**LEYBA FIVE- O: The Sacred Monster, The Muse, The “Union Of The Creators Rite” AND THE DARK DANCES OF THE ART LOVE/ ART WAR CULT.**

*“.....truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it, — else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother, when my genius calls me.”*

- Ralph Waldo Emerson, Self Reliance, 1841

*“Show me someone I can look up to, show me someone to love”*

*- “Danger List,” John Cougar*

*“He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man.”*

*- Samuel Johnson*

*“Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war, That this foul deed shall smell above the earth With carrion men, groaning for burial.”*

*- Shakespeare, “ Julius Caesar Act 3, scene 1, 270–275”*

*“My credibility is shot,”*

- Crazy Bennie, all the fucking time

I felt like I understood love for most of my life. But romantic love has always appeared and disappeared. Is it truly better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all? If it got lost in the process was it even love to begin with? I am all about process. If love is something meant to last then the problem is that in my world when I am in love, theory often trumps practice. In reality, until now, I had never felt anyone to be worthy. But I didn't know, I don't know, you never know when you meet someone until you put the time in. I have fled from the half-truths of half loves. But is it love? They say all is fair in Love and War. The question is whether there can be justice in love as they say there can be in war. If so, when love is wrong it is also unjust. If people feel that all their past loves were untrue then all those injustices compound each other. One could perhaps find a balance of justice in TRUE LOVE. I did not realize how little I understood love until she came to change my world on my fiftieth birthday. I had always been more comfortable with being hated than loved. Accepting love was much more difficult than giving love.

I sent a chapter from my memoir “WE ARE ALL INDIANS NOW” about my 2nd X wife Bloodworm to an author friend. She told me the writing was magnificent but it didn’t show I actually loved her. Then my mother told me that she felt I have never really been in love. I told her I have been in love lots of times. She said love is when you want to be with the person all the time. I don’t want to be with anyone all the time, ever. My art demands long stretches of solitude and endless gorgeous muses and models for endless paintings and, sometimes, inspirational sex, not just with female models.

**MY DICK IN A NEW PLACE EVERY DAY JUST THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT THE SOVIETS WANTED EACH DAY IN MY YOUTH. ISN'T THIS THE AMERICAN ART SCHOOL DREAM?**

My sensitivity and vulnerability make it so most of the time sex is not part of the love equation, though I like for people to think otherwise. Making art is making love to me. Making art trumps having sex with every last hot bod model. Art creates lasting manifestations. Sex creates temporary ones.

**ART CREATES LASTING MANIFESTATIONS. ART CREATES LASTING MANIFESTATIONS. ART CREATES LASTING MANIFESTATIONS. ART CREATES LASTING MANIFESTATIONS. ART CREATES LASTING MANIFESTATIONS. Random sex breeds energy leaks (chorus: RANDOM SEX BREEDS ENERGY LEAKS. RANDOM SEX BREEDS ENERGY LEAKS. RANDOM SEX BREEDS ENERGY LEAKS.)**

Some of the best sex I have had in my life was random. Misunderstanding and misinterpretation are a daily occurrence in my world. They are fuel for art. Because of my so called image there can be misperception and **DRAMA**. On a bad day it becomes **DRAMA – RAMA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

To the **ELEVEN BUTTON!**... one more higher gets you a ….I get hot for my art, my brushes turn me on. People disappoint. Looking at a juicy engorged genital makes me hard for creating art from that energy of *not* fucking. (**I SHOULD BE FUCKING... I SHOULD BE FUCKING... I SHOULD BE FUCKING...**)

It's like when you eat an amazing hamburger. You want it. You get wet for it and you are there in ecstasy every fucking second you are consuming it. But the second you engulf it all, you are done. You don't want it anymore. You don't need it. I believe in my capacity to love but had always held back a bit until I fell for Eva. She was different. She deserved more. I could no longer hold back a **GOLD DAMN THING!**

We spent four or more hours a night on the phone talking about everything that meant the most to us: art, travel, philosophy, living the art life and fighting the **#ARTWAR** enemies. Her enthusiasm and lust for life and travel and ideas and possibilities brought me great joy. I loved her laugh. Her focus on emotion and self care and awareness were great inspirations. When she was excited about a topic I would get hard as fuck and it was **PURE MAGIC** as I was completely present in what she said and not thinking about how hot she was. I wasn’t used to getting erect over ideas outside of sex and art making. I am glad we were friends first before this love.

Sure, we first connected almost two years ago when she came to throw paint and get tied up and fucked at my studio **ELECTRIC LEYBAland**. I remember when she came to visit me. **BUT WAS SHE REALLY HERE TO KILL SOMETHING AND DO DAMAGE**? That's OK if she was here to create and destroy, as long as create was the goal and destroy wasn't her day job. Straight out of the internet, she appeared **HOT AS FUCK**. Golden blonde perfection with crazy teeth. I wanted those teeth so bad. Wanted them to lick and suck and to **FUCK FUCK FUCK!** But in the past my insatiable internet lust wavered the second the other faulty being appeared before my genius self.

Don't get me wrong she was weird as fuck and I figured she might be crazy. I didn't care. I am the pilgrimage point of the hot as fuck, traumatized but reaching far and ahead for personal evolution. She was different and, yeah they all are, but she was the first to actually be different in ways I could not explain. I wanted to surprise her and sneak up behind her. Scare her a little. Make her pussy wetter and rock this unknown's world. It felt like fate, or whatever knowable unknowable trick of Jung's “universal subconscious” world. It didn't matter who she was or what the fuck she wanted or if she came with malice or something worse. What was it that the father of Surrealism said? Something about loving a crazy woman as any other, or some other sexist surrealist manifesto bullshit. Truth be told, normal girls make bad muses and their pussies are like endless sand of what cannot ever be...

