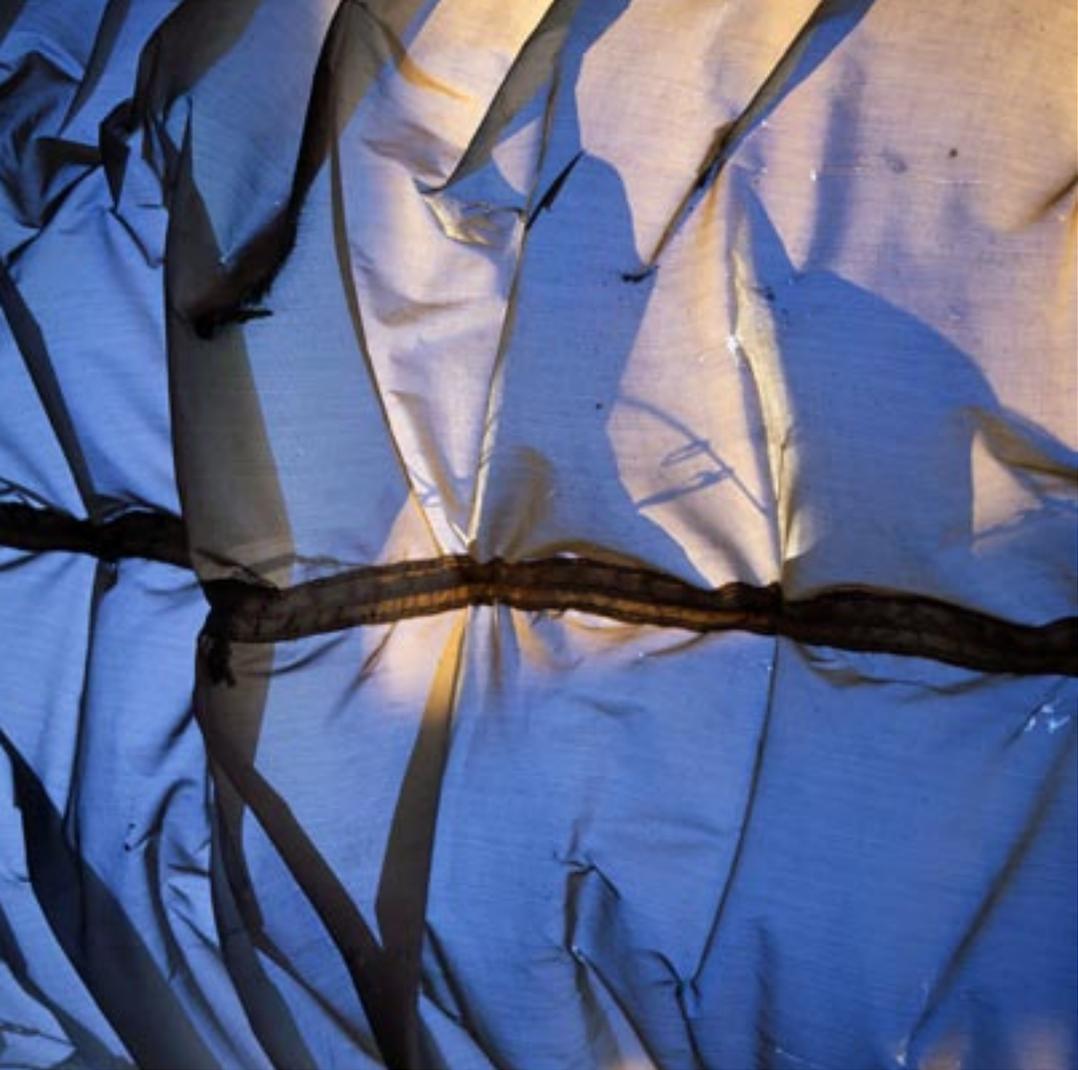












Sometimes I worry that I've lost the plot.



I thought you were afraid of heights.

No, I'm not afraid of heights. I'm afraid of falling.















What are you trying to save?







This morning I had a wonderful dream. By holding my arms out stiff and pushing down hard, I found I could suspend myself a few feet above the ground. I flapped harder, and soon I was soaring effortlessly over the trees and telephone poles! I could fly! I folded my arms back and zoomed low over the neighborhood. Everyone was amazed, and they ran along under me as I shot by. Then I rocketed up so fast that my eyes watered from the wind. I laughed and laughed, making huge loops across the sky...





Just let go.





