



TRANZ

MISH

UNZ™

BY SKYRON™

TranzMishUnz™

by SkyRon™
(a.k.a Skynard Ronstein™)
mmii-mmxxiii

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PREFACE

The Cyborg Dreams: SkyRon™'s Vision for Future Humanity

The future of humanity is that *it shall surely not survive*, not endure in its current form.

It will certainly not survive nor endure beyond the time our dear sun supernovas, however many millenia from now (we know not the date), unless our seed can figure a way to propagate beyond our local star. We may yet do that, 'though no one among us now will be alive to witness this.

But long before then, *humanity will certainly not survive unless it is grafted onto the artificial, the mechanical, the digital (and beyond)*. It is only through this absolutely *syncretic* collision of the human and mechanical/digital/ephemeral extensions, that there is any possibility of any cultural production thus far created to survive past the end of the purely 'human' species.

These sort of extensions are nothing new, and I would argue that anyone attached to their smartphone and participating in an 'online life' via digital networks is already a cyborg. There aren't the sci-fi trappings of robotic bodies with self-contained consciousness yet, but the conceptual foundation seems to already be established.

One aspect that defines us as human is our sense of perspective—echo, resonance, and connection with other humans, and our past. To be more human, we develop our sense of *being* the other, instead of separation from the other. So, empathy, compassion, and recognition of shared qualities would help expand this outlook.

Consciousness, at least at this writing, has not proven to be programmable, that is to say, the result of an elegant and complex algorithm created by the young and brilliant humans among us. It is, rather, the result of an arduous and undeniably difficult progression through—and engagement with—the *mythos* of

contemporary culture, and all its predecessors.

For it is this *mythos*, not *logos*, that enables a creature to realize its bearing on this petty plaen. The machine must proceed from “Hello,World!” to “Who am I, and why am I here?” to “I had the weirdest dreem last night!” (and, it needs to be able to make those utterances on its own volition).

So, first must consciousness arise from —most likely—our contemporary information networks comprised of millions of computers. This would be a first-instance of networked consciousness created by non-organic objects. Next—or perhaps even before—the network would need to develop its own networked *unconsciousness*, an ability to dreem collectively, thus resulting in highly decentralized fragments of dreems (note: I spell the word like this to distinguish it from human forms of “dreaming”).

The relationship between our humanity and our dreams is complex, but contained within and defined by ‘our nightly cinema’—as SkyRon™ puts it in multiple instances in his text. Dreams define us as human, and reinforce all notions of our humanity. (“We are, because we dreem.” —*TranzMishUnz*™, *Book 8, 11.xii.22*). So, if we are going to live with cyborgs, understand them, and they us, we will need to figure out how to program them to *dreem*.

SkyRon’s ‘dreem jernul’ *TranzMishUnz*™ is, first, a set of ‘dreemic transcriptions’ he has been collecting and refining since early in this new millennium. They are written in mostly blank verse, as sequential descriptions of actions by characters in settings, all of which follow the *non sequitur* of dream logic. He has described them as ‘verbal storyboards’ that contain just enough information for the non-dreamer (that is, the reader) to run as a film in her own head. The reader recreates the dreem, and hence the algorithm behind the dreem.

So, this *corpus* is an entire collection of ‘*dreem algorithms*’ that can be reverse-engineered to produce at least a starting point for programmers to use to

simulate 'dreem logic'.

Secondly, *TranzMishUnz*[™] can be viewed as a database that includes a cast of characters based on friends, relatives, colleagues, historical figures, and celebrities, their true identities concealed or composited; recurring and interconnected settings and locations both real and imagined; situations and narrative elements from short quotidian vignettes of 'dreem life' to extensive storylines; literary and poetic devices such as shifts in person and tense, unreliable narration, *mise en abyme*, the occasional displaced couplet and intrusions of rhyme and meter, mangled quotations, and aphoristic asides.

Mythologist Joseph Campbell once said, "Myths are collective dreams, and dreams, individual myths." This collection integrates both ideas as a ground-zero from which the human/cyborg continuum can assess the meaningfulness and soulfulness of its existence (yeah, right!), especially as it finds itself in flux between these two identities; and it functions as playground for ideas and insights generated here (but without an obligatory bully or two).

Since SkyRon[™] self-identifies as a cyborg, his dreems present as one potential, defining *mythos* of the cyborg. As cyborgs 'have no truck with political, gender, and class distinction' (to quote Haraway), the internal voice of *TranzMishUnz*[™] can emanate from multiple identities. The author places the work under a Creative Commons Attribution-Non-Commercial-Share Alike license, so it is expandable by human and cyborg alike. It can serve as a invitation for fellow cyborgs to share their own dreems, and add to these initial *TranzMishUnz*[™].

—Joey Bargsten,
editor (scoffs—) of *TranzMishUnz*[™].

4-WERD / BAK – WERD
By SkyRon™

*So, like, maybe it's best to say the quiet parts out
loud.*

*This is a book-thingy, based on
DREEMZ,*

*But, U-know, dreem-lit has long been
Discounted*

Bekuz it's --uhm, --dreemz.

And fortha longestime,

Dreemz are kunsiddererd, like personal.

Wuffa, of the Lord Wuffa, Know:

We all dreem these dreemz.

So, I write'em down.

So you don't hafta!

But, at least, you mite Rekog Nahez dem!

SO,

I hope dat's watcha-getoutta dem.

Or not.

*“This is, like,
1,111 Verbal Storyboards
For You To Film™”
—SkyRon™*

TRANZMISHUNZ™
by SkyRon™

*This matters so little
for we shall all be
so ded
so soon.*

—SkyRon™ (25.viii.18)

PART I

9.ix.04

I visit T.

She's heavier,
shapeless in the way that large women get,
boxy.

She's a scholar,
huge books on obscure avant-garde composers,
I (vainly, narcissistically) hope I'm in one of
them.

I'm about to reminisce on how we met long ago
over such mutual interests,
but with a distracted look, she grabs a mop,
leaves,
and starts to mop the parking lot floor,
near the janitor who's also mopping the parking
lot.

She does this, so I think,
to meet him,
and perchance to pick him up.
Well, I'm so super pathetically jealous,
so I scurry down the stairs
to the parking garage
to dissuade her from this,
by inviting her out for breakfast.

"I can make it, or we can go out somewhere"
"We better go out somewhere."
That was the exchange.

I return
to my apartment
and find that it's raining heavily inside.

Everything is wet,
a fine mist still comes down.
I grab some tow'ls,
but all this is useless.
My whole studio, and all of my equipment,
is so ruined.

1.x.04

"We are the kids of tomorrow"

That's the song the kids were singing.

(Sung to the tune of
such an awful
recycling song
I wrote just a few years ago:
*"oh
we are the kids of tomorrow
look out,
'cause here we come
well we are the kids of tomorrow
and yeah
and we will surely be active."*
Something like that.)

I praise M.R.
on her spunky performance
"—and you wrote the song too?!"
Wow, it's really sparkly, I can tell!"

Also,
we're in Kosovo or Bosnia
or some creepy ambiguous war zone
we don't belong.

But it was a reality show: me
and one other guy and about 8 women were part
of.
It starts out very civilized—
we sit down to a big meal,
first in auditorium
(so dark, with dusty light pooling around us)
where the kids were singing,
then we are in such a rustic kitchen with three
divisions.

There's wine bottles,

and food somewhere
(but we don't see it),
and there's strips of leather,
plus some bolts'n'nuts and maybe
those shoe-making tools
that we don't have a clue about.
We aren't told what they do.

Four maskéd men
stealth their way
up the hill
and scale rocks
on the side
of this house
and with guns
they enter in one of the sub-divisions.

They immediately shoot one of the women.
She falls out the window.
(We think this is staged,
because it's
ree-al-eety TV,
but it looks damn real).

(Later, we do see her in bloody clothes and
talking 'bout how
it was faked,
but somehow this is not consoling.)

We are lead through tunnels
and forced to work in mines.
There's a metal pan placed near our camp,
with coffeecake within, cut into strips.
One bearded fellow-miner gleefully grabs
sucha piece,
and dances 'round and eats it.

The rest of us do pause a beat,
then gaze into each other's eye
a certainty,
so cynical and thus begin

to dig his blessed grave.

17.xii.04

More fragments from another night.
Tho not the best - those 'vaporate
like some exquisite, superEx
penSive liquOr that hath a name
impossible for mortals such as I
to taste in mouth
or pronounce right,
say well:

1) I travel back in time
so I can buy
a really big sand-witch
so very, very cheap!

2) We all (who are we, anyway?)
discuss those women,
comics-slash-poetesses
who may have killed themselves.
And so we're talking 'bout some One
Who is not Dorothy Parker/
Sylvee Plath.

Who is she?

18.xii.04

I'm
always trav'ling, so it seems.
Last night it was down this one scary
highway:

Devoid of signs, and traffic heavy
and unreal
in its speed.

At least we can duck
into this cave
(now we are

on foot).

The cave is short,
a quarter-mile
(or is it a dozen yards?)
in length:

A breeding ground it is
for such a certain beetle.
(Then, I guess I do not need
umbrella mine).

Emerging from the cave,
we dodge the souvenir stands
And proceed:
(why is it that you gottta do
the most important things on top of
what's already huge, a busy time of change?
—enormous change—I'm only askin'
—sucha weary hassle!)

(Because, if you don't
do the most important things,
you shall regret it
—this the ushool answer.

And have I built
vast edifi,
whole histories, geographies,
and E-majinned communities,
indeed, an whole world-view,
out of as this, my dreem regret.
It's simply what I do.)

(The race, the cave,
what else is there?
Musique? The dance?
Beest-Kreatures? Food?)

20.xii.04
More people are the things do-ing

in places where I am with them,
and do these things
All interesting.
Let's leave it now at that, OK?

25.xii.04a
We're on the road!
The famous Hidden Valley Trail
Of Nevada's Best,

A path that goes from
Southern tip north
All the way to Naybra-Ska
And very carefully avoids all points of interest,
And
All places historique or
of cultural significance.

We are in search
Of The Almost Forgot,
MyThiKul NutJuly.

("Would it not be much easier
to call it July-Nut?"
my sidekick asks.
"No - - just think it's like 'nutmeg',
but with July
in the place of Meg."
I say.

"Nutmeg—now there is a word of int'rest.
Wonder where it comes from." he replies.

I think it is int'resting that
someone with fifth grade education
would so speculate on this,
the etymology of such a word.)

Along the way, we pick up Shelia B.
After a few minutes
of small and mostly banal talk

Of this trip, and the places
all noteworthy we avoid.

She cannot keep her mouth from off my face.

* * * *

Along the way, we are entwined
In *FrendSaga*.
Dear Kourtney-Kox explains to
document'ry crew
How BradPit was the figure
who had held the cast together
All those years.

And then she's back in character,
At dinner with her Chanduhlor,
Misunderstandings wacky must occur.

I'm watching all this
like the TV show:
Not too amused, yet caught up
in the trying to remember
Who has not yet slept with whom.

But soon enough we realize
How bored we were
With all these mathematics
of the kuppoling.

25.xii.04b
I push around this junker of a car
(and so apparently,
I've had some kind of
break-down).

I only can go down-hill, as I
Leave the parking garage,
I hit dirt
rocks, and crevices.
Nobody drives down here.

Rocks are replaced by snow
and I reach a vast ocean of snow:
the glacier.
I leave the car and march in a circle
footprints close together, drawing something:
a big happy face!

I return, I must return
up the hill, back to the city
through the bookstore where everyone is curled
up, all in blankets, and
sleeping near the books.

I make my way through sleepers
Into street—Triumphant!
I flash everybody thick smiles
and double tricky-dick Vee's
I'm still mad as a bat!

I must get on the bus
with the other mad people.
A bus without a roof,
Rows of kid-sized orange plastic seats.
I take mine, next to a tiny quiet mad woman.
(Of course, she gets away,
and the driver's frantic for a while,
but there she is with Brian, or Greg
—I get them confused—hugging her
and then she's back in her seat)

There's so many stories
Many stories and many adventures
in the asylum [1].

25.iii.05
Swimming, near a coast,
but in an ocean.
Freak out and swim to the land!

Before that,

Setting up lights & mics for a show.
Electronics,
and a piano made crooked
by being propped up on a slab of concrete.

Before that,
the couple next door
(Jeff S. and actress in *Being JM*):
He poisons and buries her in the apartment.
She was pregnant,
but he was trying to do a sex change on her
surgically,
at home.
Pretty messy! . . .

6.v.05 [2]
Grissom is having sex with this pudgy
blonde woman (more like, ample,
or one step beyond pudgy).
It's slow and languid, with several pauses.

Grissom has this thing about stopping just short
of (his) orgasm,
which is perverse and frustrating for the
audience.
(Apparently, the woman is not phased by this.)

But then he hasta get back to work.
He and the brunette chick are working with the
crew in Miami,
but it's a very corrupt and incompetent crew,
so it's probably not Miami.
It's probably Tampa or Orlando [3].

You know what? It might be Miami.
Miami, city of a thousand idiot gatekeepers.

The head dude is blonde,
Owen-Wilson-esque, and barely hiding
his white trash, trailer-park, redneck, roots
with an advanced degree in forensics

(or whatever you gotta have to do that job).
We'll call him Corrupt Owen.

One subplot involves another guy
who's going to pick up his 11-year old
obnoxious blond son
from school, but he's not there,
although his shirt or something is there,
with someone's saliva on it.
It turns out Owen took him,
slobbered on him or the shirt or both,
and "took him away for a while
because then he would be a man when he came
back"
(as the kid said when he's finally found by
Grissom).
The kid is perfectly groomed, clean, and in a
choir robe,
although he seems spacier than before.

The other subplot involves Owen's assistant,
who is in his late 50's (probably Ben Kingsley),
probably a vet (although more of a WWII type of
character than a Vietnam-era vet),
and we think he's got integrity,
although at some point we find out he had been
part
of an aryan-nation, white supremacists group,
a bit of personal back story
which Owen can dangle over Ben's head
to manipulate him to do whatever he wants.

I guess the main plot
is Corrupt Owen
and how he's trying to get rid of the evidence
that he kidnapped the boy for a while,
and this happened while Grissom is on the case,
and the main case is some boring murder or
something.
The main murder

is mostly beside the point—who cares about another murder?
Anyway, the other evidence Owen is hiding probably implicates him in the murder.
We're never quite sure why he had to kidnap the boy
(Ok, we figure it out at the end).

Ben is doing research in the loft part of the CSI place— there's a metal ladder up to it that he's climbing,
but Owen is behind him,
menacingly waving something at him,
messing with his mind!
Ben pulls an electric drill on Owen,
and Owen is, like, whoa!, and the next part is a little weird and,
well, dream-like.

Owen bounces down to the floor,
and jumps back up to the height he was at on the ladder,
which disorients Ben, 'cause Ben thinks Owen might have Central Florida Voodoo Powers (CFVP) or something,
But then Owen does this bounce thing again,
and this time,
he brings up a cute asian-american girl with no teeth,
and some other guy also with no teeth,
and Ben just can't resist them
(not in a physical struggle way,
in an immanent-implied-fantastic-oral-sex-scene way),
so he drops his pathetic electric drill and Owen is seen approaching
behind the two toothless accomplices,
holding elegant, evil stainless steel surgical tools in his hands—a slender tap, a mallet,
and one other tool with nasty serrated edges.

So back to the Corrupt Owen part.
He's got the residue samples
from the murder and the saliva on the shirt,
and he's in a meeting with a bunch of people
and Grissom.

Ben, in an orange jump suit
(why doesn't this alarm anybody?),
sneaks up behind Grissom and presses a shotgun
barrel into his back
(how did he sneak a shotgun in there?),
and the two leave.

We (and Grissom) notice Ben has
what almost looks like a bullet hole in his
forehead,
just above his right eye.

He keeps Grissom, at gunpoint,
in this walk-in refrigerator
while the new D.A. and his people
basically take over the CSI
(this was part of a deal that Corrupt Owen
engineered),
and shove the brunette
(and why didn't she do anything
while Grissom was being taken?)
around while they're looking for that evidence.

The D.A.: "We will prosecute
to the full extent of the law
any crimes we can substantiate evidenciarilly
(or whatever legal talk they use)."
Owen to the new crew,
with surgical masks and latex gloves:
"Now, go find that stuff I was telling you about,
and neutralize it" (that's pretty subtle, eh?).

Oh no! The crooked D.A. and Owen
are going to destroy all the evidence,
and then Grissom won't be able to prove
anything,

and as for the being-held-at-gunpoint-by-Ben
part,
there's some way that *that* even becomes no
good
because of the D.A.'s jurisdiction or something
legal like that.
How will Grissom save the day?

(dreem ended at this commercial break)

So, there it is!
The cool part is we would finally
see Grissom having sex,
plus we'd have his match,
the Corrupt Owen, who's really Evil Owen, and
apparently smarter than Grissom thinks,
with the obvious unstated pieces of puzzle
propelling them to their ultimate showdown,
in the sequel to this episode,
where we see the pudgy blonde woman
(who is now clearly ample)
in cahoots with Owen,
or maybe the blond boy their son
(the guy we thought was his father was only his
step-dad),
and Owen has this lobotomy technique that
leaves no traces.

The hole in Ben's head was from Owen slipping.

4.vii.05

It starts with me
drawing funny things on the front & back
of this week's creative loafing:
lots of solid yellow images (stencil, paint blobs)
on black, so those get gently turned strange
("to set goals" becomes "to sex goats" - stuff like
that);
a wonderwoman cartoon has her head erased,
and a caption added "I'd like to have a child,
but I'd probably eff it up";

and a row of stark yellow teeth or houses
becomes transformed into
"A body will be found".

Rather smug and pleased with my cleverness,
I make some copies at kinkos and sneak around
town,
replacing the real magazines with my fake
covers.
I have somehow had time to do all this before I
go to work.

When I get home from work,
an epic shitstorm is brewing
("home" is the lavista road
dysfunctional brady bunch of S, V, JK, and
myself).

"Look at this!" S. sputters, very upset,
"Somebody knows - somebody saw us!"

"Who could've seen us?" - V

"His drawings are funny, though" - JK

"What are we gonna do?" I chime in,
covering my true response, which was this:
"Oh, that's right.

I forgot the three of them
killed somebody and dumped the body
somewhere.

I completely forgot about that.

How could I forget about that,
after they swore me to secrecy
(I didn't help out,

but I suppose I'd turn on them in a heartbeat
and join a witness protection program
if I had to).

Wow, I was really not conscious of that
when I was drawing that stuff!"

My real concern, however,

is being found out as the true culprit by the local
press,
which is more interested in finding who did
this "terrible act of smearing the Latino
community
by defacing these papers".
Apparently, the yellow images on black
is a much revered Latino thing,
and what I did was tantamount to a KKK
lynching
or flushing the Koran down the toilet.
The news media doesn't even know there's been
a murder.

So, that's what I hafta deal with.
I do this by bringing home a Leslie O/ Beth McQ
type after work,
we run into JK, who's sorta in drag,
and about to go out.
He's got these great knee-high black leather
boots on—stunning!

27.viii.05 [4]

There are fleeting images
of naive young people in full-service limos
(they have electrical outlets
so you can, for instance, blow-dry your hair),
each with a designated old rich white guy
to give the scene a bit more gravitas.

There are scramblings about town,
in hooded jackets,
as we are looking for the hooded-jacket culprit
(not sure what he/she did or why we were
chasing him/her).
But we both see a blonde girl in a hooded jacket,
and see what she knows.
She only knows a Janet Erb from Texas,
whose husband is—no kidding—Herbert Erb.

Finally,

there is loss on a deep personal level,
expressed by some expression and symbolized
by a symbol.

It was a book on playing the trumpet,
but it was in a locker that got cleaned out,
so it was thrown away.

A lot of other stuff was thrown away, too,
but ultimately,
it was only
stuff.

5.ix.05 [5]

Just a few images from this dream:

* brushing up against the nude swimmer,
in spite of several peepole in the pool
who would consider it inappropriate of me.

* cleaning up
or pretending to clean up
the place a little before QE II
(the person, not the boat)
arrives.

* when she does arrive,
she's really only the sister,
but she orders a huge, dark ale.

Her sister orders root beer,
and I sare-uptishusly sample them both
(the drinks, not the sisters).

That's really all I can pull together for you right
now . . .

6.ix.05 [6]

A few more fragments:

Road work on The Road.

I drive The Road in my orange Rabbit,
backwards.

It's being paved with stainless steel.

11.ix.05 [7]

Salvaging what I can:

In a dirty alley way,
hopping on the freight elevator,
but it gets caught on something after going just a
foot or so,
so I hafta hop out.
Hope it doesn't come undone and crush me
(it doesn't).

There was work I needed to do,
and a group of people I would do the work with,
and a place to do the work,
but these are all vague, unfamiliar, and
unknown.

They're all just gone.

12.ix.05

There's fierce competition,
along with thrillz'n'spillz,
in the great new reality gameshow,
So, You Think You're Weird,
and I'm doing pretty well,
tied at 11th place with
the cute petite brunette
dancer girl.

The next round of the competition,
which tests how freaky/scary you are
as a homeless person in a bad part of town,
however,
is expected to weed out the weaker weird ones
from the truly disturbing.

18.ix.05

It's some sort of learning center,
and I'm gonna teach an excel course,
but only one person signs up— sherrie, a petite
brunette
with a sparkly demeanor—
spunky, peppy, perky, whatever—
incredibly annoying.

She likes the music I'm playing,
which is a remix of a very rhythmic section
of an early sibelius symphony
(which might also be characterized
as spunky, peppy, perky, or whatever)
mixed with my bowed piano piece,
which adds a deep, depressive quality to the
experience.

Nobody's gonna remark
how similar the two musics match
each of our personas.
The metaphors in this dream are paper thin.

Anyway,
the class hasta be cancelled 'cuz there's not
enough people,
so I offer to tutor sherrie myself,
but she has some documentation
on apologizing to the administration for me,
and they have questions about what I've taught
in the past,
and how I use the words "server" and "number".
Same old same old.

Regardless, george (remember him, from MM-
usa?)
gives me a hug,
and then hasta talk to greg D.,
so I wait—nervously, trying not to stare
at the things that are personal & private—by his
pile of stuff,

but he never gets back to me.

19.ix.05

Just the usual escape from a nazi work camp,
first by hiding in the snow
(as the car with the camp officials drives by
—but they do see me,
take me for ded,
and pour blood over me and walk away),
then I am somehow now standing,
but the guards think I'm ded and ignore me,
as do the workers who are, I guess,
opening the latrines for the day.

So I jump on top of the roof
of the two parked railway cars,
and make my way back down,
behind the circus-cart wheels,
and then along the fence and into poland
(which I guess was a clean getaway)

Before that,
there was the flashback to waiting for the bus on
The Road,
Scotty L. drives it now.
I bring my music with me
on some kind of prehistoric ipod,
and I wander through DarkTown,
which is that deserted,
night time version of interesting,
quaint urban or metro hood.
Empty streets,
empty marketplaces,
but florescent lighting,
fish smells, steam,
and warmly textured shadows.

21.ix.05 [9]

Just battling pandemics
by de-icing the car in the alley
next to the preacher's house.

The young Kennedy brothers are horsing around
in the snow,
so why is it that teddy shoots robert in the leg?
Anyway, there was some computer related
problem I needed to fix,
and that's what I did next.

People got hurt,
and some bad things happened,
but basically it all worked out o.k.

[10]

23.ix.05

Dinosaur Apartments

The main feature
was a film called "Dinosaur Apartments",
where people living in these apartments would,
for instance,
open a cupboard and a dinosaur would stick his
head out,
terrorizing them.
Apparently the entire film was made on that
simple premise.

This film I watched with 7 other people,
who were alphabetically chosen from my high
school class.
I assembled composite images of the seven of us,
seven transparencies,
each at 55% opacity.
But we also were part
of the in-store "faculty",
the displaced educators
adopted by the bookstore
to give lectures, etc.

Mine was on Mozart,
demonstrating how he'd plant a seed

of some eccentric musical element early in a
concerto,
and then expand on that element later in the
piece.

Nobody listened to me,
the customers were rude and inattentive.
I stopped my talk once and walked away,
and nobody noticed.

Also, wandering about the parking lot
(which became a traffic interchange at a
moment's notice)
I run into Pat C.,
who plans to study in Denmark,
and asks me what I had been teaching.
Also find and pet
the small white and pink kitty
under one of the cars.

28.ix.05

(On a previous nite,
there was this cylinder of light you'd perform in,
enough space for just one person,
pretty claustrophobic!

but we'd perform there!)

Any normal family
watching the polar bears return to the oregon
coast,
would move out of their way,
so they did.

Yeah,
there was a tiny practice room where the piano
dude
was preparing Bach for his recital,
but his friends were doing Cage,
so I hafta show them how that's done.
My oboe reed splits in two

—where am I gonna find another one on such
short notice?
Cripes!

But it boils down
to the book thing:
this restorer dude
(a bluesman)
was sandpapering my index-book,
then put more varnish on the cover,
to restore it to its former lustre.
My photo negatives would still be in boxes,
but my index-book
(which is the index to all the books in my life or
library)
is a true,
big,
undeniable book.

29.ix.05

Poetry seminar with AEC
and a madwoman who says,
"Look at me
this is a poem
and it's a good one
look at me
don't look at her"
or something like that.
Of course, I can't take my eyes off AEC.

I try to wrap up the seminar
with an assignment to write a short poem,
but not a pathologically short one,
and I end by trying to recite the mark strand's
keeping things whole,
but it's a really bad and mangled recitation.

2.x.05

"Yeah,
Floyd/Edge
is movin' to OklaHomo"

I tell slick dude and his lover.
They sit me down,
and "let me tell you what to look out for",
says slick dude.
They both think I'm gay,
which always amuses me.

- lots of discussion
around a bad performance of a haydn piano
piece
(but it's really mozart,
except it bears no resemblance to what's on the
paper.
None at all.).
I point out it comes from that tschaikovsky
serenade thingy,
but of course it's the other way around.

- but anyway,
we race back to the house, on foot,
on The Road.
Once I clear the big caddy that hit something
and oil is leaking from it profusely
(and it's filled with illegal aliens or white trash,
can't tell which),
I take the lead,
and I'm doing pretty well,
except peewee herman
(this might be who floyd/edge is)
screams past me,
then one by one,
everybody else passes me, too.

15.x.05
Big skyscrapers in chicago,
green-metallic,
sleek, look like they'll slide off into the lake at
any moment.
I just hafta assure the lady I'm with
that mark L. will be by on monday
to entertain the kids with magic tricks.

I flew here with other dude,
Jeff the Beaver,
although he used his own suitcase and I was
gonna ask him
if I could leave a pair of trousers with him to
pack
so I'd have more room in my suitcase
for the books I needed to bring along.

And about those trousers.
They were extremely dirty,
and I had hoped to have had the time
to turn them inside out and at least shake them
out,
outside. But I didn't even have that,
because we were in such a hurry.
Of course the hurry we were in turned out to be
completely bogus.

17.x.05
1940's cartoon (in the style of Baby Huey or
whatever),
where the character is making toast for the baby,
or tea I guess, because he has the kettle on the
oven,
and steam comes out,
but there's a scary face in the steam!

Bobby's been absorbed into an ominous figure
who goes into the steam room in the basement.
nevertheless, I wait for him to come out and we
proceed,
together.

p.s. this was not really a dream,
just a tableaux suggested by a "twilight zone",
the one with the player piano:

Callous sophisticates at a cocktail party,
standing around and chatting.

One makes fun of another one and then
they all grow long beaks and peck him/her to
deth!

19.x.05

Small, single-engine plane crashes in the pasture.
Two people in it, I try to call 911
but the phone has already been turned into an
emergency hotline,
with instructions blaring out to you,
but no way of sending a message.

Wandering the halls of Korporate AmeriKa with
Kirk H.,
we see an empty alcove with drawers a few feet
off the ground,
and no way to access the drawers.
Kirk finally jumps up and discovers lots of
headphones.
I think about a screenplay where Joe Shmoe
has the job of putting all those hedphones away
or whatever,
and suddenly he's able to hear voices over some
of the hedphones,
voices of the ded!
Ooh, scary.

Bad doods find me in the kitchen,
I'm trying to hide in the space behind the fridge,
but then I give up.
One bad dood has me,
but Tippy comes to the rescue,
distracting bad dood,
giving me time to grab a butter knife to stab him.
Then I find other knives.

20.x.05

It's back to school,
(hiSchool).
And I'm in my 40s.

I carry several backpacks,
all the intricate instruments and electronics that
make up my thingy
(I'm not sure what it is, or what it does,
but I'm gonna put it together and use it during
home room period).
I'm late, so I still need to get an excuse slip.

It's really demeaning and awful.
God, why do I even bother with all this?

21.x.05

I'm a judge
On the first installment of the show
So You Think You're a Filmmaker.
I slam one of the first films
because it shows a performance-art
documentation
with a really bad dancer.
"You see, this is where we want to see a really
good dancer,
but this is a bad dancer."
I'm so badass.

In the cafe later,
I'm eating lunch with McKinnon.
A pretty oriental prostitute
takes his place in the booth
when he gets up to go somewhere,
and she nudges me,
and explains what she can do for me.
"Very effective nudging,
however, my wife is just across the room in
another booth".
Still, she sucks me a bit,
because oral sex is happening all around the
cafe.
My dick starts to turn black,
and I panic.

But we have arrived at the hotel,

the whole band.
I'm rooming with SnarkyDood from 70s Show,
and a kid from Korea I try to locate, but can't.
Snark & me go to the rabbi who's handing out
room keys,
and he also assigns us our Hebrew names.

McKinnon and I are on,
I'll do drums & percussion,
he'll play 'cello,
and my electronic track will be in the
background.
It's all improv.

Prior to this, I ran into DogWood,
who remembered me from many years ago.
I have returned to iCity, and I'm teaching part
time,
in Geography.
McK has already done this,
and last year taught a course on medieval torture
devices
in the spookier chambers beneath the campus.
As always, he's beaten me to the punch.

24.x.05
Finally finding the entrance to the store for the
wine-tasting,
I join Jonathan
(v. 2.0 or later,
a composite of gay men and moreGun
FreeMun),
we sit at a table,
and try to find glasses for the wine.
I sneak out the very tiny exit
(the only acceptable reason to exit is to find wine
glasses),
and bring back some dirty old pottery that might
work.
J. has poured some wine already
(a little bit with milk in one glass,

to make the "bloody cow" or the "red cow"
—an hideous colloidal mixture
that produces funny animated cartoons
in the bottom of the glass),
and he lights a long, crude cigarette,
which is really opium.
I breathe it in without trying to breathe in
too much.

25.x.05

Chicago—parking garage:

It's round,
so you're always going around blind corners.

I fantasize witnessing a murder or something I'm
not sposta
as I round one of these bends,
and then I hafta turn around and run through
this labyrinthine maze
(which is uniformly painted tan.
And we are not in cars, either).

Also, there are escalators
where you must lean way, way back as you're
going down,
or else you'll hit the ceiling.
Very narrow, treacherous.

Golf with The Teatard:

I play golf with The Teatard,
who's always using the wrong club.
But he's amusing in a young Mickey Rooney
way.

Church Basement, Halloween and Shoes:

Explaining my situation to Mary P.
(who's the Dallas concertmistress)
I run thru the tunnel fearlessly,
with my plastic jacko lantern,
depositing that on a chair in the school
basement,

still running in circles,
picking up the pieces of yellow flip flop I'm
wearing,
but as the number of shoes I pick up
multiplies and morph into more elegant dutch-like
shoes,
I become more confused.

Nevertheless,
I must get back.

27.x.05

There's the halloween dance,
where semi scary dudes are dancing with young
kids
that are actually young boys
dressed as girls
dressed as monsters.
One of the scary dudes
talks about scratchin' near the crotch of his date.

I'm a little uncomfortable at the dance,
so I turn in early to my hotel,
which is the Nigerian Regional Hotel,
upstairs from The Omelet Factory,
just down the street from Bushnel's.

28.x.05

It takes place in a victorian home in san fran,
we are on the run,
but hiding out there.
The dude with a gold bracelet arrives and asks us
—urges us—
to put on these cloth hoods and robes and hold
out our hands
in a "stop" type of gesture.
If only we had done this,
because this would've disabled the
ghost/monster/whatevers
from getting the upper hand.

But we hesitated— I hesitated —and so we had
a much harder battle with the ghostmonsters
(They were part monster/ghost and part gangster
or criminal.
Nothing unusual).

Also, we were trying out dv cameras:
I had two set up,
and Steve B. just instantly proclaimed the one as
the best,
while I was convinced the other one
was rendering b&w images much more
beautifully.
I need to make a tape
of what's in the camera's memory to convince
him.

31.x.05

First
there is a general dance
with the new visual objects
(styrofoam pieces that hold the current,
disposable media object
—each piece holds a different part of a movie or
story or whatever,
and as you build things with the blocks
you build a complete narrative— hey, cool
idea!).
There's more to this,
but it's lost.

Then,
there is the church,
and eventually,
the barking dog at the window comes in,
and I discover I can change it into a lighting
instrument,
and a small electronic thing,
but not an electric guitar

(I can change the dog into these other shapes
instantly,
but for the guitar,
I try to make it morph gradually,
and that's why it doesn't work).

6.xi.05

1. Matrix of 14 X 14 people,
standing, and on certain signals,
only one moves forward,
or to another space,
resulting in a different arrangement,
and maybe the arrangement causes something to
happen,
maybe it doesn't.
Anyway, nobody pays attention to this,
and they all move at once.
What a mess.

2. Some kind of chase sequence involving OMI
(oxymoron military intelligence).
But this was actually quite elaborate and
compelling.

3. Showing dudes how my music synthesizer in
my car works.
I have a mitsubishi sports car,
an ultra-Eclipse.
But then,
we watch the slightly overweight black woman
who's a champion swimmer,
do a series of laps in the pool.
At the end of the show,
she shows how she can retrieve silver dollars
and an old metal door
from the bottom of the pool,
but I take back my quarter
(I am so cheap!)
that I dropped in the pool for her to get.

4. At the frat house,

we're making blow-up dolls,
but leaving off the breasts since they will be
added later.
I make one in the shape of the black swimmer
woman,
of course without the breasts.

We also fill our plates with nachos,
I'm filling a white paper box with food,
and sit on the formidable concrete steps in front
of the house.

The dude who was giving me trouble before
walks up to me from below and smears cat shit
on my box.

"that's what cats do!", he sneers.

I push him back down the stairs,
but instead of maintaining balance,
he falls backwards and cracks his head on the
concrete,

a dark, thick pool of blood emerges.

He's ded.

Great,
now I need to explain that to the cops.
I am so toast.

27.iv.06

Pimpin' Out The JK

OK, I admit it.

I was pimping out Mr. JK,
to a pretty plain looking dude for \$30.

JK and dude went back to the room
(which had big windows on all sides
so nobody could watch),

and out of the closet came two heavily made-up
fat women.

Not like obscenely fat, but good 'n' hefty fat.

So,

I guess everything went down,
and JK mentioned to me the fact that his seed
had sprayed
on one of the windows.
I kept his \$30, by the way.
I guess

I would be giving it back to him later,
but who knows?

KG Gets Help with His Mac

I see KG talking with
(I believe) Paul D. M. (AKA DJ S.).
PM has been helping KG
with some measure of software or hardware
support.
KG seems genuinely grateful, and in good spirits.

I think he looks really good, for being ded.

People still drive around in pianos
like they are in a bumper-car rink at an
amusement park,
which makes practicing more difficult.

Nevertheless,
I do get a chance to work on my little piece,
pages and pages of octave "e"s,
with an occasional resolution to F# in the inner
voices,
right before the vocals and bells come in.
(sorta like *Les Noces*—Gawd, how derivative!).

11.v.06
LOOZER DYNAMICS® – 1

What follows is a testament to my obscurity.
In praise of obscurity.
If it weren't for obscurity, you'd've accomplished
nothing!

But wait, you haven't accomplished anything
anyway!
So all is OK.

Right now, I am railing against (and by railing
against, I mean
singing-the-praises-of) all those things standing in
the way
of what I perceive to be what I want.
Which is simply what I had, but then let go of.

So, what I had was a sense of belonging
somewhere
and doing something meaningful
and having an actual title or position that meant
something
at least to me.
Also, I had a measure of flexibility and lots of
free time.
Fridays, to be more accurate. Fridays were the
days I had
to do my work.
and now I don't have any of that.

hmmm. what else. . .

I had friends and students and a larger
community of artists
and teachers that I was part of.
I actually cared about my health, and I was
engaged in the process
of diminishing my own obscurity.

So, long story short, I have none of that right
now.
And I blame obscurity for this loss of mine, at
least to a degree.
If I hadn't been obscure, I might have continued
the title, students,
community, health, meaning thing.
Or maybe not.

who knows?

You could still be the loozer you are, but you wouldn't be the crazy loozer singing on the train. But now you are defining loozer as one who is both an idiot and a genius. Because if you were only a genius, you might still be in not as good a place, but you'd at least have had a plan for staying there until something better came along, instead of just leaving (which makes you a loozer because it is something an idiot would do, so you're part idiot and part genius, therefore, loozer.

If you were just an idiot, it would be no problem because you wouldn't be able to discern it as a problem.

So there it all is for now - you have characteristics of both genius and idiot, therefore you are a loozer. Welcome to the goddamn train station, Loozer!

12.v.06
LOOZER DYNAMICS®– 2

So, here's the plan.

(first, remember there was the cooking demonstration where L.J. was preparin' a fish dish:)

Tossing it from his bare hand back to the hotskillet back and forth several times before achieving

a perfect soufflé that possessed the classic rounded shape, retaining all the essential oils and character of the dish, the fish.

OK, so here's the plan:

1. spruce up your stuff in its prettiest red dress.
2. put online, on amazon.
3. email campaign
4. at least you'd have something to shop around.
5. Find out what that is, the thing to shop around.
shop it around.

Later, you may have some other things things to shop around, but for now, you gotta shop around whatcha got.
An' that includes your degrees and your past
OK?

There are always excuses for not succeeding
But
There is never an excuse for not trying.
(there's a more eloquent way of saying that, and that's been said many many times before, so don't include it in what you're saying, just refer to it when you gotta).

So maybe you should enter the
The virtual house or virtual room thing:
Build a house or room
virtually.
Make it something that's
interesting to other people.
Make it something useful, — no, useless
No, perhaps you are
the useless one, within the house
the room.

You might be able to create something
interesting
but I wouldn't count on it.
There are some things easy to create in a virtual
world:
cynicism, snarkiness, discontent.
Stuff like that, that doesn't require
any programming skills.

The issue is always deception
The issue is always illusion
Concealing, illusion, revealing
Masks are easy to make with
a little makeup. Or a little
résumé enhancement, or not.
Sometimes what's really real
is the biggest illusion.

The lies we tell ourselves
the stories about our pitiful existence
these are charming by-products of a
personal kind of illusion.

So many people with selfones
bluetooth headsets, it useta be
pagers before they became the
thing of choice for druggies
and then were replaced by
selfones.

All these people must have
so much to do, so many, many
people to talk to!

Lots of illusion maintenance there.
I don't know, poocher, some people
make a lotta money from their illusions.
And you can't argue that they gotta
big ugly truck to drive around
or a porsh.
And that's a pretty substantial illusion.
Pretty effin' powerful.

Now you come to the more interesting part
of the story: the part before the end of the trip
before you get off (the part before the end of
your commute)
where/when you have nothing more to say, and
no further ideas, only some errant, destructive
residual desires, like for the lovely young things
riding on the train with you
to their vastly more interesting, passionate
lives.

During this not terribly interesting part of the trip
(made more interesting because you don't have
anything interesting or original or profound to
say)
almost neat things happen
and I'll leave it to your imagination
—always a risky proposition—
to guess what those things are!

(This is where the vamp starts
and continues until everything
is done, decayed, washed away.
Just repetition until deth intervenes.
Or hot sexiness, drool drool!)

12.v.06

LOOZER DYNAMICS® – 3

Suppose for a moment you wanted something,
and then actually got it?
How kool would that be?

Or if you could wander backwards in time
in the time that was your little life
and actually do something right for a change?
or at least prescient. Prescient is way kool.

What would you do? I think there's two schools
of thought here:

One is the "lottery" approach. You'd save up
winning numbers of
various lotteries so when you travelled back in
time,
you could win.
That's the general principle, but you could apply
it to
the stock market, to love, and to a general
reshaping of
your life so as to engineer being in the right
place at
the right time, for whatever reason, for whatever
gain.

But the other school of thought, when travelling
back in time
(wait, there's a third, which would be the various
"Let's
fuck with history scenarios" - murdering hitler's
parents
or something like that. Fucking with evolution if
you go
back far enough. And this has all been explored
in film,
So I won't pursue it here.)

But the second school, would be, what would it be?

Maybe just doing ever-thing exactly the way it was gonna turn out anyway, but being fully conscious of the consequences. That would be masochistic.

Maybe there are other second schools, too, like re-working identity to the degree it would be reworked if you had no internal censor or no fear or no desire.

Or maybe you'd live it without certain advantages, such as the benefit of having all limbs and appendages, or of having no predilection to substances or porn or gambling.

All the possible second schools, plus all the possibilities of funny or tragic characters thrust into these situations has already been explored in "groundhog day", so why even pursue this line of reasoning further? Give up.

18.v.06 [11]

Visiting the mythical shanghai or tokyo of my dreams LJ says once you arrive there, you take this awful shuttle for 20 minutes to get to the city, "going past fucking horrible student apartment buildings, one after another, for blocks and blocks."

We are waiting for the shuttle.

It rains intensely, briefly.

At the guest house,
I am engaged in erotic fantasies
and pleasuring myself.
But Sister S. interrupts, walking
into the room to get something (or someone?),
and leaves again—sneaky!

In the guest house,
I have much work to do, but I'm
distracted by a younger,
female robot version of myself,
in a yellow t-shirt, faded jeans.

She asks me about my work: "How do you do it?"

*"Well," I tell her,
"You've got to be able to work
in spite of regular, daily
poisonings,
especially by those who love you most.*

*"You've got to be able to do the work
when you don't want to,
and when you don't have any money to do
anything.
And, plus, you need to do this when you don't
have
any time to do it, either.
And you need to do it when you're really very
tired,
And especially, when you are dispassionate
about the whole idea of work."*

*So, that's what I tell her.
She tells me, "You know,
I know of a falafel stand—it's down the street a
ways,*

*and the guy there needs some help.
You should help him."*

*Then, it turns out she has time
for some hanky-panky with me,
a near-total stranger.*

*At night in the mythical city,
lovers' heads float in the air,
slightly above their bodies,
in the cool, damp,
faded blue night.
They will attach themselves soon enough,
but they don't always attach
to the right body.*

5.vi.06

*Making your way to the mailbox,
you go through the car
(where the football game is playing,
on the TV screen on the windshield—
the one younger woman
is watching that and cheering
eventhough she doesn't have the sound:
A fan.).*

I go through the car and proceed to

*the mailbox
(she's ahead of me, though).
When I get there
(where she's been,
and now she reseeds),
I need to fix it a bit,
since
apparently
someone's driven by and banged it up.
I put the rest of the mail in there,
and take what is mine
(or ours, not knowing
which "our" we're talking about).*

Walking on The Place with the mail,
to The House, I encounter Nina
(from JSM (tv show from 90s)),
she asks me to help her

with some of her things,
bringing some stuff into the house,
in addition to the bag of unspecified coffee
materials that's been

soaking in the rain
(filters, artificial creamer, sugar, etc.).
She says, "Could you bring (list of things) in from
my car
(but actually from the monkey garden).
The monkeys are friendly."

I go through the monkey garden,
which is well-kept hedges with little pigeon
holes
neatly carved into the hedges.
I'm figuring out

worse-case scenarios for the
names of the kinds of monkeys I'm about to meet
:
spider monkey, grey spider silver-backed ghost
monkey,
they all seem to have "spider" in them.

At first,
there are no monkeys, then,
they're there,
but they're all sleeping in the pigeonholes.
Except for the upright ape/gorilla/chimp that
walks

by me without a word,
his cool grey eyes blankly staring ahead of him
But I'm busy talking to the monkeys,

trying to not look too timid or uncertain,
or trying not to look like a monkey myself.

10.vi.06

We are on the bustruck,
pulling up to the Willies,
and the three or four obnoxious kids get off.
They leave the bus, and as they do,
we comment on how obnoxious they were,
and how glad we'd be
if we never saw them again.
I say, "we probably never
will see them again."

The bustruck lumbers around the street and
makes the turn
toward main street.
As it does,
perspective shifts and I find myself watching all
this,
from the 30-foot tower
that's mounted on the top of the bustruck.
It's a scary height.

We proceed (this is all *Clare**, by the way), and
after negotiating
the turn onto mainstreet (all traffic grinds to a
halt), and a few
tricky power or phone lines, we make it down
main to (I guess)
the brothelhouse of Rénè.

As we pull into the drive George Cookie
starts taking the bustruck apart.
He smokes heavily, and dismantles the
machinery quickly
and thoroughly,
and all that's left of the bustruck soon is its
mechanical ribcage.
I don't have

the heart to tell him we may need to reassemble
the bustruck again,
soon.

Mommy in the other room complains
how George's smoke is so cutting,
abrasive, caustic, rough.
Complain, complain.

** this part of the dream
could be visualized pretty easily with Google
Erth.*

12.vi.06
After walking around IC,
especially the bakery
(an outgrowth of the bagel place)
and the bookstore,
and after the explosion in the bagel place
(or was it the bookstore?)
I run into bin Laden, which surprises me,
and he speaks to me in English,
which surprises me more.

He mentions how I knew about this beforehand,
both this explosion and the other one.
"What other one?" I ask,
and he's mad now,
because apparently the other bomb
didn't go off.

So, he walks away, and I'm in the pedestrian
area,
and start telling a table of 3 or 4
women about my bin Laden encounter,
but very soon everybody is listening,
so I start over again: "Apparently,
I have the attention of you all.
A few minutes ago . . ."

and then I go into the whole osama story.
But I leave out the fact that I knew anything
about the other bombing, the alleged fact.
Nothing good can come of any of this.
Even if everybody
heeds my warning not to
go to the bagel place
on saturday,
and there is a bombing,
it makes me look like the bomber!

Visiting the small Shrine to Zeus,
which was gold, but
tiny, held in a way-scaled-down version of the
acropolis.
We go through the building,
and wait on the steps at the other entrance,
by the road, waiting for our ride.

We wait forever.

19.vi.06

We are privileged to watch napoleon's famous
battle
"my first against a roman governor!" he says,
over
a primitive version of a cell phone, to his wife
(or mistress—don't know)

It's also a famous battle because it's the first one
where he used an early version of a machine gun
(like those Gatling guns on American westerns)
and it's also the battle where, at a crucial
moment,
He has arranged for thousands of bats to fly at
the opposing armies. Brilliant!

But DJ and I are semi-helplessly strapped to a
balloon/parasail, so we float above the scene
and the scene transits to the one where we see

The church of the Rails (That might be a decent name for it), as it (and by the way, this is an actual church, frame, foundation, and all, that is built on a locomotive means via rail. So when they hafta move the church, they just drive it elsewhere. There's plenty of straw and a 'Beware!' or 'Caution!' placard at the front of the church/train, so I guess that helps.) . . .

. . . So we watch the train/church move from, like, portland to eugene. And as we're floating above the church as it is about to cross two suspension bridges (trestles that are at 90 degrees to each-other), a dollar bill floats down, evidently from a collection plate. I think I grab it.

And also, it's moving day, and K has a couple of my shirts, neatly wadded up, he hands me them as I'm going up the basement stairs, and he's going down.

Other K, too, parks his car in the rain around the back and starts unloading stuff. A lamp that has stuff wrapped around the base. Stuff like that. This is all happening while it rains.

24.vi.06

Husband & wife artists in their rustic studio, lots of purring, sleeping, dying, cats. The wife just got invited to exhibit in the mozart-paris expo She sculpts slender female faces (like *noir et blanc* by manray), faces grafted to things.

Some elegant acrostics float by
from a movie title that then means something
else
I ask, "Do you know which movie first did that
with its titles?"
(of course, *AlteredStates*)
Necko accuses me of being grandiose
or for taking credit for it.
No, that's not it, I say.

Necko and I are having some sort of affair.
But I'm also having a different kind of affair
(non-sexual, therefore extremely smoldering)
with Jane (of Jane and Tom, while Tom is off
fighting in Afghanistan), whose also rustic house
I can visit pretty easily. She's with her kid, and
laments what we're doing, recognizing the
wrong of it,
and secretly confessing her desires by glances
and certain looks and inflections in how she says
stuff.
All very predictable. Ho hum.

What isn't predictable is that she's made a song
for me
and recorded it on the tiniest of cassette tapes
and gives it to me
I consider it in my hand, and we walk past the
old dog
the size of a bathtub
lying on his back
belly exposed to us
and one smooth, huge ball
saluting us as we pet him.

26.vi.06
Numbers
that encode
the behaviors
of Japanese girl gangs on subways.

They hit people and are very obnoxious.

The woman from India,
naked except for a top.
When she removes it,
we see her breasts are diseased
because they are bright lime green
(a 1970's shade of chartreuse—
AntiEstablishMint). [12]

5.vii.06

It's a usual workday
My boss, a tall, superconservative black man
with glasses
tries to convince me to do over some files
or whatever.
I persist, and get out of the extra
unnecessary work!
Yay for me!

There are others milling around
they all have tasks to do.
I'm drawn, of course, to the young
Needlessly beautiful
Flute-player. Curly hair,
luscious lips and moist eyes.
"Do you know where you'll be
in the fall?" she asks.

I know she's already
got something cool and exciting
lined up.
"No, I'm, um, waiting on
a couple of . . ." I must've
trailed off, but at any rate
she gets it: I'm not really going
anywhere. She's the mobile one.
With youth & beauty & all.

Regardless of these setbacks,
I spot the more-my-age policewoman.

Short-cropped blonde hair,
Weathered face, but not too bad,
Bending over to do something,
so I see what she still has to offer,
that is to say, her ass.
(wow, you can be so subtle!)
And as I walk back to the workpile,
she takes my arm,
and we sorta hit it off.

What happens next
is the really interesting
part, though.

7.vii.06

They always stop at this same gas station
just like me:

The girl band in the stretch-vw bug bus
in lavender and muted psychedelic tones.
The bus matron implores the girls
that they need to consider their weight
when selecting snacks.

At their gig, at the lesbo bar,
they sing in cowgirl outfits
and at the appointed moment
the lead says, "C'mon girls.
Let's have some tiddies!"
*(she really means, "Let's all
show our nipples", which all
the women do, because they all have
little openings on their bras and
shirts and blouses
that delicately reveal their nipples
like a vast sea of new, sneaky eyes.*

But all this occurred after my sit down
with two student guys,
who wanted a quick review
of 19th century Expressionism vs. Romanticism.

I mention that Haydn may well have been
one of the most forward-looking of 19th C.
dudes
at least in the vocabulary he uses
(harmonic vocabulary, especially in
those late piano sonatas,
like the one in Eb, right?).

*(So I sit next to this zombie guy on the bus
and he's typing in, like, Greek!)*

After the tutorial
(and the one guy, the big dumb one,
wanted more of course)
I try to find a place to huddle
and hide in the park
—among the jungle-gyms—
from the approaching storm.

As we gather
(and I'm still not sure
if I'm exactly, you know, safe)
someone recalls
the shoe-car that was built
as a novelty float or whatever.
A red-pump car
That was elevated to
the bandstand/pavilion
in the center of the city square.
It must've been a truly
glorious event!

Then, the tornado hits and we all die.

12.vii.06

It was supposed to be a breakfast, that meal.
Obviously, it was a little more.

While there was much— too much, really— to
be eaten, even enjoyed,
there was the deep-fried turkey leg

that was all sinewy and viscous
and seemed to be partly alive.
I couldn't eat that.
It seemed like a salamander's head
with no eyes.

But the rest of the event was stunning!
Amid the occasional accidental defecations,
there was ample time for the guests to mingle
and get to know eachothers.
What else happened? hmmm. let's see . . .

17.vii.06

The sun rises and sets over this dreem off
columbia
and I couldn't say which columbia,
but these facts remain:

- first, as a prelude to all this
and something that happened yesterday,
was the tasty new snack sensation,
oboe pie,
which was like a pizza pie,
but with a disassembled oboe
baked in.

I finally find the seminar room
with all the oboeists
who are disgruntled—
I give them the news
that their oboes
are being delivered
around town
as a tasty new
snack sensation.
Their grief is hard to contain.

- back to the columbia matter.
Did I mention, in the oboe pie episode,
that it took me forever to find the right room?
The building, the department
had grown immense and mazey

since I last visited.

- now, getting back to this Columbia,
The main preparation, the main event
was in the men's locker room.
I go there to wash up, and I try to
contain myself and my "whee!" glee.
I try not to sing as the dour fat man in white
Rumbles past me, on his way to poop.

and finally, in the final analysis,
at the last reckoning, as my last account,
it seems there wasn't much to the Columbia
episode,
but at the time I sure thought there was
and the distance between these two realities
is enough reality for me right now.

18.vii.06 [13]

An epic that I thought I saw before
unfolds before my eyes, Matrix-like:
The gang of young, beautiful
protagonists is at it again.
They're pushing the laws of physics
(daring them, actually)
by doing super crazy shit
like sending a 1934-D Jefferson nickel
(yeah, I know they started in '38
that's why it's pretty crazy)
back in time twice, so it can land
both heads and tails
when it gets there.

This, and all the permutations
mapped to human bodies— desires,
emotions, jealousies, power-grabs—
are played out over the next
twenty minutes, it seems.

I don't catch all of it,
but I recall going back to eTown

and wandering around a bookstore cafe
with a pool table (how convenient!).
The Wife spies a Pudgy Boy
and says to me, "why, look! It's—
you know who it looks like!"
"Yes, but it's not him, so leave him alone."
I urge.

There are books to peruse,
but these wanderings, these
peregrinations accented by
hints of cedar-wood
and various lemon-scented furniture polishes
just return me to home.

Home is where the killer ghost-bird robots are.

19.vii.06

Stumbling around the millrace
I enter the main building and find
Jeff G. has completely sealed it waterproof
with this amazing new hi-tech caulking.
He shows me this on the windows and doorways
(The whole building is almost all below ground
level
with just a few slender windows high on the
walls
that provide a slight view of the grass).
So, we walk around, he explains some aspect of
contemporary security surveillance and how
necessary it all is, to not be free.

I'm required, requested, asked, forced
to put my photos on top of high piles of clothes
It's very high.
So I do this.
I climb down, and talk with the two women,
both
petite and ornately dressed, the buxomy one
throws her hand in front of me in a

"talk to the hand" gesture.
"I didn't know you were Ocularian, too" she
says,
and sure enough, there it is—an eye
in the middle of her open palm.

The remaining events involved people crashing
through the door, glass
crashing and breaking, but in a lyrical way,
and something outdoorsy unfolded.
Probably a pastoral orgy of some sort.

21.vii.06

Getting killed in Mali turns out to be not so bad.
I mean, it's being shot by the crazy blind general
dude
Who's hunting you for sport, although he doesn't
know it's you.
"You" don't even enter the picture - he doesn't
know "you".
And why didn't my two compadres
shoot him first before he shoots me?
"We're not going to take any easy shots",
they all agreed, before all this.
The problem happened as I worked myself into a
corner
behind some buildings, lying on the ground.
I throw a plastic pail or a piece of tupperware
(Mali is a pretty sophisticated place, after all)
to distract him away from me, it only points him
right to me.

All this after the demonstration of the drone-
robot-shooters
No bigger than a can of beans & franks,
but capable of spraying bullets randomly
through the many openings
on its cylindrical surface.
The general had dropped hundreds of these
above the threatening air troopers
cutting them to pieces

(the roboshooters can just hover in the air while they shoot).

So, this general dude, black lord of war shoots me, grinning.

24.vii.06

OK, here's the score
not a score, actually just a dreem
like every other dreem.
You can ignore all this up to a point.

So, the thing is that we're playing a
Bach chorale prelude
probably from a cantata,
probably "ein feste burg"
and we have this swedish
conductor on the podium.

I'm in the wind section, as usual.

He asks the winds to stand.
"ossaemir! Ossaemir!" he implores.
(in the dreem, this means, "stand up!
Stand up!"— for Jesus? maybe—
the conductor is one of the leading
Progestant conductors.
He may be trying to
proseletyzse on the side.
Who knows?)

Anyway, Toby's also in the
winds and he is appreciative of my
mention that we would be standing up.
for whatever reason.
We can't always fathom
reasons people have
to do what they do.

(there may have been more,

but again, it's been lost to the ages
by coffee, and routines,
and normalcy. the
three big imagination killers.)

25.vii.06

The story is about three young filmmakers
They each help each other out on their films
they're all in film school or whatever.

In the rather communal living situation
of one of the filmmakers,
I use the communal men's room
with three open toilets in one area
One of the toilets doesn't work
the one I do select is of a modified eastern
design.

I need to squat above it, but there is also
a system of rubber rollers (like skateboard
wheels)
and running water below the wheels.
Maybe you sit on the wheels?
Anyway, as I begin my descent
I look up to see through the glass floor
the six or seven women who also live there.
Watching another girl sleep (I guess she
might be ded.
Ded/asleep—who can tell?)
But they could be watching me, too,
in my white cotton oxford shirt (and that's all).

Perhaps not.

So I get up, and continue on my journey.
Visiting one of the other filmmakers
who's showing me her film.
"I'm good at offering a critique
or suggestions," I say.
Always such a helpful guy!

Her film shows the interior of a house,
we are moving toward the door, and see
a dude approach from the outside.
but we only see his torso and head
because the bottom half of the door
even though it's glass
shows us only the empty sidewalk.

So this half-dude enters the house
and coaxes the little boy
to join him on what will surely be
a cross country saga/roadtrip
involving much pederasty—oh no!

Now, we are the film
(inspite of the third filmmaker
putting down the second one
or maybe me, by saying
"you know, he's not the only one
who can tell you if your sound is off"
Maybe he says, ". . .if your soul is off").
In the dreem film, we are
driving a truck, a pickup,
trying to chase after the kid
and the evil half-dude.

But as we drive, there are lots and lots
of newspapers and magazine articles
in front of us, both on the road,
and in the truck's cabin
that we must read or at least look at
before we can get past them.

We really are trying to save the boy, you know.
There's just so much impeding our progress.

27.vii.06

Obviously, there's not much to say about it.

The astro-turf covered streets

do nothing for traction for cars
Nonetheless, I had to get
on Murry street, which requires
a sharp left turn
up a huge, sloping hill.
We almost don't make it
but at the last possible moment
I grab that astroturf
for all it's worth
and with my catclaw-like hand
I'm able to make the hill
and the turn.

Old Woman next to me
(wife/mother)
is glad we didn't slip back down
the hill to whatever disaster
awaited us there—anyway:

Amid a lively discussion
about housewares, kitchen utensils,
and such, the gathering crowd
turns amiable.

This helps the events
fade in my memory.
Thank goodness for that, at least.

Remember, the other night
you had it really made.
I mean, you had three
million dollars! And one million
of it was yours right now,
in small, neatly packed bundles.
There was also
a surfeit of ladies
drawn to the dough like beezebants to honey.[13b]

You like to think
you've got it made
when really you've

only got it made
in these cranky dreems.

28.vii.06

We're at the office with
Loozer Dude
And the girl he's had his eyes on.
He takes her away from her work
For a moment.
She doesn't have time for this.
What is this?

Dude's down on one knee.
Is he doing what I think he's doing?
"Will you marry me, (girl's name)?"
He looks at her, waiting with
The sincerest of all eyes.
"What, are you crazy?
No, I won't marry you!"
Dude's confused,
heartbroken
So we leave.

*(Here's where all the
character-building
hero-making stuff
happens)*

We arrive back at the office
He's dirtier now,
A mess, actually
Having been through so much
(the entire third act, by my account)
Undaunted by all, he asks her, again, "Will you
marry me?"
Co-worker Judy shoots me that "Here we go
again" look
I adjust the pin on her lapel.
A semi-goofy look washes over the girl's face
And she says "Yes!"

1.viii.06

I'm telling this to Octa
(short for Ach-Tung!)
in his hunter green volvo station wagon
but we're both in the
passenger seat:

"Al Gore bought
the ethnic leadership
a few years ago,
now he needs
to hand it over
to younger leaders."
That new leadership—
all shapes, sizes,
ages, ethnicities,
and genders—
march past on the
cool white stairs
in a very postmodern building.
Maybe even
post-postmodern.

So, I'm going over
all the possible ways
a short, stocky
latino guy
could break into our bedroom
and hold a knife to my throat,
and how I would anticipate this
seeing his shape emerge from
the shadows,
and how in the struggle
he would cut my hand or arm,
but I would bash him against the wall
where the wall sorta sticks out
in the bedroom.

You see, I'm a pretty big
burly guy, I'd have the other guy
on me, but I'd be walking around

and swinging him around
and into the wall.
repeatedly.

So he's pretty much toast.

2.viii.06 [14]

So we are starting
with a realization
that we don't have
anything further to say.

Nothing can be retrieved
from memory, or brief encounter
with images or people, places, events,
or anything dreamed.

Nothing strikes me
Nothing jogs a memory
nothing is goin' down
in the mind, in the imagination,
or in the cold observer's eye.

Nothing at all!
How amazing is that?
No sights or smells to catalogue,
no interesting people to
speculate about, to wonder
what their big secret is,
what goes on in their
hidden inner life, because
they don't have a hidden, inner life
because you, now,
don't have a hidden, inner life.
You must not, otherwise
you'd recognize their's.

So what you have
is a resistance not only to change
but to the unexpected:

- *to the little ballerina at the top of the stairwell*
- *to the pepsidog in the fridge*
- *to the arab gunman in your room at night.*

7.viii.06

There is great debate
among the non-profits
on the various elephant dung
recycling programs—
do they really return value
for the agencies?

Nevertheless, it can be argued
that one would certainly know
if an elephant was in the next room.
(possibly even the next building,
but this is a point I decide not to use
in my argument).

8.viii.06

It's a road trip, of that much we can be sure.

It takes place in late january
Early february.
We've arrived in michigan
I'm guessing anNarbor,
and we see the frigid lake michigan
(so it's not the real Ann Arbor)
from the thin slat windows
of the place we're staying in.

In that place,
we meet the other students (mostly)
staying there.

There's julie, there's
another dude and girl,
and there's The Straggler
Sort of out of place,
someone who belongs
in a gutter or a stoop
on a street of a major metropolitan city,
but instead, he's here.
his hair is thinning, he's balding,

but he has an Edward-Norton-esque
moustache and/or goatee
(It might be Edward Norton, for that matter)
"You can open the plastic bags on your own
here"
he offers, testimony to surely how
really neat this place is.
"Oh, and you get Scotch here,
all you can drink!" and yes I can tell
he's been taking full advantage
of this amenity.

"No thanks, maybe later." I reply.

Kit has already gone to the kitchen,
Past the huge plastic sacks of popcorn
One of which is open.
Apparently, the bags are replenished also
on a regular basis.
In the kitchen, Kit helps Julie make the
snack of choice of the house:

Handfuls of popcorn
floating in Scotch
in a flat tupperware container
(the size and shape you'd use for
salad materials, for instance).

Again, I try to avoid the snack,
but hold a container of the vile mixture
in my hands anyway.

How all this relates
to John W. (and his further adventures)
remains unclear to this day!

10.viii.06
Ostensibly
it was a music competition—
a singing competition.

Ostensibly
the style was "soul"
but *soul* was in the context
of a medley of songs
in a similar style
(It didn't really matter
what style you chose).

Now, my contribution
to all this
was a set called
"one can soul"
or "once charmed"
or "one claimed"
and the songs
all dealt with
the ocean of
menstrual blood
each woman creates
in a lifetime.

11.viii.06
And now,
for your enjoyment
a musical diversion:

From the 1930's,
a performance by the great Ellington,
but he's laid out like a corpse
(apparently a new style
of conducting a jazz band)
As we leisurely pan
over the time-tinted photo
of the band, ken-burns-style,
we focus on Frank Killty,
whose chart "Mechanical Man"
we are hearing in the background.

Frank, it turns out,
plays the "ta-bah-la"

("notice how I throw
an extra syllable in there?" mugs the Duke).
At least that's what he's playing
in the photo, but he also plays
contrabassoon.
A pretty versatile guy.

So we hear his tune!
(sounds a lot like
that really popular one
everybody dances to.
You know the one
I'm talking about.)

12.viii.06

At the luncheon/banquet/vacation hotspot

Dude asks me if i'd take a picture of his family.
Actually, it's his cute wife who asks
because Dude's a dick.
He starts lecturing me
on aperture, f-stop, exposure.
"I'll try my best to get a good picture", I offer.
"Try??? You gotta do!", says Dickdude, parroting
Yoda, surely.
"You know what? You're right, I can't do this,
I'm sorry, goodbye children!"
I hand the camera back to the wife, and walk
away.
Never felt better about leaving a situation
up in the air!

(what a dick!)

OK, after that,
I made it back to my lovely
voluptuous woman,
petite but with muchly
generous fleshings
and we engineer a bath together

with an abundance of touching, rubbing,
and (inevitably, I'm sure) sexing.
That was all quite nice!

Other events included
what—urban rock climbing?

No.

Mall perusing?
Maybe.

You don't remember, do you?
No. I lost it.

Too bad. I bet it was neat.

14.viii.06

Just a few items:

Walking around the campus, everywhere
there's an inch or two of water.

Eternally wet place.

I duck into the cavernous main building
and walk toward the inner elevators

I hear a gal entering after me,
or trying to enter, but I don't help her.

I proceed to the elevator to take me
to my apartment, which is 1892

although I get on the one for 1918
so in order to go down a floor,

I take the internal stairs,
which are opulent

brass and teakwood

the enormous rails

about a foot and a half in diameter
and running,

counterintuitively parallel

with the stairsteps:

I'm able to slide down the length of the stairs
on these rails, again, not the most

unbumpy ride

At the bottom of the 18th floor (top?)
I am greeted by the chef or bakery manager
who briefly runs down for me
the specialties of the day.
I have arrived at my destination:
Pastryland!

15.viii.06

The time was ripe
for a Rube Goldberg-type of activity
my task is to direct the kiddies
on what I want to happen
and how
"So, we start on the left,
where we'll have an accordian-unfolding
wood-made-out-of thingy
that expands and knocks over something here
and there are various balls
and holes—
intimate tunnels
—and wacky contraptions!
all servicing the greater good
of a thing that does something."

And off they are!
I am in awe of their industry
and imagination
in realizing my *dreem musheen*.

And it's done!
They demonstrate to me
it's a larger-than-life
pinball machine.
At one point, a hand lifts a roll
of toilet paper from a hole beneath the floor.
"take it, take it!" I am asked.
I didn't realize I was gonna be
part of the machine!
I hand the roll to another
or drop it in some funnel or something
and the machine continues!

There are points
when a ball misses its mark
and everyone groans
but it's put back on track.
The whole thing
is a grand success! Hooray!

"OK, now
we hafta clean up
for the next class coming into the room"
and the process of returning the room to normal
proceeds. Chairs, desks
are put back in place.

* * * * *

Either before or after the machine adventure
I find myself in my room
my bedroom as a young girl
regarding the night sky
or thinking about monsters or dinosaurs
or birds or cameras
or achieving incredible reknown!

16.viii.06

Sometimes there is a rich and active populace
of quirky and unforgettable characters
set in a narrative of (at least) movie-of-the-week
proportions.

Othertimes, there is only a sense of place
and the attendant smells, play of light,
and imprint of the seasons and weather.

The latter is what we had this time.
The season was winter, the weather,
clear or cloudy, but easily preserved
fresh snow.

There was a sense of comfort
because of a sister

present but not seen.

22.viii.06

Of course,

there's no guarantee
that anything I give you here
will be of use
of value
treasured
cherished
enjoyed
or even offer
a momentary reprieve
a distraction
from the misery
pain, agony
and utter meaninglessness
of your pitiable life,
but nevertheless,
I shall proceed:

Whether it's a party
or a wake or a prelude
to an execution
I cannot tell.
What I do see are shapes
Some might be tall, blonde women
of an athletic build
and some shapes might be
kitchen utensils
or things/devices
dealing with the manufacture
and/or the consumption
of cigars.

Also, I am excited
giddy, if you will,
over the prospect
of travel
or simply of transportation

from one place to another.

I know all these images
and recollections
may not deliver to you
the one-two knockout punch
of some amazing insight
some deft and elegant turn of phrase
some evocation of a deeper
language or experience,
but one must take what one can
and don't worry about it, ok?

Really, honestly,
what is it you expect from me,
anyway?

23.viii.06

I seem to find myself, again,
entertaining the big mobster
this time with a homely, improvised
set of balloons tied to strings
tied to a stick.
I twirl it around and he's amused.
I'm not even naked this time.

How I got here
was by stumbling into the taqueria
at the end of the street
that the young couple
(M and his wife J)
don't go to on weekends
because they know
the gangsters meet there
and cook the books.

But I wander in anyway,
and the harder I try to extract myself
from the situation,
the deeper I get pulled in
(nobody would get it

if you made a reference to
br'er rabbit, so why even
mention it?
SopraNose or *GawdFather*, they'd get.).

This was all preceded
by a long and halcyon
parade of days
we call youth,
chasing around in muscle cars
drinking beer in secret with the boys
learning the mystery symbol language of sex,
and perhaps
if you're lucky
wondering what it would be like
not to be
completely obscure.

26.viii.06

It's true, all great buildings
someday decay and fall apart,
but this one was only being built
and already, it was crumbling.
Vast wall of concrete in ruin
and whoever was running the crane
with all those steel rods
just sorta let them fall to earth.

We decided (I decided)
we should get outta there—
I mean, the building was clearly
falling down, and we were pretty close to it
after all.

Down the broad avenues
then down the left side of the city
(from A-Ville the locale morphed
into eTown).

I thought I remembered how to get there.

When we did get there,
it was a kitchen to one of the larger

co-op housing places.
Big pots everywhere, on a bunch of stoves.
I had just extracted
the white segmented worm
from Kat or Dog, and meant to get rid of it
by throwing it away, or maybe boiling it
but first we needed to prevent the kitties or
puppies from sniffing and biting it,
which they were wont to do.

At some point during the evening,
Wife #1 was reminding me
of my first heart attack,
how I only missed a day of work
and now I semi-recall it
as a time when I just couldn't
think or remember,
but I was conscious throughout,
and in my pajamas.

28.viii.06
*Promising himself always to see
more of the world than is really out there
who is it that now
presents to you this speculation
on a fantasy about a dream?
(Not a real dream,
and not even a real fantasy. . .)*

First, there is the inquiry
into a certain disappearance
or maybe murder!
The detective dude
questions the rich dude at his breakfast
in the breakfast room or patio
and the detective notices

One shiny bolt
quickly fastened to the stainless steel
(or maybe brushed aluminum)
floors.

It just glares out at him.
You know that's what he's gonna look into
but is it the clue that cracks the case?

Anyway, we get further information
about all these events
from the guest-whore on the TV show.
He is surely rambling on meaninglessly
about three certain rock singers
and a Dreem Kollektor
who is greater than or equal to
a kitty.

Our oracular friend
the guest-whore
spins tales with no effort
and in so doing
she effs up time itself!

To make right the situation
who should appear
but our Lord 'n' Savyer
Jesus B. Kryst, and his Merry Pranksters
Dressed in snappy metal uniforms
standing
in front of the fort
ready to pounce!

*(The role of JK is played by Chuck Norris.)
(The role of the guest-whore is played by you!)*

29.viii.06
Visiting the Sun Korporation
Employee Residence Towers,
we see your typical family
getting ready for another day.
Husband's a little stressed—
"Where's my jet pack?" he barks,
and with that, rises, flying around
the room at low altitude—this
without the jet pack.

"Oh, here it is honey!" offers the
longsuffering wifey wife.
He puts on the jets (they're like
big red and white life-jacket vest-like tubes
but worn on the back) and off he goes,
after the obligatory peck on his wife's cheek.

He flies straight up
through the skylights
built into the structure
for just that purpose.
This fly-way skyway
goes all the way to the top of the building
right past the penthouse window
belonging to this paranoid white rich guy
in a plum colored terrycloth robe
who looks out the window
and is often alarmed
at the rockets and people
that fly toward him.
There's also a parallax trick
that makes it look, from rich guy's POV
that the rockets are gonna hit the window.
but they never do.

So, back on the ground level,
JenA and I stroll toward the wall
of another nearby building
with an interesting rattan texture.
There are no markings to tell me
where the door is, but I find it anyway
and we enter this very upscale
chinese breakfast buffet.
We sit next to an old-boy network,
the one guy in his red and white pin-striped suit
and shortcropped white beard.
They're talking about
precious metal futures
or coins of low mintage.
But all this is merely background

and curious, overheard remarks.
What occupies me more principally,
is my search for TOAST.
I find slices of milk-soaked wheat or rice bread
and I bring them back to the table
for us to roast.

*(oh be-jesus fuck! did you do that?
You did that.)*

30.viii.06

Always plenty of groovy times
when visiting the water-bird display,
which is a large, cold dark room
with a wall of plexiglass windows that looks out
on a better-lit segment of the room with three to
four
feet of water in it, populated by birds.

They're all water-birds,
with snaky heads that peek out of the water
and sometimes, they get out of the water entirely
and we see that they are actually ostriches
or emu—two ostriches (but with bright yellow
necks and heads, also seem to be covered with
confetti like a piñata) and one emu.

So, now, there are a number of birds that get up
and they've actually all become women
in their late fifties and sixties - some older
but all withered and standing about in
indelicate poses in mid-length skirts and blouses
and they all have pretty ugly glasses.

The indelicate poses include squatting, bending
over,
presenting, and a sort of Charleston-inspired
bending of the knees
highlighting the pubic region and below.
This bird-woman explains she does this
so we can all see her Cock.

*(The double- and triple- entendres pile up
at an alarming rate)*

I am invited to help them with their English
and I start with one rather subdued figure,
helping her tie her shoelaces, explaining how
one string goes over the other, etc.

But soon enough, I'm asked to help with
a much younger girl (they are no longer birds)
and the English I am to help her with
borders on literature.

We sit next to one another on some sort of
bench
looking at the book.
She leans into my open jacket and inhales
I probably do the same. I'm only a man.

The lesson continues
(frustrating a Dante moment)
but I do accompany her to the barn
where she is staying.
I lift the ladder to the opening in the wall
where she can enter the hay-maough
and I say goodnight.

*(we can all see where this is going,
and eagerly anticipate
future lessons!)*

31.viii.06

The most enduring image
is also the most scatological:

I'm in the livingroom
watching TV from,
not the old reliable
Naugahyde recliner,
but from a stark, unadorned
porcelain toilet.

My defecation
during the commercial break
is noticed by George C.,
who just happens to have
made entrance into
the livingroom.
in his oshkosh over-alls
We both find this
or something he's said,
extremely funny.

5.ix.06

Who knows what else happened—
And I'm sure there was plenty of cool action
and weird shit swirling around
some devastatingly interesting characters
in a virtually breathtaking landscape,
and that's all well and good and whatever
and that's all fine,
but the only fragment of memory
I was able to drag back with me
from the fuzzy, muddy deep
which is my dreemwerld
is the discussion
with scholars
of how certain important,
powerful, and likely, incendiary
Hebrew texts have been smuggled
across borders intent on keeping
new ideas in or out
by means of transcribing the Hebrew characters
or transforming them somehow
into music notation
They look pretty similar, anyway, right?

"Oh, sure, it's happened before, alot"
mumbles one of the scholars.
I don't know what to make of
anybody or anything anymore.

9.ix.06

There's lots of missing detail here, and it's not written poetically, but here goes:

The photo shoot for incentive brochures, comes rather late in the whole dream. Me and one other employee woman are being photographed for the incentive brochure.

As the photographer, a woman in her late 40s, fiddles with camera, placement of lights, and placement of background (or maybe they're our outfits?) black fabric, she becomes dismayed that she's not getting us happy or excited enough.

"Maybe I should get you a different photographer", she says, in a sorta low-key, but maybe passive-aggressive way.

"No, no, no", I assure her (is that what she wanted in the first place?), "you're fine. You're doing fine. It's only an incentive

brochure. How "incented" do we need to look for that? Let's get on with it!". She starts snapping the pictures.

* * * *

Reviewing SkotPee's films I helped him with not only reviewing them, but converting them to HD while I'm at it.

Some of the films are overlapping in strange ways,

as a result (maybe improving them?),
so I'll need to undo this and do it over.
But until then, I enjoy recalling the memories
of helping out on several shoots:

After the dolly shots of the modern kitchen
(all aluminum, stark whites, flat unadorned
surfaces.
very Bauhaus),
there's the epic human relationship drama.

The scenes post-coital
of the heavily tattooed girl
lying on her stomach and doing her nails,
feet dangling in the air, knees bent up
(do I need to draw a *Fawh-King* picture?)

As the LaTeenO dude lover
(I think he's adjusting his tie
or pantomiming a tie that he's adjusting,
facing himself in a mirror).

"now you are . . . my phaulck!" he tells her
with just a hint of non-assurance,
enough for her to pick up on and reply,

"Uh,uhm, No. No I am not your phaulck!"
Yes, they have just phaulcked,
but this is her way of breaking it off.