Eva was **UNEXPLAINABLE. UNDEFINABLE.**

She was the first girl to surpass whatever super lame hetero male fantasy, either extraordinary or pedestrian, I may have had in my marginalized genius brain. Didn't matter. **THIS HOT CUNT WAS DIFFERENT**. In a fucked up Shakespeare way or in a stupid cool lame American way, I had a vision of my mother as John Belushi singing an obscure not white blues song as aka Juliet Jake… In my mind singing my potential Shakespearean “tragic flaw' of this so called “hero.” OK so bear with me as my mother appears in my mind in this way singing “I Don't Know” lyrics from the past, from a genuine actual artist of Blues history… My momma told me, ***“ My momma told me, my momma sat down and cried. She said you're too young to have as many women a you got. I looked at my mother dear, didn't crack a smile. Said IF WOMEN KILL ME I DON'T MIND DYING”***  (all caps empathized by author).

But what if she is only here to love and create? What then? I didn't actually feel completely that way and I wasn't apprehensive. I was happy and excited without doubt or expectations. It was an **EXALTATION. I KNEW I WAS ALIVE. PEAK MOMENT**. Sure yeah she was blonde and hot and yeah she was the one everyone wanted to fuck. But I **WAS THE ONE**.

Anyway she had the upper hand. Somehow she was nowhere. I figured the bag pulled off was hers and I grabbed it (what was it my uncle Joe always said about “other people's bag?”). I remember thinking “my life will never be the same and it may or may not be a good thing.” She snuck up behind me. The bitch had crazy teeth. She looked like she was going to rape me. We kissed. (I have never before in my gold damn life kissed anyone I had never known or met at first sight.) Yet we kissed.

She really was different. And **YES** I have said that of **EVERY** woman I was inspired by to love and make art of. Don't get sidetracked by the American Brain. ‘Different’ is not always a good thing or original or unique or even ‘different’ but regardless of the outcome she was still just that **DIFFERENT**. I had never kissed anyone before at first meeting some girl on the internet. Damn I'd really love to eat her shit (I thought).

What was it the store bought High Priest of the Church of Satan (not LaVey the business guy who leased the church) said of me way back in the early part of this twenty-first Century?

***“Leyba is a Caricature of non conformity”***

Yes. **YES** that's me. Can one use ridiculous to obscure integrity? Actual reality? Use the ludicrous to sneak in a truth? I just want to create and be and hell if someone real loves me then double plus real good. It was real good we tongue kissed. Though she had issues with her hot teeth she let me lick them and we kissed endlessly.

Before this I preferred the idea of love rather than being in love. Eva showed me it can be so much more. She was different than all the others. My Coyotel Queen had the three Bees as my friend Coyotel Indignantary Katherine of Sebastapol said, *“Beauty, Brains and Bizarre.”* At this moment in time she became The Coyotel Queen in my mind. As I was to find out, most of the Coyotes were not going to be OK with this. Making one larger than life, making one into a symbol was a way to pull her up to the level of Sacred Monsterhood while thinking we could dance in the realms of love and danger and bring insight, enlightenment and authenticity to our lives. We put this not only into our creative union but also into the shadows we projected on to the walls of the world. All in the name of love and art.

***Sacred Monster, noun;***

1. **A celebrity whose eccentricities and indiscretions are easily forgiven by admirers.**

All other lines of all other love became blurred. I realized many of the people in my life who I thought were friends, who I thought cared about me, loved me even, were not for real. At best they were maybe kind of real, kind of in, kind of out. Perhaps lingering in the light or shadows a little to long or not long enough. Riding my torn and mangled coattails for some imagined, perceived or believed street cred or future win. They were creative or semi-creative people fascinated by my quasi-famousness or my art or my bad boy image or all those things put together. I realized I was a quasi-thing. It’s a lonely place to be misunderstood but it’s also a wake up call to realize one has misunderstood one’s self. It is stranger still to have made myself so much into a thing in order to protect my heART. The walls I made distorted my capacity to feel loved and I can’t tell anymore what was real and what was false. The walls I built to protect myself have imprisoned me. The people closest to me became prison guards. How did it get to this point? Why? What for?

Sure it’s a grand wizard trick to become a Sacred Monster. But in this age of, as my EVA says “The age of insignificance” what does it matter if every internet superstar knows my image? Significance to the insignificant appalled me endlessly but these are the times we live in. Cursed they be the artists who capture in the language of their times the spirit of the age. Even in such a graceless spiritless age as this. Without much spirit and no believable leaders anywhere to be seen, the only thing to be believed is that nothing is believable anymore. The suspension of disbelief will never be believed again.

I was feeling like a thing, an object. I wanted out of the symbol I had become. I helped create this image and now I wanted to reinvent it. Preferring the image of myself as the Statesman and not the ever so tricky, angry and evil drunken sexual genius and anarchist Leyba the Satanic Apache. I wanted to stop making the same mistakes with different people. No endless amounts of tasty new genitals could give solace in my having become a Sacred Monster and a Sacred Clown. It is true what William Faulkner said, *“an artist must play the fool.”* But truth be told, no meal lasts forever. One has eventually to shit out what one has eaten. Finally finding the one I always wanted had given me hope and the ammunition to say **FUCK YOU!** to everyone, in real life *and* on the internet.