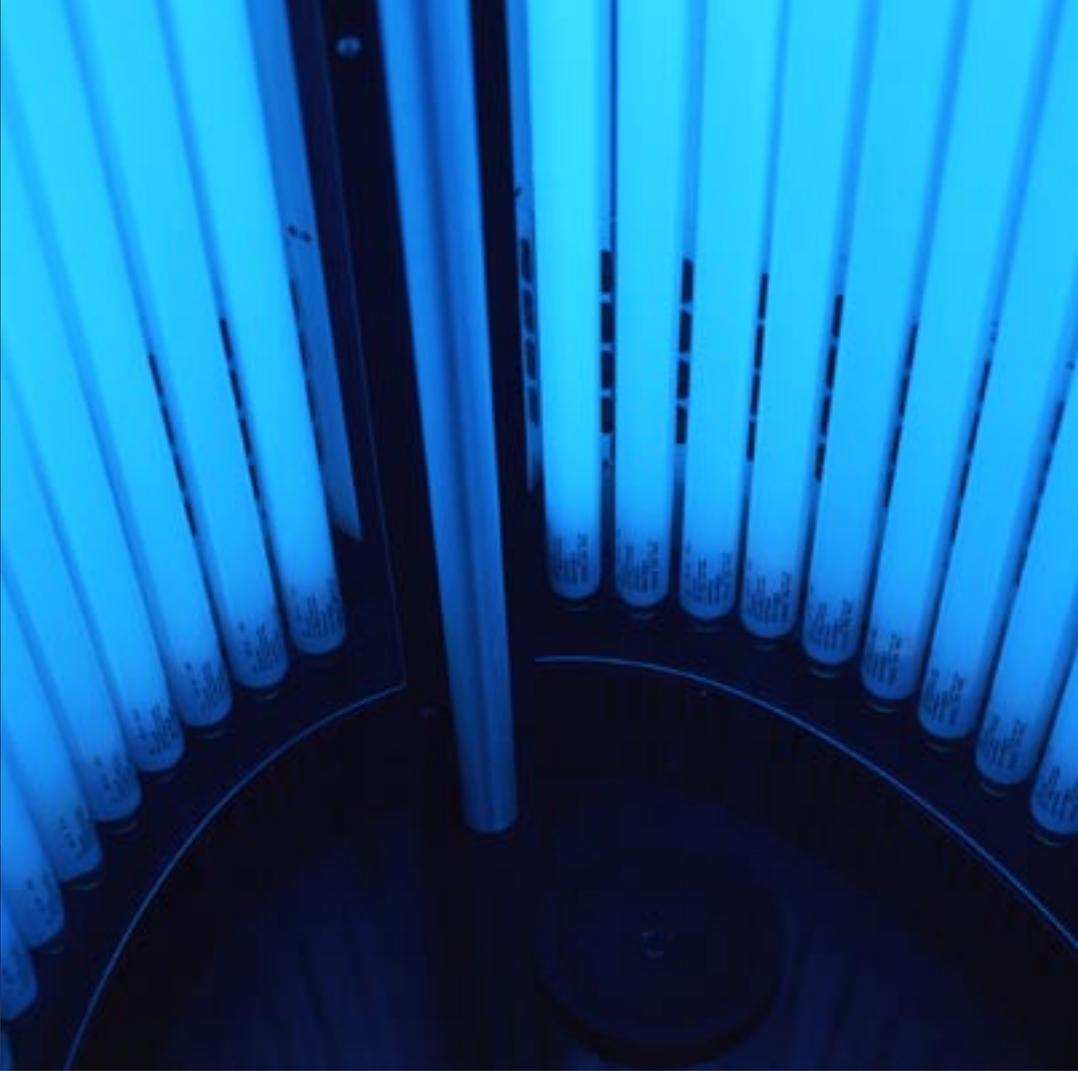








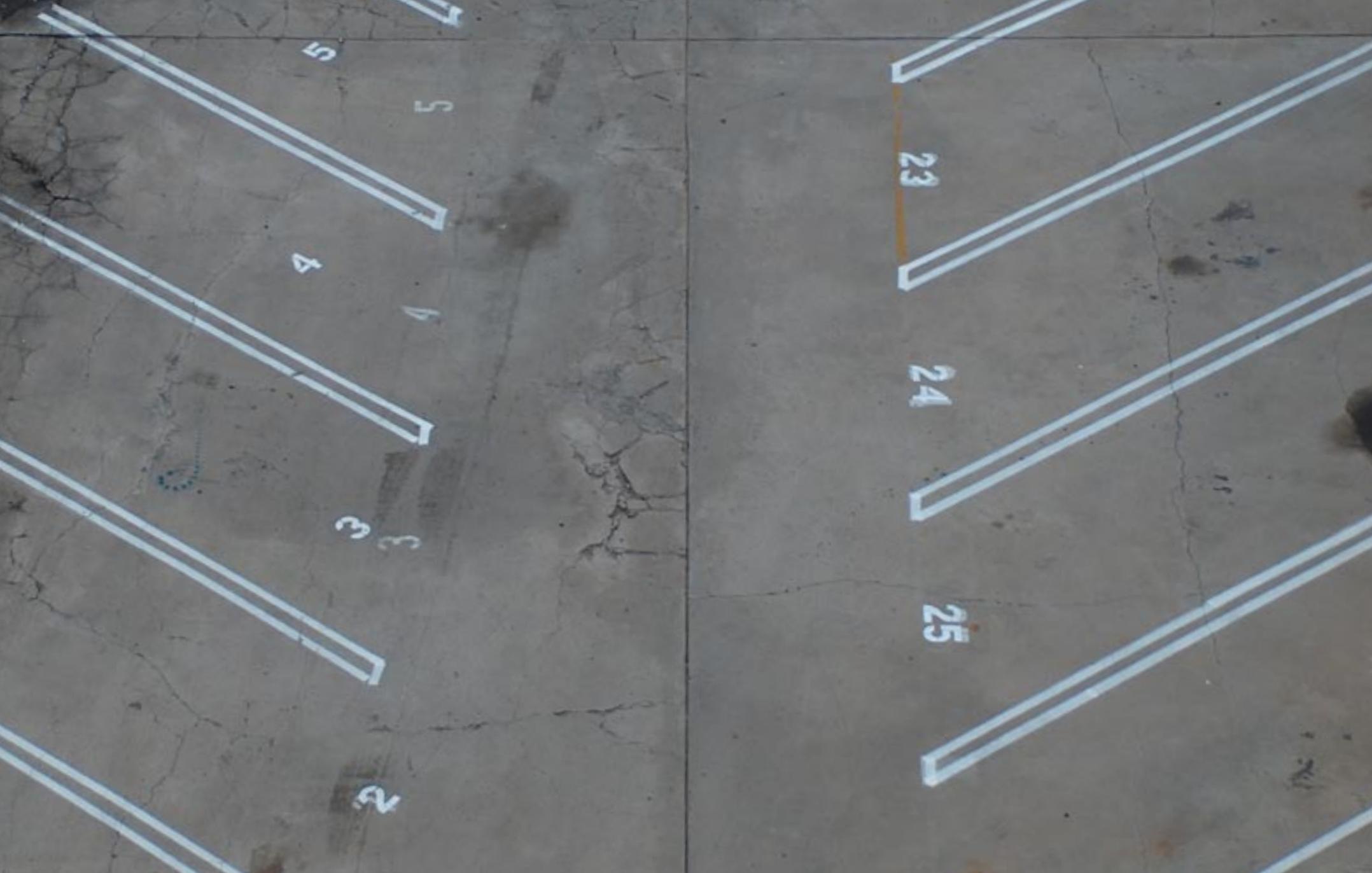
I thought you killed yourself. That wasn't you?



