

# Breakdown

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**Matthew Grover**

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Dose Nyquil  
Grip loosened  
Fallin asleep smilin

Turned off; just waiting for the  
  
screeching/ sliding/ smashing  
  
to stop.

Part of enjoying popping a downer is having it kiss you  
goodnight. After a long day, it's no problem for me to hit  
the sack, but sometimes I take a while to shut down. D  
provides a quick sunset and it makes the sunset even better.

I'm feeling *good*. Tingles are passing through me and the  
covers are extra snugly. Ts put me down peacefully; I'm high  
on euthanasia. Moments (I can feel them, there are only a  
few, and we seem in synch) pass; I transition from awake to  
asleep. Thrilling! It's possible to *feel* things like a  
record stopping; the transition to silence, blurring: a  
decrecendo into the sunset. Going, going, going, as small  
as smithereens, dropping below the horizon, gone.

Yes, Sam-I-am: I-am-spaced-out-- in a haze, in a daze, and  
these busted thinks be goin on n on...

My dad, a retired professor, emphasized to his students: the  
sun doesn't revolve around the earth; the earth, in its  
rotation, moves toward the sun, and continues to rotate and  
orbit, moving away from it. How this was incorporated into  
the curriculum of his computer science courses, I don't know;  
the point is to think of the earth, and by extension, us--  
the things on it-- in motion, always. Don't get it twisted;  
it's not the other way around. The sun isn't moving, we are.

Lil Wayne says it like this: "they can't stop me, even if  
they stopped me."

3 Peat

Even at night, even if they stopped me or if I was "asleep;"  
yes, Sam-I-am, we are moving while we are snoozin, in the  
rain, on a train, or on a plane, which Dr. Seuss failed to  
mention.

Dos N

Unnecessary

Cuz sittin on a plane gonna put me to sleep  
Does it so good, I be dozin before takeoff  
Guess I'm working multiple angles  
Got connecting flights  
Excess be like my accessory

I probably don't need a D to clunk out on a plane, but I take some anyway. That's how I accessorize. In this case, more drugs.

The Sugarhill Gang's lyrics: "on n on, the beat don't stop until the break of dawn" makes perfect sense under the song's title, Rapper's Delight. The title states the satisfaction in going nonstop.

I relish in the detail of a cherry on top, a twist; a plane's pressurized cabin air suffices as that. It's something especially delightful: sleeping gas, giving an extra push-- putting me over the edge, a dusting on top, etc. I'm gone, dusted, faded and I'm moving at the fastest speeds that my body has ever traveled!

Like WHOA!, Black Rob

My mom accessorized me with Dr. Seuss books. Unfittingly, my mom gave me Oh, the Places You'll Go! twice. Once when I finished my undergraduate degree, and recently at my MFA graduation from Art Center, at which she made me read that book aloud to her. Like whoa? I thought my mom lost her shit.

Despite the ten-year immaturity of the book (its proper time is high school graduation), and my mom's delusional request for me to read it to her (she thought I was in childhood-- the time when we read to each other), it took me many places. The gift was actually a first-class ticket to fly here, there, and everywhere! This should go without saying, but I'm going to anyway: my mom's twice repeated perverse acts schooled me to perform in a similar manner. I love her.

My dad bought me my first rap album, Cypress Hill's Black Sunday. Realize too that he was necessary for the purchase, since the tape cassette was tagged with a PARENTAL ADVISORY/Warning sticker, and I was like ten years old. Mom, dad, and I listened to the tape in the car, while running errands. Occasionally, my mom looked at my dad with a funny face, like

she had a bad taste in her mouth, and asked, "What's this about?" He didn't know what to say, so he just shook his head.

I'm also shaking my head because I don't understand Cypress Hill either. I respect the group's drug preoccupation, as noted in songs: "Hits From The Bong" and "I Wanna Get High," but weed doesn't make me jiggy. Pot doesn't treat me like a good dessert, and I don't like how it's incorporated into food.

My eggs and ham are green because they're infused with Nyquil. For real. The color of my food indicates its supplementation; I like to know and see this, unlike being tricked with pot brownies. Brownie bakers: why do you need a pastry for convincing weed indulgence? Your tactics remind me of another thing my dad does: he gives his dog medicine by hiding it in a heaping spoon of peanut butter. The dog goes nuts because she thinks she's being treated. She's really being tricked, a Halloween nightmare.

The above is another reason why I'm not into marijuana. I hate Halloween, too. I feel like I'm being tricked, and not just when I'm eating a brownie, but when I'm smoking weed. And when this thought comes to mind, when I'm high on weed, that I might be acting like a dog or that somehow I-am-dog, the pot makes it too convincing of so.

I prefer Ds because they fuel my workaholic tendencies. I'm just peachy if I'm doing work, and Ds jive me in the best way to get jiggy. Another preferable D cocktail is within a desk full of paperwork or a cute story waiting to be written.

Sometimes turning "off" with some D isn't enjoyable. Like moments after impact in a car crash, when you're squealing, skidding, scrunching, and you haven't yet totally stopped. D is hitting the kill switch; now the skidding begins. The last time I had a bad experience with some D, my body felt wormy and yellowish and I couldn't fall asleep.

Well, I don't feel bad whatsoever right now. I'm feeling purple and *jazzy*, but I would choose rap music before listening to jazz, or anything else. I would love a twist of The Screwed Up Click added. That's my idea of Heaven. Those guys had their own special D cocktails: codeine cough syrup (its colored purple) and Sprite, which fit so, so, so perfectly with their music. The cocktail is called drank, sizzurp, lean, or purple. They also acknowledged smoking

weed. As Juicy J of Three 6 Mafia says, "Juicy J be sippin on that stuff they call lean. If I'm out of syrup, I'm on the stuff they call green." Oh well. Rappers tend to smoke weed-- I won't say "no" to that. My drug preferences are taking the backseat for respecting a combo of drugs and music. Cheers!

