

Xenial's Journal

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Xenial

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Good thing I don't believe in Hell

[03 May 2003|03:51am]

The Dante's Inferno Test has banished you to *the Seventh Level of Hell!*  
Here is how you matched up against all the levels:

Level	Score
<a href="#">Purgatory</a> (Repenting Believers)	Low
<a href="#">Level 1 - Limbo</a> (Virtuous Non-Believers)	Low
<a href="#">Level 2</a> (Lustful)	High
<a href="#">Level 3</a> (Gluttonous)	High
<a href="#">Level 4</a> (Prodigal and Avaricious)	Low
<a href="#">Level 5</a> (Wrathful and Gloomy)	High
<a href="#">Level 6 - The City of Dis</a> (Heretics)	Very Low
<a href="#">Level 7</a> (Violent)	Very High
<a href="#">Level 8- the Malebolge</a> (Fraudulent, Malicious, Panderers)	High
<a href="#">Level 9 - Cocytus</a> (Traacherous)	Moderate

Take the Dante Inferno Hell Test

1 reader has stopped to smell the roses | [talk to me](#)

Ramach

[29 Apr 2003|04:53am]

[mood|  crushed ]

[music|Type O Negative - Too Late: Frozen]

i've made a friend remotely

over the phone to start with... then the net chat

this is not my style really... i tend not to have virtual friends - only real ones

but he's a very different sort of person

my kind of person

he's the brother of someone i've known for 14 years... i always heard about him.. but it's taken this long to 'meet' him

i have a 'chat' address, but no email address

and so i find myself awake in the middle of the night with something to say - and no one to say it

to

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 zool's let's chat soon

1 reader has stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

thoughts

[25 Apr 2003|06:06am]

here is an afterthought

some people i know may not consider me a minority

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my mother raised me and my sister with enough 'feeling' - i guess is the word - to feel that we were part of the minority

my half sister appears to the outside world as completely white - she has a hispanic mother and a dutch father - but she \_\_\_\_chose\_\_\_\_ the non-white side of life. her father had almost nothing to do with her.

being a mixed race person is often hard to explain - cause you look like something else.

my white, tall, blonde haired, sister chose to be hispanic. and she let people know.

i bet that fucked their worlds a bit.

talk to me

it's the little things that make you cry

[25 Apr 2003|05:35am]

tonite my pain flows.... via the 'Ladysmith Black Mambazo ' --- which i don't expect most of you to appreciate.

when i was a small child my father exposed me to many things

i still cry every time i heard jimmy cliff's 'the harder the come' (which is not what you perverts think)

and when i hear older harmonic african music i get the same feeling.

perhaps there are somethings you only feel when you have brown/black skin

most people think i'm white - hey - i'm a goth - i stay out of the sun on purpose

my son is that bizarre genetic freak - he really is white - but when you expose him to sun, he gets brown (not burnt and red like 'real' white people'

i grew up in LA

my first racist experience was here in albuquerque... i had a little friend in 3 or 4th grade. i went over to her house one day. her granny came outside and pronounced that her little girl (the blond, blue eyed girl) was not allowed to socialize with mexicans!!

wow!! even at that age i got pissed off.

i'm not mexican (although if i was i would be just as proud) - i am indian, danish, spanish, and english

i'm a decent half brown, half white

both of my white grandmothers married brown men. that says something to me.

i married a brown man

we have a white child

that also says something to me

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sorry if the post was too convoluted

i was listening to sampling on amazon, not finding what i wanted.

i swear there is a 'lady smith mambazo' song about kilimangaro. i spose i could be wrong, and i am mixing up two different bands. but if anyone can help me - PLEASE - point me to that kilimangaro song

3 readers have stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

6 of one, half dozen of the other

[25 Apr 2003 | 03:14am]

[mood]  touched]

[music | Covenant - Babel ]

are any of you people out there familiar with the concept of apocalypse and relevation (x-tian style)?

the more i watch the news the more i am reminded of these things

false prophets in power

the fight between gog and magog at the center of the world (Mesopotamia, between the Tigris and Euphrates - that's where Baghdad happens to be)

and my favorite irreverent author- zachariah sitchin - has a whole new take on things - so if the aliens land next month to save\change\take-over the world ----- i wouldn't be too surprised (but i'm not holding my breath either

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i really don't understand religious war, and all that goes with it

i was raised without any real religion - and have had to pursue it as an adult

all my readings and experiences led me to believe that we all pray to the same god - ultimately - perhaps different manifestations of 'the creator' - but it all comes down to the same thing

i can almost understand why a whole country would kill for it's beliefs - but then i wonder why

theirs is the 'true god' - and they can't recognize a collective god for humankind as a whole

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side note: i do not believe in evolution of man - i do no believe in creation of man by 'god'

what does that leave?

talk to me

the live journal concept

[23 Apr 2003|05:23am]

thinking long and hard tonite about live journal as an idea, as a thing, as an entity

i reflected back to my previous post

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live journal seems to me to be what the WWW claimed it was in the early days

a connection between everyone everywhere

not everyone is my 'friend' - but i can follow my friends friends, and find interesting places and mind sets i wouldn't have found otherwise

it IS a web. like the game '7 degress from kevin bacon'

somehow, if i follow enough friends of friends, i end up right where i started

it's a huge incomprehensible world around us - and yet - it's still the small small world of disney land

what makes us all so different?