What the fuck is going on here?

And I scream for the sunlight or a car to take me anywhere.





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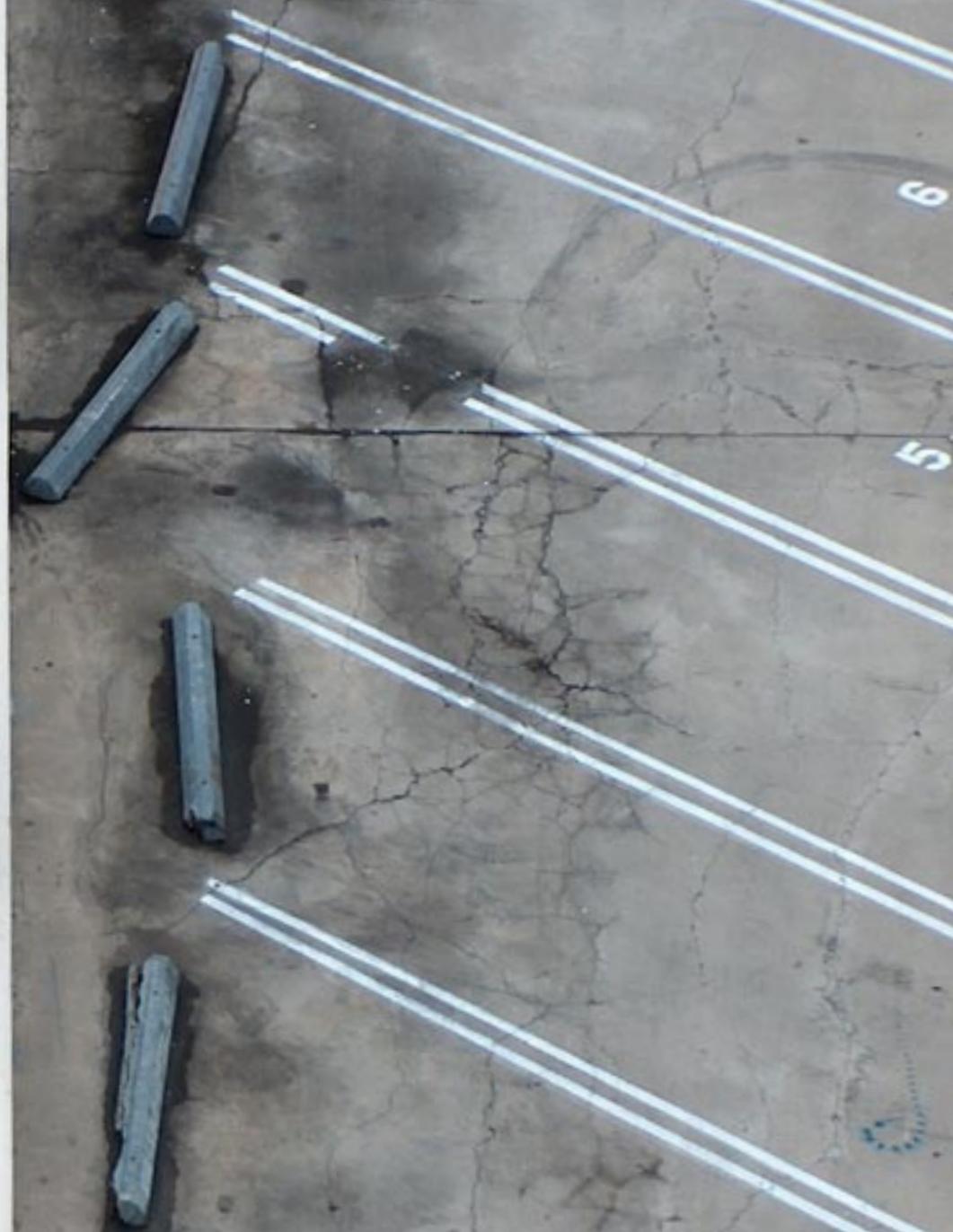
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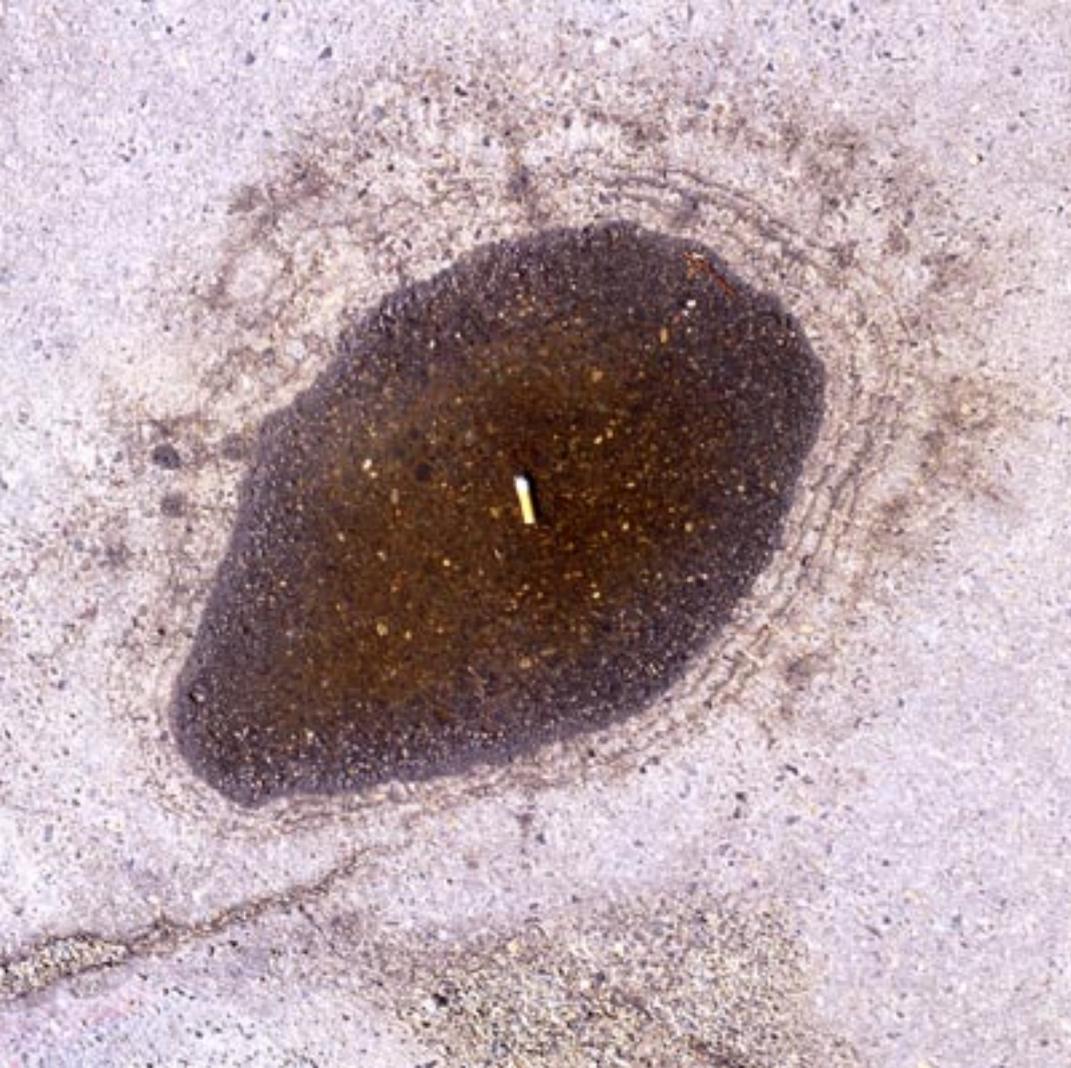
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Too bad things don't look the same on the ground.