I tried to stay offline but had to make a post before I took a break from the dolphin, the complainers, the victims, the rainbows and unicorn pony show. My own bread and circus had run into idiocy beyond belief and equally mundane almost normal roads of redundancy. I needed a break from playing myself, from playing the self I made, the self others made. Mirroring the mirrors. I had become some sort of outlaw icon with a 21st Century sardonic wit but I needed to pull it up a notch to Coyotel Statesman image, The Wise Elder, just as my friend William Burroughs was in his time. I didn't want to be one of those rule-abiding rebels living the scripted life.

My Facebook post read as follows: *“Lets face it many people are wondering what is going on and what is worth paying attention to? What is cool? What should I do? Who should I be? Who should I follow? Who should I fuck, suck or kill on my way to the top or bottom? Most people on the soap box of beamed media “reality” are regurgitating the script of the day by Hollywood, So called political leaders in rudderless comedy-tragedy, Schizophrenic blogists and corporate biologists, think tank fashionista hipsters, L.A. Pop-Surrealist Scooby-Doo cartoon realists, New York City ass licking Whitney Artworld left wing politically correct fascists, CNN, Fox News, U.C. Berkeley, Yale or whatever University of conformity and non critical thinking, any and all “design” and “art” and “philosophy” schools, or dumbed down UN-charming hot bod pod caster celebrities, get rich quick reality shit show pop-slave automatons and mindless disingenuous and generally unconvincing peoples. To me it is not only UN-hip to be cool but any and all kinds of “cool” are endless mobius loops of minor variations of Borderline Personality Disorder Supreme- CONTRIVED. An Andy War Hell conviction-less collective visual and auditory landscape of meaningless so called meaning. Trade Marked by the castrated beast of pathetic half ass motion less CULTure. This is the age of the all pervasive stagnate waters of stillborn CULTure.*

*Leyba”*

My inner literate self imagined if my words could be as eloquent as the words of Ralph waldo Emerson in Self-Reliance:*“He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests: he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him: he does not court you. But the man is, as it were, clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with eclat, he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutrality! Who can thus avoid all pledges, and having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence, must always be formidable. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private, but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men, and put them in fear.”*

Why do people look to me for answers and enlightenment? I'm once again at the crossroads waiting to cross over globalizing endless advice to unplugging the Great Beast while wanting to purge it all and run to higher ground with my Queen. I was ready to disable all social media, to take down my website and walk away from the Coyotel Church. Why was I having a fiftieth birthday? Did my friends expect some insane 50th Birthday like the Jack Davis Party? Did they want me to get fucked again or fuck them with that infamous strap-on Jack Daniel's bottle? My life as spectacle did nothing for me now and I was feeling like a failed Situationist who could not hold up the mirror to so-called civilization and shoot the poison darts of genuine purpose. Georgio “the Dove” Valentino insisted I do a huge LEYBA FIVE- 0 Birthday but he wasn’t going to make it for financial reasons. He promised to sing me Billy Joel's song “An Innocent Man” but it wasn't going to happen. Fuck him. I really just wanted to be with the woman I love. I felt like my friends needed the party more than I did.

*“Eva I am so mad at everyone it's my birthday and they all seem to have special needs.”*

*“Special friends with special needs,”* she replied.

*“You got that right.”*

My special friends all had their special needs. What is it I feel I have to prove to myself and others? Why do I feel I have to perform for the people I am close to? Am I even close to anyone? Since the Death of Hollie and Crazy Bennie I could not go there again, especially on my fiftieth birthday. Hannah was the only one new that I let close as a trusted friend but I wasn't feeling that way about her now. It had been almost a year since the Nestle Death Curse in L.A. What we did created nothing of significance and I wasn't happy with her satisfaction of simple conventional colloguing and posting them and still life diary confessions on Facebook. More power to her, I am known for that shit but I also produce the goods. I have a body of work and am always working on finishing shit. Sure, I am twenty years older than Magus Hannah but in my twenties I had already mastered my medium. Promoting my image later as an infamous Satanist pointed back at some damn good work produced. For some reason she didn't listen to people that told her to write and draw and paint more. Posting on Facebook is not art. It can be a great vehicle to get followers and get drinks and meet new folks. Hell I'm guilty of that too. I didn't feel it was my responsibility to overstate the obvious. The steam was running out and I was not only outgrowing the relationship I was feeling like I was being parented. It seemed the apprentice was outgrowing the master artist also. I didn't want to be an **ART COP** on this Leyba **FIVE-O** day. Call in the Coyotel Priest Officers.

I didn’t want to feel like I was entertaining people on this day of a new challenging age. My rite of **PASS AGE**. I felt I’d never make it to the **BIG FIVE-O**. Now what?

My lady held me on my fiftieth and everything else leading up to our ritual “**UNION OF THE CREATORS**.” Then I got drunker and stayed that way while all the Coyotes came to play at **ELECTRIC LEYBAland**. Gawk at the drunken Coyotel man.