1 reader has stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

telecommutivity

[23 Apr 2003|05:17am]

[mood|  relaxed ]

[music|Covenant - Helicopter]

we live in a world these days saturated with computers, cell phones, wireless this that and the other.

we can wear out our thumbs sending messages to guys we have crushes on

waste more minutes that we were aware existed

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for me the ultimate 'connectivity' moment came a couple of years ago.

i was sitting outside the LA convention center - being there for the Microsoft PDC (if you have to ask, i won't tell)

tapping away on my brand new HP handheld computer - with the wireless card in.

microsoft had wired the entire LA convention center for wireless access

so, here i am, smokin a smoke - making plans for the evening - when my boss sends my and IM - from Albuquerque, NM. ----- 'the development servers at your place are down, what can you do to get them up???'

at which point i discover that windows 2002 (ce or whatever) has built in terminal services

so i log in to my terminal server at home, in NY, reboot the machine, login - get everything rolling

and IM my boss - 'everything's all right now, give it another try'

-----

sitting in LA, smoking on the patio, making plans with my lover to invite another girl over for the night - i can press the 'restart button' on my personal computer 3000 miles away - to make the guy 1000 miles away happy

for me - that was the end all be all of tele-communications and the 'connectivity' we all hoped for

1 reader has stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

what to do?

[23 Apr 2003 | 05:05am]

[mood]  artistic ]

[music | Cruxshadows - Monsters]

lately i've been considering the different directions my life could take from here.

i am at a cross roads - i am in limbo

been trying to figure out how to live a live of meaning AND value (meaning to me, value to others (them that help the paychecks come in)

i'm a computer programmer by experience - spent many years designing and building some amazing databases and business/educational systems

but the combination of idiot bosses and constant pressure lead me to complete and total burn out ----- writers block of the worst kind

these days i'm thinking about cooking school

i love (i mean i really love it) to cook for other people - and i'm not bad at it

i can paint - but only if i allow the world to inflict excessive amounts of pain - but i'm not bad at that either

i hate 'school' - the real sort - it bores me to death - but i have always had a dream of getting a college degree in something or another that would a) help me understand and b) help others understand

i grew up with an artist mother, who turned academic - she's now a tenured professor teaching psychology (which, from my point of view is OH SO ironic). i lost my childhood to her pursuits - and now that she's attained them, she has no time for me

i have a basic dislike/distrust of people - which shys me away from 'people' professions - although a recent guest (a screen writer and actor) said he would consider me the 'perfect pitch girl' to pitch his new movie idea.

i have great enthusiasm for the things i enjoy - and palatable apathy for those i don't

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i would love to hear some comments on this one - i'm open to any and all comments/suggestions

i am in a *very* active process of figuring out : what the fuck should i do with my life

and so far i only have half answers from myself

3 readers have stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

love-style based on first name: **gabriella**

[23 Apr 2003|03:57am]

- Sensual, voluptuous, you intensely yearn to fulfill your heart's desires in couple life in the purest possible tradition, for your need for tenderness and sentimental security is boundless.
- With you, love is not a simple item added to the list of your preoccupations - it's rather a force that possesses you entirely. When you give your heart, there's no question to take it back. The sense of stability, which is inherent to your first name, entails constancy and unshakable faithfulness on your part if your mate responds to your sensual appetite.
- But you do not always know how to show your feelings. This is a pity for, behind your somewhat unrefined appearance and your over- materialistic attitudes, there exists a rather surprising romantic side to your character.
- In love, you tolerate no sharing and, when your confidence is betrayed, you neither bear nor forgive the affront. Also, jealousy is an ever-present risk with you. When it's aroused, it can poison your existence, mingling its venom with that of spite which even time could not calm down.
- Very much attached to the notion of family, you don't conceive of life without children. You possess a precocious sensuality and hate changing your habits. As a result, you are one of those who marry young and celebrate their golden wedding surrounded with a huge crowd of small ones. And if circumstances compel you to lead a single woman's life, you feel very unfortunate.

i got this link from \_wirehead\_

talk to me

what the hell is wrong with people these days?

[23 Apr 2003|03:27am]

i feel like life has too many questions sometimes. and most of them don't have answers

watching the news, 24/7 CNN news - makes me laugh - makes me cry

people ask why i'm depressed - when essentially my life is just fine

sometimes it's me that's the problem, sometimes it's not

but it is ALWAYS the thought of the world that surrounds me that i find depressing - what the hell is wrong with people these days?

talk to me

sante sangre - sangre de sacredo?