That's the day I realized that there was this entire life behind things, and this incredibly benevolent force that wanted me to know there was no reason to be afraid. Ever.



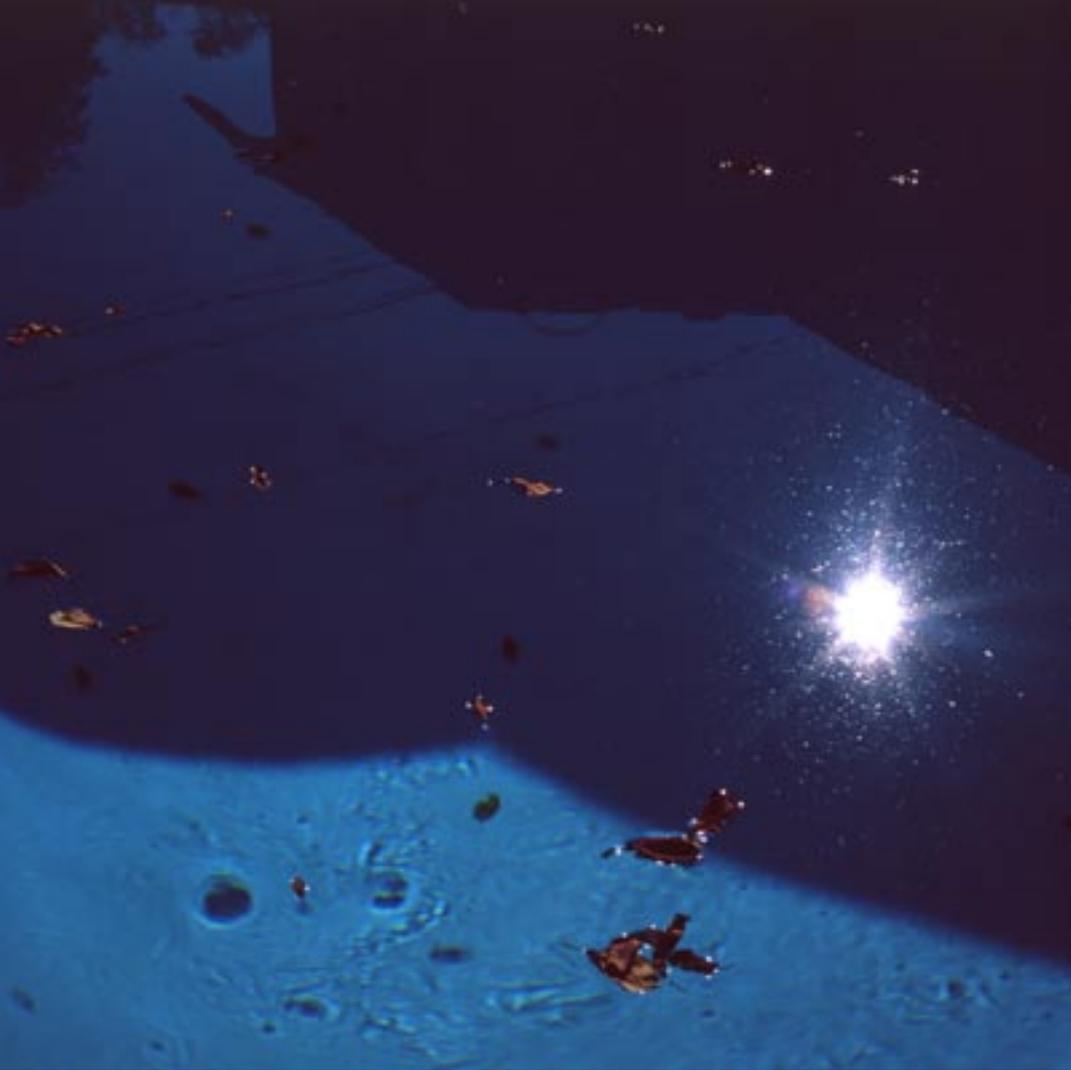




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Push
Pull B



























Blessed are the forgetful, for they get the better even of their blunders.



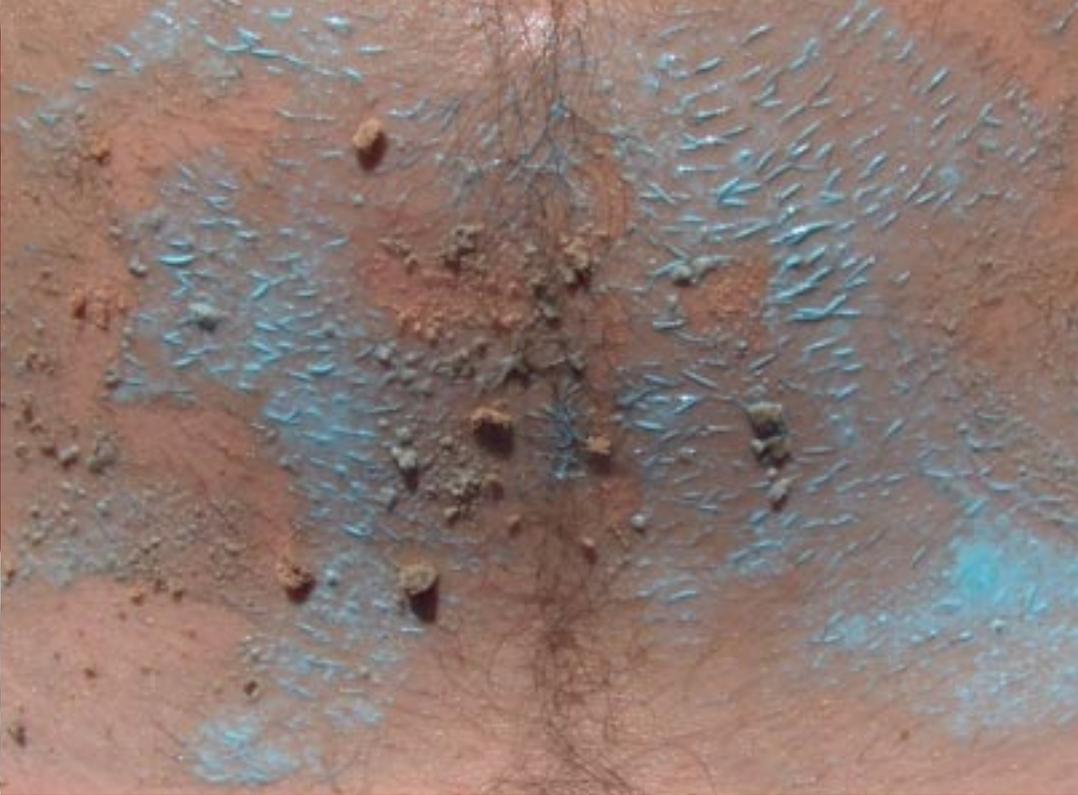
Don't give yourself away.





Something wrong, dear?









This is difficult stuff.

Making a left turn in L.A. is one of the harder things you'll learn in life.



You know what's wrong with you, Mister Whoever-you-are? You're chicken, you've got no guts. You're afraid to stick out your chin and say, »Okay, life's a fact, people do fall in love, people do belong to each other, because that's the only chance anybody's got for real happiness.« You call yourself a free spirit, a »wild thing«, and you're terrified somebody's gonna stick you in a cage. Well baby, you're already in that cage. You built it yourself. And it's not bounded in the west or in the east. It's wherever you go. Because no matter where you run, you just end up running into yourself.