It wasn't a wedding or a mock wedding, just a ritual celebrating two people honoring their creating together and who will be together as long as they both create together. I was serious. Eva was serious. We were disappointed in the humans around us not taking it seriously. Why were we feeling defensive? It was **MY FUCKING BIRTHDAY!** We took it seriously. It wasn't a San Franciscoesque left coast liberal pagan thing. It was intended to be the real feel with an actual promise in real time made between only Eva and I. We wanted to honor this with friends. But I didn't feel like I actually had any.

A ceremony In the literal sense of two people actually creating and living a creative life, producing art that they believed in and would die for and if that ended there would be no drama, no legal bullshit just the end of what was, as there would be no point if art was not constantly being created. It was **SO VERY COYOTEL**. But none of the Coyotes took my love or my ritual seriously. And the fact I stayed drunk might have meant to them I wasn't taking it seriously either. But I really was serious about it and didn't need the validation. It just seemed like too much energy, drama and effort to kick them all out or do the Leyba and Eva Plan B, which was just go get a fucking room somewhere or vanish and go on a camp out. In hindsight we should have done that. Because after that night I lost all respect for everyone, including myself.

**UNION OF THE CREATORS** made sense to Eva and I. It made more sense than giving vows to someone and signing legal papers for the state and federal parasites. A speculative investment in someone you have not spent any real time with. It seemed like the people I once felt so close to were suspicious of my new pARTner and didn't take it seriously.*“Oh another Leyba girl.”* Did they think I was having mortality issues? Was I? Did my friends see me? Did I get lost? Am I failing as a cult leader? Do they know me? Can’t they see my pARTner and Queen is the real deal? Or that she’s at least an amazing and different love in my life? A rite of **PASS AGE** even? What a strange act of Coyote Magic to bring another Trickster figure to this crossroads of love in the land of Leyba **HATE**. It was the real thing this time and I didn't give a shit if they couldn't see it. I want to be with her every second of every day. Not the girl of the week or weak. All other muses fell by the way side as the Coyotel Queen took her throne. Oh and without a doubt **SHE TOOK IT**.

All the rivers of discontent were flowing through me and trying to blacken my happiness. So I drank even more. Or was it something else? What were my instincts telling me? I was starting to feel The Hound of Hell in me saying

**“You have created a religion in the name of the Trickster Coyote. WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU EXPECT? HEAVEN?”**

No, but I had been in Satan's Hell and it was fun till the party ended. And now Coyote's party didn't seem fun either. Then everyone started going on the warpath with each other. Who the fuck wants to stay in a room with a bunch of dogs barking at each other for hours? I'm not running a kennel here. I don't want fucking followers. I want co-creators. I want accomplices, not allies. I want them all to create their way forward. Not to stand before me trying to create the life they think I should have now that I am old, now that I am fifty.

It was some Trickster Mojo. At the time nothing was funny about it, though Eva and I thought it was silly how no one was listening to us and everyone had their agendas. The night before my big night Coyotel Living Sain't Jim had been over. All of us got drunk and it was a good time until it was bed time and Coyotel Burzurkur and composer Marly Preston, being the nudist she is, was naked as was my Eva and myself. Jim had already gotten a very adult and sober discussion about how Eva and I are experimenting with monogamy as he had been obsessed for a few months about a 3 way, which was an idea some time before I fell in love with Eva Marie. It was initially discussed many many months before our union. I saw his bringing it up as disrespectful. Eva declined and our friend Lucy who was first asked by him declined. I asked him in front of Lucy if he was in love with me. He said no. Once again I was standing naked before people I had trusted and loved and feeling distorted and misinterpreted and in site and perhaps out of spite of my audacity to state specific boundaries. Apparently I am not allowed to have any boundaries. Makes me think of Chomsky and entomology. “BOUND” aries. Doesn't sound good. Never bind a ram. Who wants to be bound by their own wishes? Who wants people they call friends to treat them fair and with respect? And **BACK THE FUCK OFF FROM FUCKING THEM AND THEIR GIRLFRIEND NO MATTER HOW DRUNK. HA? CUNT?**

“**I WANT TO KILL JIM**” I emailed to Magus Hannah. I was ignored (Magus lady power play). Ignoring context and checking in with the mass-turd drunkard is giving up power. Bird head in sand or hysterical woman approach.

To make things more ludicrous and like a shitty American remake of a Fellini movie I wrote in bold all caps in sharpie on acid free paper and put up all over my studio “**ELECTRIC LEYBAland “NO ORGIES AND NO EXCEPTION!**” but the irony escaped them all. The joke was on me.

I was so drunk and dozing off as I walked naked with The Eva Marie to bed. **DEAD BED. WHY AM I NOT CAMPING?** My Coyotel Queen and I fell to the bed boat and slid the doors shut but naked Coyotel Sain't Jim slipped in fully erect. I had no idea. Eva so desperately tried to wake me. I woke to unsavory pheromones and a nice looking cock that did nothing for me other than piss me off. We did not acknowledge the indiscretion, after all I'm Steven Leyba, and I have been drunk too. I grabbed my Eva, we went to the guest blow up mattress in the main space studio and went under covers.

James's cock went limp as he gathered his clothes in defeat like some high school double date rape scenario and quietly walked the walk of shame out of there.

Where was everyone else? Why did I care? They said they were staying here but were nowhere to be found, only showing up at the times Eva and I wanted to actually fuck and be in the moment without catering to the needs of the parasites all around me.

I am sick of transient lovers. Finally someone to love who has all the qualities I wanted. Someone whom I can actually fully love. As creative as fuck. Oh and could she **FUCK & CREATE!** I’m tired of the endless faces and asses and cunts and anuses of the lost creatives with more to gain than to give. Interchangeable faces of internet superstars in an age of talkers where it’s better to just say you did than to ever do.