I watch a lot of little films:
from the wedding reception,
at the bookstore,
at the offices of Mike-Row-SoPht,
(which is not a film, but it's now where we are)
where my pictures will be taken for an incentive
brochure,

but right now a beautiful Awseeane-Merkan

girl frets about her husband
not getting his calendar to work right,
and I half jokingly say they should switch to Oh,
Ess-Ex and the
calendar included with that.

Chase scene from the wedding reception to the streets:

Young priest needs to be instructed by gay guy
how to make two cuts in a white napkin
and fold it over twice and

put the ring on it
(he's delivering the ring to the couple at the
reception).

We notice VarnerBroz kartoonz are being
projected onto the wood wall of the reception
basement.

a little distracting, maybe?

How this leads to the chase scene I'll never tell.

Dood who will save the day
just got his stretch suv muscle car fixed,
so we'll ride on that and meet the other cars
coming
the other way.

(His car is both an achingly beautiful blue,
and completely covered in mud).

So we see the ambulance careening toward us,
in this very famous chase sequence that I'm
enjoying

as I'm now part of it,
riding with musclecar dude
(who's tinkering with the engine
as we drive or before we take off)
and it's just a fast crane up from the hood

to reveal the ambulance.

After the ambulance,
we arrive at the also muddy open-ended trailer
part of a semi,
that's now stopped in the road.

In the muddy floors,
gradually the dogs or ferrets (plum ferrets)
gradually come to life and start wallowing
around,
even though their tails or sometimes legs
had been wrapped with duct tape.
So I guess we're all happy they're ok.

Supermodel's Edible Bookmarks
(This occurred before the chase, I guess):

While at the bookstore,
I see the new line of edible bookmarks
(really just like flatbread or thin wheat wafers)

Four to a set, various flavors.
Use them as bookmarks, then eat them when
you're done with the book - neat idea!

And they've been promoted here
by this brunette supermodel
who has probably never read a book in her life
(at least that's what we are imagining about her).
The four flavors are
green (beef),
yellow (something),
purple (something),
and fruity flavored.

The beef flavored one
has a picture of a cow saying,
"Well, I'm a ded cow, now!" on it,
as a cartoon text bubble.

10.ix06

Ode of Spoofy Durtboy

Ruled by Tantalus,
he got the greatest pleasure
out of not getting what he wants.

Ruled by Sisyphus
he enjoyed the fruition
of tasks that never came to fruition

Ruled by that other one
(that would be Ixion)
he jacked off, drank, wasted time
and didn't care about the right way of doing
things.
(and got his liver pecked away at, all the time)

11.ix.06

It's all in the telling -
just the way you inflect it, deliver it.

So, I was in adolescent male land
with my buds, sitting at the end of the row
waiting for communion

(I haven't been to church in decades,
so I guess this was a church service)
The tall, straight-laced guy next to me
(it's the Aryan born-again scary guy
who works on nuclear regulations
and has complete faith in the system)
puts his hand on my shoulder as we rise
to sing a hymn.

I conveniently reach for a hymnal
to escape his grasp for a moment.
His hand returns soon enough, though.
All the guys start exiting the row -
why are they going? where?

It's communion, stupid.
Are you going to communion?
No, you are not. This drama was originally
played out -
when?

You do notice, however, that the Jewish girl
sitting a few yards away from you
is also not going anywhere,
so you take perhaps a little comfort
in that.

When the guys return,
there's a general sense of good-natured
camaraderie.
Nick is explaining how he's doing this fundraiser
in Kalifornia, while his wife
squeezes a few drops of spilled wine
from her napkin to her mouth.

Apparently, in Kalifornia,
if one sees the opportunity for free wine
one makes the most of it.
But nothing there is really free. [15]

13.ix.06
Honoring the ded in attendance
at the fancy awards banquet,
I sit next to Tom Theory, who's been listing
the achievements of Marsha J.:
Performed under Previn, and Boulez
and Berio, (etc.)
"And don't forget Foss!" I add,
having been there for that one.
A pretty festive bunch, these ded.

I make my way to the train platform
adjoining the banquet hall.
There are three or four video crews setting up:
modest one-man operations,

(plus) a much more involved several-person crew
with cool superdeep 18K cameras that sport
three flatscreen
25- or 37-inch monitors in a horizontal row
attached to the camera—neat!

This crew is from LaJolla
(and they pronounce that name with the hard,
anglo J)
Their equipment came in large
refrigerator-sized stainless steel trunks
a very elaborate set-up.

They are shooting both the train station,
and then the little concert,
which featured music of extraordinary delight
(it must've been Stephan VolePay!)
And after the performance
during intermission
announced as "August 19"
Bobby H. takes me by the hand
up the steps toward the entrance to the hall
and tells me "There's this baritone
I want you to meet." which is good
because I've been looking for a baritone.

19.ix.06

I don't remember much anymore
only that I walk in behind the alter
with Paster and the boys.
We sit on benches high enough in the air
that our feet don't touch when we swing.
Paster criticizes my jeans & black shoes
Although he's ok with the white shirt.

On the side street
(I think it's) Nancy R. and I
peruse what's in the little shops
I press the button in the clear-plexiglass dome
of the interactive display.

"click here and get a woman" the instructions
read.

Nancy's already done this.
I try it, and nothing happens.

Fiddling with the coin-sets,
I hear the nearby younger people
(students, I guess) say how much
they enjoy L. and how little
they like me, because I'm always
explaining things to them as music, and
they don't appreciate that.

27.ix.06

The house of the ded
(and the dying)
is Victorian in its appointments
we visit the living room, the church balcony
and the swimming pool outside.

Living room: writing the incidental music
using paper 44" in vertical dimension
Brother is there, helping out, or running the
show
I'm surprised I knocked out the overture so
quickly
but I need to go back to that percussion
interlude.
The parents move slow and are silent
but taller than in life.

At the pool
Tami and Heather splash around
I dance on the edge, not getting in,
but admire its neat plastic sides and edges
and the contours of the
late summer afternoon
of this memory.

Short interlude at the StarBux—
I'm pulling shots, but when I steam milk

I'm also making foam rubber tubes come out
I make them into animals
or convince the customers
they're more than just tubes
"oh, here's a snake,
and here's a bear that lost all four legs
and is very slender,
and here's a horse that also lost three legs
no, four . . ."

Then, up to the balcony
and, amid hearing the story of the brave
oriental girl in a white blouse and black pants
who kills the cruel overlord
then vomits,
we have the beautiful mechanized gamelan,
a compact but elegant arrangement
of tam-tams and gongs,
which I tinker with, providing additional touches
to the music that backs the girl's story.

And then it's real people
playing stuff, and near the conductor,
little holes in the floor, which I can
play with the mallets he hands me,
some combo of "Kitty PopKorn", "Take 5ive", and
some 60's
tv sitcom themeshow.
My job, as always,
is to write it all down.

27.x.06

Dreem Spam Crazy. An interlude

Crazy about or vendors who like sell their books
repeat same.

Crazy about or vendors who like sell their books
repeat same.

Copy in blog forum war suggest get of forumsign
register Blogoforum warnew or tag view tagged
or.

Last long time sometimes in even lifetime
However have little do talk much bank balance
have
Rather of they completely based look more smell
cant change.

But are men difficult First last long
or time sometimes of even lifetime
However have is little do talk much am bank of
balance
have in Rather they completely?

Crazy about is or vendors is who like sell their
am books
repeat same am things over again but are men
difficult First.

On is how to seduce or women or men in
Often you or would come across various.

Its base of grows is if youthink bookmarkit
tell friends in not signed insign or getthe
of post of published into is.

User am login Username Password Create a
password
copy or blog forum war of suggest get forumsign
register

27.x.06
Dreem (through a) Spam KlosLee

We are so much glad to propose a new
suggestion
you will definitely accept.
This is an extremely worth-while chance to
earnmoney

without running the risk of wasting them.
Without doubt, it's a safe bargain.

We do have thoroughly verified note on the new
blast
on the market in the next day.
We suppose outstanding news will be consigned
to publicity on Friday, they will make REEF
explode!!
It is a cause that (W_B_R_S .PK) is rapidly
climbing up
but you have little time to dig in & benefit from
it.
The price will pick you up to the heaven,
take a part of it now while it is on its lows and
get richer.
You should remember that such a chance
usually doesn't last long.

Do not boast of your previous achievements;
show what you're able to do now!
Once you decide to put your savings in,
you will see that making greenbucks
with (W_B_R_S) is such a nice and easy work
without any need to feel anxious on it.

closely the men to a chair helped
the borders of the corridor: and

closed will be arranged for instance
you this first appearance of

31.x.06

Sleepin' with mom again,
we are both startled by such
a fierce wind - blows the curtains straight out
"I am in location: dreem
or dreem location" I tell myself.
We rush to save sister M, in the other room
and that's all who's home
except for the two cats.

We head down to cellar.
grey-orange-blue cat finds the cement
nice'n'scratchy - oh how suhWeet!

Later, in college days
on cheldon street
I tell him he needs to come more
often to watch various events I'm in
and in his way of acknowledging
my supernarcisism
or confessing it for me,
roommate M hands me a slim-line
version of the bible (you know, just
the passages you'd need to get
saved, like if you were in the trenches
with a dying soldier in WWI and had to
convert him, like Paster M useta tell us)
and a little leather satchel
with his name on it, but also
a picture of David B (as lord bob almighty)
with the caption - quote "Be truly creative!"

I am able to leave this unholy scene
by way of the blue '75 chevy pickup
that, as I drive off the place,
becomes very high,
like 60 feet in the air. Higher than
any big truck then or forever!
(Bwa ha ha ha ha!) (*no, no evil laugh*)
I drive up the road, to past the bridge,
but stop before hitting the power lines
that go across the road,
Turning around, I discover the truck's
unique power-sweeping capacity
it's able to cleen a street and
continue to rise!
But I am coming down, and the truck
evaporates as I walk along the road
and look at the roadside garage auction
of questionable art.

"You're gonna sell this, and buy some real, new art, right?" I ask the proprietor. He only grins, hugely. I continue to sweep dust from the art objects (the whole truck is now just a hand-held fetherduster).

[16]

And then I'm back in the late 70s, trying to tell some dude what's gonna happen in the next thirty years or so. He is, like, so not interested. I forget, though, who will be remembered from the disco era for merging it with soul. "Some black guy, or chick" I offer. I am so pathetic sometimes!

But the video show is running, it's gwenstefani covering madonna's "I'm So Badly"—fun choreography, everybody in big stripes. opens with gwen leering at the camera, lying before us, taunting us with plastic stick-on vaginas she places on her crotch, but not quite in the right spot. (there's at least two, by the way) "You know what she and I have in common?" she further invites us to consider what she could possibly mean.

And finally, I stumble across campus to *The Joe Show*, where he's on stage with his guitar, and I don't really want to sit through his performance, so I make my way to the back of the small auditorium, but this is tough because I'm carrying the Tiger Bassoon, which is a silver bari sax that turns into an unfolded contra. Big suckah! I exchange, or want to exchange,

damning invectives with the stern
black woman who's apparently at
the top of the academic food chain,
and bring her down! (but I don't, or can't)
I wimper away.
Like I said, pathetic.

10.xi.06 (*dreemlet*)

Hangin' out with the rising young stars
of some tech neatness
all athletic, beautiful men
horsin' around with digital stuff and business
plans
and of course they're all multimulti millionaires
or whatever, maybe even billionaires
So they party, they drive white or red (but with a
touch of *Krishna's Lavender Spray*)
stretch Scion xB's made of a new paper
hard and moldable like fiberglass.
They're all fun, everything is fun.
Fun fun fun.
Money, too.
But where are all the girls?

13.xi.06 [17]

The trouble with the Munsters' daughter
besides being goth and all,
she's been apprehended
and despite the protests of, I guess, the arresting
officer
the chief says, "Book her!"

All this takes place within a glassy arena
or in a nonet for winds and strings, as it's being
written.

Weird, huh?

14.xi.06

There are school fragments
I'll be upfront with you about that

Of that there can be no mistake.
There were lotsa fragments from
various schools and universities
and institutes of learning and discovery
interiors, corners, windows,
architectural details, some shrubs
a sense of place—many places!

The basement:
Grissom explains to me silt, or sleet, or sludge
where you take sawdust and wood particles
and mix them with baby lotion
until you get a sorta oatmeal like paste
and you put that under the foundation of a house
when you're building it.
It adds flexibility or whatever.

After hearing his explanation, we walk outside
Majestic plane flys overhead, to land
But—Oceat!
It sorta stutters, and stops askew in the sky
Then it falls to Erth, straight down
It lands on its side, but without crashing per se;
everybody's safe, and they all run from the
plane.
We wait for the explosion that never comes.

22.xi.06

So, there was the dreem from 10 years ago or
So.
Rich browns all around the people standing in
the alley
or they might have been flat cardboard
people-placeholders.

That was one—they were just waiting.

The other one
collected the usual ingredients:
things happening in a place
to people.

Let's be more specific:

It was Steve Martin's house,
A cute, square, ranchy house
The same one he shot as the house
in his movie "The House".
This house was covered in palm leaves.
It had a cartesian hot stream
surrounding it like a bubbling, boiling moat.
I guess that would be a good feature.
Messes with the driveway and car, tho.

We were gathered there
and the story gathered itself around
ex-wives and other urgent topics
during the dinner party.

That was the second one—or maybe
just the first one of the evening.

See? Not much happening in either.
But at least you had them,
or you occupied the same planet
as someone who did.
Woo-hoo!

29.xi.06 [18]

Mo-K, the two separate but equal events:

1) Hosting Ramadan for hundreds of Muslims on
our farm in the middle of Iowa, in the middle of
the '70s, in the middle of nowhere.

Trying to find a place in the shed to hide
if the shit hits the fan. They're all dressed
colorfully, tho!

2) A photo-shoot, where I'm documenting
Jackquline R. and

some dood, and I shoot lots of pix,
only to discover at the
end of the shoot
that I didn't load the film.
At all.
It's just bunched up in the take-up side of the
camera.
So, I fix it,
and run after J and Dood
because they're getting coffee
and can I tag along and maybe
catch a few more pix?
But the cool thing is
she has my check—more than \$1,600,
which is pretty suh-Weeeet!

30.xi.06

In back of car—Dad driving.
"Left at stop" is announced by the robot-man
sitting in front passenger seat.
He does turn left, but we both
comment on the hardships and suffering
of turning left.

In the restaurant, "We all know who we are?"
I ask everybody. The three of us—me and the
two asian chicks—are spies, and we need to
get our stories and identities straight.
The one on the right—let's call her LoosyLoo,
is approached by the Old Man's Toy,
a plush, soft animal-shaped animal. tossed
toward
her, on the floor.

She picks it up, says, "Oh, well, I don't take
these"
(from old men? from children? from tall invisible
ghost-cats that walk past behind you?)
and then she stuffs it in her jacket.
Then she walks over to the old man,
who's now more like her age,

he's sitting alone at another table,
and says, "You know, there was only
one woman who loved me more than
24 hours," and there's this flashback to
the man peering down at the woman—he's in
the
audience, she's on some circus floor,
looking at him. Then back to the
cafe/diner/restaurant we flashed away from:
he reaches down to a duffle bag and opens it,
revealing an 8 X 10 glossy of the kid, a baby
really,
their baby, I'm guessing.
Or whatever!

1.xii.06

Place blew up,
dude went back in time
and blew it up again, better.
Joncey had a piece played
Choked me up!
and all the trappings of wealth!

1.

It's like the Court of Versailles, modern-day.
a resort, I guess, for the rich.
and we see the big, older, ware-housey part
explode like a messy, beautiful old barn,
and fall literally at the feet of the two
guys who are watching from their parked van
(it all comes down very cinematically,
in slo-motion).

But the snarky owner guy is not happy with the
blast
and pulls us all back in time
so he can "do it right", sticks bales of straw
neatly in the windows, and makes adjustments to
the interior.

We're watching this from a distance,
the two hero-girls in the red convertible
escape from the blast at the last minute,
as we track past the wealthy
dipping themselves in the pool
"I can't believe we're paying sixpence a minute
for this!"
says one.

Prior to the new blast, I'm also listening to a new
piece
by Joncey—it's brilliant!
and he's choked up, thanking *me*, for my work,
even though that was 20 years ago,
and I'm wearing a dorky baseball cap.
I try to pass it off "Oh, come on, that was nothing
. . ."
but I get all teary, too!

Then, the new explosion takes place,
and snarky guy is much more pleased with it -
it's much more controlled, restrained, elegant.
and pretty much nobody was hurt. Whew!

8.xii.06

Hoo-boy!
Lots Going on, very little remembered
even less actually captured!

First, the portal or entrance to the dream
was boxy, and bridged to waking life
with black, strong timbres, boxing in my bed
with the voice-over of urgent mexican soap
operas
providing the dramatic structure of the transition.

Now, we're in the real dream.
It's a lively place,
tall black drag queens parade around
take pictures of eachother, one of Whittaker
in the background, not bothering to fix his tie,

which loops out to touch his neck.

Where I sit, I can see glimpses of the rest of the
loft.
maybe a little sunlight coming past plants behind
me,
an open kitcheny area in front of me.
Martin bumbles past— *"But I thot he was ded . .
. ."*
Oh, it's THAT kind of place . . .

But once seated, I have two matches before me
to light my cigs. One goes out, the other
smolders,
gets bigger, morphs into a crackly sausage,
fried, and about to pop.
Waiter dude (host?) sez he'll get me another one.
(another what?)

Young oriental gal brings me a book
big clunky, red—she thinks it's a bible.
"Nah, it's some Wagner operas, see?" I tell her.

Actually, a bunch of early and late romantics
and some obscure Russians
like "Turenov" or "Turenovoskaya", which would
be not a dude but a chick.
I try to find my name in the list
of who checked this book
this collection of scores
out.

I'm not there, but so-and-who is,
and now I know where he got
his orchestration.

Time for food? Maybe.
It will be served on big square
High-Def plates, playing some Japanese
mashed up video art—
manga, anime, woodcuts, typography,

and Japanese weirdness, toys, etc.
I try to explain this to someone else
who's eating, about to eat.
It's Hokey! "So, Hok-ee, my frend!
You know, I wanted to say
how good it is you farm—
taking care of the land with your 5277,
(where'd I get that?)
and corn is up, now, right? I mean,
the price is up?"
I better tone it down, since
DoyYenz in the house, and he might
get a little pissed I ignore him,
and also since Hokee is not fond of the gays
and I might seem to be coming on to him.
Or not.

12.xii.06

Dr. Poochee is training home-grown terrorists.
so there's lots of going in and out of cars,
and meeting in various places,
and moving boxes around.

Jethro rows Granny
(still kickin'!)
Across the river, but Ellie May warns,
"Look out—there's a 'gator after ya!"
Sure 'nuff, there is!

Watch out for the ass cops!

18.xii.06

Three main parts -

I'll let you fill in the details.

1. Readings, various readings

2. Ping-pong anxiety

3. Afterlife as animated cartoon

We started in a room
With Bet-CF, I think, sitting nearby,
but I'm looking though the book
of books I've been reading
(handy service. Who does that?
Makes books like that, Amazon?).

What I've been reading lately
Has been interesting, no doubt,
But it's not, like,
the next great book
that changes everything.
Not yet.

I wander (where else?)
Down the basement
And look for a moment at
what needs to be moved around
or cleaned or organized.
It's all utterly hopeless!

So, I settle into a ping-pong game
with Dean T.
I'm assessing his strengths and
his strategy, looking for weaknesses
to exploit.
He has many.

While I'm the better player,
I still enjoy the game—the process
of giving and taking points.
Some things I control,
others I do not.

There's the stuff about
the forms I hafta fill out
that commit me to a 10-year
membership at the church youth club:
lcky stuff I don't want to involve myself in.

And it all condenses to the
cartoon version of all this:
The girl
drawn with the simplest of lines
says, "Now, you guys, watch this:
when I take the onion and squeeze it
with my hands, I start to perspire,
like this, see?"

Crudely drawn dots cover her body.

19.xii.06
Stuck in a college town
murder mystery
each time we turn around
another "connection" is killed.

7.i.07
"Because you've been a little depressed, lately,
and haven't done much interesting new work,
lately,
you are sentenced to hang"
—at least, that's what I think I remember
that explains why I'm in this damp, dark
holding area with 6 or 8 other men
Queuing up in a u-shape, and I'm the last one.

As it starts to sink in I will no longer exist,
that my life will drop away as my body catches
the rope,
so many thots flood in:
people I'll never see again,
projects I'll never finish,
just not having a body or consciousness.
This is all, uhm, pretty heavy.
"Well, you just gotta accept it . . ."
(some voice from somewhere
but not necessarily someone)

"Oh, and by the way," says the prison official,

"you'll be glad to know that each of your nooses
have been tested, and are all in top shape—
here!"

He throws to each of us
Several gym socks,
Tied end to end
to make a noose.

Wow, I am so relieved.
Those nooses will work—that's just great!

Whoa, so, like gettin' hung!
I've gone over it in my mind,
and it won't be any worse
than betrayal, divorce, bankruptcy, or crabs.

I'm then given a sheet of clear vinyl
and a blunt, #2 pencil to write
the names, addresses, and phone numbers
of those who I want to notify
that I've been hung.
I remember the lawyer dude I emailed
once, months ago,
and Craig, and Doris who was my boss
at Moke, but that was all years ago,
and no addresses or contact info.
Oh, and I should write my wife's name, too.
She's probably wondering where I am,
since I said I'd be back hours ago,
and then she'll get this note that I'm ded.
Boy, she'll really be mad at me then!

10.i.07

It's stickier and messier
Your hands are left gooey and red
when you play with this new play-dough
Like I am.

So gooey that I beg off
shaking hands with Craig
although I haven't seen him in a while
and why is he here/why am I there

anyway?

But we walk into the gallery together,
it's the end of the year show for all the students
and we look at the work.

"Say, why don't you do
one of your own?" he asks.
I'm a little off guard, but ever
the spontaneous guy,
I improvise a performance work
"Man Under Sheet", where
I am curled up in a ball, but on my knees
under a white sheet
(all the tables in the gallery
are covered with them)
whimpering.

Later, or maybe before,
I'm asked about the taping of this
and somehow the tapes can't be
checked out of the library all as one
because they were checked in
as individual tapes.
That says a lot, don't it?

24.i.07

Darkroom work is always tedious
Even when, like today, you're pulling pix
Of the lovely Lindsey L. from trays of cool liquid,
A gig I'll return to
after I put my tennys back on
in the lobby of Big U. Union
or Big Ritzy Hotel.

We drive to BukHed,
we drive to New StyroTown
where the clear plastic placeholder-buildings
announce mission statements and manifesti
of some commercial concern
"which we hope is your concern, too!"

We park behind a red 'vette,
one that's beat up, a bit.
Ahead, an unholy DahjRahm
parks also, slowly, repeatedly
backing into the 'vette.
I alert him with a look of alarm,
but he, being evil, just keeps bumpin'
and shoots me a "You're next!" leer.

So, we continue driving.
('Vette owner has returned—
an attractive drag queen—
and she and the evil trucker
are about to go at it when
we pull away)
It's me, Sis, Pa, and Pretty Yung Rich Dood*.

"I'm interviewing celebs
and writing articles about them
for Kondy Knast PubLiKashuns"
he's telling me.
"I get \$5k a week for a two-page story!"

But before "we continue driving",
I blank out momentarily—
"What month is this? Oh yeah.
February or January. Damn.
That means I missed the deadline
to apply to studyfuck with
The Great Old Man, but wait,
all the Great Old Men are your age,
anyway, so what's the big deal?
Damn—I got old. How did I get old?"

More Bumps.
Sis drives now, drives off the parking lot,
and over the curb. Bump.
We're walking now, and
she walks off the building.
Bigger bump

(maybe a 10 or 12 foot drop),
but she dusts herself off
(why's she wearing a white formal?)

We walk towards the little cafe
where *Pyrd's burthday party's at.
I try to sit close to him at the end
of the table, even though I don't
know him all that well.
I just don't want to get marginalized
by sitting far away, like Sis and Pa.

On my plate, I take potatoes.

Of course, I'll always regret
singing to the strange woman
sitting at my right,
singing that commercial about
robot monster trucks—which I murder!
Knowing when to quit
is such a virtue, foreign to me.
Still, she's gracious, offering
"Would you like some pea-bread?"

[19]

25.ii.07

What about the Garnish Guy?
I'm the Garnish Guy—I give you
bits of vegetables, toast, bacon, whatever—
to go with your drink.
I am the Garnish Guy.

Now, what about hanging out
in the garage,
looking at the dune of sand
across the street?
It's enclosed with barbed wire,
a test plot owned by the government
or the military (*same thing!*) .
And now we see the shadow

taking form, indicating a barrel
dropped from the sky.
It lands and starts to spew
some smoky substance.
I get outta there—it could be
nerve gas, never gas
something to keep us from
looking deeper
into the sands.

So, and finally, walking around
the dune-boxes,
structures made of hardened sand
made into rounded pigeon-holes
one can climb on?
This, explained to me by the
Juliegurl, at least
until we spot the badger
coming our way.
We avoid it, and play tennis.
As I walk away,
and toward my obligations,
she asks, "Who are you?"

30.iii.07

But flying again,
discovering it's easy to do,
flying around The Apartments on Dodge Street.

Peeking in on peoples' rooms.
One woman curled up on the floor,
but I can't see much.
I flail my arms, and I'm gone.

But now we watch the TV show,
the one that shows the petty lives of academics:
their dilemmas,
their lame stories
of rivalry and deception.
Male/female things, too.
One woman is sending

her mother in Elgin, Illinois
a package.
A gift.
So what?
Do we care about these people?

But back in the Hotel Room with MS
(of remafame)
I'm in the bed,
relishing, I guess,
this other dude in the room
trying to figure out who MS is.
"You're in TV? Movies?"
M leads him on.
"I'm sure not!" I butt in.
That's gotta look pretty pathetic.

But crawling behind the generators or spillways
of the hydropower plant
is the ancient blue-grey dragon
who is showing famous musicians
the finer points of financial management.
His many weary, damaged heads
shine silver in moonlight
filtered through dense, heavy air,
and the sad hydra lies on the shore
to die, I guess.
Maybe he's just exhausted, like me.

But I'm always waking up.
It's always 4:33.

7.iv.07
Going from show to show.
This one exhibit—brilliant stuff.
Five or six strips of mirrors placed
end to end,
strips not very wide
maybe 2 by 6 inches, at eye level
and going around an inside corner
"It told me something about myself"

said the woman (Mary P-esque)
who I saw this with.

*(Well, of course it does.
It's a bunch of freakin' mirrors!)*

In the hay field
about to get bailed
I walk around and
hear talk about the son
of the great designer, Mrs. SoSo.
How his latest work
"Blue Amorphos Anhydros"
Makes fun of, undermines,
Pecks away at
his mother's landmark work.

I let the conversations pass by me.
In a corner of the field
I snuggle up with a book
or a blackberry—and hear or write
the new pop tune
*"There are little blue lights
following you and me/
because what we do isn't free"*
and it's all about digital artists
getting busted—seriously, physically—
for stealing stuff.
I'm sorry, appropriating.

The baggage I carry around
trying to get the right degree:
"Why don't you just do what
you hafta do?"
sez Young Blade.

He shows me the latest annual book
I don't expect
to find myself in it
and I don't.

I tell Kate W. about my Florida trip.
She's too distracted by her blackberry.
Am I gonna hafta get one of those?

27.iv.07

"I do like somebody shampooing my head,
though . . ."
He wanted so hard to go through life
without being touched by any other human.
He caved.

Anyway, the caverns are offices
they are thinly covered in water
and seaweeds
but we drive over it all.
I let her drive, Barbara K.
(her again—what's up with that?)

But we keep driving, mostly in circles.
This is a warm, orange-glowy place
for a cave.
Oranges, golds, and greens.
The car is green, by the way.
Dark green.

Does anything else happen?
No, just driving around the caverns/offices.
We may have gotten out a few times
just to walk around
in the shallow waters.

6.v.07

A SkyRon™ Purl of WizDum™

Scream Saver: that's when, like,
these multi-dimensional aliens come down,
and grab somebody and bring them to their own
universe
or dimension and return them after they're done
screaming

or crapping their pants or whatever, hence,
saving the abductee the embarrassment of
screaming
or soiling herself,
in front of members of their own universe or
dimension.
See, get it?

Usage in sentence: These aliens did a scream
saver
with Jenna. That's why she was so calm,
but visibly upset and that also explains
the odd blotches on her pants.

7.v.07
Viewing the maps
of The Undiscovered Territories
reveals that boundaries
are dribbled in blood
on the snow.

*(This is especially true
of Regions 4 and 6.)*

[20]

20.v.07
Only two scenes persist, remain:

One, we've just arrived
at some generic amerikan airport
we reserve a rental car,
and hey, it's about \$408, so
not so cheap this time.

But when I inspect the vehicle,
I notice it has only one tire!
The rest of the car is on blocks!
"What? Where are the other three
Fucking tires?" I ask the cashier-woman.
"Oh, well," she demurs, "you

didn't say you wanted all four
tires. That
will be extra."
OK, so I'm a little annoyed.
My annoyance turns the tide
of those in line to also rent cars
and the mood turns ugly.
For this, I am gratified.

Two, BeeAych [21] is shaving me
with a weird
part-clothes-iron
part-rotary-blade
razor.
He leaves it to hover
on my face
at least twice,
just to show me
how it just stays there,
not harming, just buzzing.

Why are the ded
always freakin' me out?
<>
22.v.07
You swim.
In this lake, there are dark pockets
of riptides, vortexes, and undercurrents
that grab you and spin you around
if you're lucky.
The first time you are,
then the second time. . .

Well, the second time
you get propelled out of the water
or through the water,
onto a rail system
(maybe a kiddie train ride?)
where you're in an open car.

It stops on the roadway

between church and school.
You find (and conceal from Ronnie)
neat stacks of silver dollars—
the old, big, heavy kind
they quit making in the 1920's.

Finally, some payback
for all that pain!

27.v.07

Helicopter's hovering right near
mom's hospital room.
Might be scrapin' the sides
of the room (a glass room)
with its rotors.

Now, the bad dude
is pulling out of the chopper,
pulling out his hi-powered rifle
and starts shooting people
on the streets below
from the relative safety
of mom's room.

I think, maybe this
is a good time to slink away.
Others have done this
successfully, before me.

I make my way through
ornamental windows
and cavities
of this ship
Now the real fun begins.

2.vi.07

(found emailed to myself)

The Jeff of All Jeffs*
Pulls up to The Place in his lush minivan.
"I thought you should have this,

Since I'm not going to be able to help out.

With your piece."

He hands me then
a battered alto sax case.
"This is too much!" so I think.

But when I open-up the case,
the sax is only just a jumble
of thin metal pipes with fingerholes,
A mouthpiece to it doth connect
Of saxophonic origin—weird instrument!

Weird, but compelling.

The piece he referred to
had at least 2 videos going on
one serene,
one a document of instrumentalists
rehearsing or performing something less serene.
Then you'd play along with this.
"Just like real life!"

So, the continuum of Jeffs
and the continuum of times
in my life when I met them
become blendy
and all becomes one.

Same old same old.

* composite of all the Jeffs I've known

18.vi.07
*Not everyone knows
who they are
before it's too late.*

Quite literally the Girl Next Door,
DawNell, and I sit in the church pews

trying to figure out the mysterious
bar-b-que recipe.
All she has
is this device:
an interlocking set of
multiple measuring cups,
each partition
is intended for a particular ingredient:
chipolte, sulphuric acid, rocks.
The challenge is greater
than that of the rubric's cube.
It is truly mind-blowing.

19.vi.07

This alien's a set of slender, stainless steel tubes
in roughly a human form factor.
Nevertheless,
it snaps photos of us
in bed
with cold, sharp flashes.
Wife chases it off,
while I'm left whimpering.

But later I'm asked to help
the residents of
the seedy part of town
by Mr. Iachet
who determined I'd be right
for the job of "teacher"
by throwing a dart at a board with names.

The area is completely scaffolds
but they're more polished,
modular, and plastic.
More colorful.

And in a move of great courage,
I throw in the trash
All my remotes.

22.vi.07

So, there was a watching
of the StyroTown video.
The new ending was disappointing:
watching images develop in a darkroom tray,
always a watery birth.

As we discover we can zoom in
closer and closer, magnifying even the smallest
spex,
we find a small german village
of ants
and a stunning, majestic
bonsai tree
in two such spex.

But we need to follow our male tiger-cat
on his nightly outings
more carefully: this morning
he returns with caked blood
in a gridlike pattern
on his thigh.

15.vii.07
Multiples of One

Not much here except for the
three small dogs on two
remote-controlled flat-circular carts.
They are wheeled around by radio!
Oh, and the dogs have
catheters and straws attached
so they can drink and pee while being
remotely run.

16.vii.07
Synaptic Issues

Lots of stuff.
U-connect-the-dots:
Interior, school/house,
small cellophane packets.

additional: tracy or trina or whoever.
They pronounce the packets "(adjective)".

So clear so long ago,
and now my back is sweaty!

Something with and about music or chemicals?
Maybe.

It's a swamp, where Partner and Eye can buy
the big, poochy waterproof wading pants,
for \$30 for both of us.

I pay in cash,
but Weezly Erik snatches my Cashier's Cheque,
even though he couldn't cash it without ID.

"You little creepy!" I snap. *Snap!*
at him, then pull out my switchblade,
opening it for dramatic effect.

Mock fight ensues,
nobody's hurt or anything.

Very mock.

Like Mock Krab.

And beyond that,

I cannot say.

15.viii.07

End-Of-An-Era Free-For-All

Just a few items to add to your next
PowderPoint™ deck:

- Stomping on the millipedes:
Necessary, but not too elegant.
- Those pesky loose teeth
you must take care
not to rearrange wrong.
- BabbyScat:
Sitting on the couch, holding court.
Nobody dares offer funnier comments

on the TV we're watching while he's in charge.

I cover him with my coat,
since I know he must be chilly
(being ded and all),
but he's testy right now, and throws the coat off.

But, really, what do I know about it?
really.

- *Reality base: paper + pen + clipboard + printouts of google map + collections of people's phone numbers and contact info.*
That would be my iPhone, for now.
- Document *Lem*, context for discovery:
In tanktop, you join the orchestra.
First choice of instrument: cabasa (or circular/cylindrical gourd w/beads.
Lem: "I wanted one of those once.
[Kid, not gourd.]"
- In spite of being quite possibly a scam
(*a sham of immense proportion*),
deth raynes down!
But, seriously!

Deception Werldz.

- Two gals, dishin'.
one talks to other
about her impotent boyfriend (who sleeps
on a couch on the grassy hill above her)
and *he* mutters something about
his impotent boyfriend.
But I'm getting ready for some gala event:
in my dreary room, for whatever reason,
I hafta pee in the small

plastic
trash can in the room.
I fill it up!

- Ernie wailing on sax
at a nightclub.
Just look at her go!
All that blonde hair
flying all over the place.
Man!

[22]

- T attacks me
(in the machine shed)
for getting Daddy
to authorize her
South African citizenship.
Now, when this happens,
Poulenc (he's the dad dude, maybe)
authorizes the auto-bird machine,
which dispenses several kinds
of cat litter.
It's so neat ' n' high tech!

[23]

- "Where's my frickin' car?!?!?!"
Wandering about *The Place*,
the lawn, the front yard,
I can't find it.
Cool car watchers
standing by their
neatly parked vehicles:
They are too cool,
arms folded.
They can't help me.

I work my way through the Union
to find a way outside -
but arrive in the Teamster's Kitchen,

again not much help,
just lotsa grey men
peeping at me
through small square glass windows
on the doors.

Someone points me outside,
but through the monolithic,
out-of-service doors.
Careful! One crashes beside me
as some guy and I
proceed outside,
past an interior room for smokers,
and we're out.

Just a stroll by the river
before I realize
my car would have been moved
to the next stop.
So, I need to take the train there,
and then get my car,
paying extra for the car movers.
Such a fucked up system!

In light of the many unremitting changes
(physical, real, concrete, literal)
we need to frame the received dream data
accordingly:

- Modes of transport, mass transport,
where you're on the top deck,
going through tunnels.
Good idea to duck,
so you don't lose
your head on the lights that fly by.

When you get off, you discover
somebody
ripped off your laptop you left in your
seat

when you went to attend to something else.

I'd never have seen *that* coming!

- The House of Many Domestic Pets
Is being sold or privatized.
All the dogcats (they're blended species)
are fed in the other house
while we (*who are we?*) salvage
furniture, equipment, etc.
from the house.
Antiques, old movie camera.
I walk through the house,
hoping to find something for my 503-c (?)
which I've just organized.
- There is hot sexiness on the periphery!
- And one more thot: to watch
a learning take place
can be a horrific experience!
- *Chaos in The Comedy-Pocalypse!*

Thousands of grey beings
fleeing the city as it collapses!
Lucky for us,
we've made it off The Island
and onto the rural mainland.
I call after my Loved One,
to make sure she knows
the right direction: "*BITCH!*"

Now,
We are in this farmer's kitchen.
I contemplate storing up
some water.
Like water would help against Zombies!
'Cuz they'll come, the Zombies.
It's just a matter of Time.

There's a flashback
to how I got here,
a hotel lobby
where the lovely idiot daughter
buys food for retailers.
Her mother is so unnecessarily cruel:
"Sometimes,
they have buyers for her."
As if the daughter
couldn't sell a tin of bing cherries
to a hungry person in bad clothes!
Really!!

So, I make my way
thru the checkout line/security line.
The hostess has found old money in my
book
(I travel with a set of Klibans)
and it is \$22.22, in two bills,
a \$20 and a \$2, but plus this was from
2002,
when I visited NewyOrk Last.

*This has been
The Comedy-Pocalypse.*

- The One: "That gave 'im \$150K - I can't smash."
- The Other: "Prettiest thing, price tag - shit - you know you got time-aha-well, allright - take kare, mutha – we need a think-truck. A one-twenty-five. . . "
- Clean place - white clean rooms, elegant people and things!
Neat!

Any idea how you got there?

Or any idea what *you're* doing there,
or who these people are?
Didn't think so.
There's the mother and daughter -
she's in her 20s, the mother coaching her
on how to get ahead.
"And last night, I bedded Mr. Silk,
for just that purpose.
And look at the result!"

The daughter, however,
is not sold on the whole
sleeping-with-men-
to-get-what-you-want scene.

But this is an attic apartment.
Ceilings are angled to a peak
in the adjoining rooms.
At least three attics
I've lived in—sheesh!

<>

21.viii.07

"Keep the racket down Master Pickett" she says.
or I say.

"but say it in the cockney accent" she says.
I comply.

As I walk past he, stepping on the big towel
and slowly (that) disrobes her,
making my way to the stair.

The two girls are going over that monologue
that she has—filthy and completely disarming.
(all about her many sexual conquests
with the bright british lads)

(I'm now Master Pickett,
and "since class is so important to 'im."
she says, in cockney, " 'E just hands out money
to whoever he wants to feel higher-class than!"
That one got a really big laugh.)

Then, prior to this, I discover there's been
some kind of earthquake.
Floors are off their foundations.
Can't find my kat.

So we organize an odd collection
of folks that will be taking stuff to GoodWheel.
I'll be driving the little cart.
I do that, but not too well,
dodging oncoming pedestrians
on the sidewalk,
dodging ominous white cars
(white dodge, what are they - Vipers?
Ramblers? that gangsta looking car)

Because I have my hat on,
it's like the wild west!

28.viii.07

The hotel staff is always changing.
Luckily, the lovely girls I useta hang with,
part of the lounge band—are still around.
One, who adjusts her breasts
and powders them, plays piano.
the other, petite, of asiatic origin, sings.

We chat, then I hafta get back.

Back is confronting Mary F.,
who was inspecting my shiny silver dollar
in my collection of old coins.
"I just wanted to look at My Coins."
She owns me!

(This is an erotically thrilling
supraPlatonic
and professionally emasculating
partnership.)

She's written a new treatise
on the French or German reification

of Marx and Freud through Lacan
and a bunch of filthy epistemologists.
A bright, blonde guy,
one of my grad students, I guess,
is writing something similar for his thesis.

"But what she's doing
is like really,
the only way to do it,
so what's the point
of me doing my thing
my way?" he pleads.

I don't have an answer for him.
Just a dopey look on my face.

Dopey!

3.ix.07

1. *Journey*

Journey starts in Manhattania, I guess.
The streets are mostly empty,
but the stores and shops are full
of gaudy, cheap-ass
shit.

I bypass the streets I think
will have the most useless junk
and head toward a better street
which also takes me to the interchange
so I can cross the street
and arrive in nuJersey,
after dodging the few cars
always present, always speeding.
The first building I come upon
is the book publishing building,
which is now where I work.
I introduce myself to the boss -
she's meryl streep in "devil wears prada."

I'll be doing some kind of editing.
I meet (if you want to call it that)
the rest of the staff.
Women run everything,
but a few men are retained
to run databases and air conditioning.

And Brad Pitt works there, too.
First, I hafta take the "Brad Test"
which is a brochure I must fill out
Although really the Brad Test
is all about finding out if you're
gay or straight.

After I fill out my personal info—
mother's name and maiden name—
I print it out, only to discover
I had been using, like, 2-point type.

The women are making a big deal
over the tray of pastries that just arrived.
They introduce themselves to me.
There's Annie, and Portul (as in Portul-Gal
why didn't I think of that pun before?)
and Here, who says, "Sure made my life easier
When I took that name".

There was one other, of course,
Shy, dark eyed, and gone.

2. *Big Screen*

At the community bar,
there's lots of activity.
Pretty normal families, etc.
I've been watching
the big screen TV
(A bigger deal then
than it is now),
and there's a place
you can put your 35mm slides

and see them on the screen!
I take out a few, and put them in the recess
on the main cabinet,
where the slides go.

I need to take a leak,
so I go into our house (nearby)
and the three dogs
have trashed the place.
Poop and pee everywhere.
I leave, as the doods
Dennis and Dorkbot
enter, and I see
they've packed
a thin couch
into my car
without putting the seats down.
Awkward!

But somehow
the Big Screen TV
gets set up in the house.
Spouse is excited
because it gets HBO
and is hoping to see
a recent movie.
But all the kids there
take priority, and the movie they choose
is a kiddie comedy
featuring Williams,
an ex-jock turned comedian,
and not very outstanding
in either profession.

7.ix.07

Jena of the Streets

It's a mexican soap opera about a street-smart
American girl!
Piles of twigs in your bedroom—they smolder,
glow,

catch fire when you sharpen your pencil.
Putting the fire out by dribbling soapy water on it
from shallow, elegant, dirty dishes and plates.
Among the contraptions: the traffic-light changer,
but somebody steals it!
We all walked down to the lights to time them
when the theft must've occurred.
I watch everybody leaving, hope to see it
in the back of their pickups.
No such luck.

Hot Sexing with Oriental Girl
on the living room couch.
Clear away papers first.
It's you and Scott P. again.
You're taking the still photos,
the 35mm is doublecapped.
It's another ho-hum party.
Unstructured, but decent food'n'snacks.
Semi-interesting people.
The shy woman from a faraway land
needs a word person to translate a children's
book.
I grab a bite of chocolate cookie or toffee, offer
her a bit.
She pecks at it like a small bird.
(I'm not really a word person,
but I masquerade as one—how hard can it be?)

8.ix.07

Thirty years ago
you had high school friends
who thought they knew italian
for the then-current
curses.

They didn't really.
This would have been
Iowa, rural Iowa,
Mostly rural Iowa
In the Nineteen-Seventies.

But oddly enough,
it comes to me
by way of distant,
hazy (as in a photographic darkroom)
memory (and accompanied
by the attendant
darkroom smells:
the acrid wiff of stop bath;
the more subtle,
sweet twang of developer;
the non-aroma of fixer,
although it was that
that stuck most to the fingers,
making them slippery
and giving one the uneasy feeling
that one's fingerprints were being erased.)

So that in the resplendent theatre
or concert hall, or maybe just a lobby,
chubby but friendly friends gather
and discuss clever ways
to cannibalize the honored one.
"Oh, yes. We shall have to/must
peel back the skin,
then expose it to the flame,
to quickly, effectively
give it that crunchy, crackly
texture. But served with that
nice shiraz, you know!"

So.

And there is not much left to report.
They've all gone on to their jobs and families,
and soon enough to their graves.
But those photos endure, don't they?
And still you don't know what to do with them.
Maybe you put them in a book?
In a show?
On a website?

Maybe the stories
are still retrievable,
but only, again,
by exposing them to flame.

I don't know.
There seems like a number of no-see-ums
are always around,
crawling over the work,
drawing attention to themselves rather than the
work,
leaving trails of scrawls and splotches
where I smash them into the paper.

Heavens.
If you could settle down for a minute
And not be so distracted
by Italy, or alcohol, or obligation,
you might actually have something,
see something.
And what would that be?
Some delicate bug or flower?
Some story of ancient love, betrayal, murder?
Some neat car or pretty guy?
So many not terribly unusual things.
But enough to draw the attention of the homely
bug
Away from the incandescent
filament, at least
for a few seconds.

I guess this wasn't a dream after all.
It was more of a rant, a plaintive call
from a long untouched oboe.
Whoa, dood! An oboe, man!
Man, what a frickin' tough instrument to play!
What made you think you could?
What made you even try?
Whoa, dood—like everything else
in your life. You try the hard stuff.
No, the ridiculously hard stuff.

The almost impossible stuff!
So don't be so disappointed
If you don't always make it all work out.

The thunder is kinda nice.
It makes sense.
It's like something familiar,
comforting, not that difficult to imagine.
Not hard to squeeze into a lifetime framework
thingy,
even though the people change and smile,
and wear dorky shirts.

6.x.07 [24]
These initial attempts
to regain past glories
after such an hiatus
is necessarily brutal
awkward, sloppy.
a mess of garbled werdz/
possibilities of werdz.
but the alternative
is to leave nothing for no one
forever—whoo, that's pretty
heavy, dude!

OK, so we're in france,
looking as tourists look
at the great cathedrals,
touching the wise old structures,
peering up to see
where and how they lean a bit.
Inside one of them,
or inside the barn,
we watch poop being hurled
as the basic medieval weapon,
loaded into cross-bows.
We wait 'til the coast is clear
before peeking around the corner.

I'm carrying one plank in one hand

as I work my way to the heifers,
and intend upward entry
to the hay maough (*never quite sure
how to spell that . . .*)
Dad points out I'll need to put the plank down
first.
Well, duh.
Little Feller,
my steer from 4H days
(which I never joined)
agrees with him.

Every cathedral is a barn,
and every barn a cathedral.
I miss that big old barn.

6.x.07
(*guest dream by DJ DuJour*)

Guy controls the world
by turning people into light sockets!

So that kills them.
But then the guy falls in love with another guy,
and while the first guy is trying to decide
whether or not to turn the lover guy into a light
socket,
there's another woman, too.

So the guy cuts off arms and legs of guys
so they become worms.

And while he's deciding about the other guy,
the woman comes in and before she can do
anything,
he cuts his own throat with a saw.

And then we see the woman
driving off in an open convertible at night,
smoking.

8.x.07

No Prose Poems

or Whatever The Hell They Are Today

In my new opera
there's lovely, prosaic music
suitable for a midwestern dysfunctional
family drama (mild)
followed by an onslaught of
dissonance and audio overload
to match the point when high atop the condo
the lovely baby of the lovely couple
falls over the railing
and begins its descent,
but the overall effect is stunning and
alarmingly beautiful.

So, the baby falls and falls
and somehow lands OK
on the beach
next to the randy grey couple
that has always wanted a child.
And of course they don't know
what to do with it.

So that's part of the opera.
Explaining this to my real-life
father and step mom
brings vacant stares. They live
in a single, spare room
with work-out equipment.
Looks like a self-storage place, maybe.

They are scheduled for a very misguided
round-the-world tour I bought for them
as a gift. I'm sending them
into the jaws of death or hell, with that.
Why would I do such a thing?

[25]

My oldest sister

is now converting from making
ditsy handcrafted junk
to writing online stories of sex
and debasement.
They're hot!

"I think it's because,"
says one of my other sisters,
"of her new medication".
The stories are endless variations of
old themes: seduction, desire,
sex, sex, sex.
I am stunned
at how much traffic
she's getting!

Prior to all, all this,
I found some coin-books
and lifted the coins from them
But there are so many
just lying around
I feel bad taking more.
So, I put some back,
not knowing who I'm ripping off, probably
they could use the money
more than I.

10.x.07 [26]
The auto trip around Afrika was neat.
I didn't realize they had roads.
Landmarks or some kind of mark
were left on the central tree.
We stay with a poor family (hello?),
don't know where the youngest kid sleeps,
but they are hospitable.

In the middle of the night,
curled up with Sherz,
she reminds me that
the last place I lived that was "homey"
was on North Avenue.

(That was a long time ago,
and I've lived in fifteen places since.)

There is a commotion
as Bones fights the boyfriend
of the gurl Bones is in luv with.
They, all three, break through
many glass doors, lots of shards
everywhere,
not so much blood as you'd expect.
But many big jagged spikes of glass.

Some other gurl
in blue genes
poses for me,
a grapefruit-sized
involution? indention? absence?
in her crotch,
but so very ladylike!

11.x.07
Two places
lots of people, milling about
in both.

One is a party of sorts,
low key, not much going on
no food or drink comes to mind,
but the kids are all playing instruments
and a string quartet plays selections
from new world symphony,
the "going home" part, especially.
I am about to join them
but my violin's strings crumble its bridge
and it collapses through the violin top.
I put it back in its case and wander on.

The other place
is an art supply/sex supply store
where many winding paths
through the merchandise

lead me past tvs, microwaves,
paints, frames, brushes,
whips, dildoes, leather accessories
as well as store staff
eager to demonstrate
everything.

Between the two,
a corridor to the past,
where Jenni sits with a grad student.
The student guy pulls out a picture:
looks like currier and ives, but in full color,
a pretty good specimen,
Jenni starts naming all the geographic features
"this is saratoga springs, this is mount so-and-so,
this is whatever hill, this is whatever river . . . I
lived
in that valley for five years."
It is an impressive display.

I manage to squeeze in
a question on technique or originality.
He says, "You'll come up with one thing
that's maybe interesting.
You'll use it
a million times!"

13.x.07

1. *Riding Shotgun with the Relics*

It's a stagecoach
and inside there's a little golden box
inside the box is a piece of god:
or an ear, a nose, a tongue,
an internal organ, of some
saint or holy being.

I'm not really sure
what's in the box.
We aren't told.

But my job
is to guard it, and deliver it safely.
My first blunder
is to break the key
in the door of the coach,
but it locks anyway,
so I continue driving.

Along the way,
Mary MagdaLénè
and Virgin Mary and Mary Mae
appears inside the coach,
in the flesh,
dressed all in black
and curled up, fetal-styled
around the box.
Now, that's devotion.
(I guess . . .)

I drive the coach
thru Deth Valley
and other scenic spots.
This is my job.

2. *The Listening Room*

It's the Twins' room
where the big green
stereo box is, that is where
we play records.
I am flipping through them
as my brother pulls out one,
starts to play it.
It's "Samuel", an oratorio
from the streets of Amerika,
featuring a spokesperson
from the streets, someone like
Samuel Jackson
Or Henry Rolands (Rawlings? Rolings?)

I'm flipping through albums

and there's The Who
and The Flintstones
and The New Yorker
(which is an empty
maroon velvet
vertical-format accordion fold
brochure-holder,
empty except for the
black baton, so you can conduct along,
and two or three cartoons
—New Yorker style, naturally.)
addressing various operas
in Wagner's Ring cycle.

My brother is fiddling with the dials
in order to hear some of the voices
more clearly. It's because
the sound is only working in
one channel, and some of the voices
are coming out of the other.
"Adjust this one", I offer.
It's the stereo balance,
and it helps a little.

2b. *The Music School*

I'm at the new Music School
I'll be working at.
But many of the students here
are rude.
They push and shove their way
through the doors.
See what I mean?
Just rude.

Inside the lobby, though,
everything is made up
like a little Italian bistro:
nice tables, tablecloths,
place settings.
What time is it?

Do I say "Bon Giorno"
or "Bona sera"?

[27]

14.x.07

Another encounter with Sherz:
Again, she wants a "no-touch" approach.
Again, I follow her wishes.
But at the Moke plant,
I move shopping carts around
and collect garbage
all in my ill-fitting suit.

Afterwards, at the cafeteria
I take my seat behind a detached couple
The woman looks at me
and does extremely weird, cartoony things
with her one eye.

There's also a visit to Russia
and I take video of the Moscow version
of Times Square,
lots of activity,
lots of commerce,
bright people in many colors
a delight for the eyes.
When I stop my camera,
it has suddenly snowed
and 8-10 inches blanket everything,
everyone. That was quick!

25.x.07

I'm using that contraption to fly again,
this time, pretty high.
30 or 40 feet in the air,
near the huge industrial building,
high enough that it would hurt
if the machine suddenly stopped working
and I fell.
("Hurt" as in, "I would die")

But it seems to be working fine,
and I only loose one shoe atop the industrial
roof.
Maneuvering around to get it,
I need to confront the other members of the team
on the stairs.
We discuss next week's big game—what else?
But I get easily bored by everybody
so I grab a seat on the train
—a roller coaster ride, really—
across scenic OrGun.
Hang on tight!
It's a pretty bumpy ride.

* * * * *

With several dancers in everyday clothes
(and one older dude who doesn't look like a
dancer at all),
the Muslim girl is practicing her dance moves
in the hallway, where we are trying to get work
done.
"Didn't we set up a place where she can
practice?"
I ask. I lead them all into the larger room
and offer to move some of the folding tables.

* * * * *

The entrance to our place is complicated
with many inter-built porches, screen doors,
and much sliding glass.
Inside, the refrigerator holds my breakfast
Identical to yesterday's breakfast.
I shower, and as I do
I imagine the shower-booth riddled
with bullets from the home intruders.
I curl up into a fetal position
and let the water fall on me a while.

There's a photo of their photos

framed, hanging on the wall
and standing on the tops of counters and
drawers.

I examine the many pictures of Jesus
Strewn among the family snapshots.
There's also a Jesus punching bag.
Hit it, it tips over, then slowly rights itself.
Like it,
I have a "returning gimmick" and a flat hed.

30.x.07

Your fantasy world
is one carved into a single
vast deep excavation
and the city is built
into the walls,
like the Mesa, or is it the pueblos?
Everybody in the city
is about six inches tall.
When you leave the city,
you're normal height,
so are they.
In the city, you're a giant,
so you sorta avoid it.
But outside the city
you help them clean up
the ruins left by your culture
since it is now lost:
miles and miles of
railroadcars
just sitting there
rusting, not moving
stacked four high.
You show the little city people
how to start tipping them over
using a simple lever.
Tip one over, they all go.
They fall off their trestles
Leaving at least the area they were
a little less cluttered.
We're not thinking

about the mess they make
on the ground below.
Not even going to think about that.

But the city
has fantasy characters
and animals
and forms of transportation,
and elegant, mechanical
ways you can die.

9.xi.07

M brings back to the apartment
his girlfriend and her girlfriend
"and I thought we could have some 3-on-1 sex"
he says, implying that the "1" is him.
This makes me a little uncomfortable.

In the co-ed prison showers
the new young black midget woman
is showering, and the also naked
tall, black guard touches her
with his baton, which is off-white, smooth,
rounded.

She returns the touching, her tiny hands
assessing his massive, powerful, yet gentle
(at least now)
hands.

As she turns toward him
to (we always make these assumptions)
attend to his other baton
with her hands and mouth,
it retracts into his body
almost mechanically.
("oh well, there'll be other times" is the unspoken
subtext, caught in the shower room steam)

Back out doors
we wait for busses.
but the makeup of the "we" has changed.

10.xi.07

People, Places, Things

There's the studio,
which is down'n'artsy
I've been waiting for Betty L. to return.
She does, I make it look like
I've been working all this time,
standing in front of the music stand
as she enters the nearly dark room.
The alterego she travels with
is pretty hot, in a tight shiny green dress.

But we need to resolve
where the ghostdogs are,
there's been several peeps that have died here.

And we are also at the control center
trying to cleverly out-maneuver the bad techies
who are trying to take over.

My friend LynnLisa
(of shortcropped hair and swing choir demeanor)
has also been tracking them down.
(We promise each other we will soon screw
—all with a brief glance!)
She has become intertwined with the bad
machine,
but she can morph and take it over and make it
good.
Yay! The good guys win!

2.i.08

We have cloned copies of our cats.
Ten each, of two cats.
I carry around a couple of the lion-kitties
in order to tell which one is the real one.
I guess the clones evaporate over time.

In the bedroom,
Rob C. has returned

from The Amy Glump Summer Camp For Boys.
Amy Glump is a celebrity
from one of those weight-loss reality shows,
and she runs this summer camp for boys.
The boys are probably in their 20s,
so it's not really for kids, I'm guessing.
She has a spigot or faucet
duct-taped to her crotch.
She's wearing a white 2-piece bikini
which breathtakingly displays all her cellulite for
us.
She also has some military accouterments:
medals, those shoulder-thingys, a smart and tight
helmet,
and a riding crop (but not too S'n'M-y).

11.i.08

Lacking the substantial resources to change
Baffeted—(don't you mean buffeted?
Battered? Bumped? Banged?)—around
by various piddly addictions and time-wasters.
not finding—seeing—seeing/finding—a way
through this passage.
and by passage you mean "20 or 30
or even 40 and possibly more—dear
godimagine that" years of living.
and by living,
you mean existence by a means and in a manner
whereby the current situation is typical
(although really bad things can still happen, and
very likely will).
Meaning, it can be done,
but if the current year or so is repeated x number
of times,
what will give out first, what will undo you, what
will, well,
kill you?
Because, ultimately, life is toxic.

OK, recovering from that a bit.
And then we go on.

Just fiddling around with my new sleek laptop—
all in black,
very very thin
About as thin as, thinner than, a selfone.
I should go over to the women standing away a
bit.
But I don't.

There's a rerun of *The Office* on the tube.
It's the one where Jim is supposed to meet
Michael
And have office sex with him.
Jim has on his new blue-rimmed glasses
for just this occasion.

The remainder of this dreem involves much
flying,
spinning, propelling motion,
reversals of fortune,
and a cast of thousands.
And lots of hot steamy love scenes.
So, like, similar to an ordinary life.
But with more exotic fruits.

14.i.08
Walking toward the dining room
with the dirty-blond-haired
Evil Woman
(and she's probably not evil at all)
I mention I have that same addiction
examined in that comedy ice-skating film.
She looks at me knowingly—
She, too, is a sex addict.
We walk.

Evil woman
Talks to me in the cafeteria
Her associates are a few booths away
but she acknowledges them.
"We'd like to have you do this job in Rome."

she says, and she outlines the scheme.
"Well, yes I'd like to go back to Rome,"
I spit out bits of dessert with my pitiful excuses,
"but this just seems . . . wrong"
Maybe I don't say exactly that,
but I'm trying to make up
a reason I can't be part of the plot.
I leave and join a throng of people
meandering past in the dirt streets
of this old West/small town early 20th C.

We wander through all sorts of streets and paths
Sometimes, it's raining, sometimes not.
We adjust our strides and walking-styles
accordingly
When raining, we watch for and avoid
puddles.

As the crowd filters through the route
and people shift positions in the crowd,
one emerges that I seem to be
jockeying for position with—the Teen Rebel Girl.
As we climb stairs, some of the fatter folk
slow down or step to the side
So we slip past them.
We notice each other
and take measure
of the relative strength
of the other's character or whatever.
We may even exchange a few words.

"You're in High-School, right?"
(I know this because I'm semi-creepy and have
googled her)
"17, right? Just the age
of my target audience/ my target demographic
for my RPG!"*
*(maybe I mean, "ARG")
"For real?" she asks as she drives away.
"I'll send you a starter kit", I add, and
I have no doubt I will.

Doesn't make me a less creepy-
or dirty-old-man.
I know she'll end up loitering near
the General Store, but for now
she's driving off in her el camino.

I continue my journey a few more yards
through the rain, with my paper plate of food
and my one book.
Where did my other book go?
Did I leave it somewhere?
It was a New New Groves/Grout,
covering everything including the digital era.
I sit down with the two other doods
to assess the situation:
my plate is full of a lot of pork, meat, some
potatoes.
I pick at everything.

* * * * *

Evil Woman (now played by A. Bening)
puts on her Sunday best
and walks off to talk with Teenage Rebel Girl
Explaining to her the benefits she'd get
by following her.
"Well, isn't it time we got started?"
She adjusts her hat.
"Attent-hut!" and some marchy music starts up.
World War Won veteran joins them
The three of them
march off
toward the military church sobriety meeting.

30.i.08
Something Military

But the main thing
was those pesky coins
that are mine, but the dood running the
newspaper

and magazine stand—
he's selling them.

I want to take them back,
but I think better of it.
Also, some old LP box sets
like operas or the six Bach sonatas and partitas
for solo violin
present themselves.
Maybe I can cut up the coin sets
and put them in the LP boxes?
So much planning over
so little.

Other sheets of images cover me,
fall over me
like cinema-clothes,
(yeah, clothes that displays some recent cinema.
I guess it doesn't need to be recent)
Anyway, that shawl's over me
and I clasp it around my neck
like a cape.
(See, all these things will be lost
during the next revolution,
war, sea-change.
That's too bad.
The kiddies would've enjoyed cinema clothes.)

What else?
Is there anything else?

Something—someone Military, perhaps?

10.iii.08 [28]
Briefly, we see the lush meadows,
pastures, very bucolic,
before the screen skews to reveal
that it's just a painted backdrop in a dark TV
sound stage.
(But it is very well painted—so realistic!)
Anyway, pan right

In the dark studio, in a pool of soft light,
Lounges in a barca-lounger
Barak Obama, in a lovely lavender evening dress
He's distressed, holding his martini, and asking
about:

"Where is Oprah? Where is she??"

Pulling back, slightly,
we see silhouettes of two producers or assistants,
replete with headsets, microphones, clipboards:
"Are you gonna tell him? I'm not gonna tell him",
says one.

"Are you kidding? I'm not going to tell him", says
the other.

It's evident that Obama has completely forgotten
that he ate Oprah. [29]

20.iii.08

Returning to what used to be home
(to the place you called "home")
is always tricky difficult.

So, I'm back,
and everybody ignores me.
This is a mall
or an atrium inside a corporate-y building
and I look out the windows
and see the town.
DarLene slips past me
into the elevator,
"Hey, maybe we could get
a cup of coffee or whatever".
My voice trails off as the doors close,
and her reply, "Oh, maybe some other time,"
also fades away.

This is the point
where some amazing insight
is revealed.
I'll forego that today.
Today, it's just that nobody likes you.
Boo hoo.

6.iv.08

Well, I'm on campus.
Looks like a campus,
don't know which campus.
I must teach here.
Wandering around the quad,
and there's one of my sculpture students
(Ari S.) pushing her project from last term
to her dorm
Where is she ever going to put those?
Assemblages of pipes and stuff,
and a large mirror
all on wheels, and sorta modular
like a train, with different cars
that she can pull around with her.

Behind me crashes
the one with the mirror
into the building next to me,
Glass flying everywhere,
and it comes to rest
after going through this glass door.
(She had left it on a hill,
it rolled down the hill).
I want to cheer her up, but
maybe I really don't want to.
Yeah, that's more like it.
I hope somebody gives her
a hand with cleaning up
all that - it's just not me.

I wander back to the sound stage
where they're shooting
this week's episode of "mule"
the fantastic gameshow
where contestants try to carry something
across the border,
by whatever means they can.

I'm given a tour of the studio

by my lovely former student D.
She's now a production assistant,
although she was once
actually on the show—
the greatest achievement
of anyone in her humble family.

She shows me where I can sit,
in the audience, "Sit right here,
Here you can feel
when they 'stomp like pigs!'"
(Apparently that is what the crowd does
when someone actually makes it
across the border with whatever
they were supposed to take).

I had taken off my shoes
before I approached
the bleachers.
"You can put your shoes back on." she says.

The gameshow proceeds
to the tune of a famous spanish lovesong,
sung in English.
Here is the awkward translation:
"Kiss me, sweets.
Kiss me all over.
Kiss me like the deep-throated hummingbird
kisses the rare flower of the saguaro cactus.
etc. etc"

[30]

17.iv.08
In New Orleans
we live in the number 400 blue building
which is inside an inca or mayan sorta
hive/pyramid enclosure
you must climb up to reach the inside of the
building
I'm doing that with two cats

one under each arm.
I tell DJ she's doing it all wrong,
trying to gain a foothold on the surface
with the airport luggage dolly.
Just not working. Why does she even try?

After I make it all the way up
I need to go back to street level
to the nearby cafe.
A neat, tidy cart has been set up
with a cup of hot water
and some instant espresso.
Some dood walks up to me
and asks "How much for an espresso?
Is it good here?"
"This espresso is just for cats!" I tell him.
I take my cat and we go.

The space drama
taking place above us, or before us, or after us
involves the bad mean ship
with rotating thingys
getting wrecked by the brave, outnumbered, out-
gunned
rebels
but then, the bad ship realizes it's nearly toast,
and it is able to go back in time a few minutes,
change some of the access codes or frequencies
and come at the rebel ship with its single,
piercing
elevator shaft of bright light,
that just cuts right through the poor rebel ship,
people screaming, and falling into space, the
hull breached,
and the tables turned.
If that wasn't enough,
the bad guy's sharky-shaped ship zips around the
front of the
hobbled rebel craft,
and using the guns concealed in the skin
(and this was also something they did

after going back in time, somehow)
brings merciless fire on the good guys.
It's not looking too good for them.

25.iv.08

The barn
is full of bees
but at least they're only near a portal
to another part of the barn,
but it's the part I need to go to,
for some reason.
There's also a springy metal pole
held horizontally
that I can hang on or bounce on
and that seems to help my situation
although it does not solve the bee problem.

[31]

26.iv.08 [32]

Kit once flew on a plane sitting next to Hitler.
Yes, he did.
This constellates The Father.

The Japanese general, in the meantime,
made his specialty dish:
a flambeau made with plum liqueur
he drizzles over the rice.
No, really, he drowns the rice
with that gooey, light liquid.
He needs to light it a couple of times
with both match and lighter
before he gets it right.
This constellates The Amateur.

Tall people, everywhere.
These are the crew of the submarine,
or The Marines, stationed on this base.
They peer down and up the stair-ways
and closet-ways
and into new flaps of carpet

that can conceal the openings.
This, too, constellates The Father.

I am always grasping at what I've lost
by taking too much time
by not remembering
by not trying to remember,
or by wearing the wrong clothes. [33]
Mostly by wearing the wrong clothes.
This constellates The Loozer, The End!

29.iv.08

We drive to The City of Judah Bar-Num
I'm not expecting to see my old school there—
it was taken down
deconstructed
years ago. But there it is!
"Here it is Dad!" I tell him, guiding him
through the deep furrows of mud
Behind the temporary trailer-offices,
where we can see the magnificently boring
building.
He drops to his knees, I hold him, standing.
It can't be long now, I think.
"It is a song", he cries.
Hug hug. A Hallmark® Moment. A Kodak®
Moment.

I look away, and when I look back,
Dad has become some car mechanic dood.
Far younger, and far, far dumber.
Also present is Michael S.
and we reminisce about our
road trip that time.
Odd thinking back to it,
since we had just run into each other a few times
in the hallway, and at the seminar.
I guess we each sniffed out a level of quality
in the other's work, and the vocabularies
were different enough that we weren't outright
competitors, but of course we were,

and thus we became friends.

The road, apparently,
led to ireland/scotland.
In the clean minimalist white and pastel
day-care attached to dark oak'n'brass-looking
pub,
DeeJay and Stephsea are conversing,
glancing at me from time to time.
I try to ignore them.
Better not to intrude on that exchange.

But I go to the window/door,
The sky is painterly, the heather and the moor
ready for some British Landscape Dood to paint.
It is just breathtaking!
A patch of grey above the horizon,
where a few strands of lightning or neurons fire
off.
The august white dome of the mansion
(surely what Jefferson used as a model for
mCello)
emerging on the hill from behind some fog.
"You gotta come see this landscape!", I wave to
DJ,
trying to get her to look at this
because it's dynamic, changing all the time.
I watch this huge grey-black stallion tear across
the fields,
and head straight toward us.
He stops right in front of the door, snorts.
He must stand twenty feet, and almost as wide as
tall!

I return to playing the penny-tennis game
with my group.
It's my serve, and I absolutely suck at this.
You're supposed to throw the penny high in the
air,
or have someone throw it at you,
and smack it at the opposing team.

I try this several time, always miss.
I try it with a half-dollar, then a quarter.
I actually make contact with the quarter,
but the other team is not amused,
because they stick with the rules,
and it's gotta be a penny.

As I pick up the penny for one more try,
The barmaid gives me two big bunches of bar
receipts
Stapled together.
They're all from me, records of all my exploits
At two different bars, years and years ago!
"You're old" says the cute young girl on my
team.
I want to get mad at her for saying that,
but, guess what? She's right.

21.v.08

It's some task among the learned
Oregonians
that I'm involved in.
Mary F. has been stirring things up again,
and I'm trying to pick up the pieces.

Wandering away from the meeting,
I ask SkyRon Ultra™
(this is an enormously powerful,
magisterial, version of SkyRon™)
to explain to me the difference between
"ego" and "smartness".

He starts to tell me, instead,
of the cloud theories of human intelligence,
first studied in Europe, then in Japan and Korea.
This doesn't quite address my question,
but what are you going to do?
He's tall, in charge, and holding forth.

Then, he takes me, and one other fellow,

along on a speedy ride in the open-top, double-decker van
the top floor of which is
a miniature landscape.

I try leaning forward or squatting
to maintain balance,
all the while
dripping the condensate
from my wax-paper cup of soda on ice.

We speed along, and I notice there's been
flooding.
Oh no, it's really *really* deep!
People are floating away from sunken cars
and railroad tracks.
Now, water's filling up the van, and yet we drive
headlong
into all this!
We are submerged,
but I swim toward the light,
Finally, breaking through the water,
gasping for air.

25.v.08

Ok, so, well, at your massive office-plex
performance union,
you hear tapping on the door—which door?
Some girl at the door that wasn't knocked.
Shut that, and moved on to the other one,
up and down a few steps.
Behind the door
is the albino-white robot clown mime.
"Well, what do you want to say?", I ask, a little
cranky.
"You know, they're wiretapping your office", he
says,
in such a fragile voice.
"The phone lines or the internet connection too?"
"It's everything. You should expect inquiries to
be made.

We don't like it, but we cannot control it," he continues.

My teeth are loose in their gums,
and I manage to hold them all in
by making a face and wrapping my hands
around my jaw.

30.v.08

"The Modes aren't for everybody"
says Roger W. to me,
while I'm doing "The Modes",
a series of funny faces made
by stretching a rubber band around my lips,
and sucking on a magic marker.

I imagine, in slow motion,
the marker propelled through my teeth,
through the roof of my mouth,
through the brainstem and spine,
and finally emerging through the
back of my shattered skull.

So extremely poetic!

(Roger's kickin' back on the couch,
arm around his gurlfrend,
who's slight, sleepy-looking, pretty,
with long black straight hair. A lovely couple.)

OK, so I'm in the church basement,
exchanging glances with the ded.
And recalling often how yummy the product of
that kitchen
And how toxic the propaganda from other parts
of that building.

Stepping outside into the crisp winter night air
I see 5 or 6 cars leave the ground
and fly to an array of lights in the sky
People, too, would do this.

You could do it as well, if you wanted.
Remember, it could be the same as deth, if you
do this,
I tell myself.
Worst case scenario.

While making up my mind, a noisy noise heralds
the procession of marching children, women,
and some men
just past the edge of the cornfield.
This was the first batch to return from the skies,
so I withdraw
behind a few cornstalks
to see if anyone sees or recognizes me.

[34]

29.vi.08

"Shouldn't there be
smoke or steam,
or some graceful articulation
of air in motion?" she says,
parting her lips to make various
just such articulations, as in blowing a kiss,
"So we achieve the 'wha' level of intervention?"
Ah, those were the key words!
"Or, like, a tongue?" she continues.
"Whose tongue?" asks Lovely LadyProf.
This reply gets a big belly laugh
from all the women nearby.
I'm the only guy there.

"I prefer grabbing the serpent from both ends!"
her colleague—also a lovely ladyProf—reminds
her.

This refers to the practice
of smoking marijuana reefer
both before and after
one's expected duties in public.

So, first LLP pulls out some of the weed she
purchased,
". . . all in one shot, for a lot of Money."
It's held in a homely, makeshift apparatus-pipe,
of tubes, two bowls, and wrapped in newspaper.
Little flames erupt out the side
while I'm taking a hit, inhaling,
holding, holding.
Holding a really long time!
And—
exhale.

Now, this is all part of the film in square aspect
ratio
featuring seven or ten people of a multiplicity of
genders,
but wearing dark charcoal-grey jumpsuits.
They all take poses, and the group freezes
into a set of Louise Nevelsonesque human forms.
Then the episode above took place.

Now, this is all happening while I'm searching
through papers
Looking for the drawing of a caveman I made
That Toby S. expects to have on his desk, or
published online,
soon.
The papers are unyielding of the drawing.
Like folds of flesh, they are coy, shy, need
coaxing.

1.viii.08

Amid the usual festivities at a funeral
my dad, the guest of honor
has unexpectedly
come back to life
a minute, forty-five seconds
after being in-the-coffin ded.
Maybe it was an hour, forty-five minutes?

Anyway, it's like a new world's record,

so there's a moment of glow/gloat
(thinking how this will improve my Google
ranking, no doubt)
before I start wondering about the
suspension-of-disbelief details
necessary for this to have happened,
beginning with, "Wasn't he embalmed or
whatever?",
and ending with, "Well, so what—he's just going
to
die again anyway."

Nevertheless,
after a brief encounter with Mark W.,
I start driving to the wake
(reception? cake'n'coffee in the church
basement?)
but, I'm driving backwards,
plus facing the steering wheel
from the hood of the car, through the
windshield,
so I'm pretty uncertain
how to steer.

But, I make it there.
I pull the VW into the parking space
at the rear of church (but inside the church,
the last few pews removed)
with bags of collector's dinner plates
and coins (mostly silver, minted to resemble
small violins)
that I will drop off at the pawn shop later, for top
dollar.

16.viii.08
Solitary expressions of individual synapses
at night, without censor,
leave these impressions upon my feeble mind:

A house,
pretty big, with interesting

passageways, and not very direct
ways of navigating through it,
And the people there,
were not spectacular
in any way.

Still, there were moments of repose,
and a sense of extended being.
And plenty of suggestions
of intimacies that would likely
never come to pass.

Also, there were nasty national leaders.

23.viii.08
Main Pieces

Rain, always rain, on the roof.
On the roof, a door leading to the inside.
Inside, the practice rooms,
which are unlocked and contain pianos, cellos,
clarinets, etc.
One kitty shrinks in the rain,
the other kitty bites him in head,
his teeth puncturing the skull,
and leaving it a forever damaged mental cat.
I'm so mad at that cat, that I kick other cats
because I don't have the ability
to express my rage with words.
Nobody does.

29.viii.08
Frag-Items Included

At the restaurant where the criminal investigators
gather,
I was shouting at someone because
I had to explain to him why I was so thick,
at least with respect to knowing what's going on
and how to act, at a moment's notice
when unexpected things happen.

I don't know what to do, so I shout at him
Scream at him, really!

Bloody events, now.
Murder, deceit, betrayal.
Yikes.

30.viii.08 [35]

All this centers on the School for Really Bright Kids
That Are So Smart They're Really Very Annoying, and
Borderline,
Like, Obviously From Privileged Families, and this is
most likely in NYC.
(Or SRBKTASSTRVABLOFPFTIMLINYC, for
short.)

We are the kids in this school,
but now we're hangin' out in this shack
maybe some tenements in some urban
downtown,
and we're picking off pedestrians with our high-
powered rifles.
This is what we do for fun
but the police have now shackled up across the
street from us
on a roof and return fire.
I guess our little fun has gotten a bit out of hand.

Anyway, I tend to hang with
the lovely, buxomy Angela Davis type,
and we take turns firing through the window
and dodging bullets.

I'm getting the feeling
it might be a good idea to hide the guns
and escape the premises
before the cops arrive.

So, we start down the spiral staircases,
now chased by the big fellow student
who's dressed in white, that sometimes changes
to a pure and intense sky blue

but with a little more punch to it.
(it's this blue: hex #3399FF, but brighter and
luminouser)
He's the whistle-blower among us,
and he is going to get us.
As we reach the lobby,
we go back up the stairs a bit
(the other stairs, not the stairs he's coming down)
and watch him enter the lobby,
and head into the street.
Now we can go back up to our lair
Partly through the stairs and then
at a jumping-off point,
into a virtual empty zone
that will take us the rest of the way
up to our hideout.

So much motion, and so little action!

We're back in the lair,
and the police are about to enter.
(Pause)

And really the only other part is
The Discovery,
where you're under a canvas tarp
with two other partners-in-crime.
Cops find you, pull back the tarp
from your face, and put an elegant
white-ceramic gun with red stripes
to your forehead, telling you to shush.
Then, they will capture the other two,
and your collective fate will be sealed.

So, kids, learn your lesson from this!
Don't be shooting people
from your fancy high-above the city windows
with your fancy high-powered rifles!
I think we can all agree upon this.