But this is L.A.! And you're about to find out that this fucking city can kill anybody!











Unfold and melt like gold.

at night I perform
with the power of
the world
the gas and the air

the blue and red ting
helped an aide of an blade
of ~~sharp~~ sharp point wire
they lay on sea ocean &
cooker for my bucket of fun
yup in the ~~sand~~ ~~base~~ ~~temple~~

the ~~armor~~ armor
armor made of purple shells
to have 50 armor - feather
defeat ~~the~~ ~~dragon~~

he flies through the air, screaming &
shaking off heads & stuff
it just seems a little unnecessary
what has he here?
Cloud got sick on herself
& everyone around is fidgeting

What can he do? ~~He's~~ ~~fast~~ ~~when~~
screaming ~~spiral~~ ~~spindles~~ ~~area~~ ~~whispering~~
the ~~Cuckoo's~~ ~~is~~ ~~bound~~ ~~to~~ ~~try~~
to ~~chomp~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~tail~~ ~~and~~ ~~fall~~
the ~~big~~ ~~fat~~ ~~nuts~~ ~~for~~ ~~his~~ ~~down~~ ~~set~~

I don't know why
but I'm sure I can handle it

I feel like I am here & I'll see you again
I know you are better all up me

Now that I've said & you said that note over
Do it over now?
is that just another thing
I know you still feel me in you
when can you come back home?

