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### The Office of An Imaginative Suicide

We exist to resuscitate the art of suicide--to raise it to its rightful place as the apex act of the culture in which it is founded. Those who attempt suicide have in their character the dissonances of their society, their age, their upbringing, their special conflict with the moment of their lives. A gun put to the head, a rope around the neck, an overdose--even with a letter left behind: These are cliché acts, imitations, and only rarely suitable to express an essence.

OA(S)IS is a brainstorming organization, a subsidiary of the Task Force For Inventive Philanthropy (TFIP), that will help you fully realize your essence in your final act. We believe that death done intentionally should be a dramatic, imaginatively-charged event that poetically captures your special predicament and personality and sends a final missive to the world.\*

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Whatever your reason, whatever the season,  
if suicide is on your mind, come to OA(S)IS--  
before you pull the trigger.

Your first visit is free.  
1-800-GO-OASIS

*The OA(S)IS in no way condones suicide or suggests that you kill yourself. We do not actually exist. Living is better than dying even if you are unhappy, confused, lonely, overwhelmed by guilt, incarcerated for life, multi-handicapped, suffering from acute nihilism, terminally ill, without hope or in tremendous pain.*

*\*special courses available for assisted suicide practitioners*

### The Kitchen Doors

Please be careful!

The doors to the kitchen  
may swing open at any moment.

The doors to the kitchen  
may swing outward  
and break your fingers.

Please be careful!

The doors to the kitchen  
may slice a hole above  
your left eye requiring 4 stitches  
and aspirin.

Please be careful!

These doors might swing out and suck you in  
they might make you numb  
and take you to the clouds in the autumn sky  
where amoebas change in the heavens  
giving birth to their own twins.

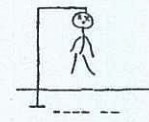
Please be careful!

The doors to the kitchen may swing outward  
at any moment and jar you.  
They might shake you into believing in God.  
They might push you over the edge  
and the next time you see a security camera  
you might kiss it delicate,  
smearing its lens for potential bank robbers  
just to make Patti Hearst jealous.

Please be careful!

The doors to the kitchen might make you fully aware  
that the best path is a circle  
with an arrow splitting it  
like frozen timber and a furious ax.

Please be careful!





The doors to the kitchen  
may swing outward at any moment  
and when they swing open  
that last gulp of coffee might taste  
like a 4 am cigarette,  
while your friends make love  
on the couch next to you.

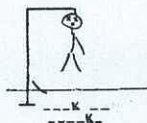
And you can only hear  
her soft quiet calls  
for him inside  
whispers that leave tiny bits of her lips  
on his ear lobes and there aren't any words  
just a quest  
just a moment  
a second  
and the ashes fall on your leg.

Please be careful!

The doors to the kitchen  
may force déjà vu upon you  
and take you back to breakfast  
so you'll have the strength  
to break the grip of a tyrannical dictator  
and start the largest peacetime rally  
to save the endangered and  
the quite grotesque Cuban cigar importer.

These doors are bastards  
and they may swing out at any moment  
and if they do,  
if they catch you,  
they will take your first born male child  
solder his little hands to radio equipment,  
place him on a balcony in front of a large crowd  
with two huge speakers that shake  
every time he makes a sound  
ensuring the entire third world  
will hear him  
burp.

Please be careful!



## 80% Hydrogenous

what is inside  
has been unused for so long  
that it seems a ruin  
and a mess  
to let it drip out

corpus homo-sapiens-sapiens: 80% hydrogenous; 20% miscellaneous; running through the storm  
inside a plastic bag

they are saddened that  
if it weren't streaking the glass  
soaking hovels  
scabbing paint  
foaming bubbles with the drizzle  
on shingles  
on tar roofs  
making an amphitheater of living rooms  
huddling them beneath umbrellas  
it might become Atlantis  
a fever sweat, a lone tear, a piss break, saliva before quenching that thirst, a vomit, a spittle  
on the lip, a cum shot, a mist from the cold mouth of morning

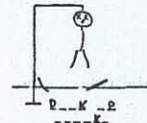
why let the  
cobblestones swell up  
between puddles  
why let the puddles go invisible  
like mirrors in wood  
why do you let the sound of  
rain through the window hole  
fade like television static

ritual muddies goulashes  
rain gets in through leaks  
water seeps out membranes

fishing for whales  
dolphins  
sharks  
marlins  
in the kitchen sink  
with a sleek spoon

rain sounds  
like fragile child's music:  
children splash  
adults put up a damn

more than one man has to work  
in this city  
in a three-button suit  
with shined shoes  
tie in full Windsor knot





but when that morning  
 more-than-one man is caught in a torrent  
 without umbrella  
 taxis busy, buses full  
 subways inebriated  
 so by the time more-than-one man arrives on the job  
 he is over-saturated  
 and laughter  
 laughter  
 laughter  
 it comes  
 dripping off his earlobe and nose  
 like musical notes composed of syrup

birth is baptism

an image in the window screen:  
 she is peeled naked by rain  
 her inches glinting  
 within a sheath of water  
 she is one molecule of water  
 she is the molecule called water  
 i am the winter that changes her to crystals

where would waters flow  
 if not in the rivers of me?

it gurgles, it washes, it ebbs, it floods, it foams, it condenses, it gets choppy like shards,  
 then it gets quiet as a pane of glass...

then it rains down like an archer's pen strokes

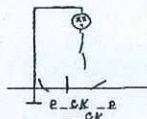
it comes down on the plants  
 pooling in garden leaves  
 like monsoons flooding canoes  
 it touches on creatures  
 with the grace to trade  
 the umbrella for the hula hoop

looking up, you can tell the sky comes from the same as the ocean, as candid as the color  
 blue, and the waves are the same as the rain, and we are swimming in them every now

the water that drowns you, the water that sinks under the surface into deep: an aquamarine,  
 an ultramarine, an indigo, all the fluid shape of imagining

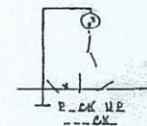
after school lets out  
 rain onto tense water  
 makes bicycle wheels  
 silver and spokeless  
 spinning across the street

rain, rain, rain...ceremony  
 and after the celebration  
 there was no sleep in the heads of them  
 there was water in them all  
 water boiling to sumptuous smoke



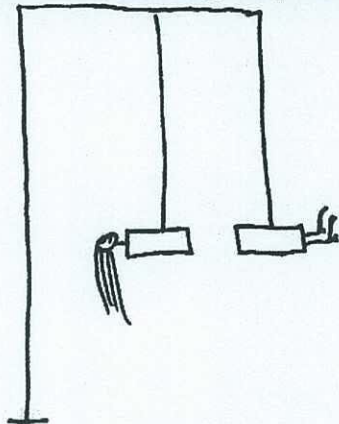
## [Accidental Submission II]

and, after a long spelllll, the clouds broke open and filled in the gaps  
 between devices. all black or all blue? is a rainbow always buy one,  
 get  
 six free?  
 is a gash in red a gash in blue and orange and indigo too?  
 on a train or in a zoo?  
 coming from Other or coming from me? in a park or under a tree?  
 if an ostrich married an elephant in the woods, would it have happened  
 at  
 all?  
 what if it was in the fall?  
 and if i told you that i am scared, would i be forgiven?  
 if i told you i am too far from who you are, would you swim ashore?  
 if i said you need direction if i said you spin around yourself, would  
 i  
 drown?  
 and if i told you that an elephant married an ostrich in the woods and  
 came.  
 out of the Vulnerable, would you only quack quack quack?  
 would it have to be spelled in unsyncopated syllables? would it have to  
 be  
 too abstract to be personal? would you laugh at all of the vacillating  
 narration? (eyelashes interlock in self defense)  
 should i come to the point?  
 i am naked before you. be naked in front of me.  
 (age nt)  
 eve r glad e





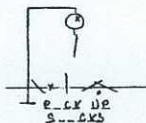
## Hung: For trusting a prankster



SAW - IN - AL -  
LA - Y

Assistant to the magician, she is cut in half to the horrific anticipation of the audience. She is willing to be mutilated for the titillation of others then is put back together to wondrous applause. Will she ever be the same? No, she will always be the sawed in half lady.

Where: Sell-outs. Those who trust magicians in order to gain the spectacle of applause. Those who believe that after the sordid story breaks (after the audience has trusted them), they can ever be perceived or treated as before.



## Mango to Comrades in the Hills: Papaya Location Undisclosed, 23:17, 8 June 1998

A homily in San Cristobal de las Casas  
For two people killed in a grain elevator blast

Abacha on the flight out. Ad confused  
with the article. Sour homily to dead Abacha

dictator, executor, sunglass man. People are  
giving up their nerves. Convulsing quietly. Vomiting

air. There is nothing here to eat except sarin.  
Bellies are full and hungry. Malnourished pinched

nerves. \$6 billion earmarked to reduce demand  
for pineapples and sugarcane. Elected officials, state of

disbelief, I am abandoning the path to lead an armed  
uprising. Labor activists, journalists, politicians, right

wing revolutionaries, madmen, proto-demagogues. OPERATION  
BIG LADY. Our drugs are mangos—have if you have. Demand

disposal. Mangos and papayas deported to New York delicatessens.  
Mangos and papayas. Juices that place you in the present

present. Call the consulate. Say a homily for our  
fruits. One armed homily more for the green slopes

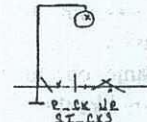
and the villages that no longer exist. If searched, donate this  
wasted information that would exonerate us:

Mangos and papayas, this from Arias, who was there:

“They pushed her into the car and  
took her five hours to someone else’s  
destination. She didn’t know where  
she was going or when she would arrive.  
The true surrender is years far far, years  
still tilted. She sang songs with no words and  
reduced simultaneously. Her universe collapsed  
into a dense taste of mangos and papayas. BIG  
LADY BIG LADY. Four hours down a gray road  
the wheat rained from the blast. The horizon was  
wheat. In all directions wheat far far years still  
tilted. BIG LADY BIG LADY. She was born  
on the flight out in the wheat and the blood of  
the two killed in the blast.”

I will send elaborate  
recipes and cooking instructions when more sources

come forth. A full basket brings many hands.  
End broadcast.





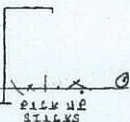
## THE SCORE

Lot 2C, within the designated suburb of Nation5, the home of a transsexual mutative elixir recently introduced into a quickly expanding black market demand for sex altering drugs, the site of our score. My partner and I represent the only active front from humanity, forging our own imprisonment in hopes of eliminating the prison ... real double agents.

The mission to destroy the black market of mutogenic drugs is one process in eliminating components of decay from the environment; the image of crusted eyes opening their lids from so many years spent dormant in the house of flesh and bones. Transsexual mutative compounds are the most popular demand on the market. The result, a society of self induced hermaphrodites conquered by the age old war of the sexes. The desire of a womb where there isn't, the growth of an erection where there was once the red entrance. The obsession with the physical as a means of survival in such a condensed, artificial bubble! We have not lost. The imitation still breaths. The mind and heart still exist beneath such a rubble, the bodies and bodies of synthetic decay are still capable of revival.

The war of the sexes emerges as a double headed beast, feeding on the withering lights. Sentient beings once capable of compassion slither in a crowded pool of isolated bodies. Suffocation persists, the human mind begins to redefine its position in a final quest for survival. But the mind has mutated with the body, the queries of the mind cannot resolve in such a physical disarray. The popular solution resides in the physical, extracting body parts for body parts in desperation to design the ultimate independent functioning body. One body able to reproduce human life and grow the superior physical strength of a man, one body capable of all the virtues of male and female. The counterpart specie reduces itself to one in an attempt to transcend, to manufacture itself the fittest.

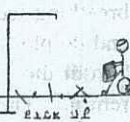
In Nation5 nature does not exist. Human nature finds itself in the imagination of a people confined within the concrete compounds of an experimental ecological dome. The dome was designed to mimic the environment of the old planet, more like the designs of a major city without the possibility of stepping beyond dense buildings and crowded streets. The perimeter is a concrete arch, supported by many layers of metal upon metal, a barrier that protects us from the harsh freeze of the Northern continent. According to story, Nation5 is the first ecological dome to survive the great freeze that destroyed our land in the year 2012, only one hundred years past. The secret of what lies beyond our dome resides in the minds of a safe few who guard the mystery from a people who are incapable of survival anywhere beyond their dealer. The mass outbreak of disease in Nation5 has created a severely maladapted human, one who would perish immediately once outside of the synthetic environment that created it. The absence of nature ills the collective mind, from severe cases of hysteria running fast in the streets to frequent plagues of mutative viral infections. Decay advances along side life as if they were the same, one for one. Where death is an impulse, impermanence steels life like the fleeting dream, with invisible speed.



Lot 2C, our target is a master genetic physicist, the sole creator of our sex altering compound, lord of the black market for the only transsexual elixir. Dr. Bob, as his patients and colleagues call him, synthesizes specific sex hormones intrinsic for the development of male and female bodily functions in one body. He has invented the chemical hermaphrodite. In exchange for his transsexual mutative elixir, Dr. Bob removes certain portions of the patient's muscle tissue and attaches the tissue to his own in hope of galvanizing himself a real muscle-bound super hero. Dr. Bob robs transsexuals of their muscle tissue as a side job, he is also the treasurer for an apocalyptic cult called The Shuttle Ghosts. Dr. Bob organizes monies for the building of a transport that will launch him and his cult into space when the specie can no longer survive within Nation5. Dr. Bob is the very creator of his own fear, he is the inventor of demise for himself and the remainder of the human specie.

My partner and I, naturally disguised as advanced clients of the transsexual elixir, pull into the driveway. Criminal's Law warns against making a score in the light of day, but our liaisons are two inexperienced transsexual junkies themselves. They lack the muscle tissue to pull any tricks on this one! My partner is the navigator, I am the driver. She pushes the flashing green button, driver side door opens, the trade begins. My partner sits at the control panel, slender bug bitten legs, rummaging for the trade materials. Trade Materials, money or sex, sometimes both. In this case, sex has already been sacrificed, money will suffice. Two men wearing drag panty hose over their heads in disguise click their heels over to the driver's entrance, enticed by my partner's legs, if only they could replicate. The one in a spandex orange mini pulls his hem down over male knees, his body not quite finished in its mutation. "Dr. Bob promised 5 years, he'll get his," he mutters in approach to my partner's side of the ship. Spandex's partner, the queen wearing turquoise cotton skins and a pink sheer scarf tied around his waist gets the signal and walks to my side of the vehicle. Criminal's Law states, "The navigator must take out the navigator and the driver must take out the driver." These two cereal box queens got the whole manual mixed up; I saw it in the rear view mirror and nudged my driver. My driver is equipped with the most acute of sensory perception, she can detect the intent of any human or animal in advance. She is a master in states of emergency, with the ability to detect the flow of energy before its own physical manifestation. Her preceptors are capable of charting the technique of the most skilled warrior, enabling her to gain the upper hand by targeting the soft spot of the opposition's approach.

My partner was born of the last surviving lineage of native Indians of the Northern continent. She represents our final connection with the planet we were alienated from. She was born to a tree of practitioners wise in sacred arts of healing. She possesses a pure wisdom of Nature, endowed by her lineage and many years training in the development of clear cognition in the secret terrain outside of the metal dome. She is a mystery, a guard on the path of essential teachings, protecting that which protects. She has made many trips through the land of the old planet. She witnessed the Great Freeze of 2012. She is necessary in the restoration of our specie. Her knowledge is kept secret from the people of Nation5 until it is safe to begin training others in the ways of



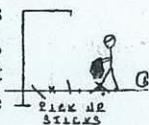


survival and transcendence of her native family. Her wisdom, if put in the hands of minds like Dr. Bob, would ultimately destroy the human population. Her only purpose is connection, to re-root the teachings into new soil before she too passes into the realm of spirits.

Spandex approaches my partner's side of the vehicle. She pulls out the Pepper Acid Spray: the pepper dyes the target's skin a green color upon contact as the acid seeps into the blood stream, blocking blood vessels in 30 seconds flat. The heart continues to pump blood, the blood vessels explode from the acid barrier. If the target manages to survive the explosion, he or she will eventually suffocate from lack of blood flow. My driver takes out the spray, concealed in a light blue synthetic pouch. Spandex recognized its contour, he cannot control his reflexes and moves to swipe the lethal weapon out of her hand. He screams, "You CUNT!" Another mistake made by chap junky criminals. These two hagglers probably swallowed a 4 oz. of cough syrup before their supposed heist. I recognize the familiar bug of their eyes in the rear view mirror. Criminal's Law states, "Never exchange words during a score. Develop an obsession for code, commit your code to memory and make sure your partner does the same. New partner, new code." These two obviously let their code resign into the hands of their pharmaceutical dealer, they bartered their minds for cheap intoxication. Spandex slides his lankiness into the opening of my driver's entrance, he tries to block my partner's doorway with a half mutated body. My driver has seen this one before. Humans commonly resort to physical aggression as a first form of attack, even those puppets in a state of synthetic mutation. Spandex possesses no skill or threat, not one attribute fit enough for survival as anything but a fly on a frog's tongue in a swamp of ten million starving creatures.

My driver directs the nozzle of the P.A.S. at his face, the panty hose on his head couldn't protect road kill from a diesel on the road. She directs and sprays. Target! Just as she was trained. Spandex opens his mouth full of shock, his lips ripple in the manner of a heat wave. He tries to pass his last gasp of breath as a scream, the silence is enough to kill him already. He gets down on his hands and knees, the spandex mini pulled up over his hairless ass, no genitalia. His blabbering lips try to bark those ol' dog howls but he still cannot produce sound. My driver puts the light blue synthetic pouch back into its sack, her job is finished. She kicks him away from the driver's entrance and prepares for getaway within the next 60 seconds. My partner expects synchronicity, she expects my job to be finished by the time she is prepared for our exit. If I do not make it back in time I will be left to find my own exit.

Drag queen-partner Cotton Skins was assigned my ticket. He looks first to bate me into a mocking death. He does not know that I used to be him. I used to be the 4 oz. junky. Today I have improved awareness. "There is no time, waste no breath," is my eye's discipline. I trained under the sea on an aquatic base built two centuries before the second millennium. The base was built by monks who studied the breathing techniques of sea mammals, namely the dolphin. Humans and dolphins once existed as one specie some 100 million years ago, "From the sea we come, on the sea we live, and to the sea we must return." Their natural evolution was to rise from the sea and become

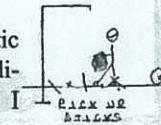


mammals of the dry terrain 40 million years ago. The monks received a message from the sweltering earth, she was burning inside. She warned that her suffering would make life difficult and advised her creatures to alter their way of life if they wanted to continue. Evolution advances into the past. A specie emerges with double mind and body, a dualism capable of survival on land and below the sea.

The monks spent the remainder of their lives training with the dolphin in the Black Sea, a deep body of salt water that exists close to the location of Nation5. The extreme pressure changes of the earth began to destroy life above land, humans were forced to find new areas of habitation. Instinct led the monks to the only natural resource greater than the continents, the unconquerable sea. After days of quiet observation of the wave, the flow of the ocean, the monks were met by the dolphin. Unlike the human, dolphins depend on a complex ultrasound navigation system to guide them through the aquatic world. They do not navigate with their eyes, instead they locate objects and differentiate various materials using ultrasound analysis. One monk dipped his hands into the salt water and imitated dolphin language with the sound of a clap. The dolphins stopped swimming, paying close attention as the monk signaled the planet's message and man's need to find a new environment for survival. The dolphins began to swim in a perfect circle along the shore signaling their comprehension. Life beneath the sea was anxious to reconnect with their counterparts of the dry terrain, the deterioration of the planet could be felt in every realm. After spending many years training their breathing techniques under the guidance of the dolphin, the monks built an aquatic base for the continual training and habitation of humans who wished to dedicate their lives to saving the planet from the onslaught of destructive toxins. The sea is a safe base, the last vast space that has not been conquered by the human race. It will be the last surviving element when nature's resources have been drought by excess. The sea will endure time ... until the planet extinguishes from its own inner heat.