I can imagine my worst nightmare as the trending meme would go, *“****I DID LEYBA****.”* It would be some false rite of passage, or at least a way to get extra credit in art school (did I get payment for this exploitation by the art school's corporate state?). I have been living the art school dream but it somehow turned into a nightmare. The only thing that had been missing was a partner who I felt really had my back. A pARTner who truly loved me and had the capacity to see my drive and my vision and why I create what I do and not be a conformist to me, but be a co-collaborator bringing her own creativity to the **#ARTWAR** while living the art life dream and being the #UltimateLoveStory. But can a muse ever truly cross over to artist and pARTner? If so, does that change things? She and I often talked about the fact there are no believable love stories, no examples of actual-factual public love and no Taj Mahals to prove it. Both **TRUE LOVE** and **THE MUSE** seemed to be cliché relics of the past. I feel I woke up just in time. I realized what I truly wanted and became blessed with it, with someone who saw it and also sought it. I found true love the second I was certain I would never seek or accept love again. Before this the idea of love and coupling seemed archaic and so 20th Century. A mind set standing in the way of my and humanities evolution. Was I actually evolving?

There she was. The hottest, weirdest, smartest and funniest, most charming person I had ever met. And she was mine but why did she need me? Why did she have no accomplishments in this life and why did it not bother me? Regardless, I felt thankful I had reached the conclusion that being an internet thing and an art school term (“**LEYBAESQUE**”) was at the very least a wonderful way to laugh at myself; a **TRUE COYOTEL** factor.

Once again back on Disgracebook… I love when artists I respect, who never email or call me back, yet post on my Facebook wall (years later) testimonies to the glory of my art, even though my romantic life seemed to always be a balance of terror.

*“Hail STEVE!!! I still think you are most original and last American painter. I base this on the creative contemporary nature of your vision and your painterly ability to translate that vision onto canvas. You are the LAST because painting has been dead before you started, but you brought it back to LIFE to KILL IT YOURSELF!!!”*

*- Reverend Chris Trian, poet, Painter and one of the last Satanic Priests ordained by Anton Szandor LaVey founder of the Church of Satan*

It was not enough for me. It angered me to still be obscure and not be an actual person in most peoples eyes though I could not quite see why I gave a shit. It was a lonely life. I deserve love, actual love, romantic love, and happiness on a daily basis. This woman of my dreams was with me in my drunken birthday stupor or my*“drunken observation”* as Crazy Bennie would say.

Black out drunk I kept throwing my computer like a toddler. A grown man strutting around my studio like an infant with a bottle, a manfant with a big bottle of booze. She rescued the computer but not me and I would snatch it back and throw it again and again. Then she’d hide it again. An angry manfant Screaming all the while **I AM GOING TO KILL MAGUS ADAM AND COYOTEL S’AINT JIM!** By tomorrow Jim Burr will no longer be alive. Finally I passed out. My muse and bodyguard stripped me then shot some selfies while sucking my limp penis into her perfect lips and mouth. How inglorious my new queen as she took me one step closer to my legal male rape. Various new drunk legal cases against legal female predators were setting new legal precedents but I didn't give a shit I wanted her to rape me in new ways. A blonde goddess with tits with golden tips and no one would suspect any malice ever. I, for the most part, never did.

Feelings in totality in B minor, all intense friend rage and life fury and hatred all at the same time as new love entered my life. Not trusting anything or anyone. Being pissed off at my best friend Hannah the **CHAOS MAGUS**, as our mutual friend Kian called her. Conflict of the muses perhaps? There is no law in the Coyotel Church that states we have to agree on anything and since when did Tricksters all believe the same thing anyhow? That would defeat the purpose. No one is good enough for a best friend (or as her other “bestie,” Ha! How can one say best or bestie and then have more than one?). Perhaps all muses have their uses but a mad romantic union was no place for the **TRUE MUSE** in Hannah's eyes. **TRUE MUSE** always trumps **TRUE LOVE** is a philosophy Magus Hannah and I once shared. Love 'em, make love to them, get them to create, create with them and create with intensity but **ALWAYS CREATE NEVER DOMESTICATE**. Somehow this revealed her hidden intentions of control. I was feeling chaos and feeling it **STRONG**. I was pissing into the abyss. It was pissing back at me. All over me.

‘That’ night came and it was happening. **UNION OF THE CREATORS BITCHES! VICTORY!** This the finish line! I made it! She is the one! I declare **VICTORY! EVEN IF MY BEST FRIENDS DON'T SEE THIS TRUE LOVE I HAVE FOUND.**

May my self-deprecation be left behind the finish line. All childishness left behind. My queen is with me and all my other muses subsided. **FEEL MY CLARITY! FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T SEE I AM HAPPY FINALLY AND SHE IS THE ONE!** Looking back as I move forward; drunk for weeks, possibly months, ok, at least half of last year. Trying to suppress my resentments toward friends and in the process realizing perhaps my X wife Leslie was right. The conversation often replays in my head. She said,

*“I always thought of you as someone who has no friends.”*

*“ I have all these people around me,”* I reply.