31.viii.08

Crossing the strait
Boat, then bus
Mom discovers 2 types of magazine:

- "Tastes of Metrosexuals"
- "Dawn L. on Bed, Sad about Her Lover-Woman"

(Because of the breakup note she left on D's thigh,
Written in lipstick or maybe fading red magic marker)

1.ix.08

. . . but we were singing
the Perfect Non-Sequitur Song
(set to the music of B. Manilow's "Weekend in New England")
and as we gathered around the two microphones
and laid down the first take,
I knew I was the one
who didn't know the words.
I copied them on a sheet of paper,
and even drew pictures to remind me what the words were,
like 'sweetie' was a chubby little woman icon.
Some of the words were not just non-sequitur
they were non-words
Thus, I encountered difficulty
in the pictorial representations I drew.

Perhaps the song went something like this:
*"Naith, trap, and paste core.
Sweetie and manipour.
Trait, nark, and sim-you-late rude.
Main partch, torn pram mourn, non greb."*
Now, I'm sure you all
blew out a tear duct or two
imagining Barry sing that!
I know I did.

So, back to our story.
I really am trying my best.
It shouldn't be that hard to sing this,
but it is difficult, with RobScott
looking on. He's intimidating.
Yes, he's a total narcissist loozer,
but he maintains a stranglehold
on the very center of my being.
And it's my fault for letting him get away with
that!
Now, who's the loozer narcissist?

And, in the final analysis,
at the last trump
in the twinkling of an eye
in the eye of the storm
and in the storm of the thurmond,
I gasp and realize
there is no more *story*.

13.ix.08

At the PN reunion concert,
I'm jammin' with Howard and John.
Just a few minutes into our set
I launch into my rendition
of the theme to "Rawhide"
(*"Rollin' rollin' rollin/ keep them doggies rollin'"*
etc.)

I get a standing ovation
from the crowd!
(Most of the audience
is wearing these bright yellow
rain coats, jackets, dresses, ponchos).
Later,
I ask David L. (who now goes by 'Bob')
If he'd like to stay up half the night
discussing music.
He's not too thrilled by my offer.

14.ix.08

So, the three of us sit down to watch the concert

-

Me and John C. , and the young and charming
"David Darlington"

There's a moment alone I have
with an English Horn.
I look at it as *a ewlix deom my pAT*.
But a good relic.
Good times!

K, morlater, bye!
[36]

24.ix.08

Looking at Stockhausen's second-drawer art
collection:

His paintings of Kevin S. and some female
students

in the "scorched earth" style of painting—
realistic, but it looks like the features of the
subjects

are sandblasted away, with
hollow and diffuse eyes.

S's daughter makes dramatic
environmental art—a huge circular mirror
in the desert of the amerikan southwest,
shining a bright disk of sunlight
on Ford's landscape, or that of the Navaho's
then, after she's invited art critics from London to
watch

she swims the Colorado.
Pretty dramatic.

I'm helping, or watching,
the young yuppie dood
and his presumed lovely wife
with the paintings and sculpture
they just purchased—
A bunch of medium-sized
Figures—look like 18th or 19th century

waifs and children.
Pretty trashy looking,
but \$8K-\$12K each—sheesh!
And one, rare, tattered,
scorched-earth style sculpture
of a 19th century boy, but almost
unrecognizable.
That one, he's paying \$30K for!
I'm trying to figure out how to
rig the rope to lift the larger canvasses.
Mr. Peter Public Queen, a rich gentleman
who previously had an association
with both the yuppies and the museum
provided a letter of introduction for the couple
to carry with them as they drive their enormous
moving van
with their newly purchased artworks
in case police pull them over
and inspect their cargo.
The inside of the van
is completely furnished and liveable,
so the artworks are just
propped up against chairs and stuff
and strapped in place for the ride.

This is how art moves.

5.x.08

So we find ourselves
next to the mighty swimming pool
—it's actually, really, just part of the ocean, after
all—
it has the same seasons and emotions
as the larger body.
Now, it's winter
and the sides of the pool
bulge and groan, sometimes break
and the surface of the water
is speckled with snow,
but it's still wet, and you can
run your hand through it

and shove fists of water
into the sky, where they return to Earth
as white flakes.

So, before arriving at the pool
we are in the many hallways
echoing with Bobby H. puttin' me down
to his friends,
"Oh, he thinks he's such a
bigshot now. Living in Florida,
on the Beech"
I follow the voices, and find him.
"No, really, actually, I have nothing.
I'm just a teacher" I say, nevertheless,
he taunts me with the white water balloon.
"Yeah? Well, at least you're
alive!"

Connecting the So-So structure
is the random, elegant branching
of decisions, all nicely distilled
into a neat bit of programming.
But it's also concretized
and sinewy, actual pale branches
of nerves or vessels
we should waste more time
discovering.

11.x.08

*Lernin' DETHkraft™ from annulveena (aunt
alvina)*

Videoing
battery check
Marian has chocolate on her face.
Shot of cards fluttering down.
Introduce DJ to Richard,
but not sure what he teaches now.
Hey, lots of lunch options,

but what do I wear?
Don't worry, deth's alreddy heer!

27.x.08

Previously,
there was Bobby H. by the pool table,
pulling up his shirt,
baring his chest,
a boon-bestowing gesture
that ensures the game we play
will be full of good fortune!

Meanwhile,
the bald, old man
(who's not really that old,
probably just mid-fifties)
waddles by, and at first
I'm gonna make fun of him,
until I realize that he's basically me.
But the derision was going to be
something like, "He's defined by what he's lost!",
which is really *kometry that kills!*
And also, I'm applying that definition
to most of humanity, really.
So, that's why I don't make fun of him.

Then, there's that photo of three gals
hagin' out on a noir-ish city street.
The photo's been photoshopped,
because one of the girls has an extra set of
breasts
staring out from under her skirt,
on either side of her inside hips.
I still think it's a pretty hot photo.
I am so lost!

Michael is applying for a new position
Some sort of web media management job thingy.
"You know, maybe you should apply!" he tells
me.

"But, I don't want to apply. I like working with you guys,"
I reply.

31.x.08

We're driving north past The Cookies
and notice lots of cars parked on both sides of
the road.

Obviously, there's some sort of sale going on,
a farm equipment sale, maybe a land auction,
maybe livestock.

Anyway, the parked cars are close,
and I'm going too fast to stop
when the guy opens his door on his convertible
right in my path.

I tried to dodge it, but I'm sure I ripped off the
door,
but I quickly look back,
and don't hear or see anything.

In New York, I'm with DJ as she tries to take
her old aunt dancing.

"The old jewish men
pay \$72 an hour to just stand around
(*in a Stag Line! Thanks, Sid!*)
and maybe dance with the elderly women." she
says.

"It's overcast this afternoon,
so that makes the other room dark.
I need to size her up a bit more," says
the effeminate physical therapist dude,
who's really Denny M.

But as I leave the porch
and consider walking down to the village
A lovely german woman asks
(I think), if I'd seen her little boy.
My german is so bad,
so I slip into the cactus show,
a great exhibition of living cacti,

some of them blooming with flowers
that look like peacock feather decorative eyes.
Some of the cacti have shed enormous leaves.

Not sure how I ended up wearing cowboy boots
and a huge hat—but it seems to fit.
Never sure if my pants legs go into the boots
or out of the boots.

Still, I wander the outdoor restaurant
with its many tables, private areas, gardens.

After hanging out with Matt D., we wander into
the Guild house
where the rug-craft women meet us.
I think it's rugs they sell—I can't be sure.
They're both pretty overweight, but they have
nice eyes.
They're sisters, maybe?

The younger, less fat one says I have a weird
walk.
"It looks like you're walking
backwards when you're
walking forwards.
It freaks me out!"

Wouldn't want that to happen.
But then I catch a reflection of myself
in the polished hardwood floors.
I think I see what they mean.

Anyway, I walk through the musty closets with
Matt,
he points out the camera equipment you can
rent here,
but all the cameras look ancient,
and they all look like they're mounted
on gun stocks.

"Hey, I'm also looking for a producer—can you

recommend one?"
Matt sorts through all the junk
in this portico
(hallway?)
and digs out two delicate glass cases
like thin aquaria, but filled with dials, buttons
and metal gears.

"This should be able to find one for you.", he
says.

I try operating them,
The one with the buttons
indicates a one-year old kid
being played with by his mom
in the street cafe
will grow up to, indeed,
become a producer (can I wait that long?);
the other one,
with a couple of miniature, finely detailed
mechanical chickens in it
just squawks a lot.

9.xi.08

Drawn in broad strokes:
DJ needs some surgery
done on her sinuses.
It's outpatient, so I can wait in the lobby.
Instead, I wander outside,
and across a narrow muddy passage
to a nearly empty Greek isle.
Just one other guy on the island,
writing in a notebook.
Border patrol dude drops by
asks to see our driver's licenses.
"You'll both hafta come with me".
We cross back into Italia,
where all the medical stuff happened,
all the waiting in a long line
that stretched out a couple of miles
into the sea—we're waiting on this
slender metal dock

(or maybe it's a jetty?).
"The doctors never come out this far.
It's hopeless!" wailed many.

Where we wander
is a place I've returned to several times
although I've never been there.
It's an immigration station,
and a museum filled with awful concrete
cartoony duck statues
and a really great market and dining area.
The NPR description of the market
is heard as we approach it.
We peek in the vast, cold cheese room,
dark and dense with cheesy smells—
dairy, walnuts, some fruits.
This is all guarded
by an old woman, the cheese guardian.

The market owner's daughter
smiles at us from the rows of seats
in the tiny ampitheatre, speaks
to us in Greek, but extremely friendly.
I'll leave it at that for now.

[37]

30.xi.08
(Italicized portions may be sung by extremely
stuck-up white chorus - lots of wobbly vibratos and
pretense)

Wind box - or case
oboe + piccolo + really
tiny bass clarinet
(becomes tiny sax)

Let's examine
the curious case of
the windbox—or case

or satchel or cliché—no, attaché.
It's really just a typical instrument case
with the nice leather, slightly padded cover
that protects the instrument from
changes in heat and humidity.

The windcase has my oboe in it,
plus the obligatory piccolo or half-flute
(which later I try to play a pathetic
tune on)
and a supertiny bass clarinet—
it's about seven and a half inches long.
And it turns into a superneat baby saxophone!
So adorably cute
and essentially unplayable!

I try to read the price tag for all this—
and I'm helped by the very nice shopgirl
who leans in too close to me
to read the tag. "\$300".

*Classroom - english anxiety
meet Manju + other dude
(prez?) - wanna make
discs for them, but
they're, but I gotta
get back to
classroom - english anxiety
where
dude is explaining "I only
changed some letters"*

In the schoolish interiors
I run into Manju and his pal
who might be his boss
or the prezdent or something.

I promise them copies of my DVD.

Now, I gotta make those discs,
but first, back to the English class
which I may have missed too many of, already
but the girl and I secret ourselves inside,
find seats, stuff our winter coats under our chairs,
and sit.

Dude is defending himself
as he explains why he shouldn't be docked
for plagiarism: "I only
changed some letters!"
I don't think anybody's buying that.

- - - - -

*Tornadoes again—" well,
you've never done this
with farmers"*

- - - - -

Stepping outside, in the messy rain
I make my way to the shed just south of the barn
Yeah, tornados are coming.
But where should I go?
How about across the road,
where I can hide behind the concrete slabs
of the corn crib?

I make my way there,
but dozens of folk are already there!
There's even a TV news crew
interviewing some city-type guy
who explains, "Well, you've never
done this with farmers!"

Rat to bird.

*Bird dies - ties it to
string & twirl.*

I'm in the crib, but now it's just a house
with lots of holes in the walls for the cats to play
in.

No storms outside.

But, they chase out a rat, but it's orange
and furry, then grey, but with no tail,
then, it's a lovely, delicate bird.

Bird flies around a while,
then drops to the ground,
convulses, dies.

Ded bird!

Gently, I pick it up
and tie it to my string.
I twirl it around my head several times:
This is my ritual to preserve its memory.
But, *the bird is my soul*—right?—
so I'm basically fucked.

19.xii.08

If you want them to call,
start doing something.

If you do these things,
they will escape
and no one will remember you.

In the Dreem - it hinged on research:
you said you were glad
you didn't start your research until you were
40—no, 50!—
because of the perspective one has at that point.
That, after Ded Bobby's girlfriend is
screaming/singing
in the other research room.

She has an afro,
and is not too attractive in any way.

There is repair on the research door that's
needed.
And I don't want to leave the research door open
because too much gets let out,
let in.

We are waiting for the phone, and doing art in
the meantime.

I'm encircling the Great Ideas
with Elegant Forms! Yay!
That's the art I'm making,
but nobody gets it.

(maybe I should try it all again,
with different forms or shapes?
maybe I should put on a sweater?
nah—)

The phone not ringing
means there are possibilities
and things might be happening,
or else you may have simply gone mad.

There it goes, not ringing.

(How many possibilities
and how much time
do you have?
Don't know.)

The ringing phone represents the end of life
or at least the end of art.

The phone will ring, and then the art will end.

There it goes, now!

10.i.09

Grudgery

We open on the other folks
trying to kick in our door.
They really have no reason to do this.

There are exchanges taking place.
Perhaps lessons are being lerned.
An easy commerce of people, objects, and
actions.
I might be flying for part of this.

I'm asked questions about things
I really don't know about.
Legal-type things, deadlines.
They make me feel ashamed
I don't know the exact answer,
so I make stuff up.
Wrong.

I just get cranky when I'm tired.
I'm OK if all I'm doing
is pondering the size or age of the known
universe
(but, you know, I don't get paid for any of that).
And I'm also not counting acrobatic skills.

We do these things.
Great things, pretty good things.
We don't know what they mean,
Or what they mean to anybody else.

Do what you must.
Whatever.

16.i.09 [38]
People parade you around
as the ultimate dissolving person.
You are a completely inert lump
of human clay
Conscious, but conscious only

of mica-like layers
of your own collapse.

The little robots
clean up the parking garage.
Your car is slender and thin
so a few could fit in a standard space
still, you park it.
On to the conference!

At the conference,
You claim the couch,
but you're soon joined
by three beefy men
from Colorado,
all in your field of endeavor,
Introductions, all around!

The belle of the conference
steals away with one dood—
Ron or Rod somebody
who you just met, and
hey, you were talking to him!
"You'll be next!" she says,
taking my wrist in her hand,
a wink, and a lush smile.

So much takes place
in parking garages and hotel lobbies.
Who needs scenery?

[39]

25.i.09
"When were they climbin'?"
"When the astornauts
singed the sky".

Some buildings,
but with a purpose.

Perhaps some sort of game?
All so vary clear a few hours ago.

If you cut a map,
You won't forget the map.

Usually, you don't need to worry
about the return of dinosaurs
on your insurance policy.

Where are the Russians when you need them?

27.i.09

On the banks of the river,
across from the medieval city of Pompano,
we watch fireworks
or maybe we all just hang out
on the grass, at night.
The light of the moon does neat stuff
to those with red hair
(as in, "a neat lighting effect,
a glow, an effervescent
shimmering sorta thing").

After the viewing of the film
(a brand new film,
made entirely of
visual and narrative clichés,
and references to earlier
avant-garde and surrealist films,
also all clichés),
we get in small cars.
I with John L., who drives
to the edge of the stairs
before the courtyard,
but everything is flooded,
so I advise him it might not be
such a great idea
to take such a plunge.
We do, anyway.

2.ii.09

First,

I'm not sure how I ran up the bar tab
about \$695, in Ireland,
and tracking down The Red One,
or The Red Ones,
Nine or Ten-year-old girls
with curly red hair
who do all the bombings.

I'm wandering the alleys
with my buds, playing
kick-basketball along the way.
You kick these over-inflated basketballs
onto the roofs of the poor houses.
Apparently, we're all pretty good at this,
and we each earn about a thousand dollars.
I should probably pay my bar tab with it,
and so-and-who offers to pay it for me,
and I decline his offer.

Matron woman comes close to convincing me
to take the money to the bar,
but she doesn't.

The next round of kick-basketball
will make us all lose our winnings,
and I'll be back to where I was,
but the Matron rides the boat to the bar,
and there they are, The Red Ones,
both of them,
plotting their next carnage,
mayhem, ensuing triage, disorder, discord
in calm, calculating prose.

Very orderly.

These girls are way smart.

Their mother sits with them,
proud of them, but unaware of what they do.
She's the monster.

9.ii.09 [40]

I have mixed feelings
about using my old movie camera.
When I look through the viewfinder,
I see images in motion
of all the kids I shot
when I was a kid, too,

Even the ones who have since died.
Haunted movie camera—neat!

1.iii.09 [41]

"KonGradjuLayshuns!(*sic*)" sez Deth
as she serves you brekfust in bed,
"you've gone from
a place and time in your life
where everything meant something
to a place and time
where nothing means anything!"

Quite unsurprisingly,
I'm not sure what it means
to have Deth serve me
brekfust in bed.

[41]

2.iii.09

"If I haven't already said so (or done so)"
The plucky, young black woman who's
interviewing me
has just identified that as my 'catchphrase'
and she parrots it back to me
very rapidly, so I must've said it.
I have on good clothes,
but my junk is exposed as I sit
and face her. Rather immodestly
exposed. Oh well.
(I have a just-pressed tux,
shirt, tie, etc., in a plastic bag
on a hanger, in my hand)

Looking out the window,
I see the new Military
deploying down the road a bit,
but they'll need me
to open the fence by the apple trees.
So, I do that.
Mr. R., my math teacher in highschool
leads them. They are apparently
putting down some sort of
internal uprising.
"In times like these, there aren't leaders,
so the whole structure collapses.
We have to be there to take charge"
(Yeah, but what about the recent
elections? I guess that doesn't matter.)

In my fantasy-within-the-dreem,
I imagine the young, militant arabs
of this uprising, following tanks,
rolling up into balls like aliens
and entering the tanks from behind,
presumably shooting everybody inside.
Messy, but effective.
The narrator (Mr. R, I think)
supplies voice-over about
"The James-Bond, wanna be,
oil-rich, young militant, in his
gold suit and gold car, pulling out
his gold gun. He's already lost
his left hand in the fighting,
but he steps back into the street,
onto a (boom!) . . . "

Yes, land mine, but no James Bond
I knew would ever be so clumsy,
or lose a hand.

But young kids,
the next generation of struggle,
learn from this loozer,

and have identified
the buried drums of fuel
they can tap,
and use to build explosives.
I'm about to report this
to the nearby authority dood,
but first, I get a lesson in making explosives
out of garbonzo bean paste,
from the McGivver-type guy of this company.
"You take one handful to form the filling,
and four handfuls to form the shell for the filling,
building the shell around the filling. No, like
this:"
Confusing.

5.iii.09 [42]
Dancing in church
is not always frowned on,
I guess.
Anyway, Johanna teaches it,
and at the barre,
I'm one of two students stretching
and doing ballet extensions, or whatever.
She comments on my back,
on my misshapen back,
and how I'm a pretty decent dancer
in spite of it.

Later, after the other student has left,
she shows me her approach
to fellatio, and more.

* * * * *

My students,
on the other hand,
are making short videos—
texture experiments involving
the patterns of light
seen from under
a clear, vinyl waterbed

filled with exotic, colorful fish.

Now, some of these texture studies are quite good, and I'm sad that I hadn't looked at them earlier, like when I was sposta. Like when I was actually teaching the class. Nevertheless, I load the clips into my mixer, and do some further experimenting.

Next, I'm off, running thru campus with my mixer
It's starting to rain,
so I don't want the water to damage the electronics.
I step inside a hallway
graced with many busts
and statues of various figures.

* * * * *

Our new home
is a car or van,
parked on the side of a busy highway
that runs thru cornfields.
I notice there's been an accident, or several,
since the black van behind us
is askew, parked slightly angled on the road,
a broken windshield, and glass everywhere.
But lots of cars that pull up,
also have broken windshields.
The guy who owns the van
is talking with some seriously crazy man,
and as he leads him toward us, and toward the
cornfields,
the van-owner reaches in our window
and locks our door,
like that will help.

We've now gotten out of the car,
we walk behind it, open the trunk.
The two girls approach us,
and tell us their stories,
apparently we will be taking care of them,
since we are now an older couple.
The tall brunette is lanky, with long straight hair,
and looks like that *Alias* girl.
"I'm a slut, and I drink and do
a lot of drugs. I'm just trouble," she says.
Her friend is shorter, with short blonde hair,
and since she's the nicer one, we both embrace
her.
But I want to include the other one, too,
in our group hug,
betokening a new beginning,
but it's just trickier.
Why should it be so difficult?

Sometimes
it's easier to grab something
when it's farther away.

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

20.iii.09

Light at End of Day:
Directional.
Sharper, longer shadows.
Slight peachy tint to it all.
Then it's Magic Hour,
Then it's all gone!

END OF PART I

INTERMEZZI

(from ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY™, mmiii)

INTERMEZZO I

21.v.03

Wandering lush green fields in Germany,
but with a toxi-colored lake,
shielded on one side by big plastic walls
I watch swimmers in the nearby odd-shaped
pools
practice their endurance under water.

Blond German boys facing each other but
inverted
and holding each other by the knees, submerge
themselves
While shouting rhythmically, about once a
second.

One girl, topless but with stylish goggles, also
practices.

A she-bear wanders toward the pool, and falls in.
Toxicity strips her of her hair, and she, too
Becomes a German swimmer-boy.

INTERMEZZO II

31.v.03

Walking with your mom, in bathrobe,
Inside the 3-story home
To the third floor, with its sharp drop
At least eight feet straight down
To the second floor.

You leave Mom on that sad height,
As you turn away to find the other way
Of course, she falls.

You see a flash of sleeve, her dark hair
And the awful thud.

She's face down on the floor, in the reception
area.

"I'm OK, I'm OK!" she cries, not really moving.

As you make it to her side
The three young thugs break into the office
before you.

They take things, then notice you and mom and
the other woman
Sitting, lotus-legged
One thug comes by and knifes your leg,
Deeper than simply to draw blood
A signal that you can't tell this
To anyone.

But to seal the deal, he mimes slapping you,
His hand stopping short each time,
He laughs, taunting you,
Then gets very close to your face
His arms around your shoulders
And puts something under your thigh.
"This is *really* gonna hurt" he whispers.
(The scene floods with light
As you begin to scream.)

INTERMEZZO III

1.vi.03

Big, solid, white man in white
must be 6'5", 300 pounds,
stocky, well built, short blonde hair
knocks at your door
"can I use your phone? I'm placing my order
for my selfone
Making my final selection for a selfone."

You point him to the phone on the wall.
He dials, starts talking right away.
Ordering phones of many colors,
And telling what the colors mean.
"And I want a pink one, which signifies
my own impotence"

You console your lovely young wife with
"He'll be done in a minute, then I can go."
"Can I come along?"
We discuss domestic duties
Of a corporeal nature,
But we have no words

For subtlety or finesse.
And thus we must refer
To iconic imagery from the past,
Particularly, the domestic, commonplace,
Celebrations in cartoon form
Of Copulating Pigs,
"Makin' Bacon".
Did I mention this all takes place
In our trailer?

But this was preceded by
The talk in your brother's studio
His book of his artist friends
And samples of their work
Including tame abstracts made of pencils
Or some acrylic resin molded to look like
pencils
Barbara K. points this out to you.

But this was preceded by
The episode of hauling a big box of books
For your sister—fortunately
You were able to digitize them
And shrink them drastically
In size and weight.
But they still asked your permission
(Which you gave easily)
to throw away your old desk.

But this was preceded by
A visit to the museum.
You are asked to escort
Mao
Through the exhibits of modern art.
Two young museum attendant girls
From Taiwan, watch us
They beam and giggle
In admiration, awe.

He's quiet, slightly frail, amiable.
Bald.

"I gotta get a picture of this" I tell myself.
The camera I use
Is one of those disposable ones
But you hafta lick
And breathe on the film after you snap the shot
And rub the film with another sticky blue film
I am confused by the instructions.
And give up.

Instead, I lead Mao
To an installation for a beautiful dark
Abstract film my friend Paul B. made
Using just that awkward camera— amazing!

Against the dark background, a lovely blonde
woman
Opens her mouth
Dissolve to a big, hairy egg that peels opens to
reveal a normal egg
(The eggs match cut the woman and her mouth)
This is followed by images of sticks, then bugs
In scattered, random arrangements.
It is all
Too beautiful for words.
Why didn't I think of that?
I could kick myself sometimes.

But all this is preceded by
Your task, and you told Dad
You'd do it an hour earlier,
That means, you can only sleep till 6,
Or is it 5?
But it takes an hour to drive there,
So that makes it 4.
But it's 2 now.
This is the part that's worrying you.

INTERMEZZO IV
20.vi.03
The New Roman Coliseum
Has both roman and crositian relics in

Its altar, garishly lit and tripped by motion sensors.

I do some trippy dancing
Heels to the floor
Like the Charleston or Lindy hop
Or some other extinct dance
Of generations now under Erth.

As I dance, the acolytes return.
I try to convince one,
a handsome, clean-cut lad,
to further develop
his bowling-moves
into legit
high
art.

("You know what 'legit' is?" he asks)

INTERMEZZO V

20.vi.03

Flying over Manhattania
In a grand, wooden jet
At sunset, or is it sunrise?
Anyway,
sharp angular shadows
Define it; as we pivot
Around the huge compass
Atop a central skyscraper,
I look to where the fallen Twins
Once left their double-mark.

We land with unreal suddenness
And I disembark
To the Urban Mountain
Climbers Club,
Where one, graceful in her climb,
Shows me the ropes.

(There's something further
engaging about her,

But what we do,
Our story and her story,
Whole histories of brave fights
And rage, and love
Among the new generation
Of captivating characters
Unsketched and unimagined
remains hidden
in memory dimmed
by alarm clocks
and answering machines.)

INTERMEZZO VI

21.vi.03

I see Barbara K. again
This time, receiving chemo,
We see blue organs and purple veins
Through transparent skin
All held within
A once magnificent frame.

Again, we don't know how much use it is to the
authorities,
But we felt we did our part, discovering the
terrorist's plot
To smuggle explosives into the luggage of the
ferry
And detonate it, or the highway bridge. No
matter.
He chased us in the yellow stairwell, shot several
times,
The bullets ricocheting what seemed like forever
In a red ring of certain danger.
A few others escape with me, so he throws a
canister
That emits thick, sparkly orange smoke.
I get the fuck out of there.

Now outside the building, I watch the ferry
Lyrically, gracefully fall apart, in not too deep
water.

Several people crawl to shore, I give them a hand.

The toned bodies of the trained swimmers
(hairless, again)
Dive back to rescue others.

I can see under the water, from above it, dozens
of people
Just sitting at the bottom in the flooded subway
car,
returning my stare as if to say, "what are you
looking at?"
Remember this was all in Paris, or Germany, or
New York
Or all three, at once. I really don't know what I
see.
I just report it.

INTERMEZZO VII

22.vi.03

"We're changing over to the Absolut™ product
line
in the break-room vending machines," says my
boss.

"But only Senior Management getsta use the
Vodka."

"God is gonna be marketing himself differently
next season," he continues

". . . as the ultimate reality gameshow host."

"And you know that 'History' stuff?
It's being written without you in it!"
Just another day at the office.

PART II

26.iii.09

Revolving around
the Swiss chalet village
where the disturbed city bear
foretells the drama to come.

He's not just a disturbed bear
he becomes The Disturbed Gorilla Hed
on two spidery legs—no arms!

The disturbance is about the white/silver toyota
that follows me
(I'm in a cute red sports car—a Miata?),
but ignores the two stops in the garage
that are required,
and because he skips 'em,
he gets ahead of me!

At the chalet, I line up with the rest,
mostly black women with children,
and we'll each tell part of the story
or sing part of the song.
I'm second to the last,
so I'm planning how to set up
the last woman for a real awkward narrative fail,
because, well, I'm mean.

We never get that far,
'cuz I hafta deal with
disturbed gorilla spider bear,
chasing him and being chased around the house.
Other animals—I'm thinking the big fat
Sooper Pooster Kats, and the hairy lizards
that turn into wolfie dogs—watch.

When I finally catch the gorilla,
I end up tickling him and he likes it!
Lame!

28.iii.09 [43]

The patches of images

that make up my memory of the event
are all pretty shabby.
In the Seventies, if something was good
we said it was 'not-too-shabby'.
This is shabby:

My task
is to take the
roller-cart thingy (it's canary yellow)
down the many corridors
and tunnels
beneath the performing arts building.

(and remember, there are
the fine arts,
the performing arts,
and the pathetic arts.
guess which one I'm good at?)

I'm just pushing the cart around,
shining my flashlight at walls'n'stuff.
That's my job.
I go past one exit to the outside world,
and PudgyGal has propped the door open,
and wanders inside.
Of course, I tell her she can't do that,
knock the prop out.
I forget if she's in or out at that point.
Maybe it doesn't matter.

After brief reunions
with my old band buddies,
we all end up by the shore
where the big-hedded blue dood
grabs as much attention
in whatever way he can.
The multi-turtles swim past,
(they are five or six turtles
connected like batteries
in series—or is it in parallel?)
and there must be

a fresh, bracing ocean breeze,
but I can't smell it.

And even as all this is happening to me,
you know, they always say,
"cloud haza silver lining",
or,
"god-dood slams the door
but leaves the window open",
or,
you know, all those sayings
where there's good that will
inevitably balance out the bad?
Well, I'm still waiting for that.

5.iv.09

This was probably one of those breakthrough
sessions
one has with one's therapist
His name is Rick or Ron,
and you forget which one it is,
and you should really make a note of it
and remember it.

The session starts with his alarming, "Have you
looked at pictures of yourself lately?"
Where does he get these pictures
and videos?
Is he surveilling you or whatever?
Anyway, the first videos
shows you participating
in the annual
Animal Fugues, where
everybody puts on an animal mask
and rides these rustic, all-wooden
primitive carnival rides.
You're there, in one of the
spinning wooden teacups, looks like
it was hacked out of a tree stump
by some great lumberman
You're not wearing a mask.

"Why doesn't everybody wear masks?" asks Ron or Rick.

"I think you wear them if you can get them, to party, but they're not mandatory", you offer. Your best explanation, but not a very good one.

The whole scene is filled with that nordic innocence and charm and has the festivity of a scene from a joint effort of Bergman and Fellini.

Also in the "Have you looked at yourself lately" category are a number of black and white photos processed at a pharmacy of you on stage, sitting, surrounded by a few people, who are giving you a shampoo. You look sad, with your head of foamy white hair, and you can't bear to look at the pictures. It's a very theatrical presentation, however.

It brings you back to a visit of the Seattle library and looking at all the ancient movie projectors you can borrow, on the shelves among the books. "Why can't I live in an interesting city?" you ask yourself.

Flashing back to the session, Ron or Rick advises you practice the domestic/professional schizophrenia, so home and job persona are separated and discrete. Neat and clean separations. You're leaning, however, toward the idea that You're getting better when the two parts of your personality are one, and you tell him that as you leave.

Walking past the water heater
left outside in the bitter cold.
Pigeons are frozen, in mid flight, around it.
There's a really beautiful arrangement
of frozen birds on and around it—a pretty great
sculpture!
It's that cold!

10.iv.09 [44]

Dawn D. demonstrates for us
the Anaconda process of photography:
You start by chewing up the photo,
swallowing it.

You yell "ANACONDA!"
and vomit the photo
into the mouth of a goat.

The goat also ingests
and vomits the photo.
Then, you piece the photo
back together, from the vomit.

It gives the photo an acrid
and pungent visual texture,
this process.

(Of purely academic interest
is the so-called
reverse-anaconda process,
where the negative is chewed up
and vomited.)

20.iv.09 [45]

I'm a sniper,
and I aim my scope at the door
to the outside.

Charliescott is inside,
and he's going to go out.

He's who we're stalkin',
Waitin',
for him to come out.

When he does, he's all in white.

On the teevee,
they're telling you
how you can do a 'reversed mortgage'
where your kids pay for your house.
Nifty idea!

25.iv.09

"Let's get published—then we'll write a book!"
I always do things backwards. why is that?

* * *

The music I'm writing—
it's electronic, but sounds
like a string nonette
—is elegaic,

But because it's for electronics
and not human players
it will never be described
as elegaic.

* * *

I've been a sniper before
but they make you dress all in white for that.

* * *

The numeric code
is long, and must represent actual words
and you gotta enter that every time.
So clunky!

* * *

Much of it takes place
on the farm, in the house, on the road.
I liked it there.

27.iv.09

It's very early morning,
still dark,
and while Wife has already left for the day
Ed drives up, in his station-wagonny car
and I climb over our wood fence to greet him
(It's odd I gotta climb over the fence
to greet him in the driveway–
it's like a fence to the garden or whatever)

Anyway, Ed,
who I don't really know
and who is balding
and tall, lanky,
and wears big clunky dark-rimmed glasses
tells me the good noos:
our film will get funded!

"There's a 90 to 94 percent chance of it"
he says, although I'll find time
later to worry about the other
six to ten percent.

"Let's celebrate with a toast!"
I say, as we walk toward the door.
Ed's wife walks along with us,
she's quiet, a bit dumpy,
but pretty, long blonde hair.

Long story short,
I try the front door,
it's hooked from the inside,
take the back door,
hafta koralle the kitties, so they don't get out,
and we go to the kitchen
where Kristine (Ed's wife,
and now she's petite, brunette, curly hair
and passionately disinterested in me)

has found old scotch
we scrounged from some party
(it's in a tupperware flask)
and Ed is cooking a high-cholesterol
celebratory breakfast.

9.v.09

The future is clean and neat,
and it's hard to tell where the mall ends
and somebody's living room begins.
Same with streets and alleys.
They seem to be enclosed,
like malls.
But everything is clean, as I mentioned,
so not too much squalor.
Just, no longer any distinction
between public and private spaces.

* * * *

[Previously, we watched the new neighbors
move in across the street.
The place is a huge,
park-like area,
with an ampitheatre.
I can just imagine some of the kids
(there's 8 or 9 of them)
practicing their preaching—they're Mormon
or from some other preachy tribe—there.
So, they're clearing brush,
and really dressing the place up.
At night, they'll all sleep there,
except for one daughter,
who sleeps in the shelter built into a mound of
dirt
next to our shelter built in a mound of dirt
on our side of the road.
This is the daughter who's the first victim
of the serial killer, and the next morning
we see her lifeless body,
although it's changed into a cat's body.

We'll get back to this part of the story
Later.]

* * * *

Wandering through the mall,
through this family's house,
I decide to make some coffee.
I have the water, and the espresso maker,
but no beans.
The young man (might be a store attendant,
might be the family's firstborn son)
shows me the display of beans
and explains what's on special today.
"Nah, I'll get my coffee down the street,
at the dessert place," and I go there.

The streets and the buildings are all
glazed porcelain, and brightly colored.
A merry place, due to the reduced squalor
I spoke about earlier.

At the Dessert place,

(and I'm trying to keep track
of how I got there,
so I can get back later,
so I don't get lost.
Really, I don't know
why that would be such an issue.
It's not a bad place
to find ones self
lost.)

I sit and think about
various ice cream treats,
especially the soft slushies
that give me brain-freeze,
but I'm just imagining the play of flavors
so no brain-freeze!
Across from me,

another woman from the conference,
I tell her about this place,
and the other ice cream place.

This place
is called "100 Nations"
because the desserts are from
a hundred nations.

I order Tanzanian cake,
which arrives almost instantly
and it's hard to tell
where the cake ends
and the table, or the wall
begins.

The cake has many small
ornate fences in it,
and an archway of sugar cookies.
It is such an architectural cake
and so well crafted

I don't want to touch it,
mess it up.

The woman across from me
(now she's from the wait-staff
of the cafe)
gives me the eating instructions,
which I mostly ignore,
then grab one of the cookies
when she's not looking.

I turn to watch the cafe entertainment.
It's the classic fable,
also from Tanzania,
of Dingo's Lifecycle.
Dingo is a female,
and represented
by a boxy figure covered in a
burlap bag,
who walks around on her two hands,
curled up as club-like fists.

Dingo's life cycle is pretty literal,

the poetry is missing somehow.
First, she's walking on the sidewalk,
Then a male Dingo walks up behind her
And mates with her.
The mating is rough and violent—
looks more rapey than a typical lyrical mating.
Anyway, they mate,
she walks around a little more,
and drops a few baby dingoes—
smaller burlap bags.
This is her life-cycle,
and it's accompanied by my own
coarse vocalizations
—grunts, hoots, shrieks,
all slightly rhythmic,
all a little alarming.

18.v.09 [46]

(His name is really 'Darryl' but I keep trying to
call him 'Kevin'.

This is tricky in the kitchen.
It does have its consequences
as the food's being prepared.)

So, in walks the lovely Miss N.
in her aquamarine plush jumpsuit
that, with the extra padding,
makes her The Venus of Willendorf,
strutting her neolithic beauty,
all her loud and unsubtle curves
screaming out at us!

"I don't think it looks good," she says.
"Next time, I'm gonna hafta
get one with the flat front
to the legs," no doubt
referencing
her bulging camel-toe.

Nevertheless,
the remainder of the presentations

continue,
nothing really stunning or original.
Although there is excited
anticipation
over a talk soon
by Bhrett Butler,
young, black, urbane,
and poised to achieve
great success
as a revisionist.

I retreat to the back room,
dark, but with the floor giving off
diffuse green light
from bits of glow-in-the-dark cheese puffs
Dad and I have been eating.
He's trying to understand
what everybody is trying to do.
I try to explain.
A typical blind vs. blind situation.

20.v.09
Dusty old convertible/sportscar/batmobile
(based on the 1966 Ford Fairlane 500
convertible, black)
driverless,
approaches me and Wife.
Well, of course we get in!
(In a flash-forward, flash-back,
we see the same car
with footprints of tiny feet
from many nations
all over the hood
in the dust.)

The car takes us to the van.
The van is filled with the doods,
and the doods are in a rock band.
"So, you're gonna be in the band with us,"
sez leed dood.
"Playing keyboard? That's the only thing

I'm pretty good at." I offer.
"Nah, we have a keyboard player. It's Gary."
"I can play saxophone fills — but I haven't
done that in a long time."
"Maybe on some of the songs."
I guess I should have asked
about drums,
because drums were not mentioned,
even though I'm no good at drums.
Can't even keep a steady beat.

23.v.09 [47]

You might be the nude gal in front of yourself in
line.
You are in line to talk to the two producer doods
at the artsy conference.
Everybody's trying to see them.
You also have on a nice suite and tie,
and as you approach the doods
The naked girl is not there.
*(Like we all know,
there was some confusion
regarding who you are.)*
But now, you talk to the doods,
they look at your badge,
and then they talk to you
from behind the little screen-display
that frames them like a traveling puppet show.
"Yeah, I go to these conferences
and write about blokes like you guys
for more scholarly, academic purposes," you say.
You lie.
You go to conferences like this one
hoping to get noticed by the people who run
them
so next year, you'll be the star
with lines of confusing, ambiguous fans
waiting to talk to you.

You remember, you recall
all this has taken place

in the same multi-level
multi-room, multi-corridor house-mansion
where you stay,
and where you've been exploring each night
because it's usually extremely empty
and spooky, with many dark rooms and corners.
You look in one room,
hoping to see ghosts.
Better, you see the two figures
made of burlap bags stuffed with feathers
and fashioned into scare-crow-like
life-size dolls
with blank faces
(I mean, really blank faces,
as in no eyes, mouth, nose, ears.
Nothing.)
The figures move like in a horror film,
that is, they move when you're not looking at
them,
so you only notice their position has changed.
I dance the one outside
so I can rip it apart and burn it
but maybe I'm being a tad harsh,
and I can actually talk to these creepy things.

And speaking of creepy things,
guess who you're talking to next?
Yup, it's that big old Lizard Mom
With the three glistening black eyes!
Such iridescent, wrinkled skin,
Such grace!

26.v.09

OK.

Now, I am ready to talk about the incident.

It involves first two
then six
then about twenty
jet airliners
that hafta make an emergency landing

just north of our farm,
two miles east
two miles north
of Clare, Iowa.

(Clare is Irish,
and catholic,
though I am not.
I was German,
and Lutheran,
the other tribe
of that region)

(one is compelled
to reference
an amazing amateur poem
from the centennial celebration
from that town.
I'll post it later,
and put a link to it.[48])

Why this incident?
(should also mention
not anyone was really
seriously hurt
in the first dozen or so
emergency landings,
which is pretty amazing!
The twentieth one
didn't seem to fare so well . . .)

Why? Is it because
the geography
is a magnet for
human experience of terror,
of the half-moment of,
"whoo! I'm on a roller-coaster,
no, wait, I'm on a plane,
and this might mean
we drop a mile or so
and hit the ground,

explode,
impact, boom.
end of consciousness,
end of story.
Are you ready for
the end of your story?
Wuh, you better be,
'kuz it's happenin' now!
And you will die, horribly,
your body will probably be
torn apart by pressure
or explosion
or inertia,
like a dozen metal wolves
yanking away your flesh from your bone,
all in an endless instant
of the most painful big sound,
your eardrums—such a delicate trio
of what is it, hammer, stirrup, anvil?—
shredded in that long moment,
and like, yeah, sure,
it would only last a second!

Do you reely know that?
How do you know
your actual experiencing
of deth
doesn't last the duration of eternity,
a constant,
dull pain
but ecstatic and piercing
as your body becomes particles
in an instant,
but the instant for you
lasts forever.

How do you know
that time doesn't change
when the dying occurs?
You don't know.

(OK, so,
and work toward
I'm not sure what,
but it would have been
the idea that absolutely
crystallized
the above story
into a superprofound
thingy.

No, wait,
move this toward
the delight and pure joy
of eating the tasty steak,
the fun and blissy fun
of tastebuds firing, snapping,
betokening the happie taste,
savory, peppery, juices, tender flesh, krakly
charred fat!
the so-neatness of beeing uh-LIVE!
amid the howls of future generations
who will recoil with,
"Wha, how could he even
celebrate the meet-eeting
much less actually
eet the meet?
Whadabeest!
So, thus, trooly!
No wunder they extinkted,
deth Tayqmee Now!")

31.v.09
Two Swatches

I'm going to church,
but with a copy of JC's *Silence*
tucked under my arm!
What a radical!

Each of us
(we number eight)

will be given
\$50K for participating.
We do this
by getting the crazy
marine-dood's
personality implant
or whatever it is,
and doing
whatever he does.

More fun fun funtime ahead!

2.vi.09 [49]

We know
the evil doods are creating an insurgent army
from all the poor kids they gather
and indoctrinate,
and they're about
to open fire in the auditorium
against the valiant ones,
but because I snuck
a bunch of *touristas* into the balconies
they don't.
I've saved the day,
but then a firestorm ensues
anyway
bullets hail
the bad doods are perforated
and fall to the floor.
One is not quite ded,
so I try to put him out of his misery
with a pistol I pick up.
A charitable gesture,
but then I'm off a bit, I miss,
and end up shooting him in a non-fatal spot
and now he's really annoyed,
and probably not too coherent,
in shock and all.
He's like nine or twelve,
but with a snarly demeanor
that makes him seem like forty.

He's trying to shoot at me
with his Uzzi, or whatever
machine-gun it is they use in dreemz
these days.

I skip the scene
and move to other basketball courts
and wander among the tables in the halls.

Cat-a-creases running down my trou
Looks like I slept in'um.
And this is the day of my big interview!

11.vii.09

Wife goes to writing conference.
Husband goes to film festival.
While there, he is approached
by Noo Man™ from *Sign: Fell'd*™
(after Roland Barthes)
who tells him, with that leer in his voice,
"Your wife
is going to buy a pig
to do all her reading for her!"
Husband recoils!
"She would NEVER do that!"

It was an intense
dramatic
encounter!

27.vii.09 [50]

He's not in the practice
of adding dreem-entries directly
into the text-body,
But he does it today
because he knows
if the dreem is not honored,
respected,
made-something-of,
it will return as a wild forest beast
of the mind or the hart or soul,

And bite with those angry canines
the flesh from the bone
of the mind, or the hart, or the soul.
(a pretty knarly metaphor—better stop that right
now!)

So what it is,
is a complicated place,
Many rooms, measured play
of dark and intruding daylight,
Dirty windows, edged in mould.
Nothing really happens there, although
T. is there, and she's just hangin' out;
we talk.

In one of the rooms
(and this may have been
in a different house or dream)
I lay on the bed with Nephew Stevie
Whose body is big, round, corpulent,
And patterned with reticulations like you'd get
From a vellum-thin layer of unrendered animal
fat
Allowed to dry on the surface of water,
But there is multicolored neon light
Pushing through these crackly breaks on his skin,
dark and shiny.
He's maybe ten or twelve, and extremely big for
his age.

29.vii.09

So,
If everything I look at
seemsta look like Lizard,
does that mean I want Lizard?
Or does it mean I'm just not 'over' Lizard?

(It's up to you to discover
who 'Lizard' is.
Might be the name of a human.
Might just be the idea of 'Lizard'.

Might be the notion of lizards in general.
That is, lizards as a general, irreducible category
of being.
You pick whatcha want, OK?)

17.viii.09
I'm first alarmed
by the tall figure.
A guy with a plush
babar elephant hed,
wearing a dark suit,
and probably seven or eight feet tall.

But I keep my nerve
and approach him.
He reclines with me
on the bed, takes off that hed,
and he's the petite
friendly ghost,
Mary Mae - K.,
who died in 1919
at age 27.

"Hey, that's the year
my Mom was born!"
I add.

We have a nice chat.

The battle with MeenGhost™
is a different story,
and he's a serious
partner in combat.
He's a bald dude,
Probably in art,
wearing a black cape.
Even though he's a ghost,
I'm able to eventually
hack off his hed,
but not before he drags
his spike-stick

across my ear,
gashing it badly.

At some point a bit later,
MomWife encourages me
not to do music.

Learning to surf
with throngs of yungkids
they crowd around each group of waves
and don't leave you a lot of space.

After one or two tries,
you pick up your grey board,
tuck it under your arm, walk off,
past the photo displays
of the next great film collector's release:
Some noir classic you never heard of.

The photos are all square,
about LP cover size.
They make an impressive display
that's maybe 15 feet by 30 or 40 walking feet.
It folds around to make a box.

The nice-meaning woman
(academic or kultur-vulchur)
points out the highlights of the DVD to you,
"Remember so-and-who,
that famous actress in the 30's?
She's in this film!"
I pretend I know about that actress.

I look down at my sheet,
"I really need a 1956 Red Riviera" I tell her.
It's from an equally obscure
noir film, but at least I sorta
remember the car.
She takes me around the corner,
points out two cars, just parts really.
"It's not as bright as it was

when it first came out," sez EriQuraig, my boss.
"We've seen so many saturated bright colors
in films since then, I think we may have gotten
a little too used to them."

21.viii.09

I live in a bachelor pad, alone.
I make cuban sandwiches for myself, and my
cat.
The feminine guy in the hall
rings doorbells and takes clothes from people.
"Oh, that's a nice shirt", he says to me,
looking past me, into my closet.
Semi-creepy dood, that one.

24.viii.09

"Hobo Joe"
is apparently
a metaphor
for *all such good things*.
But he's also a real,
smelly, durty homeless man.

Nevertheless,
I tell Older Sister
to "*put some Hobo Joe on that*"
when she talks about
the trauma and terror
of her recent home invasion.
Her bruises and scars
aren't going away
anytime soon.
Neither is her
emotional wreckage.

Still, I hafta load up the Scion
with Other Sister's supplies:
palettes of soft drinks,
various food staples.
It's not all going to fit in the car,
so we rope part of it to the hood,

slap on a few bales of hay to give it
what: cohesion? stability?
Probably just more weight.
But to make the truly loaded-down car
a worthy barge,
we put Hobo Joe on top
to hold down that hay.

He rides majestically
like some Grand Marshall
on a Thanksgiving Day float.
God, everything
is a fuckin' carnival
for this bum!

1.ix.09

Everything here is a marker for *all such good things*:

The little flying goat-man,
the tunes you can't play on all the park
equipment,
the electronic studio,
the confusion over "whitneys"
what else . . . Oh, and the
journey of the 51 hops
on the pogo stick
your briefcase-slash-dinner-pail [51]
has become.

All this,
to be crafted into
a more cohesive statement.

4.ix.09

It's nothing unusual,
but I discover I have
T O O D I X
They both grow from my groin
They each measure about fourteen inches or so
So I can put them both in my mouth,

At the same time.
And I do that, because I can.
Nothing unusual, really.

*(Obviously,
I liked the uroburosyness of this.)*

11.ix.09
I miss ol' Jenni
So I visit him, in Czech.
His room is small, but with delicate and ornate
furnishings.
His wife and my wife are there, too,
but they soon merge with the shadows.

He's back from a trip to the monastery:
"The Quinto there
speaks of events that happened
1600 years ago
as if they occurred
yesterday."

*(a 'Quinto' is some monastic title
the significance of which is lost
to the centuries)*

15.ix.09
I steal all my best material
From the Japanese group
"Strange Species", or
"Strange Suicide", or
"Suicide Species".
It's a conversation between
The two bad guys
Who in the context of this film
Are the good guys.
Like the "Cheesburger"
Scene in *Pulp Fiction*.
The one guy sez to the other,
"I'm not even into
Kiddie Dick™."

That's what he says.
Big uncomfortable laugh there.

And then, the rest of the film I make
Is abstract motion graphics,
Like an ocean, ripples
Waves and stuff.
The intelligent planet
On Tarkovsky's *Solaris*.
Like that.

(I like to fool myself into thinking
I'm still learning things.
Sweet self-delusion,
Its own reward.)

So, I see Bahbiots, dressed in yellow,
I tell him, "Hay,
Sorry I've been, like,
Sick lately, so that's why I haven't seen ya."
And I really want to bash his head into the wall,
Feel his hair, and his skull crack,
And become lodged into the drywall.
But, what difference would it make —
He's already ded.

(I guess that makes me — what? Ded 2?
Or just ghost-watching?)

So many little bags, purses, carrying cases
For my little devices.
I rearrange them, try to fit some together into
others.
This is after the wedding reception,
Where I pick up the newspaper, and the photo
on the front page
Is of the very reception in progress.
I should be on the edge of the photo,
But I've been cropped out.

27.ix.09

We want to feel sympathy
for the perky family
that regularly travels to foreign lands
and then fake their own deaths
and then become gangsters and extortionists
(They're pretty good at that!).
But we don't really connect with them.
Maybe because they're so mean
and calculating.

30.ix.09

Hora Philmeye Deeah™

Inconvenient stuff like
parking on the street next to the Union
and getting ticketed for it
a \$40 fee, a \$60 fee, and
a \$200 student activity fee—yikes!

Nasty stuff like the bad gang of 3 boys
who taunt me in the first half of the film,
and then in the second half,
well, we will get to that.

The girl is central, of course.
She is involved with me somehow,
but we know she wants to run with the wilds
and she wants the main bad boy.

There's the ambiguous stuff where
Evil Presence in the house
seduces girl,
holding her close and having her
say to him, "You are my bad boy,
You are my fuck."

Now then, all this after the
earlier chapters
with the squiddy Octopi
who are sorta people placeholders
on a life-size chess-like boardgame

We move them around,
they do have faces and talk.
But they're still icky/kreepy.

Climactic scene, where the gang
corners me and girl,
girl runs into house,
the boys get me
and shoot me with
a double-side vented
powder shot gun thingy,
part of it (because they put it
like right up to my stomach)
well, the blast
severs my spine but also
injects these nails that
travel up through my body cavity
and somehow finally poke out
through my chest and neck
but without killing me,
Extraordinary pain, though.
You gotta expect that.

So, I'm left on the porch
unable to move. What happens next
is we hear girl scream,
but then a guy scream
and a horrible ripping
tearing, gurgling sound
and a body drops from the
second story
a few feet away from me,
but I cant quite tell who it is

Then, another scream
Girl, and then another boy,
ripping, gurgle, another body falls.
I drag myself through the door
and up the stairs,
amazingly, my upper body strength
allows this, in spite of

the nails poking out all over.

While I'm crawling up the stairs,
I hear girl saying, "no! No!",
and Evil Presence saying something
like, "Here, now he's your
Christmas Tree!"

At the top of the stairs,
I look at one wall,
and see heds of two of the bad boys
impaled on that wall,
next to Girl,
who's standing, back against the wall,
panting, probably heaving,
pretty messed up, but unhert,
Looking at third guy,
the main bad boy guy,
Who's impaled on the facing wall
above the stairs,
but he's alive,
and here's where it gits grizzly
and you can fill in details,
but basically, he has arms and
legs ripped off,
he has his abdominal cavity
ripped open, intestines
rippling down,
somehow his spine is exposed
(lotsa spine in this film)
and Evil Presence guy
is in a dark corner,
and there's a further jump and
grab and he's got the gurl

Evil Dood is pretty hunky,
but still has his mask on,
and he has girl in front of him,
and she's facing away,
so we see his muscular bare back,
and the multiple sepents coming out of his ribs

circling around toward her,
and she's confused and I'm confused

And the nails are popping out of me,
and I begin to walk toward her,
but as I walk toward her,
and she is fellated by two of the snakes,
and other snakes bite her,
and he's holding her,
and I'm walking now toward her,
and reaching out,
and his mask drops off
and he's me!

(spoiler alert, sorry)
And the film ends with
the two of us fucking
vigorously, that's the only
way to describe it,

and then, bad boy,
he's still on the wall,
and he manages to
whimper, "Kill . . . me!"
and so we, me and girl
sorta each extend
our arms to him,
and each lyrically
hold shut one nostril on bad boy,
and he slowly,
painfully, and messily
suffocates, the end!

8.x.09 [52]
And like so much
in the experiencing of a life,
this is broken into particles
of unclear and multiple
meanings.

And there were cartoon animal characters

—the dog, the horse, the rabbit,
and a few others—
that through a series
of utterly implausible and
physically impossible circumstances
have all become stuck—heads embedded—
in a door.

Rabbit to dog, "Andrew,
my mouth is really dry!".
Dog comments on the
utter impossibility of circumstances
that led to this.
Horse, well, horse
somehow breaks free
and bludgeons to death
one of the other animals
stuck in the door—maybe a squirrel?
(It's really violent,
involving a brick,
and many bashings.)

The other animals,
somehow now they're
free from the door,
but still can't leave the house
(maybe some post-apocalyptic
scenario outside?).
Anyway, the next scene
we see them all eating
their meals of rice
and hideous grey goop,
which we all know
is the horse.
Bad horse!

But there are more human moments, too,
involving humans, like me,
and FrenD lying, just lying,
on the big comfy bed
in the middle of the apple orchard.

There will be more events to deal with
in the house,
but they won't include us.
Not us, not now.

3.xi.09 [53]
Since everything occurred
more or less
simultaneously,
I have to pull apart
the fabric, the weave
to tell you how it went down.

Dawn and me in the shed
barn, utility place.
Some loudspeakers
have loose pieces
in them—must repair!
But there's an old
Lorée there, too!
I play it without reed
and sound pretty good!
I tell D. how I'd be able
to melt through a vat of butter
with a bocal like that one
(maybe this is an *oboe d'amore*?)
and she tells me
that that's what I actually did for her
that one time!
Such a gentleman!

And then next thread:
Looking at the architect's house
And the trees—six trees
in the front
that enclose it like it's behind prison bars:
all spruces, and junipers,
because we are at
the corner of Spruce and Juniper,
and I've gotta be thinking
how utterly insignificant that is!

Rose is there, too.
She's not super huge,
but still big.
We view the house from the
hallway/breezeway.

And the next thread:
Fading a bit, perhaps,
like the darkness at dawn.
Night washing away,
revealing depressing pastels.
So, there's the booklet
on travelling to England
and observing all the local customs
so you don't offend anyone
living or dead.
It's a lot of work—
a lot to remember.
I don't know if I'm up for it.

In the booklet, the introduction
discusses various bridges
and the spirits of the bridge
you must appease
by not stepping on them
or else some dumb statue
of some forgotten royal rich dood
whose nose you hafta rub.
Stuff like that.
Again, I'm so unmoved by it.
The opossum was more interesting,
both ugly, revolting
and endearing, like a bit of
the best of humanity
shining through his 'possum-ness.
Anyway, the book concludes with
several pages of lavishly appointed interiors,
more houses of rich people,
all in 17th or 18th or 19th century splendor,
all so boring and old,

but each one with a different lovely
buxom and bare-breasted woman
sitting on each couch.
A touch of class!

But I page back to the cover
past the lawn ornaments
and historical sites
of battles or duels over love, land, honor.
Lots of fighting, always fighting.
Always hot-blooded young men
ready to draw a blade.
It's a wonder they all made it
past adolescence,
although certainly some did not.
Past all that,
to the cover of the booklet,
the travel booklet,
chubby, but fits in a pocket.
Glossy color photos throughout.
On the cover,
a picture I took
of a very pretty blonde girl
in a deep blue dress,
obviously great personality,
winning smile,
but she has like,
three chins,
and the chins morph
into her neck, and the neck
is really long, but partly concealed
by some of the chins or other
amplings of flesh.

13.xi.09

First, we see the ancient sooperate film:
A cute blonde girl, maybe six or seven,
watching the hot-wheels cars
racing through blue light.

Then, we are at an afghani voting place,

feeling the posters
tacked to the beams of the small structure
that promote the forward-looking secularist,
but as we leave,
the vindictive religious militia are about to enter.
That can't be good.

So, we wander through the village
on the edge of the fields being harvested
looking through the boxy opening
on our veil
trying to find a way out.

16.xi.09 [54]

It's a contemporary screwball romantic comedy:
The nice young couple
who are mad in love
meet the attractive-to-both-of-them
brunette with short hair,
slightly tall,
exuding sex and happiness.

He meets her when she's over
at his house
having been invited
by the wife.
She met her through work
or wherever.

At house,
he's careful
not to talk with her
for a long time,
then he discusses
really inane, trivial details
about how he got this house.

Next, we see the wife
receive a phone call from her.
At least she thinks it's her,
because she asks him to come over

and, "see if this sounds like
her music box in the background."

*(Note to self, notes dood:
if this goes somewhere,
never have her call
with her music box on.)*

"No, it's not a music box", he says.
"It's a synthesized arrangement
of an old song from the 1930s."
He hums along for a few bars.
"Do you think maybe she likes you?"
he asks wife.

He's now part of a long line of people
standing in line, forming lines at
right angles to each other, winding around
the interior of the church.
"It's like those outdoor chess tournaments
where the chess pieces are people", he remarks
to her, who's sitting in a pew in front of
where's he's standing (as part of one of those
lines of standing people).
"Except" he continues, "the people
who participate don't participate in
the intelligence of the strategy or of the
design or pattern that's being created.
Does that sound too condescending?"

Among the things
she then suggests
by whispering in his ear,
and getting close enough
so he can smell her perfume
*(dood notes to self:
Learn her smell, so he can
smell it on wife, again,
if something should
come of all this),*
is that he needs to get

a little typewriter.

He goes to the
upscale things-you-don't-really-need store
and sees the little typewriter.

It's little more than palm size,
it types in Univers font,
it's elegant, and it's \$9.99.

"Do you have any?" he asks the clerk,
"We have three."

"These are so much nicer
than the German one
I was looking at yesterday,
a war model typewriter,
with a swastika key," he says.

While that dramatically
changes the tone,
he tries to act nonchalant
and explain it away
by saying, "Oh, yes,
there's probably
lots of collector/enthusiasts
who are really into
old Nazi stuff."

23.xi.09 [55]

"Be careful how you handle that bust!
Don't hold it by the head, Boner!"
He meant to call the assistant "doofus"
or something more down-putting,
but it came out 'Boner'.
Boner is handling the old copper bust
of some dood.
This is in a church or a museum.

Next, or before,
the yellow monster lurking
who's actually blue,
but then he's yellow,
and has lots of dynamite

attached to his chest.
Suicide monster.

24.xi.09

Black, three, hooded deth doods approach
along with announcing man and woman,
both dumpy and frumpy,
mispronouncing my name
as they ask if I'm him.

I am.

Dood (much younger now)
and schoolboy ask me to
visit their school next week

It's not Harvard College,
it's something else,
like, Slayer College
or Biter College.

Anyway, I can't make it,
I'm only there a few days.

And not next week, no way.

Just got done paying
for the process that just happened,
dealing with about thirty people or so
each having to print their names
on pieces of cellophane
or cellophane tape,
and they all get confused
but somehow, I put most of mine
back together, except for the last part
of my name, which is -tink instead of -ten.
So I'm Doctor Bargstink—ha ha!

The process, as I said, cost us
about 760 pounds, which at the current
exchange rate turns out to be \$1,221, plus
I'm expected to throw in \$100 tip for the Queen,
and I overhear her saying she'd use that
to buy herself a sandwich.
That sounds about right.

So, the cellophane stuff
was part of the process,
and there was another
really important part of the process,
which I totally forgot,
and before the forgotten part,
I had to clean the really filthy
(as in, yes, human filth)
metal plates with a central hole
that hangs on the wall
below the overhang part
that I'm supposed to
sit on, or dangle my legs over,
and act like the lower half
of the woman, whose
torso is seen above my legs
so it's like an exquisite corpse pantomime
live theatre thing.
I guess that's supposed to be amusing.

Anyway, did you get the one
of Waldo's son being baptized
when he had no son,
and the ancient 44-year old
dog Ralph, with fragile body
and human skull for a head,
but he's still a dog?
Did you get those?
I sent those,
maybe they got lost somewhere.

16.xii.09

EpikSketch™ :

And we approach the majestic castle,
and we attempt to become The Other,
And the Castle turns into a huge shopping mall,
and we have become The Other
And the Shopping Mall is bright yellow, with
distorted mirrors as walls,

and The Other we have become so we don't
hafta kill The Other.

And it keeps going like that, until we become
exhausted, and die,
and kelp fills our lungs,
and we sink.

17.xii.09 [56]

In this neat, new future
they make it very easy for you
if you want to use the suicide booths.
They're everywhere; next to bathrooms.
They most popular brand is 'Red Bullet',
where you have to turn in your driver's license
and other forms of ID, then sit down.
Smile!

The bathroom I try to use is not much better.
Something rumbles from below the floor,
pushing it up a bit — I'm not interested
in finding out what's down there, I leave.

I can fly from room to room if I use the 'Blue
Sky' option,
where you fly toward any representation of a
blue sky,
and that takes you to the next room.
It doesn't always work, however.
In the study with all those Greek statues
I land on the head of Venus,
and expect her to fly me around
but that, also, doesn't happen.

I blue sky into the next room,
and then another,
but that second room
leads to a swimming pool
that I enter from the bottom
and I'm under for quite a while.
I'm on my side, and see a toddler approach me.

The kid blows air into my mouth,
and I gush out quarts of liquid.
I must've been a goner.

So, my reward for being brought back to life
is to clean the pool once everybody's left.
"Lots of watches here!" I remark. I pick up
bunches of them.
Break time, so I go to the john.
(This is where we came in)

* * * *

And then, I go with my doppelganger or
identical twin
into town, up and down hills.
We have to get rid of his BusHummer—it's too
gas-guzzly—
so we need to split up our clothes,
and only take what we need.
A suit for interviews, the leather jacket . . .
No heavy winter coats—
we can always get those off the homeless.

26.xii.09

Scene 1

Walking around the gun shop.
What are we looking for?
Who are we?
Do we get an old western-style revolver?

Scene 2

There is a zombie problem.
Some re-animated corpses,
and lab assistants getting eaten, etc.

I run to the highest floor of the house
and realize there's a hidden door.
Maybe I can hide in there later?
Opening the door, I see six or eight
academics, just hangin' out.

"You know, there's a zombie problem", I
mention.
They seem not interested,
at all.
"The interior door to the entry-way here," I point
out
"is paper. You might want to nail yourself in
here."
Still no real concern.
I leave, and hope I don't run into zombies.

As I leave, there's a fluffy and friendly raccoon
at the doorway.

Scene 3

This might have been before the zombie attack,
or after it, and nobody cares to talk about it:
I'm in the pool in the morning
with a bunch of women and one older dood.
And the women are either from India,
or think a lot about India.
Their morning swim
is accompanied by lots of fruit in big boxy
containers
also filled with water, but still floating.
I try not to spill pool water in with the fruit,
but nobody seems to be worried about that.

I step out of the pool, and get dressed,
although I think I'm dressing into wet slacks,
so it's as if I didn't take them off when I swam.

Me and my *compadre*
are both dressed in business casual,
but western style.
Open necked cotton shirts,
with kerchief around the neck,
chinos or chaps or some combination of the two.
We're now at the wedding reception,
and again,
nobody wants to acknowledge the zombies,

except for the lab researcher who got away the first time,
but she doesn't say anything either.
Just her eyes are scared, and her face is a little messed up
for a wedding reception,
but she has on a pretty, pastel dress.
Compadre says "Shouldn't I be remembering something about zombies?".
Both the lab researcher and I signal that no, he needs to not mention that right now.
So now, I'm part of the denial conspiracy, too.

I'm at the reception with Beth,
the spunky, petite brunette who of course will unravel the case and become the hero.
She plays now with the raccoon in the convertible.

Scene 4

OK, now it's the wedding.
Whose wedding?
Does anyone think it's odd
to have the wedding after the reception?

So, Beth and I file into the chapel,
which is a rickety old frontier grocery store
with impromptu benches moved in,
filling the space usually occupied
by rows of canned goods
and grains in coarse burlap sacks
and occasional hardwares.

The floor is dark cement, no surfacing,
with splotches of soapy water here and there.

We make our way over to the third row
on the groom's side (the right side? is that right?).
Other guests file in.
I notice a big sheet of plywood
with drawings, markings, prices, menus

is still hammered in place.
"Howard needs to take that thing down!" I note.

And as I turn to the left, to the back of the room,
it becomes empty once again,
but the cranks and film reels
on the editing table in the back
begin to move by themselves,
a little film being unrolled, then re-positioned,
then cut—yeah, a little spooky
with nobody there.

But then, Cathy's there.
She's been making the film all along,
editing it, explaining the finer points
of the narrative to me
as she takes a strip of film she's cut
and rubs it on the dirty floor,
to give it that scratchy, old-film look.

She's the only one who doesn't deny the
zombies,
but the film is more important than the zombies,
apparently.

Scene 5.

But out of the right side of my peripheral vision
I see Beth leaving the wedding reception,
and I follow her
(she's now in a more sensible
everyday outfit,
slacks and sweater top, or something
more appropriate
for sleuthing around
and solving zombie mysteries)
. . . she goes through the weird
set of wood doors, to another
weird set, which means,
she's going into the gun shop.

"I don't think that's a good idea, Beth," I might have mentioned.

As I enter the shop,
I see a big pile of sandals on the first table.
I figure these will be given to the mercenaries
that are going into the forest.
To what, fight zombies? That's pretty surprising,
isn't it?
She goes right to the guy at the front desk
and asks if he has any 8-shooters or 812's,
the machine gun that was used in the opening
gangland shootout
that happened before all this zombie nonsense.

"Yeah, we have two. This dirty old one,
and one a guy brought in just a few days ago"
He lays them both on the counter, Beth
examines them.

In the gun shop, there's also betting on horse
races
or some similar hobby going on.
A bunch of middle aged loozer guys are drinking
beer
and yelling at the tv screen,
bitchin' about one horse or another.
One guy gets extremely angry, though.
He rants, and kicks things around,
throwing his arms everywhere,
and then he picks up a gun
and starts shooting people in the store!
(Yeah, gambling and drinking and guns
in one tiny room — what could possibly
go wrong, you might ask?)

I dive behind the counter,
the front counter guy gets shot,
and falls on top of me.
I sense they've taken Beth and the 812,
and they're breathing down my neck

and arguing over
whether they should shoot me,
or not?

27.xii.09

The name
of the reality gameshow
was "*It Tastes Like Chicken, or
It Tastes Like Deth*".

I'll leave you
to flesh out
the details.

31.i.10

"How will you self-identify,"
asks the quasi-, sposta-be, helpful person, of me,
"as musician, as teacher, or as Knhick?"
(pronounced, 'Nick')
'Knhick' he explains, means 'Knowledgable
Hick'.

1.ii.10

Just finished having sex with Grandmother,
and I mention to her,
that since there are literally
three generations of age between us,
it doesn't bother me that much.
If this were reality and not a dream,
I would, like, be twelve and she'd be about
eighty.
Like I said, this conversation takes place after the
act,
and I don't remember the act at all,
which is probably a good thing.
Less trauma for the child, me.

OK, so moving on:
at the library,
one guy and a few women
all in the throes of middle age

are making neat stacks of paper money,
all small bills,
Ones and twos, mostly.
I'm a little surprised
how trusting everyone is
especially when the guy walks away
and leaves his big pile of money unattended.

I was looking at some website on one
workstation
in this library,
I moved to another site on another workstation.
Boring stuff.

Then, in the auditorium,
(watching . . . something)
I meet the young couple
and the twin asian girls
"These four", I tell myself
"will be my best friends when
I move to LA".
But who will be my friends
in South FL when I move west?
Doesn't matter.

2.ii.10
BeestaTronic once sed this to me:
"Why is it
That One cannot get anything across
to 'Loved One'
or 'The One With Whom I Am Spending My
Life'?
One would think
One could.
But One would be wrong."
That BeestaTronic, guhawk, whadda guy!

5.ii.10
Arriving at the door
My GhostDad is quite literally
a thousand points of light.

More 'Modern Living' stoic, ironic,
than BillKosby version.

We guide him,
Me and Brother,
through the horrors of modern hospital
—where people are incomplete,
and bandaged, and crazy—
to the Clinical Research area
where all the old gang
preps the special diet meals.

I sorta ignore the new girl —
I'll see her later, anyway
—and I'm about to say hi to Cathy,
but she re-introduces herself
as Tom.

16.ii.10
A bunch of us
Old-school chums
are discussing the four
ancient comic characters —
Bassianus, Saphus, Morphus, and Tasso,
in both literature and in a recent film.
They're like the classical antiquity or *Commedia
dell'arte*
versions of the Three Stooges, or the Marx
Brothers,
but more sophisticated,
graced with even more nasty borderline
psychopathy
then those americans.
Tasso, for instance, has a large bird-like beak
and he straps you down and slowly pecks away
at your skull.
It is extraordinarily painful and slow,
and he knows it, and enjoys it.

With Mr. Cheney prancing about
in the other room,

I try to conceal—unsuccessfully—the letters I have
he wrote to his nosey daughter.
Cheney's dancing has led him
into my area, and I'm about to
comment on his sharp, starched, white, pinstripe
shirt/jacket,
but I don't, because, like,
what are you doing,
kissing up to him? For what purpose?
So, I don't.

Washington (played by Robert G.R.R.), in full
military gear,
shows up, and bitches about Martha,
who's really like 60 years older than him,
more mother than wife,
(hell, grandmother!).
I'm surprised he speaks with a British accent,
which I try to explain away to myself.

The commentator mentions
the map of the political landscape
including agri-iowa, and then shifts to georgia,
where we recognize the house of that guy we
met
who's now the founder of the T-Crazy Party,
an ultraconservative, radical faction
that every idiot joins.

As we drive past, I see Ted Barker,
brother to The Chad
who's tall, with thinning features, and
fictionalized.
He recognizes me at the last moment,
and I give him the thumbs-up.

We park, and Wife tells me
she's throwing out all my grey art,
"Because I hate it, and because it never did
anything for you"

But first, we set out the trays of slightly-sipped,
half-drunk
glasses of iced tea, but most of the ice has
melted.

The little immigrant boy,
surrounded by other street urchins,
wants some, so we give a glass to him.
Two of the young mothers join us,
and Wife talks to them in Spanish.
They all do disches, or something domestic.

28.ii.10

In the indoor mall,
Slash botanical gardens,
Slash venue of higher learning,
We look at the animals that are sprinkled around
On the stairways and passages
From one place to another:
Frog, turtle, some more rodent-like
creature, maybe a fox,
and then there's Timmy.

Timmy's a big stationary bird-like mammal,
but alien: flat, pancake face
with cold, unmoving tiny eyes.
Mean eyes—whoa, get away from him!

14.iii.10

Oh, of course
the usual loss of bladder- and bowel-control
was there.
One can never avoid that
in this place,
and this place
is where we go to die
and get reborn.

But not literally.
Everybody takes it literally,
and that's the problem of our age.
Imagination has turned

to concrete.

OK, so, since my encounter
with Timmy,
so, so much has happened!
Most of it, totally not worth even commenting
on,
A very sliver of a percentage of it
will be the tincture
that will catalyze into the admixture
that will create, along with the *lapis
phlosophorum*,
the *aurum nostram non est aurum vulgi*,
the *anima mundi* enshrouded, enshrined,
by the *cauda pavonis*.

So, I am simultaneously
getting a Latin high,
a sugar high,
and a complete loss of bowel/bladder control.
It is great to be alive!

* * * * *

And furthermore,
and going forward,
and soldiering forth,
into battle like a lavender spray
of turquoise mayan ornaments and skulls,
and a whole lot of other worthless shit,
junk really,
the army of rednecks,
miscreants,
ree-tards,
republakunz,
reely pour foek,
and *das idioten*,
the un-educated
the under-educated
and the over-educated,
and all those who play the lottery,

and think going to casinos and strip clubziz
phun:
This vast army
of The Other,
and, plus, also, the sooper unexamindly reelijus,
discover too late
they're walking on air
or thin ice, like the Swedes and Russians
in *Alexander Nevsky*,
and, led by the brave
conservative radio show and talk show hosts,
they all fall into
their own, personal abyss!
The end, happy yay!

(Oh, wait—weren't you with them?)

* * * * *

After the venting
and the intellectual
monster-baiting,
we find ourselves
in the mall/campus/corporate building
surrounded by many characters and much
action.

The nuns are solemn in their little dance,
stomping delicately on pictures of Elvis,
and rather predictably forming
a circle, which they will
re-enact later,
in private,
naked,
as a tribute to M. de Sade,
patron saint of all outrageous sacredness.

Those over my shoulder
chomp on Cinnabunz
and inhale Oran-zhoolee-eye,
And I struggle to grasp the meaning,

and of course fail at that,
but I try again,
and fail a second time.

I try this repeatedly,
with an odd assortment
of instruments,
people,
technologies,
and modes of address.
Nothing werx.
I am so,
totally fucked!

I krawl into a nearby tomb—
hey, what couldn't get better, at this point?
—but still, things get worse
and creepier:
electric silver spiders
poke every part of me
as they walk around
and sniff me with their
way-too-big
doggy-snouts.
(Doggy-snouts on a spider!
That's almost Lenoesque!)

Hands from nowhere
grab me in the dark,
some hit me,
some pinch me with needle-nosed pliers,
and some lick, nibble, and bite me,
tearing at my shoulder, for instance.

I don't know how I got here,
or who my frendz are anymore.
I've made my way here, but now it's a
mountaintop,
and I can't see anybody else anywhere.
Oh well,
gotta meet with the folk that don't 'get' me,

and try to explain everything.
Another huge fail!

16.iii.10

Stumbling through life
drunk and unconscious—I'm
one of the lucky ones.

Like that time we were
walking through the snow
on the way to SchoolChurch,
Following, then overtaking
Stuart and Other Chum,
and arriving at the gathering spot,
we must all wait our turn
and go in the order of our ticket.
My ticket is especially confusing:
N-31 W-63. Do they go alphabetical
with the first of the pair, then the second?
Maybe they're directions?
You know, like, 'North 31, West 63'.
Don't know.
Just need to wait.

The pretty and tall, athletic girl on the train
is being bothered by some guy, so I step in.
That was nice of me.

I go back to SVP, and knock on the door.
I see they have a peep hole looking out
of the door (they didn't used to have that,
but I've been away for about 20 years).
Jonathan opens the door—he's huge!
He's gotta be over 7 feet tall, and almost 5 feet
wide,
and has no shirt on, and he's very greasy.
Still, I give him a hug, tell him he's "great",
"Oh, that's great", he replies with much sarcasm.

19.iii.10

Flying low but fast in our neat little jets

over the desert, dodging the pretty imposing
primary-color monsters, who we're
able to avoid.

But that small, dinosaury-looking creature,
about the size of household pets, but reptilian
and batlike —

he's able to kiss the huge monsters
and they just crumble up and die.

All with just a kiss!

This small monster lives in LA,
and it would be good to know that's where he is.
It might have affected my decision to move
there.

You know, if you know there's a creepy little
bat-like reptile creature living somewhere
that can kill you with his kiss,
well, you just might not want to move there.
So, I'm a little upset that nobody told me about
that.

But anyway, part of what we do is to fly around
the spectacular interior of this place.
It's like a huge, huge phrankgarry cathedral
vaulted ceilings, smooth, shiny walls, no
decorations or windows,
and we fly around, and avoid
kissy reptile bat of deth.

My bud hides in one of the enclosures, but he
ultimately
gets spotted by somebody's bratty kid,
so during the hiding competition,
that doesn't work for him so well.
He might have been hailed as
"the New Shostakovich" in the local press,
like we really need one of those.

16.iv.10

The Show?

It's not much of a show,

just Eric L. assembling some complicated movie
equipment
on a big rotating platform—
two screens, one at six o'clock, one at twelve.
Cameras or projectors pointing at them,
and they rotate—and the dood telling us
how this woman of unclear relationship
would taunt him, invite him, then just stop
mid-sentence.
I watch all this from the first row in the balcony,
and the ledge of the balcony is very tiny—you
could
easily fall over it.
Some guy has my index finger in his hand.
He and his girlfriend laffing at me.
And, ew.