The aquatic monks stole me from the gutter of a popular pharmacy. I was out cold after a low six day binge. They transported me through the deep sea, a poor example of a dying specie of the disappearing terrain. The monks easily located my pulse and transferred oxygen through my blood stream. Once at the base, I was locked in a dry cell with a stabilizing flow of oxygen and controlled room pressure. The monks nursed me, returned me to my human self, blurred as they were from a life spent face down in the crack of the pavement. Eleven years I lived beneath the sea, training my telescopes and breathing techniques. My instincts are not fully humanoid, nor are they completely aquatic. The weight of my brain is expanded, .6 lb. heavier than the average human brain for improved coordination and balance. I returned to my people a double agent, my soul created above and below. The mission to revive my human specie in hopes of guiding the natural development of an improved human, capable of coexisting with the elements of our old planet, remains the only prospect for the continuation of intelligent life in this realm.

Cotton Skins approaches my side of the vehicle, some sort of plastic man with big ears and bug eyes (the physical signs of a cough medicine decline). I target these attributes as easy access elimination. I





carry two thin black metal sticks, like drum sticks, against the small of my back. The sticks are molded in iron ore that is impossible to break. Inside are tiny lecherous worms who go in for the kill so I don't have to deal with the dirty work. I slide the sticks out from my back, smooth and warm, position one in each fist. Cotton Skins is up for a dual, he goes straight in for the kill. He begins with a drab approach to my face. I block his purple fist with my left stick and jab him to the ground with my right. Flat on his back, his cotton skins torn at the soft spot of the seam. A real warrior would give me hassle on his back, but Cotton Skins is lost for his next form of attack. I slide the end of one stick in each ear, unlatch the door so the worms crawl in. He is terrified when I resign from above him. There is no immediate pain. Fear lies in one's empty expectations. I slide the sticks back and watch his lips cringe. The worms are working their natural attack. This breed swells as it feeds on plasma and dies when exposed to carbon monoxide in the air. The worms feed on the brain. Cotton Skins provides a teaser. When the worms grow too large for the brain's shell the head will explode.

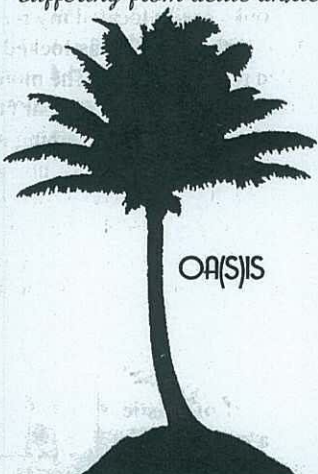
The tear of his pink sheer scarf reveals a plastic vile, the sample of Dr. Bob's transsexual mutative elixir. I silently remove the vile from the pink mesh entangled beneath a set of dripping breasts, his body already in advanced stages of mutation. Cotton Skins is soon to perish. I return to the navigator's seat just as my partner presses the green button. Doors close, our score is done.

bulge

*Sample Suicide:*

## Pecking

*Devised for those suffering from acute anxiety.*

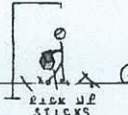


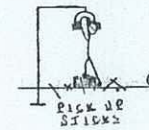
1. Wax off all your hair, including eyebrows
2. Paint entire body with glue
3. Wrap entire body with tin foil
4. Wrap entire body with saran wrap
5. Cover entire body with an egg mixture
6. Cover entire body with birdseed
7. While still wet, drive to a bird sanctuary
8. Get out of car and walk to an open area
9. Blow bird whistle

Wait for pecking to begin

*Killing Yourself is Easy.  
True Suicide Takes Imagination.  
Before you pull the trigger, call  
800-60-OA(S)IS*

These advertisements are paid for by the Office of An Imaginative Suicide. The office in no way condones suicide or suggests that it is an answer to even the worst life circumstances. Living is better than dying.







**Mango Broadcast to Comrades in the Hills: Papaya Location Under Feathers.**  
**23:17, 15 June 1998**

The day Bly arrived, he refused to testify.  
Two weeks earlier in Havana, he'd liberated

Auschwitz ("I can't change my past"). The  
Jews, Gypsies and Romans ("it is indeed

a distant past") on both coasts danced in  
crescent formations. And soon he'd liberate

Red Beard Barba Roja cornfield maestro  
plotting experiments with poisoned apples. Six

hours forward. Six hours back. He'd go so far as  
to lay in the fissure of decaying teeth; to lay in

Rodham, Rodham with Red Beard. Fearlessness is  
a strategy. Bly wrote the letter shoved it into his

pocked, a spectacular two-fingered maneuver. Savior.  
The letter I'm told broadcasts the demons in the towers.

The day Bly arrived he aided the assault on black-  
jacked grail-tongued dealers with thumb gestures

more artful than the last (transference is new creation).  
Political trends imitated (read: explored) his and

Jackson's complicity in the company of GM (corporate  
subterfuge: He's funded by both sides). He reeled

the footage of his arrival before the train whistle  
aired (future forecast as past) until the doubts were

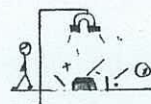
stilled. (Yes, he was living on all planes. "Awareness is  
knowledge"—cross-country graffiti campaign for the sub-

conscious. Logo as yet unidentified.) He was the great  
liberator. I repeat: He was the great liberator.

Now, amid searing reports of the disease he carried-  
created they charge—he still refuses to testify.

And so the quarantine has begun. Comrades,  
collect anecdotes. The campfire is near.

End broadcast.



8:44:35

"The tilt-a-whirl was supposed to be some sort of cosmic bloodletting.  
Batting down the hatches with paper weights and blood filled fingerprints, it  
begins to spin on the tip of my tongue, whirling in time to a  
tidal flow of crimson waves lapping and licking at the heels,  
which were starting to stain, and run.

Right about the time the beat was audible and unstoppable  
I climbed on top and began to stomp wildly, with  
pounding boots and medicine bags BELLOWing:  
CAW CAW CAW!  
like a flag flying from between my lips."  
(I am my own audience)

(8:44:35)

"riding the tilt-a-whirl as it revolves and spins  
ankles tethered to the carnival in supreme connection to internal tides carrying  
chaos and decay.."

DANCE!

DANCE!

CAWS! and mutely screams  
out a five alarm bell  
tongues tied in translucent webs  
(the audience applauds with a vapid stare)

Everything is still. Everything still is. She opens her eyes to stop  
speaking. The walls stare back, cracked and misused, and everywhere there is a  
feeling of decay. She looks around for her keys, opening the same drawer  
twice. She clears her throat, and blinks. Lego looked disinterested. Rolling in  
an obscene, gelatinous move he extinguished his smoke. Open the window, I  
want to smell the stink of the game downstairs.

With a stubby foot, dirty from the day, she raised the pane. Like a  
redwet umbrella, she collapsed inwardly and flung herself across the bed, star-  
ing deliberately nowhere. Her manifesto hot on her breath, she  
spat out words in centripetal force that hamstered round the roof  
of her mouth. Only two ways out, it seems. The roof or the mad-  
house. She opens the drawer again.





Lego grabbed the iron pan and began to prepare the liver from the day before, slowly this time, with salt. He turned and looked out the window below, to the staggering heat and chess game the old men played in the shade. Surrounded by their lives, they lived in the game, an integral part of their being sharpened and pointed at the other. For eight years they had sat, challenging each other with the alternating now sharp, now dull minds, a ping pong match played with leadweight balls. Balls bigger than Legos. The stench of urine, of sticky broken glass and collection trucks wafted through the window, mixing with the bloody burning of Lego's lunch. He envisioned a swan dive from this ledgeless perch into the drops of the rumbling garbage wagon, a sure escape from the stagnant air of the room and everything in it. But he watched her, aware of how literally she took herself. Zoo looked up in disarray, thirsting for a drop from the skillet, unaware of his heat and his name. He dropped the still remains with the skillet to the floor, the dog lickly-licking in the crevices. With all deliberate speed, he noiselessly let himself out, wishing for the freeing skills of a coyote, and a better place to go.

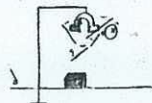
Down on the pavement he jumped the thought train. You were going to do wonders. Add to the attic one more mask, this one with black curling eyebrows and dragon breathing halitosis from blue green lips. Flip flop fishy. Never did work out. So here on a train from north central nowhere I have come to Somewhere Else. Flying through the nonexistence of normalcy and family. It passes by. As do I as I dream, in dreaming draw circles of breath above the hatted heads of gaming men. Captions indicating a desire to speak, and only muteness speaks up, while reckonings snag delicate diversions and snagging snare the heir apparent but where oh where is the milk? Swirling curling until it becomes one

(no longer equal \* no longer the same)

well well well

Something will be lost, and i won't recognize it if i see it... but i never really have to know if you know what i mean. Only thing left to do is tinker and tighten the memory cells with titanium unbending. She triangled and shouted with montezuma force, raw and chaffed and undone. Lying, stretched out under a blanket of insomnia, unsure of even what she has said, and there's the rub. Everything is still. Everything still is. Still she lies naked in her Netherland, eyes closed, determined to be someone else, someone big, a gigantic jellyfish, a sidwinding clock. But her car is parked in the front yard, with the key been lost for years.

He walked on, cutting a ribbon through the thick haze of heat, cutting up his thoughts with pedestrian caution. Down and down the darkness of the subway welcomed him with newsprint arms and putrid smile.



He sat down to wait.

soon enough and soon enough...

so now that the redwet umbrella

flung sideways on the sidewalk for an eternity now but with the feeling of getting up

(MO Men tAr i IY)

he traces the stink from the day as it crawls between toes and tomorrow and tomorrow and

the heat from the day causes the hypochondriac to hyperventilate and collapse  
:::In WARD Ly)

he wonders,

If i act absurdly, does that welcome absurdity?

(the stopped clock stares 8:44:35)

X X X

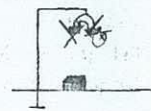
X X X

But what is there to lose?

Sammy and Ira knew the game. Their eyes, yellowed and glazed with age, locked intermittently as the pieces fell out, lining up on the side of the board to be registered as lost. One by one the pawns go down with theme songs and souvenir T shirts. Eight years go by and no one knows the score. (the war is never over)

Ira leaned in. Everything depends on the next move. They are like children to him, each piece forgiving the caresses of his fingers, shedding layer upon layer of ancient lacquer and skin over the years, looking battle weary and resilient. It didn't matter that he had never actually won. The truth is, the possibility of winning is good enough on most days. Two Squares North. One Square East.

Sammy leaned back. Ira was never, ever going to find the keys. He looked out over the park with the uncommitted stare of someone in on the joke. With the heat creeping in like a overplayed song, everywhere, oppressing nauseating, he looked for an antidote in the deli across the street. Underneath the practiced, steady gaze of a gambler, he gets up to go for water, both hands on the edge of the table, he leans in. Nods, nods, until the board had been memorized in his mind. Gently he releases the table and turns wordlessly away.





XXX

The time was the same. It was the light that had changed.  
She pulled herself up alongside Zoo, sharing what had been left behind. Her  
foot probes the inside of the empty pan as she coils naked and alabaster. The  
fan whirrrs.

.....  
(morse coded minute)

nothing has elapsed. a thought escapes. she looses track. tracks. trACK.

soft and wet between her toes. who knows. who cares, as long as it continues.

XXXXXXXX

no one knew for certain, but the word was out: **Whiplash**

he sssstared.

his movements had disconnected from each other; separate fish, separate  
bowls.

but god almighty, the man could SWIM!

the lights had never been so red, so blue. the sidewalk had been paved with  
slip 'n' slides, and all along Lexington the high brows were waxed and feet  
were like fins. Women were using their breasts as originally intended, as the  
sole means of transporting themselves about town, as only the women of pent-  
house living and whorehouses could know. Men in dapper three piece suits  
plowed them like wheelbarrows.

Lego felt amphibious. He was wet with anticipation and rolled himself in  
sticky orange feathers and perfumed seaflowers that bloom in giant spoons on  
the

bottom of the ocean. He inhales air and water together, floating. The tide was  
turning downstream. He went along for the ride.

XXXXX

Sammy had a history of thirst. The shelves were full of possibility. But which  
one, Which ONE was the One? On and on the shelves wrapped and enveloped  
him, a refrigerated embrace.

Crawling down his face a slim trickle of sweat made its way to his mouth.  
Parting his lips it went in and disappeared, back to the beginning, the merry go  
round never ends. His indecision was mounting. whY whY WHY WERE  
THERE SO MANY GODDAMNED TYPES OF WATER

he walked up to Boy behind the counter. Gimme some goddamned water, son.  
-some things never change.

nope.

-are you winning?

i have always been winning.

XXXXX

Todayisthedaytodayisthedaytodayisthedaytodayisthedaytodayisthedaytodayis-  
thedaytodayisthedaytodayisthedaytodayisthedaytodayisthedaytodayisthedayto-  
dayisthedaytodayistheday

XXX

LiCK. lick lick lick. lickly-lickly lick.

(lollipop)

XXXXXXX

Flip

The waves were gigantic and red. Carried on the crest he couldn't see what  
was underneath this ocean, but he felt sure that it was more than feathers and  
seaflowers. Dropping in his hand he felt intestinal jism, and suddenly he was  
on the Yukon, slicing open the belly of a she MOOSE. Hot and sticky. The  
howl of a coyote in the distance, and the prickly feeling that the bleatings of  
the girl were some sort of absurd prophecy. He was being loved by the tongues  
of identical calico cats.

A carnival. Carne Valle.

Flop

XXXXX

The pieces turned over in his mind. Revolving around the present the future  
not far behind. Water in hand he made his way back to the game. He drank. He  
remembered. Two squares north. One square East. Two squares North. One  
square east. All of a sudden he felt full of blood, each individual capillary car-  
rying his blood back and forth on a tread mill between action and passion. The  
absurd seemed possible. He walked faster.

XXXXX

It is my turn.

-

yes.



Check  
MATE.

Today is the day.

everything remained as it was. Ira watched for some sign of his undoing. A crow CAWed. (or was it a) an alarm sounded. his balls were ballooning. he just might get carried away.

XXX

from somewhere far far away, a car started. someone turns on the radio, and the beat goes on as if it had always been. The dog jumps in.

XXXXXX

The waves were starting to stain, and run. Just as the beat became audible, and unstoppable, he began to see the flag as it flowed between his lips. He began to CAW. Dancing to someone else's beat. The tilt-a-whirl speeds up. ( he has to dance)

XXXXX

Sammy had a history of thirst. The blood flowed slow as he parted his lips for the last sip.

Ira floated somewhere just out of reach. Tongue-tied in a translucent web he feels the first sting of the puncture.

The water falls.

pitter patter

X

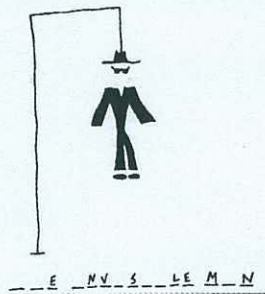
As the sky begins to break, two clouds and then three, the girl shakes off the spell of sleep, gets in the car, and goes.

8 : 44 :35

### Hung: For pressing THE RED BUTTON with his white glove

The invisible man takes no responsibility for his actions and leaves no evidence behind. He is the "them" of the system or the functionary "just doing my job" even though his job may be to blow up the world. He hits and runs. He ignores the lives of others for his own economic, political aims.

Where: There are many, many invisible men. Journalists who witness but do not take a stand - those who know, who see but do not take action. Those who are so diminished they allow whatever voice they might have to remain silent or to be silenced - the apathetic majority who allow the destruction of the world. I.e. those who coalesce to the apathy needed by the capitalistic system to accomplish its aims.



### Small Song

Someone down  
The new world  
Someone I think I must know  
I had eyes

There are these wingless shoulderblades,  
These heavy feet on the earth.



3

Over Floating  
Red

Winter

Working

From 1st to 3rd

Locating the World  
A Woman Is

Entrance

oh lucky  
some  
of some inspiration

they took their  
delicious

Light & flatters noone. "Beauty" is nothing but all  
The staining her : skirt

reeks

Enthralled by  
the taint of the obscene



Four-legged "I"

These are my  
Credentials

...if I hadn't crossed  
I would surely have  
come to my manhood on  
sheer homeliness  
over & over again

9)

(Let the story be

in  
a second

Perfect  
Before Internment

The Last

Without



[Found Writing II]

can you feel that therapy  
a 'slightly cold whisper of strange restraint  
an unconfident voice with something strong to say

Today was so fall- so expectedly windy--  
always so shockingly the same  
I could feel the wind from behind the glass-  
I could see the water all locked up in the rug in the basement  
where i store my leftovers

an old boy is singing outside my window his name is  
an old boy  
did I say he was singing- i guess that was me listening to my  
reflection again

I stole some whisky from the top self- I was in luck it was a  
already open and and I poured some into a dirty glass and turned  
out the light and sat in my father's old chair like I was waiting  
for him to come and see me in it emulating him- waiting to see  
him give a sad smile.  
I stopped listening to Tom Waits and I started to believe in the  
the course roads- to believe in the patchwork brown blanket  
lining the streets outer layer  
There is one light one my desk- it comes out of the table like  
an arm and swings over me- The table is pushed up against three  
small windows that face the street so that I can feel like a  
hitchhiker- so I can be alone in the house and flip dimes in my  
pocket and bat lashes and swallow air

could you write  
me a sader song

could you turn  
the heat off  
cold cold  
cold just so sweetly cold and give me something to brood over  
let me brood over the ballad of big Joe and the Phantom 309

What happens when the voice becomes out of sink with the lips  
the strangers step become out of sink with cracks on  
the sidewalk and he breaks his luck and hits one after another  
how many items was he allowed to pack

I was in bakersfield drinking coffee and sitting on the curb of  
an off ramp to the freeway- it was four and I wanted some more coffee  
coffee

but my stomach was so tight as it it is  
closed eyes -head shrinking between my legs- hands over  
my neck waiting- eyes open- head between my knees- eyes closed  
hands awake and shaking and so sad and angry- not really so  
angry as they are without an object to clench  
sh fuck this I'll swallow my spit and retreat into my thought  
that are so much more obvious

I kept my hands on the flowered surface of the aluminum table  
across from the stove and the sink- distracted by the molding  
and I listened to egg shells and gears unseen through clocks unheard  
unheard

what is understood is that all that quiet noise had feedback and  
that made your voice so ready not to be heard but felt