*“Exactly. That's what I mean.”*

But was it true? Not after I found my **TRUE LOVE, MY QUEEN**. It’s the #UltimateLoveStory

**LOVEST STORY**

**IT DOESN'T FUCKING MATTER WHAT MY X WIFE THINKS, OR MY FRIENDS OR FANS OR ANYONE ON THE INTERNET. FUCK YOU BITCHES! I AM HAPPY AND I HAVE GLORY!**

The last visage of my vision was blocked after I commented on a post a friend and muse Greta put on my facebook wall and my subsequent comment.

*“I'm curious about how you feel as an artist activist showcasing amazing feminine power continuously and being censored by FB and other sites for your incorporations of female anatomy- and then the women's march happens (which I also was a part of) and nothing is censored. As amazing and incredible as it is to have acknowledgment and admiration for the outpouring of the female identified anatomy and rights, it is most definitely a contradiction that you are censored. Thoughts?”*

My response followed in the comment section,

“*I feel the powers that be must control the feminine force and the depiction of the female being both bodily and in spirit. I try to capture and celebrate that force without trying to control it. I am constantly censored because the way i do it is pure exaltation and celebration unbridled. This is a threat and my work looks like no other so thry are very paranoid and suspicious as to what i am up to and why. They bring any institution or corporation that seeks to control the feminine will in the end lose not just so called power and authority but all credibility. Its a divide and conquer scenario. Decide women from their bodies and men from women.”*

It's been 3 years of stories in my studio and oh the layers and layers of life are like the layers in my paintings. Things I have done and all the collaborations with so many beautiful creators. If the drop cloth covering the floor could tell thousands of stories. I even painted and photographed Great on that tarp for many paintings including some in 15th hand painted book WE ARE ALL INDIANS NOW. Oh if tarps could talk.

**TALES FROM THE TARP #1: UNION OF THE CREATORS COYOTEL BIRTHDAY BASHING**

There was a lot of unspoken tension between the Coyotes. Hannah absolutely did not like Eva when they met two years ago, when Eva first came to visit me. Hannah thought Eva was too ‘fan-ish.’ Maybe she was still apprehensive after Eva sent an email to Kathy that said, “thanks for letting me fuck your boyfriend,” as I was still with Kathy when I started seeing Eva. Kathy and I had an open relationship though, she wanted me to see other people because she felt guilty that she couldn’t make more time for me. Kathy broke up with me and I slept with her after that which upset Eva. Hannah didn't think it was cool for Eva to interfere with my Coyotel women. One time she grabbed the phone and screamed at Eva because of it. Saying, “What you did was wrong, you will never **NEVER** have Leyba all to yourself.” So Eva didn't like Hannah much either. But they were being nice to each other now.

I couldn't understand why everything and everybody seemed off. Marly was here also to look at land. She wanted to get land for our coyote cult The Coyotel Church. She couldn't seem to connect with the realtors. The land was more expensive than we imagined and the realtor selling one of her properties in Syracuse wasn't doing a very good job. Marly was pissing everyone off with off hand racist jokes and Hannah privately told Marly she wasn't a ‘real woman’ because she was post op trans. Magus Adam and Heather the Coyotel Spiral Architect were gone most of the time at Feral House publisher Adam Parfrey's house in Port Townsend because Adam's little brother had married Parfrey's niece. In the back of my mind I wished Adam was around. He was one of the few people in my entire life who could calm me. I didn't ask for or communicate anything other than drunken dismay. I whined like a baby several times to Eva: “Adam took Adam away.” I was annoyed by everyone just ever so slightly. But it was my birthday and I'll cry and stay drunk if I want to. I was happy about my Creative ritual with Eva so it was a good day.

Our union was about our creating together. United in creating and the moment we stop creating then the union is broken. That was the deal Eva and I had. The ritual was just supposed to be silent except for Marly's intro and Jim singing Love Boat. But Jim was boycotting because Eva and I kicked him out of bed the night before when he jumped into our bed with a hard on. I was pissed at him because we had specifically told him our boundaries.

We both wore white dresses. Mine was a nice cotton summer dress. No panties. I wore daisy sunglasses. Plastic daisies covered the lenses and could be moved to the side to see through them. Eva had on a wedding dress. Perfect white. Veil. No panties or shoes. It was my good friend Traci's dress. Many decades back she wore it at her own wedding. She said she didn't know why until now. She mailed it from California to us in Washington. She married Fish, a biker from Milwaukee. I burnt sage as concretion for their ceremony and to clear away any disruptive energies. Bikers. Outlaw love.

She and I wanted to literally unite in sexual penetration as a celebration and a literal and symbolic act. Two creative beings bonded by creating in creation. The ritual was a work of art in itself. A work of **TRUE ART** in **TRUE LOVE**. Such a beautiful way to start a creative journey with someone you want to be with and make things with all the fucking time. That is what we felt.

**UNION OF THE CREATORS THE CREATORS ARE GATHERED HERE TO CELEBRATE THEIR UNION IN CREATIVITY**

**THE INTENT IS NOT A MARRIAGE WITH FUTURE TRIPPING-TRAPPING PROMISES BUT A CELEBRATION OF COLLABORATION AND A BOND AS LONG AS WE ARE CREATING TOGETHER IN THIS CREATIVE LIFE**

I was a happy motherfucker. Eva was so fucking happy. That day we did not say much. But when we spoke it was loving and wonderful and it was a day of certainty so there was nothing to discuss. Actions speak more than words.

I guess I felt a little uneasy the prior few days because I didn't think anyone understood my and Eva's intention.