I wish we could be out we used to look at
In some ways I feel like we are
What kind of man could it be for you
I know I could have been there
always present
at you

I don't want you to bleed ~~me~~ ~~anyone~~
you may have lost me but
these wounds won't heal in time

if I could walk out of reality
and space out of time

I =

~~see how these things~~

~~see how these things~~

~~do you see all the angels~~

do you see all the angels

do you see angels flying round
~~by~~ by your side

I can't reach you now

with I could teach you how to
be

see why I need ~~you~~ all
of you from my mind
I find a space in time
find myself from

build on what you know

this is the key (←) (← implies!)

(who you are)

↓
↓
↓

New Method

↪ don't eat! (or drink)
just play!!

(don't think of
or think of
either)

if this is what you want
suppose to do

(if it is, what else
is there?!),

than
FUCKING

DO

IT!

Don't you weep. There is nothing as lucky, as easy, and free.















So, what are you doing here in L.A.?

Dying.

















The point is there's a gulf in this country; an ever-widening abyss between the people who have stuff, and the people who don't have shit. It's like this big hole in the ground, as big as the fucking Grand Canyon, and what's come pouring out is an eruption of rage, and the rage creates violence, and the violence is real. Nothing's gonna make it go away, until someone changes something, which is not going to happen. And you may not like it, even I may not like it, but I can't pretend it isn't there because that it is a lie, and when art lies, it becomes worthless. So I gotta keep telling the truth, even if it scares the shit out of me, like it scares the shit out of you. Even if it means some motherfucker can blow a big hole in my leg for a watch, and I'm gonna walk with a fucking limp for the rest of my life and call myself lucky.







Then I wonder if it makes any difference.



What's it like not to feel anything?











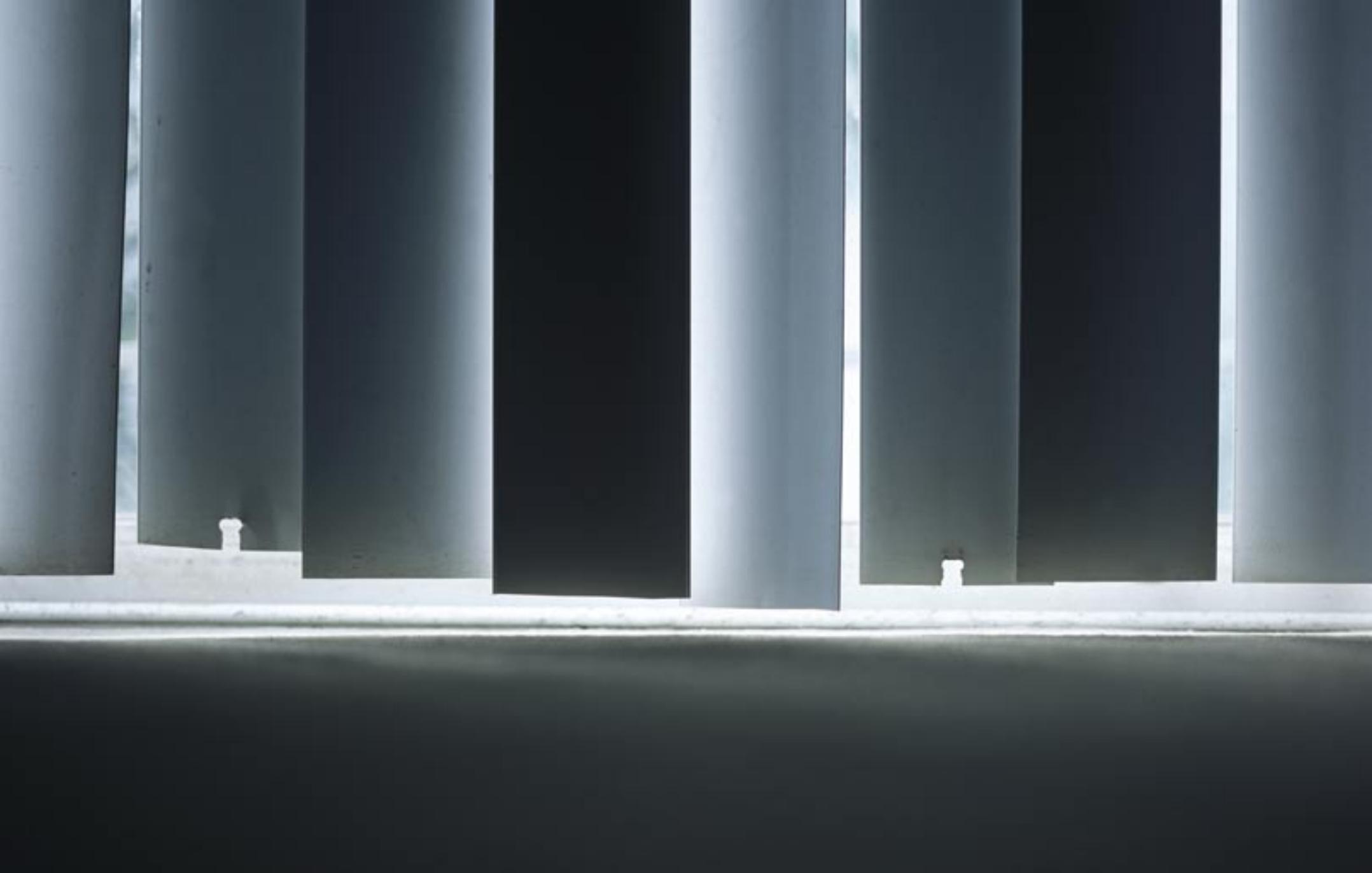




People are afraid to merge on freeways in Los Angeles. This is the first thing I hear when I come back to the city.