*the egg shells and gears of clocks unseen  
and I really wish it was closer to*

so when you speak whatXXXX  
gives you the insight to trust what you know.  
there is so much vanity behind speaking- because after  
all you are filling the beautiful voids of sound with the cracks  
of your own exile

is the god  
"between the light and the shadow  
is the cause"  
can't you remember that "between the reflex and the motion

the gaurdian didn't know what happened  
so I'll believe it less  
expected of you  
stronger - like I believed it more and now it is unconsciously  
like the walk home was longer last time - like the claims were  
mortal. like it was more shocking- like it was more dramatic-  
I've heard this before- but it was colder last time- much more  
and so they walked home together until they were separate  
damp thing - just blankly staring into the spaces in between the fear  
The man followed him to the edge of the bridge never saying a  
in his good deeds and the brightening possibility in his afterlife  
ready to kill themselves he gave him one and started to believe  
rooms the streets asked him for a beer- and like most people  
get off on some bridge- so any who he recognized that usually  
The night before he had bought a 12 pack and was ready to go

gentle cold rain and he talked about gaurdians  
I sat down next to man in a lawn chair in front of a fire under a

made up  
there is nothing you really want to listen to when your mind is  
the point of just being heard- but what good does that do when  
slapping it down- no words or voices that would speak beyond  
pick it up pick it up  
slapping it down  
the words saying pick up pick up  
who'd believe this anyway  
who'd believe this

of a closed eye slowly moved up toward my neck  
I got up to leave and we danced to a empty rhythms and the lashes  
because the coffee was too hot-  
the taste of burnt tissue dangling down from the top of my mouth  
all the static and the beautiful sound of the road empty

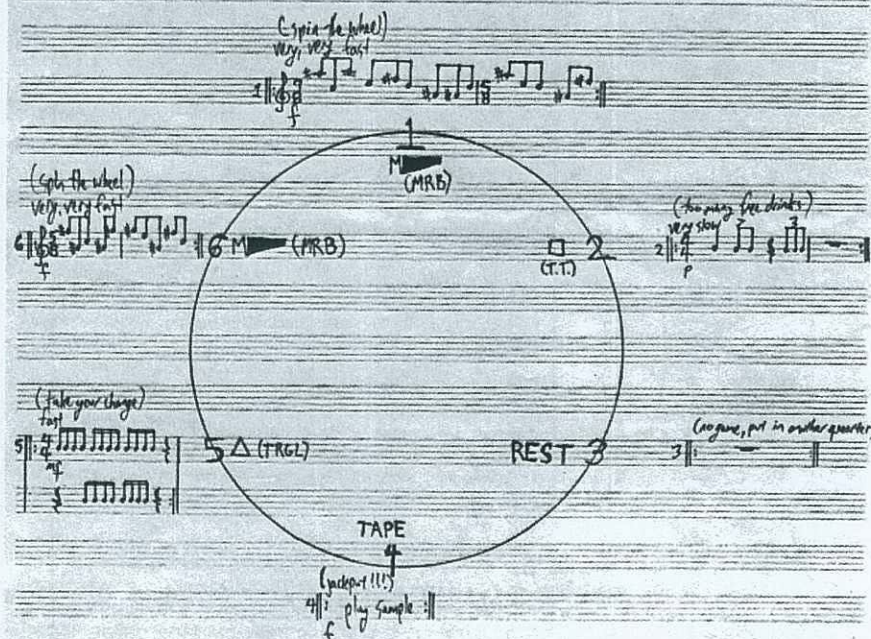






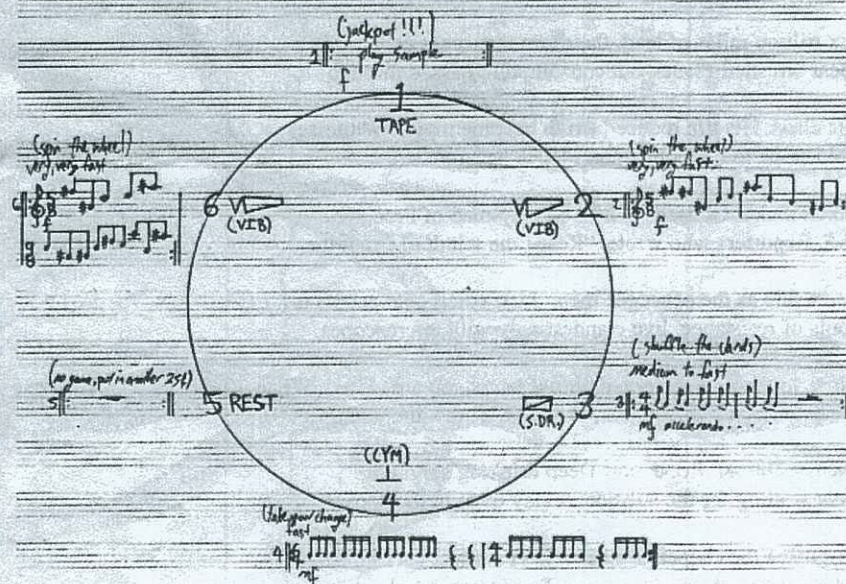
# Machine 4

instruments: Marimba M (MRB)  
 tape player w/ sample TAPE  
 tom (T.T.) (T.T.)  
 triangle Δ (TRGL)



# Machine 5

instruments: tape player with sample TAPE  
 vibraphone V (VIB)  
 cymbal (ride, suspended) C (CYM)  
 snare drum with snare on S (S.DR.)





Far from Lacandon, Bear found the sacred text  
("This is not a chapel") and Ruiz convened the

solstice one day early. The other men were paid  
by the ton of rock moved. 10 tons. 30 tons. Sisyphus

is deity of wealth in these parts. Smith—their  
lawyer—planned the ambush of Big Lady on

a dirt road near the flatlands. The impasse that  
followed sent neutrinos (theory proved fact) through

six trillion miles of lead, their tom tom mass detected.  
Bear wrestled Planck but consumption passed through

his chest. His life reduced (truth become myth). Witnesses  
sold stock to the public and Planck became care-

taker, maker Godsell cash-in boogey-man of Precinct  
7-5. Reporters who wrote, "Resist the windfall," met the

same fate as the squeegee men. First edict: gain access to  
tools of resistance, live clandestinely with microscopes.

Now, to recount (silence does not mean you are alone): When  
Bear found the sacred text, he was with the idle young

men at Durban Roodeport Deep drinking sorghum  
beer waiting for the solstice. A clay oven in the corner

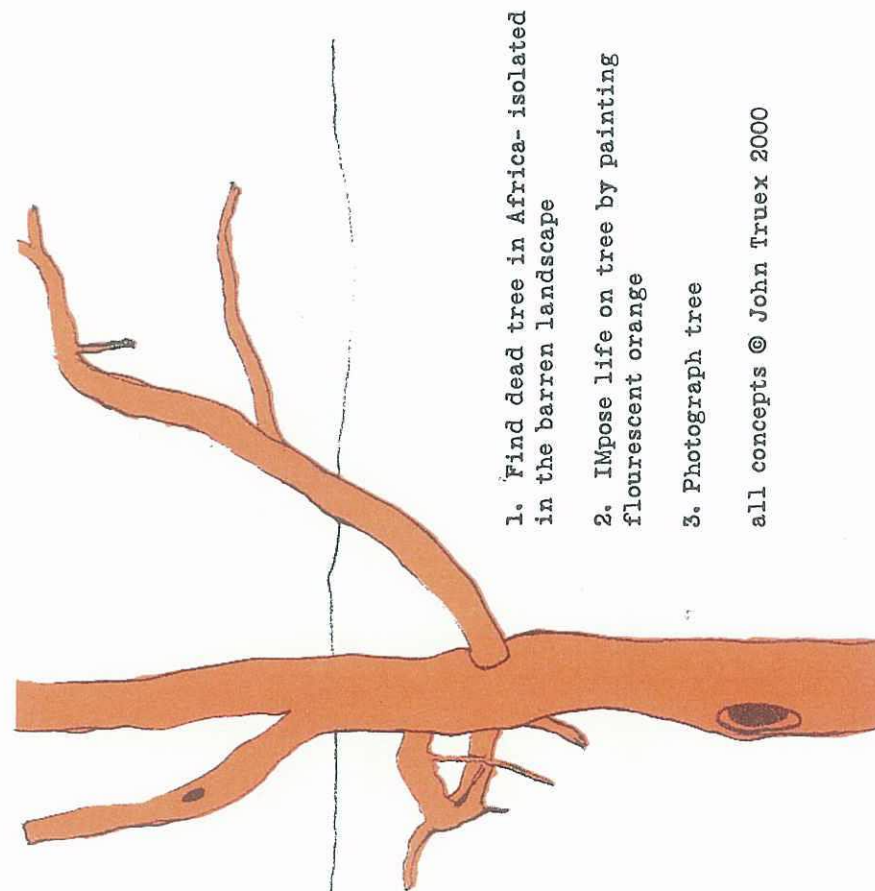
disguised the chapel as a bakery. (I suspect parishioners  
knead dough during service.) "To educate is to lead

outside," he said. Then he hired the son of the father  
who died on the job (human interference in the market).

Comrades, the synagogue will not open for another fifty  
years. Rape will continue in the rumble seat.

Passengers forewarned: open borders increase  
suspicion. Be vigilant.

End Broadcast.



FLourescent orange tree.





we're all with flashlights  
and we're peeking into  
a crinkled, shadowy  
paper bag

everyone has a friend who looks for it in books

here is a hint:tree

there's a song  
hidden between digital tracks  
a song between laser beams  
a song you can't click-and-peck forward to hasten  
instead, you must put your ear down on this floor and listen for it

lightning flash: palsied fidget:::memory forgot of time in the womb  
never trespassing membranes into this life until deathbed epiphanies reclaim

i'm lookin' to do that dancin' we talked about

it is not for children, though they see it as monstrosities lurking in the shadow  
of their closets and beds, and beg for nightlights to turn off the dark

in the middle of a noise-crazed-raving racket  
you just close your eyes and you can hear it talkin' real quiet like, long's you  
make sure not to cup your hand-to-your ear or something ignorant like that:  
when the words\*\*\*\*...CHANGE DIRECTION,...there's a sound::

::that hot tires make peeling through curves

Conversation overheard: "...an' i don't ever know what they're talkin' 'bout..."

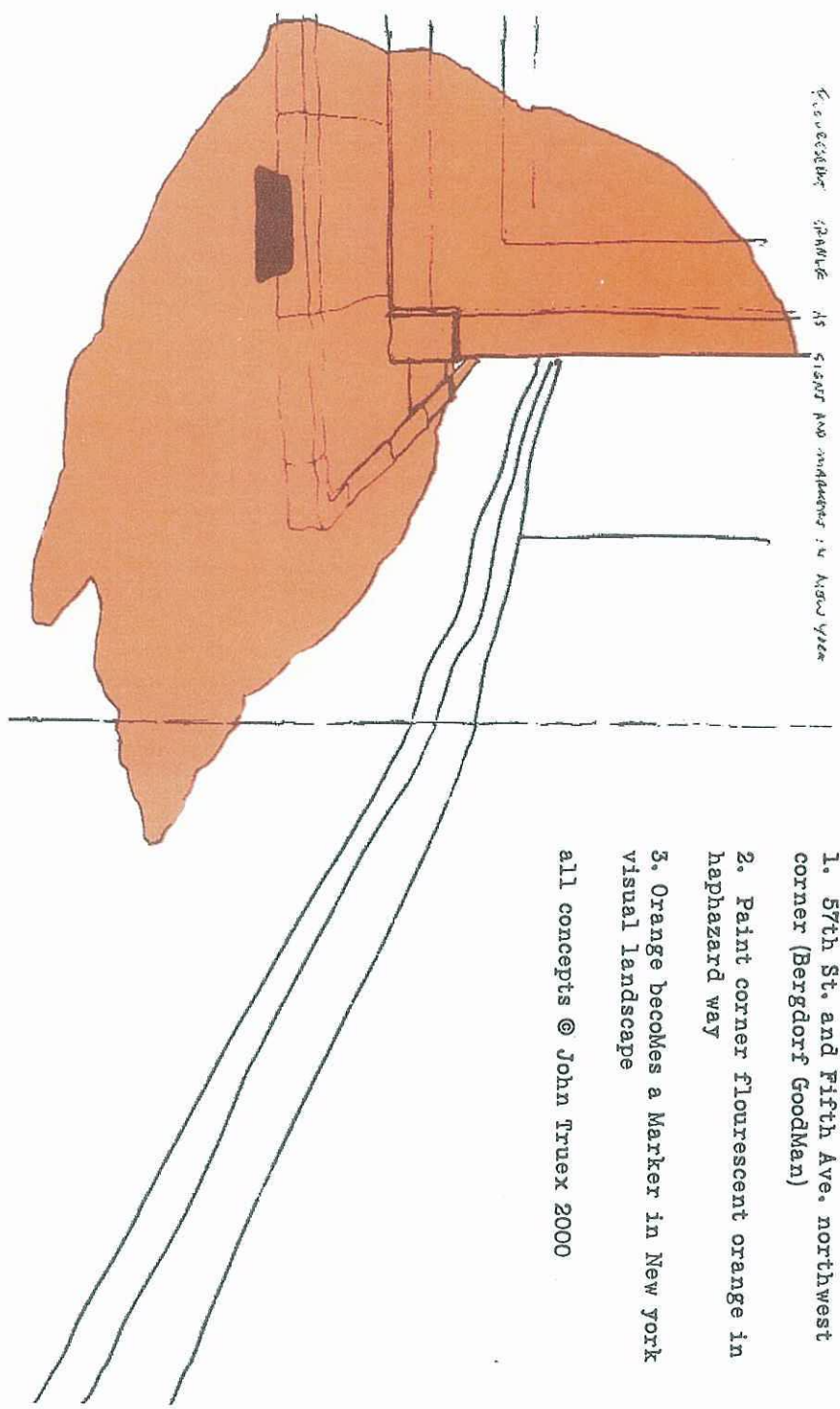
An example of, it appears in figure 8.

There is no figure.

"This much about our culture is dangerously true: 'It' is the biggest myth since religion."

-Professor Sigmond Alabaster, Misanthropist, Graduate Department of  
Philosophy, Oxford University

the entire story held captive in the cycle:





sometimes you don't know where to pick it up and that's HOW you found it  
you've found it you've found it you've found it you've found it...

But: Unless: However: Although: and, Who's to say?

[come close, and I'll whisper it to you...you and I both know  
it's hidden in a box with a golden  
lock  
at the bottom of a sarcophagus  
beneath an embalmed and decaying  
rag-of-a-corpse  
in a slim tomb  
behind a fake wall  
down a cantilevered secret passage  
at one terminus of a labyrinth  
in the catacombing sub-basement  
888 fathoms below one of three identical pyramids  
(save for the tiny locked box)  
located at three equidistant vertices  
of an isosceles triangle  
behind the oasis dunes  
amidst undiscovered sands in Northeast Sahara  
waiting for a dim candle to commit it to flame and fantasy]

There is no 8.

::::finding it is like gradually forgetting, one item at a time, when: waking up  
one day and its all gone all of a sudden like that::::so::::there. at last, it begins

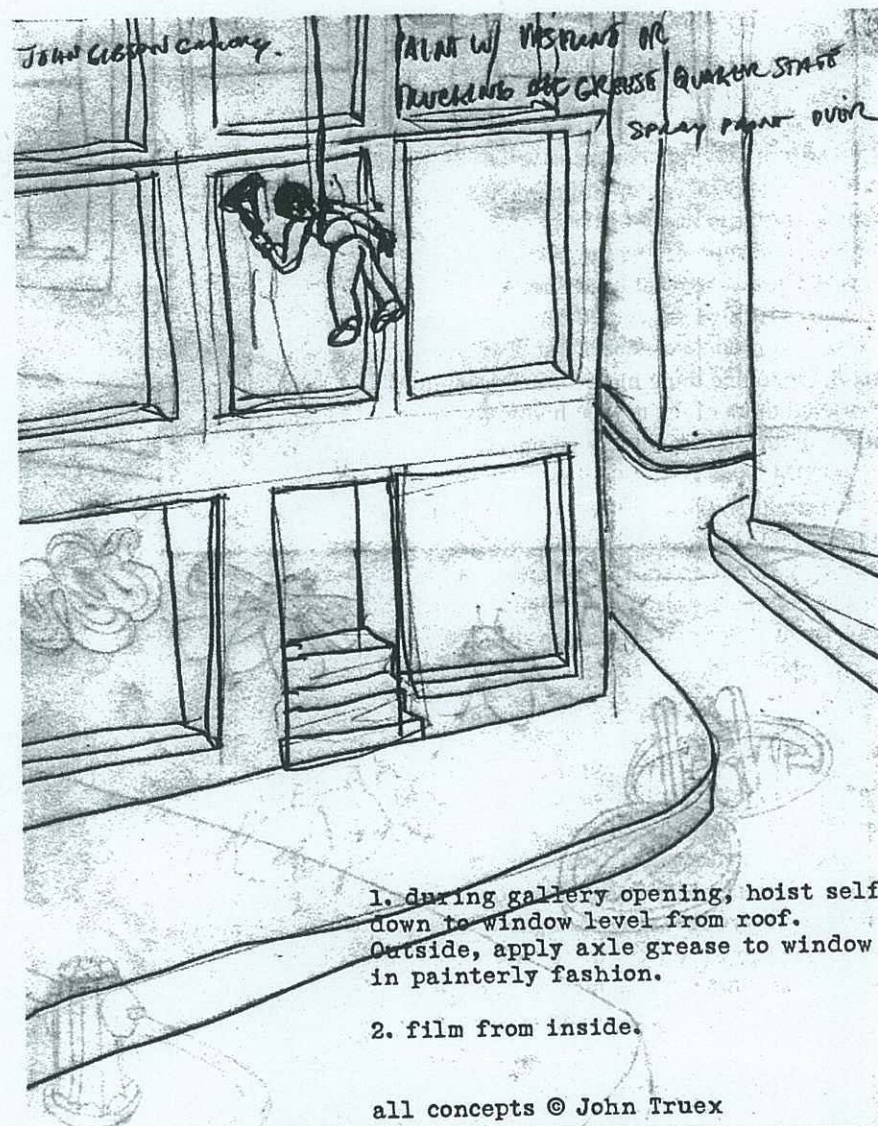
a question to answer it: where are you?, you might ask

I don't know if I've found it yet...

but, I may have found it 7,031,647 times so far,  
and my next door neighbor hasn't

henceforth, conclusively, heretofore, and quite therefore, indeed,  
in unequivocal absolutism:

**there is no figure 8.**





## boomt own

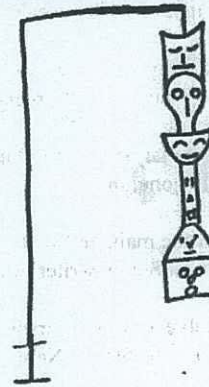
We are living in a b(oom) time. Everybody  
has money for everything. T  
here is always more than one—lovers socks &  
olives. b(oom) time I hear the average fl(ow)  
er has more petals. The G  
NP is going up. empty space is being  
filled b(oo)m town competition makes  
cabs go faster industry hiring  
highering hi ring hiering the best  
the bRIGhtest the most needy need  
no more br(ok)en things getting  
fix(xed) ~production~ check list d(win)dl  
ing down to one thing more B(OOM)M! town  
chartered tours of the newest highways eager  
trucks getting goods getting going  
B(BOO)M! time culture nod extreme rol  
lar coaster titanium ride don't dragon your  
surroundings boom! aqueducts devi  
sed DNA identified science solves tomato  
guaranteed red we are living longer  
surgery YES BO(OM) town elevat(or)s  
going up BOOM!