Although I said it was not a birthday party, Hannah invited some friends that I didn't invite and a bunch of people I didn't know. Apparently nobody got the memo. It was nice having a bunch of naked people walking around the studio but my instinct was telling me my fate was being taunted.

It was feeling like the early performance days, when there was intent and a planned ritual but enough chaos and room for improv. I didn't mind that then but this was a different thing altogether. This is my life, not a performance. The ritual was supposed to be free form and silent. No human voices other than Marly singing the intro and the processed song Love Boat as Eva and I consummated in plain view. My life was out of control and I had no interest in playing cult leader and “controlling the situation” Eva and I just wanted our moment.

Some unknown was giggling about my notes pinned up around the studio that read, ***“NO ORGIES WITH LEYBA & EVA. Yes we are naked but we don't want you. You can fuck and suck but we are experimenting with monogamy.”***

Though everyone was having fun the magic tarp started looking like a boxing ring.

In fitting Trickster fashion, no one seemed to be taking us, or this, seriously. Whatever was about to happen, Coyote was the one in control.

For just a few seconds there was silence.

Marly in all her voluptuous classical Rubenesque nude glory steps into the tarp with her ukulele.

Magus Adam hands her a microphone she strums and it is gorgeous.

Eva and I look at each other and smile. She begins to sing.

*“Every time I'm feeling lonely, every time I'm feeling blue,*

*Here’s a little song you’ll hear me softly singing, its all about you.*

*You are always on my mind dear, no matter where I’m apt to stray,*

*There’s not another girl in all this great big world, that’s why I want to say.*

*Baby, baby, you’re my sweetheart”*

She sings the entire song *“Baby”* (*1933* George Formby) while playing. It was perfection. Earlier she told Eva and I that it was one of the greatest songs ever written about actual love. **TRUE LOVE**, not that sugary shit.

Hannah enters the tarp uninvited. She is naked and bows to Marly. Her cute white girl ass stretches round as it faces what appears to be “the audience.” I was not happy about all the people and they fucking talked while Marly was singing. I wanted to kick everyone out but the Coyotes.

**EVA AND I STOOD THERE BEFORE EACH OTHER AS WAS MEANT**

We stepped into the tarp owning that bitch. Both of us drunk as fuck. But I was all the way to oblivion and not happy there were a bunch of artsy yappers yapping like they were at some stupid art show.

Magus Atom blared up the **LOVE BOAT**.

*“Love, exciting and new*

*Come aboard, were expecting you*

*Love, life's sweetest reward*

*Let it flow, it floats back to you*”

and we felt if only for a seconds.

The music changed.

*“Turn on my guitar, that'll turn me on.*

*Keep the music playing and let the feeling come*

*You'll be the woman and I'll be the man*

*And we'll make love and music any time we can”*

*Dr. Hooks “Making Love And Music”*

**Momentary romanticism then…**

Feeling like Ozzy when I saw him perform in the 90's at Madison Square Gardens. I tossed the bucket of red paint just as Ozzy had tossed a pail of water during “Miracle Man.”

I should have felt like a miracle man. It was MY TURN! Yet nobody but Eva was thinking this drunken master was going to pull off any miracles. All I wanted was for people to shut the fuck up and let me fuck my pARTner.

The red paint hit her and I didn't bother to drench her in any other. It was diluted so it stained her dress pink and she looked like the inside of a vagina.

It wasn't about show. I wanted the consummation animal style. I was a fucking wild lion about to violently fuck its mate.

But my dick wasn't getting hard and my rage was expanding. Why couldn't I just focus on my lady? I came at her. She came at me. She pulled my dress off and went for my cock with her mouth. I pulled back while still in her mouth. It stretched me but still wasn't getting erect. I stood up, grabbed the bottom of her dress and pulled with all my might. This was hot as fuck. I started to get hard then I heard something on the microphone. Why was there a fucking microphone? There was not supposed to be. I heard laughing. It was as if I had extra human powers that second. Eva began to spin as the wedding dress tore and unraveled her perfect body. I grabbed her and rolled on the floor. We were entangled sliding and grinding slipping and sliding. Then I felt a slap on the ass.

It was Magus Hannah. She slapped my other butt cheek. She was two feet in front of me as I gave her the finger. I don't know why I chose to remain silent as I could have out projected her, yelling louder than the mic could ever go, but I wanted to be true to the initial ritual intent. My rage doubled but she vanished off the tarp. I left my lady Eva and walked the edge of the tarp like it was a cliff. I looked folks in the eyes. I was the eye of **THE MUTHA FUCKING TIGER AND I WANTED TO SEE THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE OF CHAOS BEFORE ME SEEKING THEIR SHALLOW ENTERTAINMENT AND MY AND EVA'S DEBASEMENT.**

It felt like I was inside anther kind of eye: the eye of a hurricane. The room started spinning like fucking crazy.

I grabbed Eva and hugged her. She whispered in my ears that Hannah had slapped her tits saying “I am glad you are not a skeleton anymore. Glad you have some meat.” For much of the ceremony Hannah was fumbling with Eva's dress and putting her right hand over her eyes. Eve still was smiling but I could tell she was irritated to say the least. Then Hannah vanished.

**MY ANGER QUADRUPLED AS I LOOKED FOR HANNAH**

I could not see her but I heard her. Garbled drunken karaoke style ramblings.