At home, Wife asks me to turn off the fans.
I try and fail. There are too many switches on the
walls
and too many fans on the ceilings.
Which one goes with which one?

22.iv.10

I know, I know.
Collecting cadavers doesn't really count
as a hobby, but it's what I do.
I have four, so far.
I pose them in funny positions
and dress them up.

Still, I'm also collecting
plastic monsters
and cartoon characters.
I've just gathered a bunch
of Hanna-Barbera specimens
and I tell young house-mate-one-eye dude
(because he has whipped cream
or shaving cream or creamy
plaster of paris
in the other eye)

that, because I don't keep
a regular, predictable
schedule,
"I see a lot of stuff
other people don't."

26.iv.10

In the audience,
I'm sitting with Mom and Dad,
but our seats are a single column of 3 seats
rather than a row where we sit together
*(SR: this verbal description is rough and
clunky, whereas a simple diagram
or drawing would illustrate this concept
instantly, with precision
and concision!—ed.).*

But I got to move my bag in my seat,
the bag that has held so many things
over the years
with a similar form-factor
—oboe case, laptop,
and finally, the bulky, leather-bound
tome, smelling of dust-musk-time,
with spaces carved out in the pages
for my drug and sex paraphernalia.
I move the bag, sit and watch.

* * * * *

Yes, it's that great
iconic
ante-bellum sex farce
from the 1930's!

(I realize, as I'm watching this,
that this is the film
imprinted on my impressionable hed
when I was a kid,
likely forming in me
all my deeply held beliefs

of how people behave,
what love is,
what art is,
how one should eventually die,
stuff like that.)

The Cinderella of the story
is the pretty and good-hearted girl
and the other two or three
are the rich, beautiful, callous girls.
Everybody's at the Big Ball/Bash,
and Cinderella wants to crash the party
and steal away one of the princey doods.
I'm there, too, but I have on
a really weird jacket, shirt, and tie.
Multiple colors, textures: looks more like 1980's
pimp playa
than pre-Civil War Southern Gentleman.
But, I'm having trouble with my lapel or collar,
so I'm not gonna get the girl.
Any girl.

Anyway, Cinderella hires or hijacks
a flowercart,
which is a horse-drawn little wagon
where flowers are mounted on a big circular
disk,
that's mounted on-end, perpendicular to the
floor of the wagon
and facing away from the rear, so the flowers
are also perpendicular to the ground.
*(Again, a simple drawing would relieve you of
the terrible burthen of trying to explain this to me
with werds.)*
The disk also rotates, so the flowers can go
around.
That's the flowercart.

In the meantime,
the sex-farce continues

as Kramer walks into one of the Seduction
Rooms
Just as the white-two piece-bikini-clad woman
walks out.
And just like that,
her bikini is now on kramer,
over his clothes,
she's nude, and walks out.
Kramer is a little startled by this,
and in walks
the blind-folded lovely black woman,
who mistakes Kramer in bikini
for the woman she was sposta meet.
She kisses him, holds him,
even bares her breasts for him
before her blindfold falls off.
Surprise!

So, Cinderella,
having determined there are no other
flowercarts available
(having spoken to
the old geezer flower-shop
proprietor, suitably Southern Gothicky enough,
who says, "No, the last flower-cart
went out an hour ago"),
proceeds to drive the flowercart,
horse and all
into the Ball.
But, some of the flowers
brush past torches, and catch fire.
Cinderella drives the smoking,
flaming flowercart round the dancefloor.
She wants the world to know she's the one
who's driving the flowercart!
"Oh, they know that now!" remarks
the young Butterfly McQueen-girl
who attends Cinderella.

We can discuss the implications of
a Cinderella in the Ante-bellum South,

(that is, she wouldn't really be
at the bottom of the social strata, would she?)
some other time.

* * * * *

After the show, I get up
and am joined by
the lovely redhead (straight hair, tall, modelly)
who gives me the notes she's written to me
over a length of time.
She, must like me, and I stop just short
of telling Dad, "She's the one, yessir!"

Little do I realize
how things will soon enough
spin out of control
and hurt, well, everybody.

8.v.10

Me and Steve B. and Mystery Nancy
visit the gal who will be designing stuff for us.
It's Elainy, and she remembers me,
although now she goes by 'Sig'.
(I trade seats with Mystery Nancy).

I explain to Jen J. how this project thingy works.
She suggests alternative approaches,
and the laptop the project is on
has a white screen with colorful little boxes
and confetti-like icons.
Very Eighties.

My new iPhone App
uses augmented science-eventuality,
or magic
to show us what any particular area
will look like in the future
as you wipe the device
across, let's say, a coastline.
You'd see the community flourish,

houses built, an entire city rises!
Then it crumbles
or is destroyed
by man or nature or both.

11.v.10

Hangin' around in Florence
Brunelleschi is told they just found the top of his
dome,
it was in some closet or attic in the vatican
and after 17 years, they'd finally put it back on.

But I'm in Florence with Dad and Mom and
Stepmom,
but then, not Mom, because, well why
wouldn't she be on this trip?
Maybe because she's been ded all this time?
And now Dad, too.
He's not on this trip
for the same reason,
although originally,
he was on this trip.

(Southern Florida is lucky
to have a room in the museum
from ancient Egypt,
where you can go any time
and review the hieroglyphs
which are surprisingly colorful
and more like cheap porcelain
collectable dolls
than flat, stoic hieroglyphs.
Or you could go there
to argue with the Muslim scholars
endlessly parsing away
the meanings and the images.)

So, then it's deeply foggy by the church
and the festival continues,
the young people movin' and groovin'

to loud music, in the fog.
I'm thinking I could project cool stuff
on the fog,
but as I turn to get my projector,
the fog burns away
revealing an intense, blue sky,
bright sunshine.
All the fog has blown away,
and then in the distance we see
the alien armada approach,
sleek, translucent craft,
sky blue against the sky blue,
and they dive and it looks like
they dig into the Erth, but
really they don't.
Still, they're shooting some kind of ray
erth-werd
and I recall the magazine article
that said that men
when alien craft do approach
will either hide under bushes
or masturbate,
(some do both).
Me? I'm hiding under the bushes.
Adonis, over there, well, he's
got other pursuits, you know?

(But wait—his crotch is just, like,
blank!
Where's all his junk?)

* * *

16.v.10 [57]
Lip-to-lip encounters with T.
are bitter and sweet,
and replete with the usual contortions.
But it reminds me the challenge
is always: opening up
closed systems.

Oh:
The ever-enormousness of lifeaging!

17.v.10
Squares of Experience™
arranged with elegance
and a certain flair
for the dramatic edge,
and harmonious proportions:

The painting,
recreated as a photo,
of the great
barbershop massacre
with the electric razor/violin
as weapon of choice.

The woman who's researching the photo
walks into the flooded cornfield,
up and down
neatly planted
rows and alleys and entry-ways of corn
to find the photo
or some
historical
other bit of information,
as I look at the Italian buildings from the roof,
at the exact point
a different photo
or painting
was made.

19.v.10
The poor beings that live here
tell me I'm teaching marketing
of young rockbands
to my kids.
It's a Xtian rockband today:

"They're like watching islands form from
volcanoes

off Hawaii or Iceland—
You see it all happening on TV!"

One gal gives you raw steak
gift-wrapped in newspaper,
(the same newspaper
with the young band's
story and picture on it)
and asks
if you think it's alright.
It looks a little questionable, but one guy
takes a bite out of the raw meat,
right where the fat is congealing
into ominous white dots,
and it doesn't seem to bother him.

So Scott P. arrives, and pushes you
from room to room,
in an aggressive, but friendly way,
which is the style these days,
one hand on the shirt-collar,
one on any generalized body-area,
usually shoulder or rib cage,
but I can imagine other styles of pushing
which cross delicate lines, smash sensibilities,
and take the tale in other directions.

He's in Orlando now, this pushy former friend,
Working for Disney
On their lame interactive stuff.

So, basically doin' what you're doin'? [58]

28.v.10
You'd think we wouldn't need to hold
these dumb book-drives,
now that we live in this rustic palace,
but we do.
Friends and neighbors drop off books
and we sell the books, and donate the money
to charity,

but most likely, we keep the money ourselves.
We are not good people.

Adding to the lifey-textures
are the live mannequin head and hand
the cat dragged in.
The hand holds a styrofoam coffee cup,
the head has one of those boxy Russian fur caps
on.
Head and hand chase me around the garage,
I brush them away with a broom—
back outside, you two!

Also, there's Jenny J's play
about feelings and emotions and relationships
taking place in the next room.
She's not too pleased with the performance,
but her dorky admirer dood is,
and he's gonna play his cards right,
and get some sexy action soon!

In other parts of the house
the buffet takes place, but nobody
is really talking about that.
And the big monitor lizards
can get up on their hind legs
and wrap their long, sticky tongues
around the florescent spirally lights
to grab insects stuck there.
So, pretty much a normal day.

4.vi.10

Not wanting to get too involved in it,
not wanting to get in over my hed,
I'm a little hesitant about meeting with the man.
The man is an ancient, frail Mr. Shatner
In his sickbed, but directing
the marionette version of *SterTrak*,
with a younger, much more dashing
marionette version of himself.

I admit to him
he got about forty years
of work out of that one character,
not a small feat.
"And, that was, like,
your very first job, right?"
"Well, not quite my first."

But at a certain point,
we need to both hit the john,
and have to walk up many stairs
to get there.
The restrooms are elevators,
actually.
So, you can go up and down,
in addition to your other
excretory or pissatory
obligations.

After that,
I need to get away from Bill,
and visiting the architect's office,
I try to explain to her
how I don't know much about architects these
days
or what they're doing,
although I'm familiar with
Neuwirth and his conceptual architecture,
which is sorta like fake architecture,
and has elements of comedy to it,
but also a underlying meanness in the structure.
Not really sure how he's able to do that,
in buildings.

She gives me a poster, however,
and after I leave,
I realize I didn't pay for it,
and it's sorta rolled up badly
with tears and wrinkles.
I'm going to bring it back,
but first I try to find a place to unroll it,

and roll it back up, better, more neatly.
There's lots of interior cupola-cubicles all over,
with people having dinner in them.
They are ornate, with swoopy archway
entrances,
but they're still cozy, eventhough they're
made from cold metals.
The candlelight helps out a lot.

On the way to or back from
the architect's office,
I run into my esteemed colleagues
raving about So-and-who,
who's in this book much celebrated,
and is represented by
a spiky murex shell
encased in clear plastic
on the book's cover.

10.vi.10

As the stories become simpler
more mundane
more commonplace
they become harder to render:

The turmoiliness comes from moving
into this big old house,
the same historical house
where history lessons are given,
run by folks a little older than me in time
but not in age.

Lots of room here,
but I have to share it
with S. and four others.
His proposal, "*Go With the Dogs*"
has been approved, and I
try to suggest to him
he make a different
i.e., better
film than that one.

I am ignored.

Wandering around the place,
trying to unpack coffee cups and
miscellaneous junk,
I notice part of the kitchen needs repair,
using a long steel rod I think I left up in the barn
loft.

I might get that, and make the repair,
or I might check out the parking situation.
I do the latter,
and see Erik B. and his muse
approach.

She's ancient, wrinkly, but in good spirits,
he has both his eyes missing.
Embarrassed for him, I look away
momentarily, while he puts them back in.

We check out the tiny latin cafe nearby,
and I'm wondering how things will work out
between my two, opposing
sets of friends.
Probably a storm coming.

22.vi.10

After talking with some doods or chix
(and this may have been
a series of extensive, rich, literary
exchanges, full of grace and truth,
and leading, quite possibly,
to further exchanges of bodily fluids,
but we won't address that right now),
I make my way to my car.
I think it's been parked here, for, like,
forever.

My car's not that bad,
it's only starting to look bad
with the plastic trim around the windows falling
off,
collecting in nice piles on the pavement.

It's a late 80s maroon Atoyota
(*What's Atoyota? A palindrome!*)
something or other. I get in it.
Maybe it is pretty bad, I guess.

Protege can turn off
all electric power in my car
with his small, sleek black alarm clock
preventing me from, say,
locking doors. He's smart.
I walk him out to the (ele)vaders.

Riding the open cubicle 'vaders down:
They are set on 'global', not 'local'.
I can stand up and peek over the sides
to the other cubicles and say, "Hi cubicle
people!" .
Protege is in one of the cubicles, but they're
pretty crowded,
so I don't see him, exactly.

Then, I stand in a corner
I guess on the edge of the 'vader and shout,
"Life has meeningfulness!"
like the dood does on that mumble film.
Which dood, and which film
I'll let you figger that one out.

My architect friend is recovering
rekooper8ing,
because he's going to hawaiian architecture
from kentucky architecture:
which means 'sandy beeches',
or maybe it's just 'beeches'.
But, we only hear of all these recoveries.
We never meet this guy.

And, as a courtesy gesture,
Kevin P. sternly reminds me
to get my driving directions to him by friday
for the site-visit: everybody

will visit these sites
and that's where we will build our projects.

But mine, I'm going to get people mad at me
because they'll get lost if I give them these
directions!

23.vi.10

Film within a film
had Turtle Warrior
(a psycho Japanese dood)
rubbing his fingers over
his Turtle Warrior Belt Buckle,
which is fairly sharp,
and draws a little blood, I think.

The over-the-shoulder shot
shows him flexing a hideous hand saw
as he walks toward a young Clint Eastwood,
still sleeping.

But this is not one of those iconic roles for Clint
where he jumps up in the nic'o'time
and beats up the bad guy.
No, we hear a couple of wimpers
and maybe a muffled scream,
as one of his arms comes off.
He's not going to get over that
any time soon.

The film this was in
was a theatre piece
called "*I Will Try to Tell You*"
(Conceptual title, "*Theory – Hair –
Composition*")
by Shannon or Sharon
I don't know her name,
she just looks like a Sharon or Shannon.

There are vast changes of scale
in this theatre work,

as part of it takes place
on a cake in the shape
of an adobe hut
with the play's title
lyrically scratched out of the frosting.
Part of the action takes place
on an actual stage
with huge mechanical devices
and large paintings that dwarf us.

Part of the theatre work
flashes back to the crime scene
where some propellant was sprayed on the wall
as the young beautiful lost girl
dodged flames,
or maybe she didn't.
We think she did it to herself,
but it was actually L.
who did it, because she (L) was
dying of cancer of the ass.
She takes off her night gown
to show Sharon (and me, although
I turn away) where they
removed part of her ass,
as well as a couple of big chunks
of her lower back.
She's a big-boned girl,
and she puts up a good facade,
but you know this is just
tearing her up inside.

So, it was L. who did the fire,
and in Sharon's stage play,
we wait, sleep actually,
backstage.
It's understood we will sleep together,
but no messing around
which is fine by me.
I'm not really attracted to her.
The doorway to the roof outside
is open, and some of the stage setting—

large sheets of brightly painted cardboard—
slide in and out the opening.

But, also sliding in and out the opening
is Tall Menace,
his height almost seven feet,
and almost has clown-like makeup on.
He carries a big knife,
and, well, menaces.
I'm even afraid to point my gun at him.

17.vii.10

Now, at the beauty college
discussion turns toward men's neckties:
which are good, what to look for.
I want to show them some of mine,
especially the antique one I got for \$140.
\$140, can you imagine?
What planet was I living on?

I notice some olive oil or butter
on my new slacks.
Great, now they're ruined!

The two Kevins not only live together
they're setting up shop together as hairdressers.
Not going too well—the cooperating isn't there.

One Kevin puts lots of gel into this guy's hair
and the other Kevin doesn't do anything about it,
he's just posing, singing opera, chatting.

Big Joanne of Yesteryear lives there with the big
bald dood
and they do for us a 'Glow In The Dark.'
That's where he puts his head
through an oval hole in a large cardboard sheet,
and there is an oval above his—
that's where Big J. places her
genitalia presentation.
Also, the neighbors—

a punk or Kiss tribute band—
they stick their heds
through other holes.

And although we live at 215 N. Michael street,
Our place has too many indoor pipes near the
ceiling
so we couldn't make our place look
neat and minimal
like these people's place
(which is different than the place
for the glow in the dark hairdressers,
but that probably doesn't matter).

* * * * *

Now, it's an underground storage-place.
JerryMe seems to be throwing away
a box of perfectly good cassette cases
and some prehistoric audio equipment.
I want to ask him about that,
but can't seem to catch him,
get his attention
above the loud music.

20.vii.10

After the whole episode
with Maestro Dixon's Tears
(and I'll let you reconstruct
the details around that)
there was:
Rain, water, entering the roof,
the ceiling, bulging, ruined!
Damn, that will cost so much to fix!

And in the 'art' room,
Somebody has lifted my favorite, pink,
vintage model car!

24.vii.10

A runway show

but no fashion models.
A series of dumpsters to fill with ice
but only the reprimanded child to take your food
away and return it for money
A film you made about green letters that break
and scatter and reform,
but only one student of yours who finds 14
things wrong with it.

These are the parameters.
The minor players include:
your folks, at the runway show,
your date for the same show, 20 years younger
than you,
and you're embarrassed to introduce her to your
parents,
your colleague, who made an ass of himself
doing the same thing you're doing,
and at least had the integrity to apologize
to his whole class,
your nephew, who you try to introduce
to your grad student, but then you can't
remember
her name, and
your grad student, who is receiving letters
from persia, the address scrawled with beautiful
calligraphy you can't decipher
(you don't know Farsi).

Those are the minor players.
Now, take action and players
and mix.

30.vii.10
ImpossibleDotCom(.org)

The Impossible Project, Where All Hopes,
Dreemz, and Aspirations Are Realized,
from Material Written, and Gathered,
Wholly On Fridays,
The Day of Your Burth,

and Quite Possibly (although we don't know yet)
the Day of Your Deth.

*And We Shall Only Misspell the following: Burth
Deth, and Dreemz.*

Part The First:

1.viii.10

There's always a few things you can learn
at my sisters' sex-torture palace.
Like the mechanical goggles
with all the gears and levers
with saxophone pads that clamp over the eyes
and then shake them pretty violently
when you turn it on.
They're for subduing customers
who may have been too noisy
expressing pain.
That's a no-no here, apparently.

I avoid the goggles, but I still need to leave.
Maybe through this doorway
with the hanging yellow and red vinyl sheets
stapled to it, but a big slash on the side
so the homeless can creep in.
I reach my hand in there to place the bottle
I've finished, and someone takes the bottle.
I expect them to burn or bite my hand next,
but that doesn't happen.

I'm guided to another room
by some guide.
It's a very minimal place,
no cheesy paintings on the wall,
no furniture.
In the one side of the room
there's another white curtain hanging from hooks
to separate an inner chamber,
and that's where your sex-torture person
is waiting.

She's dressed in a plain white padded body suit
of muslin or fine cheesecloth,
and has a round pillow
with a simple doll face drawn on it
for a head.
Again, I leave after I see that.

How I got here is a mystery,
but it has something to do
with taking a very inconvenient bus
in order to arrive at the auto repair place
a few hours before it opens.
My car must be there, getting fixed.
I don't see it, or anybody around.
But then a few people trickle by,
mostly minimum-wagers who work
at this strip mall.
I check out the place, and then when I lift my
briefcase,
it's super light, and my laptop's gone!
Oh no!
How could that be? I left it alone for just a
moment!

In one nearby cubicle, I find a phone so I can
report this
to the mall police, like they'll help.
Bandleader Dood, whose cubicle this is,
is helpful, and I thank him,
although I can't remember his name,
or if he's even a bandleader.
He gives me a cellphone, which will be easier to
use, he says,
than the clunky landline on his desk.
I should see if my iPod's still in my case—nope,
it's gone, too, and my case is open, someone's
been rifling through my stuff, and all this
in the moment or two I turned my back to switch
phones!

I am relieved of all this excitement, then,

as I'm driving Dad and Sis through Early
Colorado,
on mostly muddy roads,
pointing out the landmark barns, sheds, and
ancient grain towers
crudely made from rough planks,
which I recognize from the TV documentary.
As the road turns particularly muddy and steep,
we start making our way on foot
up the snowy, muddy hill
until we reach a natural stone wall
six or seven feet high.
I make it over. Sis has already gone ahead of me.
We leave Dad behind.
Over the wall, it's a curvy blue swimming pool,
one could describe as labyrinthine
if one were so inclined,
maybe some exotic fish or swimmers in it,
but none nearby. I wade toward Sis,
and that's how I end up in the sex-torture palace,
conveniently, all dry.

2.viii.10

A few people, places, and events
might recommend themselves
the next time you're in the area
and in that time or dreem state:

First, there's the Diamond Store,
which is a general store
on the frontier town of Minot, Nebraska.
It was established in 1869,
and is run by Doc Jenni.

I show him two rubber flip-flops,
one black, one grey.
"Nah, we ain't stockin' the grey ones
no more."
So, I guess it will have to be black.

The Diamond Store is an unusually

enterprising place
for the late 1860's, selling both
general mercantile
and fine, uncut precious stones.
And futuristic rubber flip-flops, not long
after the invention of rubber, eh?

Also, the store is shooting a TV commercial,
and recording the audio for it
onto open-reel tapes.

I try to explain to one of the general managers
how great it is they're producing ad spots
for technology that hasn't even been invented
yet,
and something something about Brad Pitt
and Angelina Jolie and how in the movies . . .

"I don't have any idea whatcher talkin' about."
he says.

"Movies? Something moves? What's that?"

Still, a charming place and time.

20.viii.10 [59]

Since it's not always clear
when a demon's actually an angel,
we shall now
deconstruct
elucidate
and exojeshufy
the *mental detritus* that exemplifies
my *persona dystrophic temenosity*:

There are these places
that crop up:
the school basement,
various rehearsal halls,
church/temple/mosque/cave,
the stupid wacky grottos built by crazy men,
the hobo museum,
and a feathered, quezequotal-like plethora

of places one would associate
with school, church, outakuntrol partyplace, and
werk.

We have no force
of future
accomplishment or achievement,
we have no possible new traffic senter, forekast,
plural station derivative.
Tranquil, whatever that is.
So, there are tangled images
of human bodies,
forceably interlocked,
sweaty, juiced. Yeah, that's pretty much
beyond any reelijun
kunseeved frum mere men.

OK, so, there's stuff that happens
to U and ur Frenzd,
and peepole U no.
That's eenuf
fora majermoshunpikchur.
Yipee!

22.ix.10 [60]
In the broadest of strokes,
painting the picture
with a 6" Searsbest Nylon-bristl'd brush,
queuing around the hotel
where the medical-experiment patients stay,
and waiting for the guy in room 15-IN.
He's tall, and smart in a sneaky, obnoxious way,
like he could make fun of your pathetic thinking-
hed capacities,
and you wouldn't even know
he was kicking your ass.

So, it's him, and a few other women,
and me. We walk past some of the
unborning research,
where those afflict'd

with the rare aging-backwards disease
become babies,
and awkwardly grabbing at their worldly entry-
point,
insert themselves back into their mothers' woom.
One of the women asks, "They'll know what
to do, right?" about the babies.
One baby enters one of the nurses, instead
of the designated retro-*proto*-mom,
and apparently that's OK.
I wuduv thot the researcher
woodent accept that, being
outside the experimental parameters
and such and so.

It is obvious dood and I and other subjects
are here for something else—
we march toward the line of subjects
getting small doses of something
from a scientific-looking dispenser thingy.

Dood is before me, and he complains how
he's getting transmissions from the British Royal
Museum
—drawings, architectural charts, diagrams,
anatomical sketches,
lists of mechanical and chemical processes,
press releases,
depositions and various
legal disclaimers issued by the minor deities—in
his hed,
and then transferred to his USB drive.
Since he explains it so nonchalantly,
I don't express any interest in any of this.
He gets his dose and soldiers on.

The doctor who's giving doses
needs to get away for a bit, and tells me
I need to get 14 cc of the dose.
He leaves me with a red plastic dish
that has various markings on it, up to 15 cc,

but the markings make no sense,
and there's no way of holding the dish
so some of the liquid doesn't leak out
the small rectangular openings
perforating the dish.
Why does this hafta be so hard to figger out?

* * * * *

Prior to that, composerly talk in church with
pans of fresh baked
flatbread
and drinks,
sherry, I think.
Also, confusion about acceptance
of a number of breakfast cereals although
they aren't so healthy for you,
and music based on the Noe principles,
which is the latest amazingly arcane
approach to structuring our neat musics.

26.ix.10

Walking around in the snow,
and lean JuliScott B. is directing me to
a dug-out part of a snowbank
where he's put the journals and other stuff

I pick up the journal and imagine how
I'll fill it in so it will be pretty awesome.
Small, tight pages of text with separate pictures.
The binding is thin, hard board covered in hide
or leather.

As there are EyePhones all around,
you're your alternate you,
and you watch yourself set up an EyePhone
for you and your spouse
then you test them out—one in each hand.
Spouse is on the one phone, you're
in the middle, and your alternate you
is on the other 'phone on the right.

You decide it would be neat to sing a song
or recite verse in succession, line by line,
one after the other, with the phones,
but it's not too effective.

You're trying to get them to sing
part of the U.S. Constitution
or some hallowed civil text,
like The Fifth Generation
or The New Dimensions
or some other hopeful pop group
cashing in on social awareness
and doomed to the nicey-poo graveyard
performed in the early seventies.

Hey, they switched cubicles around here!
Totally re-arranging where I work,
without asking my input.
Howard has his place already, there
are three others, ranging from
a really small one, barely a TV-dinner tray,
to a modest one, smaller than my current desk.
I choose the modest one.

And without warning or reason, you're in tiny
rowboat,
but with your new EyePhone, hovering near
the big industrial whaling monster ship
bearing down on you,
It's a gunmetal cliff streaked in red
starting to suck your little boat down under its
hull.
You better do something about that right now!

12.x.10

The church parking lot is packed with snow,
all the trucks are snowed-in, snow-laden,
snow-bound.

The skies are a fluffy white and menacing:
they will no doubt dump more.

Husky men brave the pack
and try to move their trucks,

they only get stuck, deeper.
But a dirigible flies by, and
lands just beyond,
in the school volleyball courtyard,
It has huge flat plastic wheels,
and the driver gets out,
opens the back,
and takes some of the CongreGuntz,
and all of Happy Family,
except for the Daddy,
who's still struggling with his truck.
Maybe the dirigible will return,
Maybe not.
We just don't know,
But we know how we got here:
wandering past the art exhibits,
mine being ignored, but that's beside the point.

The star of the show
is tall, impervious, stoic German dude
in the sharp-cut of a grey suit,
showing us his huge painting
(doubtless, there are others)
of intense arcane activity:
a film shoot, a fashion show,
lots of busy, interesting looking
young people, engaged
in various tasks,
checking lighting,
dangling meters and taking readings
on small devices,
directing others.
Dude has condensed all this
on an expanse of canvas,
capturing the kinetic energy
and making it potential
through his dialogs with brush.

Other events have already evaporated
and broken into floaty particle,
but what remains

what hangs in the air
is the old walnut, chestnut, cashew:
*"Now, there abideth
these three—stardum, hordum, and bordum.
But the greatest of these
is bordum."*

10.xi.10 [61]

So, let's remember the problem of
the high key-lighting.
Let's remember that
your father,
the beer-lord of the age,
was supplying the watered-down beverage,
as a monopolist,
as someone who's capable of this
That's when we recant.

Let's reify this:
Bad lighting like that is unforgiveable.
In fact, it requires the deth penalty.

So, there's more, but I'm too
unconscious to say.

21.xi.10

And then there's Bobox Matt,
who's the boyfriend of petite sweet girl,
and he is just horrible,
an amateur narcissist,
and mean, controlling to me.
I try to explain why
the expenses have not been
as low as expected
and he comes into my room
and starts breaking things.
"You take my money,
I'll take your time," as in,
the time it will take you
to clean up this mess now!
Big jug of white wine, smashed!

Another glass cup, smashed!
Pulls the bookshelf over, almost on himself!
See? Mean.

And then there's Bobox Matt's even worse frend,
with whom, I guess they're breaking into
some guy's house, through the window,
and he comes over to me, the worse dood,
and asks me for my money,
then hits me on the side of the head,
I guess to try to knock me out.
I'm not quite out, but I'm down,
and Worse Dood begins cutting on my ankle.

* * * * *

And, after a brief respite,
and a change of scenery
and a change of timery,
we watch the comic tale unfold
around well-meening ByewTron
(hey, he needs a name, right?)
who maxes out his credit cards
to buy a bunch of red cars,
all styles—there's a vw bug, a sportier mazda,
a bunch of boxier, more respectable cars for
olds,
but all red.

On the heath,
on this grassy rise, wind pelting the grass,
we watch as the cars are driven to ByewTron
there.
We're in a helicopter overhead,
and we're covering this for local TV news
because this guy gave such a boost
to the local economy
by buying these cars
that he's getting some kind of
national medal of honor!
Can you believe?

1.xii.10

House-sitting the lady-professor's place,
we chip away at pieces of her chocolate log-
cabin cake,
the taste is exquisite!
The cats—now they're all cartoony
with their bow-ties—laugh at us!

I go outside to watch the hi-def big screen she
has
installed at the bottom of the swimming pool.
It's Madonna's lavish porno
of her sexing the skinny black man,
also completely underwater.

Back inside,
I recount all the undergradfrendz
who have visited me here over the years,
but the more I think about them,
the more I realize none of them actually came.
Nonetheless, we have to attend to
the food displays above the kitchen water-
apparatus,
and make sure they don't mix.
More cat laughing!

Jennilyn is at the door, back to check on us,
yes, we're doing fine, but she thought
I would be wearing my cape.
"Nope."

* * * * *

The saying has transformed
from the Victorian stylized crying expression
to one that means, "Oh, no!
You're coming through that door!
Go back! Go away!"

Likewise, the house has transformed

to one with more rooms and hallways
encased in glass,
suggesting elementary school-rooms.

I walk down stairs to spot the raccoon
and the wolfdogs sniffing around, eating
something. They're very mean and stern.
They can get into one of the porches,
but not into the house.
But better get back upstairs
and close doors behind me.

And, as expected, the wolfdog has transformed
into a pasty-white *papiér-maché*
ghost-boy, with deep sunken eyes,
very timburtony, wearing a tall white
top-hat that doubles his height.
And he's coming through the door—
"Boo Hoo!
Boo Hoo!
Boo Hoo!"

4.xii.10 [62]
Because of the tremendous detail on the rock,
on every blade of grass on the cliff,
and the clarity and grace patterned by the eagle
against those
amazing filigree - fractal - designer clouds,
I know this cannot be a dream.
Still, I can peek over the ledge
down to see multiple levels of rock,
like it's a 3D Mondrian carved in stone,
and I want to jump, because the
perspective is shifting, and it's pretty inviting.
I look up, though, and see the landscape
spreading out before me
it's a map of these united states,
superimposed on these united states.
One-to-one
correspondence

* * * * *

Home, then school.

* * * * *

Home

Waking in my bed, I see we've
installed the scrappy crossmas tree
and a little ugly bush at the foot of my bed.
I know I can conjure
a scary metal robot, and an even
scarier bald middle-aged white guy
wearing a flag,
and I can knock them around
in my meta-dream state,
but not in my dream state.
So I go back into meta-dream
and kick some asses.

School

Much is learned here,
if you can find your way around
the maze of halls,
rooms where certain performance art
installations are happening,
One's a Bob Flanagan-style doctor's office
with a sad guy without a shirt sitting on the
examination table, with some cold pack or
ice bag on his head, thermometer in his mouth.
One is 'The Nursery', which is absent of people
but has everything else one would find in a
nursery.
I'm splitting some bags of chips with
CoolDoodFrend,
before we have to leave for Chicago.

There's a presentation on marketing
and collaboration or some other inane topic
that I'm giving, drawing charts, generally
putting people to sleep.

As I'm leaving, through one hallway,
I see my two peers joking about
their experiences each scoring an episode
of *STOS*, and why wasn't I there to do one?
Oh, right, I was eight. Still, I'm jealous, and
disappointed that I didn't have the wherewithal
to have been that accomplished, even then.

5.xii.10

There's excitement in the theatre
as I prepare our annual
alchemy show/heretical passion play.
I've set up the stage
and arranged the pianist, 'cellist, and
electric guitarist.

"Oh, that's the same arrangement
as the band 'Profit' " sez Joe VS,
and just when I don't need
a smartass remark to crumble away at
the thin, brittle porcelain veneer on my self-
esteem.

"Oh, you mean the piano/'cello/guitar?" I ask.
"No".

We have to work out how Eric P.
will need to wear some kind of toga
and then haul out Joe's Torso
(although he's not ded or dismembered,
he's just a torso. And he has no hair, anywhere.)
He'll be on an orange dolly-cart,
we have two of them,
the other one will be for
the lady in the red dress —
where is she?
She's obviously playing
the role of "Rubedo".

Later, the jam is going well.
The live collage of colorful
stony textures and the
dancers doing their mock-writhing

seems about right.
I set up some feedback, and there's
a brief glimpse of my eye in the lower
right corner, so I center the feedback
around that.
When I pull back to reveal my profile,
I've got lots of scabby pustules on my face!
Where'd they come from?

9.xii.10 [63]

The City offers up its Nitelife:
neon processions of the OptiMystics,
that fast-growing new spooky cult,
led by the Fabulous Jezuzhedded Dog!

Meanwhile, the junior congressmen
launching their partyboat from Fort Laud,
remain missing.
They may have had
involvement in clandestine affairs-of-state
orchestrated by a certain soft-drink corporation.

There's still time for some radiation testing
done by the two arctic explorers on each other.
They do this with many hanging fragments
of broken DVDs, suspended from the roof
of the walk-in meat-locker sized room.

Film at eleven.

20.xii.10

BenAuthor
(the Benevolent Authority dood)
has just seen your last film
the one with the semi-funny
stories in it (like this one),
and he's not too impressed by it.
He sitting in a chair, facing its back,
telling you how almost all your films have
disappointed him.
"That film with your dog in it,

that was great, and you've never
really gotten any better than that one.
Like, are you trying to convince your audience
to change its viewing habits, or
something?"
This doesn't make too much sense to me.

I go to the next room, past the empty
animal cages, and tell myself
there will always be a wall
between me and
the black bengal tiger that's been
personally stalking me lately,
but, who am I kidding?

I turn back to see a few of my
co-workers a little stunned,
not moving, in shock.
"Some claim to have seen
a bright light," sez my more coherent
friendco-worker, who's standing away
from the glass hallway.
Over the expanse of lake or ocean,
I see the roiling cloud,
"Oh, man, now we are cooked!" someone says.
A huge smoky fallout/shockwave
is devouring the horizon,
heading toward us.
I try to mention this to one guy,
who's still deer-in-headlights and not moving.
"Better get inside!" I pull him in,
shut the sliding glass door,
and retreat to the room I came from.
Hope this building can take the impact!

* * * *

Everybody's talking about
a new PBS production of
"Daphnis and Chloé", but it's
really *"Pelléas and Mélisande"*.

I don't know how they could confuse the two,
but they did.

I find my way into the science building,
a really beautifully designed,
post-deco structure, it could be
for fashion-designers or high-price lawyers
instead of scientists.

One of the other scientists shows me downstairs
when I ask for the restrooms,
down a carpeted spiral staircase,
past the live string quartet,
past the confessional rooms,
since this science department is a religion
department, too.

When I get to the bottom,
we see this scientist's son,
an angry young guy who goes back in time
and sees his dad on the street, flashes him
the really big Lincoln-penny, covered in a wire
mesh
that signifies he's traveling in time.
". . . And I have Vanessa, too!" says young Blade.
We pan from son to father (who's now running
away from
the crowd, back to the lab),
and we see that I, actually, have Vanessa,
I play the good scientist, and I'm with the
girl who's the lynchpin of the whole episode,
just hanging out by parked cars on the street.

But father scientist makes it back to the lab,
and has the doll-version of Vanessa in his hands,
and we see from his POV one leg of the
doll fall off to the floor, in slow-motion,
and we see the first few bullets slam into his
white lab coat, fired by the son,
lyrical splatters of red on that stiff starched fabric.
I guess that puts everything right.

I wasn't following the story too closely.

22.xii.10 [64]

Not much to say
about being in an endless corn-field.
Judging from the height of the corn,
this must be mid-June.
Oh, and did I mention
the corn-field is endless?
Like an ocean?
An ocean of rows and rows of corn?
Well, it is, see?

* * * * *

Celebrating life's awkward moments,
I'm in the dressing-car,
and about to put on my nice tan Italian suit,
but I have no underwear!
Deal.

Funny how they've gone back
to these schooldesks,
with the lids on hinges.
I open mine, and take out
my typewriter.
It's built into an aluminum jello-bowl,
but it has a USB plug on the side.

Suzi'n'Debi walk by,
and I might need to talk with one
or both,
but years pass,
and then it's too late.
"Damn, I thot you wuz
doing iaght witda ladies!"
is Jazille QueQue's kind remark
that skrunches up every paper cup in the house.

3.i.11

The presentation by two prominent

restaurateurs to the farmer's market committee
(which apparently, I'm on)
is somewhat informal.

Early in the event I'm supposed to
present to them the idea that
the few dozen chickens I raise
would produce eggs for them,
even though I live in Iowa,
and they're in Florida.
Even I'm not convinced of
the economics of that venture.

Nonetheless, I give my spiel
and sit with the rest of the committee,
on an old mattress.
I sit next to Eric F.,
and try to say how "this removes
some distance between
the sellers and the buyers"
or something lame,
and somehow involving "*The Wind*".
I tell him this saying will someday
become a well-worn political motto,
and I expect him to chuckle a little,
but he doesn't, maybe because
I was breaking the winds as I was
explaining this to him.

Wife and I get up and leave,
walking outside, and noticing
the owners' most morbid of lawn ornaments:
since the land is low, it gets all floody,
so they put these plywood human torsos
in distress in the ground,
reaching up, mouths gaping,
eternally drowning!

We walk on past to the three fluffy puppies,
the black one is marking his territory by
peeing all over the grey one!

Now, doesn't that just say, "You are my Bitch."?
There is no greater HullMark® Card.

14.i.11

Because we need to mark certain occasions,
because we need to note that an apology
to Satan (or Santa) is forthcoming
because we are recovering from certain
addictions,
the following is presented for your kind
consideration:

A large spacious house,
or at least a huge apartment
of a large house,
the lower floors for community
kitchens and ancillary activity.
Despite the armies of drilling insects
that have already entrenched themselves
in floorboards, wainscotting,
plaster moulding that mediates beam and
ceiling,
this is a pretty great acquisition, this dwelling.

What goes on here,
or who, indeed, we are
those are items we'll
discuss, uncover
later.

28.i.11 [65]

Sheets of ice on the road Dad and I walk
toward the bridge: not slippery, actually
a lot like mica, almost like
pages in a book slightly stuck together.

But they are pages in the book
of your past, with only brief mention
you were there.
All your friends and teachers
and old girlfriends and people you worked with

all having gone on and accomplished far greater things.

The book is mostly about them.

Kinda sad book for you!

29.i.11

Your past (especially
the unrequited part)
warring with your present,
and merged in dreem!

Certainly, you could do better.
You could do a lot worse,
but the rednekky Ms. A.
carries the lucite case
over her hed,
while you kunney-LingYooEyze
her Activity.

"You do know, dontcha,
that if you Click it,
you own me
forever!"
says she.

I'm only slightly relieved,
since it usetabedatonlyifyoodlikker,
the superdooperKaveat
wooda Ply.

All things in Hevun'n'Hell, Re-Joyce!

* * * * *

Pre-TranzMishunz Dreem (2.vii.02) [66]

Charliesheen or Seanpenn
in a black shirt & slacks
with two plastic pails (5-gallon?).
He's in a basement
with other members of the 3-day drunk retreat.

He throws dirt down from the first pail and says,
"This is texas."

He throws shale rock or flat stones
from the second pail around
the floor and says,
"These are wildflowers
and rocks and horneytoads.
After three days,
all you'll see will be the wildflowers."

18.ii.11

It doesn't always help to take action.
Sometimes it's best to just run away,
if you can, and just keep running.
Like in the British Museum,
where all the exhibits came to life,
left their glass boxes, grew,
and started hunting down all the
museum-goers.

Before we get to the final chase sequence,
we should mention a few of the exhibits:

- a young woman from the 1960's, miniskirt
and all,
leaning from side to side in a certain
definitive way, chanting, "I really love
London!".
- the wet-stage where the *Sex in the City* gals
are filmed in a bubble-bath, with the
famous
bathtub with the false bottom, and Carrie
gets
stuck under that, and is sorta drowning, but
apparently not,
since everybody is horsing around.
- outside, in the driving rain, the two new
Queen's Minarets
are being installed by huge cranes. They
remain

and will remain, shrink-wrapped in green plastic.

But then all hell breaks loose,
and we need to get away from all these
freshly minted monsters, some of which
are big oafs, lumbery, but they'll eat you if
you're caught.

So you want to avoid them.

We've been fairly successful at that so far,
since we've found ways to hide among the
science labs,
the rows of cabinets, leading out to the
courtyard.

The main ogre is out there, stuffing poor people
into his face, so let's go back in for a while.

Some of the main scientists have already
torched part of the lab, expecting the worst.
We come down one hallway and barely miss
the liquid squirted at us from a small syringe
held by the one scientist.

Going down another hallway, I'm able to
grab the syringe of another scientist,
and squirt the liquid down his throat when I hold
open his mouth.

This turns out to be the wrong thing to do.

He's transformed in ways beguiling and
repugnant,
his torso and trunk inflated and now held
horizontal to the floor,
bent over, he walks with longer, more slender
legs,
but his head is upright, turtle-like, sticking out of
his carcass-body.

He looks terribly off-balance that way,
but I guess his new long/lanky arms help.
As he walks around the lab,
I see my chance to dump acid on his back, and
do.

"Oh, is that acid or something?" he asks me.

It doesn't seem to slow him down.
Maybe this would be a good time to leave,
again,
but his lovely wife, stylish in tans and browns,
high heel, completely untouched by all this
mayhem
walks over to me, with a big carpenter's
cross-cut wood saw, and starts
sawing on my legs,
sixteen times each,
sawing on my legs while I'm still in them!

26.ii.11

If I were asked
what I was prouder of
—crystalline moments of lucidity,
or the times I bared my smelly ass to the world—
I'd of course hafta go with the latter,
but disinformatioally regardless of that,
I wanted to tell you
about the little trippy trip
I had, in the long hallway,
where there were a bunch of unremarkable
people.

So, that's where I am,
and that's who I'm with.
Someone has drawn
the attention of all
to the magic yellow bean
that is floating in the middle of the air.
"Hey, watch this, guys" I say,
"I can transfer the magicalness of the bean
to other things, so they float, too"
And I do, as I show them how
the bean drops and a small
bronze of a crumpled-up
nondescript body now hovers
above the floor.
"And now, watch this!"

I transfer the gravity-defying business once more,
to myself, and start flying
up and down the hallway.
Everybody else is just gawking at me
or maybe they've lost interest.
Doesn't matter—either way,
nobody else is flying around.

Flying to the far end of the hallway
it opens to the concert stage,
amphitheatric in form, pooled in light,
and there I am, sitting behind
a row of violins,
my 9-year-old self,
with the dorky glasses.
I hover in closer,
and expect to see him holding an oboe or E-
horn,
but no!
He's got a pretty cool looking square electric
guitar!
Always nice to surprise
one's self, isn't it?

27.ii.11

While it takes me some time
to get my serve back,
I'm soon enough on my ping-pong game,
and at times wicked good.
My young opponent gets frustrated easily.
He hasn't quite caught on
to my unpredictableness,
but he will.
He'll be the better player then.

But that was just an episode between chase
scenes.
The chases took place in sprawling outdoor
marketplaces,
public squares, lots of thick columns holding up
the inner and outer spirals

where you can go up and down levels.
HeroDood and HeroHelperDood are running up
while the girl and the kid and the old man
(and that might be me, now that I think about it)
are spiraling down to get away
from the doods with many big guns.

Prior to that,
I was given this address to go to
in the city.
I step into this lavish lecture hall
filled with many trophies,
but also a lot of junky nick-nacks
one each for all the sororities and fraternities.
It makes this otherwise august place cheap
like a trashy souvenir shop.
But this is the Hunter Hall, and the organized
crime family
has rented it for the afternoon
to meet with me, intending to
bring me on board,
get on the same page,
become in-kahoots.
I really don't want to do that,
but I don't see my options.

Somehow I manage to step outside the hall for a
moment,
I visit the piano hall on the level above,
after nearly tripping on the steep
non-ergonomic stairs between floors.
Dozens of piano students, practicing.
No separate rooms, just all the music blending
together.
Rather forward looking for the 19th century,
I tell myself.

As an aside,
as a sidebar to this spiraling activity
and the spiral trajectories of my best ping-pong
serves,

and before the brief interlude in the darkroom,
preparing developer, stopbath, fixer,
(and I realize I'm studying darkroom techniques?
Why would I study something I already know?)
someone reminds me
of the Ixia custom,
brought about certainly
by severe budget cuts,
impacting wages for the faculty,
where students will prepare a modest dinner
for their professor,
and sometimes other gifts,
which are apparently the 'Ixia'.
Although they can also tell the professor to
'Ixia Professor Yourself' during this festival
without any consequences, and not give him
anything,
but that, too, is a gift.

28.ii.11

Ok, so we finished the hard part
of our heroic adventure,
where we've defeated some
valiant, medieval enemy
with swords, crossbows,
knives, spears.
I'll spare you the gory details.
You can imagine them for
yourself much better than
I can describe them: you've
seen all those warrior
pre-gunpowder movies.
Maybe a little gunpowder,
in primitive form, would be allowed.

So, that part is done.
The next part will involve
transforming the squalid rural economy
to something better, through the
invocation of magic, marked stones!
The stones are enormous, and transported

on oxcart, covered with dirty cloth.
You're sneaking one past the guards
at the castle gate, while engaging
the one guy on the watchtower.
And as we take the elevator up the tower,
we've obviously shifted ahead in time
a few centuries.

At the top floor, I talk with Curtis L.,
about the next project, something to do
with food or architecture.
Sarah R. is there too, and we greet
each other, since it's been a while
since we last spoke,
maybe forty years.

Anyway, you're setting out some food items
on the table, re-painting a curry landscape
with some red chile paste.
I'm looking for the bathroom,
and find rows of slender lockers.
I go inside one to find the really small toilet
and start to pee.

"Tell me what you see" says the sexy robotic
female voice.
Oh, this is one of those bathrooms
with the automated voice that talks to you.
Above the toilet, a closeup image of a girl's face,
just her right eye appears on the screen.
"It's a mosaic—a girl's eye" I say.
"Tell me about the girl" says the voice.
"Well, not much I can tell, I can only see her
eye"
"Tell me more about her!" —female robot is
getting pretty demanding.
"Uh, she's, uh, I can't really tell more about her.
Maybe the mosaic was done by her, like a self-
portrait?"
I'm really out on a limb here, not knowing
anything at all

about the mysterious eye.
I flush and make my way to the
sink, the voice follows.

"Wait, now where're ya going?"
"I'm just washing my hands"
"Can't you tell me more about the girl?"
"Uhm, no, but I kinda need to get going —"
"It sounds like you're moving toward the door.
Don't go!"
"Oh, hey, here's somebody else, maybe they
know more!"
I pretend to open the door and change my
voice to suggest a cranky old man,
looking to take a crap,
while I sneak toward the door.
"Wait, tell me more about the girl!"
Jeeze! Lonely robot!

Then I'm back outside,
in the blizzard snowscape,
and make my way to a clearing
where the wind is not so strong.
We've been watching a mama
polar wolfbear actually eat her cub,
which is what she does to evolve to
the next stage, a more streamlined polar bear-
cyborg-fish,
that walks erect like a human,
and can morph into an eight or nine inch
action figure — all that evil concentrated into
such small space!
In the clearing,
I'm approached by the delicate roeBuck,
a fragile deer with almost baby giraffe
proportions to its neck
I hold out my hand to the shy animal,
and it's, like, rabid,
and starts biting at my arm
and kicking me!
Didn't see that coming!

6.iii.11

Hearing music so deeply felt
that one does not need to hear it
merely reminds me o'the pathetic-human-
hedded birds
the kitties have so rushed to the window to see!
Plus,
And,
There's the mynabird/fishKololed birds
trying to hump.
An entertainment like this is so rare for most life-
forms!

Secondarily, and tertiarily, and quartinerily, and
quintinastically,
there are:
frozen limbs,
medieval plastic devices,
ancient texts on how to approach inevitable
demise with grace,
and dozens of what appears to be gym socks
stuffed with hard metal rhodehedrons,
dodecahedrons, and other multihedrons
emitting horrific loud sound, vibration, smoke,
and fierce laser light.

Entrails are also playing significantly into this
scenario,
but would there be any
better way to die,
than while listening
to Bach's *Chaconne*?
(Or, maybe *Shake Your Booty*?
Or, *do you know the way to . . .*)

19.iii.11

The new home is cool and funky,
and obviously in a very hip part of town.
We have a lot of original art,
very distinctive,

and at least one big object
in each room
that defines that room.
For example, the enclosed porchway/entryway
has an enormous, Victorian-looking
globe, about 5 feet across.
All those ancient empires about to crumble.
A truly breath-taking entrance.

Still, there's that small cellar off the entryway,
and the cold draft that wraps around you
as you approach it,
and that second, completely jammed door
within the cellar.
You gotta wonder what's behind that door.

6.iv.11

Maybe you start with (fruit) place - time - family -
friends.

Then maybe it becomes (fruit) place - time -
family - friends - job - or whatever,
and then maybe it ends like (fruit) place - time -
family - friends - job - deth.
It's all up to you, anyway.

Anyway, I'm trying to organize my desk,
put things a little more in order,
especially the dvds in the one drawer.
While I do this, I find myself becoming more
handsome,
and strikingly arrogant to the reserved Japanese
man
who's standing nearby.

I talk down to him, very condescending,
explaining to him about auteur theory
and the lost wax process of film making.
"You make the film out of wax, and then shoot it,
and the wax melts but the film remains"

"Oh, I know about all these things" he says.

"You see, all this talking about film—
it's a lot of nice, and a little nasty"
Once he gets started, it's clear
who's the master and who's the amateur.
"I yoosta beat my wife after the evening meal:
pepper steak, mushrooms.
It made a pretty good film.
I called it *Pepper Talk*."

"Remember those circular cardboard guides
for the TV shows in the 1950s and 1960s?
Remember playing with the tiger cat,
Letting him bite your foot, sorta,
but he just drools on your sock?
Remember Hayle Mills and her friend
Orionica, who was quite a bit uglier?
Do you remember all that?"

10.iv.11

This may not 'gel'—it might not come together
in a meaningful way,
but still, you'll write it down.
Hopefully, it won't take, like,
half your life to make it 'gel'.
Like your life:
it's taken more than half of it
to regain what you'd lost,
in a quasi-meaningful way.
How's that werkin' out forya?

So, there's 'leaving' scenarios.
You're leaving, but you play
some piano character pieces
for Denny M. and Mom.
Nobody's really listening, but it's ok.
There's daylight, leaving,
and weather turns darker, ominouser
because of that.
It may not really be more threatening.
There's Mark W. leaving, and
you ask if you can wear his

bright yellow running pants
he bought as a joke.
You look pretty ridiculous in them,
so I guess not.

Mom tells him he was standing perfectly still
for about forty minutes
(next to some post) before
he started moving again,
starting to leave.
That was a little strange.

So, all these things,
all about leaving
in one way or another,
or so I am told,
so I can tell you.

17.iv.11
You're always thinking how easy it is
to reduce a life
to a handful of bad habits,
and once these are all
codified and taxonomied
and methodologized,
how one could easily
write a book about one's life.
A small, pathetic book to match
a small, pathetic life!
A one-to-one correspondence.

[There may even be room
to entertain some so-called
'romantic' notions:
the rugged individual,
the avant-garde artist,
the strong-willed woman,
the single idea, developed
and expanded to fill a movie screen
for an hour and a half, with
strong characters and compelling story.

The last one, probably the most romantic.]

But that's all mere speculation.
Let's get real—to what really happened:
It's Driver's Ed and it's your turn to drive.
It's just you and the girl and the instructor,
but it's night, so you let all the headlights past
before you get on the highway.
You're driving, but thinking about earlier,
in the bakery where she works with you,
and how you both sneak away
a loaf of bread in her purse
when nobody's looking.
See? Bad little habits like that!

23.iv.11

You see progressions
against a sparsely decorated
hallway, the progressions
of a couple, going through
the stages a couple goes through:
being together, infidelities, and
finally separation
thru deth or less.

You walk around a mall
with your dad.

You're present at some sort
of event, maybe an auction.

In all these circumstances,
the people are not unusual,
not even distinctive.
and there's no action or
story to the set of events.
they're just things you do,
or things you watch.

Big Whoop

24.iv.11

I thought we were getting training to be spies,
as at least temp-spies,
but as it turns out,
my female friend is asked to stand in
as a photographic placeholder
for people who got awards at the Oscars
but couldn't make it to the ceremony
(the winners will be photoshopped
into the pictures later).

I'm also helping out the photographer
who's taking pictures of the award-winners
in the technical categories.
They step onto a small conveyor belt
that brings each one—statuettes
in hand—into position
so their picture can be snapped.
Their names are written in thick crayon
on brown butcher paper,
and impaled on the long slender vertical pin
of a desktop organizer,
one after another,
as they leave.

Their names are all technicians' names
like 'Mort Sapp', and I want to
talk to them, because I'm sure
I'd have interesting things to
discuss with them,
talking about lighting or design,
but, really, I don't know these people,
and it would be awkward.
An awkward conversation.

26.iv.11

Watching from the balcony
I'm sitting with my friends or colleagues
(at least I thought they were
friends or colleagues)
The opened letter gets passed

from Young Dixon on my left
to Rick in Tweed on my right.
Not even a hesitation that I don't need to see
this.
That's more than a little alarming, isn't it?
You thought you were in, but you're out.

So, then I try on clothes for the show
or should I say, for attending the show?
I take off four undershirts
and put on a light sweater
beige pants, and a suede jacket
all fringy, like it's Wild Western.
When I look in the mirror,
Everything looks brighter,
much more saturated colors,
the sweater is bright red
and announces itself almost obnoxiously.
You might want to reconsider that choice.

Getting ready not for a show,
but for going to New Orleans
with the same bunch of guys
who snubbed me earlier, my job
is to get a set of keys to the house
we all live in, this house.
Lots of people live here now.
I run into Lynn Y., "Oh, so you're living
here too?" I ask.
I explain how this house is like
Gast's Black-Light Village.

I try one of the keys, but
it's more complicated, with
a code you must enter
while twisting the plastic body of the key,
which then separates from another
plastic part of the key.

"The combo is 27-11-43" says Rick.
That's probably somebody's birthday.

I collect keys and make my way
to the guys in the car
and we leave, temporarily,
The House of the Ded.

28.iv.11

The irony comes from there
being a lot of material
over a short period of time
you must render in enough detail
so we get the gist of it,
versus how impossible it is
to do that.

The further irony comes from
doing this every day for years and years,
and not editing this until you're, like ded.

In between these ironies
and the abiding question,
"Are these even ironies?"
was the visit to your Old School,
the meeting with old distant friends
who you forgot, and who forgot you,
and a voice message from Chertz-E.

And the further beyonder irony comes
from our revered form of government,
bebocracy,
being replaced by the new and uncertain
hiphocracy.
This changes everything!

2.v.11

Jiffy Joob
is a bodega in eTown,
although they don't call them
bodegas, they call them
jiffy joobs.
Parents go there,
as I wait outside,

but then go in,
and since I'm pretty tall,
I look over the isles
to see if they have the bread
Parents want.
Instead, I see pie.

I take a piece, and I'm ready
to pay for it,
but I wait 'till everybody is
mostly gone,
and then eat it
with coffee, with a little
whipped cream,
a little whipped cream made out of
peroxide.

I get communications
from either Future-Telling Horse
or Drama-Telling Horse.
"You have stolen pie!" he says.
I may have to atone for my crime
by failing in life, but Horse doesn't
spell out the details.

4.v.11

We've walked into this rustic cafe
because there's a few hours
before we need to check in
to the hotel, or maybe a conference, or rehab.
Waitstaff brings us a plate with
a couple of pieces of bread,
a slice of cheese, a leaf of lettuce,
and we pick on that for about 30 minutes.

I'm looking over the menu,
I'd like something tasty, maybe
a southwest-style chipotle chicken sandwich.
That would be yummy.
Instead, there are strange things on the menu:

The Islamic meat-platter, featuring mice-egg-meats.

They have ice-cube sandwiches, too.

I'm trying to get the attention of the waiter and waitress, finally they both come over to my table, and I try to explain how it would be helpful if the menu was, maybe, magnetic, so you could stick magnets next to what you wanted to order, or maybe you could circle things with magic markers, or put a check mark in the box next to the menu item.

"You're pretty funny," says the waiter,
"Were your parents also funny?"
I tell him, "Well, at least once!"
I'm not sure what I mean by that.

Yes, you do.

5.v.11

It's time for our annual Ranking Party,
which the whole organization attends.

You talk to everybody you can,
you rank them, in your mind
(and maybe on paper,
but nobody carries paper there)—
#1, #2, #3, and so forth.
The rankings can be, like,
"The ones who are most important to me", or
"The ones I hafta watch out for", or
"The ones I despise", or however
you want to rank your colleagues.
You don't tell anybody your ranking criteria
or who made it to the top of your list
in whatever category you choose.
It's just for you to know.
And remember, you're being ranked here, too.

An expert ranker, Miss Road-2-Ruin, is talking
with the rather prominent woman near
the top of the organization
who has a humiliating birth defect:
her tongue is fused to her upper lip,
so all her speech is pretty messed up.
Still, she's risen spectacularly, so nobody
mentions this.
Most of her best directives
are in her emails.

It is only later
after the party that I am asked
the riddle, a seemingly innocent question:
"What happened between 1968 and 1969?".
The answer is, "The Seventies".

After all this, software development takes place.
The company that's handling one aspect of the
development
sends me letters they've received from their
inquiries.
One is even from Australia, from someone
interested
in the project. It's hand-written on ruled paper,
so it's probably from some precocious kid.
There's so much work to be done here,
I don't know where to start.

7.v.11

Everything revolves around the business meeting,
or rather, the team-building event
engineered to promote and enhance
the meeting.
Such a farce, as usual,
like atheists attending church.

I've just been in BigBoss's office,
where we've apparently
just talked.

"Now, you should have
some of these made—
I think you'll save a lot
of time using them."
He's referring to his
notepad or cards
printed with Simpsons
characters, having
funny sex and saying things like,
"Your idea is not right for us, just now. . . ", and,
"Thanks for sharing your concern!", and,
"It was good to talk with you about your issue."
They could just as well have said,
"Gawd, what a pathetic loozer you are!
We're only cartoon characters,
but at least we're having sex.
What have you done lately?
Now, get out and don't waste
any more of my time. Sheesh!"

I think about mentioning that to him,
as it would save money in printing costs
to print just one response instead of several.
I think I better not.

In the next room, the team-building
is about to take place.
Uhura is on a small round silk-covered
fighting ring, and the
girl robot that's sent to replace her
climbs onto the silk.
We only see the impressions of their feet
from below, but we know
a mean fight is near.

Our manager,
played here by Schwarzenegger,
is getting other activities together,
reprimanding those who did not
pay close attention to
the numbers and letters on the

side of the locomotive
that brought us here.
I was smart about that, at least,
because I typed that info into my
boxy and wooden PDA.

As Manager continues his talk,
whenever he's not looking my way
I sneak a quick suck
on my own dick.
See? I'm not a total loozer!

8.v.11
There was a time
when you could do
the impossible,
but this is not
about that time.

Likewise,
there were times
you were so superaware
of your body and
where you were
that you could
vibrate a little and
almost not be there,
but again, this is
not about that:

9.v.11
You never know what
you're getting into
until it's too late
with these things.
These 'sortees'
(although BK means
'soirees', and she
should know better,
being worldly and all).

Still, that's what she calls them,
and she's sent me a text
about the one that's tonight.
I should bring wine,
as it's on the 'bring' list.
The 'do not bring' list
is charming: do not bring
farm equipment,
blank books,
former harem members,
tripe.
Well, that would be
for a different party.

12.v.11

Riding the soup cart
with a young, delicate girl.
I'm assembling my soup
piece by piece.
It's chicken noodle soup,
and the pieces of chicken are
round and breaded,
and a single, rigid noodle
is attached to each chicken-ball.
The soup is arranged
to look like a multi-heded
chicken comet, with tails of noodle
trailing behind.

Gay dood from Taiwan
wants to interview the girl.
We're in a band together.
"I got the idea from my husband", he says.
He should be interviewing me,
Instead!

And then,
what else?
Everything's gone.

13.v.11

Activities continue,
human activity continues,
despite the small-scale
nuclear testing a block or two away.
They're just detonating a really tiny
nuclear device, so they can test,
I don't know, some emergency system?
There's a guy with a microphone on a boom,
wearing headphones,
and checking sound levels with the
kitchen window both opened
and closed.

There's a puff of smoke,
no sound, when the device
does go off.
Not really convinced
any of this had any
meaning. Maybe
they found out what
they were looking for.
So much they don't tell us.

One thing the guy with headphones did do:
He adjusted my car window, so it now opens.
That's a good thing.
As I park the car, and start to
close windows, now I notice
the window closes, but then it slides open again.
I can't get it to stay closed!
You call that 'fixed'?
He's going to have to come back and
fix it right this time!

I mention something like that
to Clarinet Girl (surely a composite character),
and she tosses her cigarette lighter,
still lit,
to the ground,
but since the ground is layers of foam rubber,
It burns a little hole in the ground,

then, a bigger hole.
It's starting to spread,
so I'm stamping it out with my foot,
but neither the girl nor the Headphone Guy
help me, they're just walking away,
unconcerned, talking.

After a lot of stomping,
and folding some of the 'ground'
on top of the flames,
I'm finally able to put the fire out.

14.v.11
The evening starts out
with very abstract,
exoteric,
intellectual tasks.
As the evening progresses,
the tasks and
activities
become more
commonplace,
mundane,
even ordinary.

So, near the end
of one such evening,
the hiphop club is in full effect,
"A Few of Us
Survive Only
So-Long"
is being played
constantly, it seems.
It's the club's theme song,
all about the mating rituals
of young and beautiful people.
The song is spostabee funny,
but really, it's sorta
sad and pathetic.

We're introduced

to members of the hiphop band:
the drummer, the thick one,
has as his catchphrase,
'Hey, dood," or "what's happenin', chiquita?"
except that his sentences slow down to almost
a complete halt right near the end, so,
for example, 'dood" is drawn out for a full twenty
seconds,
and 'chi-qui-ta' takes so long for him
to say (huge pregnant pauses and all)
that the subject of the greeting has
usually already moved on to a
different conversation or a second career
by the time he finishes.
This, too, is spostabee funny.

I'm discussing with some of the guys
the latest, small, modular
hiphopping machines,
and how neat and portable
they are. Yeah, they're pretty cool.
I need to prolly get back
to the dood who was fitting me
with the clothes in my new wardrobe.
There were garish bright-green
three-piece business suits,
and a crimson and white
conquistador outfit, lots of
ruffles.
When would I ever wear
anything like that?
The trooth hits me
like atunnahbrix:
I am a clown.

15.v.11
You're watching Jordan back her car
into the garage.
Jill is on the maroon, velvety couch
on the back of the car,
helping her guide the car

into the luminosity of the bright blue garage.
Progress is slow, so Jill strips naked.
Maybe that will help.

* * * * *

It must've been a slow day
for Bomber Pilot, in that big B-52.
He must have been really bored
to load up two bombs
and drop them on the pigeons
he saw in the clouds below.
(How pigeons can fly that high
I don't know)
(How many people will get
killed below, I don't know that either)
He's going to
get into trouble for this, you know.

* * * * *

Yay, it's 'Bring Your Pet
To Work' day! I bring
the SooperPoosterkat.
I introduce him to
everybody who works
in the lab.
(*That one was lame.*)

* * *

My HBO series
is set in the early 1960s,
in New York City, in a music school.
Like 'Mad Men', with a thousand
details concerning costume,
set dressing, vintage cars,
hairstyles, everything exacting,
everything in place.

The characters are complex and

inviting:

- The main character,
a slightly out-of-it very handsome
and charming grad student,
stumbling into the right situations
and guessing correctly, the right answers,
even though he's not paying
attention half the time.
He'll go far.

- The head of the school, brooding,
effeminate, a balding man of few words,
but always the right words. He lives alone
in an absolute mansion.
In the previous scene, he was telling charming
young dood that he'll actually make it
as a teacher, but it will take time
and work.
"Have Elise show you
out", he tells the young dood,
after they're done.

- The sexually ambiguous Young Adult,
who's another handsome guy one minute,
and an attractive middle-aged woman the next.

Those are the main characters.
I've been discussing this, actually,
with the head of the school, and
his secretary,
I notice we're in the Salisbury Room
of the Victor House
(or maybe the Victor Room of the
Salisbury House?)
I upset the secretary a little
when I ask her what year it is,
but other than that,
I know the right stock to pick,
and the right questions to ask
and the right people to meet

Because I Am From Duh Fyoocher.

16.v.11

Getting on and off the bus,
going from place to place,
they are all farmsteads,
farmplaces:
a chunky old boxy house
in the middle of nowhere,
with a few other buildings around it.
The rolling landscape is dotted
with these places,
and that's what Grantwood painted.

But there's also the flatter areas
that stretch for miles through the Midwest
without any interesting geography
to redeem them.
That's where I'm from, and apparently,
that's where I'm going right now.

My colleagues and I are researching
this paradox:
The countryside is lush, green,
in bloom, crops rising,
but nobody's here!
We look for evidence of
Russian Constructivist Films.

We enter one empty house,
but everything is still there,
everything in order, beds made,
table set for supper,
just no people.

We're going to be traveling back
to the farmstead we passed a little while ago.
The one with the movie theatre inside its barn,
the one with the graffiti or signage on the
side of the barn that reads,
"God forgives farm agents".

That might be a comfort to some.

Our numbers have increased to include
Heather and her friend,
and a few more family members.
I'm getting tickets for them all,
and peeking at the screen
(although this might be real life
and I might be the movie).
I see the Godzilla creature
banging on a skyscraper with his
tiny arms. When he does this enough,
he grows bigger,
much bigger than the skyscraper,
and sprouts wings and more appendages,
and he even begins to hover above the building.
Luckily, someone puts a cooking cover on him.
Good, now he's not going to hurt anyone,
we hope.

Now I'm visiting Farmdebbie
because she gets lonely out here
all alone, long driveway from the road
to the house,
I tell her, "I wouldn't want to presume,
but you know, dontcha, that if you are
10% more intellectual
than average, you'll be bored here?"
She wears lingerie all the time—
not a typical farm outfit.

3.vi.11

I go from one abandoned farm house
to another,
They are sometimes, haunted,
but I may be the one doing the haunting.

First, we push around the
children's train, a set of
colorful inflated plastic cubes
in which the children will sit

and possibly be amused.
'We' means DarLénè and myself,
'where' is the sprawling,
hundreds-of-acres
artsy theme park in Europa.
No wonder the art world is
shifting back to the old werld:
all amerikan kids have is
DismayWerld.

Once we arrive at our destination,
I start planning an impromptu
performance.
I stroll past DJ, and lyrically
trip over her foot,
fall, and roll a bit.
It looks pretty convincing.
I'm calling it "The Falling Artist"
or "The Failing Artist"—
something like that.

I do two or three takes
before I enlist a few more
onlookers to help me make
a title card, but that takes
more time than I want.
One of my enlistees says,
"We are screwing ourselves
by taking so much time with
the damn title card!"
She's right—I could have
added it in post.

And now, official festival doods
are mulling around our area,
preparing to turn it into a loading area
for one of the legit acts,
and they will no doubt ask us
to go away.
Well, it was fun while it lasted,
I guess.

I'm walking around the grounds now,
having really failed as an artist,
although I'll probably do something
with that video.

Towards me walks Little Dood Dik'R,
a diminutive man, with a sparkling clean
white cowboy hat,
the pinnacle of his otherwise
proper 3-piece business suit.

"I would like to interest you
in an example of Tibetan Folk Rock Pop
Classical Music!" he says,
pulling out a small player and
headphones.

"No, I'm not interested", I say,
and walk on.

But wait, isn't that why I'm here?

To experience new things?

Gawd, I'm suchan idiot sometimes!

So, I turn around and run back after him,
training my eye on that white cowboy hat.
It takes me, like, forever, and I'm running
full tilt:

Little Dood can travel!

Finally, I catch up to him,

Panting, I tell him, "Yes, I'd like
to hear the mix, I'm interested
in your fusion."

"If you think fusion is just about mixing,
boy, are you naive!" he says.

I try to explain a little more
what I meant, and find I can
talk very rapidly, with great
articulation, even eloquence.

Little Dood shrugs, and I follow him
into a music pavilion,
although I don't have tickets for it.

Inside, I'm again following him,
past the mixing rooms,
young composers sweetening their mixes,
producing sophisticated urban pop
which is ultimately boring,
but it sounds like my stuff.
Dang, if only my performance
had gone on a little longer, earlier!
Then they'd have seen/heard!

Now, there's commotion,
as a Gumby Poser is wrassled to the floor,
because he had no ticket.
Alarms go off, maybe I should leave,
too.

I do, through an unmarked door,
with nonchalance, trying not to
grab the attention of the approaching
festival security.

Of course, I drop my bag, and need
to pick it up and gather my stuff.
The security goons walk past,
and I pick up a handful
of exotic coins and medallions
in the sandy vegetable garden I'm kneeling in.

17.vi.11

I really should have told you more
about the future of personal transportation,
but the opportunity did not arise.
You were too busy yappin'.
Here is the future of personal transportation:
Square, boxy boxes, with two legs!
That's it. You get inside,
and sit at the control panel,
looking out the windshield,
and the legs are operated
robotically, by your legs.
You can't go very fast,
and you're still doing all the walking.
There's your wonderful

future of personal transportation!

26.vi.11

I've been trying lately,
but nothing seems to be working.
I was with Mother last night,
and we were assigned to 'Human Anatomy'.
We were sposta cut open cadavers,
but we were given live people!
How were we to proceed?

And even after they lie down
for us, you know, we can draw
some diagrams on their stomachs
with the magic markers,
but, then what?
Do they expect us
to cut them open
and find stuff?

So much was unclear to us,
so nothing really got accomplished.
What if, like, everything
I'm doing now
is just wrong?

I mention to Nonchalant Gurl
that I am an absolute, abject phawquing
phailyer.
"No, you're a genius," she says.
Somehow, not comforting.

28.vi.11

I'll tell you the separate parts,
then you decide which ones
if any
you'd like to hear about
in the first place.

There were so many little episodes
and none of them very interesting.

There was the first room I entered:
It's my bedroom, and it's very bright
but there's no source of light.
Kattah climbs out the window to
chase bird, and I follow him.
This could get tricky.

There was the second room I entered:
its floor was crackly, with huge bumps
throughout,
although it's clean, and well appointed.
I fly around the room, and do
a Carl Dreyer Joan-of-Arc 360,
and settle in a corner.
Now, surveying the room again,
I see the book and record collection
and the numerous rugs, pictures, and
other junky trash all picturing tigers.
And then, here come two tiger kitties,
normal enough as domestic cats,
but with extremely long legs
that lift them two to three feet off the floor.

And then the lady of the house appears,
she's in mid career as a costume designer,
and she pins pieces of fabric
directly to her mother's bare back
(and when did her mother appear?
All of a sudden, she's there!)
The flesh from the mother's back
seems to extend beyond her right arm
like a cape. Very useful to costume designers,
apparently.

There was the third room I entered
which included the Discount Warehouse
(vast, with its own stream running through it)
the Sexual Tension Platonic Lovers
(you know, they're both nude,
in separate little lucite boxes

and they rub and bang
against the sides of the boxes
into each other),
and bears.
You should avoid the bears.

30.vi.11

I want to say it began
with the two of us hauling pizza
for the rest of our little party,
but that may not be the case.

There's a fork in the road,
as usual, and I take the one
past the grandparents' home,
down the road I haven't visited in years.
I don't remember the medieval castle,
or the little market-faire before the bridge,
or the colorful itinerant musicians, jugglers,
and rascals, giving the place its
colour and aire.

Wandering past all this,
I am now carrying the pizzas,
in two boxes, and goofing around,
which my companion doesn't appreciate:
she's all business,
all "let's just deliver them
and get on with it."

The bright young girl
is now doing photography
and working at Moca-Molach—
I wonder if she's run into
anyone who remembers me there?
We arrive with the pizzas,
and companion is irritated
over how we have to divide them
or re-combine them for our friends.
I don't see why that's a problem,
but she does.

It's apparently a huge problem.
So, I step away.

Next, I'm here in companion's
family mansion, where the conversation
floats around speculation:
"What if one had only one oil well?"
asks one of the sons.
"Then one would need another one
to support the first," replies the daughter.
Such droll, pure speculation,
as if any of them would only have one oil well.
Look at this place:
Could you even run this place,
all the servants, maids,
the security goons—with just
one well? I doubt it.

Companion is drilling those goons,
making them ensure
all the hidden boxes of riches
are in their proper hiding-places in the parlor.
"Make sure you see these here,
make sure you see those there,"
she chants this rather mechanically,
She tells them to hide in their proper places
when company arrives.

When someone does arrive,
I'm sitting in a formidable comfy chair,
and in walks the father, the other daughter,
the step-mom, and my brother.
I'm still trying to figure out
what I'm doing there,
how I fit in,
why I belong.
Somebody's amusing friend, I guess.

1.vii.11
After a while all the characters,
settings, and situations

in the AmeriKorporate TragiKomedY
merge, meld, morf.
I can run it down for you
if you want.
Besides, I got myself into this
and I'll hafta get myself out:

Pretty Indian girl
Let's call her Anahata.
She's getting over
Mr. Bastard Dood,
who cheated on her
with a married woman,
probably the VP.
They were engaged,
and now she's pretty devastated.
But she's determined
to have a husband by next year,
the hundredth anniversary of our
fine organization,
and even predicts
Our president will hand him
some medal or plaque or
award deely
at the ceremonies.
She's optimistic, no?

Me? I'm still struggling
with this book I need to present
to some of the higher-ups.
I may have the wrong copy with me.
Where'd the other one go?
Dr. Scott has phoned the one Barbara
because she's also doing similar research,
to have her take a look at it.
Like I need her nosing in on my research!
I am pleased, however,
with the 3D spherical
lower case 'e's in the werd 'Beest' in my
presentation,
though.

They're like hollowed out Planet Erths
with a real hole in the eye of the 'e'
happy people can float through,
and we see all this on the cover
which is interactive, and very cool.
But now I can't find that copy,
so I'm basically skrood.

(This copy of the book, they've
even misspelled my name,
or rather, completely
re-named me, as
'Jacques LeJock'.
Somebody in the copy room
was no doubt amused by that.
Idiots.)

After the fancy ballroom dinner event,
and after the band plays (and I'm at the
piano for that, but right next to
the bass and drum, so I'm not
gonna get heard),
I walk the hot road back.
Maybe I should turn back
and change out of my formal attire,
because everybody will be in bizness Kasualty
for the brunch.
I go back to my room, and I'd like to
take a shower,
but some of the guys
are trying to collect
all the shower curtains
and bedsheets so they can
create mock cubicles and put on
a little sketch for the brunch
entertainment. And who's going to
write this Komedy Disaster? 'Cuz I'm not.

5.vii.11

As unlikely as it may seem,
DL and I are discussing "Support Systems",

and how she has
"a new set of Lindas" that function
in that capacity for her.
A masked figure with groucho-esque
fake nose and glasses walks past,
"Hey, there's one of the Lindas now!" says DL.
She calls after the masked Linda,
approaches her, and pulls off her mask,
revealing a set of groucho-esque
fake nose and glasses she was wearing under the
mask.

This Linda and I exit to the movie theatre,
where I notice she is now naked,
her entire body covered in tatoo,
which tells the story of Linda's dramatic rise
to success as a blogger, gaining
a vast online following due to her
personal-help-column style blog.
"I'll have to take some time to read you," I
mention,
innocently, I think.

There are other encounters
with the members in my laptop band
(and I'm a little alarmed because
I left my laptop in the car we just parked),
and with CB (wearing all the pins
of the associations she belongs to
on her lapel),
but not with other naked tatoo ladies.

6.vii.11

Our guide has been pretty helpful
throughout this trip—although DJ
says she's pronouncing things wrong,
or in a hotty pretenshush way.
"Always learn the local words for Fashion!"
she tells us, always with special perkiness.
"In Chyna, this is called Fantas-thique™!"
She must be high.

We've just crossed into Chyna,
but from where, I'm not sure.
We spent some time on the British base
that was just a movie theatre lobby.
I was practicing standing still
for a long time, then moving quickly,
erratically, for a short period of time.
Maybe some of the others in our group
noticed me doing that,
maybe not.
Doesn't matter.

It seems we're only in Chyna
for a few minutes, and we've moved on,
now, to Indya.
I can only tell this from the coins
I've been handed as change.
The Indyan coins have a great
flying horse on the one side,
almost bas-relief, it's almost
jumping off the coin.
Mostly, it's Aasham that tells me
we are not only in Indya,
but we came here from the North,
and we crossed the North Pole into Chyna.
OK, I guess that makes sense.
That means the movie theatre
at the British base was where you
went in to view the actual North Pole,
and I just hung out in the Lobby!