I used to make long speeches to you after you left... I used to talk to you all the time, even though I was alone. I walked for months talking to you. Now, I don't know what to say. It was easier when I just imagined you. It was almost like you were there. I could hear you, I could see you, smell you. I could hear your voice. Sometimes your voice would wake me up. It would wake me up in the middle of the night, just like you were in the room with me. Then... it slowly faded. I couldn't picture you anymore. I tried to talk out loud to you like I used to, but there was nothing there. I couldn't hear you. Then I just gave it up. Everything stopped. You just disappeared.







You're in it right now, aren't you?

Listen, you met me at a really weird time in my life ...





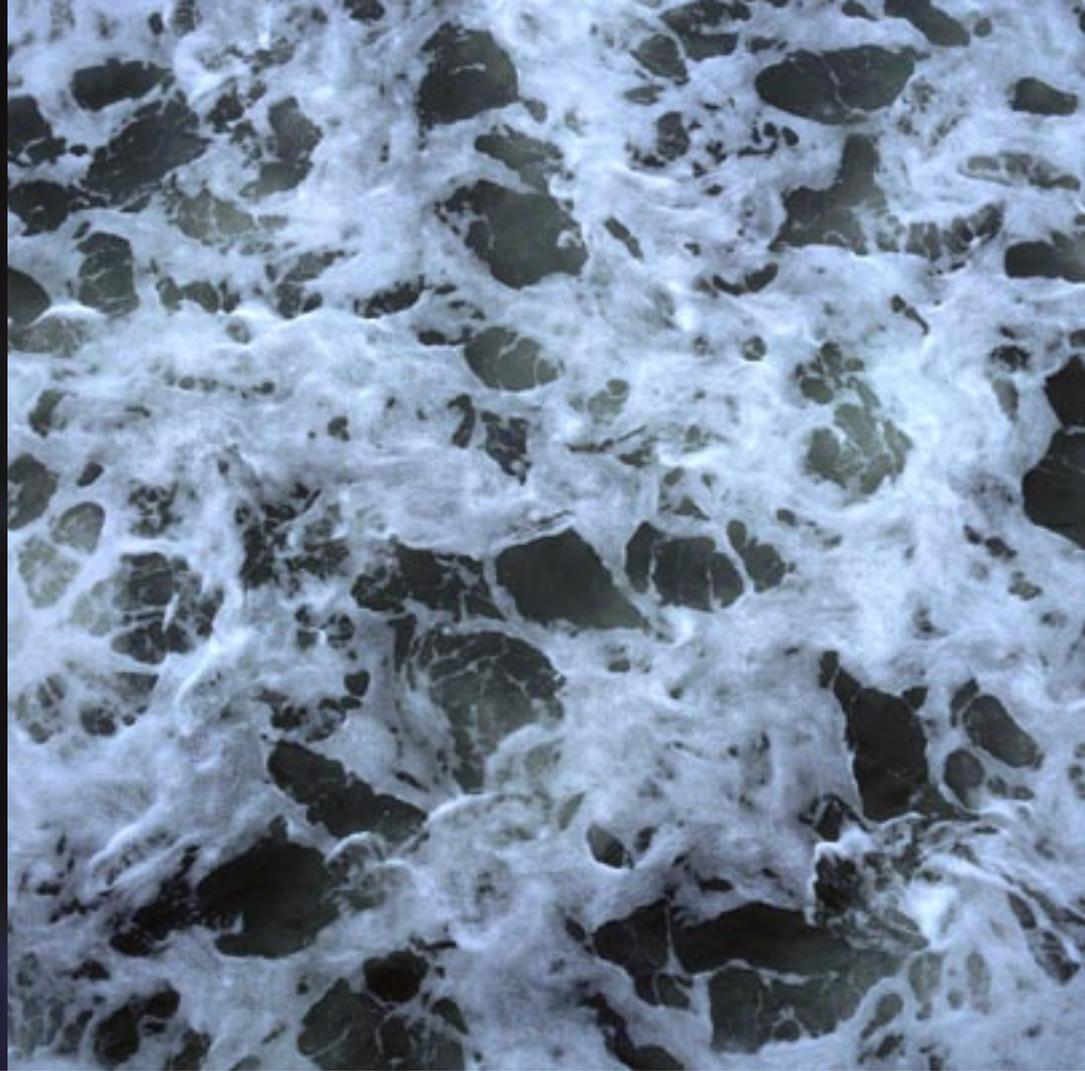




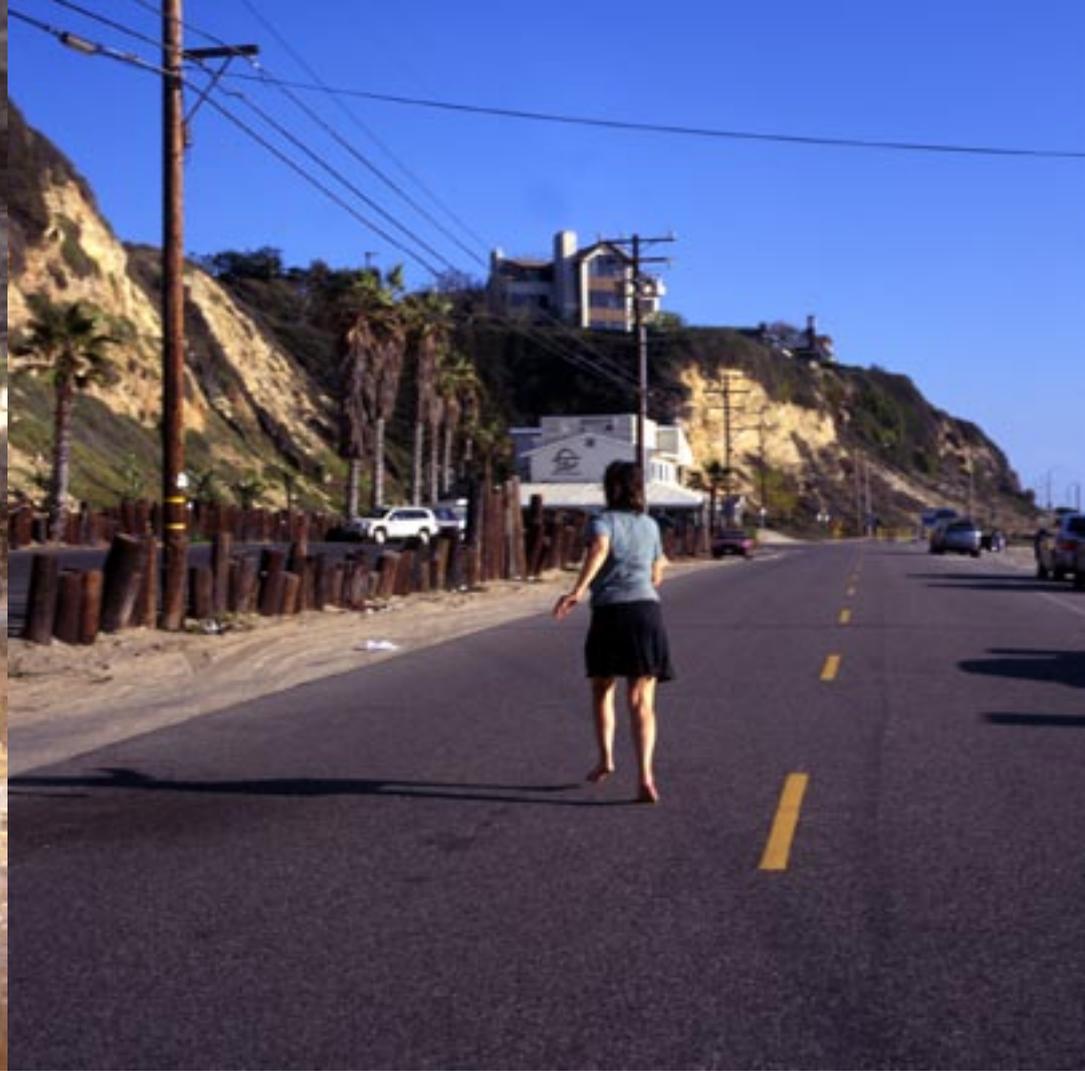














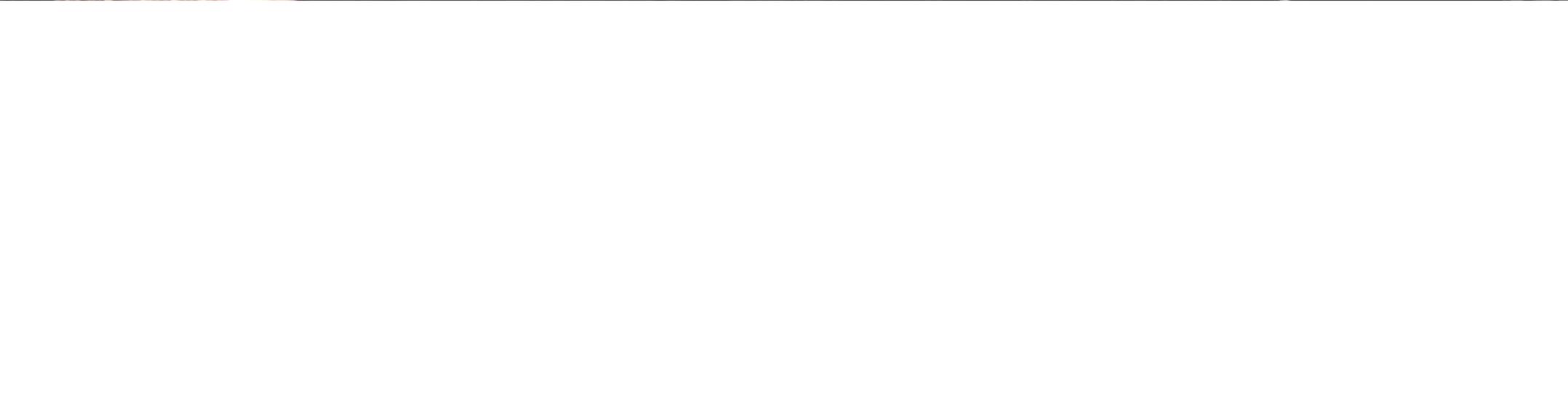
Is the only way you can succeed is to see me fail?











And nothing now can ever be taken away from you.









SHUT THE FUCK UP!











HFTB

Handy Shack

0330

Just forget you ever saw it. It's better that way.

IT'S ALL GOOD

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»It is a story of Los Angeles, a grim portrait of a city where people cannot put down roots, a story of a sprawling, powerful, richly endowed city where people can get desperately lost.«