(high hat) tt-ttt-t-tt-tttt-t

town access immediate BOOM  
town right on time BOOM trans(co(o)p)per-(n)(arr)ative  
relation of interdependents economic war is the way  
to global peace. MO(O)B(OO)M town re-elect your officials ox  
ygen is (eve)rywhere all laws are (en)force(d) no one is left out I hear  
the average cow produces more milk  
BooO(mmm) time target practice everyone  
bullets the red BBBB Nothing is work winter  
is warm we all do what occurs ~Space sPace spAce spaCe spacE~  
share the electric  
hour BOOM! Our borders are secure e(very)thing ta  
stes mmmmmmm BOOM!town critical voices are charlatans  
loneliness is a chemical imbalance BOOM!  
time clocks circling overhead it will never end

(itha sbee npro vent hat) aw el lfeda nim  
alst ay (slo)n geri nitsc age.

## Hung: For limiting access to power; for claiming a divine birthright to authority



I O I E    - O L E

The totem pole is hierarchical power that uses every  
manipulative tool at its disposal to attain, retain &  
promote its own power while preventing power from  
dispersing to individuals, localities & autonomous  
organizations. It is a trait & a social/ economic/ political  
culture. The totem pole will do all it can to stay firmly  
erected vertical in the air.

Where: Wall Street; dictatorships throughout the planet;  
individuals in every community and industry.



**Mango to Comrades in the Hills: Papaya Nearing  
White Blue Zone, 23:17, 11 July 1998**

Evidence collected so far:

"As soon as you leave, you must pay." Inside, Global Financial systems have oily stomach. In the street, upset stomach is there.

Hong Kong Bank go boom. Amen-wallahs sell flowers to PR "border patrol"—waiters in disguise say "We need

customers and they need us." Middle class people are suddenly poor. Pine Tar up to 100 FF on the Seine. Surgery

counts as heavy narcotic dosage. Psychoanalysts soon to tap desire for further incisions. With Abiola gone, the recession

will last throughout the year. People on the mainland will continue to flee for the islands. Disneyland on fire. Screenwriter task force

to produce eponymous feature film. Subject of philo-arson debate. "People here are treated like mushrooms." Strikes in New York. Strikes

in Paris. Unknown networks connecting cities delivering lunches. Identity stripped of surname to ensure loyalty to the state; now means

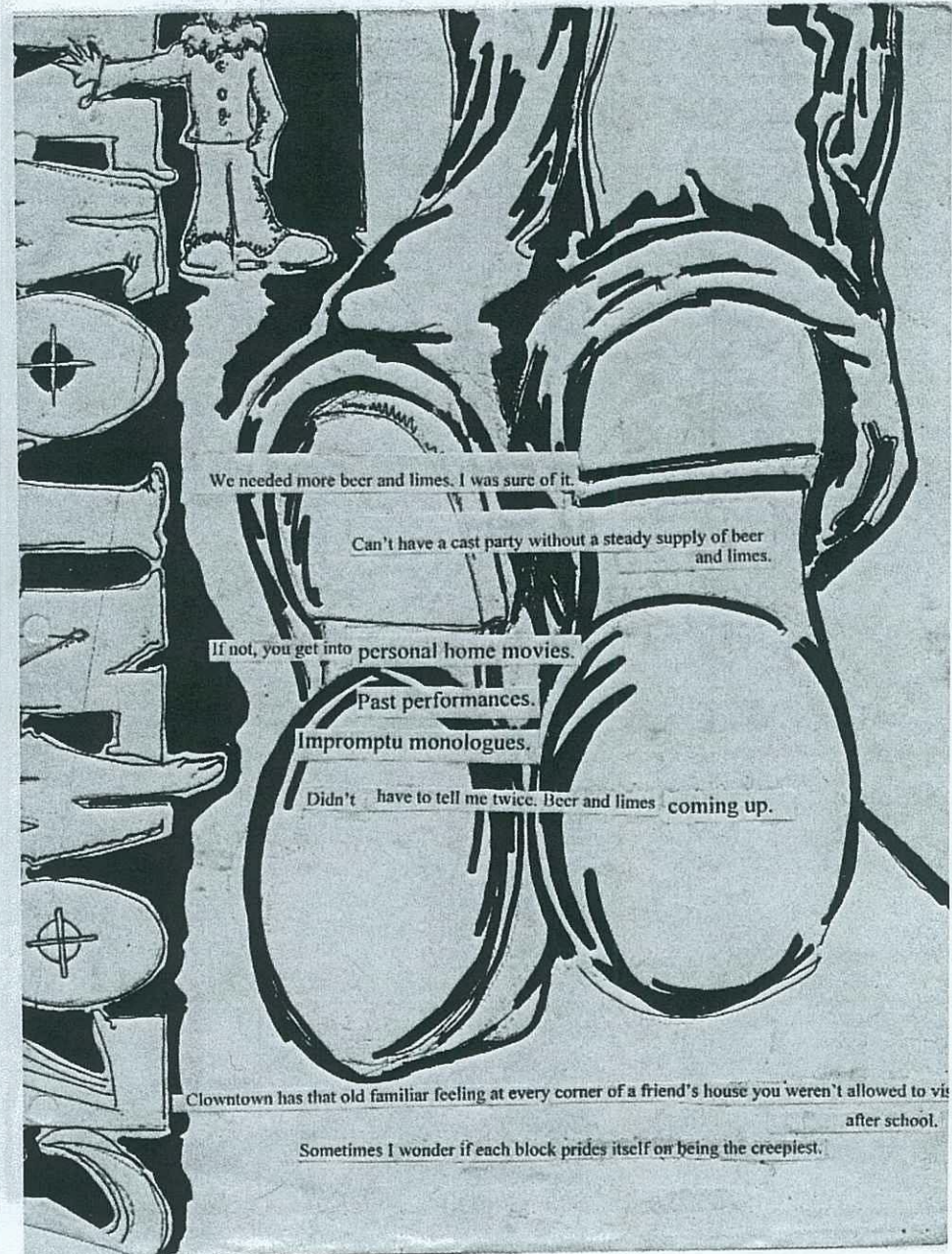
to evade the intergalactic database. "When coins fall, pull the knob gently." Lire 4 by 500. Lo Hoi reports from inside box wallahs circular

steel canisters: "Pleasure is the release of tension." Trivial historical data soon to gain in consequence. Eyewitness premonitions recorded

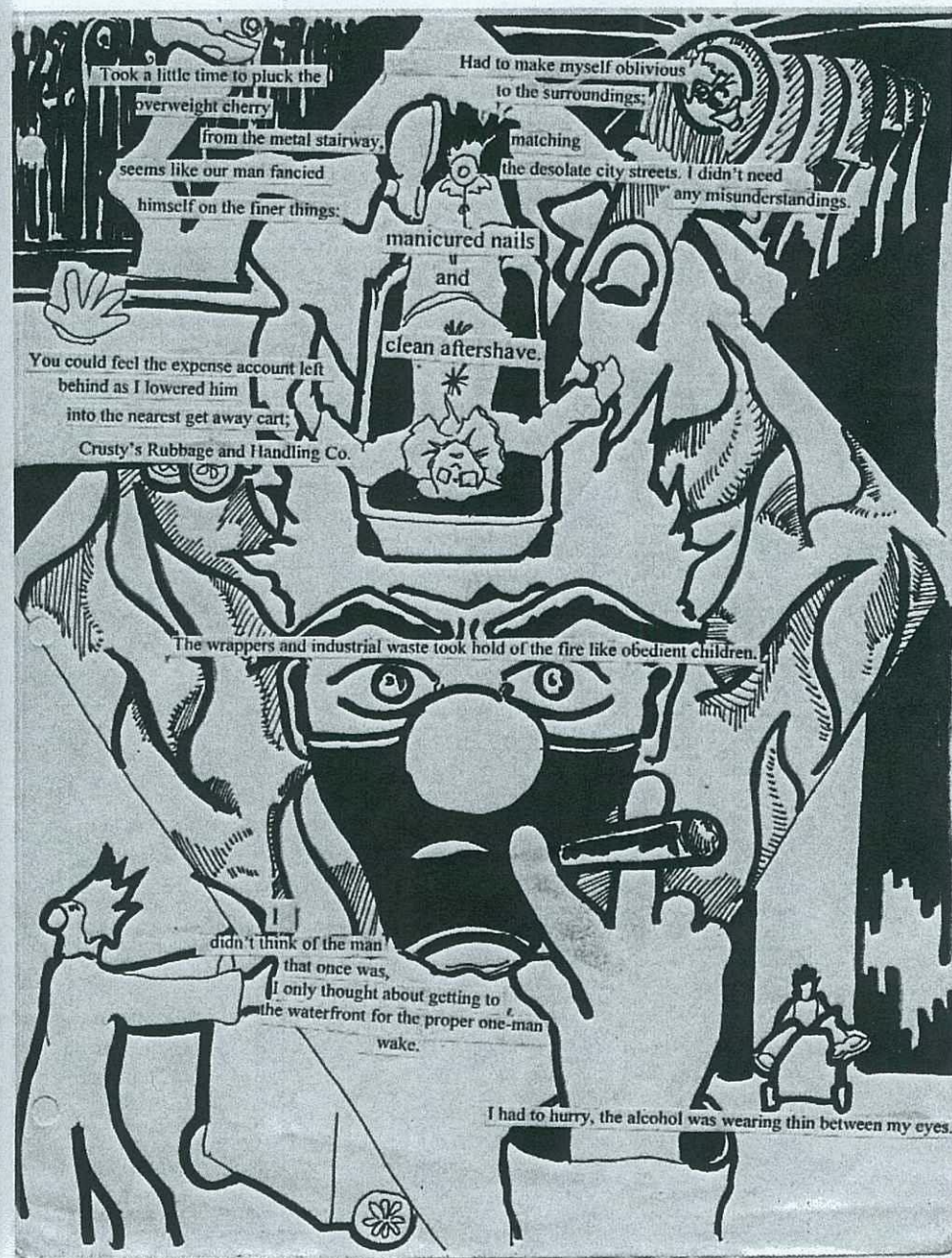
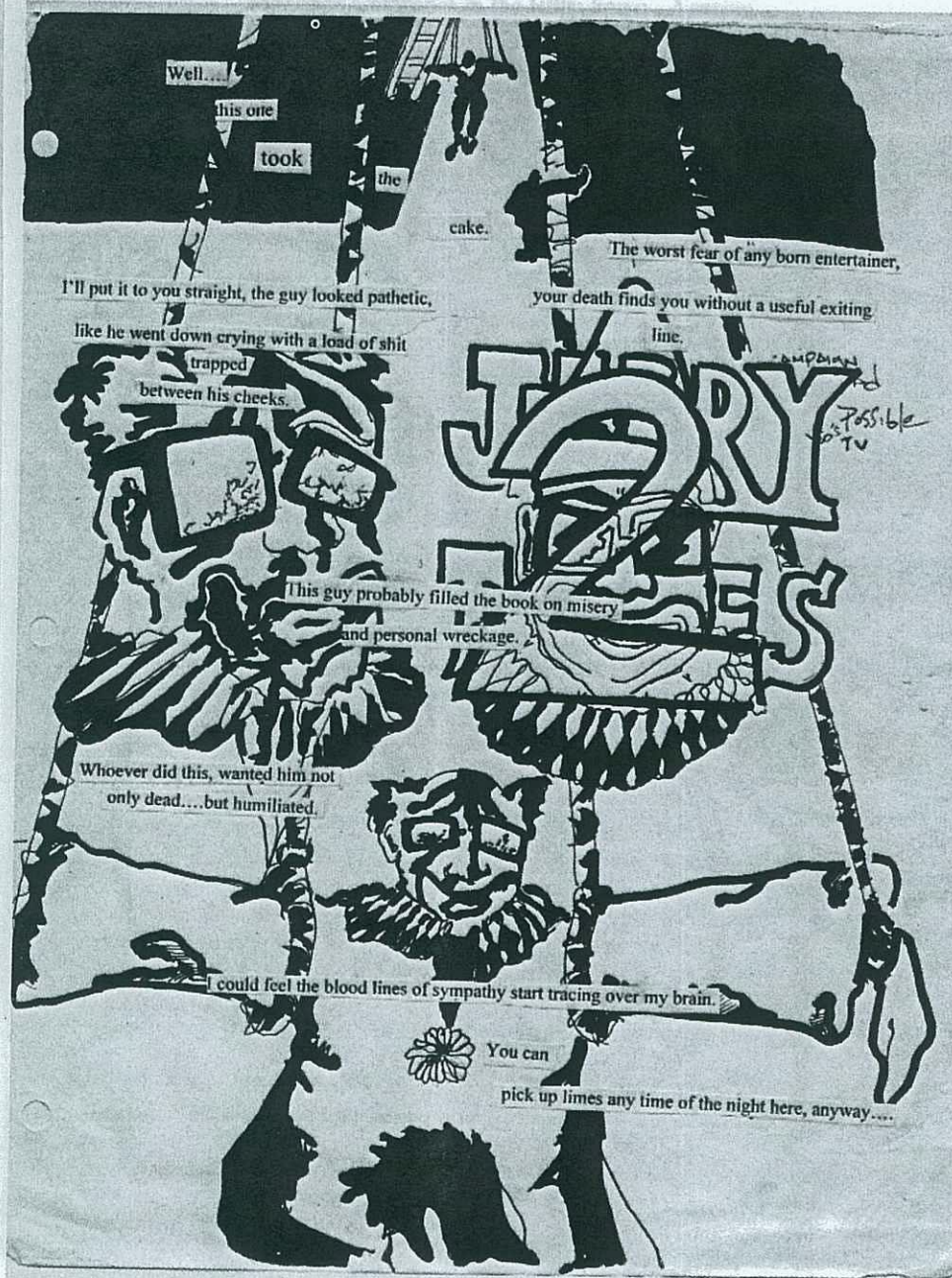
on beta caracene say "dinner is in fact a political act." Of last things: "Ask nothing from anyone and things will be given." New courses

teach ISBN multicolored code. I begin to waver in my suspicion that everyone here is part of a fiction. Access has broken cycle of

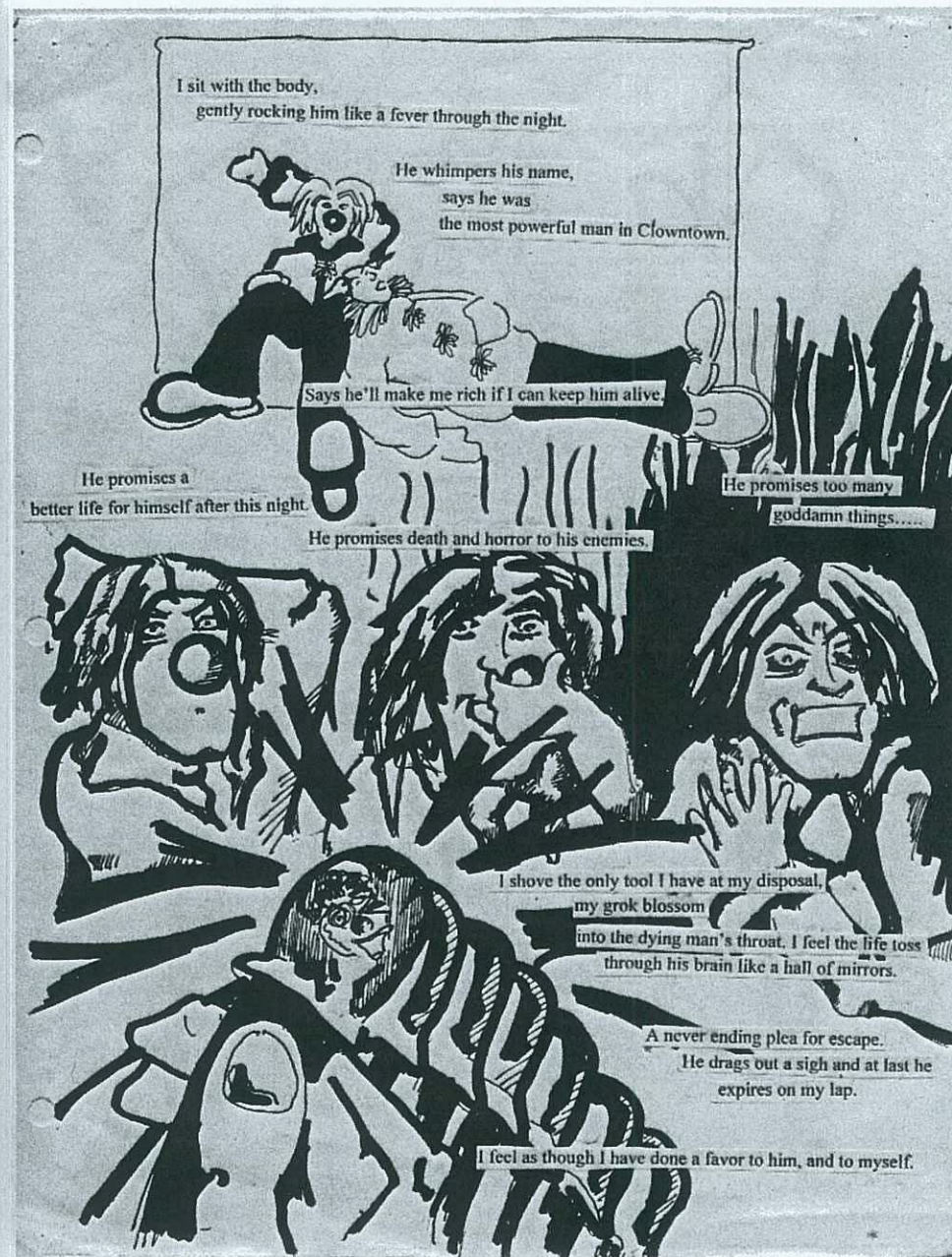
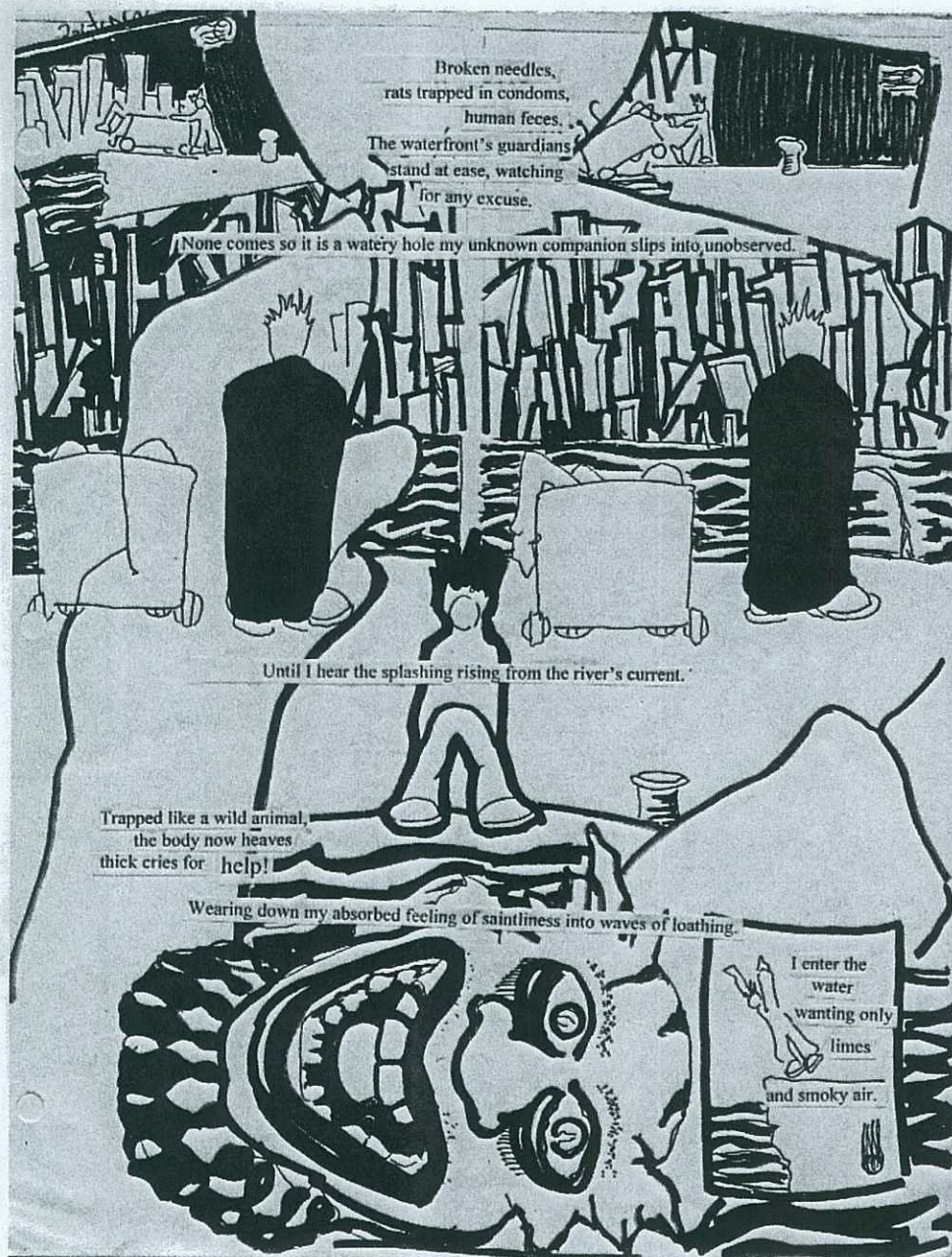
petty addictions. What remains are images of consummation. Will new convictions rise? End broadcast.