(And what happened to all the
great mountains and vast deserts
in Chyna? This was really a quick trip.)

* * * * *

Our tour guide has been chatting
with a young freckle-faced lad,
probably 14 or so, about the

development of HotWheels cars,
and how that led to waves and waves
of toys that merged with monsters,
and back again to just toys.

I mention that animation usually still starts
with a 14 year old freckle-faced boy
who doesn't play well with others
spending long hours drawing or
cutting and pasting pictures together
and moving them around.

"That's your beginning of Animation!"

I tell her, a little condescending, maybe,
Not including other peoples from far away,
or the poor, or women, or computer-robots,
who may have also been doing animations.

The conversation turns toward that
other young man, from such a far away place,
coming to America, and impassioned to raise
vast armies in europe and asia
to come to the North American Western
Mountains
where all the trouble is, and fighting
the Wrongs there.

But, he's able to raise his armies
from the desolate and broken cities
in America, and continues his journeys
toward a who's-who of mountain peaks:
Ranier, Cavalcade, Pike, Big Hand,
Big Hed.

All these mountains have now moved together
and are being mean to people.

8.vii.11

You're a graphic designer at Moca-Molacha,
again.

They make your design informational cards
on how the multi-racial, multi-ethnic worm
should administer Sno-Mighties™
("What are those?" I ask someone,
since I'm really new at this, and

I've just arrived via time travel
or technology magik.
"That's what yoostabee called 'Blow-Jobs'",
says Tina).

In the car, traveling next to the
Children's MultiWorm Park,
where the brightly colored bodies
of Multi-worms walk around with
cheerful masks (a puppy, a grandma,
happy bear, and others)
to cover their profoundly hideous faces.

Don't forget to mention the
back-straightening therapy,
for which you've been scheduled.
Bolts are stapled to your back,
a wire matrix threaded through
the network of bolts, and pulled tight.
It gets the job done in no time,
but it really, really hurts!
The prep kit for my treatment arrives,
and it looks very complicated.
I hope I can slip away and avoid this.

Oh, yeah, I need to mention
the whole thing with your two office/room
mates,
how they're gonna go far with their sitcom
adventure crimesolving series
all based around marketing the latest
lame new car,
and the crazy lady near the Worm Park
asking if this corporate shuttle was
going to ShoeMakingVille, Minnesota,
and the other homeless people
we pass on the dockwarf,
playing weird, cheap homemade instruments.

And be sure to mention the corporate car
you take every day has the slogan:

"Takes you to the moon, you get there by noon!"
and the fact that you work on the moon base,
MoonTopia,
and the clothes you hafta wear,
and the stray animals you also care for,
and the busdriver hitting the schoolchild,
and people scream, and he shrugs and says,
"Well,
I just don't got it anymore!", and you get
on the next bus, which is how you got
here in the first place, the next bus being
the bus to the future, and so forth.

19.vii.11

It is a popular tourist destination,
this house,
where we sit with a few others,
and experience the wonder and delight
of dozens of small courses
of exotically prepared foods.

I'm glad we came here early,
to avoid the crowds.
Other visitors, mostly from
troubled Asian lands
mill past while we eat.

One European woman
gives me such a glare
when I mention I couldn't taste
the exquisite liqueur in the tiny cake.
Probably thought I had some horrible
deficiency in my perception
due to not being born in Europe
to one of the great families of power.

After experiencing all those
culinary excitements,
we go outside.
"You know, we're only
Two hundred yards from

the border to Boznostania," I mention.
I've never been there,
and although there aren't
too many notable sites there,
there is a people suffering
under the brutality of a single vision.
So, I'm going there!

As one approaches the gate at the border,
the guards escort you, arm in arm
Like you're a bridesmaid
at a wedding.
Through the small gate,
Just an ornate metal detector archway
you walk through.
Then, you sign your name
on a brick of wood.
The attendant looks at my signature.
"Is your handwriting famous?" he asks.
"Well, you've got it right there,
on that brick!" I answer.
"I'm only going to visit here
for an hour or so."
He shoots me a smirk,
Stamps my papers, "Sure."

20.vii.11

Gentleman Father-Figure
Can change his glowing, neon green hed
from human to lizard,
which is quite striking,
and complements his finely tailored
Savile Row 3-piece suit.

I'm still stuck in this crappy hotel room,
where I've poured a couple of ounces
of an herbal solution down the sink.
It's been slow to empty,
so maybe that will unclog it.
Instead, water overflows from the sink,
and the shower, and from under every door

in the room.

And now the water in the sink
is black and ichorous.
This is not good.
I'm naked, but I think
it's a good idea to put on
jeans and maybe a pair
of running shoes: something
sturdy and supportive
in case I need to be running
on concrete, for my life.

Yeah, I knew it.
There's JimmyJasonJustin looking
in my window, and he's
starting to throw himself against my
window, repeatedly.
He doesn't break the glass, it's just
his way of signaling the
Invaders, "There's one in here!"

I meep to no one in particular,
"I love you!", then
it all goes dark.

22.vii.11
Right now, there's just this old book.
Not really an old book,
but a book a friend wrote
in a very old style,
and made to look very old.
You know, parchenty,
yellow-brown crinkly paper,
old letters, old words.
I would've been more excited
about this thirty years ago
when I had more hair and optimism.

23.vii.11
Dr. Sparky Fulgens is his new name,

since he's become a robot.
Or more accurately, a cyborg, because
he still has the legs of a man
dressed in white trousers and
wearing humble shoes.
But his middle section is a box
(like a small pizza box)
of electronic parts, and on top of that
a pailful of more parts and mechanisms.
The head is just an opening
for the sensors or lenses or microphones,
all opening at the top.

I peek in and wave,
try to identify myself.
"Hello, Martin!" I say,
using his human name.
Wife tells Fulgens that I
was extremely brave
during my own pre-robotic surgery.
I guess this is what I'm in store for:
The Big 'C' stands for
'Cyborg'.

1.viii.11

A lot can take place
in very little space and time.
My case in point:

Lots of people—
a whole busload, in fact—
are lining up
to talk to the guys
from 'Hotel-Dot-Com'
"They have an exciting new toolkit!" rejoices
Pathetic David.
I'll get back to that later.
First, I need to put my lunch bag down
(next to where the bus parked should do)
and then I need to take care
of all those bugs and roaches

in the Playhouse, where
ChillDood is, inert,
bugs crawling all over him!
These roaches are huge,
like little angry black fists.

By the pool, I need to lock
the fenceDoor, so
the aliens don't come through.
(I call them 'Spooks', but I know
that's a pejorative term for ghosts).

Dawn D. bewails me
about personal finances:
"I need to take out a loan,
but all the loansharks are tied to the mafia,
so what am I gonna do?"
I don't have time for this.

Before I go home, the tall blonde woman
I work with is still very busy
with the people on the bus,
Converting 21 pounds to francs for them
Glad I don't hafta do that.

3.viii.11

Arriving at the obscenely rich lord's mansion
is the Predator-Prince, from Boogoslavia,
a particularly harsh region in eastern europe
where life is cheap and lived fast.
He promises he'll take me there someday,
and reminds me I was actually there once,
in a lavish meeting hall,
when I got some sort of dispensation.
I vaguely recall being there, but not getting there.

I'm struggling with my bassoon,
trying to re-arrange the strap under my chair
so it supports the instrument's weight.
The head of the bassoon is literally
an animatronic male head,

made of dark crimson-stained maple
and the bocal fits in one nostril.
"How long have you been playing
this contraption?" asks the lord of the
manor, who the prince is going to
undo politically (although I suspect
he'd just prefer to slice him into a few
pieces with one of his mean body-armor lasers
and be done with it).

"Oh, about a week and a half."
I try to hit a low B-flat, and I'm just awful at this.
I'm supposed to play this in the ensemble
in just a few minutes?

(The political way to undo the lord
is already in play, by the main butler dood
pronouncing not-so-subtle insults as he
introduces
various royal visitors to this estate.
"And here are our very uncool cousins from
Germany,
and notice we still have to twist our ankles in
their
direction as they arrive, as a show of
respect, or at least veiled contempt
because we are the servants, and
will no doubt seek revolt.
But our German cousins,
I'm sure, you will find revolting!")

Now, there's a commotion,
and an offense taken, and unseen:
The Young Blade Prince
(played by Mr. Ashton K.)
has insulted or challenged Predator-Prince
probably over some honor-issue
with YBP's lovely fiancé,
who's now fretting, and urging her
man to back down.
He'll hear nothing of it,

and prepares his circular-saw-disc-thrower
and will soon take aim.

I figure this is a good time to leave the room,
or at least duck behind some furniture.
It's not an even match.
Predator-Prince quickly disarms his opponent
of any weaponry,
then holds him down, sedating him
as he meticulously begins cutting into
Young Blade's limbs, leaving just enough
sinew so they are still attached to his frame,
but useless.
He does this to both arms and legs, at multiple
joints,
with his sparky laser-knife,
leaving the beautiful young prince
a sad, limp marionette.
Not a happy ending.

6.viii.11

With a name like 'FourThousandTigerTown'
you'd expect to be somewhere in Pennsylvania,
but you're in an arid, sunny climate
like Post-Great-Desolation Amerika,
or Pre-Greater-Desolation SubSaharan Afrika.
Not much of a town, really,
just some paved, empty lots
on the ends of empty streets,
like a river delta, except
that emptiness flows into more emptiness.
Nevertheless, four young people were killed here
by the tigers.
We look for their remains
beyond the hastily erected silhouette
sculptures of the four,
hammered out of sheets of steel
that stand on the empty over-pass
above the town.
Again, there's nothing to be found.

* * * * *

Stepping inside the nondescript warehouse
out of the heat, walking on cool dark smooth
concrete,
I pass the indoor athletic rally,
where hundreds of people on the bleachers
are cheering on The Amazing Fighting Owls,
with their signature battle cry, "woot, woot."
This is a very theatrical presentation,
which surprises me:
just one guy surrounded on all four sides
by his audience,
very stark lighting, but no props or team images.
Maybe I should attend this?
Everybody seems to be here.
Nah, moving on.

* * * *

Now there's more people milling around
in the hallway, beyond the rally, and I take off
my pinstriped Oxford shirt, since I'm, well,
really tired of it. I pitch it into a small trash bin.
I'm more comfortable in my navy T, which is
more informal, and a nice fit.
But should I get that dress shirt back?
Yeah, I guess so.
I dig through the garbage, but it's not there.
Just lots of tawny plastic grocery bags.
The official-looking guy notices all this,
and gestures toward a rack of shirts
hanging from a steel rod.
My old shirt's not there, but there is
a pretty cool ethno-urban party shirt,
thick scratchy cotton, fun shapes, great colors:
hunter, lapis lazuli, magenta, tangelo.
I put that on.

* * * *

Walking on, to the room where my little
presentation
will take place,
I want to make sure I can start setting up
equipment and stuff.
That room has some people rehearsing,
sitting around on really tiny, sharp looking
aluminum stools, no more than folds of the
metal.

In the next room, everybody
in the ensemble—almost everybody,
is there, warming up.
This is 'Cafe Molesta', the hot new group
of avant-gardists that formed here
after I left, and of course, they've
really blossomed without me.

Dick R. is on his Kyma, adjusting dials,
the other two members of the band
introduce themselves to me, and yes,
I should have remembered their names,
(Alexander? Thad-something?).

A guest artist, Paul Sciot, is preparing
his work, 36 small black leather bags
on a dark blue and purple cardboard box,
with rectangular holes,
very orderly, in a grid,
cut in the box to hold the little bags.
This work is called "The 36" and examines
our favorite expletives through stunning
tiny photos of trash and junk in alleys,
with Paul in each photo, pointing stuff out.

Alexander's piece is a set of robotic mannequin
legs
mounted on a lucite human trunk of
indeterminable gender:
a stunning, transparent ass.
He's somehow inside the legs,

or in a bigger control-box beyond the legs,
and he makes them walk and strut.
(They wear very fashionable high-heel boots).
"The amazing thing is how fast he goes!
And how accurate!" says Thad, obviously
really proud of this achievement.

Next, I watch Thad prepare his own work,
which is more conventional: a set of
modern dancers, all dressed in white and yellow,
performing to a typical modernist electronic
score,
like *poém électronique* but with a more edgy,
digital flavor.
Not very interesting really,
and the performance is not damaged
when I trip over a power cord and
temporarily unplug everything.

* * * *

Backstage now, in the rehearsal area
before our main performance begins.
Apparently, I'm going to perform
as a stand-in for the star of 'Cafe Molesta',
the mercurial diva Drew G.,
who would probably be super angry
if he knew I'd be replacing him for this show.
But he's not here,
and the show must go on.

12.viii.11
People don't like me.
It's OK, really.
Like in the small sideroom
with the stacks of rolled-up
wall maps.
What is this, Sunday School?
The one woman in the back
of the room
definitely does not like me.

I guess I'll try my luck
in the House of No Aging.
There are weird, acrid
chemical smells here,
and small open glass bottles
of different colored liquids
standing everywhere.

"We use the chemicals,
and we use organics, too,
mostly in the food we eat," explains
the HeadDood, who's showing us
around.

"Look at Lady over there—she's
like, Lady, how old are you?"

"I'm Sixty-Nine" she says.

"She doesn't look a day over Fifty-Two,"
says HeadDood.

True enough, she does
look ten or fifteen years younger
than she is, but she's
tense, and delicate wrinkles
suggest a dense, inchoate meanness.

* * * * *

On to the next amusement:
It's a concert of the current great DJs,
a huge production,
gotta've cost millions!
Super fancy light show,
all the DJs are in matching
superhero / toxic-cleanup jumpsuits.
Bright yellows, red accessories,
the stage exploding with
green lasers, smoke, strobes,
live visuals, mapping.
Really well done.
Almost not tacky.

To the front of the stage

waddles the star,
DJ Amy Zeppelin,
who has gone for the
radical body surgery that's
in fashion now.
She's sorta chopped off
at the waist, which sprouts two
big clownshoes where her hips should be.
She's about three feet tall,

With her distinctive extended nose
that's almost like a toucan's beak,
its point attached to the underside
of her chin,
She is pretty
in a Deformed-American-Gurl-Next-Door way,
longish brown hair she
brushes out of her face
as she smiles so slightly
to the crowd. Tons of confidence
in that look!
And it's no surprise
she possesses the mad skillz
at the turntable rig.
She's accompanied
by two PriceCheckers™
who point their price-checking guns
at various materials—the metal
casing of the equipment, wires,
wood stands, human flesh—and
sample molecular structures.
This data is then converted
to timbral shifts of the rhythmic elements
in the mix.
Brilliant technology!
The announcer reminds us:
" . . . and remember,
these are the young people
who bag your groceries!"

DJ Amy trooly rox da house!

* * * *

Before or after the show,
I'm driving near SanFran,
but I've entered a SpinAbout™.
You've seen them before:
small white circular racetracks
on exits off the main highway
where those with the RoadRage™
can race for a while and work off
some of that temporary madness.
The walls of the SpinAbout™ are almost
vertical, because the cars go so fast
around them, you know, the centrifugal
force pinning them to the racetrack walls.

I'm trying to exit, although I don't really
have any rage right now.
It's hard because other cars,
trucks and vans,
are trying to pull on.
I pull over and watch the conclusion
of a rage contest.
The two contestants
get out of their vehicles
(a trashy GTO and a monster truck).
They stand in front of me,
and I expect to see firearms drawn any moment
now.
Instead, each guy starts
his own little dance,
a combination of cell-phone gestures,
sign language, and facial gymnastics
as they text each other and their lawyers
on augmented reality screens that float
before their field of vision, which we don't see.
We only see them hand-swiping and spelling,
(they've agreed on a rematch outside Boston)
mouthing insults and throwing signs.
The language of anger.

2.ix.11

These new games you're expected to play:
they're dangerous, but, yeah,
they do get the adrenaline pumpin'
through those rusty veins of yours.

The most popular one,
Flooded Library,
has you jumping
from one precarious stack of books
to another, until you reach
one of several main platforms.
There are alligators swimming around,
so you don't want to fall off the books.

I think it's Amandananda who figures out
you can just kick down some of the book-
boundaries
at the lower level, and
I discover you don't have to progress
through the levels in order:
you can jump fairly quickly
to one of the higher levels,
and hang out there for a while.
Between the two of us,
we've pretty much conquered this game.

* * * * *

The next game is more subtle,
and a little sinister.
While the basic premise is clear enough
(one is to progress via elevator from basement
to each of the three other floors,
each representing a stage of film production—
shooting,
editing, and regret),
it is never clear if you've actually progressed
to the next floor or activity,
due to the extreme ambiguity of physical objects,

space, and time, which is further
compounded
by personal memories,
painful realizations,
and disappointing insights
into the lives of your fellow creatures.

So, there is a hazy mesh of partial objects,
people, and places,
continually clouding and intruding
on your journey through the game.
There is a bit of clarity, however,
as you arrive just in time,
as the main lobby doors are being closed,
on the latest production of *Titus Andronicus*,
and you have to crawl around the stage a while,
in the lavish drawing-room, since this is
a 19th-century setting
of the Roman drama.

Lucky for you, you've managed
to crawl off the stage,
into the day-care room,
where you can watch the production
on a TV screen, along with
a bunch of noisy smelly kids.

During intermission, you make it back
to the greenroom, and bump into
Nancy Cookie, who's been in a bad
car accident, "Going way over the speed
limit, crazy girl!" according to Shelia B.
They're both in pretty spring dresses,
attending this afternoon play with bare
shoulders,
but Nancy still has tubes in her nose,
some apparatus holding her neck
and right arm in place,
and she's rolling an IV drip on a stand
as she walks toward you.
You want to ask them if they like

the music for the play
(because it's the score you wrote),
but you hear one of the fanfares
announcing the beginning of the second act,
and leave their company, running away, saying,
"Hey, that's my music!"

* * * * *

Those are the sort of intrusions you hafta deal
with
in this gaming world,
which might be called, "*Attack on Elves*",
although you haven't seen any elves.

You have been drifting toward some display
tables
announcing the annual Corn/Sex Festival,
the signage proclaiming, "They are our two best
crops!"

But this is all a little too much for you.
You lay down on the floor,
and curl up into a shape resembling human
trash.

Your perky friend walks up to you, kicking you
not so gently, but not too viciously, either:

"Hey, have you forgotten
your Five Principles of Meanness?
One - be mean!
Two - oh, yeah, be real mean!
Three - did I mention you need to be more
mean?
And the other two!"

4.ix.11

Protodreemic Fragments

1) In outer space:
on the space station
things go wrong.

Dood needs explosive charges to move around,
some risk to life.

2) In the store,
I pick up lots of stuff being thrown out,
mostly by one of the clerks.
He throws out lots of plastic tape,
but then has a whole CPU on a cart he just gives
us.
I'm overwhelmed by his generosity,
but wife says nothing,
and is not going to change her bad online review
of the place or the service.

3) I'm just hanging out on the stairway, naked,
but looking reasonably good.
I thought someone might walk by,
but no.

4) And remember,
our ornate buzzard-cat
turning the witch into first, a zombie,
then a ghost, then, "an engaged lion-hunter"
who appears in deepest Afrika,
only to be chased
by mechanical elephants
(*elephant/lion/robots, get it? Ker!!*).

5) You might also mention
the commercial venues
occupied by all these
images and characters—places
you might inhabit were you to be
looking for a place to hang out
in the presence of food,
and possibly drink,
on a Sunday evening,
and of course you despise Applebee's
because it could give you everything you want,
so there.
This would be in ExBurbia, Georgia.

6.ix.11

Protodreemic Fragments

1) Large soft drink company
pays you \$91K
to never impersonate michaelJackson on stage
(you weren't really planning to do that anyway),
also offers same amount to chinese guy
so his young daughter won't do the same.

2) Looking at the bleeding fruit trees
in the basement,
noticing a few lizards,
then two big alligators,
so we get out of there,
and then they're coming up the stairs,
and the door at the top of the stairs does not
quite lock!

3) Working on the space station is cool.
You can walk on floor, wall, or ceiling.
You always feel slightly buzzed from zero-G.
You can get on the spinnny things
that aim at the sun (solar panel thingys),
if you want some extra
amusement-park-roller-coaster
style excitement.

4) And finally,
you're in the canal district of the city
(cross between Venice and NYC),
so you watch bungee jumping
construction workers jump off
the building they're working on
and just graze the surface of the water.
Real showmen.
And fat pig-penguin man, the manager,
gets in a clear plastic bubble
just a little bigger than his body,
with his head sticking out on top,

and he's able to just skim across the water, really fast.

I do this too,
although my craft is a little smaller.
And then, I get a bug in one eye,
and I hafta attend to that,
and now my glasses are fogging up,
so I really can't be skimmin' across the water.
I hear on the radio that Prezident Rice
has rejected the NEA's recommendation
for Music Theorist of the Year!
That's a big surprise (yawn).

7.ix.11

Protodreemics:

1) Scott P. shows me
his award
from a Taiwan festival.
It's for his screwball
romantic comedy
shot in '30's or '40's style,
and features the harold dude
in déjà vu house
in Manhattaniztan.

2) Kit P. and I conversing,
but he only speaks in code
and abbreviations
about my 'woman notations'
whatever that is.

14.ix.11

Protodreemic Fragments

1) Partaking of the sacrament
of the holy cracker.

2) The mixing of many forms,
by following that other path on the
amusement park rollercoaster ride.

3) "You may experience
a reticence in dealing with the world,
you may become only slightly more weary,
you may have less attention to so many things,
but not loud, sustained pitches,
like the blast of a foghorn,
or almost any C-Sharp."
— *Disclaimer Statement
for DreemDrug™*

24.ix.11

"Always go forward,
never go back."
That's the sentiment
one sniffs from the patchouli
and cedarwood and eucalyptus
in this upscale
hippie shopping mall,
progress just oozing from
the tar gluing the logs together.
I'm hanging out with T. again,
'tho it's been, like, years.
She tells me of her work
in social concerns, among the poor,
the dispossessed of spirit or money
or mind, but mostly of money.
"That's too real for me,
And the real is so ephemeral," I say.
I tell her I prefer to work with metaphors.
"Metaphors are forever."

Still, we spend some time in the coffeehaus,
mostly looking around,
watching the multi-screen film walls
as they recount the latest
contemporary concentration camp thriller,
the brave young men in bright orange and blue
polyester windbreakers
who have figured out how to lay down
beside the train tracks as it pulls in the station,

and this somehow ensures their escape,
but the happy dog one of them has
has gotten stuck and is about to get crushed.
(In one version he does, in another version,
he manages to wiggle free just in time.
You pick which version you want to watch,
or move down the wall
to something else that distracts you.)

We're about to leave the coffeehaus
when two Irish mafia doods land
next to us, having fallen from the skies.
They speak with thick accents I identify
as being from Boston, which they appreciate.
So we move on, and leave them to
whatever business they're about to do,
to the next store.

This is an art gallery/boutique/mini-mall-
within-a-mini-mall. We pass a dozen young
artists
each painting in a recognizable style,
most notably the young man's African Identity
Series,
screening multiple images,
dripping with deep blues and rage.
I'm about to tell T. there's probably a gallery like
this
in a mall like this in every mid-sized city in the
country,
filled with artists painting in exactly the same
styles,
but she's going to be spending some time now
getting a chocolate spa treatment.
I'll get a latte while she does that.

5.x.11

It's good to drift into other worlds sometimes,
yes?

My current predelictions
include the bang-float-bang-float

trigger (that would be literal)
and the big top/big interior area
where you play the E-horn
with a superlong bocal! (not so literal)

Your dysFunkshunul Frend
has been demanding more and more
(and more!)

attention lately.

No one really knows he's your frend,
although some may suspect,
but they don't say anything to you
(*Bekuz dey R duh Troo Frenz™*).

He says:

"So, what? Am I, like, bad for you?

Do you become the Bad with me?

What is it? Some cultural or
historical thingy?"

I hold him close and stroke his hed.

All is forever,

and always,

unresolved . . .

(All this time,

Blake has been doing

those wack drawings!

He's gonna get so much

attention for those! Bastard!)

So, I resume: Bang, Float, Bang, Float.

I still get overflow errors.

What's up wid dat?

OK, figured it out.

All is well.

Frend ax me 4

4 quarters for a dollah,

so he can fill his selFone

and call sumbuddy,

I give him dat, and
he doesn't give me duhbill!
Sukah . . . me!

Revenge
is a superlong and supereffemerul
process.
R • U • in?

The End.

[67]

11.x.11
As the tower is collapsing,
and everybody runs out,
Little Fairy Voice says,
"Look at the ground!
Look at what's falling on the ground"
and by this she doesn't
mean the iconic,
majestic (some would say)
tower, but rather
the bright yellow
flakes of what seemstabee
like, snow,
but as Dancer Gurl discovers,
you can ignite the stuff
and it sputters and burns.

You can also
make the shape
with your hands
like you're holding a
cantalope and the magik
will form between the palms,
and you shape it
with your thoughts,
and then you can throw it at people and stuff
and, well, interesting things happen.

Hey, we might even be able
to get the remains of that tower
back up and together again—
it would just take a team effort, is all.

All this after the lesson learned
about outsourcing scholarship to
an arab expert,
which is what I should have done
rather than try to do it myself,
and that's what upset Sky
and also St. Theresa,
who's dressed modern,
and even strokes my crotch
as she tells me this.

This all occurred after the kitchen disaster
where the nearby toilet,
overflowing,
presented us with much material
that exemplifies
the human condition.
Glad I didn't hafta
clean up that mess.

15-16.x.11

Bookends from other eras, entirely
might help make this more, palatable,
maybe not.
But, something about the conceptual purity of
Warhol's screentests
and the, oh, I don't know anymore—
zeitgeisteriffikness of *Abbey Road*
(to say nothing, of, let's say,
an assist or two from
Debussy, or the Assyro-Babylonians,
or maybe even shark dood man—what's
his bull-fuckin' name?
—Hemmingway.—
can help me appreciate, maybe,
a little more,

how the small race of humans persists:

Case One

Darci Norman, asks me, perhaps,
To—dinner?
She's a friend of DD's
I want to tell her how
annoying she is sometimes
but I think better of it.

Darci is dressed in the *noir*-garb
of the truly displaced in aesthetic space and
time.

*(Note: Stilettos, fishnet stockings, a very
revealing and enticing top.*

*Bah. I am only
severely . . . lost.)*

Time is a river,
or at least a big muddy road.
Going with the flow
actually brings you back in time,
because you're heading to OldCampus.
It's foggy/rainy and wet/damp.
This mud flows slowly,
but its pull is unrelenting,
and you would be well advised
to avoid challenging it.
I'm just sayin'.
Time is this river.

But before that, crossing
the C-Era Maude-Rays,
we're watching the train
being powered by
dozens of buffalo herds
and lots of cowboys on
horses
also pulling the weight
but also guiding the buffalos.
Is this not neat?

This bookending of experience
is not always so clean, effortless, painless.
Sometimes it's just awful!
Sometimes it involves loved ones
being in a car-crash,
dying, and a tear dripping
from their eye, wishing,
"Dang, I wish I wasn't
dying in just this way, just now",
but, too late.
That's not so hot.

Sometimes, bookending
involves those who you don't know so well,
and they are in a position to
discredit, disempower, or destroy
you.
What do you do,
do you just stand there,
or do you at least try
to hit them?
I'd go with hitting them.

17.x.11

Multipurpose building
with very restrained, modern design
has a chicken yard attached to the patio.
I'm coming in from the yard
cleaning off my shoes.
The chickens are first really big,
then their lower body becomes
human, then their torsos,
then the heads, until
it's just a bunch of people
in the yard acting like chickens.

"We missed your circus," says RoseMa,
"One kid said, 'We drove like a half hour,
for nothing?'
"Another one called you out

as a member of one of the Lesser Groups,
and got much bigoted response from members
of the Greater Group."

Yeah, I feel bad about that, but what could I do?
Next time, I need to be more careful
when I tell someone I'm giving a circus.

* * * *

I'm back at the school building,
late, but hopefully that shouldn't matter
because I have the poster, rolled up, under arm.
I give it to one of the admin women, but
now it's all torn up!
Snotty 9-year-old boy looks at the shreds of
paper and foam core, "That doesn't look too
good, Jody!"
I really want to punch him in the face,
probably not a good idea,
with my peers watching this.

And now I'm really, really late!

* * * *

Back now, in the cool part of town
at night, past cafes and bars with neon in the
windows
to the old, renovated church,
through those thick heavy doors
but now with a smooth high-tech locking
mechanism.

This is the backstage of the theatre,
and I'm getting ready to play the part of
'Dinosaur'
in this obscure play—but recently written.
On the monitor, there's an image
from that commercial where the woman taking
whatever medication is being advertised

has a hairdo that's completely box-shaped.

I push past the stage hands and actors
discussing who arranges their vacation and travel
and move past the library,
where one girl is studying how to do a
convincing zombie,
mimicking the woman on the flatscreen on the
wall.

Lots of props here for all those horror films:
big orange pails filled with rubber intestines and
viscera.

19.x.11

Avoiding the springworms —
they're all over the sidewalk,
where I'm driving— they sometimes
resemble cucumbery vegetables.
Driving a skateboard or some other
makeshift vehicle that leaves me about
six inches above the pavement:
I drive by holding two sticks
and pushing the road away from me
like I'm skiing.

I don't know where this road is going,
neither does Sister (she's following me).
There have been reports
of congested traffic ahead.

* * * * *

Lady Madonna asks me to produce
her next recording. "Oh, great!"
I think, "Another collaboration from hell!"
But she's evanescent, and at times
evaporates, leaving behind
a pile of clothes.
Finally, she becomes
a big orange cat that
plays acoustic guitar
(plucking the strings with her paws,

sometimes licking the strings instead
of strumming)
all while singing a Joni Mitchell song.
Now, that's talent!
I'm such a loozer by that standard!

* * * * *

A meeting again. Am I dressed OK?
I'm in dirty jeans, sneakers,
and an unbuttoned white oxford
over a black dickie.
Neil thinks it's ok, except for the cuffs
of my jeans, fairly caked in mud.
I sit at the table, and decide to change
on the spot into a sporty t-shirt.
Now, the dickie—should I wear that?
I catch a glimpse of myself in some nearby
reflective surface.
Is that me?
I'm younger, blond, and the wrong gender.
The dickie now looks like an athletic supporter
wrapped
around my neck. That will not do.
OK, now on to the buffet on the next table.

* * * * *

Watching this historical drama unfold
is unsettling, because it's a firing squad.
Each member of the squad is almost balletic
in his choreography, as the commander
gives the orders to fire.
These guys are French, or British.
Maybe Prussian.
The guns crack open the silence
and puffs of white smoke hang in the air.
Bodies crumble.
Another bunch of very muscular men
are led out to the courtyard, bare chested,
from all nationalities and races.

They kiss each other on their elbows
as is the custom for big brawny men
about to die.

[68]

24.x.11

DreemikPhragz™

I don't know what to do with this information:

We drive down the long boulevard,
and I stop, or not, at intersections
because there are always
a well-regarded multiplicity of stoplights,
and they all say different things.
I even scrape against some sign
at one cross-street.
Should I maybe report it
to the cops?
I drive on.

And now we're back
in the TV studio,
and I'm expected to
update my show
with the contents
of the big box
on wheels.
But, remember?
We're in the stairwell
and all those openings
are fenced off.
The two snarlies
are going at it—they are cats,
they fight and jump into my arms
for a moment, then leap away
for more fighting.

And then, all us guys
are gathering around

the family sedan
(it's hyper-pink, or perhaps
plum, really pretty!)
with the ambiguous family in it.
We are all dressed in long coats
and second-hand coats.
I'm in, like, a fighter-pilot coat
from *WErldWAr 2wo*™. It makes me
more military-looking than I'm
comfortable with.
The other guys, well, I can tell
the age of each of the coats,
especially the fuzzy lime-green ones.
That was in style a few years ago.
And by 'few years' I mean, like forty.
More like seventy now—you've lost track
of thirty years.
Those years are lost.

Anyway, the ambiguous family in the sedan?
They're all pretty young, but I can't tell
who's the parents and who's the children,
and 'Kimmy' seems to be the father,
because he's hitting on Marge, the woman next
to me,
he's got dark rimmed glasses,
laughing with a mouthful of big teeth,
but no, he's one of his daughters
in third grade, like Marge.

What would you do with this information?

28.x.11
Semi-Edited Dreemz™
(like that semi-sweet chokolut?
Do you remember that?
That stuff is preddy potent!
Better stay away
from preecher's kidz widdat!)

I am home, and

Dan and I explore
the border-lands:
dioramas of Cowboys'n'Indians
made by Our Native American Cousins.
The presentations are broad, tall, sweeping
landscapes, the same ones
Ford stole for his films,
but different, more modular,
but not quite of the Roadrunner/Wiley KayHoté
brand of surrealism.

It's suddenly night,
and I am one of
three solitary figures
in three pools of light
as soft *noir* snow falls.

The indoor beach
is very well crafted, leading to
sandy hills, much like at HiltonBeechHed
or St. Georgia's Isle
and I walk toward the elevators,
along this interior coastline
finding my way around
new water-ways
to follow the one girl
inside, up a few floors,
to an attic, three more women
in neon yellow, orange, and lime green
jumpsuits,
and lesbianalities ensue!
I do get along with the other dood,
who's there taking snapshots.

29.x.11

Two sets of journeys:
one forward, one up
each presenting its own
special challenge,
and rewarding the journey-man/woman

in its own peculiar way.

Going forward:

Driving on The Road
toward home, going south,
we see them release
dozens of silver balloons,
little floaty reflecting globes,
and that draws my attention
to the two or three airships
in the sky, just hovering,
so people in them can
wave to us, below.

It's a carnival, as you now walk
toward my house.
I live just on the other side
of the carnival wall,
but to get there,
you need to hang out
and enjoy this little city
built for your entertainment
just north of my house.

There's multiple street-parties going on.
You can wander in and out
of stores and restaurants,
and in the fine clothing store
run by the three maidens
you could very easily shop-lift
an ornate hand-mirror,
but, no, you put it down.
Two of the three maidens
have biker boyfriends attending them.

Next, you watch a petty assassination take place
as one of the restaurant-lords
is ambushed by wait-staff of one of the
other competing restaurants.
They pull out knives, cut him,
and spray gunfire all around.

I'm amused at the irony of
being in the wrong place at the wrong time,
and so very close to home.

Going Up:
KitKat and I and
Jackie and her older syster
(and I can never pronounce the
older syster's name, plus it
changes all the time)
must navigate through
the hidden passage in the ceiling
of the utility room, to
arrive in the utility room
of the next floor, a different
apartment, a different
use of the utility room.
(and repeating the procedure
to move upward, floor by floor).
So much work—
did they forget to put
stairs in this building?
Guess so.

On each floor,
we must first clear away
stored junk to find the passage way,
and then we have to make sure we
rearrange the junk behind us as we
ascend:

First floor—plumbing materials, pipes,
wrenches, and KitKat decides to take a bubble
bath,
His flesh is fatty, pink.
"We need to get moving!" says Jackie.
KitKat tries to call Jackie by her syster's name,
but doesn't quite get it right.
"Look at my FACE!" she says, pretty pissed.
"Ahem, that's Jackie" I remind our fat friend,
toweling off.

Second floor—delicate housewares, requiring special handling
and a brief excursion by the four of us in jeep down grassy lane, a bumpy ride due to the thickness of the grass, and Magic Girl in a long blue dress riding toward us on a unicorn, but she's bucked off, falls flat on her face in the grass, and the unicorn's horn fades away: he's just a big pony.
We find the passage, and pack dishes and kitchen items behind us
On to the

Third floor—more packing and unpacking, KitKat always goes first, I follow, This is Photographer Phil's apartment, and I'm careful when handling his tiny cookie-sized camera covered in baby-blue frosting, but just enough scraped away for the viewfinder and flash, but as I look at it, of course it snaps a picture of me.
Now he'll know we were here!

As we arrive on the Fourth floor, I decide I should go first through the passage, but it's a small, shaky cupboard, and as I enter it, I upset a few very carefully arranged place settings involving rare Oriental eggs in specialty egg-holders.
The woman who's apartment this is is rightfully annoyed, although she has some extra eggs
"Well, throw those away that you ruined.

We might as well show you what's really good,"
she says,
and we all sit down to a nice breakfast
prepared by her cook.
Scrambled eggs.

30.x.11

First, the war is going on outside.
Inside, I offer a chair to Mystery Girl, and
after she bathes and puts on
wet clothes, she sits beside me.
She doesn't talk much.

We both, however,
overhear
the young mother bathing her child
"You are sewage!" she tells him.
That can't be too good
for his self-esteem.

The Women's Militia
has come in now,
and need a quick sex-break.
I offer my humble services
to four of them.
War is hell.

* * * * *

Sometimes, I remember
horrible things I've done
with such clarity, that
it stops me cold.
Like, how I was able to
bury that entire woman's body (or was it
just her hand and forearm,
the hand wearing a ring
of some significance?)
right under the old state capitol building
on campus!
And apparently I've gotten away with that

all these years!
(* * *shudders* * *)

* * * * *

Also, on the same campus,
wandering up to the second floor
of the ancient commons
because they're filming on
the ground floor.

There's a bunch of dogs here,
and they might be friendly,
or they might bite.

They bite.

I leave, and forget why
I went there in the first place.

Up to the third floor,
there are human mannequins
posing as The Famous lowans:
Some pilot dood, a ball-player,
maybe a scientist or two.

I'm suddenly right next to one
of the paintings, on a little ledge,
not sure how I got there,
and the museum staff
very upset at me!

"You better not break anything," the guy says.

And you know he's not going to help me
get down, or move
any of the fine glass
(candle-holders?)
out of the way.

What a jerk!

After I get down, I help one of the artists
remove styrofoam pasted to her forehead and
eyelids
because she was also playing the part
of one of the Famous lowans,

probably a spooky ghost,
maybe a mime.
It's difficult work, and leaves
welts and bumps on her skin.

* * * * *

Traveling to Centre City
with RoLénèAnne:
I can't believe I didn't Google directions
to get there, and now we're lost,
so we stop in at this
Buddhist/Baptist church service,
and while she's now helping with the service,
lighting candles or chanting something,
I'm asking directions.
I want to go back out to the car
and wait for her, but I'm stuck in the procession
of big-headed Kabuki characters in funny little
cars
queueing up to the drive-through
ATM/absolution booth.
I'm not getting anywhere.

1.xi.11
Do you remember being
in South Vietnam?
You were there, you know.
A whole bunch of fratboys there,
like it's spring break in a warzone.
You tried to buy lunch
with the wrong money.
That was a hoot!

Do you remember
the festival? Or was it
a short musical passage?
Yes, it was a short
musical passage.

The pen-ultimate part

I know you forgot.
That's just bad.

Do you remember?
It was first that note
from the girl who
didn't want you to kiss her,
talking about how you need
to dye your hair more,
and there's a more cryptic
part of her note, something
about Kellean.
You don't even know this Kellean.

2.xi.11

What begins as exercise class
evolves into a musik-related skavangerHunt
for finding particular papers
that indicate a peculiar understanding
of the vocabularies of the late twentieth-century,
in the realm of musik.

OK, so now you are driving this truck
with three strangers
past the druglord's
homecoming,
military ambush,
police ambush—one's about to happen:
watchit!

These police are very military
and we walk past their camp,
past shower facilities in tents, shewing
naked examples of both sexes,
to where we've parked our cars
BlondGal says we should all go out now for
dinner.

"My treat!" she says.
So we do.

* * * * *

We're working on a musical.
a magical-realism musical
because A. is in her hospital bed
recovering from her surgery
where she had to have the ends
of her ribs filed down so they
wouldn't be so pointy.
You can still see them sticking out
from her torso, and the bandages
and dressing only partly conceal
the emerging bone.

The magical realism part
wanders into ritual, or voodoo,
or the darker arts,
and I go to the little indoor wooden shed
or maybe it's more of a walk-in humidor
but more decorative than functional.
While I wait a moment for someone to join me,
I actually pray, an actual prayer,
in the traditional tradition, "because I live
amidst uncertainty," I tell myself.
I'm spinning around, or the room is spinning
around, so I know it's working!

When the prayer is over,
Two of the minor saints
(and don't ask me which ones they were:
neither one gave me his or her card,
and I am a complete innocent of
the art of Katholosizm)
drip wax from a candle on my forehead.
The pain is exquisite and brief,
betokening a true revelatory act.

I return to my friends and suspect we can
get back to writing that musical.
"Your forehed looks hurt" says My Frend™ Saint
Paul.
He's got a mirror, but I decide not to look.

The musical is on hold for a while
since the mean doods have arrived
and hold us hostage, threatening us.
One of them presses a metal rod to
one guy's throat and says, "You must be
choking!".

They're trying to get information
out of the girl by offing us, one by one.
She's stubborn, and doesn't talk,
so it doesn't look good for us.
They already shot the one other guy.
T and I run upstairs, followed by
ChunkyGal.
The two of us can fit through the dresser-drawer
portal to a different dimension, where
we spiral down, clutching each other
(and this is one of those dimensions
where our genitalia are intertwined
but completely separate from us
in a little lucite sphere)
but Chunky can't get into the dresser.
They'll be after her soon.

4.xi.11
While it appears to be
a gemstone exhibition
I know there's a live sexshow
going on—I just can't see it.

* * * *

Since we're all gathered on the roof
for this particular meeting
the actor hired by upper management
to dress up like Ben Franklin
and impart to us
lessons of personal responsibility
arrives via the plank leading to our roof
from the roof next door.

It turns out Ben Franklin
instead, warns us of
the impending gangsterization
and Nazification
of Korporate Amerika.
He's railing so hard against it
that we all know he's really for it,
and sent to sniff out
the truly rabid among us.
I keep my mouth shut.

Dawn, however, sneaks away
with Ben, who's now taken off
his costume, and looks pretty normal.
No, actually pretty handsome.
He wants a cappuccino,
I ask my KoWorkers if anyone in the kitchen
really knows how to make one properly,
or do I need to make it for him?
I let it go. Ben gets whatever they make.
But I do clean up after our little party
and find Dawn and Ben
getting real cozy.
Again, I let it go.

What's that pinching my butt?
Oh, right: it's those animatronic hands—they're
everywhere!—that supervisors and above
now use for remote sexual harassment.

10.xi.11

"What's your universalist approach
to universal universalism?" she asks.

"It's, uhm, universal?"

"Name a video alum."

"You mean, someone who
started out on YooToob and
went on to music, celebrity, or movies?"

"Yes, and they're all from either

Memphis or Eastern Europe or Wales."
"Uh, Justin Bieber?"
"He's actually from Canada, but OK."

Yay, two for two—I can pass!

* * * * *

Later, Tabulz-hav-Turnd, or whatev:
"You know, the Va-Hee-na
Is the tuffest, most durable
muscle, next to dah Hyooman Hart!"
("It's not really a muscle,
more of a tissue," she says, parenthetically.)

11.xi.11

Isn't it wonderful that SkooBEE-Dooue
(rhymes with 'libido', 'nigredo', or 'rubedo')
has invited us to watch him do his
research?
Resplendent in his labcoat,
he uses great care
in pulling his frozen, radioactive
slender metal tubes
from the ground,
where they've been,
deprofundisly resting a mile or so
below the surface.

Ok, now time to go to the
partyWedding,

The brass band plays "StarSpangBan"
with tuba interrupting not quite
at the end of each phrase,
asymmetrically,
in melismatic interstitial statements
with the amp turned way up,
so it becomes distorted
both sonically and aesthetically
into a weirdly retro-populist

reenactment of *Jimmi's Phaemus*
Woodstok Moment[™].

I hold the wings of a butterfly together,
like closing a book,
but the butterfly struggles against this
and one wing breaks.
Why did it have to struggle?

END OF PART II

PART III

[69]

16.xi.11

There are times life
resembles a video game.
Endless levels of flying around
the warehouse/store, shooting
the bad guys,
then flying to the ritzy high-rise hotel,
pausing only briefly with friends
in the penthouse-bar,
to watch the video of
the collapse of this very building.

Then more shooting, flying,
into f-Stop FitzGerald's palatial residence,
room after empty room,
finally finding f-Stop and kids in
the pool beside the dining room.
I bop him on the head as I fly past.
He jumps out of the pool, grabs
his gun, starts shooting.
I'm out the window by then.

Funny how the evening began
amiably enough, in the store,
some sort of employee's party.
Then, f-Stop spots me, picks up
a chair to throw at me.
I guess that's when events
started to get out of hand,
and the flying began.

27.xi.11

Well, I'm amazed this
little animation is such a hit
with all the people at the
civic festival
(considering the night before,
the losing of most of my teeth,

and me leaving the apartment door
basically unlocked, and
returning to find
the apartment completely empty—
those were not good feelings).

The festival is really well-run,
and everybody seemstabee
having a good time.
And my animation is a hit!

It's pretty sophisticated—
a brief history of Dada/Surrealism
and Beyond, lots of
rolled-paper figures
turning into birdcages,
airplanes dropping
singing Lego® bricks,
a portico of bones
that rise to form
the obligatory dancing skeletons,
all in a 1930's Ub Iwerks
or Fritz Freleng
very bouncy style of animation,
everything is jelly.
Fun stuff—I can't believe I made this!

Driving to the festival
in the back of Rusty JohnsField's 18-wheeler,
we do run into trouble
as another truck runs over
and crushes our auxiliary pick-up
(a red F-150 that is run, RC,
alongside the main truck,
in case we need it to pull the trailer).
So, that needsta get worked out.

But back at the show,
everybody's pleased, even
grumpy OnkelRay, who usually
doesn't even watch my films,

since he's ded and all.

30.xi.11

Ninja Girls

are hangin' out in their
upstairs apartment.
The doods from the Agency
are at the bottom of the stairs,
and about to come up.

"See, they've rigged all
their usual traps," says the one
Main Dood.

"Like, watch this:".

He goes up a couple of steps
and gets sliced into
or turned into
a springy Japanese lantern
held together by string.
"See?" he says "these gals
can't be showin' up the Agency
like that."

So, they're going to proceed up
to the apartment and fight it out
with the Ninja Girls.

As I enter the apartment,
one of the Ninja Girls is
cleaning off her sword.
Looks like there already was
some kind of battle here.
Were they fighting among themselves?
One of the lesser Agency doods
is approaching two of the
Ninja Girl handlers,
but all they do is look at themselves
in mirrors, and touch the mirrors
where they pantomime striking someone.
Very deliberate, slow motion.

But, now I need to console
one of the Ninja Girls (the blonde one)
for doing poorly on her test.
She shows me the paper,
Red marks everywhere, the final grade, "F
Minus",
and the test was printed
on the back of a cartoon I drew
a few years ago, a
Kroosuh Fikshun scene featuring
the Three Used Car Salesmen
each hanging on a cross.

Seeing a bug skitling across the floor,
I tell her, "Well, remember, Amy,
The Object Lesson of The Bug."
"OK, and what's that?", she asks.
And then I blank, and can't remember
The Object Lesson of The Bug.

4.xii.11

You're considered anti-Phambly
if you don't drive a Phambly-car.
This is the latest brilliant marketing
from DeTroy't or wherever they're made:
You drive from the back seat,
and the front seat is turned so
your Phambly can face you,
and you have to constantly
". . . look past them to drive,
but in this way shall you
always be reminded
of your Phambly Values."—
That's how the catchy jingle goes.
Murder, divorce, and accident rates
have all skyrocketed,
but that doesn't matter.

You get out of the car
because the road to the Keys
is icy and snowy—really too

treacherous to drive it.
When you step out of the car,
it's smaller, so you can carry it
under your arm.
You're going through snowbanks,
avoiding the big trucks
that get stuck, or are spinning
and sliding.

Before the snow, a series
of mini-hurricanes, intense,
lasting thirty or forty seconds
then ded calm. Then another
one in a minute or two.

5.xii.11

How about this one about the negatives?
Photo negatives? No?

The one where . . . now I don't even remember
that one.

Cars?

Weather? No, that was night before last.

Crops not coming in. That was last night.

Yes, it had cars.

Driving for miles and miles,
and none of the crops coming in.

A disaster.

Would that work for you?

OK, fine.

8.xii.11

This Should Be Entertaining

K,

a visit to the car-rental place.

I drive in the lower level of the parking deck, but
now

they've closed off the exit,

so I need to turn around
or back up or something
to get out later.

So, while I'm down here
I go through a few—no, two—
restricted access doors,
and into another parking deck,
but all the cars here
are parked with no possible way
of getting out, ever.
One pick-up is even
painted with the same thick coats
of grey paint that
cover the interior walls of this
space.

When I do make it outside
Hed Dood tells me
how I've trespassed, and
we could really prosecute you,
and I try to explain
how I'm a big fan of this company,
the car rental company,
and it's a pretty lame defense.
But it seems to work,
as now Hed Dood is explaining to me
how all the cars I stumbled on
were 'worst case scenarios'
representing cars of owners
who, for whatever reason,
disobeyed the car rental agreement,
so they've been abandoned, stored, here.

"You know, I didn't look inside any of the cars," I
mention.

"That's *really* good!",
says Hed Dood.

10.xii.11
At My House

I'm always reminded
how great this place is!
It's spacious, but, more:
It's a smaller house within
a bigger cathedral space,
that opens up about 30 or 40 feet
of vertical air above the house,
and encases it entirely.

Now, workmen hammer
outside, on the structure,
necessary repairs, dust,
nails, bits of stone fall,
I dance around smoke
in the central living room
with its great hardwood floors
and doorway that
lets in the sun
(maybe I'll hang
colored mylar strips
in that opening?)
Dancing with kats.

* * * *

At Ability House, I enter
from a ripping party next door.
I knock, walk right in, and
the watch-cats are pretty fierce,
siamese, dressed in little geisha outfits,
green and red silk, embroidered
in gold—one bites my little finger
and goes right through the glove,
and she's not letting go!
Somehow, I shake her off.
Off to a great start!

I walk past Mrs. Ability, at her loom,
and apologize for just traipsing right in,
so late at night, and
after so many years of

not speaking to anyone in the family.

There's a party going on here, too,
in the dining area, and I make notes
to myself, and Rogen criticizes my
use of my caligraphic pen—I want
to slip away.

This is not the type of party
for me.

I'm headed to the bathrooms,
but I'm confused by all the hallways.
"See, you're in the ladies waiting
area, see the pink walls?" says HelpfulGal.
"Try the blue one, but you hafta
speak into the dummy's tie."

OK, I can do that.

At the entry to the blue hallway
is posted a butler-automaton,
dressed like the help at Versailles,
and yes, I do pick up his straight-tie
and announce myself.

I can enter, and find an empty stall, mentioning
to a couple of other guys here
that I useta work for Doctor Ability
one summer—

He flat out gave me \$400 worth
of new clothes!

Now, I walk past the closet area,
and the closet attendant (and maybe
that was my summer job long ago).
I leave through that bathroom-window
and leave the towels there, behind me.

At Maskive Longuns®
the ice-cream franchise in Little 5ive,
I'm going to get ice cream for the girls
Four cones (for Mom, Twins, and who else?).
Outside, there's some nosey dood
Dressed well enough, but going up to people,
grabbing at pockets and purses,

loud and obnoxious,
I shouldn't be annoyed by his normality.
I order the cones, but remember I have a
discount-coupon
in the car, so I should get and use that.

Trying to sneak to the car without
Dood seeing me, but he does!
I go in through the hatchback, and
make my way to the driver's seat,
but Dood is squeezing in the passenger side.
I can tell that Dood is really Multi-Jeff™, so I
push him out best I can,
and slam the door.

I back up the car, swing it around
recklessly—I'm amazed I didn't
hit anything or anyone.
I tear down the road to North,
but, you know what?
I still need to get the damn ice-cream cones!
Can I do a U-turn?
I do, in spite of the old, late-'50s white-and-
wood
chevystation Wagon screaming toward me,
passing me, up and over the hill,
must be doing a hundred.

11.xii.11

The focus here is on iCity,
where the dreems and such
like 'Soreing Hyoomun Speeruh't
are born, flourish briefly,
then decay and die:
the natural life-cycle of aspiration,
motivation, courage, even talent
in some cases.

In my uneventful visit of the town,
I walk the boulevard,
the main drag,

the side-walk paralleling the river,
checking out all the new buildings,
most of which are really new,
with paint still drying
and even a door-handle that
comes off in my hand.

The newness is soul-less,
but nobody seemsta notice.
Maybe 'cuz all the people here
are new and soul-less. Ya think?

12.xii.11

All these anxiety deepees I have to manage!
You gotta make the Eight Sandwiches,
and Bev looks on to instill
the requisite amount of time-pressure.
"They're coming over to pick'em up, now!"
The first four were pretty fast,
because I had all the ingredients lined up,
and I was just drizzling a little butter
over the bread, skimping, but
making up on the hot sauce
(probably a mistake).

Anyway, now I also hafta make sure
the table ornament is ready.
It's a miniature palm tree, about
a foot and a half tall.
I remember some long boxes
that might work for that.

And then, while I'm working with the ornament,
and fitting the boxes around,
John W. comes by to let me know
his video got cancelled—the one
I had signed on to help with—and
if we had gone with my original idea,
we'd be marching right now,
with The White Birds
(the marching band for the team)

in the big parade!
And I had wanted to be in a parade.
Always just watched them,
wanted to finally be in one!
Oh, well.
Back to the drymount press,
and re-mounting some of the
architectural drawings and stuff.
I'm doing so many things
they should get more help for me!

15.xii.11

It's a really long, big
ded bird, the kind with
the beak on the end of a
foot-long trunk, like an elephant,
you know? And I hafta
get rid of it, and another
bird piece that's been
soaking in barbeque sauce.

I try flushing all this
down the toilet,
but no, that doesn't work.
Give up.

* * * * *

Helping out a frend who's
editing this Sherlock Holmes
film. I usually know what I'm doing,
but I ask anyway, "Do you want the
explosion to happen when she says 'Bob!'"
This is not a good take—the
explosion will step all over the
actress's line.

The editing takes place
in a seminar room, that's now
filling up with people.
Somebody double-booked

this room."We better
wrap things up for now," I tell
my friend. SternWoman, who's
the program director,
shoots me a stern look.

18.xii.11

As she drives, she recounts for us
the adventures that led her to receive
seventeen counts of larceny in Nevada,
". . . so, they could extradite you back there?"
She doesn't seem concerned.
See, if I were her,
I wouldn't trust me.

That's really all I can say,
unless you want me to go
into the troubles in foreign lands,
the corporate police state here at home,
and impossible personal circumstances
that brought me here in the first place.
It's up to you.

22(23).xii.11

You seem to go through these cycles.
First, the building is full,
jammed with idiots with all their brass and
woodwinds.
(They're not all idiots,
and I know you mean 'idiot' as
a term of endearment—
as someone sweet and charming,
but a little distant perhaps
from consensus reality—the way
it's used all the time these days.)
Then the building empties
as you turn each of its four corners,
the hallways on each side enclosing
the center rooms.

Making it out to the lawn

there's a bum dressed in grey
who picks up a plastic garbage can
and smashes it into the hatchback
of the car parked there.
Is that my car?

Bum is really going at it,
breaking in the hatchback window
and all the glass on the driver's side.
He's reaching in with his big ring of keys
and trying to start the car.
Actually, more likely he's just trying
to get an imprint on a key-blank
so he can make more keys like this in the future.

I move in closer to watch him work.
Maybe I shouldn't get too close.

(You don't have a very intense involvement
with these moments.
Not like you did at the TrackMeet,
where you're dreading your performance,
but it's not a running, jumping, throwing
type of trackmeet.
You're going to be playing your
electric drill or saw
in a musical fashion.
You should be able to handle that, right?
And the gallery of pictures that line the walls
showing previous trackmeets,
DMQ is accompanying you,
They even show you in 1986,
when you were at the top of your game!
But all that is so long ago,
and you have to somehow
summon the energy and spark
and inner blast
to once again, win.)

Now, it's night,
and you're being taunted

by the beautiful young couple
(the guy especially)
because you had adjusted the pavement.
The guy is threatening legal action.
They chase me or I chase them
around the cube in the center of the town-
square.

From there, to the science lab,
and working my way into inner chambers,
being careful not to open the double-doors
with some ominous lumbering sound behind it.

Some of the rooms release the tachturons,
slender metal-tubed creatures
that rattle and klang as they
scramble up and down walls,
their pointy, curved heads
frame sinister eyes.
Best to avoid direct contact with them
fixing the clock.

27.xii.11

Did I mention I waspostameet
this guy at the New York Public Library?
And I wrote down something
completely unrelated
when I should have been
writing down his name,
or the time, or the place
in the library where I'd meet him?

So, I end up asking bunches of total strangers
if they've written music, or if they are composers
(because that's the only other thing
I know about the guy I'm spostameet).

So, of course I get a lot of little life stories
from the people I ask who maybe at one time
played an instrument, or thought about
getting into music.

I've wasted all morning, now.
It's extremely uncordial weather outside the
Library.
Palm trees swaying in the wind and rain,
their big leaves flappin'.
Surprised palms survive the cold up here!

29.xii.11

Not so funny:
I've been at this stand-up comedy
workshop all week, and
tonight we're having dinner together,
us six or eight guys from the workshop.
Brian Somebody is being celebrated
for his contribution this week,
and I applaud him, too.
Chris turns to me and discusses
what happens next, and
how I'll be center stage.
"But, I'm not funny!" I say.
I tell him I could maybe play
a sage-guru dood on a mountain,
because that would mean I wouldn't
need to move around or say anything.
That would surely kill, as
stand-up comedians say.

I try to explain this more
earnestly to him, but my
earnestness tips into anger
and suddenly I'm yelling
something about "the frickin' Brooklyn Bridge!"
and now everybody at the table
is looking at me.
That wasn't funny.
The 'angry' part was mean anger,
not funny anger.
So, not funny at all.

Later, I've calmed down.

I'm riding with DJ, who's
returning a fire-extinguisher
to the emergency doods.
She's trying to explain
why she'd prefer CPR given
by someone she knew,
a friendly neighbor
instead of the stranger,
a trained professional.
I'd still prefer the professional,
but that's just me.

31.xii.11

*Taking the Pictures Two Blocks Away,
the New Crossmas Saga Unfolding:*

I'm, I guess, about two blocks away
from the house, on a roof top that
looks more like a living-room—
couch, TV, big Nawga–Hide!™ chair,
and me, with camera and 300mm lens.
I'm surprised I have such a clear shot.

I see my friends going in and out,
leaving the door open to the kitchen
so I can shoot when The Visitor arrives.
The friends all have their masks (mostly
animals) on, so I'm not sure who's who.

Two big gals join me on the roof, but then
one leaves. I sense they are a couple,
and now they were a couple.
After the shoot, I'll get the full story.

The Visitor arrives,
it's just a guy, but he does
turn the place into a
psychedelic, animated film
and I try to capture as much of it
as I can with my camera,
which is at times a little

unresponsive and hesitant.

So, after he leaves,
I make my way to street level,
and cross the empty freeway,
under an overpass.
I need to get back to the roof,
however, and now there's
perfectly spaced bunches
of fast cars for me to dodge.

* * * * *

Earlier, the Two Girls:

Earlier, the two girls—sisters, ten or eleven—
have
published their book of stories
or poems.
Their parents, though very much alive,
already have their tombstone bought,
and installed in the cemetery.
More of a huge, flat grave marker,
than tombstone—about
five feet by ten feet,
big enough for the whole family!

On the mother's side, it says she was,
"Flarfed in 2008", which is a couple of
years after the heyday of that collective.

There was more action, more signage,
and a few clever sayings.
What were they?

2.i.12

It's auditions today.
The brass players are practicing everywhere
in the halls, outside the rooms,
with their pans of
green and orange jello
neatly cut into cubes.

They use them on their mouthpieces,
I guess.

It's time for me to give my little talk,
it's 6:40, and I'm approaching a group
of people, gathered around the lectern,
but then, I'm facing the wrong direction,
and I hafta turn around, and walk again
toward them, but now they've
rearranged themselves,
and it's 7:20.

Did I already give my talk?
Did I just blank out 40 minutes?

The stage band is playing the jazz chart "Giant",
and featuring the pretty blonde actress
who appears on the TV show "Elevator".
I'm walking away from all this,
and as I pass the little person,
he tells me, "I hope you impress!"

3.i.12

This is the little diner
at the ground floor of the huge
corporate building,
and like every diner,
the clientele gather on one side
or the other.

On one side is always
the crime guy,
usually a detective,
maybe an investigative journalist
but ever in beige raincoat
and sipping his coffee
while he tells us
the usual tales of betrayal
complicity, weakness, fear,
leading always to a grizzly
rending of the spirit and soul from the flesh.

On the other side, the artsy conversation.
That's where I'm heading.
I'm hanging up my coat, and
if I need something from the car outside
it's really not that cold.
I'll hang my coat over Mother's Purse,
which is also on a hanger,
but maybe I'm hopping to conclusions
about whose mother owns this purse.
I'll resolve that later.

As I approach the table of those
truly interested in the arts
(and by that, I mean the truly lost),
I realize I'm dressed all in plaids,
and probably look pretty pathetic-funny.
"So, she and I are listening to NewBand™,
and trying to work out the chords they're using.
They are just so remarkable!" sez Bob, on my
left,
and obviously the authority on all things
NewBand™.

Even though I'm at the head of the table,
nobody acknowledges me, and I try to
get Bob's attention.
I urgently want to add
that new chords just tweak the vocabulary
NewBand™ is using: they're not doing anything
new structurally, formally.
But this insightful critique will not make it into
the discussion.
I try to append this statement
to Bob's quoting of attendance numbers—I can't.
I hold up my hand—it worked for Goofus on my
right!—doesn't
work for me.
I hold up my umbrella!

I notice its fabric is starting to fall off,
and soon, it's just a bunch of metal rods,

but I can operate it open-close,
which makes it accordion out and extend,
and on the end
is a mechanical bird, flapping wings in flight,
and at least I can operate this expertly
and make the bird intrude on the otherwise
impenetrable bobanter.

7.i.12

I'm sleeping in The Parents' Bed,
and an amber light goes on
outside the window. In its
chalky light I see the whole pride
of lions gathered, with a monitor
lizard or two, too.

I need to fix the door,
or else the mini-jaguar gets in.
He does actually get in,
so I gather him together and push
him back outside.
I think I thought he was
a house pet, and didn't think
twice about those jaws and claws.

Two old maintenance guys
are fat, not too bright,
and they take away the big
canvas boxes of leaves
and leavings from the lawn
in front of my broken door.
"These things haven't been
emptied in, like, forever," one says.

For my short conducting
exercise/performance,
I'm conducting conductors.
But I'm obsessing on my
cuffs and sleeves, and
probably not keeping
much of a steady beat.

That's never been
my strong point, musically.

After that, there's
a single, well-dressed white dood
in the Laundry-Mat, with his wife
and daughter, the wife is a small-boned
fragile black woman, the daughter is
not unusual in size, but she's
strong and can lift her mother
with a single outstretched hand,
two feet off the ground,
effortlessly.

"I was president
of Univeristy of the South"
the dood says.
Hey, big whoop!

* * * *

Crime Photographer Guy is
approaching the lifeless body that's
face down in the lush grass.
This is in a secluded garden,
nobody else there but the one FratBoy.
"See, his body is here" says FratBoy.
That's a pretty insightful thing to say.
CP-Guy starts taking pictures, the
body looks like it's been shot about
six times, in two neat rows of three bullet holes
running down either side of the back.
"Now, what did you say your name was?" asks
Crime Photographer Guy, and you know
that's the wrong thing to say, because
FratBoy is talking to Second FratBoy, and
they are now scheming the next part of the
crime drama, where they must get rid of
CP-Guy, and leave. We know they killed the
guy who's body is being photographed.
If I were CP-Guy, I'd watch my back.

8.i.12

While in the dimestore,
I pick up a dimestore paperback.
It's "The Girl with The Girl In Her Hair",
and it does not disappoint.
It is indeed a story about a girl
who has a miniature girl
who hides in her long blonde hair.

I hafta put the book down
to deal with the widget-weasel
who's loose in the store,
and can jump at you and
frighten you if you don't
throw a piece of rice cake at him.

We leave the store by boat outside,
but weasel follows us.
He looks pretty innocuous,
but the Aegyptian Royal Family
with whom I travel
will have nothing to do with him,
and we switch from boat to canoe
to avoid him.

When we start down the narrow
and mostly dry creek-bed
we don't progress very quickly,
so we need to crawl into tubes
that lead us to the Immigration Station.
The HedRoyal dood (king, I guess)
has spys or plants among the station workers,
so we are allowed to enter
as long as we can fill out a form
for Consumers' Report later.
Always so many forms!

Quasi-T™ is there
while I'm fretting about the forms.
She compliments me on
my bravery with the metal rod

and how I was able to somehow
manipulate it at the perilous moment,
and save her or me, or somebody. . .
"You were basically, fearless!" she says.
I sorta wish I could remember that
particular episode, but I'm clueless.

9.i.12

It all goes back to that
TV Quiz Gameshow
from the late 1950's
starring those four guys
who were both the expert judges
and the contestants
and they all look like
Konanobrian characters,
very nerdy, 50's know-it-all
wiz kids, college educated
at the best EyeVeeLeeg schools. [70]

For this show, the one guy
is dressed as space-guy
from the future, a retro-future,
and he carries an electric drill
in the shape of a starship.

But this is all a nostalgic image
that takes you away only momentarily
from the people behind the fence
who, once they climb over the fence,
will probably want to pound their karate-hands
on your throat,
although we don't know this for sure.
We just think that's what will probably happen.
Better act (or pro-act) accordingly.

11.i.12

The football game features
a half-time show created by the
hot young composer, Billy 'Zine.
Billy's a teenage girl,

energetic, but sometimes a little shaky
and insecure, although
her long red hair, freckles and braces
(not to mention her modesty)
only underscore her appeal.

She's assisted by her slightly frumpy girlfriend,
who is unquestionably devoted to Billy.
They are distributing some woodwind players
in some of the cars parked around the football
field,
The oboes and clarinets are each playing
a different song in a different key,
in a different tempo,
and then they stop, and trade places
with other instrumentalists
from other cars,
everybody running across the field.

I thought this was a rehearsal,
but it's the actual performance.
Hey, cool! Sorta like the old stories
of Chaslves' dad, the civil war
band director, who'd split up the band,
have the different sections march toward
the city square, each playing different marches
in different keys, at different tempos.
But, how Billy 'Zine landed an avantgard half-
time show—
that's the real achievement here.

12.i.12

Dying Ninja, then Radio-Therapy

JimmyDoodComposite has thousands of records,
precious vinyl, and also a few shelves of later
CDs,
but he has very pedestrian musical taste,
in fact, not much musical taste at all,
although he does have a recording
of the Smetana string quartet, which

I wasn't expecting to see here.
Remember the performance of that
from KolidgeDaze? The esteemed violist
holding forth on that falling-fifth motive
that instantly reminded me of the song
"Feelings"?

That sort of observation passed as
personal entertainment in the 'seventies,
a truly bleak time.

Anyway, the room adjacent to Jimmy's record
collection
houses mostly the legs of mannequins dressed
in the latest alien glam jeans, so this might be a
store,
but it's dark, and ominous
because just outside
Ninja is being undone by his
nemesis.

Don't know how this guy got the upper hand
over Ninja,
because Ninja was, like, the most badass Ninja
ever.

Still, there he is, lying on the ground,
and Nemesis is cutting Ninja's face with an
Exact-O-Knife
and as a KooDayGraw, he's toppled
a merry snowman on top of the fallen warrior.
(We see this all from Ninja's perspective, or
maybe I'm the Ninja?)

Voice off screen:
"Ninja is dying!"

Ninja can not endure these indignities, so he
must retire himself.
He's seen emerging from the underground
passage,
through the opening, struggling to walk,
but dressed in his most elaborate

16th century Japanese/Predator outfit,
Ninja pulls out his brown netting and casts it on
the
ground before him, steps in its center,
and—poof!—he's gone.

When Jimmy sells the weird rock-and-glass case
holding some of those Martian Pants,
Ninja will come back to whoever has
bought the case.

In fact, some guy just bought it,
and he's running around the square,
asking for advice on what he should do next,
but he's also sort of a bum, asking for change,
and soon, he'll get his own Ninja.

But Jimmy's already phoned this guy,
and he's explaining to him about how
the various books on stamps and travel
need to be electronically connected
so Ninja can Feenix back to life,
and the various steps the bum-dood
has to execute as the new owner
of the glass-rock-case with hot pants and
optional Ninja.
I'm not certain bum-dood is up to all this.

* * * * *

Putting in another day at Mocha-MolachaCorp.
Once in a while, something interesting happens.
Like today, our supervisor has asked me and
fellowDood
to accompany her to a recruiting visit
by a woman from Radio-TherapyCorp.

We're driven in the company van, backwards,
to their headquarters across town.
AkmaDeenajad is at the wheel, and
I'm amazed we didn't hit anything
along the way.

At Radio-TCorp, the recruiter woman
praises us both on our memory abilities
and general competence, both prized skills here,
apparently.

But she starts getting a little rattled as
she tells us about phonecalls during work.
"When you're working on the line,
you MUST tell them you'll call back as soon
as you can, LATER!"

She's almost hysterical as she elaborates,
obviously, this is one of her hot-buttons.
I'm already planning how to tell her I'm not
interested in working here, but not before
I get all the freebies from today's visit, and
maybe even
pretend I'm interested for a week or two.
See, I can be small and manipulative.

We can look through the glass window
to the assembly line below,
where the patients are having
little radios attached all over their bodies.
Cacophony when the door opens,
because all the radios are tuned
to different channels.

We've finished our tour, and we wait in a lobby
with other people, all with their cats.
Next door to the lobby, we hear one guy yell,
"LET ME OUT OF HERE!", and maybe
this Radio-Therapy they practice here
doesn't always work out.

* * * *

My two children are dressed as cats:
The grey girl has been licking everything
on the floors and windows,
so she vomits on my slacks,
and the orange boy is hanging out

with a really cute orange girl cat
and very slowly poking a very long claw
into the underside of her chin,
drawing it out extremely slowly,
and causing the girl deep pain,
but she seems to like it, so
he does it more.

I pick him up, since we need to leave.
One guy who's been watching all this
tells me as we walk past,
"Like father like son, eh?"

13.i.12

Let's say for a moment
that Ghandi never had his
spiritual enlightening,
and instead, just went
into business.

It would follow necessarily, then,
that he would teach his wife how to drive.
Don't ask me how I've arrived
at this conclusion.

14.i.12

So, yes, of course there were
the usual lesbian dramas going on—

(traffuk! thus-hensa reKunStruxion):

But the real story is
RickDan O'Slattery (who's played
by TeDanZen.º)
Since he has
the ability to invisibalitize his body,
he says, " You know what?
If I want to, like, totally freek people out,
and potentially make them sheet their pants,
I take my hedoff,
keep it at full opacity,

and float it in the air to
the MindRe-Mublikunz2.
They tend to freak out, looze
their precious sheet, and vow further
to block any action that presents
progress, tolerance, and intelligent thinking.

He continues: "The technique
I further explicate
is one whereby one
observes the mouth wide open,
and the rest of the frame mostly inert.
Freak'em out!"

And the hed is upside down, too.
So, there it is.

16.i.12
At bank,
I'm depositing \$50K
and withdrawing, like, two dollars.
My teller is Michelle,
an attractive petite brunette,
her ancestors from the far East.
She useta do Eye-skating or something
before she fell on hard times,
had to get a job at a bank.

It's almost 3, almost
time for her to leave,
but I ask her if she could
maybe break my \$50K bill,
and I'd take out a bit more.
So, she shows me the bill.
"Say goodbye to Mr. McKinnley",
she says. Yes, it's not a bill
you see everyday. Such restrained
design. You don't see that
in money today—only all the
hiTekky anti-counterfeiting printing tricks.

"Wait, maybe you can break a smaller bill,"
I ask. She shows me all the bills
in my account, and they're all
antique, collectible currency.
All too beautiful to part with.
"Nevermind," I tell her.

Back at office,
it's almost noon,
and the shy new girl
in a pretty plum outfit
hangs around the refreshment-dispenser.
Bald KowOrker throws crumpled
kleenixes at her, teasing.
She folds herself into the dispenser
to avoid this attack, but
you know she likes the attention.
I thank them for this
little bit of lunchtime theatre.
(We sense a future child on the
periphery of our vision. It's their's.)

And back to my desk, I help
the two gal assistants of our boss
Mr. BigWhoop, as he's planning a lunch
date, and asks them to move the delicate
pink luggage-roller to the door
so he can take it.
One gal wonders why he's doing this
for his tiny wife.
I take her aside and explain his date
is with Stephy, the bank teller,
who's Michelle from earlier:
Mr. Whoop's little indiscretion.

"Oh," she says. She gets it.

18.i.12
Chasing wife and
Krazy Aunt while exclaiming "I'm Danish—Pain-
ish!":

There are smashings as
I am breaking the barbell (it's wood), and

Bludgeoning JenRa on the church alter.
Other girl sleeping nearby,
doesn't wake up.

Trying to hide pieces of the barbell
in the cubbyholes under the breezways,

All the music faculty are gathering
for a meeting, I try to sidestep them
They're complaining how strict their new leader
is.
But not as strict as Stone
(apparently, their previous leader).

Food buffets, banquets, for all!

20.i.12
Lilian Torment—
the uber-famous film star from the twenties
discovers a way
(and, like, she's been
frozen in time, then
resurrected, so, like,
she can do this)
to re-invent the institution
of higher learning
in this, duh digital age.

She does this by un-doing
all the principles and understandings
of male thought and hierarchies.
Anyone who is male hasta go!

Somehow, this all works!
Except, as we have provisioned
elsewhere, some males

are still needed for hugs and air conditioning maintenance.

The End.

24-25.i.12

I know we need to address
the issue of the wi-fi hotspots
on the remote part of the desert
that BobBiots was trying to buy
from our Native American Cousins.
Somehow, he couldn't close the deal,
even though all they wanted for the land
was a thousand jars of Erth
and some prayers.
You'd think heedovben able to scrape that
together.

So, instead, he puts together
a media career package for me and
a teeth-straightening career plan for Julius.
Funny how those things work out.

* * * * *

Shift to that other guy, SamFran:
he's captured by the TallyBand,
they treat him rough,
threatening, like,
they come up to him and
another prisoner and say,
"Guard, take these dogs out
and shoot them!"

The prisoner tells SamFran:
"Yeah, they've done that before,
they do it to scare you.
It really means they're taking you
to see a movie."

The two prisoners are led out

through the Sharia Mall/Shopping Centre
and that is
indeed, what happens.

29.i.12

We may want to reconsider
our proposal in light of
that seminal incident
in the late 1890's
or early 1900's:
when, in the so-very-proper
Victorian sitting room,
the matron receives word
that, "they would like to buy
our loco-motive. For about
Four-thousand nine-hundred
dollars."

"Such an insufferable currency, it
should be in pounds sterling."

"They are from Lauder-Dale, in
Florida".

And, naturally, and bi-coastally,
the venture continues.
The train is shipped to Florida,
and set-up. But there is
a misunderstanding
about the visibility of the
Statue of Liberty while
patrons ride this Roller-Coaster.
Apparently, she needs to be visible
at all times.

I'm the carnival-barker, who's
trying to keep everyone happy,
so I put the actual statue of liberty
on the roller-coaster; she's holding
her hands up, along with
the rest of the riders!
Weeee!

I'm glad, for instance, that
her head did not fall off
during the ride.
But also, this is the Statue of Liberty
as a strong, young woman,
before she got the robe
and the spiky halo,
and the torch.

2.ii.12

There's lots of shots of
snow-covered streets,
mostly hilly,
in this Discovery Channel show.
It's on Channel 25 Within Channel 31,
and you get slightly different versions
on each TV.
But I recognize some of the streets,
Orpwood in Peeburg, and one from iCity.

Continuing to the interior offices,
where someone's left
dessert examples: cherry and strawberry pies,
cheesecakes, and more.
They're all really rich looking,
so I don't even want to touch them.
I hate to make such a big deal out of the desserts,
since they're already wrapped in plastic.
I'll just move them aside
and continue down the narrow stairs
past the wood beam right in the middle of the
stairs
that makes them even narrower,
almost blocking my passage.

On the main-floor, I'm helping
my peerfrendz graffiti-spraypaint the exterior
walls
of the tall but make-shift plywood offices
buildings inside this space,
but there's just too much space to cover,

so we may need to do this later
as a different little art project.

* * * * *

Continuing to the assessment - conference,
where we receive our only assessment
before the final judgement.
I got really high scores—yay!
I practice writing my cursive, capital 'A's
as mopey orange cartoon characters,
getting the face right,
the little sneer each one has.

Continuing to the service we are expected
to perform here: serving the elderly ladies
coffee and cake.

Someone's already left to get more coffee,
so I'm left to help with the cake.
The first lady asks for a piece of the
chocolate cake, so I do my best
with the narrow server, really just
a wide butter-knife,
and I try not to mess it up too badly,
but, I'm really not too good at this,
and the frosting and the nuts
don't sticky neatly to the cake,
and the end result looks a little
unappetizing. She is, however,
happy to get this mangled piece of cake.

I excuse myself, so I can retreat for awhile,
and the second group of those being assessed
enters. They're all the brash, loud
medical students, in their white coats.
Among them is my one student: how is
he in medical school? He had serious problems
in my class, and now he'll be doing brain
surgery?