The notoriety of The Click, and their genius, revels in their invention of sizzurp and treating other things under equal intoxication. The Click's music is slowed, slurred, and echoed, simulating what a downer cocktail feels like. I admire The Click tremendously. RIP DJ Screw.

The Click is duly absorbed in cars-- Expeditions, Denalis, Range Rovers, Yukons, Caddys, and Chevys-- vintage rides with candy coated paint finishes and wood grain steering wheels. Of course, their cars are fully accessorized with grills, flip-down televisions, rims, and especially booming sound systems.

The Click's music mixes with what it discusses: purple drank with purple beats with purple driving. For sure, the Click practices what they speak, which means they drive drunk on sizzurp. Yup, they *swerve*; they, too, are moving while they're in a haze, in a daze, of their own coloration.

We'd rather roll wreck  
Slim Thug, Braids & Fades

I hope that I'm swerving far away from the Drunk vs. Stoned shows put on by the Reeder Brothers. At that time, they were based in Chicago, at least Scott Reeder was. Anyway, I hate that Chicago-based bullshit-- a meaningless, cool-seeming premise to make some goofy-looking art. This group of artists prefers to be drunk; the other prefers to be high. So what? What a boring-ass survey.

For me, it's essential to be fucked up. Even my equipment-- cameras and scanners, knees, ankle, and dome are, most definitely, fucked up. My friend, MRey, called out Scott; "I can't believe that guy made a career out of one-liners." Tisk, tisk, tisk. Scott: you'd make a bad rapper because your lines start and stop; you'd never go anywhere with your herky-jerky engine.

The best thing about Chicago, besides that Lane Relyea lives there and so does my homegirl Val, is being there on St. Patrick's Day. Chicago on St. Patrick's Day offers an explanation to the green color of Dr. Seuss' green eggs and ham.

On that day, in that city, food is green and no one questions it. In other words, that's just the way things are. Yes, there you will find green eggs and ham hand-in-hand with drunkards, and there's lots of that stuff. There's a bunch of other things turned green, too, most notably the river, but that's whatever.

I loathe being at a watering hole without beats. My crisis occurred on a St. Patrick's Day in Chicago. I was at a karaoke bar with my homiegirl Val and her homies. After a while, I got fed up with oldies and the usual sing-alongs, so I asked the guy who had the setup to play hip hop. He responded by identifying himself as an ex-cop. Whoa, I didn't ask him about that.

Now I'm fed up with him specifically. I wonder what Lane would have done to that fool? When Lane gave a talk at my undergrad school (MCAD), he was introduced by an old friend as the Fox Moulder of the art world. My art world obviously includes music, so Lane would have nailed this conspirator. And while you're at it, make sure to pound the nails in that fool's coffin.

Ex-C kept going on. Said something about how he doesn't supply any rap because of its nature toward police brutality. What a dive that night took.

Ex-C/ exceptionally crooked, wrong (dead wrong). Sounded like this fool watched too much TV, or fucked with some people from the Southside. Is that why you're already "retired?" For misconduct? DEA? If that's the case, then fuck you. DEA-D. He makes me hate him, police, Chicago, and drunken white folk. I don't want to talk about that place anymore.

On a snowy winter night, years ago, my homegirl Lauren tumbled in her car. She was going too fast on an icy patch; L WAS SWERVIN! She told me that the CD she was listening to played while her car rolled. After the car stopped skidding on its roof and the front crunched into a snow bank, the CD continued to play. The car's damage enabled the music to play continuously.

L wasn't hurt, so I immediately asked her what CD she was listening to. Homegirl said it was something like Smashing Pumpkins. By that time, SP was played out. As L has proven, the music you're playing is exceptionally important, because it might get stuck and play forever-- on n on n on n on till the break of dawn.

The growth of rock music has been stunted since my teen years. Actually, referring to it as stunted is generous; I should really call it faded. Yes, Sam-I-am, all Rock musics: punk, alternative, metal, etc. Rock radio stations that would play new music, even if it were bad, aren't. Nirvana, Smashing Pumpkins, Incubus (haha) still cycle. Even a generation before the 80s replays: Whitesnake, Motley Crue, AC/DC, and Ozzy.

For all these years, rock music has been on continuous play mode. They have been trapped within a dive-- a crash, like in L's accident where the scrunching, compacting metal formed a cocoon for SP to play on n on. This is an example of safekeeping via collision. Here's another:

After I broke my right ankle, it healed improperly because it wasn't in a cast. The ER doc didn't think my ankle was broken...

My ankle can crack on command. This is called crepitus: a collection of gas in a bone joint. The cracking noise is the sound of the gas releasing. After cracking, it takes a healthy joint thirty minutes for gas to recollect in it, but

this condition is chronic for broken bones that don't heal properly. I think that when my right ankle healed it left a reservation of space where the gas remains.

I wonder what's going to happen with my ankle's crepitus in years to come, and the piece of a cadaver's hamstring that's replacing the ACL in my left knee? Gosh, there are all of these substitutions that I'm stuck with. My fucked up lower body has me lying down-- even the position of my legs in a chair can be painful, after a long day. Too many Ds are making me slide off the chair.

Let me tell you, writing lying down is the bomb. I-am-in-n-out, I'm not the least bit aware-- a dreaming guard dog who looks like he's pedaling a bike. Haha. I'm on a race. Now tip-toe past. This is the best time to sneak in: the robber's window of opportunity. Even if I'm missing something, even if my presence is intermittent, I keep goin on n on.