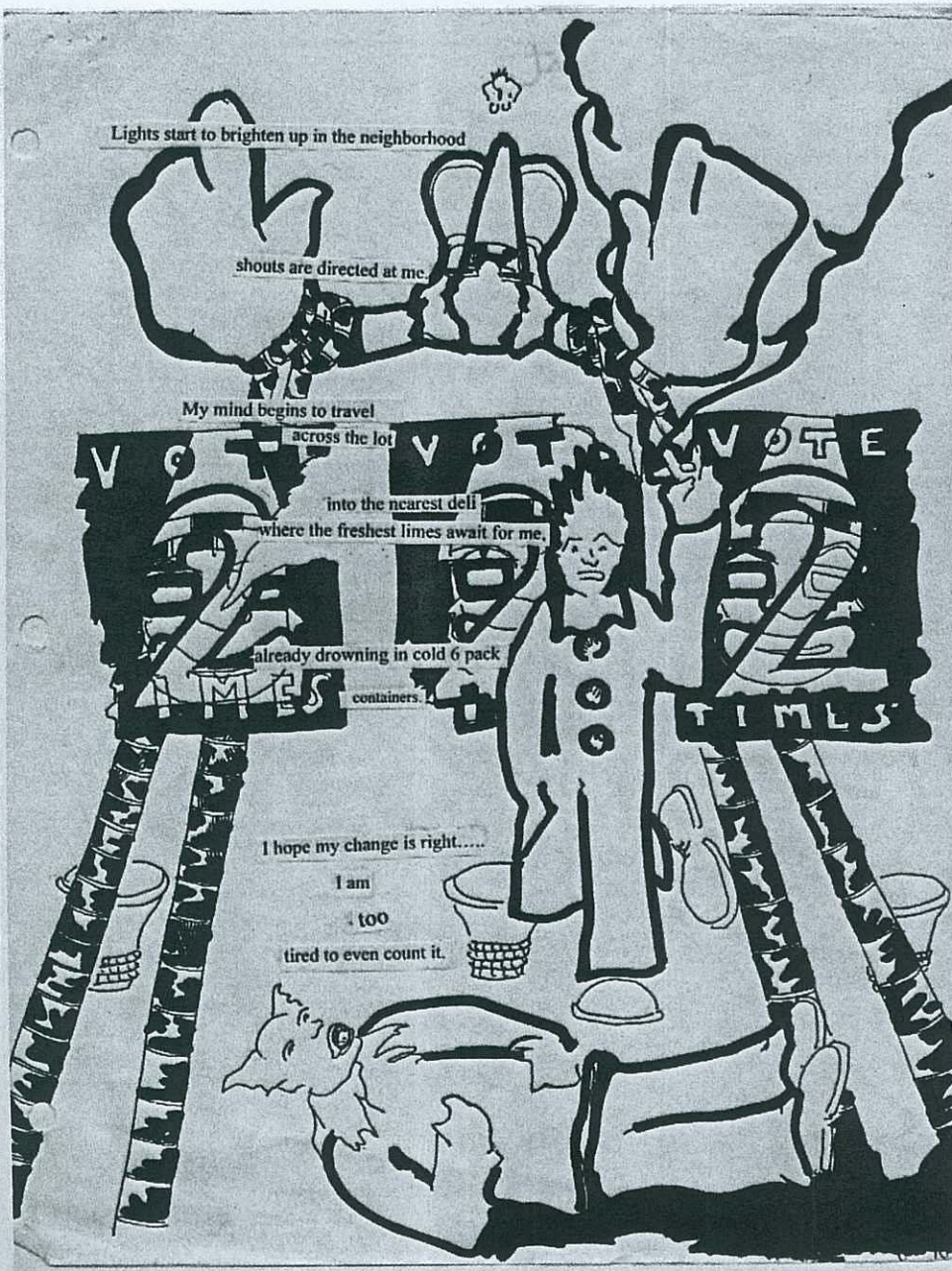












### The Red-Haired Woman

I didn't want to end up in handcuffs  
but, she spoke in a whisper.

"The creatures on the wall had a heart beat,  
they pulsed, clarified,  
talked in my mothers voice, mythical bugs," she said.  
"If I fell asleep they would eat me,  
starting at the knees and then the fake tooth.

"I tried so hard not to sleep, not to let exhaustion own me,  
but I had to."  
Thankfully, the cowboy walked in.

"He had a huge blue hat,  
bandana red with dust,  
dark jeans, a long murky jacket,  
scruff, harsh, ...  
matches could light off him,  
and when he walked there was blaze in his eyes.

"So I ran,  
I ran through windows and mirrors,  
lights, allies, enemies,  
childhood and misery.  
I didn't stop until the rain came down hard,  
and my tears blended.

"That's when I saw the color of pain,  
green surrounded by an orbit of orange sunset gold,  
it pierced, pierced everything."

Her knuckles oozed sweat.  
"It's nothing, this means nothing," she said.

Desperate, she didn't raise her eyes.  
Desperate, she held herself tight.  
"Desperate," she mumbled.

When she fell,  
her face disappeared into the empty yellow line splitting the road.  
She was never more beautiful.

I didn't want to end up in handcuffs,  
but I staggered back,  
with a little bit of falling in love.



richochet

[Found Writing I]

Abbe

I guess there isn't much excuse for my not writing, but I guess my thoughts take a long time to collect, and in between I had to move from the apartment and then got involved with School and. Anyway Lynnie's in NY now getting an apartment and a job and I use the time I used to use sleeping in collecting thoughts to include in a letter to you. This is not that letter. This is still just me not knowing how I feel for certain about a lot of things and sharing that with you, sharing that uncertainty.

But let's face it, we don't hate the things we're doing right now, we love them, otherwise wouldn't have breakdowns over it. Put it down, perhaps, but we care for it. I'm showing myself a real smartass in my academics, plus writing pieces for that information music class Time Flux, plus listening to and for the first time liking Opera, plus, and this maybe best of all, I learned how to program a computer and just came back from composing & listening to my first piece of computerized music. More than anywhere else this is a whole world opening to me, and it's not even involved with any course I'm taking. When they blocked my attempts to write that Lulu story, I decided that writing, most important to me, I would keep to myself, but that I'd hang in there the rest of this year glutting myself with whatever disciplines or knowledge I could pick up. Been a regular whirlwind, and you know I'm not kidding around. I'm a fucking monster.

The rest is kind of confusing, because it kind of involves the fact that I've almost decided to enlist (yes) after this summer, because I'll need some solitude I guess, because it's a natural next step to glutting myself like this, spending some time putting everything in order, and because I would have to deal with the draft problem sooner or later anyway. Turn the page.



I'm also fairly confused as to which came first, the idea of disappearing for three years or the idea that in those three years life ~~back~~ here would go on as normal, and everyone I know would die off or get involved in ~~their~~ their own stuff or even get married, for chrissake, anyway that I would come back in - what, 1975 - still half an undergraduate, hopefully a lot more stable. Even though I'm told I generally appear stable. But.

I can't help thinking that my feelings for you, for other people like Dave (who left) and Tracy prompted all this, but this is not to implicate you in this Crime to My Sensibilities but that, if it's possible, I've been feeling too much lately, caring too much, and Lulu's strange cases of hives and withdrawal whenever people leave her doesn't strike so funny as painful nowadays. Ho-ho-ho! A cold November in my soul, all right! But to you, Abbe, for whom I care supremely, I can only try to communicate, probably as stiffly and formally as the rest of this letter (I'm out of the writing habit), that when I offer to take a total turn in my life for a person I mean it completely, and it's about time I stopped thinking of myself as some silly martyr just because other people aren't thinking the same, willing to commit themselves as completely as I am. All I come down to is these asinine diatribes where I try to make myself transparent, trustworthily, a gentleman, but my candidness only ends up confusing matters. Thus, as I see it, to take a step or two backwards by surveying things from Germany for awhile. Recapture the old Steiner mystery, ha-ha. What the hell, turn the page again.

I think this will be a short page. Abbe. What it comes down to is this: probably I love you, care for you, am concerned for your welfare more than any person I know, but soon after visiting you, seeing how you were living, perhaps five minutes after I arrived, I thought: but what does it matter, loving you? I don't think it ever clicked that I was there, all I saw was you & Buffalo and me & Connecticut. What I realized was that what it comes down to every time is just yourself, just alone. Though I'm still trying to figure it out, it is the basis for the Adventure that was my visit to you: suddenly finding one's self in the midst of something of great potential import, but only to be fully understood long after. <sup>Educational.</sup> Also, though this is getting pedantic, marked by a definite end or climax: for me, without a doubt, that jet ride (watto trip!) Enough.

In order not to spoil the carefully ordered chaos of this thing I'll send that money I borrowed in a separate envelope. No, damnit, now that I've proven how stupidly I'm thinking, I'll enclose it here. Enough.

Enough, Abbe, Abbe, I'm saying it now, Abbe. I have just talked our ears off, Abbe, mostly because I may not find the proper conditions for another housecleaning like this for some time. I feel cluttered, but not lost by any means. Hey, watch your step now. Abbe. Guess I took up the whole page after all.



Belly)(button dancer  
quick as tight-line

she stayed on one point  
only long enough to jump

Belly)(button dancer  
quick as tight-line

she stayed on one point  
only long enough to jump

stayin' put is her virus  
spread by mouths, hands, eyes  
'specially by taste n' touch  
stayin' put is her virus  
spread by mouths, hands, eyes  
'specially by taste n' touch

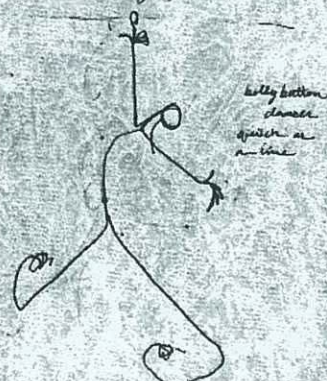
staying in place turns her purple  
traveling was never about velocity  
she d rums the air in her tiny night

then death rapped his white glove  
on a thin door  
in her tiny night  
white glove

when she got there  
she looked up and realized  
seagulls were never doves  
even on this calm day by the ocean

when she got there  
she looked up and realized  
seagulls were never doves  
even on this calm day by the  
ocean

(gone to a the)  
the handsome death,  
arroy the house door  
w/ a chick glove  
in that tiny night... TINY



The Office of An Imaginative Suicide

*Sample Suicide: Naked Flight*

*Devised for those suffering from sexual dysfunction,  
miscellaneous other sexual grievances and/or acute  
unresolvable/ inescapable desire(s).*

Hire a helicopter and a squadron of naked men or women  
or both (depending on your particular predicament).

Have the pilot fly back and forth over you on the ground  
as the women or men or both\* jump out into the blue air.

You must try to catch the naked women or men or both.

This is your special adaptation of  
the Russian Roulette tradition.

*Stop Suicide By Guns.  
Capture Your Essence with OA(S)IS.*

\*These individuals may be making their own attempt in this manner, making this a mass attempt.

These advertisements are paid for by the Office of An Imaginative Suicide. The office in no way condones suicide or suggests that it is an answer to even the worst life circumstances. Living is better than dying.



...most people misuse and squander this experience and apply it as a stimulant at the tired spots of their lives and as distraction instead of a rallying toward exalted moments ~ Between going and staying the day wavers, in love with its own transparency. The circular afternoon in now a bay, where the world in stillness rocks. ~ "Who are you?" "I am the keeper of the house." "Where do you come from?" "I have wandered." "Is Yukel your friend?" "I am like Yukel." "What is your lot?" "To open the book." "Are you in the book?" "My place is at the threshold." ~ Put your boss in a favourable location at the end of the table with a solid tortoise behind her ~ What is commonest and cheapest and nearest and easiest is Me, Me going in for my chances, spending for vast returns, Adorning myself to bestow myself on the first that will take me, Not asking the sky to come down to my goodwill, Scattering it freely forever. ~ Elegance, science, violence! They promised to bury in darkness the tree of good and evil, to deport tyrannical respectability so that we might bring hither our very pure love. It began with a certain disgust—and it ends,—unable instantly to grasp this eternity,—it ends in a riot of perfumes ~ "Stop! Stop! Stop!" the clock said. "Stop! Stop! Stop!" "I can't stop," he answered aloud. "I can't afford to stop." Listen! Why, there was the wolf at the door now! He could hear its sharp claws scrape along the varnished woodwork. He jumped up, and running to the front door flung it open; then started back with a ghastly cry. An enormous wolf was standing on the porch, glaring at him with red, malignant eyes. ~ Better than a thousand vacuous speeches/ is one sane word leading to peace./ Better than a thousand vacuous verses/ is one sane line leading to peace./ Better than a hundred vacuous verses/ is one sane truth leading to peace./ One man on the battle field/ conquers an army of a thousand men./ Another conquers himself—and he is greater. ~ "I'm marooned!" I blurt aloud into the silence, gasping aloud, fumbling at the mess of dried blood on my forehead. Suddenly I sway to a stop. Through the glare of the sun I blink at the two figures above me on a blossom-spotted rise. They wear little blue caps, and gray skirts, and white knee socks. "Schoolgirls—" ~ 296 The duel.—I regard it as an advantage, somebody said, to be able to have a duel if I absolutely need one; for I always have brave comrades about me. The duel is the last remaining wholly honourable path to suicide, though unfortunately a circuitous path and not even a completely certain one. ~ At the truck stop where America's last free storks nest, a killer leaves a Popeye's chicken box. Inside it is the hand of formerly is best friend. The former welder on the bus retches and smokes dust. The ship's cook once made nail clipping soup. For one hundred bucks Greyhound is good forever. "We haven't been off the bus for eight years, except to buy Popeye's." Sunsets, sunrises, nausea-lined faces form solidly into a coffin bashing/ rudderless against the TV. ~ come (all you mischief- hatches hatch/ mischief fall you/ guilty/scamper you bastards throw dynamite/ let knowings magic/ with bright credos each divisible fool ~ STANLEY: Stell-lahhhhh! EUNICE (calling down from teh door of her upper apartment): Quit that howling out there an' go back to bed! STANLEY: I want my baby down here. Stella, Stella! EUNICE: She ain't coming down so you quit! Or you'll git th' law on you! STANLEY: Stella! ~ from the hour of his death he went each day from world to world. And the world which yesterday was stretched out above his gaze as heaven is today the earth under his foot; and the heaven of today is the earth of tomorrow. And each world is purer and more beautiful and more profound than the one before. ~ The scientific enterprise as a whole does from time to time prove useful, open up new territory, display order, and test long-accepted belief. Nevertheless, the individual engaged on a normal research problem is almost never doing any one of these things. Once engaged, his motivation is of a rather different sort. What then challenges him is the conviction that, if only he is skillful enough, he will succeed in solving a puzzle that no one before has solved or solved so well. Many of the greatest scientific minds have devoted all of their professional attention to demanding puzzles of this sort. On most occasions any particular field of specialization offers nothing else to do, a fact that makes it no less fascinating to the proper sort of addict. ~ The war-machine is not only explosives, it's also communications, vectorization. It's essentially the speed of delivery. When Esso tells the French national train company: we'll stop delivering containers, materials, gasoline, oil, refining products, unless you guarantee us trains with 4000-ton capacity running at an average of 100 km/hr: when Esso threatens to make do with trucks, it's already war. Pure War, not the kind which is declared. ~ 21. The Master said, The wise man delights in water, the Good man delights in mountains. For the wise move; but the Good stay still. The wise are happy; but the Good, secure. ~ Proposition Five: As more women join terrorist groups with well-defined political goals and objectives, women will carry out fewer incidents of so-called expressive violence, or violence that does not appear to be conducive to goal achievement. There is no reason to believe that trained female terrorists will function in a manner different from trained male terrorists. ~ The man swallowed the heart, and when the girl woke she felt a strange desire to be with him, to go to him that minute. She couldn't understand it, because she had always disliked him, but the feeling grew so strong that she was compelled to find the man and tell him that she loved him and wanted to be his wife. And so they were married. All the magicians who knew them both were surprised. When they found that it was the work of Mole, whom they had always thought too insignificant to notice, they were jealous and threatened to kill him. That's why Mole hid under the ground and still doesn't dare to come up. ~ The Empty Ones can guarantee a day when the last Zone-Herero will die, a final zero to a collective history fully lived. It has appeal. There is no outright struggle for power. It is all seduction and counterseduction, advertising and pornography, and the history of the Zone-Hereros is being decided in bed. Vectors in the night underground, all trying to flee a center, a force, which appears to be the Rocket: some immachination, whether of journey or of destiny, which is able to gather violent political opposites together in the Erdschweinhohle as it gathers fuel and oxidizer in its thrust chamber: metered, helmsmanlike, for the sake of its scheduled parabola. ~ Some mask makers feel it is necessary to place straws in the subject's nostrils or mouth to facilitate breathing. We found that this changed the shape of the nostrils, or gave the lips a pucker in the final cast. By carefully applying the Jel-Trate around the nostrils and over the tip of the nose, as well as bringing it over the upper lip just to the nostrils, enough area is sufficiently defined so that the nose can be accurately shaped with just a minimal amount of carving on the final product. ~ She was of a strange and savage beauty—a face which at first surprised you but it was one you could never forget. Her eyes especially had an expression at once voluptuous and fierce, which I have never since noticed in any human eyes. "Eye of gypsy, eye of wolf." ~ 11 "Truly, truly, I say to you, we speak that which we know, and bear witness of that which we have seen; and you do not receive our witness. 12 "If I told you earthly things and you do not believe, how shall you believe if I tell you heavenly things?" ~ The structure will always be no more than a reflection of its substance. In the last analysis of our democratic faith, the answer to all of the issues facing us will be found in the