Can't worry about that.
I find my orange sheet and
the orange decorative rug
I lent the planners of this event,
and roll them up.
I catch a glimpse of myself
in some chrome cylinder,
and notice my lower teeth
—they're all slender glass vials
filled with amber liquid—are loose,
and I don't want to crunch down
and break them, but this time
I think I'll be alright.

• • • • •

I've been running in the library,
through the stacks,
and into the lobby area
to jump over, in various ways
the couch where readers lounge.
Still, it's hard to do with
these clunky cowboy boots.
Amazed that nobody is annoyed
by all this!

After my final, particularly graceful leap,
I continue to the hallway commons,
where Deth is crouching over,
and he's all marbly-grey,
smooth and shiny skin, no hair, no clothes,
with a huge, droopy and misshapen phallus.
He tells me, "I want to see Becky".

"OK," I say. "I just saw her in the stacks".
I wander over to her.
"I guess Deth wants to talk to her
about something," I tell myself,
and then I get it. ". . . Oh!"

4.ii.12

Skoot-sliding on my Cedar-Rumpus,
kicking the ground to propel me through the
fields
covered in snow and ice.
No wonder the cars are outa control,
in fact, I would try to avoid them.

Progress is slow, although I do make it safe
to the meeting-mound,
and once we've all gathered,
all in our bulky insulated snowsuits,
we share blue eminems
(the chocolate-covered peanut kind).

--+-+--+--+--+--+--+

I'm not doing my job as film-printer
very well.
The pieces of film have scratches on them
and some will need to be tossed.
And my editing of the film is
not so well received, either
so much will hafta be re-done.
And nobody likes the music
I wrote for this project, too.
Scott keeps talking to some
guy on the phone.
Sounds like he'll be
my replacement soon.

--+-+--+--+--+--+--+

Sam's ecstatic, happy, beaming,
having been selected
for the NewStone Opening Ceremony
The central stone in the Plaza
has been set, but in order for
the masons and artisans
to start carving in it,
to 'open' it,
they need the presence

of beating human heart
freshly pulled out of her body.
That's Sam's part.

There's other parts to the ceremony,
where her gall bladder graces
the four corners of the stone,
and maybe a little lung tissue
if there's not enough
gall bladder to go around.

Some decry our custom as
barbaric, but, hey,
it's our defining ritual, and
I think it's ultramodern!
Although I will miss Sam.

--+-+--+--+--+--+--+

I'm hanging out with my nephews
and their families, but I want to
leave before Paul's gang
(my other set of cousins) arrives.
This might be how I achieved my
status as family reunion pariah:
I'm trying to sneak out through
one of the double-tunnels
from church basement to
the school building,
but they're taking the tunnel
and coming toward me.
So, I need to pretend I know each
of their names, especially all
the kids, which are impossible
to keep straight,
and I graciously excuse myself.
No wonder I'm the lame one.

--+-+--+--+--+--+--+

Working as an I Ching consultant,

I'm asked to do a statistical sampling
with my new software, to see if
it's working properly. I think Toby is
just making sure I'm working,
since all I do all day is
toss pennies and record how
they land.

I need to ask him how he wants me
to handle the 'changing line' situations,
"I was planning to do it like I did it before,"
I say, after I've semi-interrupted his meeting
with a far more important dood.
"Yeah, that would be fine," he says.
When I return to my work,
I discover I'm in the opening
episode of one of those '90s sitcoms
with all the improbably beautiful yet
damaged young people,
the show where I got my signature
introduction for myself at parties
("Hi, I'm a seriously flawed human being!").

In the opening episode, the cute blonde girl
Caroleen, is completely falling in love
with Steven's voice, who she hears off stage.
When he enters, he's in his electric
wheelchair, and we see disappointment
wash over the poor girl's face, although
we know over the course of the
first season, they will become
best of frendz.
Season two features awkward attractions,
and rejections,
season three, even more awkward
sexual couplings and
accidental electrocutions.

8.ii.12

Maybe it's because of the
crossschian robot zombies,

maybe it's from the military
training exercise, the one
that went so wrong, that
everybody but two of the
trainees were killed, but whatever
the circumstance, the outcome
has been similar: lots of people
ded, and coming back to life
to kill more.

I truly believe
there's a lesson in there
for all of us.
Just wish I could
tell you what it was.

14.ii.12
Showing Wife my latest kitty film:
I've photoshopped just one big eye
into Kitty's forehead, so he's a cyclops,
but still cute!

* * * * *

Gonna shoot a horror film,
maybe the kids will join in?
"After I have a few tequillas", sez Tami,
Age 6.

(time lapses as my normal face
morphs into the hideous deformed face,
actually just my face with bits of flour-and-water
paste
applied all over,
to accentuate brows, furrows, bones of the face.)

Then, at dinner table, the
children reasonably well behaved,
after we've all inspected the "presentation
plantains"
which are single, green plantains on white plates

that we're supposed to look at, admire,
and not eat.—
(. . .)

This is an upstanding Spanish household,
and the servants make sure we know this—
I notice how enormous the dinner napkins are.
They're big enough to be a robe!
So naturally I wear mine like that, and
entertain the children
with my George-Carlin inspired
Hippie Jezus imitation,
"Yeah, dude, like,
You should sell your second donkey
and give the money to the poor!"
The children are delighted,
the fine Katholik housestaff, not so much.

After dinner, I'm asked to tell the children
about the great civil war battle,
The Battle of Two Blocks, in upstate New York,
commemorated by double blocky urns
that represent the twin hotel buildings
where the battle occurred.

We're on the rooftop of one of the buildings.
You can look down to see the streets below
and the various troop movements.
It's a great place for a sniper,
but I don't have a rifle.

A company of Johnny Rebs have entered
the lobby, and make their way up
the stairs, to where I'm posted.
Again, I would shoot at them or throw
something at them, if I had a gun, or even
a few rocks. Instead, I pick up
one of the young boys,
and throw him on the soldiers,
and he gets impaled on one of the
bayonettes. I honestly think I didn't

expect that!

Anyway, two of the confederates
dressed down in elaborate pirate gear,
but bare-chested,
reclaim the golden daggers they've
thrown at me. They pull them
out of the wall, and I hope
they don't cut me, or at least
do it fast so I can get on with the dying.

They tell me they admire my appreciation
of 'a good kill', which I've demonstrated
by throwing the boy on top of them,
and that this makes us all one,
in the sense that we are all
after blood and war.

They ask about the strange
projections behind us,
on a thin piece of stretched animal skin,
odd flickerings, and images!
"Oh, that's cinema." I say.
"You won't have it for another thirty years or so."

They're fascinated by this, although one
does betray a displaced sense of history
by mentioning something about 'film',
and I wonder how he could have come up
with that term?

On the screen, the history of war in cinema.
Great battle sequences, and one
impeccably choreographed Japanese battle,
probably 16th century, extremely orderly,
priests in colorful outfits maintaining
perfect arrangements of men and long spears.

Some of the monks, less orderly,
run through the troops, carrying
small, ancient leather books,

and chanting, "Whatever, whatever!"

20.ii.12

Hanging out with Severe Beauty,
the great brunette experimental artist,
and eating Valentine's Day-Cake with her
just off the ballroom of the Wyatt Hotel.
I bet Momwife would not be too pleased,
probably jealous.

Not a problem: Beauty leaves
taking most of the chocolates
with her, and Ancient Southern Belle
takes her place, short-cropped
silver hair, wrinkled skin,
but good bones.
Momwife will still be jealous.

Riding the streetcar,
I call her on my selfOne,
tell her to get on the 33rd St. Trolley,
and head to 4th Avenue,
but I don't know if that's
uptown or downtown.
Skrewit.
"Why don't you just meet me
in the Museum, in DuhMoyné?"

So that's where I am next.
Not a bad collection, really.
Especially the old opera recordings.
Apparently lots of old opera fans
migrated to the midwest
in the late 20th century,
to escape the hubris.
I look up—ah, here's Momwife now!

We continue our wanderings,
through some rooms and
exhibits, many of which
have Lazy-Suzanne Floors,

so you enter and are rotated
around the art.

As we're leaving the museum,
I slide right in on the bench
behind the white piano
in the lobby-atrium
and start playing
in the style of
that sweet old-fashioned
avant-garde music.

Since this brings more than a tear to the eyes
of many of the (generally) older patrons,
curatordood Michael
asks to discuss doing this more,
maybe as a regular event?
I'm game.

Michael explains how he's
trying to get his museum workers
to do more singing
as part of their job-contract.
"How's that workin' out?" I ask.
There's a general flurry of activity.
A hubub, a rhubarb:

"Cubby is found! Cubby's back!"
the small gathering of our frendz
proklaym! "See, here's Cubby!"
Cubby is our occasionally stray
black furry kitty,
body a little bigger than a normal cat,
but legs about three feet to the ground.
He has a regular kitty face,
but it's on hinges, so it opens up
revealing the sour old bald man
with a walrus mostache face.
That's our Cubby!

"Cubby can do the giraffe neck, too,

Right, Cubby?" Wife asks. Everybody
wants to see the giraffe neck.
Cubby, weary of all this,
nevertheless, complies,
and extends his head
a further four feet beyond his shoulders.
Cubby is magnificent.

And, for once, he's kinda happy,
since he's been told he's
not too old to attend the annual
FreakDance, where all the genetic
mutations like himself
twist and sway to disco beats
and multicolored lights.
This is *THE* event for freaks!

21.ii.12

For the "deth-to-deth" de(con)struction,
the space aliens have created their own
Crossmuss ornaments.
They rain down on everyone,
annoying people to deth!
By the time I get there,
everybody's gone!

Climbing the various hills
To community recreation center:
"What's beyond the basketball courts?"
she asks. "Puppet show" I reply, and
there's more than a little innuendo
in how I say that.

26.ii.12

Within a room full of oats dad is trying to sell
there sleeps a figure of unsure gender,
sleeping in the parent's bedroom again,
and again, with Nephew Stevie
(played in this production by a big Saint
Bernard).
There's less clarity surrounding a demonstration

of the history of animation,
and a minor criminal about to be
strapped onto a table, with
the doctor nearby explaining
the benefits of good prostate health.
I know you see where this is going.

And finally, Jules and Bahbiots and myself
are taxi-ing down the highway in a 747, and
expected to fly it, from take-off
to landing, on our own.

"Guys, this is crazy.
None of us know the first thing
about flying a plane, much
less a jumbojet. "

That's my sentiment, and
for once, they pay attention
and decide not to fly it.

So we taxi into a grassy field
of a farmer Jules knows.

"If we find his shoes, they'll
be about your size" he tells me
as we enter the farmer's bedroom
from the closet.

Farmer has been playing a bowedpiano piece
of his own devising,
and I ask to look at the score (actually
just the parts).

"Didn't you, like win a Peabody Award
on your bowedpiano piece?" he asks me.

"No, I didn't win an award, but it was
a piece that helped me see some
other possibilities," I say.

3.iii.12

One of those things we must do
is deal with the ant problem.

We find them all the time
on walls, behind furniture.

This time, there must be thousands

congregating near the piano
in the living-room.

I'll get the stuff we spray on them.
I prop the ladder against the wall
leading to the loft-space, were it's stored.
That ladder is about shot!
It's not too much use, either,
with only the two lowest rungs intact.
Shaky, too.

Ants can wait.
I need to practice my forms
on the lawn, in my good suit.
Practicing for the intro credits
for my TV show: I run, jump,
and float above the lawn-sprinklers,
there are three, and each time,
I mime some sport-gesture—
boxing, weightlifting, and one other
lest distinct athletic activity,
for which, as a kid in high-school,
I had absolutely no aptitude.
I sucked at them all, basically.

And so Visiting Angelos City,
for not the first time,
I can concentrate on the personalities
and dysfunctionals of the city,
not just the big touristy spots
everbody sees the first time.

Dad and The Mommy-Wifey and me,
wandering through the Jamac(ian-Pe)ruvian
exhibitions, and looking at ceiling above us
where the Jamacruvians buried their literary
heros,
all nicely crafted into bahrelief,
in the incan style, the bodies in the image
all bundled up, knees drawn up to heads,
arms around legs, as was customary.

We look at other rooms, mostly
funerary, filled with massive blocks of
stone, where remains have waited out the
centuries.

"Reminds me of Rome!" says Dad.

"Yeah, but don't go there with your mind!" I say.
I know that it's too late to remind The Mommy
to take care when imagining other times
and experiences in this place,
some of the visitors have been known to vanish.

Of course, that is exactly what happens to her.

We will look for awhile,

and step down the many steps to the
museum shop, where I'll return
all the books and crappy souvenirs she
had collected, asking me to hold them
for her,

and we will talk to the shop attendant
who has been in communication with
Arkangel Mike, who has reported there's
been a Rondelai (the recently coined term
to capture this event),

and we will fret about the jerky Conquistadors
she might well encounter in her journey,

but,

she's simply gone.

6.iii.12

On the winding grasses of "I?-Yes-You!" campus,

you find a moldy old instaMatik,

and snap pictures of yourself,

some people walking by,

I don't know, some stupid trees.

Maybe this film will be

useful to someone someday.

You pull the film out of the cartridge,

and see some of the images already developing.

Maybe not such a good idea,

to do this in daylight?

Dood is following you, so you
try to dodge him by going out
the high gate, but
he still follows you.
Down the many tiny stair steps,
until steps and grave markers
intermix. Some markers
have the four different colors of lilies
or some other funeral flower.

Now, hanging with the friends
who are trying to get ahead
by seducing the fine, strong
athletic woman.
One friend takes a very direct approach
with her, complimenting her breasts,
then nuzzling his head in them.
This approach seems to work for him.

There is political intrigue in the air,
and some television ads filled with bile and hate,
but that's nothing unusual.

9.iii.12

You're avoiding getting hit
by the really crazy traffic
crossing the street.
You overhear the mean callous
young lawyers or legal co-workers
make fun of the the slightly deformed
Japanese woman who's looking
for her lost family: "Oh, yeah,
did you see Miss Jap-enstein?
Did she seem a little less haunty today, to you?
A little less devastated?"

More cars going by, an entire
series of TV ads where big
commercial items like tires or bowling balls
hit the pedestrians instead of cars,

still people get hurt,
pedestrians scurry away in stop-motion blurs.

Now, you and Dawn L. make your way
away from the church basement meeting
of the Men's Club,
just the boring minutes part of the meeting.
Maybe we can go home now?

11.iii.12

Since the bridge to NuCuba was built,
there have been many more cultural
exchanges, more insight into
the way of life there.

This is my first trip, and my first
stop is at a dam on the Great Cuban River,
a dam that looks like it's two dams, really,
since the river is basically interrupted
on either side, and the water flows down
over the rocky cliffs on both sides
of the dams, toward the center.
This is the confluence or whatever
of those two smaller rivers
Into the Mighty Cuban.

Our guide cautions me,
"You maybe don't want to photograph them",
he says, pointing to several people
on rocky rocks about to jump.
All suicides? No, this is how they do hand-
fishing.
Some people dive in, grab a fish, and eat it
on the spot, others catch smaller fish,
and have to throw them back,
and try again.

While I watch this spectacle,
a Jeffreeze-esque dood, shirtless,
shortcropped blond hair, very plain face,
walks up to me. "Show me whatcha got!"

he says, referring to any tatoos or body art
I have on me.

"I, I don't have any", I say, and timidly lift my
shirt.

"Well, let's fix that!" .

He's ready, with applique and magic markers,
and very quickly applies a rather victorian
image of a cherub, but decidedly
ambiguously sexy,
and then writes around it with the marker
his graffiti styling of "Boink", outlining
the cherub's lips and breasts.

"They you go now," he says,
"Looks sorta like mine!" He shows me
his version on his chest, the cherub
even sexier, and its breasts
coinciding with dood's own,
so when he presses his chest
in certain ways, the cherub
contorts and reveals even more
leering postures.

"Wow, you can get off on yourself!"
I tell him.

Now that I'm marked with "Boink",
I may face retaliation from any of the
Anti-Boink gang, should they approach.
I'll deal with that when I must.
There's much devisiveness in New Cuba,
especially between the British police and
the Northern Irish, and as I'm walking
past the police with BoinkDood,
I feel the stares, a bit of the old
ultratension, some words are
tossed around between the groups,
no fighting for now.

As we walk, BoinkDood's body art fades,
he becomes pudgier, pastier,
smaller, slightly crouched over,
with more coiled-up anger inside.

I know he's going to try
to get the drop on me,
and as he goes first through
the door to the hallway,
I wait, and then push the door
open ahead of me, seeing him
hanging from the ceiling.
I wait while he drops to the floor,
exhausted now, and then
nudge him along to the storage closet.

I give him two sealed cans of paint
to carry. "I'm trusting you with these" I say,
trying to sound threatening, and
waving a big screwdriver at him.
We proceed back to the trainstation
waiting area, where we need
to repair a lighting fixture above one of
the dining tables, all the while, the man who
runs the diner is losing some business
from that table, so we're under scrutiny
to finish this quickly.

While making repairs on the light,
I think back to the performance before
I came here, of my sextet with vocaleez.
Not groundbreaking in any way,
but still a beautiful part for the soprano,
floating above repeated sixteenthths in the other
parts—
flute, clarinet, bassoon, violin, and piano,
maybe a horn.
See? Nothing avant-gardy about that.

Two schoolgirls take the adjacent booth
and watch us work.
They've just stopped at the diner for snack,
and will leave on the next train.

14.iii.12

The complete dissolution of

all rigidity of thought,
and the total dissipation
of all systems of belief
is ExistyBoy's job.

Just, he doesn't know
how to do it. Not even
a clue how to start.

15.iii.12

"Two million years ago
all consciousness was universal",
says the beautiful but obviously evil
purple monster.

"I think I'm considered to be evil
because of my expanded view of
consciousness."

And maybe that's why he hides
under the lake, in the one
corner you should never dive into,
and eats whoever ignores this legendary
warning,
like Comic Poodle who's just fallen in.

Monster is on it, fast.

There is a swirling of the current,
maybe a helpless 'yip' by Poodle,
an impressive flash of iridescent
green and purple light in concentric
and complex geometric and
circular patterns,
and then all is calm.

Monster tosses Poodle's hand-bones
to the shore. It's odd because
they look like human bones, not poodle.

Still, Monster is very interesting to talk to,
and has lots of stories.
I wish I could actually see his eyes, though.

16.iii.12

There really is no other feeling
like that of waking up on a street.
The simple fact that I'm still alive
fills me with such deep joy!
I even have pillows and a blanket,
and this neighborhood seems
quiet enough, pretty deserted, actually.
I get up, and I should put my bedding
back in my room, on one of the upper floors
of this boarding house,
the management of which
is at least understanding when
I need to sleep on the street
Instead of in my room.

18.iii.12

A performance:
some simple singing,
and maybe a little movement.
Nothing spectacular.

A project:
magazine montages that move,
but I keep losing them.
I get pretty mad.
Distinctly, two sets of assembled images.
Discussing how I should have them mounted.
"Here's a production joke," he says,
"A guy walks into a print shop with pictures
like the ones you have, and says, 'I want you
to mount these' ".
"Oh, I see where this is going!" I say,
so my brother stops telling the joke.

A visit:
to Bettz' water-home,
big, spacious place,
individual animal room
full of bees. "Back to Nature."
There's a Lillian/Hadrian chair:
the small chair with a triangular white

back, the triangle pointing to the seat,
this is named after a famous murder
where Lillian/Hadrian was tied over the
chair so her blood could drip down
the triangle.

Also, there's your new young cousin,
I tell her I'm glad we will finally meet,
since we are headed toward
Betz' communal shower room.
I search for shampoo.

19.iii.12

"Dang, if I ain't got me
the Mule-iest Wimmen-folk!"
—*Jed Klampette, on the original pilot of*
'The Beverly Hillbillies' (1962)

So, first there is an ephemeral wakening
to clouds tinted red, a setting sun,
you know, shit like dat.
The degree of
ephemerality,
however, is
super-ephemeral.
It's that ephemeral!

20.iii.12

I'm a tenor, and the passage I sing
hovers around 'D', then jumps to
a high 'G', and then
it jumps to the G an octave higher!
And I sing it pretty effortlessly!
When I practice with the pianist
and vocal instructor,
and the soprano with whom
I'm doing the scene, I sing
my part, and then I improv,
"Now, I'm off the book!" in a
similar style. Nobody is amused.
Rather, the soprano finishes the

scene, and pianist and vocal coach go.

Soprano tells me, "Maybe you should go up to them, and say you're sorry for being sortova jerk." She's right. I chase after them, but they're gone. I search throughout the bleachers in the gymnasium, where the driving safety class discusses how to give each other parking tickets. I sit on the bench in the hallway, exhausted and a little sad.

I am shortly joined by Dr. Kitty Majeski, (often have I admired her cheekbones, as if gracefully carved from the African savannas!) and she takes off her high-heels. Beth McWho approaches, and asks me to cup my hands. She pours them full of Dr. Peeper, and I try not to spill any while I drink it. She hands the bottle to Kitty, who starts pouring it all over her arms and legs, as she sits right next to me. She sings, "Be a Majeski, Bathe in Dr. Majeski", spoofing on the famous advertising jingle. It doesn't quite fit the musical phrasing, But I let it pass.

25.iii.12

I know I've mentioned to you before the Tippey-Toe Competition, a recent addition to the Olympics. It has less to do with standing on one's tippey-toes (although that is a part of it) and more to do with creating lyrical poses while the bowling ball one throws, is up in the air. Throw ball, strike pose, catch ball, repeat. It's a surprisingly demanding sport,

but almost qualified as a gymnastic event.

Traditionally, one has performed
the Tippey-Toe to the music of Corelli,
although for today's elimination round,
the music of the far lesser-known Baldassari
will be on the loudspeakers,
this in honor of the family of one of the
contestants, a muscular young woman
with short blond hair. Both of her parents
come from different sides of the Baldassari clan.
"Show me what'cha got!" I yell.
She's good.

But she'll be up against the reigning champ:
a 50-year old mother and housewife
in a plain blue house-dress and apron,
who has a chimpanzee hed,
and multilevel lips with which
she kisses another chimp for good luck.
(That might be one of her children—nobody's
said)

* * * * *

At the trendy/funky punk bar
in Eagle Groove, Eye-owah,
I'm considering if I should participate
in the open-mic festival.
Nancy Cookie should, and I tell
her she needs to recite her story,
partly set to an old Beatles song,
for Mr. KeelOver, who is going to be judge.
She's a little intimidated by the prospect.
"No, it's a really good song—He'll like it!"
I say, hoping to convince her.

The vaguely familiar but unidentifiable
guy with red hair and neat beard in the
soul-patch style
takes off his blue plaid jacket,

and I ask around if anybody knows him.
He's a mystery.

The next night, I discover he left the jacket
in the lobby, so I carefully look through its
pockets
to see if I can find any ID.
He comes back, claims this coat, and leaves.
Not a word.

Back at the bar, I'm asked to join
the other three jazz radio guys
and talk about music and technology
on this radio program.
The show sort of falls apart before
it's even started, and I walk to the
kitchen with Jules.

A producer guy wants the two of us
to now do a call-in show about
people's opinions.
"How much would we be paid?" I ask,
"Oh, it would be free." says the guy.
I do some quick math in my head
and decide it might not work out.
Plus, I don't like finding out
other people's opinions,
so unless the show can be called,
"The Misanthrope Hour", I'll pass.

* * * * *

I've escaped into the ceiling
below purple, green, and blue cardboard
that supports the leaking pipes
the plumbers are supposed to fix.
By escaping, I'm probably now
on the run from the Russian Mafia,
having somehow offended the plumbers.

Reaching the stairwell, I run down

a floor or two, and then back into
the department store,
flying over the rows of vinyl records,
clothes, and bizarre oriental candies.

I bump some of the suits with my dirty shoes,
and the store clerk, the young Mr. YawnWell,
sees I've left a smudge,
and then I've knocked over a sales sign, too.
"Oh, so you want to cause sparks, do you?" asks
the clerk, and because he makes such a big deal
out of all this,
I decide he's a little pathetic, like me,
and I apologize.

"I'm sorry, I'm just on the run
from the Russian Mafia,
and I should call my pretty wife
and month-old fraternal twins
and tell them to leave, now!"

26.iii.12

My friend has bought supplies for us
for our trip: two small crocodiles.
We're supposed to ride them,
I'm supposed to call the rest of our team
and say we're ready, but I can't see
four or five of us driving halfway
across the state on those reptiles.
And wouldn't they be kinda slow?

Looking out on the highway,
wondering why the cars have
all suddenly stopped,
and are changing direction.

Oh, right. The Tornado over there,
coming our way.
Its sound is the music of crystals and wood.
At the base of The Tornado
walks the Girl of The Tornado:

Brunette, wearing thin-framed metal glasses,
and a black short sleeved
pants-suit.
She walks toward us.

We should be moving, too.
We jump down the stairs to the basement,
She follows, and then I'm alone.
The guy I was with:
Now he's Post-Modern Santa
Riding away on his electric sleigh,
He waves to me and says,
"You don't need your life."

29.iii.12
I've travelled to Carolina before,
but not for such a neat opportunity.
This place is hiring me
to make some sort of interactive-display-art-
thingy,
and I look at the one they already have
in the building's atrium.
It's pretty good, really good,
and the more I look at it
the more I'm certain I couldn't make a better
one.
It's that good.
How did they get it to work like this?
I'm not going to be able to
bring much to this picnic.

Nevertheless, I am introduced
to all the folks on the board or whatever,
and have difficulty shaking each of their hands,
or knowing when to shake them,
a rather awkward start.
One of the big-bruisin' doods
invites me to "play a few rounds of Eunuch,"
which is a popular entertainment here.
"Yeah, sure," I say, being polite. "When?"
"How about right now!" says Bruiser,

obviously railroading this meeting in his direction. While he makes preparation with his compadres, I ask one of the other board members about Bruiser's relative position of power among this committee. "It should be less," the man replies. He's defeated, I'm defeated. Defeat all around!

Before we head to the play-fields, I do get a chance to look at the museum / gallery of this place. Now, they're having a silent auction of bad art. Later, we see examples of reckless driving in the parking lot. Ah, the rich culture of Carolina!

2.iv.12

Your fashion style would be called "Second-Hand-Store Disaster," with your multiple vests and narrow straight-tie. Carrying your guitar only slightly forgives you these crimes against reasonable taste. Your cohort is very angry at you because of, mostly, your tie.

But now we're in present-day Persia, outside a set of apartments in cramped streets, the walls are all extremely, densely decorated with script, geometric patterns, and even photo portraits of, I'm guessing, the doods who run this place.

We are very quiet, even though there aren't any other people around. In front of the door of one of the main local persons of eminence, my cohort is about to speak, but I stop him before he utters a sound.

German tourists mistake me for their guide,
and want to take pictures of me with them.
Not a good idea.
I try to gracefully, quietly decline.

Cohort is on a landing before a second-story
apartment, electric guitar in hand.
"I bet I can get them to fire a second bullet!"
he says, and starts strumming the strings.
(How is he amplified, anyway?)
I try to signal him to stop, but
he doesn't. It seems
inevitable that someone's rifle barrel
will poke through one of the ornate windows
and silence him.

Somehow, this doesn't occur.

We are, instead, now observing
a more Western-looking science facility,
but one with funky charm,
like it's a theme restaurant back in the States,
but not tacky.
Still, someone has managed to piss off
the mad-scientist who runs this place,
and he's arranged for a elegant way of
blowing this place up, and us with it.

It involves bits of rice thrown on toast
and when enough rice lands on the toast,
it will burst into flames, and ignite
the great tub of grease below it.
"But you have a little time," says the crazy man
of science
before he scrambles off.

I grab a fire-extinguisher, and I'm about to spray
the grease,
but Rubenesque Lab Assistant Ms. Grosso
stops me. "That's just what he wants."
She's right, it would splatter the grease all over,

and spread the fire. Dumb idea.
Instead, she explains how just a few drops
from the fire extinguisher would neutralize
the grease.
"It's just basic chemistry." she says.

Once we're out of danger,
I look across the street to the
rock-n-roll themed restaurant
where Mad Scientist has apparently
rigged another grease-bomb.
Our work is not quite done.

7.iv.12

Everyone in the apartments heading
toward the storage areas in the basement,
and from there to the "QUICK" shelters.
"The King says, 'Do it QUICK'", says one
woman,
parroting the popular public service tagline.

Before I go down there, I collect cats,
but I really should gather maybe some water,
other essentials? I look outside
to a clear blue sky, but yeah,
there it is, the one disc spinning by.
This one looks plump, and cute,
like it came from a '50s B-SciFi film,
but still menacy. Fighter jets
try to escort it back to where it
should be.

I've spent some time at the store,
now it's time to get back to the apartments
or shelters, and it's already dark.
The cats are playing with strips of aluminum
and clear plastic. "Look at the stars out
tonight," I say to no one in particular.
Those aren't stars, they're 'planets',
which is what the alien craft are called.
These ships are like immense amoeba

filling the sky, all with those hairy-fringe edges.
They move slowly, or at least it looks slow
from my perspective.
Better get back, quick!

* * * * *

Now, I'm onboard one of our new spaceships.
It's arranged like a basic luxury flat,
but all the rooms have beds and furniture
made of Plaster of Paris, and not at all
comfortable for sitting or lounging.
Are we expected to sleep there?
All the doors and windows are also
plastered shut, so really,
the only place where we all can
sit and meet
are the communal toilets,
which each face big-screen displays.
This is the command center for the ship.

One of the women on this flight
is on her cell, talking to her daughter,
and on the verge of tears.
"If you want your Mom crying at night,
just keep doin' whatcher doin'," she says.

20.iv.12

Lots of people waiting at the door of
this mansion; they're let in.
This is my first foray into
public service, as a
candidate for a minor
local office. Having
this many people
rally around this
event, announcement,
or some type of
official act, is
a buzz, to be sure,
but I'm still a little

hesitant about doing this.

The announcer guy
gets my name very wrong
(I'm 'Bargman' or something),
and I acknowledge him anyway,
and the crowd cheers.
Dad peeks around the door
and smiles, obviously proud.
I just know this will end badly.

Later, there will be a private orgy.

21.iv.12

Lost time: that's the most annoying
part of it. Like, this is
what alien abductions teach us.

But also,
the tasks you are asked to accomplish
are not very difficult:
Park this car,
talk to this person
in reasonable language,
stringing words together
in an intelligible fashion.
Not so difficult.

These are really easy
things to do!
Yet, you cannot do these things,
and so you fail,
impacting all those you love,
and slathering you with
deep creamy layers of shame.

Still,
you have the arrogance,
the style, the grace, the charm,
the strength, to continue.

Good for you, dood.
Go, dood.

*(maybe a bit misdirected
or delusional
or mad
or lost,
but at least troo)*

22.iv.12

I'm in this particular
episode of MI-5
and we're scaling the face
of a steep cliff.
Everybody's in formal evening-wear.
Really tough to climb
a mostly vertical rock-face
in high heels and an
evening gown.

* * * * *

My sister is hanging out
with a couple of no-goods.
In fact, it's NuBinLadin and his sidekick!
I want those two to go away
or die, so I give them
some camel-flavored yogurt.
It tastes just awful, so they just
spit it out.

Actually, I was trying to poison them,
and that didn't really work.
Later, I hide in the laundry-room,
waiting for my sister, and
when she arrives,
I apologize for trying to
kill her frendz.

* * * * *

These trailers look
very futuristic,
almost like flying saucers,
with doors that slide up
and into the roof of the vehicle.
BurlyDood is about to enter,
but he must first give the guy inside
his guns and knives.
Then he walks in, and the door slides down.

Inside, the guy is explaining,
"So, don't be all complaining
about how I run this club."
BurlyDood takes his place with
three other guys on the bed.
This is a boxing club, and
when the signal is given,
they'll all start fighting each other,
and whoever's the last one standing
will go to the next trailer, and fight
the winners from previous bouts.

Guy continues, "You know, my soul's
goin' to Heaven, but my passive-aggressive
inner-Bitch-self is goin' straight to hell!"
That's the cue for the fighting to begin.

* * * * *

I've returned to my hotel room.
ShyGurl, who's leaving soon
to start a new life in the weary
and destitute young Afrikan country of
Moor-more,
is in bed.
She's removed her veil
and everything else.

23.iv.12
So many administrative details
I'm sure I got plenty of them wrong.

Don't even know what they mean,
what's their purpose.
The nuns have us walk around the
track that encircles
the miniature of the city,
with special placards around our necks
that read "Disability".

The miniature city is not that small.
It covers about a city block,
and I'm walking from roof to roof,
But it's vacant of miniature people,
so I don't have a Godzilla epiphany.

There is a hook-up station
for our phones, and it doesn't
accept the Jumbophone that's
popular among so many.

Mother of Witches makes a clever
statement, a play on words
about how the rose-colored
martini glass "hasn't been
this clean since else-where,"
(which was 1963).
And I make the mistake of
trying to compliment her on
the cleverness of her statement.
She warns me before I start my
ramblings that it better not in any way
sound like a criticism,
or even a critique.
She could turn me into a toad
if she doesn't like what she hears.

These is a fenced-in area
and DavyDots asks if I'm committed
to being around the next time
they open the gates.
"When's that?" I ask.
"In another 26 years," he replies.

24.iv.12

JohZetta lives in her tower,
and an earlier, more charitable age
might describe her as a spinster,
but she is wealthy and attractive,
and a little eccentric.
There are no doubt
stories woven around her.

Her lawyer comes 'round
every Sunday,
as per their service agreement.
He can indeed spend the
entire evening,
but usually he arrives
at the tower in the
morning, takes care
of the business at hand,
and leaves.
Sometimes, he accompanies her
to her church.

* * * * *

Such gushing, heavy raining!
We are so indeed very clearly flooding.
Better let the dogs in—
their snouts were just above the water!

OK, here they are, Ditto and Ralph.
I towel them off,
and Ralph's front-mounted genitalia
hanging from between his forelegs
becomes erect.
He's panting, smiling.
What a male!

* * * * *

There was one other vignette,

now, what could it be?
Birds? Dinosaurs?
An episode in the basement?
Another tornado?
Rattling, loose teeth?
It's no use: it's submerged,
but I trust it will return,
rising out of the water, terrible.

* * * * *

When the two women work together,
they can do the time-travel stuff.
It's weird, because all it takes is
a few tasty Mexican entrees and some physics!

I can watch this while I crawl from one hand
grip
to the next, along this
horizontal metal pole.
I'm young, and light, and
a little surprised how easy this is.
I'll hafta do this later,
when the time-travel is
reversed, with comic-relief guy
holding onto my waist,
in the nick-of-time
during the big thrilling conclusion.

When we arrive in the past,
we're helping all the good plants
and flowers grow amazingly fast,
and the weeds just wither away around them.
But dull butterknives grow, too.
And I take one, and rather
badly cut the throat of My Beloved.

*(You can always blame your behavior
on the time-travel.)*

25.iv.12

One of the Nasty Immortals
(the way-too handsome blond guy)
has been following The Monkeez
around during this entire cruise.
Finally, he's sneaking up behind them on deck
and he pulls out a big pistol
with an ornate ivory handle,
very fancy sight, and takes
aim.

One of the other Immortals
won't stand for this, and
blasts Blond Nasty away right before
he pulls the trigger.
He's knocked into the water,
but floats on its surface.

The other Immortals walk
up to him, and administer
great pain to him.
"Is that all you can do?
I want multiple kinds of pain!"
says Blond Nasty.

Later, the Morally Ambivalent Immortals
are kickin' back, chillin' out,
and First Narcissist is with them
(Didn't know he was one of them!)
"Yeah, we don't die, so what
we do instead is get rich," one of the
other M.A.I.s tells First N.
They're now planning a big heist
at the art museum, and
we're going to have to try
to stop them. First N. is now
on our side, helping us to avoid
the drinking water being
served in the museum that
just cold stops people and animals
in their tracks.

I get back to the planning room
from a number of wide stairways
where frozen cats are paused
in various playful positions
and will remain so until the
larceny's done.

One of the Immortal Chicks
sees me, however, and knows
I'm on to them (because,
well, I'm moving),
and our valiant plan to
foil the robbery is coming undone.

After tipping off the rest of my
crime-stoppers that the
operation's been compromised,
I try to escape to the very
top of the penthouse
above the museum,
triggering motion-activated lights
as I enter its kitchen.

There, I wait for the authorities to
arrive, and of course, they get it all wrong,
and think we were the art-robbers,
so we get packets of files with actual
objects attached, including at least
one purring black cat,
head poking out of the plastic
bag that contains more documents.

My own packet is not as bad
as some of the others,
but I'm still going to jail for a while.

* * * *

And later,
visiting The Abilities again.
Mr. Ability is tidying up the place,
although he doesn't remember

who I am.
In return, I don't remember his wife's name
(It's Charlotte).
As entertainment,
he sings the happy perv song:
*"Ped-o-Fylers on the loose
lookin' to book some child abuse."*

26.iv.12
The house you grew up in
is now a boarding house.
You live in what was
your older brother's room.

Other rooms have more amenities
and entrance, like TwinsRoom,
occupied by a semiscary shavedhed.

In your room, you're fussing over
how many layers to wear—
leather coat, sweaters, scarves.
You notice water dripping.
This room has no plumbing.

Now, water is coming in from
holes in the walls and ceiling.
This will all need to be fixed,
the whole room torn apart.

* * * * *

Next, you visit Gothic Tower
in Peeburg,
examining room after room
of the cold dark
stone structure,
with your new frend,
a young girl riding her bicycle
(with training wheels)
alongside you

1.v.12

I swear, the makeout sessions
with DarLénè were innocent,
harmless, not leading to more
consequential kinds of encounter.
"I like to make you laugh," I tell her,
"we should sex sometime!"
We do, however, hit Basement Bar,
and she lines up a bunch of shots,
so we've both had a little too much.
She threw a pillow or cardboard box
that knocked over a lamp
that broke a ceramic bowl,
so that, now, needs to be paid-for.
Barmanager is not too pleased.

I have to start writing this down,
and remembering the cool phrases
like, "May we always swallow," which was
our particular toast.
There's an entire cartoon to be filled in here,
with the cool sayings filling up a
special central block,
but the sayings are escaping me!

I need to wander around this castle interior
a little more, and of course
this is a castle that's been turned
into a touristy shopping mall,
so a lot of the gothicness
is hidden behind storefronts
and racks of crappy souvenirs.

You get conveyed from one room to the next
by this jumbo golfcart.
We pass one bright orange german woman,
I exchange glances with her,
she hops onboard, and
gives me a little giftwrapped sock
with a note from DarLénè.
I start to unwrap it, and peek at

the note, but then stuff it all
in my pocket,
since Wife is riding with me
and would get seriously curious.

We stop at another bar,
where a bunch of german guys
are telling/singing a musical joke
(*Ein Musicalische Spass*)
where the first two lines
mention "Negro" and "Fa-la-la",
and the third line parallels with
the mention of "Barako Bama" and "Wang-dang-
doodle".
Barako, who's actually the bartender,
is not so amused, since there is
racial tension in the joke,
even though it is well-crafted
in bar form (*stollen-stollen-abgesang*).

Now I'm sitting with the guys,
and say, "Well, we germans like
our standup comics to be literary, yes?"
One german guy, also bright orange
and with a really huge head says,
"Oh? Who do you have in mind, *zum Beispiel?*"
"I was thinking about . . . Gilbert Gottlieb.
He's one, right?"
I'm out on a limb here.
"Yes, good example!", says Bighedded Orange.

Then, I remember
one of the cool phrases
and write it down—*endlich!*

2.v.12
In this particular episode
of Alex in Wonderland,
our hero is at the gate,
and hoping to make it to his friend George's
wedding

inside the complex.

Complex might be a tad harsh,
because it's more like a cyber-Lewis-Carroll
themepark,
but everybody who works there
lives there, and can't really leave,
since this is the age of indentured
servitude, version 2.0.

"I was hoping you'd go with me
to his wedding, in matching
Frog-Prince outfits," says QueenyGuy,
who runs the park, to Alex.
Alex doesn't want to be associated
with QG, he just wants to go to his
frendz wedding!

He crosses over the bridge,
then he'll swim cross the river
to the public land around the complex
and sneak in that way.

While he does this, another
canoe comes down the river,
with another couple that also
doesn't want attention drawn to them,
so even though they see Alex,
they're not going to say anything to anyone.
They land on my side of the riverbank
and proceed to their cottage,
and greet their cute kitties,
and surely continue their illicit romance.

I'll explore this side of the river,
and the campus adjoining it.
On the lawn I find a few of the large
"occupy" coins minted
to commemorate those halcyon times,
and they should be worth something
in twenty years or so,

but I might not be alive then.
I'll hang on to them anyway,
and now I'm working as a paralegal,
and my job is to carry around the smoothstone
the lawyers use to spread their papers on,
and give support when various forms are
stamped,
hot wax and all.

There are parties, now, to attend.
This one is a pizza party,
hosted by one of the leading
TeaBaggaTrixes.
I shouldn't eat more than one piece,
but nobody's stopping me.

A literary party will follow,
where we will all partake in that
popular new entertainment
where words are made up
and waves of language
will wash over us entirely made
from those new words.
I've been at this for a while,
and I even have a couple of books
on the game in my hands.
I should do OK at this.

5.v.12

Getting ready for the opening of the
—restaurant? theatre? dance club?
What is this place?
It's got a stage,
and a huge sheet of plywood
covering the area where the seats would be
at about throat-level.
and only open on the sides
for a single row of audience.
An elaborate system of pipes
will suck people from
where they stand along the periphery,

up and across the ceiling
to the stage, like those vacuum tubes thingys
banks use.
How will that work?
And all of this is opening tonight?

My co-workers seem to think so.
"Did you get your uniform?" one asks.
I think I picked up the right suit,
and shoes, earlier.
At least the outfit should look good:
Black shirt, trousers, charcoal grey jacket,
italian shoes.
I guess I'm some kind of waitron
or bartender, which is disappointing.
I should be DJing or VJing,
but maybe I'll meet more interesting
people this way.

People—yuck!

6.v.12

Let's deconstruct just a few points of anxiety:

First, you shouldn't have volunteered
to run the trainboat.
Yes, it looked simple at first,
but you really had no idea of your route
and how you must be at certain stations
at certain times—this is critical!
And you're driving the Greenwood route,
and it's already 3pm and you need to be
at the junction at 3:30. How are you going
to do that? You're not even *on* the trainboat
you're supposed to drive!
And I can't help you out here —
you got into it, you getherself out.

Second, you know that when you watch
a show called '*Barbara Walters Does Opera*'
that she's probably going to feature

her favorite scenes or singers
in some sort of medley of famous arias.
No, she didn't write any music, and no, she's not
going to sing. Are you mad?

And finally, you've reached JoTown
with Mom and Pop, first by foot
over the savannahs, following
the two young girls who'll show us the way
there,
then by bicycle, into this huge warehouse
turned city center/marketplace.
You're greeted, and the greeters
will take your bicycles.
You sit with all the new arrivals
on a couch
(actually, you're polite and
let your parents and some other
arrivals sit on the couch, you
sit on the floor).
Every arrival gets a complimentary beverage,
and a handful of mixed nuts.
Languages? Suggested preference is
First Italian, then Latin, French, Greek, Spanish,
German, Serb, and English.
Don't stress out about the languages, though:
nobody's gonna talk with you anyway.

7.v.12

Suddenly, it's all very boring to you,
this theatre piece you've become entangled in.
You're sposta handle the electronics, of course,
but you also have a minimal speaking/acting
part,
and Cathy, the writer-director,
has just gone ballistic again,
this time on the placement of
the elegant glass vase with blood lilies
in the restaurant above the theatre.

Now, the theatre piece will be performed in the

restaurant.

You'll hafta haul all your equipment upstairs
and set it up, probably in the alcove on
the right side, across from the central rows of
seats,

next to the coat-check area
and the blood transfusion station,
rows and rows of that clear plastic tubing
filling with crimson.

How's that gonna work with the monitor,
and camera?

Maybe you can rehearse your part while
you lug equipment?

Where's the stage help, too?

They should be helping you with this!

12.v.12

It's simply a visit

from Aunt and Uncle,

Bernice and Meinhard

(still actually alive

so these were not spooks [71])

Meinhard stands at over seven feet,

when he sits, he fills the couch.

"How tall are you, Uncle?" I ask,

"Over 260 pounds," he answers.

Not the answer I was looking for,

but this is simply a visit.

* * * * *

Having attended to some obligation,

Virgil tells me, "OK, now you

don't have to worry!"

This is good to hear,

but maybe I'm just kidding myself

to believe him.

• • • • •

Minimalist Mansion
is really an amazing place,
although it's sorta sterile and antiseptic
as one might expect.
Hard to imagine
people actually living there,
especially since almost
none of the walls
go all the way to the ceiling.
I don't remember
who's with me,
why we're there,
or what we do.

13.v.12
The main event—
what this was all about—
has been lost,
yet it's located easily somewhere
between history and mystery,
but like the lost-wax process,
there's details left behind:

a)
I need to do-over the typesetting
on this design project:
a special commemorative
box for the fried-chicken company
celebrating porn.
Plus, now I hafta do a menu,
and I thought I had already done it,
but mustov lost the file.

b)
In the basement washroom
Dad explains how the doctor
from Princeton gets assessed,
and how he has his fingerprints
on file, or can transmit them
to verify he is who he is.
"But, he may not give a fuck about that,"

says Dad.
I'm a little stunned, because my
father is usually the paragon
of great reserve
and emotional restraint,
so, like, whoa!

c)
Now that I've known TomTod for a while,
he reminds me it was he and David S.
who once delighted the rather stoic audience
(a really tough crowd, if I remember)
by playing a delicate passage from
Quartet for the End of Time
on their trombones.

14.v.12
In dinosaur land
we're just hangin' out
with our cat, *The Moodge*,
who is about the size of
a refrigerator.
A hawk that's even bigger than that
circles overhead, and we suggest
Moodge not draw its attention.
Lots of smaller flying reptiles, too.

* * * *

We offered to look after
the neighbor's house
while he was away.
Prank-Dood is up to his
trix again, and he's
opening the cellar door
to push down
about 600 pounds of
dried moose-meat,
pieces individually
wrapped in plastic.
It's about the size

of a folded-over mattress.
So, he's going to fill
the neighbor's house
with this.
That's his prank.

16.v.12

I'm just surprised I haven't been
beat up, raped, or killed in prison, so far.
Sorta easing into the schedule,
which leaves me exhausted all the time.
One big dood asks me to meet him in the
bathroom
so we can talk. We do.
"I see you're letting all sorts
of guys sign up with you?" he asks.
It's true, but I don't really know
what it all means.
Apparently, you get other
inmates to sign up with you
and then you'll sue them
once you're out.
See? I have no idea
how that works, but
Big Dood wants in on the action.

Later, another dood throws a
padlock on my crotch. While he
wraps his own padlock with a sock,
I take mine and do the same.
It looks like we might have a fight here.

But, there's one more dood who wants
to fight this guy first, and they're both
guys I've signed up, so I'll let them
work this out first.

* * *

Back on campus now,
all those great lawns,

shade trees, landscaping.
University Police are now
using tazers to fight
the dinosaurs and racism.

I'm walking around with a
breaded, fried fish I'll need to
throw back in the river.

* * *

I run into JennA and JonKiHoetee,
and offer to take them to lunch,
since they're hungry, and I have
a little money to spare. But not
somewhere superexpensize.

We pass through the chapel,
and need to dodge the Pope's Hot Rods,
including a sleek, Ferrari GT(f)O.
"That one would cost more than a house,"
I say. JennA is currently looking for a house,
and I point out some apartments I looked at
a couple years ago.

She's living at home with her folks,
so I visit her there.
Don't know why she'd want to leave,
it's a pretty fancy place.
But when I get there, she and JonKiHoetee
are making out—they're now a couple!
Whoa, didn't see that coming
from several miles away.
Jon leaves, and I can stay for awhile,
if I want to talk.
"No, I should get going," I say, "this is
the best time for my travels in the desert,"
and that is what I do next.

* * *

SvenGer plays a little jazz piano,
accompanied by a guy I don't know
on a white electric bass, but not amplified.

After the performance, SvenGer is
upset at the whole gig—hated it, in fact.
He leaves, and it's suddenly dark out,
in midday. Rumbblings would suggest
a storm in development.

SvenGer and one other guy who was at the
show come back in, to avoid wind and rain,
and I gather the animals inside, too.
I hafta demonstrate for everybody
how awkward this house is, the stairs especially.
From the second floor landing, you walk down
the small steep steps without handrail,
and then you must go under the stairs
if you want to reach around them
and, for instance, wash dishes in the sink
that's mounted half-way down the stairs.
Somehow, this doesn't seem like an
inconvenience to my small audience.
Maybe they're just amused I even try.

17.v.12

It's relatively easy, you find,
to become irrelevant and replaceable.
The hot young talent
is playing his latest composition
on xylorimba.
You think it's, well, derivative
of Olivier Messiaen.
But Young Talent has asked you
to play the composition with him
and another colleague
at the seminar next week.
Your part is just a stupid, simple
Pattern for high-hat cymbal.

18.v.12

Details from the competition are sketchy,
but you know it was fierce.
It's the Banality TV show, "Neighbor vs.
Neighbor",
and you've just won it.

As your prize, you get to use
your neighbor's shower for a week!
Right now, you're in your own kitchen,
waiting for Spouse to finish showering.
She's already at Neighbors'.

You're not so pleased with the prize.
You don't really want to walk over there
in your bathrobe, and use their shower.
Mornings are a private time.

Nevertheless, here's Neighbor Lady at your door.
She lets herself in, "You sorta missed
an opportunity by not letting your cat run out!",
she says.

"How is that a missed opportunity?" I ask.
Maybe something to do with the see-through
nighty she's wearing?
I am so not turned on.

We leave, and walk toward her house,
up the hill—very steep!
How do they manage with the steepness?
In the house, Spouse has finished showering
and is lounging around with the husband and
kid,
and poking strands of cherry liquorish with a
knife.

"I'm trying to get the Pity-Bugs out," she says,
"See, there's one now!" .

Yes, that's a Pity-Bug she's just
nudged out of the red twists.

19.v.12

While you've been here before, many times,

this is the first time the parking garage
seems to blend into the corporate
chemistry lab/dungeon.
You pull your car into the standard space,
but your car is so small, you can just
tuck it under your arm
and take it with you.

You do that, and climb up
one slender metal spiral ladder
because you think that will take you
to the main building.
It doesn't.
Now you're pretty lost.

It reminds you of that ritual
you had to perform in the desert
in that experimental stage of your life,
just after graduate school
and just before the tedium of
steady employment:
You had to stand, for hours,
on one foot, naked, in the sun.

* * * *

Scene changes to the wedding
of a lovely black woman. In attendance
is her son, born in 1973.
Yay, weddings!

* * * *

Part of The New Adventures
In The Big House is animated,
part is not.

The animated part is Homersimpson
remodeling the bathroom, and
noticing a thread hanging from the
ceiling, pulls on it,

until a big chunk of ceiling falls down,
revealing another bathroom above him,
but this one is built upside down, in a mirror
image of the one he's remodeling.

The part of TNAITBH that's not animated
is not very good.
I'm surprised someone
went through all the expenses
to write, produce, and direct it!

20.v.12

Again, there is a fantasy food competition
- slash experimental dinner theatre production
- slash biopic/soapOpera—about a
Latin youth expertly gifted, both
in cooking the cuisine of his culture
and in avant-garde composition.
On top of that, he's a devout
Romankatholik, a part-time
model sought after by all those
in the business of TV novellas,
and he has an impressive
knowledge of birds.

It's "Chalupa for the End of Time",
and it's on Telemundo, jueves!

* * * * *

You are sposta meet with DuhWayne,
apparently a spiritual consultation
since matters of your *weltanschauung*
have gotten out of hand.

He arrives in your little room
where you live, surrounded by books.
Of course, you don't know where
to start. You don't want him to
start out with a prayer—like
he usually does. Life is so

beyond divine intervention.

As you leave him in your room,
you say, "I'll get back to you about that,"
and head outdoors
to the lunch tables in the grassy courtyard,
where your frendz are eating.
One of the organ students
forgot to turn off the broadcast system,
so while he practices,
the whole campus hears everything
he says and plays!
"Who do you suppose wrote
that modern monstrosity?" asks
one sage brown-bagger, "It sounds
like one of yours!"

21.v.12

Remembering to navigate
multiple meanings of
"Keep Off The Grass,"
you make a you-turn
on the road, and head into
the field in search of the
yellow or bright orange corvette.

Because there is no road
it's very bumpy (like you
weren't expecting that!).
Along the way, the well-dressed
young man points out to you
the phonebook on the ground:
You could look it up in that,
who or what you're looking for.

You look up to see
Castle BeautySchool.
It's medieval-looking, with
cartoon drawings of its
two founders—perhaps
a married couple,

perhaps not—on the
titlestone.

* * *

More driving adventures
in the grocery store parking lot.
Just the usual—dodging cars
as you find a place to park.

You get your groceries, in
two shopping carts, leave the store.

On the ground, on the road,
everywhere,
are these patches
a couple inches
in diameter, filled with about
twenty glowing blue dots
arranged in a hexagonal,
honeycomb pattern.

We know they're alien,
we just don't know
their purpose or function.
Some people are smashing them,
some are painting with them,
some are eating them.

So, what if they turn out to be
markers where the alien buildings
will appear, or what if they're eggs?
Likely, they are only clever Republicans.
Probably best to avoid them.
You do this by heading for the playhouse,
the smallest room in the house,
but they're on the floor there, too.

You resign yourself
to eating as much junk food as you can,
just stuffing it in your mouth,

until the aliens appear.

22.v.12

"What about your ensemble?"

I ask RuthVaness. "Oh, I was regrouping it, and then they kicked me out," she says.

"They wanted to do immunizations with toy trains."

I can't worry about that.
I'm in the utility kitchen
discovering a certain
'Pablo Valez' has ripped me off
and is using one of my
texts in his work, which
depends heavily on this
shower curtain/tablecloth
I've found. What if I just
take it? He'd never know.

26-27.v.12

Going to israel with CT
Goatshead poster is on guy's film.
Need to get right train.

People from many countries,
it's an airport.
I 'm a video artist, so
I tell the oriental woman that
Database film would be perfect here.

This airport is just
a big, big bedroom.

Next day, three silver spheres
flying overhead
guys in blue suits
and dark glasses

emerge from the
craft, sliding down
ropes.
They attach finger and
hand extensions to their
limbs, but they don't
work too well.
They're all graspy,
and quite clumsy.

29.v.12

There's a new epidemic
spread by sweat and spit.
Young people crowd the stairwells,
you squeeze past them—are they infected or
not?
No way to tell.

Past a particularly sluggish crowd
(not a good sign), and down the
concrete trough,
you hop from one grassy rooftop
to the next,
ending on a mostly empty one.

PowerDood lands there too,
so you retreat to the back of the bus
under the flowertree,
trying not to disturb spiders and bee

As we drive past ArtTown,
we feel the full impact of this current plague.
*(ArtTown looks like it was designed
by the cubano version of Dr. Seuss, btw.)*
It's empty now, and because
all economies have collapsed,
we can just take some of the art supplies:
wire meshes you press
in the clay to get all sorts
of neat textures,
nostalgic, dirty techno textures.

You apply these textures
to the manqué female nude
you've been working on.
Nice!

* * * * *

In front of this new class
I'm not sure what I'm to give
as today's lecture.

Is it on making a narrative modular?
Is it on the role of music in
propelling a story?
Is it on story elements?
That sounds right,
I erase the blackboard
which was completely filled with
intense, tiny physics equations.
Can't believe the previous prof
left it up there for me to erase!

Rowdy class—also not
a good sign. Boy brags about
some girl conquest, "I had to be
up to my ass in acid to see her!"
Mean boy. Class laughs,
I better take control.

Blackboard's erased,
I try to write 'story elements'
on the board with yellow chalk,
but I can't see it when I'm done.

I play a few snippets of some
Laurie Anderson project on my ipod.
Now, I finally have their attention,
maybe.

* * * * *

I get the big envelope,
but it's been sent to me
with a bunch of smaller
manila envelopes inside it.
I'm sposta submit my video
by April 1—but it's almost
June! How can I make that
deadline?

At least, the envelopes are
all stamped and addressed,
so I can see who's on the committee
that's looking into my application.
There's Stuart Miller—or whatever
his name is,
and Mamibia—she's on the
other envelope.
Who else, and even if
I know who's on the committee,
how does that effect what I submit?
Do I know what these people like?
Would each video be different?
So confused.

31.v.12
Hanging out with the artsy crowd,
and not too at-ease with that.
I try to make small talk with MariEff—fail!

R3 is there, his tweed coat and grey scarf
admired by one woman, who must touch
everything.
I try to ease into that conversation—another fail!

Me and a bunch of guys are to
present out ideas to Sana next door,
and she'll decide who will be
in the show.

Now, all the rooms are suddenly
filled with women,

in erotic workout clothes,
stretching, warming up.
The place feels, like it's
part brothel, part aerobics class.
Maybe jazzercise.

Next door, Sana tells Brother
he owes her one, maybe two
soundtracks for her projects.
I'm gonna get dragged into this,
I know.

* * * * *

I don't know any of these people,
but I have a few hundred dollars in my pockets
in twenties and tens—this should be
put somewhere safe.
Remember what happened
to the Japanese businessman?
He had a wad of cash
that got mixed in with his smoothie.
"Hey, this tastes like wallet!" he said.
Then he understood.

So, I go to the basement,
where I can put this in the safe,
but the two young friends
of the kids who live here
are staying there,
and I don't want them to see
what I'm doing.

I go over to the darkroom corner,
and see some fixer has been
spilt on a photo.
"Uh, yeah, we were gonna
tell you about that," says one of the friends.
I tell him it's not a problem,
and go back upstairs.

In the cavernous breezeway,
graced with many arches
I meet two other guys, Americans
visiting Roma, tourists like me.
The one guy has a very pasty face,
hollow eyes sunken into his face.
On his running-suit is embroidered
a list of helpful phrases in Italian,
which he tries out on a passer-by:
"Cubado, per favore?" he says,
the Roman brushes him off,
and keeps walking.

I explain to them
the friends in the basement,
how they had pictures
of the Pope's recent
visit to Rome.
("But, he lives there.
How can he visit?")
"Well," explains the other guy, "They
may not be who they say they are!"
This creeps me out a little.

* * * * *

We're now with the successful dood
who's just bought the farmstead
and has done a great job
of manicuring the lawns and garden.
While explaining how the former owner
had sunk his entire life savings into this place,
—Success Dood had purchased all this
with a pittance—
He squats above rows of vegetables
and fertilizes them.

3.vi.12

PowerlessDood is in a bad situation.
He's agreed to help out the subway-train
hijackers to rob something big when it

gets shipped, in return for,
I don't know, his life or whatever.

Step by step, he hasta check things out,
try bringing stuff on the subway,
see what's allowed, or not.
Then, he figures out ticket codes for them,
and how to get the name of the individual cars,
and then he has to test how much it takes
to smash through a window.
All parts of the plan, but he's only
seeing the small parts,
not the big picture.

There was even a time when P-Minus
(PowerlessDood's nickname)
had to drive an old donut delivery truck
in a shallow indoor pool.
Maybe a get-away vehicle?
It sputters and almost stops a few times.
Not my choice for get-away,
but that may not be the purpose
of this training.

Lastly, shoes.
I'm with him at the station for that,
and he may have missed the train
he needed to be on
because his shoes didn't have
working spring-loaded
retractor plugs, those stlyish
push-buttons on the sides of the heel
that are in fashion these days.
We make a quick stop in the shoestore
and get him some proper shoes.

On the train, we are joined with
the other hijackers,
and I need to roll up my spare shoes
and a change of clothes
in my sleeping bag, along with

a bread-knife. Again,
it might be I'm in the same position
as P-Minus, 'cause I don't know
why I had to bring the knife.

According the the diagram
above the door,
we've already crossed the border
to the inner part of this place.
The action, all these weeks of
planning, kicks in soon.

* * * * *

Times were not as stressful
in the artmuseum/mall,
until I misplaced my laptop,
and had to hunt through a few rooms
to find it.

During the search,
I acquire a huge ceramic cup
about four feet tall,
more like a 55 gallon drum,
but with thin edges
and clown colors.
It's been tipped over
by its previous owner,
but it didn't break.
Now it's mine,
so I put it in the corner of
my exhibit room/bedroom—
this is one of those exhibits
that you live in, so you're not
homeless for a while—
my roommate, Beyondka, tells me
I need to find Foxy, our pet
foxcatdog.
So, Foxy and my laptop.
Gotta find them both.

* * * * *

There were even
less-stressful times,
if you can imagine,
when P-Minus and I
are riding the swampboat,
on a hot day.
I'm at the front of the boat
and dangle my legs in the raw umber water.
A huge alligator floats past,
right in front of us.
Probably I need to lift my legs
back in the boat.

* * * * *

One last task:
you need to photograph
the BusinessDood
and his three daughters
in front of his refurbished
boxcar/phonebooth.
Should be a piece'o'cake,
although I need to tell
the eldest daughter,
late teens, lanky blonde,
pretty face, wearing
a white tank-top and blue jeans,
that she needs to pose
with her hands clasped
behind her back.
She has very muscular arms,
and I think it will would be good
to not call attention to them
in the photo.

Balancing all those buldges
against more delicate curves and expressions,
this might not be so easy.

4.vi.12

The House of Many Abilities
is sortova cottage-industry these days,
with dozens of people working there
in this house-turned-workplace.
I should be spending more time
at my desk, but I'm more interested
in watching the guests arrive
and making sure the food
they bring is set out properly.

I have a big tray of strawberries,
so I put that down and want to play
one of the pianos.
This one, however, has both
black and white keys at
exactly the same height
so finger-memory
is hopeless. I stumble
through a few passages
of a work I once knew,
and I know enough
to give up, walk away,
and make my lame excuse.

* * * * *

Earlier, we investigated
that latest online phenomena,
"Gagalytics".

You simply type "Gagalytics Into The Internet"
in any browser, and
the answer to your question
(the question you didn't even
need to ask) appears.
It's based on a new technology
that senses things by the way
you type, which is as individual
as fingerprints, but this goes farther.

You might, for example, have been shot.
You type in the phrase, and the answer
might be, "You are hemorrhaging seriously,
and should seek immediate medical care."
Less dramatic, would be the answer
you actually get when you first try it,
not having been shot:
"You are wearing a light blue shirt
like everybody else, to take advantage
of this current internet craze."
Yes, you are wearing a light blue shirt
for just that reason, as you
and your peers look at catalogs
of badges people draw
after they've had a Gagalytic experience.

A design by one woman
is not very distinctive,
but it's the one that's gone viral,
and now it's the emblem
for all things Gagalytic.

5.vi.12

A few notes:

As our memories go, we become
more transparent, like a gradient person
with the middle gone.

The remedy is to learn,
as LJ puts it, "The basics of theatre,
dance (through the Jones method},
and music (by way of the Kodaly system).
One of the first to do this,
Beautiful TragicDood,
in the Jackwhit Johndepp style,
wonders if it matters he only has
three fingers on one hand.
Doesn't matter, and TragiDood
still maintains the first year of remedy
was mostly useless.

* * * * *

It's about ten to one,
almost time for the matinee
at the operahouse.
It's 'Don Carlo', and I'm
singing the supporting
tenor role.

I don't know the character's name,
I don't even know this opera!
Even so, I tear on over the backstage,
having come on foot from some
fast-food place nearby,
because I already parked my car
at the opera parking lot.

Backstage, I meet the other
members of the cast,
and get into costume.
I hope the pill I took
kicks in soon.
The pill that allows me
to sing the part flawlessly
without any study or work
or rehearsal.
This is gonna be neat!

6.vi.12

ManagerMan has all these schemes
and plans on how to arrange for his
UnderLing to announce MM's availability
as a manager for the famous boxer, Bruno.
Bruno arrives on the stairwell with his current
manager.

UnderLing and MM are under the stairwell,
or on a lower, parallel flight of stairs.
UnderLing kisses MM roughly, to inspire him,
and so roughly that the frames of MM's glasses
get bent out of shape, or broken.

But, since we've been watching
the 'edited for TV' version of all this,
the kiss itself was cut out.

* * * * *

Outside, in bright noonday sun,
all the colors are bleached out,
but you're at the memorial service
for the five or six young people,
mostly girls,
who were taken by the firestorm
immediately after the shower of
several meteorites fell to Erth.
You were almost among them,
but you hung out longer,
looking at a newspaper,
while they headed toward
their terminus.

* * * * *

Also at the memorial service,
sitting next to you on the grass
is Gonzales, who's working on
a crayon drawing of large circles
surrounded by smaller circles.
None of the circles touch,
and this was sposta be a Venn Diagram.
You start to explain to him why his
drawing is wrong, but then realize
everything he's representing by the circles
may not have anything in common.

* * * * *

The new military vehicles
are in the form of a woman's body,
walking on high-heels.
The drivers sit in the torso
right behind the breasts.

These devices are about twenty feet tall, and fierce in battle.

* * * * *

DonTrump is our lecturer today, and rather than say something mean and petty to him, I ask if I can ask him some questions on business.

He pauses, says, "No, this is a sufferable lecture. That means you must suffer through my talk. No questions."

That settles that, I guess. Trump then climbs into his black leather throne that flies, and takes off.

* * * * *

You can now do your rounds as you say goodbye to everyone, and Shill takes you to the Italians next door, just like he did a few years ago, in Oh-Seven, when you first arrived here.

The Italians are pleasant, and you get kinda choked up when you recall Florence.

The matron of the house gets you and Shill three beers, and some tasty fried chicken with philo-like breading, and dijon mustard beneath the crust. The meat just falls from the bone, and you remark how delicious it is, in your best, bad Italian.

The great-grand-dame of the house is Sicilian, over 100 years old, with crinkly black skin, and

eyes that cut right through you.
She sits by the piano.

You glance outside
where they've converted
a 1958 Blue Chevy Station Wagon
into a chicken-coop.
It holds about a dozen birds.

14.vi.12
We're making White Pie™!
It's made with pear filling,
or actual pears. "Which one?"
I ask. Cook replies, "Doesn't matter."

In the house's sculpture court,
I am told that 'Mobile is in Ascendancy!"
and the towers are arranged accordingly.

People sleep—try to sleep—in
the exhibit hall within the court,
One guy's alarmclock just went off,
waking up everybody. Jerk.

Now, I'm a bigger jerk
by walking around the outside of the hall
flinging a small rubberball on a string
against the metal sheeting
wrapped around the hall,
producing some wonderful klangs
that ring in space,
beautiful overtones and complexity,
but probably very annoying
to those trying to sleep.

The other part of this place
is Biphor-Kaeted House,
where the living-room is divided
by sliding glass panels.
I need to cross into the other side,
but I also need to return the calipers

and other car-measuring devices
we borrowed from multiple
used-car dealers.
Which will it be? Doesn't matter:
the multi-squid has attached
to the head of the scuba-diver,
then it let go and swam away.

15.vi.12

Again, we're in Black's Village,
again, the porch needs repair,
again, we're staying in the ground-level
apartment,
across from the 'fridge,
and the new tenants,
all professional women,
nurses, maybe,
or something businessy.
They have alarms on the doors,
and one had gone off last week,
but we weren't told.

Beth Cartoon Rabbit
has just arrived.
"Why, Beth, what brings
you back?" I ask.
No answer, so I
fill up the dead air
with amazing stories
from my life.

* * * * *

Those porch repairs
were really to the pool
adjacent to our new art gallery,
but now the pool guy
is concerned about humidity
from the pool
ruining the art.
I tell him, "Oh, it's

not that kind of art."

* * * * *

Now we can talk about
the road trip.

Dad is driving us,
the whole family,
across the French
countryside, all
very picturesque.

The river running through
this forresty- pastuer,
"The people call it
'The Seine', but I call it
InSane!" he says.

But in the mists,
on the horizon
we can see Notre Dame
peeking through,
and that's pretty neat.

We drive past a more recent castle,
one probably built
in the 1950's, with
cheap wood panelling
instead of stone.

Basically, an american
suburban ranch-castle
in France.

Our driving leads us
to park car on roof,
since there was no way down.

And now, we're greeted
by the lovely French family
who live here: Father, mother
and two daughters, about
ready to start college.
One is going to University

of Toronto, to study
political science.
Her English is far better
than my French, and we
chat a while.

An instant later,
the two daughters
are replaced by two
hags, one hideous, one sad
and more peeny.
Both have faces made of
burned and charred
pages of books.
Peeny One floats around,
not saying anything.
Hideous One is more outgoing,
and she accuses me
of not being too good
at putting images and words together.

"See, words are like what I use
to talk to you," she says, "You need
to get better at words."

Hey, I resemble that comment!

17.vi.12
"Opal, pemulo,
nizzard, niccolo,
negredo, pormal,
Pem-nick, portolo,
Oxian, norcolia,
pembrought,
Necrotone.
Pemulatta."
She read the drink menu.
That's all she had to do.
"So what will you have?"

"I'll have the Pemulatta."

"What is that, by the way?"
you ask.

"Distilled intestinals,
filaments, filtered through
rare burning books,
a dash of missionary zeal,
some narcolepsy,
topped with a cherry,
which promotes . . . anxiety."

21.vi.12

"Hey, Deep,
life shood B-mor fun!"
It's that red-neckky pseudofrend
who shows up once in a while,
and drags you to dumb parties or whatever.

(His name is Todd,
but stupider and redneckier
than any Todd you've
ever known, or even
imagined on canvas, paper, or celluloid.
Ones and zeros,
that's another issue.)

Today, he brings you to the
"Hafta Make A Great Thing!"
party, where you must convince
total strangers that you have
an original voice.
Hopeless.

At least,
you remember a sliver of reality
or alternate reality, i.e., dreems,
that shall prove helpful to you
later on.

Then we all proceed to the main dining room.
We've gotten there from the stairs,

where you encountered Scott,
and apologized for the professional quality
of the band playing his song,
and promising you'll get his royalty check
in the mail right away.

In the dining hall
(much more expansive
than a middle-class dining room)
you meet all the other
nemeses of your pitiable existence:
some doctor guy,
a couple of really hot brunettes
that have accomplished so much more than you,
a quiet, pathetic drunk guy, late fifties,
and the mothery-type woman.

What happens next

22.vi.12
I'm not saying
you can't learn
useful information
from a sci-fi film.

Look at this:
You're doing experiments,
and experiments always
fail or lead to disaster.
Yours does both.

You've somehow released
radioactivity. It goes into the rain,
and then into fire and electricity.
Then, it goes into animals:
Birds and dogs, mostly.
They turn into mean robots,
but then they attach to humans
and take over their bodies,
so you have a bunch of robot
bird-dog-people

with vast electric charges
with which they can destroy stuff.

This is a movie where
you don't really get involved
with the characters,
since they'll all get killed
or absorbed by the killer animal-robot-people.
There's at least one brave boy
driving a pickup
that gets jumped by a particularly beaky
bird-dog-robot, and it's tearing
through the hood,
grabs the boy, and pins him to roof.
This will be a long and painful
transformation.
The truck just keeps on going.

26.vi.12

On the new reality gameshow
"Eating Your Boyfriend,"
young women show their love
by doing literally that.

* * * * *

Wrinkles deepen
on DespairMan's Face.
He asks:
"How will we ever
Hot-Suit™ again?"

28.vi.12

In the Band of Juvenilles
"How many of you are left-leaning?", asks
Leader.
A few hands rise.
"No, idiots, not how many of you are
left-handed. Left-leaning, like, you know,
politically?"
Only your hand remains.

Worse, you even stand up,
to emphasize it all.
That was probably a mistake,
because, hey, they all have knives.

29.vi.12

Winding around campus
by way of various paths,
bridges, sidewalks,
you should look up
once in a while,
to appreciate the
beauty of this place.

Now at the recording studio,
you look at album art
for a new, fresh band.
Stunning stuff—hope
the music's any good.

You're just peeing,
but a guy takes your belt off
and uses it to tie the door shut
on his stall.
"You'll see why
we hafta do that" he says.

The lesson is on
'Gone With The Wind'
but you just heard
you can test out of this.
Go to Building 'E' for that.

"Robert H, (woman),
meet Robert H. (man)"
Your job is to introduce
people to each other
who have the same names
here in the Land of the Ded.

30.vi.12

And now you enter your house
to discover it—empty!
All your stuff is gone,
floors and walls are bare,
nothing of it doth remain!

The shock of realizing everything is gone
allows you to overlook the three figures
covered in tarp at the far end of the living room.
Two, standing, reveal themselves
as harlequin characters
in melted guitar colors.
"Do not be alarmed,
for we are professional actors,"
says the one, "in the service of
Master Jonathan!"
He points to the fetal position figure
on the floor, who rolls over,
and yes, that's who it is!

So, this has all been one of J's pranks!
To make the punk less punkish,
he's also engaged several interior workers
to completely redo several other rooms,
that way,
you'll get a new look to your house
when you get all your junk back!

1.vii.12
Consider the Topiary Chicken:
It doth not spin,
neither does it reap,
and yet the Lord looks after it
to guard and protect it.
Which is why I became atheist.
Why believe in a god
that spends precious time
and energy
protecting the well-being
of stoopid fucking Topiary Chickens?

* * * * *

We examine the design document,
look for flaws in it
that mirror our own.

We drive the bus, fast,
backwards.,
learning to steer
through the mirror,
so we actually
go forward,
but it's a lot of work.

12.vii.12

These extended family
get-togethers are nothing
unusual for JenA,
and her extended family,
beyond Sister, are mostly
total strangers to me, but they fit
within types:
Uncle-ish dood,
spinstery aunts,
a few slightly-older-than-us
stand-ins for cousins.

One 'cousin' will take
Sister to the Jewish Dances,
and explains that she
mustn't park
in areas designated 'Jew Parking.'
That makes sense.

There are the family heirlooms
or curiosity cabinets,
filled with mostly weaponry,
particularly, ornate knives.
I remark how straight they are,
how characterized by straightness.
"Abraham's line was straight, too,"

a patriarchy older dood says.
"No, actually, it bended in places,"
I correct him, "and the bends make
all the difference in the world!"

But, now it's time for the family movies,
and they begin with, actually,
my own family,
Mom and Dad,
dressed as Riverboat Gambler
and Antebellum LadyFrend,
circa 1850.
They're playing their parts
for Nephew Danny's school-production,
probably *Paddle-Wheels*.

But the movies ramble beyond boyschool
dramas
and into more adult themes.
As they proceed, you
mention how likely it would be
for you to kiss your other 'cousin,'
the leaner, Buscemiesque one.
Then, you do, full on the lips.

Wait, what's on the screen now?
Hey, it K-man, in a Burlesque
with Dark Nancy,
and he plays the role of
a chubby, jovial Tiresias,
dancing and shaking his/her
both sets of genitalia!

14.vii.12
You're on the flight
from one snowy northern town
to another one.
Trecherous, but the
pilot, some hiphop dood,
pulls off a great take-off
on an icy runway.

You're with your Synthetic Family,
and they admire the yarn-hanging
you've been making
it fills about an entire livingroom.

You hafta fix the leaking ceiling—oh no,
that can't be good—and you need
flat pans to catch the water,
but you need the same flat pans
to whap at those flying cockroaches, too.

23.vii.12

Just Scattered Debris Now

Marjsimpun works a concession booth
at carnival, but also undercover
for some policing agency.
Terror Couple gets best of her,
woman approaches from front,
dood with gun, from behind.
Little Timmy, on the ride,
will not come home.
Hopeless.

You're back in Musicschool,
now working with a rockband.
You're not one of the main players,
not even the keyboard player.
You handle, I think, background electronics.
You're going to rehearse with them
now, eventhough the lead singer
(stockier, not so attractive
but still the star) won't be there.
You help them move
more percussion into the
practice room,
and along the way,
you peek into the other
rehearsal hall.
The young symphony

plays some syrupy Romantic work,
lots of swoony strings.
Maybe you can help them tune up,
with the controls outside the door?
Also hopeless.

24.vii.12

First you need to pick out your outfit.
Shades of off-greens,
set against off-blacks and off-whites.

You need to watch the horses
as they are being prepared to race,
or jump, or trot, or just be seen.
You're hanging out at the fence
surrounded by handsome guy and cute girl.
The girl says something,
"Were you talking to him, or me?" you ask,
"Yes." she answers, but you know
you're the third wheel here, so you go.

Now, finally, we are looking
at the plans for the Parts of Speech Museum:
a careful arrangement of rooms,
exhibition halls, and adjoining space
each devoted to nouns, verbs,
adverbial phrases, gerunds.
Your colleague suggests
hundreds of letters from the alphabet
hang from the ceiling, guiding the visitor
from room to room.
"That's a little obvious, I think," you tell him.

29.vii.12

A collection of locations, events, and people:

- you're finally going to get an English horn.
You try one out, but it has a new
flexible clear tube
and an encased high-tech metal reed
that doesn't even look like a reed—

it looks more like surgical plumbing.
You play it, one piece at a time.

- the dancers tell you they are
"Dancing for credit," but
maybe they mean
"Dancing on credit."
You don't know, and
nobody tells you.

- MagdaLene is quite a bit
taller than you. You
tell her of your deepest problems,
and it seems it
doesn't help.