[20 Apr 2003|03:59am]

[mood|  amused ]

[music|CruXshadows - Deception]



sacrifice? to what?



1 reader has stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

just what is this holiday for?

[20 Apr 2003|03:57am]

a friend called me tonite: 'what are you doing tomorrow?'  
me: 'dinner with the in-laws and such'  
her: oh, i don't do that religious thing anymore  
me: neither do we, it's a family thing, a 'for the kids' thing

(my friend has no children - i have one, and he has several cousins and aunt's, uncle's and grandma's around)

some of my son's friend's cancelled various activities this week due to passover.

it's such a multifaceted holiday

i even made jello eggs

2 readers have stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

not so drunk i can't see straight

[18 Apr 2003|03:14am]

[mood|  contemplative ]

[music|CruXshadows - Love/Tragedy]

how many of you have pondered the 'why' of life?

not just 'what if' --- but the BIG questions surrounding 'why'?

there are so many why's, i've truly lost count - but they still interest me.

i am still convinced that there is an answer.

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what do you think?

is the answer found in corporate religion?

is it found through religious ecstasy?

is it found through personal experience?

or is the answer simpler than that?

or - egad - is the answer that we can never know?

talk to me

who the fuck are you?

[18 Apr 2003|02:01am]

what would it be like to be clint howard?

or lisa marie presley?

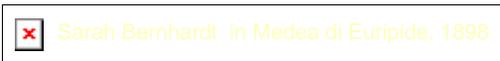
to be 'someone' only because of someone else? to have your fame rely on someone who came before you? and your performance always measured against it?

how does a \_character\_ get created (create itself)?

how many times does it have to re-create itself to stay - useful, interesting, active, wanted (pick the word)?

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my parents wanted me to be the next Sarah Bernhardt  
(no, not Sandra Bernhard)



well, if nothing else, i am a bit of a drama queen.... and i must ask, in the end - do all roads lead to memphis? (or is that mecca, jerusalem, new york, paris or london)?

1 reader has stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

and now for something completely different....

[18 Apr 2003|01:06am]

[mood]  indescribable ]

[music] Cake - Commissioning A Symphony in C]

this is the sort of car i have always wanted



it's a citroen DS 21

citroens kick ass

-----

going to paris was a strange deja vu at times

i saw things that reminded me of childhood, of my mother

i realized just how much those images had influenced me, become a part of my reality

it was nice

talk to me

hospitality

[17 Apr 2003|02:52am]

[mood|  contemplative ]

[music| Cake - Short Skirt-Long Jacket]

## Xenial

The following information appeared in Merriam-Webster's "Word of the Day" feature on August 3, 1999:

xenial

Definition: of, relating to, or constituting hospitality or relations between host and guest and especially among the ancient Greeks between persons of different cities

Example sentence: Our host and hostess in that distant land performed their xenial duties with grace and charm.

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not xena  
not denial

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xenial - it was an ironic choice at the time in particular - and still is quite appropriate

2 readers have stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

blacklightdist

[16 Apr 2003|03:10am]

[mood|  bitchy ]

[music| Cake - Long Line of Cars]

if you've taken note of my bitterness - it's nothing personal

i had to file (and pay) my taxes to today

ok - maybe it is personal (to the select, the proud, the few)

i just gave the IRS the money you COULD have had

beg some more

1 reader has stopped to smell the roses | talk to me

blacklightdist

[16 Apr 2003|03:08am]

[mood]  surprised ]

[music|Cake - Comfort Eagle]

it's so easy to forget sometimes

i remembered something i forgot for 13 years

i fell in love with a boy who wanted to be called alexander - a russian vampire

i learned russian for him

he ended up a man wanting to be a french gangster - a morrocan gangster in paris

i learned enough french to survive

talk to me

i am my own worst enemy

[16 Apr 2003|01:40am]

[mood]  drunk ]

[music|Placebo - Ask For Answers]

Novelty has always been my drug. I craved insomnia and menace punctuated by long stretches of solitude, puzzles that hurt my head, infusions of bad company and the delicious repulsion of the meeting up with the slimy things that coiled under psychic rocks. A racing heart jolted me happy. The kick start of adrenaline punching my chest made me feel alive.

When life slowed down for too long, I grew hollow.

But for circumstances, I might've dealt with it by jumping out of airplanes or scaling bare rocks. Or worse.

-- Jonathan Kellerman

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Today i bought a best seller, hot off the paper-back shelf - the book's opening paragraphs held more for me than a good summer fuck.

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the lines i've excerpted above are on the 3rd page.

talk to me

long long ago -- in a galaxy far far away

[06 Apr 2003|06:34am]

a friend of mine who happened to have a little cash on hand told me - "a la beatles" - money really can't buy you love. and those people who have less than you will never be benefited by having it handed to them. they must truly earn it.

i have come to believe this is a good truism.

so - to all who would ask - fuck you - pay me back - then find the rest on your own.

if you ever payed me back in full, i might reconsider.

peace out -

talk to me

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