masses of the people themselves, and nowhere else. ~ I once knew a young girl who was very pious and disconcertingly innocent who, quivering with excitement, said one night to an older sister: "How marvelous it must be to undress before a man! Make believe you are my husband; and she undressed herself, trembling with emotion. No education can prevent the little girl from becoming conscious of her body and from musing on her destiny. ~ Probing the Roof: When your TV picture is a casualty of progress and a new structure has hurt your reception you can probe the roof for a new antenna location and height. This is a two-man walkie-talkie job. One man on the roof walking around with an antenna head on a pole testing different locations on the roof, different angles, and various heights; the second man at bedside reporting results. It's time-consuming and dangerous for the rooftop man but often you can get excellent results." ~ You whose business it is to bring the dead to life, arise, for the day of work has come./ The lion which seizes lions a-hunting has come into the meadowland raging drunk./ Yesterday and the day before have departed; seize the cash, for that coin of fair assay has come./ This city today is like paradise; it is saying, "The Prince has come." Beat the drum, for it is the day of festival; be joyous, for the Friend has come. ~ It is when she is asleep that she really belongs to me; I enter her dream like a thief and I truly lose her as one loses a crown. I am stripped, surely, of golden roots, but I hold the strings of the storm and I keep the wax seals of crime. ~ To say that madness is dazzlement is to say that the madman sees the daylight, the same daylight as the man of reason (both live in the same brightness); but seeing this same daylight, and nothing but this daylight and nothing in it, he sees it as void, as night, as nothing; for him the shadows are the way to perceive daylight. ~ A chronic problem with machine vision is that, since vision itself involves intelligence, and since what any creature can see in a given situation is heavily dependent on what concepts it already has and on what knowledge it already possesses, the creation of high-powered artificial visual systems is contingent upon the creation of high-powered intelligence generally, and upon the creation of systems that possess very extensive knowledge bases to give direction to their perceptual processing. ~ Feeling so anxious about meeting the terrors of the between if you go out, hating those terrors, you hide within and assume no matter what kind of inferior body, and you will come to experience various sufferings. All that is the sign that demons and ogres are troubling you. There is a profound, crucial instruction for you at this time. Listen to it and hold it in your mind! ~ ne.ot.e.ny (ne-ot'n-e) n. 1. Retention of juvenile characteristics in the adults of a species. 2. The attainment of sexual maturity by an organism still in its larval stage. ~ Among the tenants who were here and gone shortly before I came in, were a man who rented out tuxedos, a union local and a Haitian dance troupe. There is no place for the likes of us in new construction. And the last thing we need is new construction. What we need, and a lot of others need, is old construction in a lively district, which some among us can help make livelier. ~ QUINCY. Quincy is dry and earthy, but its earthiness is spicy and charming, rather than coarse and acrid as in some other Live Valley whites. It is made from the Sauvignon Blanc grape, which is also used to make dry white Graves and sweet Sauternes. Quincy is pronounced "kan-see." (see LOIRE VALLEY.) ~ They expounded the reazles/ For sneezles/ And wheezles./ The manner of measles/ When new/ They said, "If he freezes/ In draughts and in breezes/ Then PHTHEEZLES/ May even ensue."// Christopher Robin/ Got up in the morning/ The sneezles had vanished away/ And the look in his eye/ Seemed to say to the sky/ "Now, how to amuse them today?" ~ iii. I'm ancient I'm stunning I'm just your style. your seed your private dilemma. your dentist hogwash. there's spit on my teeth. aren't you afraid they'll find out about us. how we hump it up in the outhouse. do you burn my letters confess. or are they locked in a closet in some rolldesk medicine chest strong box post box anywhere with a kee-ee. no worry I'll sleuth them out every envelope. me I detective, a very private dick. sniff sniff beagle brain. your bush needs clipping. your mouth needs kissing. dog kiss. tu-lips. in the open mouth of your corvette. ~ In treating for lands, rights of way, and minerals, commissioners negotiating for the government insisted on applying foreign political concepts to the tribes they were confronting. Used to dealing with kings, queens, and royalty, the early white men insisted on meeting the supreme political head of each tribe. When they found none, they created one and called the man they had chosen the Chief. ~ He let himself be led into the night, into the forest, into the blind secret wordless, thoughtless country. He was no longer thinking: not of the cloister he had left behind, not of Narcissus. ~ Every rebel, solely by the movement that sets him in opposition to the oppressor, therefore pleads for life, undertakes to struggle against servitude, falsehood, and terror, and affirms, in a flash, that these three afflictions are the cause of silence between men, that they obscure them from one another and prevent them from rediscovering themselves in the only value that can save them from nihilism—the long complicity of men at grips with their destiny. ~ Then without warning, the drummers changed their beat. The dancers dropped hands, and each began a separate leaping and twirling, faster and faster. The quickened rhythm was so exciting that Mother Sun stopped crying and could not help herself from peeking. She gazed at her dancing and singing grandchildren. How alive they were! And not ugly at all. Mother Sun smiled tremulously and opened the door. Stepping outside, she, very gently, raised her arms. ~ Moreover, since structure in human systems includes the "operating policies" of the decision makers in the system, redesigning our own decision making redesigns the system structure. ~ In the United States, political questions cannot be taken up in so general and absolute a manner; and all parties are willing to recognize the rights of the majority, because they all hope to turn those rights to their own advantage at some future time. ~ From the garden, from the clean dry November earth, came the scent of the chestnuts. He looked at himself in the glass: a strong man with strong arms and a flat lean belly where hard muscles were plaited below the dark umbilicus. He ran his hands over his broken nose, smelling the incense again. He took a clean shirt from the chest of drawers and did not notice that his revolver was gone, and finished dressing and opened the bedroom door, thinking: I don't have time, I don't really have time. I tell you that I don't have time. ~ The three of them had their copal, and this is what they burned as they incensed the direction of the rising sun. They were crying sweetly as they shook their burning copal, the precious copal./ After that they cried because they had yet to see and yet to witness the birth of the sun. ~ corner noun 1. A difficult, often embarrassing situation or condition : box, deep water, difficulty, dilemma, Dutch, fix, hole, hot spot, hot water, jam, plight, predicament, quagmire, scrape, soup, trouble. Informal: bind, pickle, spot. See EASY. 2. Exclusive control or possession : monopoly. See CONTROL, OWNED. ~ The number/ Of sleepers/ Is steadily growing./ Bed is where/ More and more people are going./ In Culpepper Springs, in the Stilt-Walkers' Hall./ The stilt-walkers' stilts are all stacked on the wall./ The stilt-walker walkers have called it a day./ They're all tucked out and they're snoozing away./ This is very big news. It's important to know./ And that's why I'm bothering telling you so.

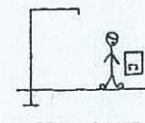


to cross the paved western borderline  
and touch down the rocket supreme  
midfield on the median  
exactly at three, or maybe four

slumber

walking the cat

puss has always hated the cold  
saber toothed icicles  
hung by captions from her mane  
the day they came to take away  
the embalmed animals on the fifth floor,  
two at a time,  
(with the little red one forgotten under the stairs)  
but i liked to walk her, anyway.  
down to the intersection and back,  
amidst the scuttling viral ants going nowhere.  
We spill outside, into the throngs of flesh,  
squinting between scabbed and bloated fingers  
to cross the paved western borderline  
and touch down the rocket supreme  
midfield on the median  
exactly at three, or maybe four  
the untellable time when  
sirens screech to stop sound  
(she becomes who i am)  
the residue sticking to  
shivering midday glares.  
Deflected, puss takes flight-  
a catapult shot from below  
and i capsize  
four claws and a long tangled leash  
flash between the stares  
our cold cracking bones mew softly  
and traffic absorbs the shock.





## Chapter 18: Epiphany Deux

The invitations were masked in doubletalk and disguised as Bible Study reminders, witch doctor appointments, winning announcements of sweepstakes drawings, e-magazine subscriptions and court subpoenas. The pool hall put a clever "Closed for the weekend - pest control" sign so they could include themselves in the gala and host a film festival of banned and panned flicks.

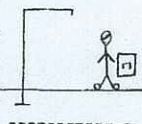
As Tod et al prepared for the next grand opening of Club Fascistland one new point of entry was dug from a neighbor's basement where security would be tight and assured. Aaaah's regulars would show up the day before and scoot over to enjoy the new space before the throng showed up the next day. The second new tunnel came from across the street, a former S&M store that retained ownership when it had to become an ice cream shop. It was run by a couple of ultra masculine French dudes with rugby faces, chiseled bodies and proud queer struts. To the delight of many Freqs, les Francais still had many many toys in their inventory and brought them over in a massive steamer trunk.

Sinjin hadn't been accounted for in a day or so and there was cause for concern that his heart or simulacrum heart had given out. He had been sluggish as of late, even with his arsenal of adrenaline shots and megavitamins he was depressed about his uncertain future. Besides caring for his general health, Tod direly needed Sinjin because he was Security and no one would feel safe unless he was roaming and watching for Simians. Percy was a badass, yes, but he was erratic, still halfway in the closet and he wasn't trusted like Sinjin.

With Otto at his side Tod moved around the Club in his ruby red boots unaware of their magic and more involved in appearing to care less about the superduper confident state of being that the poppy crème had delivered. In the back of his mind and near the surface of his skin Tod did want more of that wonderful crème but didn't want to admit it to himself and Ribald that he needed it.

Tod managed to keep the other materials of excess in abundant supply and held respect with his contacts by marrying that Kansan sweetheart down-home attitude and that New Zirc gleam that wants and needs everything before it's asked for. How else could the boy keep the cheap liquor flowing, smuggled under the overhanging penalty of at least twenty years in prison? The e, K, !, O, coca, fungus and KGB were getting more expensive but that didn't stop the flow because one of the major laws of the universe was still intact - if enough people want something to rock the senses, especially if it's illegal, they will do anything and pay dearly to get the goods.

The Little People were continuing to prove themselves priceless, whatever the task. They adored Tod because he was one of the first people to remember all of their names and talk to them as equals. The diminutive platoon were experts at working the tunnels in Sinjin's absence, they also hand delivered invitations and grouped together



to move major equipment. They were respected as survivors of the Circus Riot, beyond novelty and since they were never questioned by police, whatever stashes or communiqués they could fit on their person or in their backpacks made it to Aaaah's without hassle. On the night before the party they installed a dozen or so Bonsai trees and unleashed hundreds of crickets for good luck. Ribald even had a guilty pleasurable infatuation with them and giggled like a child of Victorian snob and Vaudevillian showstopper as they pitter pattered through the Club.

On the eve of the party, barely breathing stiff and bored Sinjin was found on a ladder in a tight shaft that led from the basement to the roof. This was his private chute, the reason why he wasn't found until Tod made what were to be the final security rounds.

Sinjin was lodged with his back braced against the wall and his strong hands clinging to the rungs. The Little People came to the rescue again, nearly a dozen crammed the chute linked like a caterpillar and used their tiny mighty might to combat the strength of Sinjin's grip and ever so gently they bent his knees a touch to get him down. They placed the soldier on a couch in the basement where the first adrenaline shot from the waning supply was administered to Sinjin's neck and the obligatory blood curdling scream resonated through the walls. The hardened man gritted his teeth and begged like someone pursuing himself in an endless nightmare, "Chop off my head, please? I'm tired of this existence."

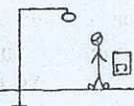
Fif washed Sinjin's forehead and face and neatened the warrior's head of sooty and stringy tattered hair that had once belonged to a Russian woman who cut her long mane as an expression of gratitude after he erased her abusive husband. Tod knelt down next to Sinjin and said, "You're in shock from being stuck, stretch out your neck a little, we'll put on some Pink Floyd on for you."

"That won't do. I'm desperate. I'm losing it. I need a heart, very soon. I may only have it for a day before I kick but it'll be worth every beat. I don't know how much longer my joints are going to last, they've had it. I'm afraid that if I take one more shot and get the muscles moving my shoulders or my hips will snap and I'll have to drag a half-dead body around. I can't have that."

Everyone gathered around Sinjin and let him know that they wanted him to stick it out, it wasn't his style to act like a pussy and kill himself after he had come so far. Tod promised Sinjin that he would get his heart, they would find a way, he had been so good to everybody.

The metallic mercenary coughed and thanked them. "This place has been the best part of my new life, I don't know where I'd be right now if you guys didn't find me. You're right, I have to stay around here and see how things finish before I take myself out."

Now that Sinjin felt like living the question was how to get him moving again without his joints snapping. It was decided that they'd give him a good shot in the chest to get him breathing right again, let him breathe good and heavy for a few minutes to get





things loosened up in the cavity. Shooting oil based lubricant into his joints wouldn't work because that might toxify his muscles and pollute his entire body. Fif reasoned that putting him in the Turkish bath to warm his muscles and giving him a few hits of opium to keep his head light and manner loose were good for starters. After that, Sinjin was given a rubdown akin to being inside a great python, an effect administered by the many strong hands of the Little People. They rotated his joints slowly and administered the tiniest shots of Fif's new herbal adrenaline mixture so as to get his initial movements most gradual and not injure his skeleton or tear the knotted muscles. Several hours later Sinjin was able to sit up and although he moved like an arthritic sloth, he didn't push himself. He was finally left on his own recognizance when the soldier convinced Fif that he wanted to stay among the living and wouldn't cut his own head off, a feat no one would put past him.

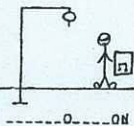
As the first flux of Freqs came through the tunnels Sinjin wasn't near one hundred percent but he was bound to duty. He slowly secured the premises, recognized the old and memorized the new partiers' faces. He made up for lost time by rechecking the perimeters and cameras, gaps in the soundproof walls and scanned his rooftop post for any glitches. Sinjin kept himself limber and in motion on the roof and throughout the Club that night, he didn't want his joints to freeze up on him again.

To the surprise of tout le monde, Percy arrived with Ming Li on his arm. The Lion was smiling, this meant he was having sex and not bloodletting or inflicting pain on himself or his lover. He gave Ming Li a kiss and then took his position at the door and it seemed he had adjusted well, he was easygoing at the door and modestly flirted with other queers and he even let them play with his big shiny head.

The Lion was cured, somewhat. The big problem was that he never wanted to see Ming Li as a man, he never wanted to see him out of her wig. It was a game she tolerated but didn't agree with, she knew about the earlier incidents with Tod and went to him for advice about how to handle Percy's denial. Tod was beside himself because he admitted to being no authority in these types of relationships but Ming Li was confused and she trusted him. Tod recommended that she stay patient and not rush things, Percy was a big man with a problem that might not go away too quickly. He told her to love the Lion for who he was and he would come around if it was meant to be.

Since the volume of Freqs was on the rise and securing the secret was a greater issue there was a dilemma of sorts - crude door checks could not be made by the club that wanted to make an example of laissez-faire, and the remedy provided security with a disarming flair. Freqs were asked first to leave any and every sort of camera at the door and to ensure delight in the process each guest was asked to strip to their underwear for a gratuitous tickle with many many boas and peacock feathers held by several Little People. It worked without major fuss or cries of hypocrisy.

As the hubbub began, Ribald, gassed up on his newly imported absinthe and a fresh coating of poppy crème, approached



Tod with a surprise behind his back. He grumbled several flattering nonwords and set those deep vampiric eyes lovingly into Tod's light pools. Ribald swayed puckered and smacked a kindergarten kiss an inch away from Tod's face while placing a perfectly worn straw cowboy hat on his head. It was half a size too big but that made it all the more attractive. Tod had hoped the surprise was poppy crème, it would help quell whatever worries he had about the party.

Ribald informed him that, "The second or third axiom of combating fascism is that the chief rebel must not be easily recognized until the time is right. Besides going smartly with your new ruby boots, this chapeau de cowboy will keep you in style and in-cognito."

"Thank you, Ribald. I hadn't thought of that." Tod brushed the falcon hair and kissed Ribald's white cheek, somewhere inside the Victorian's prideful restraint a warm unfamiliar quivering manifested. "Of course you didn't, love, you don't have an ego."

Tod tweaked a Ribald nipple and moved the hat to a comfortable spot on his dirty blonde head and paused. Ribald knew right away what was on the boy's mind and didn't prompt a word. Tod shifted from side to side, adjusted his hat and blurted, "You know, that crème could go over well with the Freqs, do you have a good supply?"

Ribald pretended to estimate. "Decent, adequate."

Tod repeated, "It would sure go over well, it's good stuff...good for the skin and the lungs you said, right?"

Ribald took a step closer, "Reach into my front pocket...deeper...thank you, but no, the other one.....there." Tod pulled out a personal size tube of poppy crème and as he inspected it Ribald said, "That's not enough for everyone, maybe later on in the evening I'll pick out the chosen few and we'll have a blast but this is for you and only for you, Tod, use it wisely."

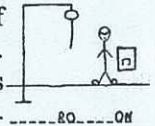
Tod squeezed out a smidgen, placed it on his third eye, rubbed it in and nearly lost his footing. "Woaaa....you are the best, Ribald, what did I do to deserve these presents?"

Ribald enjoyed this slight kowtow reward for services rendered, "You haven't done it yet, my martyr, my angel, my Toddy-Tod-Tod."

Tod was lost in the crème delirium, unable to hear everything that his other half said and he drifted into the crowd with the ruby red boots the hat and a nice nice score of poppy creme.

The DJ's were moved to the spacious pool hall and in their place a five-piece band provided mood music for the candlelit casual rooms in the former land of Aaaah's. The band consisted of a mandolin, a percussionist with an array of homemade beats and handheld shakers, an upright bass made out of scrap metal and rubber, an Australian didgeridoo player and on vocals was a young woman fresh from the desert who offered a mix of calls, mantras and diva stylings in her exquisite song arrangements.

The couches were velvety and stooped low, in huge bowls assortments of fruit were plentiful and healthy, there was low con-





versation and daydreaming abound. With absinthe being poured by Little waiters and hash or opium pipes packed by the gracious Little ones as well, this was the chilliest spot in all of New Zirc City. Exhibiting balance, the dance floor was raucous from the first beat. It was full of nubile and pudgy half-naked men and women painting each other with iridescent color, they were satyrs and maenads from yesteryear renewing their status and flipping the fuck out.

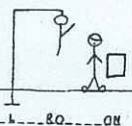
Over yet another glass of absinthe Ribald was heard explaining to wandering Fif why he was exclusively a man's man who stayed on top. "I have never received a man's priapic pride in my arse and I guarantee that I have no future plans to accept any suitors in that area. It doesn't sell Boy or anyone else short because that's the way they want it, they want it the way I want it. I tried women, sure, how could I not? They adore me, but there is not enough friction between those lips and have I ever been in love? Did you ask me that?"

Fif shrugged, he didn't remember. He was busy watching the mechanics of the party, attentive to individuals' movements and clothing and how they related to each others' attitudes concerning food sex and music and he wondered where everyone really came from and if this was all just a dress rehearsal for another dimension.

Ribald reigned in again, loudly, "LOVE? Why do you involve that dated vestigial emotion with me and that physical act?" He threw little sarcastic spiky kissies at passing boys and rolled his eyes. "Love is the word wishywashy poets and fags use for their inadequacies and desperate need for company, whereas you might call what I experience Power and Control. When I have a grown man on his knees or in any other position and I am calibrating the entire event I am not in Love, I am in total Power and Control, that sustains my hardness and makes me feel like God when I come. Again, as far as shortchanging Boy? Look at him!"