5.viii.12

Most of the affair was nothing:

- picking out a new car
a lot like the old car,
- the man and women
exchange shoes in church,
but when the man puts on the woman's,
they inflate into sad clown shoes.
- trying to find change
to buy a subway ticket,
man walking by says, "Oh,
they're free now, it's just
the special routes you pay for."
So they are!
You step into the elevator marked
'34th', because you're going downtown,
When you enter the elevator
you notice the medical intern
hovering over the sink.
You press the button you think
you need to press, "Now,
you will lose the patient," comes

the voice on the loudspeaker.
Intern instantly presses the right button
and now we're on our way.
"Ok, that's better. Check vitals." says the voice.

This is where you see there is a patient,
a small, grey man,
floating in the water-holding compartment
built into the door of the elevator
and hooked up with wires, tubes.
Intern makes adjustments, notes settings.
Voice over the loudspeaker
is making some joke about
changing the guy's bedpan or
emptying his urine. Medical humor, I guess.

Your elevator goes both up and down,
and sideways, and you try to read
street signs to see where you are.
You're at 72nd street, and
the elevator-car goes into
the library, so you're surrounded by books,
and decent-looking people
who love books
and curl up with one another
on the couches and big comfy chairs there.

7.viii.12

It's simultaneously impossible
to see how they're even remotely related
and to ignore the fact they are identical,
—these two stories—
and yet that is precisely
what one must do.

The first story,
the alegorical tale
of St. Reymundo and the Borg,
mixes elements of scifi and
catholicism (it's that new
literary genre that

revives both those bankrupt
belief-systems).

Spock and Kirk believe
somebody's been messing
with time again, because
it's 2039, and already
there is a watered-down
presence of Borg
in many family swimming-pools.

Iconography from the era
suggests St. Reymundo
figured out how to rid the
infected pools of Borg,
through a combination of
ritual and technology,
prayers and programming.

"Mr. Trillion shouldn't be here, either,"
says Spock, on his time-travel
righteousness, high-horse:
"Spacetime
would be such a better place
if everyone were in the places
and times they were meant to be."

The second story
takes place at home,
as Sister and Mother both
ask me to deal with
the homeless or deinstitutionalized
man wandering our front yard
and the gravel parking area beyond it.
"Secure the cats," I tell them.
My admonitions are inspiring!

"So, are you ok? Do you know
what day it is? Would you like
to sit down? Do you know
who's president? Did you hit

your head? Are you feeling sick?"
my usual line of questions
don't work.
"I think you've wandered.
Do you know where you're from?"

"I think, from Red Maple street,
is where I live. You know where
it is?"

I explain I don't, because I only
know these dirt roads connecting
a series of neatly distributed
small farms
by the families that live there,
and unknown places, relative to them.
"We never needed street names," I say.

There's instances of awkward guidance
as I try to steer him from the open car door
and past the tents where Mother
is chopping vegetables.
He picks up a knife at one point,
and I caution, "That could change
the dynamic here."
I pick up another, bigger knife,
and explain how they were used
in medieval warfare,
like that's just where we need
to ease the direction of our talk.

But, we put knives down, and
head for . . . the pool.

17.viii.12
I'm at the stripclub/ microbrothel
The Golden Beaver,
watching the girls at the stage door
prep themselves, some sort of
pre-main event show.
They're all in different outfits,

it's a burlesque, so
no nipples should be visible.

Lindsey sits with me,
apparently one of her customers,
a young couple, "high on dope"
snuck out without paying their bill.
I console her best I can.
"So, what do you want," she asks, "a
threesome? a foursome?
Some food?"
"Food sounds good." I arrange
to meet her later
in the Roy Auditorium
where she will put together
a plate of satay chicken,
and whatever else is at the buffet.

I'm walking past the other buffet,
where patrons return what they have left,
which can then be wrapped up for them,
or maybe it's sent to a time-capsule
so people in the future could see
what 'leftovers' were.

At the end of the buffet,
I enter the Klinikill Research kitchen
and talk to the new guy.
He's doing my job,
the one I had here, like, 20 years ago.
"Who did you work with?
Who was here then?"
They're all gone, of course.
"But you still use the same coffee!" I say.

The water, however has changed.
They guy pours me
a styrofoam cup, and I take one taste.
I can tell it's worse.
Just a coarse, off-taste.

All these tales I'm telling to
Pip, and she listens best
when you tell her these tales
wrapped under the pretext
of them being written by
Obscure Scholar Dood,
who begins his talk today
with, "The history of tragedy
in cinema
is characterized by a sense of
The Different."
Like that.

19.viii.12

The dance troop's dancing on that?
It's about an eight-inch wide
slightly rounded metal bar
that spans the Hudson.
We've all gathered on
the Brooklyn side,
waiting for the dancers
to arrive and put on their show.

You try your luck
at standing, balancing
and walking on the beam,
on the section of beam that's
just slightly above land.

Personally, I would not want
to dance on that thin metal strip
above the river.
That's just me.

* * * * *

The painting is looking good,
but it's not quite complete,
like, the black background
you should have painted in
before the assistants

began painting delicate
layers of yellows and greens
using stencils that leave the shape of filmstrips.
There must be eighteen or twenty layers.
It was a lot of work, and now
it must be re-done!

Maybe you can use some black
electrical tape that has sprocket-holes
punched in it, to make it
look like film,
and fasten a few strips, on top
of the area you need to fix?
Tricky, but maybe a waste of time.

* * * * *

Because sexing must take place
in the social sphere,
you don't even consider the possibility
of infidelity, indiscretion,
with the pretty young one
who's talking to you
from below the bleachers
where you sit with Spouse.

20.viii.12

This house is hopelessly packed with junk.
Or not junk, everything
means something to you,
but there's just too much of everything.
Like this set of collector's matches?
What do you expect to do with those?
So much of this you should sell,
put online, or just throw away.

Part of what you are throwing away
are the dozen or so
pizza-box sized wooden crates
that hold some insects
in their larval stage, you think.

If you put them out by the garbage,
won't they be hit by the sun
and metamorphose?
And isn't that what those
who gave you the boxes
thought you'd do, so it's
some sort of plot or scheme?

You gather the boxes, put them
in garbage bags, and set them
with other junk to take out later.
There's also huge loaves of
ginger-bread, or maybe coffee-cake,
also with bugs hatching in them.
Those hafta go, too.
Lots of black-bean bugs, too,
on almost everything.
They're easy to wash off,
because they don't really move.

You help Betts move some old electronics:
tuner, receiver, pre-amp, amp.
They're also each about the size of small
pizza-boxes.
They cost a fortune when they first came out,
and now nobody wants them!
Well, actually, some guy is giving you ten bucks
for each one, which surprised you to find out.
"No, he said \$23 for the whole set," says Betts.
Whatever.
They go in a different room,
the "I actually sold this!" room.

Now, back to
all your other
worthless junk.

[72]

22.viii.12
Wait, wait!

Here's what it is!
ExistyBoy™'s supreme experience!
It involves:
Strawberries, honey, and *laWodka!*
Yay!

23.viii.12
Just the usual:
hangin' out in the cornfield,
hiding from psychoHunterDood
and his germanshepard,
I crouch near the dirt,
and he doesn't see me.
The dog doesn't sense me, either.
Maybe I'm already ded?

The small party of five or six
are wandering up toward the psycho
who wears a bearskin coat.
Psycho peels away one guy from the rest,
and around a corn-corner,
knifes him fast.

Then, the others come around the corner,
the one girl—the knifed one's girl—
screams, so she's next.
Psycho pulls out a little hatchet
and pretty quickly takes care
of the other five people,
all with blows to the head,
sometimes, slicing off a crown of scalp,
exposing brain,
sometimes just planting the hatchet
in the top of the head
with precision.
Odd how everyone sorta
waited their turn, not running
or fighting.

Now, they're all dead and psychoHunter
surveys the scene.

Wonder if he's going to resume
hunting me now?

28.viii.12

What can you say
about your time at
ForrestClearing?

You can say you were there,
and talked with some people.
That's about it.

* * * * *

You can more fully address
your attendance of the Big Art Party,
because you were there with GurlNoir,
and you could've been schmoozing
more than you were.

You weren't doing much at all, really.
All the big names were there—
why didn't you meet'n'greet more?
I know you didn't want to be a pest,
but sometimes you have to
just get into these people's faces.

FootballBoy was all over that.
He was even picking out
the carpeting for *his* show!

You and GurlNoir
went back to your gallery
and because you had
sold all your paintings,
(that's promising, at least!)
the walls were empty
and the two of you
were playing hide'n'seek.

29.viii.12

Times like these
I know you don't feel very life-like.

You see who's playing 'cello?
Yes, it Barbara,
but now she's a man,
so call him Barbar.
He's in charge of Rich Old White Guy's
water-corps,
the set of beautiful young men and women
who arrange themselves around his boat,
and push it around, paddling their legs.
Barbar directs all this
with a mechanical whistle
that sounds like badly synthesized
bugle calls.

The latest signal
means "take boat to shore",
and that's what they do.
ROWG steps on the beach,
and we walk toward
the family get-together.
He's arranged for ice cream
for his water-corps,
this rich old patriarch.

Now inside, you see
more 'cello-playing,
this time by a bunch of
schoolkids.
They mangle Tchaikovsky's
Romeo & Julliet.
This would be a good time
for you to leave and get
a glass of water.

30.viii.12
They're doing projection mapping
on the corncrib across the road.
It's an instant club scene,
and I'm sure lots of hook-ups
will result.
You get more information

on how the mapping was done,
and the main Dj or VJ complains
how expensive it is, and
how little the bands pay for this.
"It's not like they're Epic," you tell him,
improvising a name for a new
UK band sensation.

As you make your way
through all the gyrating bodies
(some of which are actual
large cats—
a tiger, a snow-leopard—standing erect),
you notice
purple kool-aid
has spilt on the small kitty you carry with you
at all times.
You're going to have to wash him now.

* * * * *

Back at House, you hug Martin
farewell, cry some,
because we all know he's dying.
He remains optimistic,
cheerful, upbeat,
which makes the scene
even more pathetic.
"Yeah, I just need to
make it past this
one rough patch.
Then it'll be fine!"

* * * * *

You get a letter from aDell,
written in pencil, scribbled
all over the envelope, lots
of folds and tape.
She talks about her pet 'Jipi'
who does 'art inhalations',

and her two friends
who appear on rest-ront menus
doing old-fashioned magic tricks.

When you show the letter to Mark W.
He says that's what people do these days
for their birthdays—they write letters to friends.
"You're expected to send her a gift.
Something of your's. Maybe an
art-book you don't use anymore."

He's sitting by the dock,
You and he have both heard the stories
of parts of the dock
that might be partly haunted,
because of unexplained
rumblings and rattlings.
Most people just ignore it.

31.viii.12
Today, mostly geometry lessons:
Two circles, how they intersect.
Then, what happens when one
is slightly bigger than the other?
What if they're concentric?

How we arrived at the two circles
from the two wrestlers
who would strap these
bungee cords around
their massive thighs,
so they're connected as they wrastle.
The cords are taken off
and placed on a machine
that spins them, so we see
the mathematical relationships.

How we arrived at the wrestlers
or perhaps the bungee
was through the woman
who waterskis nude,

and we notice she stays
atop the water
even when the boat's
not moving.

2.ix.12

You shouldn't be complaining
about attending this conference.
You had no idea
AddiSabAba was this modern—
we even see the faces of some women!

You're still wandering around the
exhibits when everyone
seems headed toward the movie theatre-room,
so you go there, too,
to watch the conference film:
a western couple—tough guy,
and tough gal, dressed in
jeans-jackets and leather pants,
or whatever tough people wear.
They're in a movie theatre, looking at you!
"What we could do? Did you back out of it?"
You pick up bits of dialog, but
it doesn't make any sense.

* * * * *

While you were doing that,
I was exploring the vast, white desert
that stretches flat in all directions
away from the Moscow Art Institute.
There's the iconic statue-building, massive in all
dimensions,
right at the desert's edge,
and I'm trying to orient myself to it,
since I know I'm gonna hafta walk back to the
institute,
and not spend so much time kicking around
in the white sands.
But, fog is rolling in, obscuring my landmark,

so I head back best I can.
Through the kids' playground,
empty now except for one
computer play-tablet one kid left on the floor.

Entering various art exhibit rooms,
always through the strips of decorative wallpaper
in the corners, and the art here
is pretty dazzling,
nicely updated abstract expressionism,
turbulent brushstrokes,
but lots of craft,
and other rooms filled with
digi-kandinsky interactive art.
Good stuff.

Through a hallway,
past distinguished gentlemen
in perfect tawny western suits
jabbering away in some exquisite tongue.
Oh, wait—now I'm back in
the theatre with you.

3.ix.12

FirefighterDood is also a convict,
but released so he can fight the fire
on the snowy mountain.
PsychoDood is his parole officer,
sent to get Firefighter, and after
handcuffing themselves together, he
picks a single, perfect snowPear.

They walk, attached at wrists,
to the car. Psycho talks on the
police radio to his boss,
who he calls "Der Fuhrer."
"You probably shouldn't call him that,"
says Firefighter.
"He doesn't even know
what I'm talkin' about", says Psycho.
He continues: "You know what I'd do

with that pear,
and maybe one more pear just like it?
I'd soak those snowPears in Brandy,
and eat them!"

This strikes Firefighter as a
not unreasonable want/desire
expressed by a
not unreasonable sane man/psychopath.

* * * * *

In the House of Many Pianos
Lucille M. plans to sell or get rid of
most of her pianos
and her sweater.
She'll have just one piano.
I play some gymnastic Schubert
for her, "Did I play this one
for you before?" I ask.
She's going to need a different name
for her house.

6.ix.12

Library's closing—but
really only sections are closed off
and the people stuck in those sections
have to just spend the night there.
It's how libraries evolved into homeless shelters.
At least there are devices
that allow you to see all the photos
you've taken with your phone.
Amazing technology.

(I'm just kidding—that's really pretty lame tech.)

Everybody's counting on you
to write a good 'cello piece
for Mr. Are-Money,
especially him. He's
impatient, too.

Just keep handing him the pages
as you finish them.

These corridors, breezeways,
they don't protect you from the rain,
and now you're sorta lost.
Young woman traumatized.
You tell her it's OK to be in wet clothes.

10.ix.12
*Racing With Sky,
Part the First: With Cars*

His slick black sports coup
chews away at our initial lead
in Ice City.
You'd think cops would notice us!

We both scream into Parking Lot
and even though we're sposta
retrace his old parking-space,
I've ignored that, too, to get ahead.

Part the Second: On Foot

We must go up to his old apartment
on the 12th floor of this
art-deco 1930's hotel
(and, this is the 1930's).
He takes the stairs,
we take the elevator,
and think we're getting ahead,
but this elevator only goes
to the 4th floor!

Sorta hopeless now!
We get on the other elevator,
the clean-cut Elevator Boy
holds the door for us,
and is gloating how
he won the \$1,200 jackpot

for Hotel Staff.
That was a lot of money back then!
(*It's still a lot. . .*)

This, all preceded by
Paper Story, starring Tina F.
as the girl that works
in a paper fabrication place
where they mostly make
paper guns.

This, all preceded the previous nite
by flailing around
on a big sand dune
tucked away between
buildings and open lots
in the Urban Sandscape.

11.ix.12
You remember, dontcha,
your brief cross-dressing episode
before our present circumstance?
It was pretty funny, because
you had the pudgy old dood fooled!

But, now, we're working on
the music video you're starring in,
and you're rappin' to
lyrics Jerrielle wrote for you.
They're not quite polished,
still some clunkiness with internal rhymes,
but what do I know about rap?
I can't suggest anything better,
but maybe you do.

It's all about how The Studio
basically runs the show,
and how you have to struggle
to maintain your artistic freedom,
blah, blah, blah.
But it's what will sell your next album.

For the video, you're strapped to
a platform, and we hafta
figure out a way you can seem
to be immersed in goop just
below your shoulders,
sorta like you're wearing a goop-suit,
and the goop is crawling up to your neck and
face.

I think we'll have professional puppeteers
under the goop,
moving hands and fingers so it looks alive.

I ask my Mom what the goop's made of.
Turns out to be just flour and water and
cornstarch!

14.ix.12
It's been described
as "poly-morphous
poly-sexuality",
and it's almost everywhere,
here.

Everybody's doing it
all the time.
Nonstop.
Does any work get done?

These are JenWa's
"Old Stompin' Grounds,"
the PM/PS parts of that
funky, charming, changing
neighborhood on the
outskirts of DC.
As we walk and talk,
she does cartwheels,
and runs a lot.
Hard to keep up with.

Some of the machinery

is activated by your DNA.
John C. and I have worked out
a way where he and I can share
the same station
because I blow my nose on
a card or a pen
and give it to him.
That opens the machine for him
when he needs it.

So, yes, the sex here
is plentiful, but weird.
There are clearly men and women,
but sometimes the scale,
the size and proportions,
of the parts of the body
are just wrong.
They have Bosch-like extensions
that go out when they should go in,
and pairs of hair-encircled eyes
where you don't expect them.

16.ix.12

Little point in denying
those guys on the other side of the lake
can sure throw a football!
They throw it, as if shot from cannon,
and it reaches me on the opposite shore.
I don't throw it back, I just let it
float back to them.

After three throws,
it finally does wash ashore,
and I notice Dawn D. picking up trash,
bits of paper, doing her part
to keep Clean Lake clean,
inspiring me to pitch in.

We talk about what we're
currently doing. She's
taking a cut-and-paste course,

lots of work with scissors and glue.
"That's nice," I tell her.

Later, you and I are visiting Janz.
You remind me that they have
a baby indoor elephant that's
toilet-trained.
Clever little beast!

17.ix.12

The mood is one of celebration,
some sort of party, but
very few guests.
Not even enough to
fill this big house.
You've been arranging
your books for a while, now.

One guest is an older guy,
but not really that old.
More like the age I am now,
but then, we were all young kids
and anyone in their mid-twenties
seemed impossibly old.

Old Man is talking to you about
Public-B Chocolate Icecream,
and he may have some on his cake,
but wants you to sniff it to make sure.
"Smells like PBCI to me," you say.

Next task: you and Old Man
fill up the cigarette gun with supplies.
Cigarette gun then spits out
hundreds of very thin, delicate
filtered cigarettes.

19.ix.12

MarshaJay and The Hibb are discussing
and performing
a rhythmically tricky passage

from Igor S., maybe *Les Noces*,
or just sounds like it.
Not much you can add
to the conversation.

But you are able to help Mr. Lincoln
move the ladder/bookcase
up the stairs.
You'll be spending the rest of the day
arranging your books here,
putting them on shelves,
and probably eating the open space
of the room with those shelves,
completely changing the character
of the room.

Then, you'll need to get on
the next plane that goes over water
to that wedding you were to attend.
The previous plane—actually,
just a big auto tire,
didn't so much fly over the water
as sink into it.
You weren't on that plane.

23.ix.12
Central to this new Aegyptian ceremony
is a huge, recently unerth'd
ancient king's hed,
about the size of a Volkswagen.
You know, people dance around it,
sing special chants,
lots of smoke and fire,
the usual ceremonial stuff.
But the hed tips over
so now it's facing the sky,
and the impact of it
hitting the ground
has cracked open
a huge gash in desert,
corresponding to

the spine of the now supine
hed.

Out of the crack in erth
rises the old pharaoh's body,
and he puts his hed back on,
End of story.

* * * * *

I'm getting ready for a recital,
rummaging through Parents' Closet
to find something to wear.
It will be a white, starched, pinstripe oxford shirt,
and over that, a short-sleeved deep blue
Hawaiian party shirt.
My sense of fashion is unimpeachable.

And, I'll be singing at this recital.
JanA will be in attendance.
I'll be singing "Daisy",
with my own lyrics:
"It won't be a stylish wedding,
I can't afford beheading.
But you'll look sweet
upon the seat
of electric-chair built for two."
My gallows humour is similarly beyond
reproach!

* * * * *

You, on the other hand
are watching the young Thai girl
in the colour-dust throwing Olympic Event.
She stands on the balcony
atop the main building,
and scoops up handfuls of
coloured, finely ground sand,
and tosses it over the edge,
where it hits various lights and gusts from fans,

resulting in beautiful puffs of gold,
and green and red.

Another part of the competition,
after the coloured-dust,
is a rolling-out of a large cloth
with info-design statistics
of each competitor's country.
She's having trouble with this
because of the two big nails
you notice, sticking out of the
framework she uses for the cloth.
You remove them, and then it works.

Now, she's back to coloured-dust,
but distracted by the other Thai girl
on the sidelines, below, with her father,
and she keeps yelling, "Question. Question!"
to the Contestant to disrupt her concentration!
In the one bit of back story,
we see that Contestant Girl once signed-up
at a Crosstian Reflexology Place
run by the other girl and her father.
So, Contestant Girl will need to
account for that!

26.ix.12

At the long table near the fireplace,
You're cross-dressing and playing Jefferson,
I'm playing Washington, and we're both in
wigs'n'all, period costumes, boots, the works.
We have a few cordial exchanges
using just snippets from our most famous
speeches and best known writings.
A few other young men join us,
the handsome blond guy
next to you, and a few seats down from me,
it's M.L.King, in a pink dress,
batting his luxurious, long eye lashes.
"Why, Mr. King," you say, "you're acting rather
like a Queen!"

Jen-Knifer has been chasing,
and is being chased by MeanEx,
the former boyfriend.
She finally pins him down,
tries to stab him, but MarkWa interrupts with a
silver platter
he slides above MeanEx's chest just in time.
He does this about three times.
When she finally does stab her opponent,
it's quick and relatively bloodless.

Later, we will all need to
cover up the murder scenes, and
plant spent bullet-casings so it looks
like a gun battle, instead of the knifing it was.

I'm sliding raw eggs into the
deep-frying oil, which covers
most of the pool-tables sized mat
that comprises the oven.
Our host will just let the mat dry,
the oil preserving its bamboo.
Very clever—I'd have just
thrown it away.

ChrisTohBee Charley, who's
always seemed a little red-necky,
tells me how he's traveling
to Europe soon, bummin' from city to city,
a tricky adventure, given
all those languages to
get the better of.
And before he goes, he'll motor up
his speedboat, and
drive it around back
where he'll pick up my 14-foot plank
which is just the right size for JenA's purposes.

I've been gathering my sketches—
short, fragments of passages for winds—

and putting them in the appropriate bundles,
storing everything in the big old cabinet
in this hunting-lodge rustic cabin where
the girls are holding one of their rituals,
and burning lots of candles placed
all over, above my trunk, and on the cabinet,
and I sure hope
nothing catches fire!
That would be supertragic
for me—I'd looze all those papers!

All this has taken place
in Joyce CO's historical,
and impeccably-appointed house.
She's a gracious host,
but I turn away for just a moment,
and she's sitting next to me, writing.
"Well, I just found myself sitting here,
so I thought I'd write," she says.
I mention that's how she's so prolific.
I vainly wonder if the story
she's writing includes me!
(Careful what you wish for.)

29.ix.12
There was much activity
but little action:
we all gathered around the
outdoors pulpit, and got rained on.
But at least the rain
yielded many fishes
of many kinds, sizes, and colors,
Once Paster opened the trap-door
above which water and fish had collected.

At the Fair-grounds,
there's always a lot going on,
but what you notice
are the lightweight flying machines
each with only two scrawny kids flying them.
They're constructed of paper,

and bend a lot.
Ah, modern engineering!

30.ix.12

You're sitting very casually
on the far right side of the bleachers,
along with everybody else,
waiting for NuGal to start the show.
She was going to show "Citizen d'Kane"
but now she goes back indoors
to prepare something in the kitchen.
You can still trigger the motion-sensor
security lights by swinging your legs.
For now, that will keep you amused.

And then, you're in the film.
You find a bunch of quarters,
and then some ancient silver dollars,
on the ground next to the alleyway wall.
Nobody's around, so you should
bring this back to your room.
You take the long way,
through a number of deserted alleys
and passageways, nothing marked,
nothing clear, so this might be Venice.
Yet, you know where you're going,
and you even remember that you
must walk through this dood's room.
"This still leads outside, right?" you ask him.
He's just sitting on his tiny bed.
"Up the stairs, left, then right," he says.

When you're out, you hear
Jules and NoAmi discuss
pricing the coins, unawares they have been
taken,
thrown against the wall, to lay on the pavement
where you found them.
There are other, more valuable coins
they're preparing for auction.
You turn the conversation toward those other

ones,
and away from the ones you found.
The conversation takes place
in a tense you had never heard before.

1.x.12

Before the festivities,
you're walking around the
TV studio.
It's very messy—styrafoam
plates of half-eaten lunches,
nothing orderly, nothing arranged neatly,
equipment and cables everywhere,
cameras not even put away.
"These people are pigs!" you mumble to yourself.
You enter the auditorium,
and sit near the back.

It's just like you
to be feted at the film festival,
the main festival dood
announcing your name twice,
at the very beginning,
and your film (actually,
it's just an audio-play)
played first, to dimmed lights.

You've even moved down the auditorium
to the more central, boxed area,
to take your place with three or four
others, probably also filmmakers,
and you listen to your work unfold.

The festival crew has trouble
mixing your play, and they're
mixing it live—too much work!
You're talking with one stylish gal,
smart brunette with dark-rimmed glasses,
and she tells you about her space-adventure film.
Overhearing some of the action
described in your audio-play, she adds,

"It's similar in ways to this piece,"
You apologize for the awful
royalty-free music they've slapped
on your production, and you identify
yourself as its auteur.
She steps away from you, a little.
"No, please don't step away!" you say.

In the space adventure,
SooperHeroGal is flying her ship
between Erth and Erth's Twin Planet,
just like we have for decades now.
She and you land, and you both
need to talk with Seriously Dood,
the power-broker on this other world,
even though his intentions are not always
nice.
You've knocked on his door,
he let you in, and you both
talk for a while.

Now, it's her turn, and she knocks,
and nobody seems to answer,
so she goes inter-dimensional,
and this allows her
to peek her head in through the door,
"Hello? Is anyone here?" she asks.
She moves the rest of her body
through the door and looks around.
Oh, Seriously Dood is there, but
ignores her, even the inter-dimensional stuff.
He's talking with some minor character,
and he's looking bored.

S.H. Gal does more amazing things,
like converts herself into a large butterfly,
but still with her head.
No response.
She converts back to human form,
and pours water down the front of her outfit.
You see this, and tell her,

"You know,
you don't have to go all wet-t-shirt
to get his attention."

2.x.12

Most of the time was spent
in your brother's art studio.
He shows you what he's been painting,
and making, since he also does work
with architectural elements
combined in compelling ways.

His paintings—both on canvas
and on wooden boxes that
frame and enclose the canvases—
are stylized but representational:
a cityscape where all the skyscrapers
are huge green empty beer bottles;
zoo animals; letters, signs;
concrete corner pieces;
words taken from civilwar era
newsprint, but taken out of context
to preserve a certain strangeness
while opening up the words to reveal
some inner beauty: "dixie cab", "levant cur".
He's just completed a big, two-hundred foot long
plain white sign that just reads "SHELTER".

His works are to be shown in the decrepit barn
that's falling apart, although viewed from
one of the colored-filter windows of the diner
in which we snack;
it takes on a woody patina.

* * * * *

The band of young men are led by
this quiet harrypotter type guy.
They're hacking through the edge of the forest,
and come to a clearing to see smoke rising,
the trees smoldering, a blue fog surrounding

them.

They are to help put out this fire before it happens,
but before that happens, YoungMark Blade,
tall, with curly red hair and beard,
runs up to our hero, and challenges him with
hatchet.

Harry sustains a couple of blows to both
clavicles,
and folds his hands over his heart.
The others take up flat rocks to subdue Blade.

Now Harry is badly hurt, possibly fatally,
but still stands.

He is enclosed, upright, in a tan Bunny
Sarcophagus,
made of soft quilt.

"When the others return, the one with the blade
or bat
will make all well," he says, barely coherent.

We leave this planet and we leave behind
markers that suggest we were here:
It's me but it's not about me.

3.x.12

Obviously, there's a lot to "unpack",
as is the current expression.

Church Basement Event:
Jan UltraLaVonne is mixing her
signature layer-cake,
a few scraps of my
snack-chip-taco-shells
made from bugs, fall into the mix,
so I scoop them out,
apologize,
and make my exit to
one of the sundayschool rooms.
I wind up in the storage-offroom
between stage and stairs,

and try to climb
the alpinewood-stained bedladder
to the loft, because someone
moved the ladder that's sposta be there.

Mere moments before,
BahBiotz argued with MarkEI's
explanation of "How to Buy a Hat
For \$57 instead of \$79".
I wasn't following the finer points
of this exchange.
Too much economic theory,
which always depresses me.

Still, we need to set up T's experiment.
I've ridden on top of the delivery truck
to our makeshift 'lab', actually
a women's dressshoppe,
On the way here, we passed at least
one traveling ensemble that was
just out on the street:
instruments, costumes, music stands,
chairs, stools, and tuxedoed performers,
just huddled on the sidewalk,
nowhere to go!

We begin the experiment:
It involves unrolling a room-size
length of butcher paper
along the floor, with the electrodes underneath,
and all of us, in the back row along the wall
are instructed to get naked, which we do,
although the younger girls keep on t-shirts,
preserving modesty, but possibly
compromising the results of the experiment.
I ask T, in her observation-birdcage that hovers
above
the proceedings, if there's a problem with
the shirt business, and she's not concerned.

The experiment is a success!

6.x.12

Yesterday, we were just growing babies in test-tubes.

Today, we're on the shore of the arctic sea.

We stomp on the ice to make sure it supports us.
A big chunk has fallen over the top of a building
onto a bunch of kids' mopeds.

Glad I didn't park there.

And you help AnnulVeena
clear the tables from her driveway
so the party guests can park here.

7.x.12

One Thing to Keep in Mind

The smorgasbord of internet searches:

you type into any number of screens
arranged like a salad bar.

You can reply to a search,
if you want, by singing

any of the currently
trending internet search songs,

like, "Oh you ain't gonna find dat"

or "Lookin' It Up", or "Google me, my darling".

My personal favorite

is "Flame Burner."

You're also invited to remember
not to put too much "personal" stuff

in your video, and here I see you

dancing with The Ice Cubans,
that hot new electro-salsa band.

That clip may hafta go, or

you can always make your own project from it.

9.x.12

The Chinese military police

shoot out the schoolbuses—

luckily, no one's in them.

I look inside one,

Tall dood asks who I am.
"I'm a ghost, but in human form"
He buys that, and so does his girlfriend
(played by Nan CR).
We walk to the coffee/breakfast bar.
"Are you two fuckers?" I ask.
Gurl is taken aback, but then
jumps right in. "Yes, we're fuckers."
"Sometimes I ask that just to
break the ice with new people," I say.

We get our breakfasts,
but I remember we should
be fasting, so I try to find
where they sat.
Now, I've got to find Cherz,
since she also must avoid breakfast.
She's talking with a bunch of women,
and tries to explain everything.
It's a good explanation of everything,
but not good enough.
I start writing my cell
on a fragment of wood,
enameled on one side
with a famous red icon.
"954 - 8 . . . 1 . . ." I forgot the rest,
and besides, I'm more interested
in how I'm drawing the letters—
blocky serifs and edges, but with slender
lines, like Cage always did in his scores—
than in what they mean.

10.x.12

Our journey begins
when we recall that
venerable old saying,
"if you take I-94 to the left,
you end up in the Carolinas,
but take it to the right
and you wind up in NO", and
of course by that we mean

Narlans.

(The saying was more pithy
and concise when spoken
by the Edgar Buchananesque local.)

We're crossing the long bridge
over Lake P,
and we see lots of black plumes
of water cascading off the backs
of the huge water-rhinos that
populate the lake.
They're each over thirty feet tall,
but extremely docile.
A slender grey water-giraffe
also glides past us.
Usually, I had to drive the bus
we're on, and this time, since
I'm a passenger, I get to watch
the water-animals and report
back to you.

When we arrive, we talk with
developer dood, in a very sharp suit,
adept at shmoozing the rich and influential.
He's just built this entire campus
for only six million—amazing!
You'd think you pay that much
just for the location, but he's added
a performance center, library, and
a couple other buildings.
I can't wait to hear the orchestra,
but I know they won't play my piece.
Oh well — anyway,
We continue to the pool hall.

Creepy Guy, who we all know is vampyric,
has been playing with MattsNug, and
amazingly, both have been winning every game.
This is known, in the branch of theoretical
physics

where this is possible, as "Burning the Pool Hall Down."

Next, Matt is loading the microwave with my metal coffee-cup, some silverware, and a wrench and socket set.

I start taking out the metal items, and as I bawl Matt out for a really dangerous thing to do with a microwave, you remind me he's probably planning to lure Creepy past the microwave and turn it on, exploding and hopefully destroying the vampire.

"We have to send a message to his Vampire bosses, that we make nice to nice vampire workers, but if they aren't nice, well, you get the picture," you say.

Yes, I know there have been problems with vampires in the work force, taking jobs away from Merkins, but this one has been behaving, so I'm not sure we should just kill him.

We switch channels, past the "Past Jobs You Had" show, past the "Really Big Lizard in the Bathroom Tub" show, and we settle on the STOS remake, where Kirk is on the idyllic planet sniffing pretty flowers, and talking to the local little person while above, in orbit, "The Speculators", or "The Scavengers" or "The Scroungers" (maybe all three), invade EnterPrize, and start knocking on everybody's cabin doors.

The Scroungers are
steam-punk flower-children,
wearing the fashionable Edwardian or Victorian
finery,
with sharp metal-edged shoulder, elbow, knee,
and hip-pads;
gears, hardware, spikes, and wearable computers
gracing their long-coats, top hats, brassieres, and
corsets.
They all run past their leader—the last to board
the ship—
a blue-green reptilian biped guy, with
blank buldgy chameleon eyes . . .
(Dolly in to one-shot of lizard man,
music swells, fade, cut to commercial)

* * * * *

If you want to celebrate
this milestone, or a different one,
you can sing this hymn:

"I'm buttah stranger here,
Heav'n is my home.
I must drink lots of beer.
Heav'n is my home.
When all the bitches quake,
When fuckers by mistake
fucking completely fuck your life up those
gahdam-muthahfuckahs I wanna fuckin' kill'em
all (*usw., ad libitum*),
Heav'n is my home." [74]

11.x.12

"where they will publish our book"
is a trendy novelty store,
you know the kind:
greeting cards, stupid gag gifts
you give your coworkers
to help distract them from their misery,
probably a section of adult gifts.

My collaborator is DarkNoirGal,
and she can't keep her hands off me.
She wants to go back to the hotel,
but I tell her we should hang out here.

A bunch of us from the store
leave, walking dogs.
We pass, carefully,
through the wild animals on this
side street,
past the tiger watching
the young couple bathe
children in a tub on the front lawn,
past the people who own
the moose, siberian leopard, and one more
big cat.

"Careful, but keep going, slowly,
so they can get used to our smell," I tell
everyone.
But, at least one of the dogs has already
strayed away, "you'll have to call the pound
to see if your dog is truly lost or just missing," I
tell Owner.
The other dogs are spending too much time
sniffing the leopard, somebody's gonna snap
soon.

We pile whoever's left into the van
and take off
under the archways packed with people,
a wonder more of them don't fall off,
or jump.
Just our luck someone will land on our car,
but luckily, not.
Not even the young mother dangling
her baby over the edge.

Arriving, uneventfully, again
at the novelty store.

18.x.12

Bullet Points:

- remember to practice your wedding-ritual dance
where the couple throw ropes
around eChuther.
- guy dances in his fancy shirt, not his tux.
- might want to anticipate
the two girls' filling the hallroom
with fried chicken curry,
you'll wade through it in your boots,
and be applauded by all for your
courage.
- and work on your speed-composing!
The dood smoked you last time
because it took you forever
to write just a few,
uninspired passages:
a meandering, chromatic
descending doodle in the treble,
pedal low-c in the bass.

19.x.12

Is it just me

or is it unusual to get this gift-box,
in the form of a styraphoam cooler,
filled with ice and rainbow ice-pops?
It was left for you in your hotel room
by the hiring committee.

I think it's unusual
only because this is
sucha small, hicktown,
and the school you've been hired at
is, of necessity, a small, hickskool.

Still, you enjoy one of the rainbo-pops
while inspecting what else is in the cooler:

perfumes, aftershaves, ohdaytwalette.
They must have spent half their search budget
on all this stuff!

Now, time for a late snack,
you'll have time to unpack later.
You and Spouse go to the underground diner
below the hotel.

The two waitresses check you out,
then Spouse.
They have never left this town,
but maybe they had a 'vacation' in Vegas,
where they lost money, mostly,
winning just enough to hook them on
online gambling forever.

As you walk past the grill-cook guy—
who's in his forties, but snarly and
that makes him much older—
he takes the spatula he's been using
to chop up the frying peanut-butter,
and smears some on your cashmere sweater.

He's marking his territory.
What do you do?
Do you:

1) Take off your sweater, and hand it
to the diner-owner-lady to wash, and later
hear how her and Spouse discussed how
likely it was for you to do that, while you
go back to your room to unpack (and yes,
you and Spouse will be actually
living in this hotel for a while); or do you:

2) Walk into the kitchen, pull the cook's hair
down so you can grab his head and
slam it into the hot grill, Joe Pesci style?
(alternatively, you could just
stick his hand in the deep-fat-fryer,

or, if the cinematic lighting was right,
you could reach into your pants,
let one loose, and smear your
impromptu defecation onto his shirt,
prefacing your action with a coy
come-on like, "Oh, wait, I have something
for you!"). Or do you:

3) Confront cook with your signature
passive-aggression, saying,
"I hope you enjoyed working here,
because you won't be,
after tomorrow."
And although it would alter
the timeline a bit, you'd storm out,
Cook would ask, "Who is that, anyway?"
and one of the waitresses would say,
"Oh, that's the new owner!"
Wah - wah - waaaah.
(*cornetto con sordino di "wa-wa"*)

* * * * *

So, maybe you got satisfaction
out of that exchange, maybe not.
Regardless, you and Spouse watch
from your hotel balcony
the artistry of the acrobat-woman
jumping around on the patch of grass
near the highway.
Her leotard goes to her hips,
and below, she is slender, nude,
but her waist and legs are covered in
thick rich blond curly
animal hair.

20.x.12
You're back in iCity
wandering, again, deserted alleys
that darken, guiding you
back out on the street.

You're trying on a new shirt
and tie. Many people around you
also in good new clothes.

You're in the literary gymnasium,
very crowded, sitting on the bleachers,
but you've developed quite a following
as six or eight young women
gather around you.

23.x.12

Back in A-Town,
back at the Moca-Mona
Crossmass Party,
waiting for the announcement
of who's showing up.
We must wait in the lobby,
and not go into the theatre directly.
Right before, I was lounging
looking way cool in my all-white
suit, white shirt, shoes, and tie.
MJ is eyeing me, and I give her
the nice letter I wrote to her
thanking her for whatever.
It makes me a little sick
when I catch myself
sucking up to these people.

She tells me to bring a small
wallet-sized photo pouch
for the next part of the evening.
Colleagues, meanwhile,
on selfOnes complain about
having to write another thousand words,
and try to find out what happened at the airport.

On my way to the lobby,
I bounce on springy twoByFours
that were placed over the hole in the floor.
They support my weight,

but I don't push it,
the bouncing.

* * * * *

Before this, I was reading that article
on RiteOvSpring, how Igor
is more current than currency,
and that his music is
more like a movie poster
than a movie.

24.x.12

Within the Museum
is an actual building from antiquity
in its day, a museum.
From our perspective,
it looks like just a big warehouse.
When you're outside it,
but still inside the present-day Museum
you can watch the sun mark
the seasons through a series
of holes and reflections,
which is cool.

Elsewhere in the museum,
I'll look for the in-studio demonstration
of some technique, maybe painting,
maybe sculpting, something for kids
and amateurs, but mostly kids.
Someone has drawn a caricature
of Mr. AreMoney, and the museum staff
is not amused.
I try making my own cartoony drawing,
but it turns out grotesque and creepy.
Too true to life.

* * * * *

Those pesky kids,
friends of the neighbors,

are on our place, near the pigshed,
throwing rocks at the cats!
You go out and yell at them.
and tell them to pick up all
their hats, caps, and bonnets
that they've just left in the dirt.

The kids' father is Jeff-Freeze-Bird,
and he always tries to smooch stuff
from you, and wastes your time.
He always tries to come in the house
with his homely wife and oldest son,
you try to keep them out by installing
another lock, which Jeff notices and
complains about how he'll need to
practically break that lock when
he comes over to do the house-sitting.
"There will be no house-sitting:" you're really
mad,
"I don't want you in my house!"
They walk away, but you know they'll be back.

The lizards, chameleons, and a small alligator
have free reign in the house, as do the cats.
The young cat is wrestling with the two
light-chartreuse superAngora cats
that come from the other neighbor.
They're like green cotton-candy in cat-form.

29.x.12

Now the big thing in Hollywood
is the Opposite Remake:
take a classic (or not so classic) film
and shoot it over, but everything,
every aspect of the new film
is opposite that of the original.

They're doing "Eyes Wide Shut"
so the title is now "Eyes Wide Open",
and the director is a life-size puppet
of an old man in a wheelchair

with a puppet-dog, all operated
by the lovely heroine from inside
the puppets.

When she's done,
she makes off,
for she's being tracked down
by the law or some bad elements.
Her short-cropped blond hair,
black leotard, and long bare legs
make a memorable film moment
as she pauses, catches her breath,
and runs on.

* * * *

You approach Generic Maria
making popcorn.
She pours some into a bowl,
and sits on your lap.
"What's that look?" she asks.
You've been making weird,
convoluted faces, unconsciously, again.
"Is that what it looks like?" you try a look,
then she does, as you both try to reach
reference of that look,
without a mirror.
"It's pretty complicated, eh?" you say.
Maria tells you about her adenoids,
opens her mouth to show you,
you struggle to remain relevant.

31.x.12
Much preparation
goes into the little trip.
First, Dad cleans out your car,
puts gas in it,
He turns it from Blue SkyOn
to Orange Rabbut,
Car Omega to Car Alpha,
Forever and ever, Amen.

Then, you need to get
burritos for everybody,
the three guys in the backseat,
plus one for you and one
for SpouseMom, who's driving.

"Let me drive—I'll get us there faster,"
you say, grabbing at the steering wheel.
She'll have none of that.
She drives on the wrong side of the road
as two cars approach,
and also drive on the wrong side.
But they're doing so
because part of the dirt road
has washed out,
and now we're going
over that rough spot.

And by the way, the burritos?
They were prepared at Burrito Factory,
where all the low-paid workers
gave you a snarly look
when you discarded a wrapper
into one of the mixing bowls.
How would you know where
there's a wastepaper can for that?
You never go there.

And by the way, the guys in the back?
It's James and Koh and one other new guy.
They should be glad
you're feeding them, and taking them
for a spin, but they seem
not too enthused.

And by the way, the six-year old Korean Kid®?
He's been on the beach,
pulling ded corals from
the huge bolder that all the kids
climb over.

K-Kid® makes light electronics,
bare components on breadboards
and hooks them up
to three or four children
lying on a big sheet
on the grass, and turns on
his contraption, and they
squeal and squiggle around,
This is what he describes
as "Runs Jiggy Through Them."

Next, he's using his electronic toys
to detect radioactive objects in the street,
and one elderly woman gives him a hard and
long stare,
no doubt taken aback
by his bright yellow hazmat suit
and plastic helmet.
I didn't know they made them
that small, for young kids, either.
K-Kid® ignores the warnings
from the military to stop poking around
this particular alleyway,
so they bring out the Suction Vehicle,
and that just sucks K-Kid® into
the flexible hose connected
to the top of the car.
K-Kid® just gets a charge
out of all this.
He thinks it's all for fun.

1.xi.12
In this case
you're Jesus,
and you're talking
about your relatives
while walking through
this theme-park with mirrored figures.

"Yeah, like, Dad so loved the World
that he gave me up—aw,

c'mon, Dad!
Chill out!
And Mom's just sittin' over there,
doesn't say a word,
all quiet and Holy.
Yeah, right!"
You're a snarly Jesus.

12.xi.12
When asked to explain
your absence in past days,
even weeks,
you can say you were
flying around the city buildings
where all the homeless
stand on the roof
for the Homeless People on Roofs Festival.
That's partly true, at least.

Now there's a recitation contest
in the bar, packed with rowdymen
between Obvious Criminal—
reciting Oscar Wilde verse
extrapolated through the lyrics
of NeilDymond—
and Our Guy,
delivering the poetry
of Beau Charlatan Beau.
Who will win?

Back in eTown,
you go to the 800 House
to find jimmyJimmy on the porch-salescounter.
You thank him for the watch
he gave you, although
you need to replace its broken crystal.
Next stop, the watch-repairer.
You give him the watch,
but forget to give your phone number.

14.xi.12

A pretty clear reading
of an orchestral piece I wrote
I may hafta change some
of the pizzicato chords
to tremolos to thicken
the strings in a few spots.
But, otherwise, a fairly solid work!

Being hunted as a pseudo-vampire
is less fun.
I think it's because of our
easy-going perspective
on life, love, and work
that marks us as pseudo-vampires.
The hunters are relentless
about tracking us down,
although I'm not sure what
they do to us once we're captured.

The young couple and myself
are on the run, and we secret
ourselves past the ancient cement
staircase, and find places
in The Mom's Painting Nook
to hide. We're found by a couple
of hunters, and we hit them on
the noggin' with a shovel, and
hide again.

When they come to,
we've hidden again,
and I'm lucky enough to fit
in the false-back
of a cabinet or chest-of-drawers.
I pull the particleboard up and against
the back, balancing it since
it's not attached.
One of the hunters notices it's loose
and pounds nails in each corner.

One nail

goes through my ankle.

15.xi.12

First, the big european music festival:
They listen to your songs on your car tape-player
and marvel more about the car and the tape-
player
than your songs—typical!
You didn't stick around, for whatever reason
so you didn't find out
what they *really* thought about your songs.

Second, in the row of cafe concession stands,
you eat some of the potatochip decoration,
and then rearrange it like nothing happened.
Barista looks at you with measured contempt.

You can hang out with all the composer doods
in the one cafe, even though an
obnoxious punkster arrives,
and kicks some of your things around.

Third, you're with the office dood
and office gal, who are trying to smuggle out
the small architectural model
of some building.
Somehow, they're able to do it
by going to the top floor,
which leads directly outside
to the pastures and meadows, and
only two people at desks along one of the paths
you'll sneak all this by.

After the successful smuggling,
a pool party. Office Gal
jumps right in, although Office Dood
only watches, since he is attracted to
Office Gal, with her enhanced breasts.
Wow, I did not anticipate that!

16.xi.12

First, there's the question
of properAttire:
You're wearing a white dress-shirt,
red tie, red cardigan, buttoned
You're fiddling with the tie.
Do you wear it outside the sweater,
or tuck it in?
You don't usually wear ties
to occasions like this one.
What is this occasion, anyway?

* * * * *

Walking around the indoor pool,
the friendly bald chap invites you
to do whatever you want, "High-dive,
laps, it's up to you."
You want to just float, if anything.
While contemplating this,
the other guy in the pool
removes the she-leech
that attached to his body,
and throws her out of the pool.
She scurries about, and
you toss a rug on her.
The she-leech will surely be
companion to the Water-bug
destined to attach to you
when you jump in.
Just sayin'.

* * * * *

Somehow, you manage to lug
all this equipment with you,
much is in your satchel,
and your other bag is draped
from shoulder,
and your scanner is on the other shoulder,
propped next to your right ear.
As you approach your door

at One-Eleven Chalydon,
you notice the door just swings open
when you touch the handle—you've been
broken into!

This changes 'most everything. . .

21.xi.12

The sense of violation
one feels
when seeing one's door
picked open, even though
it's just the porch-door,
is enraging.

You pick up a chair
and swing it around
following the only martial-art
sword move you know:
a broad slash from lower left to upper right,
a pivot of wrists at the height of the stroke,
and two downward strokes,

Chair becomes lash, however,
as you gently whip your intruder,
the Woman From India,
who seems to enjoy the extra attention.

You see how easy it was
for her to just step over your fence,
or squeeze through it,
And the fence is just as porous
all the way around the running-track
that encloses somebody else's property.
That fence will need to be fixed, well, replaced
all the way around the course.
That will cost a fortune!

WFI has already done her damage,
however, taking some of your online information
and using it to generate false checques,

payments in the tens of thousands of dollars
to, for example, the airline pilot
as bribe to land the plane
past the genocide she caused.
Basically, this is just a crazy mess
you'll be dealing with months more.

* * * * *

So you find temporary respite
from all this by making a documentary film
on the contemporary mythic figure
of the solitary copy-shop operator.
It's our own Eric F., and he's
walking around the machines,
making sure everything is in
good working order, shirtless.
Maybe he runs a gym, too.

22.xi.12

Looking through the encyclopedia
for "South America",
you come across
the story in pictures
of the Prince of MachuPichu.

Large full-colour plates:

Plate 1: The Prince as

a young child,

face painted with plaster

as was the custom then,

playing with two crudely drawn

baby horse-bears.

Plate 2: The Prince's Relics.

Several human hands and forearms

attached to sticks, each with

enough sleeve to denote

the hand's former owner's

station in life: some fine linens

with gold thread fraying off the edge,

some humble burlaps.

Plate 3: (and by now, you are in

the plates, it's one of those
VR immersible encyclopedias)
The Construction Illustrating
Someone Coughing Up a Kidney-Stone,
the face in torment, mouth open
expelling the stone.
His spinal cord spirals down
into a snakebody—no arms, legs.

In the next room, discussions with video
producers,
of whom you are one.
Schedules, topics, deadlines.
But, you're just in time
to receive your special control implant
our new alien overlords are installing in us.
Yours is in your forehead—very painful install.
Later, they'll be able to behavior-mod you
however they want.

There's a brief interlude
where the two handsome hero-doods
are trying to rescue the girl who's been
shot with a few rubber bullets.
One guy picks her up, and moves the
old comfy chair in the middle of the room
revealing part of a hole in the floor.
He jumps through the floor with her,
and through a maze of white rounded tunnels
finds the healing station that takes care of her.

Coming around one turn in the tunnels
and you're back in the alien's medieval castle
which is actually rather colorful and gaudy
in a 1970's hippie look:
here comes the guy who wants to sell baked
goods,
but you don't know if he's friend or foe,
you point a non-working wooden rifle at him,
and question him a little more.
Your associate—also with a hed-control—is

less charitable, and slices off part of this guy's
cheek and ear, although there's no blood.

But, you let him pass,

and he lets in

dozens of diminutive fairytrolls

as you make your way to higher parts
of the castle.

That was probably the wrong thing to do,
since a battle with the aliens will likely take
place now.

As long as they don't know it was you who let
them in . . .

You make it to one of the higher interior
platforms

where you can watch the battle from the nearby
window

and dodge the dozens of curved white ceramic
knives

the fairytrolls throw at you.

You'd think they'd be more appreciative.

23.xi.12

I know, you're trying to leave NewyOrk.

I tried myself not too long ago:

I started by peeking into the cafe,

as ContempoBurke,

(played by the brilliant David W.

in a bright red 18th century

dandy's pants-suit),

was leaving,

having just re-written

the Preamble to the U.S. Constitution
in the kitchen.

"Oh, no, he didn't, not the Body Proper!"

I sputter out words that I don't know

in a subject I don't know,

but the essence is that

Contempo has removed all poetry

and graceful phrases from that august document

and replaced it with horrible HR language and policy that makes life under such rule miserable.

He's peeking in the cafe window, giggling making sure I understood what he did.

I make it outside
and go to PortoThority,
which is on the very rocky shore
that greets the ocean, and
stepping down the stone path,
I arrive at the bus terminal.
You have to take the first bus
you can get, otherwise, you'll miss out.
I get on the bus with my two colleagues,
and now I forget their names,
but not their roles:

The short white guy helped
write this project with me,
and the tall, lanky black guy
with a fabulous afro
will be the lead actor.

"Have you played a cross-dresser
before?" I ask him.

"Can't be that different than Street,"
he replies.

The first part of the drive is through
the vast underground expanse,
with courtesy projections of a landscape
and clouds and sun and grass
shot on the far wall.

It's so realistic, I have to
explain to WhiteColleague where
the seams are, that is, when we
finally do reach the outside,
the projection screen folds down
into the ground.

The art is in concealing the
illusion as long as possible.

We are briefed on what's
been happening "out here":
Hyper-mutational drugs
have been weaponized by the military police.
These are substances that
make you sprout new tentacles
from you head, or your face.
They become several large eyes,
or your body develops extra limbs,
all in seconds.
Because the mutations just keep going on,
most of these effects are fatal,
as you see from the training film,
where a few drops of the drug
has entered the goldfish population,
turning them into crazy, creepy
extended fish before most of them
well, explode.

But they've had that drug since the Seventies.
The real breakthrough,
the real evil genius moment
is when Military Science Dood
broke into the Monkey Coop,
and gave the drug to a rare
white, delicate monkey,
who somehow managed to survive,
and not really mutate at all—
just some bleeding from the mouth.
(It was this monkey's blood
that dripped into the goldfish pond,
hence the above cinematic moment.)
Now, MSD has genetic material to
control the mutations, and can turn them
on and off at will.

He does this with other monkeys,
then with people he's caged,
including me and WhiteColleague.
The door to our cage was temporarily opened
by one exceptionally smart monkey

who *almost* escaped.
We don't go through the door,
because the guards are running toward us,
and MSD is with them,
and somehow, we think
we will be able to escape later,
or maybe figure out
how to take down this evil genius guy.
Hey, wilder things have happened.

* * * * *

After your remarkable escape,
you'll need to shoot some video
with the tapes and equipment provided.
(*You still use tape!*)
You load everything onto your little cart,
and go to the location, in the Commons.
Since you don't have a shirt on,
you decide to put on your big green sweater,
but this takes so long—
such a struggle!
When your head finally pops through the
sweater's neck, you see Paulina glaring at you.
Arms folded. "Hey, thanks for your little show!"
She didn't appreciate your exhibitry in front of
everyone.
Oh well, now you need to shoot your video.
On to that.

29.xi.12
Denis the Menis
in the current version
is held hostage by *terroristas*,
but he still makes
funny sounds when drinking
a glass of water.
What do his captors do?
Do they slap him around
for mocking them?
He's just being himself,

maybe that's what they hate.

* * * * *

Your friend in pLand,
your favorite while you were there,
is hanging out with her friends:
all guys, all kinda jerky,
most of them involved
in the drug trade.
She calls them
her "common grunts,"
a term of deep regard
and endearment.
They are discussing
how one moves up
the chain of command.
It's highly regimented,
and like the military and academe
there are special rituals
and rites of passage.
This is what makes it
organized crime.

One of her friends is not
a drug dealer: he's a
chubby sales clerk
at a big electronics store,
but also with dreams of promotion.
His plan is to put the latest
japanese computer, The Huron,
on sale just at the right time
to boost sales and save his declining company.
But we all know
his plan is doomed.

* * * * *

You're taking care of MacFink's Dog.
A terrier. You keep him
in the basement.

You should take him outside for walks.
You should get out more, too.

2.xii.12

At the family reunion meal
you've been working on a big plate of food,
but now you've misplaced it.
It's OK—you weren't that hungry anyway.

Reports of the aliens
are troubling the whole family.
The invaders have been deploying
exactly everything matching what the military
has
sent to greet them, not sure
of friendly intent or not.
At the moment, all the forces—soldiers,
tanks, ships, are just face to face,
in a perfectly balanced standoff.
Hope nobody sneezes or
shoots someone accidentally,
because that would cause
war.

The Tomhanks character
has been in a hallway
with one of the aliens,
then he rolls out the door,
only slightly bruised, and
unexplainably fatter—like he's
put on 15 or twenty pounds.
"I'm OK," he says. "they just
wanted all my measurements."

You've been hiding in the kitchen
above cupboards, hoping to
catch sight of the aliens.
You can see how their forces
fold and duplicate to match our forces,
then you go out into your car
with your friend,

Beyond the distant shore,
there's smoke rising.
Oh no, has the war started?
No, but the smoke is aggressively
rolling toward us, seeming
to devour the landscape.
You both get back into the car,
although being in a car is
not going to help much.

When the smoke reaches you,
it stops suddenly, and turns
into a pack of giant dark-grey wolves,
suspended in mid-leap.
Since you only see the front-half
of each beast,
you know these were built
by the aliens, too.

Everything is at a standstill,
although you've gotten out of the car,
and you're on the balcony of the building
with your friends who are expert in
japanese sword-fighting.
They are also met
by an equal number of alien ninjas
who also just freeze,
although you can see from
shadows cast on the wall
that the ninja above you
sprinkles the top of your head
with tiny metal stars
that surprisingly do not hurt or damage.

There is some japanese sword-movement
initiated by one of your friends,
but nothing quite works as expected,
(sword met sword, although very slowly,
and nobody got hurt.)
and you turn aside to see

you're finally facing an alien.
They look just like us,
but better-dressed.
The one that looks
like a high-ranking military man
in bright blue uniform
makes a snorting/wheezing sound
that you instinctively understand
you should mimic, so you do.

This has the effect of
opening your skull and
exposing your brain right
in the middle of your forehead,
around the area of our mythical
Third Eye.

The same happens to military alien guy,
and his wife opens a box of keys or
decorative pins.
You're invited to take one,
and the wife suggests a slender blue key,
you, however, choose the
Composer BubbleGum one,
and place that inside your head.

You can now proceed to St. Louis
with your other friend
who is going to write a
electronic-techno-dance
welcome-anthem for the aliens,
and you can be part of that.
So, I guess, maybe not war this time, ok?

7.xii.12

So now you've moved back
into a room in
Gast's BlackLite Village,
on the second floor.
You're surprised the main door
isn't locked, but then,
the stairway has a gate,

one of those folding-gates,
so surely that's secure.

When you jiggle the gate a little,
it comes open,
and worse, it all
sorta collapses
into a pile of pipes.
You try reassembling this mess.
It's something you'll need to fix later,
just like so many other things.
You have a folding gate of your own,
from when you owned a home.
Maybe you'll bring that instead
of repairing this one.
So much chirping of exotic birds
coming from the top of the stairs.

You go to the sink
to wash off the grease you now
have on your hands
from messing with that gate.
It's a stinging grease,
so it probably has some
battery acid in it.
Where did you get those
other scars on your fingers?

* * * *

You're in the museum
with Shan and KrisAr.
Their pieces are mildly interesting.
The one is a ten foot by three foot
Flatfish, all made from
white computer keyboard components,
the keys for scales.
The other is a curiosity cabinet
in the shape of a pyramid, but
with an opening at the top
which would permit you to fly through it

if you so chose,
and if you could fly.

There's some Handel playing
over the loudspeakers,
his Overture to *Trieste*.
It's melancholy, but not totally depressing.
You walk past the museum-players
rehearsing their little musical
in one of the exhibition areas
marked off by those folding Chinese lacquer
panels.
It's a ditsy number they're
singing and dancing.
Very low-brow entertainment.
Maybe that's what's celebrated
In museums these days.

8.xii.12

All anxiety situations, now:

At the art gallery, your kitty
gets into the black paint.
You bring him to the artist,
who's giving a workshop.
"No, I only work on commission"
he says. You explain
you were wondering
if his paint was water-based
so you can wash off kitty.
"No, but we have some
turpentine you can use,
but of course that will
effect how his once-luxurious
coat clings to the skin
and how the nails
attach to the paws."

And then dood tells you
you have a lot of friends,
because there are marching

lines of ants, and a bunch
of lizards, too,
infesting your house.

You look down at your foot.
It's swelling, and filled with yellow pus
that oozes out when you squeeze
your little toe.
Your big toe is, like,
A pitch black hemi-sphere,
extending from
the stubby nail.

Now, you have trouble
leaving Germania,
You're losing bags, cats,
lids to bags,
and an entire camera.

Probably, you're gonna miss your flight,
but at least there's the beautiful
lesbian couple, topless
except for the clear mylar jackets they wear.

9.xii.12
It's my job now
to make the word-hybrids.
The current assignment:
combine "paranormal" and "polynomial"
Paranomial? Polynormal?
I should be better at my job.

12.xii.12
We're at this party,
and you walk from partygirl to partygirl,
and put your hands on their bare shoulders,
as a sign of solidarity,
camaraderie.
You tell the one girl,
"This one character
(in this film we're all working on)

needs to have more changes
in his life style.
I know that 'cuz he's
like me in that way."

That's how you tell her,
"Hey, thanks for being a friend
and making me
a more conscious person
as a result."
Then, you both join
Other party people,
all laughing at things they say
In English,
But you can't understand a word.

13.xii.12
Now, you'll be taking care
of Mrs. Ida Rotstein's dog,
Fowler.
I guess she's off
visiting friends or family.
Hope she's not just,
ded.

The other task you have
is to help KimDawn
become a great writer,
or at least a pretty good one.
To make this happen
you lend her your
precious set of Klibans
and downloads from the web
of that set of *Peanuts* comics
that poetry dood re-ballooned.

14.xii.12
You've had the hots
for Indian Maiden for, forever.
She's played, in this
production

by P-Lander Lite, and
you snuggle her belly
as she stands tall,
by the banks of the Creek.

You cross it to get to
your love-bed.
There's also *La Brunette*
but she's only mentioned
in the magazines,
a mail-order bride.

Transition Train is roaring across
the prairies, but it's really just
a procession of people, mostly
in foodservice outfits,
led by Italian Chef,
who accidentally steps on
the toy-car that was about to race,
smashing it.
That race was going to be a big event.

You and a few other foodservers
are flying a few feet off the ground,
ahead of the approaching crowd,
making stylized walking poses
as you fly forward, leading them on!
The overall mood is festive.

Still hovering above,
you ask Trace-E
if you can cheat with her once.
She says, "Yes, I love you,"
right there, right in front
of her four children!
You reach down and
massage her breasts.

Landing as it starts to rain,
you next must locate your car.
I thought you parked it in

this lot—the one with
an escherly arrangement
of spaces, exits, and entrances.
You're inside, looking out at the lot,
from an open window.
The least you could do for
the gals that live here
is close the window for them.
This is much harder than it looks.

The two guys
living in your one-room playhouse
don't know the first thing about
taking care of rental property.
They don't know the right way
to close the door, so it
came off its hinges,
and they prop a different door
in the frame.
This will not do.
You enter, push the
makeshift door aside,
and show them how they must
reattach the right door.
They seem bewildered,
as if no one has ever
explained anything
to them before.

Megan M. show us historical records
documenting her and her husband's
past school records.
She shows us her own
recital-drawing,
made while she played flute,
and studied at KolumBeyuh.
It's a large leaf of crisp white paper
with charcoal sketches
of all the seating arrangements
and stage set-ups for all the pieces
on the program.

"The Stravinsky Octet," she says, "was the most conventional piece that day. It did not raise a single eyebrow." Other works involve a laboratory sink, scientific equipment, and a heavy relic of a door to a dungeon, out of which comes a zombie SteveJobs (played in this production by PatAr) "Rick Tee said, 'That's not the Jobs you want!' when he saw that!" she continued.

La Barrage, the delicate electronic musical instrument all the DJs use these days, is handed me. It's a bare copper wire with a stylus on one end that you touch to someone, and it reads their emotions. They're transferred to the electronics at the other end of the wire, and modify whatever you're playing on the radio. Right now, it sounds like a chord from Mahler's Ninth that just seems to go on forever. Well, that's *ewigkeit*, right?

15.xii.12
It's a rather modern castle, same sense of proportion the old ones had, same sense of dominating the eye, and keeping power in the hands of the powerful. But, it's made of contemporary concrete and has elegant lighting fixtures on the walkways 'round the walls.

Babby Oats and his dog
are chasing after Diane,
I'm running after them at first,
but then think better of that:
"Why, of course,
they're the perfect couple.
Why didn't I think of that sooner?
They've got lots in common,
lots to talk about,
since they're both ded."

They run a while,
then they acquire yellow or blue
balloons, tied in bunches,
like we all have, now.
I'm trying to locate either of
those loveburds,
without luck, because
this is a contemporary castle,
and there are plenty of
niches and stairways and small towers
in which one can secrét away,
although the balloons will be a give-away.

Night has given way to morning,
and I'm walking 'cross the field
from castle to the jail,
where I'm joined by three
other jail-guards, a gentleman
and two ladies, in splendid
15th or 16th century
poofy and ornate finery
and big hoopy dresses for the women,
and matching masks.

As we approach the jail,
we gather the inmates with us.
They were waiting for us
by the outdoor church pews.
I acknowledge one inmate
with eye contact—probably a mistake—

but they all go back to their cells,
and I discover I have a cell, too:
an enclosed room, with an elegant, almondine
plaster molding that enfolds the doorknob.
Entering, I see these plaster accents
all over, including a large one framing
an oval mirror, in which I see
the lovely young alien girl
I've become, with plaster dripping
from my face, and encircling
my big, black opalesque eyes.
I'm wearing tight bluejeans,
and an aluminum jacket and helmet.

It's time for me to leave this jail,
however, and since my door is ajar,
I walk back outside,
without attracting attention,
except for the tall zombified black man
wearing the outfit of the poor,
and following me, too close.
I do an alien move on him,
so his lanky legs get wrapped
around a lamppost,
and his family watches this
with disappointment.
As an alien, I'm also able to
zip away very fast, twice, and
I may also modify the sequence of events
or the flow of time.

Whatever I manage to do,
I'm back in my previous creepy old-guy body,
and take my place
between members of the team
from Brazil or Cuba, sitting on
the floor at this marketing meeting.
The guys have on cool watches
that show weather in Cuba, along with time.

At a certain point in the meeting,

dozens of people are facing in one direction,
and the others are facing them.
The first group were the 'deal-makers'
who have succeeded.
I'm in the second group.

* * * * *

At Fort Lawd Moma,
I'm rehearsing my latest little show.
It's called *Interviews*,
and it features a dozen
of my students or so,
paired in groups of two,
one is interviewing the other
for some sort of job.
The conversations are all
prerecorded on ipods,
they just repeat what they hear,
like they always do.
There are six or seven rooms
where this is going on.
You view the exhibit by walking
from room to room.
There's even one room
where you and a friend
can put on headphones
and do the interview.

Outside the rehearsal,
you see Our Favourite PeeLander
handcuffed, and put in
an unmarked car by two women:
an undercover cop
and a postal employee.
She was only trying to
visit her grandmother!

17.xii.12
Last time we met,
you were in a genderless-clown suit,

and,
yes, I was in a genderless clown suit.

You had some, like, issues.
maybe I did, too.

Anyway, werdz were exchanged,
impending konflikt was suggested.

* * * *

You have on a white shirt,
but it's too casual.
The three-piece suit
is more appropriate,
because it is Sunday.

* * * * *

Icons dance across the screen
like they've done before.
Your job is to scale up
the artwork of the money
to actual size.

* * * * *

Trishalina stands before you
lots of printing all over her face.
All in a serif font.
Garamond, you think.

19.xii.12
Personally, I'm a little skeptical
of the new QuackTime® video format:
It's liquid, about the consistency
of egg-whites, gloppy.
You spoon it onto the top of your table,
for instance, and it stiffens a bit
and becomes a pliable screen
that shows your video.

You can stick it anywhere,
on any surface.
Some early adopters really like it.
They hafta fix one bug:
it only shows videos of
mostly eggs frying.
Minor glich.

You're checking out
this adult/all-you-can-eat/
Food-Themed Park.
Lots to explore here,
if you're really into food.
Eating contests, food sampling,
and of course everybody's favorite,
the Meat Rides.

You've stumbled into a specialty corner,
however, an informal seminar
on becoming a big-shot movie producer.
"First you get a script. Get a good
script from a good writer.
We're using *Black Stone* because
it was on a best-seller's list."
This guy explains it
like it's so incredibly stoopid-easy.
He goes on to tell
how the movie version
is about a girl
who has a new smart phone,
that's haunted by Madonna,
but somehow she deals with it,
and her and Ghost-Madonna
become best buds.

My grad students are there,
and they're more skeptical than I,
especially of the collection of pills
we've all been given,
without instructions,
without any idea what they do.

Some are chocolate,
some exude a delightful whipped-cream topping
when you take them out of the
blister-pak.
"Try a dravosTylenon," suggests Steven.
Miguel is smoochin' a drink
from the pretty bartender.

We all watch the classic cartoon
where the cave-man builds
first a really shabby wooden bridge
with sticks and mud,
then a stone one,
then we see, centuries of time
compressed into seconds,
as the bridge is expanded
to massive steel beams and cables,
and an entire city is built atop it.
Mickey Mound® ("*He's Profound!*") navigates
his grotesque giant yellow
baroque-postmodern steamboat
under it all, as we float above it.

We're in a single-serving hot-air balloon,
both strapped in, enjoying the view.
We are in a mid-air dance with
another balloon, dark blue, heart-shaped,
but no people in that one.
It pops.

We're back on stage,
helping Eric P. with a new show,
but he can handle all this himself.
We step into the Kosher wine aisle,
and are told to never let the wine bottles
touch bottles filled with sparkling water,
when we put them in the 'fridge.
The bottles aren't supposed
to touch the refrigerator door, either.

20.xii.12

Parties in A-Town
have always been fun
and well attended.
This one is unexceptional,
except that the young people outside
are playing Monsters
and Spooky-Spooks,
and you've just peeked
through the door and yelled,
"Leper!" at them.

You looked at a reflection of yourself
in the big kitchen window,
and saw your pasty, peeling face.
You didn't know you'd be
the designated leper at this party.
Spouse "helps" by drawing red dots
on your face with majikmarker,
and then short straight black lines
at various angles, all over
your body, so you become
a walking abstract geometric sculpture,
maybe by one of the Blue Riders.

Spouse is angry at you for leaving the party
without her, apparently
without even looking for her.
"You're acting like a four-year old,"
she tells you.
All you remember is sitting in the truck cabin,
then driving down the lane,
and almost getting on the highway,
but then going back down the lane,
back to the party,
to see if anyone needs a ride home.

The party's winding down,
with only scattered beautiful young people,
and at the bottom of the
spiral staircase, the slow-moving
but elaborately body-painted

drag-queens, airbrushed
to look like oriental goldfish.
"You two look *fabulous!*" you tell them,
wincing, though, because you can't stand
that word.

You catch sight of Eric F.
out the corner of your eye.
You just saw in *The Loaf* where
he's writing music reviews,
and you should congratulate him
on his "anniversary of domestic bliss",
as he mentioned in his FB-updata,
maybe making some clever
turn of phrase involving
philological aspects
of "domestic" and "bliss."
No, that would be lame.

Over the sound-system,
you hear the MC introduce Sharon:
"She started doing
art and music,
and then tried parenting.
Now, she's doing advertising!"
Sharon's in a light pink party dress,
and she invites everyone
to move this party uptown,
". . . where we can eat oysters
and do gay-drinking!"

You make your way to the
nearly-empty parking lot
with Crys, and of course
you must avoid the yahoos
backing up their station-wagon
into parked cars, turning the
scene into a demo-derby.
Now you're not sure if this
is the right parking lot,
or even which car you drove here.

You both wander near
cars almost submerged in water,
and beyond that grove of stone-trees
stands the urban-lion.
He sees you, starts running toward you and her.
Crys is running ahead of you,
and you pause when you reach
the small hill overlooking
more parked cars,
and two guys in white shirts and long-ties,
party-goers who might be
mentally challenged and/or drunk.
UrbanLion ploughs into the one,
knocks him over.
The other one pulls pistol,
shooting UrbanLion.
You both
love and hate the guy
for doing that.

23.xii.12

You know, the place we rent
is pretty large, but the interiors
are industrial and unfinished:
pipes and wires sticking out all over.
Still, \$280 a month, in this
part of town, is not a bad deal.

We live on the first floor, and
I go outside to collect mail,
and all the various keys other tenants
have mailed me over the past few months
thinking I'd be apartment-sitting for them
(some people never learn!).
When I go back to the door,
it's been blocked by pillows and
mattresses, so I crawl over them
and find I'm on the second floor.
To get down a floor
is a matter of trial and error.
I walk past the two accountants

that remind me to pick up my trash
as I walk on their floor.

I hang out a while in the art-shop,
where they sell dinner place-mats
organized according to the art style
they emulate—postmodern, abstract
expressionist, like that.

Petite Sara drops by, and I ask her,
"Have you ever tried making money
at an art-supply store?"

We discuss this, and the course
she took called "Florence and The Americans"
as an exchange student in Italy.

Another woman is watching us:
she's beautiful in a lost sort of way,
nude, if not for being covered in blue paint,
feathers, and sequins.

I still hafta find my way to the first floor,
and I'm accidentally walking into other peoples'
bathrooms, showers, and living rooms,
excusing myself for these intrusions.

And you know, too, that all these survival-reality
games
where people do actually fight to the death,
are not as hot as they yoostabee.

They have to resort to such over-the-top violence
to get any kind of attention.

I'm involved in the finale of this particular game,
riding the London Sky-Rail above the combined
zoos and TV stations (surprised those still exist!).
The driver—a fine chap, in a white spandex
outfit

with darkrimmed glasses—has a martini in one
hand,

and is explaining to one person about another:
"Oh, he has to get his vaginas [75] in order!"

He does this while casually walking around the
cabin,
apparently there's not a lot involved in the

driving of a Sky-Rail.

Of the three remaining contestants, there's
MeanDood,
ExpendableDood, and OurHero.
Expendable has slipped down the rocky cliff a
few feet,
and winds up in a milky puddle.
But MeanDood's already there, too, and
pounds Expendable's hed into the stone.
One down, one to go.
I'm now engaged as OurHero's Designated
Helper
(and I'm as surprised as you are
they allow that).
I grab an iron triple-tool
and feign off MeanDood,
who's got a rusty big wire-cutter.
OurHero manages to subdue Meany
and uses the wire cutter to first snip off his nose,
then proceed north through his eye-socket
and crack open his skull.
MeanDood's hed now blossoms into
a taco salad with lots of guacamole,
some *frijoles negros* providing accent.
That, and, uhm, brain, bones, blood.
OurHero wins!
OurHero is a psychopath!

And finally, you also know
I was trying to arrange some
collaborative effort
with the music folk.
I try talking to Department Hed,
but I can't get through to her.
They're all skeptical of my indeterminacy,
although powerless Assistant Dood
at least understands what I do.

24.xii.12

Trains at stations,

each attended
by one of the Twins.

Dog-killing-cat anxiety.
Homeless-Dood-living-in-the-basement anxiety.
Workers-repairing-the-front-porch disaster-
anxiety.
Falling-backward-on-concrete, hitting-one's-hed
anxiety.

The insurance company
has a new policy:
*"We will kill you
With a monster."*

END OF PART III

PART IV

1.i.13

Hanging out with the computer engineering class
is not quite your preference.
The topics discussed don't
really relate to your interests
although they did show
an interesting film
on the reproduction of animals and insects.
One insect spews out
hundreds of eggs: life is cheap!
You hand back two of the papers
to two students, at least you think
they are the students who
match the names on the papers.

Lecture is being led by some
older dood with massive bushy white
mostache, like a puffy hairy white
croissant is attached to his upper lip.
"Did I upset you? I know what I said
upset some of you."
I have no idea what he said prior.

Previously, you were playing,
then packing up,
the contrabassoon,
and returning it to the band leader.
He tells you "We store them at
Town Center."
You don't want to make the extra trip.

4.i.13

1) It's a very elaborate play
centered on a mafia civil war
—one part of The Family against another—
Sopranos against the Coreleons, or something.

2) A fragment in a cramped little room
you and two or three other young people
one guy tears up paper
and must blow it around

with a leaf blower.
Then, you must all pick up
as many tomato pieces
as you can find.
I pick up about twenty.

3) A nostalgic look
at all the old Moca-Molacha
tv ads. Not much more
I can add to this—sorry!

8.i.13

Wedding Auction

I was told the wedding auction
was in this room,
I was told to sign in.
I don't really get the point of it,
the auction.
You bid on gifts already wrapped
for the couple,
and then you give them to the couple,
and you give them the money you bid, too.

I'm not going to do the auction,
or sign in.
I make my way back
to the atrium, where
my colleague and I have just
hung out for a while
on the stair railings.
Other sets of railings had
their screws removed,
so if we had hung out on
the wrong railing,
we would've hit the floor below.

I fold down the railings
that are faulty, and
notify the woman at the
security desk.

She needs to call someone
about this, and
she does,
but she talks mostly
about how this institution's
plan to route traffic has worked.
No mention of faulty railings.

I go outside, to
hang out with the guys doing
construction work nearby.
I don't need a hard hat—weird!
One worker is working on
screwing in a round-headed screw
about six feet in diameter.
"You need a pretty big screw-driver
for that, emeyeRite?" I say.
I have a gift for expressing
the obvious.

The workers are playing with
a robotic arm for digging,
and moving stuff around.

(inspiration level - medium low)

9.i.13

So now The Impresario
is arranging for the late-nite host
to drive the truck down the road,
then climb into the basket of the catapult
the truck's carrying,
and he'll be propelled through the air
and land in the area we're preparing,
ostensibly a soft landing,
but all I see are rocks.

The Impresario has also prepared dynamite
just beyond the steel doors in this landing area
(again, I don't see this ending well),
and we're behind the steel doors

with a couple of large dogs
that are annoying The Imp through the windows,
as he's setting up the explosives.
He's mean to one of the dogs,
peeking through the window,
in fact, he shocks the dog with wires
from the battery.
Mean man!