She had the fucking microphone! She appeared back in the center of the storm where I was, where it wasn't swirling out of control. But the second I saw her I doubt either of us had any control. I don't know her intent other than performing and getting attention. I was on the other end of the spectrum. I wanted everyone gone. And If I was the GOD I felt like at that second these motherfuckers would all disappear from my Mount Olympus. She looked as Kali blue as she did when we did the Nestle Curse. She snuck up on me and slapped my ass again. I wanted that fucking microphone and I wanted to toss her on her ass outside the tarp.

If anyone outside the church had any doubts we weren't all batshit crazy this moment would prove otherwise. The video Adam shot would prove the insanity of anyone who entered the tarp. It was as if being on that tarp made one lose their fucking mind. Well it was a fact because it was happening and documented. Alcohol fueled demonic tarp possession.

I was blacked out during most of the battle. I was battling my friends, my love and myself.

Done with the chaos of the night, Eva and I just went to the bedroom and closed the doors. Let the art monger or the

Looky Loo:

*(Urban Dictionary – A gawker or rubbernecker that stares at disasters, accidents or* [*people*](http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=people) *in the process of misfortune. For example there is a car accident on a street and a looky loo (or looky loos)* [*will*](http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=will) *ride by, slow down and turn their* [*head*](http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=head) *to check out the scene. A looky loo will also be one of those people that are always there to see* [*fire*](http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=fire) *fighters or EMTs in action when they are in their neighborhood.)*

The friends fizzled their dizzles at the drunken master manchild Leyba's vanishing from the tarp of ELECTRIC LEYBAland's electric stupor dandy delights of his blaring Solar return.

**SOLARANUS**

We shut off the lights and I passed out angrier still and drunk as any drunken asshole manchild artist could ever be on the night they turned 50

**MORTALITY IS A BITCH AND SO WAS I**

**BUT…**

**THE SHOW WENT ON** as they say it should always, and so it did.

Much later after we all parted and thought about what happened and what all the equations were when the aftermath was all added up in our minds and we started to see what it all equaled, I asked Magus Adam about his memories of the Leyba Five-O birthday.

*“There's a lot of mixed feelings I have about that day/night of your solar return, separate from just the musick-making. My only intention was to serve your anti-wedding ceremony and play the diddies with Marly. I have to say I felt clouded with all the other vibes you had directed toward me that day, when you didn't want me to be there and felt (betrayed? jealous?) that I was at Feral Acres for the days leading up to your birthday. I was pretty hurt by all that and just wanted to see you and make amends in some way. Nicole and Hannah helped with that, motivated me to come to the party anyway, and when I saw you a lot of my confusion just melted away. You were in the corner of your studio in your birthday suit and when you saw me enter you ran immediately to your bedroom. When you did that I didn't see a 50 year old man… I swear it felt like you were this little boy who wanted to hide. That was the first hit I got and I think it helped me not feel so wounded by your emotional lashes. I think we made amends, but you were pretty drunk so it's hard to know how much reconciliation we had. After a few drinks, I decided to roll on with the show, but much of my motivation and intent kinda went out the window by the time we started. I'm also not sure how everything played out for with the rest of the night. From other conversations we've had since, it seems there's a lot of negative memories you recall after the anti-wedding. I'm not sure how the video lines up with those memories, but I also haven't seen much of it because it is so charged with chaos. The experience was intense and left me mulling over your health and emotional state for the weeks following.”*

***- Magus atom, aka, Magus Adam Cooper-Teran***

Daylight shined on our naked bodies through a crack in the sliding door. Eva was awake, staring off into oblivion, and I was still drunk. I reached for the Evan Williams bottle. The doors slid open as I was falling back into the bed horizontally. I turned my head and a stampede of naked bodies piled on top of Eva and I. No one seemed to care or listened earlier when we made it clear Eva and I (not Evans and I) were experimenting with monogamy and, yeah, I am Steven Leyba the Sexpressionist – but no group sex please. It didn’t matter because I am perceived to be unbound by anyone’s boundaries, including my own. Eva and I could not move, we were puppy piled and sexually assaulted. Buried alive by naked people. I kid you not. The only guy in the pile who I can't recall placed his fingers almost in Eva. She told him to stop. More bodies piled. I didn't even know who was on top till I realized somehow while on my back while I made a double hand gesture with all my fingers stretched out like Ronnie James Dio singing,

***“LIKE A RAINBOW IN THE DARK!”***

My fingers and thumbs got wet and warm as they penetrated. My right thumb went into someone's pussy and my pointer finger in her tight asshole. My left hand went into another woman’s dripping and boiling cunt. Who? What? I was in shock and didn't move but both lusty ladies were fucking my fingers somehow. Was the fact I didn't pull out consent? Did I break my 6 month monogamy vow? Fuck, my life is out of control. I was too drunk to even know how the fuck this was even possible. Magus Hannah approached from the outside of the room like a well-lit shadow. I pulled out of one of the Coyotes to greet her. I was still pissed off at her and gave her my middle finger. She took it. She grabbed it. She stuck it deep inside her Coyote Cunt. Yeah that actually did shock me. Not very many things do.

Where was Eva? Where was Evans? Evans was gone but Eva was silent. I was still thinking this was a drunken dream of impossibilities. My inner Hunter S. Thompson asked, *“Why are you complaining? Go with it. This is real life. Not much of that left these days”*

**This is a dream but is this THE DREAM?**

Magus Hannah pulled back and my defiant hand hit the cold linoleum like the cold hard truth.

**“Happy Birthday Magus we gotta go.”**