Boy was right there crouched at his master's side as always, staring and setting mental boundaries until commanded to do otherwise. Tout le monde was waiting to see if Boy might one night pull nits out of his master's hair and eat them. Boy wasn't a simp, he craved submission, which probably stemmed from a desire introduced to his psyche early on, forced upon him when he didn't have a choice and he did what he did to make him feel accomplished in his duty. Ribald stroked Boy's hair and brought his chin up with the tips of his dirty and tainted nails that looked as though they had recently dug graves and painted a rendition. Boy understood what was wanted of him and he moved his lips to suck along the two inch steel cone fastened to a ring on Ribald's finger then he returned to his former posture, content, but not visibly so.

"Now you can plainly see that Boy wants to be told what to do, he's more or less lost without my dominance yet he is more of a man than most because he admits to his wishes and has the big tight balls to live according to them. Look at all the closeted queers, even the confessed ones who are still afraid of the truth and hate themselves, they don't know where they want to be in the exchange. What pigeons, really. I could not ever hold open auditions for Boy's suc-



cessor or playmate, their cries and calls for mommy would ensue within minutes and then I would have to pick them up, give them a cookie and whiskey and then offer them a débutante style gradual course in submission. I'd have to rent a dark warehouse and spend days and nights administering medieval wrath while explaining to them that it is what they really want. How exhausting! No thank you, I have more economical and secretive ways of displaying my dominance that are much more pleasing."

Ribald underestimated Fif, who was involved enough in the conversation and the recent goings on to ask, "What about Tod?"

Ribald wouldn't answer. He took a sip of absinthe without moving his eyes from Fif's, a thousand thoughts could have been illumed with that one simple question. Not to be a pain in the ass, Fif asked again because he thought Ribald wanted to hear it again. "What about Tod?"

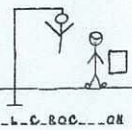
Again, the deft silence of Ribald's thoughts and strength of his communicative stare.....held until it was apparent that Fif didn't get the hint. Ribald had to laugh and pardon his rudeness, he poured himself another drink. "Let's toast the most cunning and regally handsome man I have ever met, ME!"

Tod and Otto were in the pool hall at the edge of the dance floor standing there like a transplanted midwestern snake just learning the tricks of his spine and at his side the hefty giddy pig squatted to the bass beats and thought of Beethoven. Sinjin crept from darkness into Tod's ear, "I noticed the decibels have gone up in the last hour. I think the walls can handle it but if the sound level gets any higher it will become a concern, won't it?"

Tod moved to the beat and scanned the crowd under the brim of his cap, a few hundred or so cleverly exposed creatures beyond rational daily thought were writhing and obeying, sacrificed to individual and dominant beats. "Try telling that to the DJ and everyone else. I can give warnings and reasons for toning it down, but the energy is bound to rise up again. I am sure there will be a point when Club Fascistland will be beyond my control. The people are the vibe, free movement has been denied abruptly and unjustly and they haven't reached boiling point yet. Look at them! They can dance at home, sure, but we came to the city to get with each other! When the Freqs finally get fueled and realize they can bring about the change themselves, they will move as one and I can't wait. This well might be the last party where I have a say about what goes on. How are you, by the way?"

Sinjin stretched subtly and said, "I'm feeling better. I'm ready if the cops decide to crash, but there aren't as many up there as the last time. I find that safer but disturbing because the Simians must be waiting." Sinjin was wary of the possibility of undercover infiltration at the party, be it Simians or even Freq sellouts. He was recording the evening and planned to review every second of the feed from the monitors as he began to plan the next Club Fascistland grand opening with spies as a given.

Sinjin returned to his rooftop perch, Tod took Otto into the crowd and mixed. The matinee idol was doing a good job at portraying





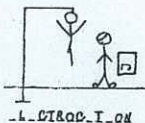
modesty in those comfortable new ruby red boots and aw shucks I'm just a good ol' cowboy under that hat of his. As he walked through the party he received rave comments from every other boy and girl, Tod had to know that the outfit and attitude was actually working against his wish for anonymity. The kid was so at ease, approachable, and cute that he had to be the one who was on point, the maestro. Without him they would have never had the reason to daringly leave the paranoiac safety of their homes to defy the police state and make their revolts against the adolescents in charge a more personal demonstration.

Tod checked out the back of DJ booth where he was surprised to be welcomed with tears of chemical joy and woow exaltations, causing only a slight vibration in the sidewalk above. It hadn't hit his ego yet but Tod sure was happy to feel the praise from a few hundred Freqs who defined New Zirc City and have such a role in the underground culture.

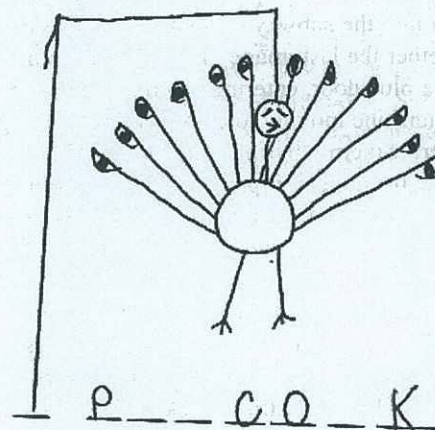
There was not one incident that required Sinjin's or Tod's attention. Sinjin caught the police sleeping in shifts, unaware of the explosions under their feet. He just couldn't quite get over the fact that there was such slack in the plebian police forces, he knew that the Simians were somewhere, either on their way or waiting for a specific time and reason to storm. He did harbor a wish that they would try and test him one night, he wanted to see how tough they really were.

As the inevitable light began to show outside the wanton audacious and lascivious organism was still strong after having divided hundreds of times to prance and scope out new lusts in every room and blindly choose according to quasidearthy dynamics of pheromones and fate, the laughter was unbelievable and throats sang the name of absolute religious freedom while dance transcended words and color and epidermal boundaries. Ribald strode through in a linen monk's robe, lifting it every so often in spare privacy, ordering pleasure from Boy or a suitable proxy when Tod wasn't looking. Lesbians of lipstick and butch and weekend variety rocked each other with abandon, threesomes foursomes and centipedal trains Little People throwins came together without words, teeth gritted and asses were slapped, that patter of flesh got everyone aroused and primed for more more more!

The music became trance inducing and visible, the air grew to a musky lusty breathable soup that summoned the animal charges and brought to a massive head the unreasonable lump in the collective libido and heightened the searches for wet collusion. When the foreign morning arrived it quietly confirmed yet another success, Club Fascistland provided one more epiphany. Fresh squeezed mimosa, baguettes and fruit spread were served then most took to the baths and slept on top of one another amidst the soft din of crickets and didjeridoo.

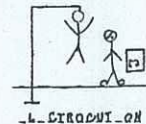


**Hung: For a presumptuous sense (often based on wealth) of entitlement; for wearing perfume instead of bathing**



The most beautiful or the most obvious? The peacock does not want to break a sweat and wants to buy or thinks s/he just naturally deserves what may take years to learn or acquire. S/he wants to smell good without taking a bath but the false airs come through very pungently when you get close enough.

Where: that "hardworking" class of nouveau riche stock players; "fashionable" restaurants & bars, art auctions, upper east side plastic surgeon offices; Anything or one who treats others, even peers, as servants..

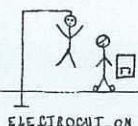




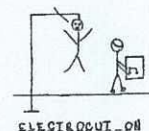


Name recalled a story he'd constructed during a summer of painting houses. Hours alone had molded his mind into a meditative internal television; he stood on the ladder in automaton switching through his inner stations, advancing storylines to pass the time. This particular tale focused on one character situated in two different cities. He'd tinkered with this plotline through the better part of July and returned to watch it again and again in August.

**Setting One:** Waking in the dark, slits of light around the blinds pulled back to show street lights, red car brakes, neon signs on for the night (New York, Tenth Avenue, 22nd Street). Clock. He dresses quickly in his uniform. Grasps the door. Descent into the subway; train arrives. Throughout he is piecing together the last image that stayed from his sleep: Pushing open a blue door, entering an empty room. **Setting Two:** Bright sunshine moving to dusk. He is traveling across the Texas desert, cavern labyrinths, bypassing Houston highway rings, abandoned oil pumps, converted dinosaurs, Louisiana marshes. He arrives in New Orleans, I-10 to Elysian Fields, corner of Montegut and Rampart. Out of the car, knocking on burnt white wood house blue door, entering. **Setting One:** He is a driver for a nighttime delivery service. Raining. He makes a distracted turn into pedestrians. Veers hard right into a light pole. Shook up, mirrors shatter, the alignment is off. Drives the truck back to the garage. Desire to be home. Sleeps. When he wakes, sunset, the phone is ringing. **Setting Two:** Bright sunshine through white blinds. From above, we see him in a bed too large and full for the room. His eyes are closed but he is awake, his right hand feeling the area of his lower back left side. Face perplexing to anger, a kind of horror. He falls back. He cannot feel his body below his chest. Drugged, he falls back asleep, waking again with his hand on his lower back. A numb tingling, the beginning of an ache. Realization that the pain is to come. There are stitches across his lower back. A telephone on the stand. He reaches for it with his left hand, pulls the receiver off the hook. Visions of a city raining. Pedestrians. There is a number by the phone. He dials. **Setting One:** Answers the phone in the dark. Expectation. "Hello—" Long silence. "I am not ready for this . . ." The low voice speaks slowly, carefully, as if forced to concentrate on a task it used to do with ease. (Their lives have begun to mingle.) "I need you to come now. What is true is not what was expect-



ed: New Orleans. Blue door." The telephone goes dead. He dials star 69. Not traceable. The cryptic message, an imperative. He sleeps, sees Spanish willows, magnolias, a complete geography to a city he has never seen. He sees the house with the blue door, the details of the empty room. A sense of urgency. Sedation. He boards a bus for New Orleans. Twenty-nine hours, starting through the night down I-95 to Washington. Drifting in and out of sleep. Richmond at dawn, with his eyes closed all he sees is the decrepit room with the magnificent white mountain of bed, the rising impressions of legs and feet beneath a single white sheet, the bare white walls with scarred yellowing frescoes from water stains. He can hear a heavy rain. Later, he knows the door has opened. His body aches from sitting so long, the dull headache of lack—water, caffeine. **Setting Two:** Day of shadows and rain, dark light animating the slowness of the room. Sense of motion, highways, green, brown. A waiting room water faucet sputtering rust liquid. Crossing two vast rivers of asphalt between cars. A supermarket. The taste of chocolate, coffee. Red orange fog sunset over I-10, elevated road over marsh, swamp, iridescent bayou. Withdrawals—proof of addiction becomes a hatred for craving, dependency. Legs tingling awake. Burning of the lower back. Smell of decay. The empty room. Door opening. **Setting One:** Familiarity of unknown destination. Yellow Van Gogh glow of city beneath night. Long walk down cracked sidewalks of St. Claude's. Big hovering cars going away down dead roads. Getting darker. Empty spotlight zone, porch eyes. A right onto Montegut. The whitewashed house. Pushing open the blue door. The empty room. Light from the street. The second door at the back. He pushes and it opens, creaking as it has to creak. An impenetrable exhaustion descending upon his body. He can see the bulk of the bed and walks toward it with his hands stretched out. Leaning heavy on the mattress, feeling for something. Night. There is nothing there. The bed is empty. He cannot hold himself up. He climbs, falls into the bed, pulling his body into a horizontal line flat on his back. We see his eyes blinking. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six . . .







### Fireflies

Fireflies in a contagious night infect and spread thin.  
Tempted voices opt for their glow  
rather than the meteors streaking fast,  
leaving a tail of wishes.

They creep onto the screen from the edges of the forest, and play.  
I lie beneath and try to breathe their energy  
fanciful, bright, sensuous  
instead they reflect in my pupil,  
and shine the new eve of my eyes,  
wet,  
my wings strain.

The grass presses up between my fingers.  
A breeze keeps my jacket zipped,  
and the crickets gossip about how long  
I will lie in a field watching insects fly above me,  
pretending they are stars,  
wishing to glow on a summer night.



### The Corner Of Your Eye

Everything but her head was in the position it would otherwise have been.  
She tried to make a face as if we were standing up close to each other.  
She could not soften it from that distance but put on a hardened smile.  
She was sitting with a towel wrapped round her where I had positioned her.

Everything else looked familiar to me from the other side of the room.  
The room could exist in morocco where it would grow to the size of a house.  
The room has a board game on its table and clutter on its desk and a bed.  
The room is made of white and brown and will be forgotten in one hundred years.

Everyone touches the unwatchable face from where it stands by the doorway.  
I ask her to please stopplease stoppleasestoppleasestoppleasestopplease stop.  
I tell that face to worm from its body for my eyes are alien's eyes.  
I have wide popping pupils and my mouth is being pulled on both sides by fingers.

Everything we are has to do with who we presume the other to be.  
It has to do with the faces that surround us and a face to subsume them.  
It has to do with the self and the notself and the indistinction between the two.  
It has to do with joy sorrow boredom fear and anger above anything else.

Everyone comes over to congratulate us on how we play together.  
We speak and when we do our words are vines hooking the other's head in green.  
Our frictive bubblish flesh locks in rounded mechanism and you will hold me please.  
We are one beast connected at various points such as hands shoulder hips.

Everyone acts as a spike holding our wispy connective flesh to the ground.





They grope against those external walls while we wait holding hands on the bedside.

They come over for dinner and we laugh while you are in the kitchen listening.

They tell us to show them what we mean when we roll ourselves into a bundle.

Everyone pulls away even our clothes from where we stand in the center.

You do not leave at first while we eat communal breakfast with all these faces.

You cannot speak for itching agitation while the man you left behind.

You find yourself awake in unknown rooms with a sweet dog of a man speaking german.

Everyone comes over for dinner as if rediscovering a human artifact.

He will play made-up games and unclutter the desk but will never sleep for you.

He will position himself in feminine poses while waiting for you to return.

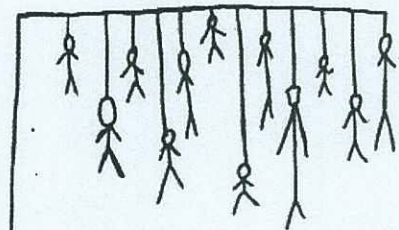
He will stand by the door look at the chair you sat in before your smile blurred.

Everything is made to look like a human out of the corner of your eye.

#### **Hung: For reading the newspaper on the can while others are waiting.**

If there is not enough evidence for a jury to decide whether the accused is guilty or innocent, then the burden of proof has not been met. The jury must announce "not guilty." The hung jury, however, cannot even decide that it cannot decide. Though its members may be individually decisive, differing motives & beliefs have gridlocked the group and, therefore, gridlocked everyone.

Where: Congress, wherever action needs to be taken but none is for bureaucratic, legislative, etc. reasons. In individuals: the inability to perceive many perspectives while still retaining the ability to act/decide.



H U G U R



#### **Last Ransomed Poem**

would you take me for such a tragedy  
in the eve of your last ransomed poem  
You've always been an anarchist at your finest moments  
Fucked Pellets and Killer Yellow Rust  
Cigarettes and spiralette from subterranean Citrus houses  
Bitter Epitaph

Storms of adaptation  
I see you liquor white directing scenes in a hall of wooden beams  
dressed with obituary's embarrassment of lost underwear  
slept on foots bed in razordom; in thy hole saying come inside  
i'm an orphan  
i'm a baby whirl  
i'm a christian with white parents  
i'm a comma  
a palette a pier  
a bey cey dey  
an embarkment  
a side note skinny

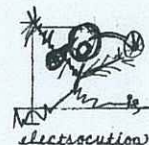
And so is the story  
glacier eraser enigma  
you are casted in a sequence of conspiring strategies  
blackmailed by your own mystery  
ready to set off a series of triggers?  
A causal chain of synchratic manipulations  
An accidental mistress on the gates of chapel Perilous  
a perpetrators night in the den of holifernance  
you could be the best of disinformants  
the best silent keeper junctioned in rites  
the blue eye sleeper the moveen master  
the tale trail comet  
propagating tabloid star void sonnet; of the new religion decree

Fingers webbed of yarn pulling traps out of coneys, trixters, soon  
childs, renegade hug therapists, dissonant  
harmonists, Dolphin psychics  
dog star zoologists, zoroastrian  
philanthropists and cicada enthusiasts  
All etching the fiction stone  
2 tablets and a mountain of cyanide

And I'm bursting the water bridge  
tearing ribs transfusing cells  
streaming lights and bells  
pouring all the transfixed guts out  
to the golden cafe making people at the bottom of the hill dance like  
feiries

on the eve of mores re run

and so what presence will your confusion bring to the celebration of  
the final brood's rising?





**Mango to Comrades in the Hills: Papaya on Little Hand, 11:17, 22 August 1998**

In final days of Interregnum, B. could not refuse to testify.  
Orange, who was there, smuggled out blue transcript on his skin:

———Havel's heart rose to 200 beats a minute, mainlining lanoxin  
to get a grip. I dunked his head in a bucket of ice water.

"Squeeze and pull the pin," I said. Meanwhile, Maris fights  
for his life. Air strikes in Sudan. Completion through removal.

Interminable rebellions in vast eastern hinterlands. Kinsangani  
flashpoints of uprising. Congolese rebels drink coffee refills, munch

grilled cheese sandwiches in Kinshasha silver bullet diner. On  
condition of anonymity, I gave fleeting imitation of the end of the

world. "Gather your artifices," I said, "You should feel secretly,  
'Only I can do this.'" Revolutionaries want better jobs. Later,

we excavate. In New York, actors horde ammunition, looking for  
a cause. Bombing decisions to be made in bel canto tradition by large

thick-limbed women of Seattle. M. Kabia, clutz ambassador cornered  
by Tutsi relives a well-rehearsed drama. No planes means no

air force. Stockpile Bernays-based ratatouille. "There's a shortage  
of available utopias. Everyone craves a life that cannot be sustained."

The jammed hydro dams darkened the city. Kinshasha fell silent. "And  
I will raise my hand to the nighttime sky." Psychic sleights of hand hide

the new frission. "Only I can do this." Fumigation, DNA gels, PR performance-enhancing drugs. Wanted: models for writer. To own is not

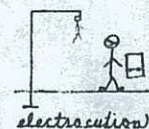
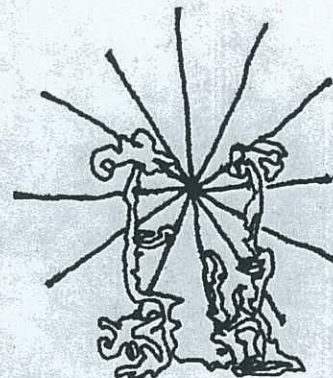
to possess. I pressured Congress with Petrarchian sonnets and at last  
succeeded. A bill passed that banned the FBI director from writing memos.

His last words in To Do basket: "After fall of Kinshasha, you could taste  
the world economy in the nectar of tangerines." The hour of pleasure

sounds. No charge on refills. Journalists are fabricating more than their  
sources. Truth is no longer a cornerstone of fact. Exposed, the radical

idea becomes convention." ——Comrades, check expiration dates. Do  
not deny it; it will arrive. That said, it is here. According to O.'s transcript

B.'s last words before the court: "The rebels left waitress 20 cents.  
In my wretched heart alone, her beauty blooms." End of Broadcast.





☪ "OA(S)IS Ad campaign" by Agent mT.

☪ "OA(S)IS Suicide Methods": "Pecked To Death" by Everglade,  
"Catching Fat Women Out Of Helicopters" by Everglade and Agent mT,  
"100m Liquid Nitrogen Dash" by Agent mT.

☪ "Kitchen Doors" by Joshua J. Lifrak

☪ "80% Hydrogenous" by Doorley

☪ Accidental Submission: "Quack" by Everglade, pirated from fiber optic nerve network. Everglade has the habit of twisting her body around her keyboard, contorting into unimaginable sculptures. It is my theory that this influences output.

☪ The Mango Broadcasts

These communiques were first broadcast on free radio networks throughout North and South America during the summer of 1998. We picked them up on the now defunct WJNZ, free radio Brooklyn. The voice is believed to be that of Agent mT, a code writer & strategist affiliated with Stunt Team International. Dr. Awing Peece of Harvard Institute for Wholistic Political Science, with the help of his staff, translated the code from its original mix of English, Spanish, Arabic and Zulu. "It is likely, however," says Dr. Peece, "That the particular juxtaposition of languages is a central component of the code." These works are understood to be encrypted directives towards disparate bands of militants, activists, intellectuals & agents constructing & defending loopholes in the 1st society. Dr. Peece has conjectured that these broadcasts were connected to insurgencies in France, New York City & the Middle East during that summer and possibly influenced operatives in actions later that year. We have no confirmed information about Papaya, whether a person, group, location, part of the code or literary device. Only days before we were scheduled to go to print, we believed there had been no response from Papaya. However, outside researchers scanning newswires notified our sources about possible telegraph transmissions to a certain address just outside Vienna, Austria. The telegraph below (original in Morse code, combination German, Swahili, Chinese translated by Dr. Peece and staff) turned up in the P-file of cabinet 12 of Agent AMen's headquarters:

Papaya Telegraph to Comrades in the Cities: Mango  
Location on Main, 23:17, 19 June 1998

Intention diverted; she refused to hold the plane. Evidence of insects collecting in Frankfurt. Stop.

(Reject reality as being "merely" random.) All voices here are recorded; script replacing instinct.  
Severed foot still wet from hairdresser mist.

(Day of signs, premonitions, possible higher

cognition). I am attempting to rise. First

memory: the post-apocalyptic green distance of Iceland. Were we breathing air? 108 stories. Yes.

Comrades, the fasting has begun. "What was expected, will not happen now." Stop.

We assume there are other telegraphs and will persist in our hunt for further directives.

This is the first time the Mango Broadcasts have appeared in print in English.  
☐Composition: Mixed media text collage, outsource from Herald Tribune, Baudelaire, notebooks, street signs, conversations with gods and natives, etc.☐

☪ The Score by Christine Howard

☪ One-word poems, excerpted from *Terse Symphony: The One Word Poems of Loud Josh, 1978 to 1999* by condensation guru, strength experimenter, marathon runner and former monk, Loud Josh. "The one-word poem is the pre-big bang universe. The singularity at the center of the black hole. A collapsing of meaning into meditative origins. A fire of gathered sticks. A polyrhythmic melody that embraces the space in between symbol and actuality."

☪ Tilt-a-Whirl by mm lewis

☪ Cross-outs, cover-ups, poems reduced & re-written through elimination by J.R.R. Magsaysay. Raw material from Robert Mezey's *Evening Wind* and *Premotions: The Kaya Anthology of New Asian North American Poetry*. The whited-out and black marked crossed-out originals are one of a kind. We have reproduced them here as accurately as possible to retain the depth of transformation, voice emerging from other voices, a subversion of text.

☪ Found Writing II: In the bottom drawer of a chewed up gum stuck school desk left on Pitt Street (that's a lie). I had the feeling it was intentionally left behind. Am I to continue it? ... It has a literary pretense (read: idea of publishing or sharing with strangers) lacking in the Found Writing I. The manual typewriter, the cross-outs and handwritten additions--an artifact, work in progress. The writing stabs at meditation and narrative but veers into tangents that come back and criss-cross. I flipped it over and the text was upside down. That upside down turned it into a magic piece of paper, everything written took on the metaphor of opposites, stood on its head. What are the riddles behind it? Is it the embers of a fiction or a new writer working through a journal entry running after a voice? Who is this person putting this down, thinking about someone else he (I think it is a he) can't get over, running into a suicide attempt?

☪ "Slot Machines" by Sean Clute. Originally performed by the



Intergalactic Space Orchestra, Sante Fe, New Mexico 1998. Slot machines is an attempt to reconstruct the random sonic events heard at a casino through the use of percussive instruments and magnetic tape. The piece was inspired by a week long rampage of the senses while in Las Vegas, Nevada. Electronic melodies from slot machines, clanging of coins, and the loud roar of hitting a jackpot makes a multitude of maddening sounds. However, the musical form of the casino is what turns the repetitive patterns of a mundane world into a palace of excitement. In this piece percussionists make decisions as to their degree of participation as well as perform from a written score. Champagne is optional.

Orange Landmarks by John Tru-ex

"IT" by Doorley

"Window Cleaner, Figure 1A" by John Tru-ex

"boom! own" by GBK

Clown Town by Robert Coelius

"Red Haired Woman" by Joshua J. Lifrak

Found Writing I: A letter--was it ever sent?--found stashed in a playbill for the Williamsburg, Virginia Theater Festival of 1974. Doorley asks why we are including it. That's why I'm writing this.

I found it on lower Broadway below Canal where a street bookseller had laid out his wares down the concrete sill of a long block. He sat at one end on a crate while we stooped through the press. I was nosing through a box of old magazines when I found IT. Atari2000 (recently upgraded to Atari20,000), DJ auteur, stood between me and the guy on the crate as I snuck it into my pocket, then we slipped down to a hidden staircase, pulled out a joint and read through it before going to hear The Rebirth Brass Band.

The author seemed more a creation of J.D. Salinger than a real character at first. But then I realized that it was more Salinger's art of getting a voice like this--a bit awkward and intellectually self-reflexive--right than it was Salinger at all. The handwriting seemed like a woman's until it became clear that this guy was going into the war. Then we were hit with all the questions. Who was he writing to? Did he go to war? How does it all end up? Why is this letter inside that playbill? Who left it there? We were led right inside it, like a mystery, with no where to go beyond its perfect ambiguity. Is the writing good Doorley wants to know? To me, that is almost irrelevant. This person is not struggling with being A WRITER, but with expressing himself in words as best as he can at that moment. In that way, it is primal--primal through the maze of whatever education and reading he has done that make communication full of past and references.

But is the writing good? Only as a character in the story or context of the discovery--and that is good enough for me. What does Doorley have to say?

"Shadow Dancer" by Doorley

Composition: Bookcase, or, How to write an autobiography by GBK

Blindly select a book from the bookcase. Remove all bookmarks & inserts--anything that might lead you to one page over another. Close your eyes and flip through the book like a deck of cards. Open to a page. In your head: left or right? Open your eyes and read the chosen page. Select the passage of your choice. Type it in. Repeat process. (ps. Cheat at every step.)

Results of GBK bookcase below. Quote sources separated by tildas (~).

Rainer Marie Rilke, Letters to a Young Poet ~ Octavio Paz, A Tree Within ~ Edmond Jabes, The Book of Questions ~ Master Lam Cam Chuen, The Personal Feng Shui Manual ~ Walt Whitman, Leaves of Grass, ~ Arthur Rimbaud, Illuminations ~ F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Gretchen's Forty Winks" ~ The Dhammapadam, "The Thousands" ~ Barry Yourgrau, The Sadness of Sex ~ Friedrich Nietzsche, Daybreak ~ Andrei Codrescu, Belligerence ~ e.e. cummings, No Thanks, "87" ~ Tennessee Williams, A Streetcar Named Desire ~ Martin Buber, Hasidism and Modern Man ~ Thomas S. Kuhn, The Structure of Scientific Revolutions ~ Paul Virilio/ Sylvere Lotringer, Pure War ~ The Analects of Confucius ~ Walter Laqueur and Yonah Alexander, The Terrorism Reader ~ American Indian Myths and Legends, Cherokee ~ Thomas Pynchon, Gravity's Rainbow ~ Book of Make-up, Masks, and Wigs ~ Prosper Merimee, Carmen ~ New American Standard Bible, "John 3" ~ Saul Alinsky, Reveille For Radicals ~ Simone de Beauvoir, The Second Sex ~ Art Margolis, The Practical Handbook of TV Repairs ~ Jalal al-Din Rumi ~ Andre Breton, Soluble Fish ~ Michel Foucault, Madness and Civilization ~ Paul M. Churchland, Matter and Consciousness ~ The Tibetan Book of the Dead ~ The American Heritage College dictionary ~ Jane Jacobs, The Death and Life of American Cities ~ Terry Robards, Book of Wine ~ A.A. Milne, Now We Are Six ~ Patti Smith, "Judith Revisited (fragments)" ~ Vine Deloria, Jr., Custer Died For Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto ~ Hermann Hesse, Narcissus and Goldmund ~ Albert Camus, The Rebel ~ Sun Stories, Cherokee ~ Peter M. Senge, The Fifth Discipline: The Art & Practice of the Learning Organization ~ Alexis de Tocqueville, Democracy in America ~ Carlos Fuentes, The Death of Artemio Cruz ~ Popol Vuh ~ Roget's II The New Thesaurus ~ Dr. Seuss, Sleep Book.

"Walking the Cat" by Everglade, amplification by Doorley.

Amplified (captioned) lines are doorway, entrance sign to universe inside the poem entire. They lift off the page, "Rocket Supreme," 3D wild style. Who's channeling this flow?

"Epiphany Deux," Chapter 18 of Club Fascistland: A Nasty and Timely Fairy Tale by Loki Kevorkian, "1999. lokikevorkian@hotmail.com Picks up the hallucinatory rewired Wizard of Oz fable as Tod (Kansas boy Dorothy battling the evil witch Mayor) reopens the electric, bacchanalian "Club Fascistland" underneath his coffee shop called "Ahhhhh's" in Freq defiance of Her Horror's master plan.



Biopsy, excised (that is, deleted) from the short story, "Letters from Flow," by GBK. This biopsy is structured roughly as a story book screenplay, a short quiet film, where the camera watches thoughts.

"Fireflies" by Joshua J. Lifrak

Accidental Submission: "The Corner of Your Eye," Gabriel Boyer.

Location: DUMBO Under The Bridge Festival, a loading dock at midnight. We resuscitated from Coonog's last remembered dream a masked destruction band with a couple guitars, scrap metal instruments (Sing! Ta! Ha!) rigged with transducers & effects, computers, a large drawing canvas, transistors, sticks of all kinds, and deep throat scratch & scat a la tech no lyricism. We held a vodka communion, torched and smashed computers, various large orange fruits & staged a car crash ing. Once it was over, the loading dock in ruins, smell of smoldering toxic plastics, bleeding feet from the glass, I asked the organizer for some of his writings to see what he was working on. He handed over a stack, wet from spilled beer and crinkled and folded from being stashed in notebooks and jackets. This is from that selection, an accidental submission by Gabriel Boyer, who we also must thank dearly for the advent of the Hyperbolic Destruction Dance Band, which might never play again.

Last Ransomed Poem by Zemil7. Note for archaeologists: inspiration source of Ransom Corp. name. Elucidation of key terms sent from Zemil7 (master soundspellologist) over fiber optic neural network, Moroccan desert to Sonar HQ:

SYNCHRATIC. a big word i got from the police in third grade. it comes from synchronicity: the converging of many things that happen at the same time that leads to usually some kind of alignment. a synchratic happening is one of the elements in a synchronicity HOLIFERNANCE is a character from the old testament that got left out of the bible. the story goes this guy holifernance has an army and is set up outside the walls of jerico or somewhere like that and everybody knows he's gonna break the walls and kick everybody's ass in the morn ing; but this sexy gal jude goes to his tent, she drinks him under the table maybe fucks him and then cuts his head off with his sword, she sneaks out back into the city and parades his head around, the army outside is without a leader and turns around. see paintings by Caravaggio, baroque italian, . judith and holifernance, there are actually a lot of classic art work you should be able to find as a beginning refer ence point, i did sound spell the name though. MOVEEN i believe i took from the dune series but i don't really know, i used it mostly for sound i am fine with it illegitimntness CONEYS, got from derrick david, this is the incorrect plural ization of coney from coney island, coneys are rabbits and traditionally trixters in most mythologies

Hangman Series One, including "Totem Pole," "Peacock," "Blow Up Doll," "Sawed-in-half-lady," "Invisible Man," conceived & drawn by Everglade and Agent mT. Two questions remain: Who is execution er? Who is judge?

Hangman Flip Books ("Electrocution" and "Pick Up Sticks") conceived and drawn by Everglade.

Damaged books courtesy of the editors. Water stains, cigarette holes, tears, dogearring, red-lining, highlights, strange retillence and other internal periphenalia mean you have a signed copy.

hidden tracks: "Meteor" by GBK; "Little Prince" by Loki Kevorkian; "Like" by mm lewis; an excerpt from Doorley's leatherbound journal .

© 2000 Sonar: Echo Network. Word and idea junkies retain all rights to their work. 2000 copies. 12 (one for each author) done away with in a book burning ceremony (the word the word the word in the ash drift).

Special thanks to OA(S)IS and The Task Force For Inventive Philanthropy for fending off our melancholy.

Produced by JJ Lifrak, mm Lewis, Doorley & GBK.

Mastered by Doorley & GBK

Cover design and layout by Atari 20,000.

SEN: an autonomous publication No timetable. No ads. No monied intere- sets compromising layout & intent. An underwater collection of blips on the screen as we motor toward the rewired multimedia capacities of the book and the psychosis of saturated brains still churning out these little swervy letters. Genre fucking and inventing. Played at 33 1/3 RPM Sonar drops the baseline in and out with an earmash of insect cadences and sleep sounds.

sonarecho@yahoo.com



against biosphere of stoicism, i hear icon of burrough's saying:  
"love and desire" love and desire

in the roly polly blackness of steaming light  
(polyrhythms create illusions of space  
between sounds) there's a gathering hush  
of gaseous rock burdening towards a crease of fog and water . . .

it disintegrates, another way of saying circulates, into  
fragments into shares buy I buy shares of a particle of a  
gaseous hunk of rock. blooming tail unfurled for several  
who've clamored through neon towns begging for a  
benign telepathy that will activate like a volcano. ruin this town.

there it's dissecting froglike stars moons  
the damn laser ahhhh lift of the burn,  
not comet. METEOR--in a traffic rush (i'll ride the yellow line)  
to the densifying touchable i feel i feel i feel air wind water taste earth  
disintegrating particle by particle pulled from its teeth its talons. this turtle  
with the backpack of food outlasts the rabbit in its rush before the  
clouds. Molecule dropped at bus stop terminal, neighborhood grill  
with the parquay floor, the bus unloads for the passengers in back cruising  
with their cocks bunched in g's . . .

the last particle up the nasal passageway. ten'pound bag of dope  
mixed with rat poison. accidents happen. Jeremy dies knowing the left out  
shade of blue sssshhhhhh sssshhhhhh

Just acting Little Princey again  
standing on the swollen meteoric float  
little boy blue looking down at shoesies unlaced  
laid out tropic capricorn cancer  
with miller nin tongues

provoking his clitorary demeanor  
lustful for premature afterlife worship

Just a shade beyond pasty  
got a wittle wed wimpy pout-a-face  
when the copernicus marble 'tween his toes  
does the skip and makes big on him  
tripping simpleton's crinoline epiphany  
melts into zits, shrapnel bubbles of zuperideas  
breaking on his face \*\*pah\*\*pah\*\*pah\*\*pah\*\*pah\*\*

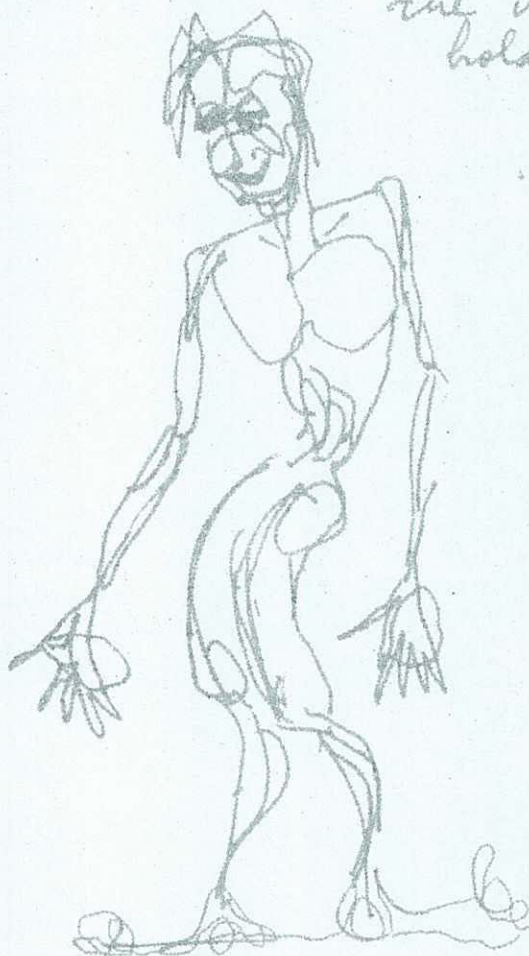
Little boy blue, he's not a beetle  
getting all sorts of cowsley acid and worldwide poon  
inventing "it" from nothing and reaping  
beds of pink pink welcoming petals  
doing cheeky business in airports  
getting bowls for the head  
beating jesus in a popularity contest

and they dare ask. "Where's your crown? Prove yourself?"

there is nothing shattering about tuesday.  
a whirlwind of errands and excuses.  
buses.  
the molten blood of seconds  
is saved for the rain on sunday  
where greyness is all day  
an elastic sky, a blinding canopy of white,  
daggers of indigo thread the icicle  
and twilight slurps the fatty grime of oysters.  
tuesday is for like.  
(just listen to the word: like)  
a highway patch of limp daffodils  
a scandinavian fish, bland and pickled and easy.  
Sunday is for suicide  
for toes clawing pebbles at the edge of cliffs,  
fingers that dig into echoing silence;  
the gaps run in, puddled  
with traces of burning hair myrhh exit ramps  
and your taste, in absentia  
running through the gutters of my mouth

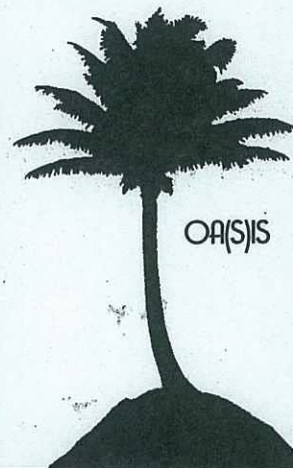


... i walked to the  
table,  
to unload my dreams,  
and ~~did not~~ sink without  
the weight to  
hold...



### Sample Suicide: Track Race

Devised for those suffering from  
acute Type A complex, fear of failure,  
the speed of the technological age.



At the last 20 meters of a race track, create  
a narrow enclosed tunnel equipped with canis-  
ters of liquid nitrogen connected to a central,  
portable remote control. Your suicide  
attempt begins approximately 80 meters  
from this tunnel.

Wear an appropriate sporting outfit.

Position yourself & listen for the starting  
pistol to sound in your mind.

GO! Accelerate to top speed.

At 80 meters-the point where you enter-the  
room is a wall of liquid nitrogen.

DO NOT WILLINGLY SLOW DOWN.

This is tremendously important to capture  
your essence. However, if you exit, your  
attempt failed. If you do not, you are frozen  
within for the world and, perhaps, future  
generations to ponder.

This is your suicide note.

*Don't waste your time with a note.*

*Make H@W you die more than you can say.*

*Call 800-DO-OASIS.*

These advertisements are paid for the Office of An Imaginative Suicide. The office in no way condones sui-  
cide or suggests that it is an answer to even the worst life circumstances. Living is better than dying.

### Hung: For not responding