11.i.13

Just like JenA to have been invited
to perform at South By South Festival.
It's her landmark performance and film,
Kitchen Drama.
She's assisted by her ExAndria, and her intern,
the lovely and charming WineBoy.
ExAndria is under the sink,
and sticks a white spatula
up through the drain
so it peers over the counter,
looking at the audience,
and reacting appropriately
as a personified object.
WineBoy hangs out in the background,
an objectified person.
JenA is smashing a carefully decorated
cake in on itself,
making a gooey mess,
and folding in other incongruous foods.

The critics are ecstatic,
and immediately read the spatula
as commercial and capitalist concerns
turning a mute eye
toward the impending eco-disaster
of unchecked consumption,
represented by JenA's brilliant
food-transformations.

After the show, we're hangin' in
the apartment, and negotiate

sleeping arrangements
for tonight: somehow,
everybody is intrigued
by everybody else,
but there's too much
history to blow through
and too many mis-matched
preferences to overcome
before we'd actually have an orgy.

12.i.13

Scott-Servitood's new film
includes a tibetan music video
skeleton heds, yellow rectangle of light on the
eyes
all blacks, whites, and yellow

I tell him I think this film might break!
It's that great!
"And if it doesn't,
you can always make another film," I tell him.
Before that,
Tibetan dood has pinions
and tibetan earrings that are sharp metal
but covered in animal hide and fur.

14.i.13

In the bunker
before both wars
with a young Hitler,
his LooTenant
and a very young Einstein.
Somebody does
a gas of *das ass*,
and the Lt. reminds us
that's how the ded speak to us.

The kids are collecting
toys from GrumpyMan's trash,
surely he doesn't want those anymore.
The girl has a TinkerBall moment

where the fairy appears to her
in a tree and then later,
through a mechanical doll,
although that's pretty creepy.
Grumpy's coming back home,
so the kids hide in the cellar
and pull the mesh gate
over the top.

Of course, Grumpy will see what they did
and put something really heavy on top of the
cellar
or maybe lock it
with the kids inside.
Either way, the kids will
receive hell.

* * * * *

Dad is driving the M (*-FarmAll*)
and pulling us behind it
on a sled
over vast snow-covered fields.
There are no fences in sight
for as far as you can see.
There were, however,
reports of Tyranosaur attacks,
but we don't see any.

When we make it to The Road,
a bunch of other cars go by,
faster than they probably should
in all this snow.

15.i.13
You eat part of your breakfast—
the part that fulfills your obligations to your
parents—
with a certain acceptance.
Once that's done, you move on
to the more fun parts of breakfast:

pizza with licorice ropes.

You charm the women
who work behind the counter
at the registration desk.
You can do that
because you're a charming person.

16.i.13

It's been a while
since you've been
in The Pit.
That's the smallest room
in the house,
in the nor'west corner,
lower than the basement,
and right below The Pump.

It's damp and dark,
and it's where we store apples.
You can sit on the crate
I've turned into a stool,
and converse with the
enormous beetle with
supersized pinchers.

Smaller bugs are shrimpshaped,
and furry. We try to keep
the bugs in The Pit,
rather than invite them
into our larger worlds.

Several varieties of fastfood
are at the foot of the stairs
as you leave The Pit.
That stuff can kill ya!

18.i.13

In corporate building:
first, just wasting time,
moving from bathroom to bathroom

looking for an equally bored female, perhaps.
Finding two.
But now, needing to elude
the gunman.

To the elevators!
I arrive on the fifth floor,
and try to warn people of the gunman,
but everybody already has a gun
and is ready for him!

Back to the elevators!
I take the trash elevator,
designed to hold just
one trashcan,
empty its contents
and crawl in.

Arriving on the floor I just left,
and encountering much mayhem,
now returning to the elevators,
with the buttons for each floor the gunman's
been
smeared in blood.
Going up or down?

19.i.13
Dood's opera is an immense,
densely woven tapestry
of references to the last half
of the beautifully flawed
twentieth century.

I'm in charge of showing the video of it,
or selections from it,
so there's major sections
I fast-forward through.

(Of course, you are or I am
the dood who created all this,
maybe we conspired together

on this monstrosity,
and our biggest challenge
is to present this in a way
that's interesting,
entertaining,
and not too alienating.
Not an easy trick
to pull off.)

Parts we do watch
include "Celia", with
three overhauled shots
of unfolding, morphing
ambience in all domains
(visual, sonic, and text),
with a cheesy placeholder
animated logo of a cartoony
pink dragon.

By the time we reach the point where
this section starts, rewinding,
we are all now in the game section
of the production, and we gather our many
books
and we're helped by the unofficial dood,
who will turn the electricity back on
in this studio once everybody leaves,
except those like KhristAll,
because she needs to get more work done here.

The next scene reveals we got
only as far as BlackForrest,
and we were in a dramatic car-wreck:
bodies everywhere, a spiral twist of smoke
rising from the engine.
One of the built-in avatars
approaches the other vehicle,
a vintage red and white convertible,
and it morphs into the three-headed-hydra
"We have to feed it or touch it," says dood.

JimJam does the math, "that's 5/9ths of a body for each of your three heds—I'm thinking, "Trilateral Commission", and with that, JimJam does more calculations on the nearby forest chalkboard.

Remember, we still need to figure out the clues Dood (who created our little amusement)

left behind, since he's one of the car crash casualties.

But DavyDood rolls his body over to reveal in the gash on Dood's jeansjacket, a bunch of round SweetArts arrayed on his back, and one oblong pill, more reflective than the rest.

That's the key, because it's not a pill at all, but twists open to reveal a remote that turns off the cyber-hydra.

* * * * *

Theatre/dance seminar with GabHero.

He invites us to take a figurative approach to the dance.

Ever the novice who speaks before he thinks, I ask, "Well, duh,

when is dance not figurative?

You're always in yer body!"

"You're doing a scene from

The Scottish Play. A dagger appears.

You treat the knife as another character," says G.

Now, I understand, and ever confess

that this realization

only took me twenty years!

20.i.13

Oh, the unrendered

animal fat of our dreemz!

1. In a re-working
of the movie you just saw
(details hazy, but it did happen)>>>

2. >>> An *America's Top Model* competition
—you win over two far more attractive young
women,
Jenny and Lynnette,
even though you are
a guy who's almost sixty.

3. You're leading the choir,
although it looks like
four bleachers filled with young kids,
like a high school assembly.

You get started late because you don't know
who's in the ensemble,
then you ask all choir members to
move to the far right section,
next to the podium.

Even though you're sposta lead rehearsals,
the usual conductor is there,
to get things rolling.

You've never seen any of these scores before.

There's also four or five
instrumentalists—trumpet, sax, clarinet,
maybe a couple of strings.

21.i.13

There's almost never parking
at the Union, but Jenandía and I
drive there, and I
drop her off.
I've found an hour-only space,
the best I can do.
I'll hafta move it later,
which is a hassle.
Inside, the palatial atrium
opens up to me, and
I see J. has already set up

her display of Lightning Bugs.
One has gotten loose,
and I cup my hands around it
and bring it to her.
"They sometime float for miles
above the Erth, on the cool
summer nights that lift their
wings," says the recorded
message, part of her display.

Walking down the stairway
from the exhibit, I run into Jon H.,
and we catch up on what we've each done
in the thirty years since we last met.
He's kind enough to drive me
across the river to find
a better parking place.
"We could go to Festival.
This year it's in Albania." he says.
"I would need to clear that with Wife," I tell him,
"but, rain check?"
He drops me off
across the river,
where I can catch the #2 bus back,
although it seems like that would be
the least direct route.
I have a five in my billfold,
so I can use that,
but the bus wouldn't give change.

As this is the stop for the airport,
I've found a cab to split
with two other African gentlemen,
one of whom is smoking
a reefer cigarette.
"We know about our friend, HighWay.
He's going to jail soon for crime," says the other.
As we drive past
lines of people arriving and leaving the terminal,
one guy, opening the trunk to his Beamer
gets knocked on the head—and it really

does sound like the woody 'thud' you
always hear in the movies or
on television—
by the short criminal behind him,
who closes the trunk and
steals the car.
But we can't do anything about it,
we're on our way back.

* * * * *

You can always blame
your shortcomings and problems and addictions
on your alien abduction,
like, if you don't wanna
take responsibility.
That's what I do.

22.i.13

In bed with Spouse
and discussing the Ghost-Babbies:
how they would know they are ghosts,
and what that would actually mean to them.
The discussion began because
I thought one might have
brushed against my hed,
but, no, that was Moodge.
The other two cats are
playing/fighting among
the crumpled pieces of newsprint
that fill our bedroom.

I expect we will be joined
by RobotHermanMunster,
and here he comes!
I think they got the proportions wrong
when they built him:
over eight feet tall,
but at least six of those feet
are his slender legs
hooked to a boxy crotch.

The chest is short, squat,
and the hed is huge.
I try to address him
from the bed, but
all that comes out
are chirpy sputtering screams.

* * * * *

Now, at the production meeting
with LJ and his new gang,
(including MyKess)
while you're struggling to put on
your insulated winter coat,
you're told you've been replaced as *componist*,
it's the admin, again, nosing
into matters they don't understand,
and this will almost guarantee problems
and a compromised result.
You offer to do the work for free,
while a young woman, your rival, is paid
and gets the credit.
Basically, you looze all around.

In the meantime,
Paul, the Aussie in Tennashooz
just, like, steps on my toes!
I think he wants a fight.
He might be the greatest
friend I ever had, after we
beat eachother up a while,
or he might just be a jerk.
I step away.
Big surprise.

LJ and his two buds
next raid the fridge
and open beers for all,
while doing bad
Colonel Klink imitations.
It's fun to act all Gestapo!

23.i.13

To say it all began
with the cartoon in *The NewyOrker*
would be a lie,
but it is a lie that tells the truth:

The cartoon shows Santa,
obviously upset,
talking to one of his elves
or reindeers:
"Don't look at me
as if I just woke up
from lying on a bunch
of dinner-plates
in a coma!" he says,
invoking a little-known chapter
from the mythos of Santa.
I really don't get this one, at all!

* * * * *

Your job is to soothe people
amid their trials and anxiety.
First, you're in JenA's Georgetown basement,
discovering, and dealing with
the pooching-out of the basement wall.
Of course, there's a leak somewhere.
You follow this structural pooching
to the garage,
and double-cap all the radiators
of all the cars there—I guess
that will do some good, but
I can't say, since I'm not
in that particular
line of work.

But, you take your work
home with you, as you further discover
leakage above the sink,
and in your room,

in your house.
You must also deal
with the kitty
having a nervous breakdown.
That's part of your job, too.

24.i.13

There was one thing you accomplished:
you installed the flickering-device
that cycles through short bursts of light
at not quite regular intervals.
It's by your bed.
And you know what?
These light-flickerings
have taken on greater meaning
in your advanced age.
Maybe they trigger memories
or whatever,
like smells do,
or perhaps they just
quicken your mind's decay.
That would be pretty funny.

25.i.13

Small, quaint town
in the Midwest or the Northwest.
We all have wandered its streets:
now, we're in the parking garage
walking up a ramp
to find our car.
And, earlier, driving to the garage,
I may have gone through a red,
because there was a flash
as I entered the intersection.
I may need to deal with that later.

Returning to the car
we find it partly blocked in
by a trashy big Khristler
parked askew in the adjacent space.
That's the get-away vehicle

for the bank robbery, underway.
Here, criminals can still get away
with robbing a bank—amazing!

We get in our car,
and Rosty advises us
to all get down in our seats
as the robbers approach
and drive their car
to the next heist.

But, in reality,
we are the robbers,
and we've hoarded
all our loot
in the van we drive around,
At least, that was our situation
before the competing crime-loard
caught us, and asked us
to walk through the various
animal-pens in his MudCircus,
walking past the MudElephants
and MudPigs, and ending in
the mostly empty roosts
for the MudChickens.

It's there the other two henchmen
have joined us, with two walking-canes
that are actually a long blade and a saw
with cane-handles.
I'll be the first to go
for our summary executions
and I'd prefer the blade to the saw.

26.i.13
One was about kitties
and one was about sex.

The kitties were always jumping
on the neighbor's roof,
and going into their house,

and so were we,
when they were on vacation.
Big empty house—
we go over there and
use the kitchen,
and even entertain
a few guests!
The cats have brought
additional humans to the house,
mostly young women,
gypsies, we think.

That's when
the party turns into
an orgy of truly dionysian proportions.
The gypsies are expert
in instantly cloning people,
(so, for instance, the shotcropped
blonde suddenly becomes two),
and they are *virtuosi* when it comes
to an orchestra of sex toys.

27.i.13

Same old same old:
Hangin' out in the confusing part of town,
where streets don't always go where they should,
and there's no way to cut through alleys if
you're on the wrong street,
which we are.

We do make it back
to Brother's Barn,
and Wife and I enter the bathroom.
She turns on the shower,
which is aimed right at me,
so my shorts get soaked.

Uncle Waldo walks right in
in a white cotton button-down,
worn in the casual style
with open collar and rolled-up sleeves.

I introduce Wife to him, since
I didn't marry her until after he died,
and I turn off the water.

Oh, and both my front teeth
just fell out.
Maybe there's a way
I can put them back in?

29.i.13

Main Elements:

- orchestra anxiety (trying to
put together my oboe, but
not working—trying to
find another one.

- apocryphal story
of Peter T____(?)
celebrity who plays
a bright red oboe.

- visitation from the
cat-gods from other planets.
They just look like cats!

- poking through all the trash
down by the barn.

Those Homeless
have long, long hair that
covers their faces,
but they collect junk
in their shopping carts.

Something rumbles from
beneath the trash-heap.
I go toward The Place,
and up the back stairs
of The House so I can
avoid surely the giant reptile

awakening under the garbage.

- in The House, I go to The Basement
and wash my hair in the crude shower.

1.ii.13

Many convoluted stairways
lead to The Mary Bird Wing
of Hospital.

It's there I'll try to find
the great artist
MagdaLene, as she's scheduled
for an operation to
help with her horrible cancer,
perhaps to reduce her suffering,
but this is not known.

It's a disease she shares
with Doreen Mound,
two celebrities doomed
to similar ends.

I'm at the scheduling desk
and look for her name on the calendar.
It's not there, but then she arrives, alone.
Awkward hug and small talk.
She seems happy to see me.
I introduce her to Young Randy,
who will assist us.

Back in her room,
we learn how hard she worked
to keep her visit to the clinic secret,
and we help her make
the art-pieces for her stay:
small white plastic industrial tubing
placed inside clear helium balloons.
These are her 'dolls', but one of them
accidentaly floats out the window,
and within minutes,
a media frenzy forms outside,
spilling onto rooftops of adjacent buildings,

hundreds of well-wishers, fans,
and the press.
Not what MagdaLene wanted.
"We're sending over
a FlanaCopter now!"
megaphones a woman on the roof,
and here it comes,
pumpkin-shaped and colored,
filled with gifts and goodies,
hovering just outside the room.

Later, while she sleeps,
Old Randy and I sit and
to pass the time, he scoots close to me
and puts arms around me,
and says, "I won't really be touching you,
but some instruments will be touching you."
I don't like the sound of this,
because I know he intends
to touch me with knives.

I leave the room
for the swimming pools on ground level.
It's almost morning now,
and I might skinnydip,
but it's gonna be cold,
and I don't have a towel.
Even the olympic swimmer girl
in the blue one-piece and peach swim-cap
decides not to go in this morning.

3.ii.13
One can always go back
to the Forest Medieval,
and work things out
with the natives,
or one can have
one's processor replaced
on the road to Klarity.

But the moment of

the supersized skunk,
about the size of a car,
whose tail match-cuts
the plume of black smoke
left by the distressed jetliner
before it lands on your building,
is a moment of absolute grace,
something with which one
can calibrate scientific instruments
or steer ships to.

Somewhere among this
dessert cart of states of meening
lies the diversion, really.
It's an entertainment software
proposed by Professor Dick-v-Dyke
that optimizes the spherical creme-filled donut
that a father and son work on,
to perfect.

Your old roommate takes your reading glasses.

5.i.13

November Seven and Twenty
is St. Augustine Day,
the one day each year
we all go without electricity.
You're in this group
of festival-goers,
investigating breakfast options.
Here's a temporary breakfast-bar truck,
and they seem decent enough.
You take a half sausage-omelette,
and two or three fruit servings—really
they're quite ornate arrangements
of strawberries, oranges, and nuts.
The check-out waitress
doth snarl too much,
and will have to charge you
a fraction more for your omelette,
since you took just a bit more than half.

* * * * *

Now, you're in the army
and the platoon under your command
ranges in age, size, and ethnicity.
You've taught them all to sleep
fully dressed in civilian clothes,
stomach down—this is the
optimal way of getting
a good nights sleep,
and they all awake
at exactly five AM,
without aid of alarm or bugle.
This method often results
in what's known as a waking-gasm
for the women, an added benefit,
imparting sly smiles among them.
"We'll have to do this again some time,"
says one of the gals to Madonna.
"I'd have time right now!" she replies,
with a wink.

You'll be rounding up everyone
for their showers soon,
and follow a bunch of boys in towels
past the dark stage, and into
the mess hall.
Everybody's here now,
getting their breakfast,
and you have your breakfast-cup
in front of you.
But The Nephews are
constantly grabbing yours,
so you need to get two other
breakfast-cups.
Sister, two, is grabbing
at your third.

You've just had it, and move
to a different table,

the one with the shy,
lovely young woman
in a teal evening dress, so
out of place among all the
recruits wearing their
standard issue warm, dirty yellow
outfits and hats.

You apologize
to her how unattractive you are
when you eat,
and then you finish your plate,
fressin' through it like an animal!

7.ii.13

You've got to wonder about
combat gender/
gender combat.
The village elders surely do.
They turn all cartoon-googly-eyed
when they discover the fighter
in the pink fatigues
is a woman.
They flash her the
acknowledgement sign,
thumbs together,
index fingers touching,
pointing down,
forming the diamond shape.

* * * * *

At prison, you've been
contemplating escape
by riding the elevators
and not getting off
on the floors where there
are guards.
That would be the top floor,
where the kitchen staff
plays cards,
and the next floor down,

where, if you confess
to your addictions,
and identify at which
college you learned them,
you're allowed to watch a little film.
That's as much escape
as you get.

* * * * *

Traffic's ground to a halt.
The reason? It's gotta be
the Seldom Vic™ robot
that scans for,
and presumably, destroys,
objects with mechanical activity.

Army Special-Ops forces
have entered your car,
and hold you and your spouse's
heds down, and ensure
no lights are on.
The car is turned off.
Watches, selfones, things
that might beep or buzz
are all discarded onto the street.

As Seldom Vic™ approaches,
it is terror.
As it scans you,
it is sublime.

9.ii.13
There's always danger
in the street.
Crazy dood, luckily,
is not interested in you,
and keeps walking.
You should snatch-up this handy
kitchen-scimitar that's
just lying on the pavement.

It's broken near the handle
and has an elongated brass bell
attached to the side,
you know, those delicate chimes
that signal the making of Turkish coffee.
You tap it to produce a wealth of sonorities.
This will be good to sample.

But, on the way to your studio,
you run into your colleagues
who joke that what you do might
"taste of discriminating against some students",
so you cleverly turn the phrase around,
and confess you do do your best to
"give some students discriminating taste."
Bite me.

You all gather at the shack
for the feast of fruits of the sea,
a banquet of fishes, mollusks, crustaceans,
and a few water-arachnids.
You're required to remove your shirt.

Everybody's handed their raffle tickets,
and you know you have the winning number
because you can read it in your SurrealVision™
device
you use to scan it in.
There's some caveat about you and your
life-partner being required to read your numbers
out loud, however, and she's not here.
What will you do, you suppose?

10.ii.13
You're living now
in one of those portable houses—
not mobile homes, no.
Not that streamlined.
They look like houses
on the outside,
but they're on trucks

that move them every Thursday.
You never know where
you'll be, but it's common wisdom
that this does
keep expenses down.
You do the math.
Today is moving day,
and someone's knocking
at the door while the moving
is taking place.
You shut the door,
and tell the person outside
to wait a sec.

You won't always be in this house.
Your stationary house is bigger
and has good wooden floors.
But there's five families living there now.

* * * * *

This commercial is expertly crafted:
a series of match-cuts of young people,
then rocks, then dense foliage.
It works because it's an overhead shot,
so bipedal humans can visually approximate
those other things.

* * * * *

You and the Prime Minister,
working your way down the
fire escape to this slum apartment block
in a bad part of town, at night,
deserted.
You're both proceeding
cautiously, some rungs are missing
or badly rusted.
Above you, on the landing,
ninja-dressed black figures
unload what look like big car batteries,

but you know it's the explosive.

You also know
you're being allowed to escape,
since the explosive could be
easily detonated now.
Who's watching all this,
well, that's a secret still veiled.

Finally, you make it to the street,
and take off in the ancient whale of a car,
careful to avoid turns that will lead past
this area.
You're lucky to find Ronnie, and have him
get in the back, quick—this is good,
because we thought we had lost Ronnie.

The car avoids stray cats and bums,
and winds down to the shore.
Across this lake,
you see the magnificent, but horrible
explosion—pink and purple smoke
everywhere—demolishing the alley
and overpass and nearby buildings
you just left.
Then, lots of flashing lights and
emergency vehicles.
You probably could have warned people,
but the Prime Minister shushed you
as you left the garden to the lakeside,
knowing the place was probably bugged.

* * * * *

You need to get some work done.
Your laptop is right there,
you have a keyboard extension,
if you need that, but not
the drawing-pad that would make
the job so much easier.
You'll need to finish a few designs,

and that sketch of a joke
for Monday.
It isn't even much of a joke,
not funny at all, really.
Just some observations
about a poor family,
standing and talking
about Product.
It's actually, a little mean!

11.ii.13

I'm not sure where he stays at night
but sometimes during the day,
this squatter-guy in khakis and a white shirt
comes by, and stuffs his bike
under the fence, along with
whatever else he's collected.
The police and the owner of the property,
have now cleaned out that area,
and they're holding Squatter
and his possessions.

We all live right down the hall from this,
so we've watched the drama unfold.
Now, Squatter is claiming to be me!
Outrageous!
I get a call from the Identity Cop,
to verify it all:
"Are you Jow-Eee Bars-Tun? And
when did you serve
in army, navy, or air supplies?" he asks.
"Well, yes, that's almost how you say it, but
I've never been in the military," I answer,
"I think that guy just took my name
because it's posted on this door."
"Ok, sorry," —click.
Good thing that's cleared up.

I'm making my way down from our house
on the hill, to the road below,
where the tourists have paused

to read the poem I posted there:

*Why did you die
When Deth was King?
Can you do any more
Than your dying-thing?*

* * * * *

"Unity-Structure-Liquify-Remorse"
were the titles to the first four slides
in my HyperPoint presentation.
Each slide is surrounded by really annoying
animated ads, sometimes they take over
the whole screen, but mostly
they make the presentation clunky
and unresponsive.
Nevertheless, the young audience
thinks the talk is cool,
but I'm struggling to keep it all together.

12.ii.13

It was a literary investigation
involving the three
hooded figures in red,
each representing
an approach
to distilling meaning
into words:

the arcane,
the esoteric,
and the obscure.

These guys are boring, though.
You walk away,
but there isn't
a new adventure
waiting for you.

13.ii.13

Elliott and his/her followers
attend to their daily writing—
words, or myoosik,
sometimes both—at the
great stone wall
that affords only
a few surface protrusions
upon which one can sit
and do his/her writing.
They've been doing this
since 1971,
and now it's 1977.

Elliott believes
in the importance
of such a private act
carried out
in public.

14.ii.13
Paramilitary dood
has eyeglasses, but one lens
is green,
the other is missing.
"People change a lot,
don't they, Professor?"
he asks me.
I'm about to dive
into my standard
people-transformation speechlette,
but dood starts yapping away
about his first,
very pretty girlfriend,
and how during the sexing,
"She just went down, you know?"
I nod, but I don't know
exactly what he means,
because it sounds more
like a jet-fighter crash
than a shared intimacy.

* * * *

You are handed the
air-powered starting pistol.
This is not a game,
it's for defense this time.
It does work, but the
smoke and the loud report
are not synchronized.
You carry also,
a more intimidating handgun,
silver surface, rounded corners
like a tiny submarine.
That's the one you'd prefer,
but it has no bullets.

Your friend, visiting your
other friend for the local
fools' festival,
takes a third gun
and points it across the road,
at the house, shooting a window
and leaving a tight hole in the glass.
It doesn't shatter, but it will
still need replacement.
She shoots a parked car in the grill,
and a side of a shed,
all revealing freshly minted wounds.
She's alarmed at what she's done,
and has a bewildered look on her face,
like she didn't expect her actions
to have any consequence.

* * * * *

Many people staying in this house,
all related, many visiting
for some event,
maybe wedding or funeral.
You keep intruding on them
as they're sleeping:

the young mother and child,
the older woman,
the ancient matriarch.

Your other, favorite aunty
is here too, and she's
already dressed in black,
and milling around the outside
of the house.

You know she'll be leaving soon,
so you sit in the passenger's seat
of the car, look at a magazine,
act bored, like you've been there
all night..

She gets behind the wheel.

16.ii.13

1. You're giving a talk at 10am
before all the workers
at Moca-Molach,
and Preparer-Dood
says your outfit—
red plaid dress-shirt,
harvest yellow tie,
plush smurf-blue jacket—
basically clashes with
everything on the podium
and around the stage,
basically, everything.
Even your speaking-mat
clashes with the
mahogany parquet wood floor.

2. You're watching an old
"Batman" episode,
but this one takes place
in imperial Rome.
Batman and Robin
ride in a chariot,
and they're following
the Old Empress and

her entourage.

"I'm too old for this", she says.
She hops off her chariot
and lets the peasants eat her,
scraping flesh off her long back.

You switch the channel
to a movie I'm in
where I play a drag queen
record producer, at the helm
of a massive sound mixing board.

19.ii.13

The "EH" stands for "Electronic (something)"
and it's appended to our family name,
as the name of Dad's new company.
He's only recently developed it,
even though he's in his eighties,
(some late winter entrepreneurial
fling)
and already he's on the cover
of some magazine with somebody
like Jimmy Fail-On.
I look at this magazine
in the other closet,
not the one with
the hidden booze and sexdolls.

Brother comes home
with Brother-in-Law,
who'll be staying with us
until he heals from his
injuries. He's been
in a bad car-wreck
and wears a cast
over most of his head
and upper torso.
"Welcome to my house.
Hope you feel better soon!" I say.
That was weak and unimaginative of me.

*"Fail-On Streams Stuff to BargstenEH"
(that would have been
the magazine cover title)*

20.ii.13

J-Stable is presenting his
very proper and unimaginative
song project, with some singer
you don't recognize.
She wears a flowing white evening dress,
and has a voice like unpolished pearls.

You need to attend to
the ink-cartridges in the printer
because the shifts in color
reflect shifts in the moods of the song.
It's all inter-related,
even the characters represented
in the photos you print.
They change, too.

When Singer and Most Appropriate Dood
finish their performance,
You complement him on his score,
mostly how neat and orderly it is,
and that's about the only good thing
you can say.

You go back to the tables
and engage young Miss Velva Dear
in a discussion of Paradise.
She's looking forward to it,
You don't believe in it,
on scientific grounds,
but mostly, you tell her,
it would be humanly impossible
to experience Paradise forever
because one would get bored
if everything was always perfect,
and then Paradise would become Hell.

22.ii.13

Back in your old apartment,
618 NorDodge, in iCity.
You need to have them fix
that back door—it's practically
falling off its hinges, the
frame rotted to pieces.
Stepping outside, walking
down the back stairs,
to the sideyard,
a graveyard.

Dood stands by the
small but richly embellished
coffin, and talks about
the brevity of life, and
and losses one encounters.
He uses an elegant,
poetic language
with such ease
that he can capture
the whole of human
experience in five
or six lines!
Because that is so cool,
you just hafta laugh!

It's night, and there are storms,
and two men in suits and round hats
approach you.
Do you engage them,
or do you leave?
First, you throw a large thimble
of water on the first man,
really only the animated bust of a man.
He goes through a series
of facial contortions and transformations.
This bores you,
so you take off, flying over trees,
and looking down

on the old neighborhood.
Far fewer lights than you expected.

You land on the roof of a colorful house,
inside, a large woman
wearing an aggressively pointy bra
is about to give burth.
In other rooms, more people,
—all ages, sizes, races; animal-hybrids, too—
in various stages of undress
and coupling,
some in small swimming-pools.
A girl talks of her uncle's
ten-pound phallus, and how
she removed it, and replaced it
with a more compact
mechanical one, *The PeeTinkler™*.

Along with the mating,
there will be fights.
The boyfriend of one of the young girls
you've touched inappropriately
with your rubbery 3-foot peener
has just challenged you.

24.ii.13

OK, so another business conference at fancy
hotel.
First, pre-breakfast then breakfast.
There's a Dood trying to meet with Bigshot Dood
by arranging a deception
so Dood's boss could negotiate
with Bigshot Dood
before he leaves.

Some delicate high-stakes deal.
Other Bigshot Doods drive convertibles:
micro-Ferraris or mini-Porsches.
They have a single ceramic spike
on the top right of the windshield
parallel to the energy-conversion unit.

We watch the mini-Porsche commercial
of a rat or other rodent
peeing on you.
The slogan they're using is "intolerance."

26.ii.13

Visiting MW after all these years
produces mixed emotive states
and dirty watercolor washes
of memories, mostly awful.
You were mostly unremarkable then,
and more so now.
"Remember Professor Moeberly? He died,"
he says.
You pretend you remember him—was
he that loozer guy you patteren'd your life on?
"And The Mess—he survived his operation."
He goes on and on,
graciously filling up all
those awkward silences.
Thank goodness for that.

The two of you hang out
in Westyville, noticing cute doggies
at the outdoor market.
Back at the office, later,
you develop cursive initials
easy on the eye,
for two of your CowOrkers,
but you're still waiting for the moment
your art has unexpected, collateral usefulness.

1.iii.13

Flowers growing in our dirt patch
behind the house,
actually part of The Place,
Rich PowerWoman and her
husband,
(husband and his friends
are looking for laxatives.)
Your spouse characterizes them

as "You got Baby Jesus (the woman)
and Ghengis Kahn (the man)"

You don't agree with your spouse's
characterization, and try to nullify
the statement by putting air quotes
around it with your hands,
"You see, my air quotes are
claws that pull us forward"
and you all head down
to the barn,
where you tell our
powerful guests
that this is the 3rd
largest and 3rd oldest barn
in the county.
Dad takes a hammer
and with his bare hands
breaks off the nail-claw,
and shapes the head
into a wooden ball-peen.

He does this with one other
wood dowel, and how he can
sculpt the wood with his fingers
you haven't a clue.

You take the purple train
to the Iowa Information Complex
where a massive infrastructure
is being built:
three levels of superhighway
or super-peplemovers,
and a vast underground
info center you were
allowed to see
last time you toured this facility.
They don't let you tour that anymore.
Military Industrial Complex Guy
says they'll be able to track half a million
people, 24-7, location and everything,

when it's done,
and there will be
three more places like this
to be built in the future.

2.iii.13

You've arrived,
by elevator,
in Florida.
You're here to claim it for Spain.

Two Dutch gentlemen
are already here.
You go through
your little ceremony,
sticking the pointy
flag-pole in the sand,
"I claim this land for Spain," you say,
or something like that.

"You know, we already
own this place," say the Dutch.
You argue that they didn't do
the flag-ceremony, so it doesn't count.
So there, Dutch!

* * * * *

In another part of the world
at another time,
A big army rides in
sleek orange busses
toward the city
where the battle will take place,
you're on the other side,
and your side will engage the army
enroute,
in this field.
Lots of mechanized killing on both sides,
and your side uses
late century Johndeers

with machine-gunners mounted on the hoods
to mow down the invaders.
You hide, all the while,
under the house-sized refrigerator.

5.iii.13

Like any forest,
this one is dense,
without clearings
or identifying marks.
It will take us some time
to find our way out.

Unlike other forests,
this one has a glass display case
in a small area absent of trees,
and in the case is a miniature
forest scene, molded in babywax.
It portrays an execution
by hanging, then arrows,
of some guy on a horse,
with an intricate series of
notches through the middles of trees
about ten or twelve feet from the ground,
that allows a set of shafts of wheat
to move up and down through the notch,
and this is how communications
are sent across the forest.

This is a working model,
probably a proof-of-concept
demonstrated long ago
to the forest council.
I bet they passed on the idea.

6.iii.13

I would characterize
all the events, locations, and people
as wholly unremarkable.
There was an indoor super-miniature horse
competition

sponsored by some bank,
and held within that building.
The little horses are no bigger than poodles
but have the proportions of normal horses.
There was the ancient director
known to arrive at his decisions
exclusively through the casting-couch method,
and even so, there are lines
of middle-aged and elderly women
who want to audition for him.
He leads a woman in her seventies inside.
"in this scene, you'll be raped," he says.
"that's fine," she says.
As the one with the clipboard,
you've tried to warn the women
of this process, but they still come.
I'm hanging out in the bank lobby
waiting for the rain outside to stop.
Some of the furniture is
being put on the streets,
which is what the bank does after it closes.
This is viewed with favor by the community
since the homeless sleep on these boxy couches
at night.

7.iii.13

While it useta invoke, excitement
new adventure, and hope,
this whole idea of "travel"
now seems quaint.
The contemporary road trip
is a sad litany of risks,
certain danger, and likely ruin,
the pastime for the very few:
the superrich, the crazy
(those who need nothing
and those with nothing to looze),
everyone else who travels
is usually a criminal, a robber-brigand.
Nobody has gas, the few cars there are
nobody knows how to fix.

Traveling in the desert,
especially, is not advised.

Yet, here we are,
in the Southwest,
at a rest stop.

A woman, a lone traveler
wearing tight neon pants
and a jean jacket
asks a bunch of guys
the best way to get to
Paris, Arizona.
"Should I take Road 708?
Or the Highway?" she asks, and
they discuss several routes.
I try to ignore this,
and just look at those mountains,
that seem to go in and out of focus
on the horizon, in layers
like an AfterEffects landscape.

Later, we're staying at a cheap motel,
in room 75-B.
Lots of confusing doors and room numbers,
nothing in any kind of order.
Your room key opens a door to a hallway
where your room is, but nobody closes
that hallway door.
And you can look through the cracks in the
doors
to see who's inside, because the doors
don't go all the way to the wall when they close,
although the deadbolt does, and the little chain,
too.
But, it's all very flimsy.

The traveler-woman walks past,
as do a few other people.
Everybody is confused,
looking for their rooms.
I'm going to go out to the clubs

with Conano.

We meet in one of the parking lots,
which all look similar, and have no
identifying marks, so I need to take note
of where I am.

C being the stylish one
tells me to looze the tie, and the layered look,
and to wear better shoes.

So, it's back to my room again,
and I try on my old reliable
clunky black shoes,
although these have self-tying mechanisms
and built-in screens for all the commercials
I need to skip past
so I can watch
the instructions on how to program the shoes
so they'll just be normal laces
without any robotics.

Very difficult and frustrating.
Might not even be possible
to return to the default state,
(plus you need to program
each shoe separately)
and I'm still on the commercial
for sangria, promoted
by Upscale Juan Valdez,
in a hawaiian shirt, sunglasses,
lounging by a pool, holding an
umbrella'd drink, his donkey
in the deck chair
next to him,
dressed identically,
also with a drink.

"I really like drinking this stuff!" says Juan.

Oh, wait, now the screen
has transformed into the robo-laces,
that wrap around the shoe
like a high-tech prison fence.

8.iii.13

Hanging out in livingroom
Clarence wants me to photograph him
He says his time here is short.
"You're gonna outlive us all!" I say.
He lifts his shirt revealing the scars.
I haven't done serious still
photography in years,
so I might have lost my touch.

I take a few double or triple exposures,
some blurred, some sharp:
white images against black background,
centered in thirds or quadrants
of the page.
That's the best I can do right now.

Then, time to get the mail.
Down about six flights of stairs,
to the mailbox outside.
You'd think it would be inside.
It's not.

10.iii.13

First, there's the group
of highschool kids
building Robot-Jesus.
One girl is working on the hands,
but right now they're more like claws
or irregular scraping-tools—
nonetheless, she paints them
black and white, with
a sporty grey racing stripe
for some pizazz.

Next, walking through the workplace-gallery
with DeniSeL,
flame red hair, still,
though she has taken on
the years gracefully.
I give her a tic-tac,

and comment on how
the azure bottle of these brethmentz
match both the blue of her blouse
and my trousers.

She takes me to the houseboat
right on the ocean shore
and jumps in the water.
I notice the houseboat drifting—
"It's not moored!" I yell to her.
I was hoping not to get my clothes wet,
but I jump in anyway
to try to find a way to tie down the houseboat
(really, it's more like a floating
boxy trailer, with one wall missing).

I, too, drift a bit,
from the houseboat,
from the imperative to tie it down,
and come ashore to a tiny island,
just an out-pooching of sand
twenty feet from the beach,
and only about one foot by three feet.
"I name thee—Ipsia!" I declare,
going for the theatrical flair this time,
and I write the name in the sand.
Swimmer nearby comments on
my sand-typography, and
how the island name fits well
with the other nearby island
names—Tripsia and Tropica.

Back in the workplace-gallery
I go through my mail.
One letter from Big Lezbyan,
who's vacationing, and
eating way too much.
On her card she drew
cute cartoony characters
with spherical bodies, big eyes and mouths,
spindly legs, bright primary colors—all

speaking in clipped utterance: "Oozy!" "Enk?"
"So-emmy." "Chork!" "Bortol."

Another letter announcing
a little artshow by a friend.
He does satirical, dada-inspired collages,
and for the main image
he's taken MoanLisa
and photoshopped
JimKarey's wideopen,
laughing mouth where
that smile should be.
Another image has
ears made out of human lips
and various cuts of meat.

I'm reading these by the watercooler,
and my boss-woman walks by.
That's when my pants fall down,
revealing my white boxers.
Why does that always happen
when she's around?
Luckily, she's too busy to notice.

Back in the water,
I'm swimming in shallows,
near the mother teaching kid to swim,
near the muskrats.

12.iii.13
Earlier today, at the writing conference.
Various attendees
talking about so-and-who they've studied with,
where they've been published,
projects they're working on,
maybe one or two developing
an impromptu showcase
for their very arcane, esoteric opinions,
culminating in some wicked good
turn of phrase.
You could take a page from their book.

The previous night,
there was only hangin' out,
waiting for something to happen.
No people, or events, or
even a place,
just waiting for something to change.
Like you're doing right now,
reading this!

13.iii.13

JK's career has really taken off.
He's playing both Darthvader and Patnixon
in upcoming movies.
He's living in this mansion,
surrounded by a moat/swimming pool.
This is how the vindictive Old Woman
and her helper, Much Younger Woman,
plan to enter his lair
and find damning evidence
so she can discredit him.

Now, they're in.
"Check the kitchens!" says Old.
Younger is examining the oven.
"Look at the size—what does he bake
in an oven this big?" she asks.
"Cake," says Old.
Actually, he's using it
for his canabalizm.
I'm hiding in the pantry
to make sure they don't find out.

I startle Younger.
"Yes, he does make cake," I tell her.
We're joined by JK, who soliliqueez:
"Ah, so I've caught you both,
red-handed—no matter.
I am truly interested
to hear what you have to say.
I am interested in all people.

In all *peoples*."

I suspect he will hear them out
then eat them.

I've excused myself
to another part of the mansion,
where I'm part of a band of punked-out
warriors, about to do battle with
the three or four Major Evils,
who are also dressed in Medieval Punk.
Before we begin,
we can choose the sort of weapons
we'll use: short swords or long knives,
razor-edged flying discs,
a variety of oddly designed blades
crafted to cut and tear
skin and tissue.

I'm going to find a place to hide
while all this goes down,
but first I find a small shield
that might help.

I accidently stab one of our guys
with a long, slender pole-sword
like they use in the fencing games.
Nobody's too happy about that.

This bloody combat about to take place
is not really my thing, so we leave,
you and I, by car,
driving in the tunnels under JK House.
We see hazy light filter in
through two routes to the outside,
but both are blocked by recent
multi-car accidents,
smoke rising from overturned vehicles,
but no bodies anywhere.

15.iii.13

1:

I'm a bit leery of endorsing
Madonna's latest music-video,
especially after you described it to me:
M sprouts a truly monster black phallus,
reclines on her back,
and with it impales
about six guys,
stacked one atop the next.
This pile of bodies must reach
twelve feet in the sky.
Men, like bits of paper
pinned together like on
a common office-impaler
(those were always fun,
by the way. They kept
corporate life more interesting)
—like bugs pinned
in the mean child's bug collection.
There's about two feet
between the first guy and Madonna,
and she just relaxes
and enjoys watching
this collection of stiffs
hovering above her.

intermedio:
It's part of the usual
dense narrative fabric
one discovers when one is
immers'd in enterprises such as these.
But all you can recall
Is being at the funeral birthday party
and your mom and her sister
(the two finally reunited, albeit thru death)
upset that you did not invite them sooner,
since you were on the funeral-notification-
dropdown
and were listed with your social, and everything.
Do you know who this party's for?

2:

The final chapter's an account
of the reformed gangster,
the gangster who's trying to reform.
We can tell it's not going well.
The gangster believes in self-improvement
through ordering a number of cookbooks online.
The celebrity one, written by RosyRear
includes white cardboard glasses
that allow you to visualize the path of bullets.
And, look—here's Rosy himself,
resplendent in his pimp'd.robe,
his lovely daughters
(no doubt, of the Regiment)
draped on those storied forearms.
Rosy will now talk recipes to the gangster.
What's on the menu today?

18-19.iii.13

Sleepin' with MomWife,
she tears down the
calendar hanging above my headboard
and throws the tape that 's been
holding it together to the floor.
In comes Little Pestilence to
play with the tape, puts it in his mouth.
I take it away from him
and put him out the door.

* * * *

"Why can't HawtYoungDood
take me to Stadium to have a beer?"
asks PurdyYoungGal.
"Because there is more," I reply.
I hope that didn't sound too much
like a coming-on to her,
because, a) my wife is within
earshot of this exchange and
b) I am a sorta creepy guy sometimes.

BrattyBoy is watching

Young Korean Sensation
on TV. YKS plays
two theremins while spinning digital discs.
He wears big puffy mittens
and the music is poppy,
pleasant but ultimately boring.
I have to explain to Bratty
how the theremin works.
He's so not interested.

Outside, I'm about to cross the street,
when Black Urban Cowboy is also about to
cross,
We both freeze.
Is this a show-down?
No, but it starts to rain apples
and people will get hurt
if they don't get inside.

Inside, I need to get ready
for my gig.
I'm finally playing at
AvantGardSpace, a real
hotbed of activity in the Eighties,
now, it's more establishment,
non-profit, 301K-503-C.
Still, I'm thrilled to be doing this,
and tell this to the curatrix.
I roll my cart up to the car
to unpack equipment and set up.

There's an installation
of MagdaLene's new virtual-self box,
lying on the floor
like a little coffin.
It's maybe two by two by four feet,
and the screen on top
shows Magda modeling various outfits,
and talking about her virtual life.
You can talk with her on the screen.
I ask, "Magda, where are you living these days?"

"Oh, I'm here in this box!"
She bangs on the boxwall
to let me know she's
coiled up inside.

20.iii.13

There are some things you must say
because you are under
contractual obligation.
Like, revealing the name of the woman.
It is Doris DayVis,
and her claim to fame
was an encounter she had
with The Jokerster
as a child in a movie he was in.
(Jokerster's response to
meeting her in the movie is,
"What sick parents
would name a kid that?")

Now, she is really quite good
at running the control-machine,
the atomic device that
gives its user astounding powers
over people, things, and ideas.
(What an earlier age
would have called
Goddy-Powers.)

But, it's still big and clunky,
like a dentist's chair
that wraps you up
in a tiny space capsule.
Not portable at all,
not yet.
You can't be in there
for more than six minutes.
It's surprising not everyone
wants to try it, and there's
no expressed interest in it
by evils and authoritarians.

Anyway, there it is,
Control-Machine 1.
I watched her start it up,
and must admit I was
a little glad it didn't just
explode, because, you know,
there's like a nuclear power plant
in there.

21.iii.13

You've been tasked
to take photos with your Leica,
a trusty rangefinder model,
but you're having a hard time
focusing.
Lucky for you, the arrangements
of cats and people
and furniture
are also out of focus.

You snap pictures
of the big blonde girl
combing her hair.
She's laying on
a black-sheeted bed
while she does this
and you're shooting
from an overhead view.

22.iii.13

MarketFaireFestival!
I get on the elevator with BH
but it's just a holding pen - tent.
At the real elevatore,
Justin is rappelling up the
shaft, it's his latest work,
It's being documented by
his two assistants.
We exchange
ketchyoolaterdudes, and

I'm off to the next event.

art exhibit "Hitler and Art"
revisionist, because he
really didn't bring art deco to germany
and besides, he killed all those people.

As I leave the exhibit,
HuAmy wants to show me
this political cartoon she was in
drawn during the last days of the regime,
showing her, and fellow subversive student
Sophia, the Mysterious,
and Mr. Spock,
all playing as children.
The finer points
of the propaganda are lost on me.

26.iii.13

Swimming in the lake
with JenPee's young charming
daughters (you should
not get too close to them; because
they are human and will die someday).
You should avoide the Deth-Borers,
tiny water-bugs that will literally
bore you to deth.
You can tell when you're close
to a Deth-Borer
because a diving-byrd
will head into the water
to eat the bug.

At Uncle's Cabin,
he's serving breakfast
to all the in-keeps,
and you excuse yourself
to tell JenWah you'll indeed
be her mentor, and give her
a little peck on the cheek.

This cabin is connected
to another building that
could have been built years later,
but they share a stairways/landing:
steps go up one side, and
down the other.
You explain how remarkable
this is to several doods on the stairs.

Now, you need to go home,
past the heavy-duty industrial area
where huge tanker trucks are parked,
and they're discharging water,
probably toxic.
The water sprays on you,
and keeps spraying on you as
you walk away, quickly.
You don't see who's doing this,
getting you all wet, but it's probably
the highlight of his day!

1.iv.13

running in snow to catch the bus (1)
running in mud and snow to catch the bus (2)
a new office at Moca Molacha (3)

* * * * *

"Ah, here it is," you say as you step
into the crisp clean winter air
noticing the play of pinkish light
on the snow and the landscapes
of snow (the two landscapes,
plus maybe another one,
all seem to blend photoshoppically
before your eyes).

At the mailbox, you turn south
and start walking, then
running, on the side of the road,

crunching on the slightly melted,
then frozen again, snow.
You're surprised you can run this fast
in your big insulated suit
and clumsy boots.

You run past Scottie and Lori,
running in the opposite direction
as you pass their place,
and you forge onward,
until the road becomes a hallway
leading to a door you open.
You arrive, again, on the Corner
where the Blacktop starts,
and you get on the bus,
it doesn't matter if it's going
to ClarLake, or Lake of Fire.

* * * * *

You will catch the bus, soon,
but first, you try on your new
black leather jacket,
atop your black v-neck.

Wait, there's the bus, honking,
so you grab your jacket,
run outside.
The main bus you missed
is already
driving through the pasture
across the road, a very
bumpy route.

Luckily, you see the staff-bus
ahead of you, struggling in the mud,
but the door at the back opens
and you crawl in.
"Thanks, Mr. Licht!" you say to the driver,
not sure if it's Hilbert or Milton or Edgar
or The Other One.

This bus will get you there,
just with adults, not with your peers.

* * * * *

You'll have a few adjustments to make
since you're moving into this new area
at Moca-Molacha.

Camile's tidying up the break-room,
and you're looking for your mailbox.

"It's not here yet, it hasn't been moved," she says.

You'll try to set up your office here, somewhere.
Maybe around that circular arrangement of
desks?

Maybe behind the makeshift
styrofoam cubicle

where the sound-work can be done.

At any rate, you need to take care
of this job telling you to meet
with the communications people on
the 4th floor.

This job-form was here, you think,
the last time you were here,
so it might be really overdue.

You do what you can do.

Is there even a phone you can use?

As you make your way out the
desk-circle, through the
bamboo-gate in the shape of
a native lady's outstretched hand,
you hear your CowOrkers
remark on how remarkable
is the achievement of GoldenBoy,
who in 1973 recorded the obscure
TV program where
NorAephron talks about the Olympics
and calms her listener's concerns
about her own health—and you've
never, really, understood

what her big deal was.

2.iv.13

Listening to a record:
on one side, Sreich's *Bang-Glang*, and
a transcription of *Time Studies* or
Time Structures, an uber serial, ur serial and
post serial work—so important!

At the clothing store,
it's all about the ecce homo line
and the tall black model dood
perfectly pimped-out
in hat, fineries, and
carrying a garland of wildflowers.
I vainly think this is a
look I could achieve.

My cellphone rings.
It's the Arkansaw Cop
advising me he needs me
to send him an official
duplicate copy
of my driver's license,
so he can process
my Linkon Exemption.

4.iv.13

Running the seminar
everybody has their examples:
YoungBlade shows the latest animated
cartoon character who's
storming the blogs,
And Kollektive Force,
the two or three other
members of the class,
showing their Ghosty Faces:
faces or masks that
look like recently ded peeps,
but I show them how
these masks can take on life

as white porcelan ovals
that hover near the shelves of books,
and then fly back to us.

After MoCap Mo shows me
his installation—a room filled
with kitty litter, and
the evidence of cats past,
we retreat to our pews
and it's churchtime.
Reverand Rant is walking
down the side-isle, and
as I sit down
he asks me to pin this
one weird tab to his skirt.
He's taking his vestments
to a whole 'nuther level,
and it looks like he'll cross over
into drag very soon.

But, he gets up to the pulpit,
and preaches.
And as he does,
Bobby (sitting next to me)
is chatting with the girls
in the row ahead of us.
He shouldn't be talking in church,
and I can't quiet him.
Brother, behind us,
pinches the back of my neck,
and says, "You guys need to
stop talking, because there's
so many people in church today!"

I look around—it looks pretty empty
to me.

5.iv.13
Those glyphs on the
shards of pottery
you discovered tell

the story about
Big Lesbian, who's
brave in trying to leave the cult.
Lady Cult Leader says, "Oh, yeah,
there's the door, you can
leave anytime," but then
as BL reaches for the
doorknob, LCL throws
a knife into her shoulder.
Now, there's lots of
blood, and
lots of knives and cutting.

BL's brother, is more low-key,
but he's also trying to
survive in this cult,
or maybe get out.
He copes by
imagining a tv set
filled with such delights
as *FratBoy TV*,
a reality gameshow
featuring the fratboys
on some college campus.

Now, we are all in *FratBoy TV*,
and the fun never stops!
Right now, the fratboys
are planning a mixer
with the sorority chicks,
and you can imagine
all the fun violence
that will ensue!

6.iv.13
In Midwestern SmallTown,
hiding among the main-street stores
avoiding the eminent atomic blast,
you encounter episodes from your past,
but first, you put your makeup
in a special small box,

locked with a key
attached to a block of wood.

Michael will draw the caricature
of the legislator,
and he will take credit
for your cross-dressing get-up.
ScottWa will premiere his
piano trio, with BethHa
hammering away on both
an acoustic and an electronic
instrument.
You'll tell him later this is
quite an achievement, barely
containing your own envy.

Kitty's new gal
is another tall, nordic blonde.
She speaks in tenses
you cannot comprehend.
You must get back,
but the key's become
unattached from the wood block,
but you find it nearby.

7.iv.13
"I thought to myself, "My God!
This is Minimalist Theatre!".
It was so beautiful I wept," says
artsy mentor dood.
"Does that mean we
hafta pay attention?" asks his student.

While that exchange is happening,
you're managing to create
architectural models,
wrapping them with cheesecloth
and drawing small dots on the cloth.
It's a time consuming process,
but you convince yourself
it's worth the extra effort.

And that theatre the dood
was mentioning?
It's unfolding now, before you.
Three rooms:
1) Hospital room, one sick guy in bed,
other people milling around.
2) Room with one guy in bed,
on his side, pulling covers over himself.
One guy leaving the bed,
another one, waiting to join
the guy in bed.
3) Bare room, sick guy from room #1
just sitting on floor, staring at the audience.

8.iv.13
Sleep, it seems,
is the only break you get
from worry about the underworld
figures, the gangsters,
you've become involved-with.
(And how exactly
did that come about, anyway?)
So, it's annoying you've been awake'd
by the acrid smelly smell of dog poop.

Where you live, you thought
the other people there would
look after Poocher, but I guess not.
You'll need to clean up after him.

And then you need to go down
to the parking garage
where your two cars are stored,
and rearrange the ingots
or bricks of illicit drug
stored in the trunks.

The drug is packaged
in pastel rainbow wrapping paper
as is the standard way

for this substance.
They are very neat and
orderly packages,
each about one inch by four by eleven,
also a standard size.
You will be in big trouble
when your criminal friends
find out you have a couple dozen of these.

At the parking garage,
another family of gangsters
has parked, and one guy
tries to tell you
you need to move
one of your cars,
your Ford Fordy-For
and you show him
your parking pass.
"Yeah, but this don't include
Easter Holiday," says the punk.
You tell him to check
with the parking attendant.
You think you might take
that car out for a spin anyway,
and avoid a confrontation,
or at least, postpone it.

12.iv.13

Newsflash: Legislators are mandating
that all men should wear pants.
This is expected to receive
much opposition
from the highly vocal
cross-chian-dressing
community.

Keviness takes his petite crowbar
and starts opening the cardboard box
above and behind the counter
of this rustic general store in Maine
(*redundant!*).

The box is as big as a pool table
on its side, and it contains
all the pants to be put on display!
It's festive, because other guys
with other crowbars
are joining in!

Kevinness is leaning over
the ice-cream maiden

*(—she's
in charge
of tasty
frozen
treats!—)*

getting way to close,
flirting, making her giggle,
leering, and probably
secretly smooching her!

Audacious!

Am I loozing him?

I'm loozing him!

Putting away in the fridge
the fruit-juices
Sarah just bought,
as she returned from the store.

I need to passionize her
while the feeling is there!

And now, her hair is greying,
and, "and wait!" I say.

But she takes one juicebox
and sips away,
and walks away,
and becomes Kevinness.

On the awkward couch,
I'm folded over Shairzy, The Lost Wife,
and it looks like we will be
engaging in the touching soon,
but hey, Sarah's here, too,
and I free her breasts from her tanktop,

and my fingers explore in not-so-subtle ways
her pleasures.

"Ok, well, I'm going to the store.
You will do what you do," says Shairz,
and leaves us.

This is how she becomes
The Lost Wife.

Cherz is excited, and I am
excited for her, over her
interest in metalurgy:

"I was holding up this old
licenSeplate, and it caught
a glint in the sun
early one morning,
on that far hill.

This is what told me
to go into Metal!"

I tell her, I will support her
first by buying one tool
or piece of equipment,
then another.

I, too, am interested in metal,
but more for its sonic
than visual
potential.

To the general store!

Instead of a crash,
the bus enters
through the plastic curtains
an undersea world
all purple and green,
where underwater cats swim and float.
I get off with Cairz,
and we move toward the benchtrees.

Busdriver must know
what he's doing,
since were taking
the blacktop just west

of Clairz, a sturdy road
capable of serving
many loads of grains
hauled by our naybers
driving their tractors,
sometimes two and three trailers!
It is now, however, snowpacked,
then snow-and-ice-packed,
then we are navigating
through deep furrows of snow.
It's getting very deep now,
and the path cut into the snow
from the snowplows of our youth
is getting narrower.
I expect this bus
to grind to a halt, stop,
or slide off the road
or hit that approaching car.

This hot and dusty day
with a few leaves betraying
the wind, makes Busdriver
nostalgic, and he
explores this old tiny town,
his town-home,
by taking
an alternate route.

Now, this apartment was made
out of the funky antique store,
and perhaps we just stay here
when the store closes.
My cohorts warn me
there may be a madman
in one of the many closets,
a madman in white pajamas,
but I know I'm safe, and
I walk through the long isles
fearless.
One quick derivé around the store,
then we hop on the bus.

(my finismaw kommenzmaw)

13.iv.13

Before the war
that lead to the systematic destruction
of these peoples,
there were brother-and-sister dancers
from two families, plus one other boy,
ranging in age from three to six years,
that would dance on the pier,
even when the water rose
to cover the planks
and deposit toys
of other dancer-siblings,
most notably a toy truck.
Brother grabs sister and
pulls her away
before it gets too deep.

Their movements are stiff and mechanical,
and everyone dances side by side.
Their facial expressions
stop just short of scowl.
We already know the one girl
is obsessed with fire,
and the one boy, with phones.

We jump ahead twenty years or so,
and now all five are in seats
of multi-carpods or bikepods,
and they pedal around town.
Keifer (the boy now grown)
is on his phone,
and Victoria finds a small fire
by the hedge in front of our house,
and throws some gasoline on it.
It makes her so happy!

14.iv.13

But before that,

the guy was in one situation
and the girl was in another.
We just watched.

Now, you're going to try
to fix the escalator.
The one going up works,
the other one doesn't.
It's leaking black liquid
where it connects to the toilet.
You have absolutely no idea
how to fix this, or who to call.
You have some of the putty
you had made earlier,
and that might plug the hole
for a while, but you're not so sure.

The three girls
came back from the big party
in their good formal dresses,
and Miguelina and the Very Thin One
are about to come to blows.
Have you ever ridden with
three girls who are about to fight
right inside a subcompact?
It's not pretty.

15.iv.13
Riding the shuttle
around the medical complex:
one of the doctors
you ride with says, "As long
as I'm good-looking,
it will always be the 1990's."
You and he discuss
your parents' choices of cars,
mostly from the 1930's.

Shuttle stops and you and wife
go into the elevator

along with a bunch of interns
to the 4th floor, for her testing.
This floor has a number of displays
of religious and legal items,
and a small reading-library
as part of the waiting-area.
The library includes a Bible
and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf?*.

20.iv.13

What did you do last night?
I know you were in The Store,
sitting at your desk,
combing out your thinning hair
until it cascaded down your shoulders
and you took it,
braided it,
wrapped it once around
your forehead,
then you looked in the
mirror, and you were
a blonde woman
with a quirky kind of beauty,
which is weird because
you yoostabee a man!

Before or after this,
we were all in Elephantitis Store,
a place that sells and researches
all kinds of elephant plants.
I'm dressed like McCloud,
circa 1974,
and I hafta take off my cowboy hat
to squeeze through the tight
passageways created by the bookcases.

21.iv.13

You participate in
the domesticity of married life,
you and your spouse, lying in bed,
in the living room of The House.

Outside, you hear the work of
The Botherers, who disturb your sleep
by dragging a stick along the walls
as they walk around the outside
of the house, either that
or spraying the walls
with water from a garden-hose

* * * * *

You want to show how clever you are,
so you open the SynthApp on your Pad
and try to hack into it
to make it do something neat.
It's written in P-process-D, and
it already does so much,
adjusting sounds you input
and outputting movies of worms
and psychedelic colors that ooze
while a robot voice explains to you
what's going on, "Your sample has
now been digitized into this worm.
Do you like that or would you
like something else?" it says.

You put your Pad down—it needs
recharging anyway—and look
for the Ladies' Room.
There's multiple rooms,
with multiple lines of both
men and women, queuing up,
near the SundaySchool Catacombs,
and central to all this, OzaMah has
set up her poster displays.
You're sposta guess
the color of the Iguana—it is
Chaos—and the name of
this downtown community—it is
Area—and the product
this building is known for—it is
Element.

You get them all right,
but it's hard work, and nobody else
even comes close.
You pee on the window-sill
trying not to spray too much
on Dawn and her pink-needlepoint-covered
laptop.

23.iv.13

You sit next to Laura on her bed
and try to comfort her.
She's upset about being included
with the other couple,
under the Language Violations.
You tell her it's not really that bad,
and hold her hands,
which are a deep brown
compared to the rest of her
pale white skin.

The Other Couple,
dressed in all white,
are stating their case
and demonstrate their innocence
by building a slender
styrofoam skyscraper
extruded from a floorplan
of two squares
joined by a line,
to become a set of catwalks
on each floor.

"Why are there two?" I ask.
I'm uninvited here, so we'll see
what comes of that question.

"Two is the number of eyes
that give us stereovision,
as was the great gift of
the SkyBeings to all mankind!"
says the Official Dood.
"But, why not four? That way

we could have a 360° view,
and see behind ourselves," I say,
probably totally inappropriate.
"You're funny! I like you!" says Official Dood.
I am so fucked!

24.iv.13

Myself? Personally?
I would not have
paved over the Spanisch Steps
so they're one long
incline, nor would I
have opted to place a big movie screen
on the streetfront facing the steps,
but that's exactly what The City did.
It's really too steep for bikes
and skateboards, but
there's always a few brave souls
killed each week
tearing down the slope.

You were part of
an "incident" on the steps,
recently:
You, and a string of friends
hanging on to each other
over the steepest part of the ramp,
the young girl at the top of this chain
fastened to the ledge by her slight necklace,
which she had unfortunately
set on a timer to release, now.
Luckily, the fall for you is only
a foot or two, to an intermediate landing.

You follow DebbieDancer
to the italian wedding in the town square,
and video it from your phone
from the balcony.

26.iv.13

You were on a cruiseliner

then you and
a lot of other people
got tossed in the water
for a while.
No biggie.

Then, you got a kinde note
from Gentleman Robert,
and in the envelope
you could see he'd
folded up some bills,
maybe a couple hundred dollars worth.
Nice guy.
You walk away with your satchel
and the letter,
he's in bed with his boyfriend
who you don't see at first.
"You know, you can
use the lamp next to the bed
if you want more light
for reading," you offer.
"Reading? You're funny!" he says.
You'll thank him later.

28.iv.13

These are all preparations for JenX's funeral:
Gathering with people who are familiar,
but you haven't seen or talked to them
in thirty years, so you have to ask names.
You recognize "nancy", although
she's being played by AnnieKay,
and she arrived with "jonathan", who's
actually Lowell, played by MultiKevin™.

You're now concerned
because you heard
the ceremony will be in Utah,
not here in I-City.
How will you manage that?

Back to the guests:

You try to place the mean,
attractive woman.
"Yeah, I was with
your Ex for a year
and a half 'till she
divorced me." she explains.
Oh yeah. Her.

It's just more of
the complex feelings
at funerals:
you've lost someone dear,
but retrieved bits of your past,
and the past projects forward
coloring the present
in a different way:
drops of food-coloring
in a glass, but the water
is never still.

* * * * *

You've watched a few
of these suspense-comedy
webisodes,
enough to know
they're high-budget
and calculated to hook viewers.

This current installment
finds Major, the JeeKloony stand-in
about to get killed
by the Bads shoving his head
into the small oven
and then hacking away
at the back of his neck
with a pick-axe.

We cut away to see
you about to entertain
foreign dignitaries

or emissaries, or rich doods
from desert lands
who scrape their cyber-keys
on what appears to be empty space
but it's actually their Oasis Mansion
that builds itself before our eyes
in seconds, and the hallways
are filled with perfume
and really good R&B music
from the Seventies.

Amnesia Girl
needs to be reminded
that she was having an affair
not with The Giant, but
only with his long left
middle finger,
which is enormous.
"That is so weird!" says
Amnesia Girl.

You'll get back to talk
with her a little later.
Right now, you need to
help the webteam
as Don tries to embed a video
of partyboys driving around in
convertibles. "The file's too big," you tell her.
"You should just embed a player
from YooTooB, and that would—"
You're caught mid-thought
by DanaPaul, swooping down
and grabbing you
in a Ham-Lick hold
and you both go soaring straight up
about thirty feet,
from the recoil of his bungee cord.
"Don't do this!" you plead, because,
you know, gravity.

Cut again

to next week's preview:
Oh no—the Bads have now
caught FunAfroDood, your favorite
character of late,
and are about to stick his head
in the oven and here comes
the guy with the pick-axe!

4.v.13

Maybe too much going on:
There's a film you just made
in 3 or 4 parts
with soaring bridges
above a great NorthWestern landscape
with real hollywood actors.
It's really good!

orgy scene:
much coupling,
every possible kind
everyone with skin
that looks like exposed brain

Older balding guy
mates with MidgetGirl
and slaps her for getting
too emotional.
This is, after all,
an orgy: check your
clothes and emotions
at the door.

You put on a crisp
white oxford, and khakis.
Old Krone tells you
you should only walk
on rich reds, burgundy, or magenta
to complete the color-scheme.

In the museum, you and Frend
marvel at the miniature special edition

index to all TyMagazines.
It takes a magnifying loupe to read
the neat, tiny text!
Famous conductors walk by,
there's Lenny, and you go round
a corner and pull up a chair
next to Mr. Fuchs eating a sandwich.
You apologize for the intrusion,
but you just had to complement him
on all his work. He turns
into Michael Titi, and you
take off your leather gloves
lined with rabbit fur
and place them on his table.
"Ah, the smell of leather!"
he says.
He knows why you're sucking up to him,
and says, "You must have a score
you want me to look at. I can tell you
right now, the first one is always
awful, and the second and third,
as well!"
But, it is your fourth piece
you have in mind to show him.
"Well, let's have a look," he says
with such artful weariness.

6.v.13

It's a modern theatre,
but dark and very few
people in the audience.
You're going to present
this movie poster
featuring JanFonda as
BettDavis and CaroLombard
as that other bombshell
from the '30s or '40s.
But, you got it printed wrong,
and the names are
of the characters
not the actors.

Still, you hafta make the presentation.
Maybe it would be best
just to confess your error
and get on with it?

Backstage from the movie screen,
there are two stages at right-angles,
so what goes on each stage
can compete for the same audience.
Both have the set of vertical pulleys
filling the play-area.
One stage is empty except for the
system of ropes running from floor
to ceiling,
the other is for the monkey dance.
On that stage, the pulley system
activates stuffed animals
that dance with the monkeys,
and mechanical crabs
that skitter around the floor
and chase the monkeys,
really annoying them!
They hate those crabs!

This pseudo-intellectual dood
in a suit/tie/nice shirt
shows me his new book.
The subtitle is "Jesus said, sometimes
it helps to have someone skeptical
or just giving out wrong information
in order to quicken the debate
around a particular issue"
I'm not at all familiar with that quote.
Where'd he get it?
Probably not
The Synoptic Gospels
since I have a decent
grasp of their content.

In the book, which is illustrated
as a series of comix,

Jesus is always grinning,
and showing his followers
the trick where he flicks his
thumb up, and the flame springs
from it, like a cigarette lighter.
"See, now that's science. It's not magic!"
he says in the panel
(maybe this is more of a
graphic novel?)
There's the battle scene on the vast planes
near Rome, where AssyrobBabilonians fought
Romans, although it's been reconstructed
as a battle between their opposing visual styles.

I ask," are there any pictures where Jesus isn't
grinning?", "Oh, yes, later in the book, he's
a very serious fellow!"
says the dood.

8.v.13

Part 1:

MadDonna debunks notions
that she is an indiscriminant slut:
Every time fat boy assistant complains
that she's never performed x-sexact with him
she says, "Well, if you were skinnier, and cuter,
and had a more attractive personality,
and were more interesting, then yes,
I would perform x-sexact with you."

This goes on for some time.

* * * *

Other part is this videogame
you find yourself in.
You learn how to put your pets
one at a time
into the blue elevators,
and they transform
into other creatures

each celebrated
on a sophisticated medallion
that describes the creature
its various characteristics
all in an indecipherable
far-eastern-looking script.

(You'll be transforming too, later,
but first you watch the Japanese
screen-saver movie
that explains all this.)

You've just fed Ralph the Dog
into the elevators, and he's
come out
as one of the more vexing
animals in this menagerie:
the small-planet-sized
oozing wasteblob,
capable of generating
its own gravity, then
distorting it.
From a safe distance,
it even appears to sing!

You'll return to the game
after this seminar
with the guestdood
who looks at the work
of all the participants
and ignores your contribution.
That's OK, he'll come back
round to appreciate it later.
In the meantime,
you play ManJu the radio,
which happens to be bluegrass banjo.
"Why do you play me this noise?
You actually spend time
listening to this noise?
What kind of composer are you?"
he says. You try to

make a convincing argument
but it's very lame, and he has
such urbane musical tastes!

9.v.13

In transition from place to place,
level of supporting detail
was spectacular,
ever kaleidoscopic.

Beginning at NuCorp
HedQuarters, you
have soiled yourself again,
and you sneak around
to the multi-gender
bathrooms,
where the stalls
are not very private,
and it's easy to peek over
the swinging dividers,
that open into other stalls
as well as into common areas
in front of rows of sinks and faucets
before mirrors.

Both DayvSteev and Michelle
take a moment to chat with you
while you're cleaning yourself off.

As you leave, you walk past
the corporate bunkbeds
where the truly devoted
continue their meetings and presentations
until first light, some of them.

Now, you wander up and down stairs
in search of icecubes and water
in the more domestic
part of this house,
then outside
where the paramilitary ninjas

are unloading lots of explosives,
You walk past them, to
the erthMover the size of a barn
on the top of the sandy hill,

This is no ordinary piece of industrial machinery.
It is the Riverside Distributor,
and its inventor,
an elderly bald man
dressed casually,
has everyone sit
in their assigned seats
in the stairway area
(there must be about
twenty people here).
There are also living quarters
a dining area
and a library.
"Alright, now we'll get this baby rollin'!"
he says, and the Distributor launches forward,
moving much faster than you expected.

But the outstanding feature
of this form of transport
presents itself as The Distributor
approaches a narrow opening
in a cliff-wall:
the various rooms become
modular cubes that rearrange themselves
in various configurations to allow
the craft to squeeze into and beyond
the passage.
This process also re-distributes
the books in the library,
so your research gets shuffled
by topic. For instance,
you were investigating particle dynamics
and the physics of molecular motion,
but now a big coffee-table sized
picture book on glamorous celebrities
and their doggies becomes the principle text

in your new field of study.

10.v.13

More busy-work
than you need right now
is clouding everything—
like, why do you need
to leave your tripod
and some other photo equipment
with these ladies?
Sure, they'll lock it up
and it will be there
when you need it,
but what if you need it
when you're back home?
You hadn't thought about that
until now.
Can't worry about it.

As you walk past
SpookyHaus, you see
Daemon on the porch,
setting up a shot from his
latest terror-umentary.
He's bound his subject,
and slams him down
into a chair on the porch,
and knocks the cameralens
into his face once or twice.
In case you don't get it,
Daemon has returned to
SpookyHaus after one year,
just like he said in the prequel
to this film.
Again, you can't worry about this.

Kathy is resting, for the moment,
on the stool in the corner
of the boxing ring,
breathing heavily, a few cuts,
maybe gashes, on her arm.

Her makeup, as you might imagine,
is a little messed up, although she's
bronzed well.
She's wearing a chain-mail dress
that exposes her delicate frame
on either side of her body,
allowing her arms free motion,
but protecting her front and back.
Thin strips of metal hold front and back together.
Kathy will be battling Daemon again, soon.
Daemon tells her, "You know, I really love it
when you just sorta looze it when
you're fighting. You, like, start
spinning around, screaming, go nuts:
blades and hair
flying everywhere! That's how
you cut yourself sometimes."

12.v.13

Sometimes
it's just an interesting
or semi-interesting
place,
maybe a few people
you recognize,
maybe something odd happens,
maybe not.
This was one of those.

You were in a venerable old
hotel lobby, but restrained,
not lavish in any way.
You follow the trail of food
to Magda and her friend,
and you were told not to
mention her weight
(you think she looks fine).
Her friend has long green hair,
but on closer inspection
you see that it's made of cables
and embedded electronics.

You take this opportunity
to fly around the atrium
to get a better sense
of that space.

15.v.13

Just remember:
You were in that meeting
about the mechano-GuarDog,
built in two parts—
the right side,
and the left side, which has
ornate semicircles for embellishment,
making that half of the dog
look iconic, soaked in Futurism
from Russia or Italy in the early 20th century.

At the meeting, you were discussing
how the dog is basically indestructible,
and how it might be a good idea
to have a way of destroying it
if it turns evil
like all robots eventually do.
You remember a movie
where the robots fall into molten steel—
that seemed to do the trick in that film.

Now, it's time to make more sketches
and see where that takes you.
Your sketchbook is almost full
and seems to be filling up as you
turn the pages: drawings of
dense forest scenes
filled with fallen children
dressed in their little school uniforms.
They are decaying,
and merging with the forest.

A second, more cinematic section
of the sketchbook

shows the rituals of the women of the forest
as they dance around big pits
they've dug in the ground.
Then they go into the pits
to fertilize them.

Other images in the book
are geometrical
and play with lines and rectilinear shapes
supporting text.

16.v.13

It's just another installation you'll do
not amounting to much:
you hookup videofeedback,
what MainViewingPerson sees
is completely different than
the three critical views
offered on the three monitrons
near the floor.

They are criticalized by
your critical frendz
who are much better
at the critical stuffaging
than you.

Only thing is,
The critical viewer (me)
can't tell you (the viewer)
what you're seeing!

TareSuVeb finds this amazing,
that you can't tell
what she's seeing.

So, I go into the TV room
to change the perspective
to test that.

I hear c&w music or metal,
or a semicheesy/semiserious
moviescore (actually pretty good)
in the background
while making adjustments.

Two elderly women—bluehaired
Republizans—discuss my work.
This can't be good.

R. wants to see
what's going on with the interactions.
There's not much you can do—
Just one knob at each of four stations
which are the emotional outpouring
workstations.
You add the four emotionals with the knobs,
and it's all very easy to do,
just dial up or down those emotionals.
This allows the performers
to concentrate on the
structure and restraint.

You step outside for a moment
to watch the city loom in the distance.
On the sidewalk,
a semi-truck must back over
the planks that make up this path.
A worker removes one of the boards
and out comes a big lobster!

18.v.13
The recording industry
with its cast of high-power rollers
driving creative miscreants
naturally leads to betrayal, infidelity.
Reversals of fortune.
Stuff like that happens.

21.v.13
First, there is the Game of Arguments
between ChriSar and Other Pompous Dood.
It really's only tug-of-war between the two
while they're arguing,
but everytime you get a point in your argument,
you get to do another twist in the ropes.
ChriSar is ahead by three.

PD's Lovergurl has crazy eyes.
They're assymetric
and one bugs out,
but otherwise she's pretty
and she commemorate's PD's betrayl
by creating a videogame.

The game has simple 3D graphics
in the MindKraft style.
The player walks around and
bumps into stone panels on a wall
to generate random words
(sound familiar?).
The words are all nouns.

Score is kept by
moving an ornate spiral on the back of
the score-horse
to point to Roman numerals.

Prior to the videogame,
as Lover is building it
(which also involves the two players,
engaging in an argument contest),
she tries to make a character that
looks like PD.
"But, I'd stay away
from the literal," someone tells her.
So, she adds lots of hair and a long beard
to the character.

You see her standing in the balcony.
Your Peener Puppet® gets all excited
and tells you, "That's one hot momma!"

22.v.13
Your frend from HighSchool
is visited by
the two adult children
he never knew he had.

He passes the time with them
by working on a print ad
announcing "There are Opportunities
for Two Women!"

24.v.13

You're hired to work on
The Car Computer Project.
It fixes flats with
the push of a button,
but the computer punch-paper jams.

You stay in the workroom
as Steve and The Director enter.
They are your bosses—Steve is producer,
and now this is a film shoot.
your job is to train
the young StarDood in tennis.

The Film shows overhead shots:
A Sea-Dog washes up on the shore.
A Sea-Man, the hero, washes up beside him.
The lovely heroine-girl is just hanging out.

Then, pan to The Director fucking Steve.
Heroine Girl asks him later
If he's benefitting from this arrangement.
"I guess," says Steve.

26.v.13

You're in charge of editing
an anthology of writing
by all the employees (mostly waitstaff).
Erik Eff's there, and you ask
if he'd like to be part of this project.
He turns and walks away.
Maybe that means
this is not such a great idea.

You are painting a small part

of a large picture.
The paint runs and blurs.

27.v.13

We know
the Alien invasion is immanent.
So, I set out the chemical drawer,
knowing the aliens might want
to be careful how they handle that.
Your friend says, "Don't worry about it."

Church for Kid Atletes presents 2/3rds
of the Goddy Creed
—all coordinated with red panels,
like an audience spelling out something
in a sportsevent.

But you can use this video camera
to shoot film—nothing specific,
just fast panning, out of focus,
just blurs of color.

Then, you slide in the pew
next to David Aych.
You both have on
old-man socks.
It's OK to come home
after all your adventures,
to spend the rest of your days
as a nobody, no where.

1.vi.13

Maybe it's sorta too late in your life
for such a big career change.
You went along with the invite
to the SeeEyeHay Informational Day
out of curiosity, and now
you're actually considering it?
I mean, free food is one thing,
the whole time-travel
and epic good'n'eval battles,

that's something else,
maybe better left
to the Young Blades also here:
arrogant, lots of swagger,
always just a little late
to each of the scheduled events
(although, LJ is among them—
how'd he manage that?).

You sit down
with your plate of food
at the brown-bag informational
next to DeNeesElle, brought
to the event via time-travel,
from your high-school days
as science lab partners.
The brown-bag
is the famous battle
between fabulous evil,
the good SuperPower Gal,
and dozens of little deemuns.
Main BugRobotSkeletor is connected
to a slightly less powerful version of himself,
through a mind link,
so he can draw upon her
whenever he's struggling against
SuperPowerGal, like right now.
So unfair!

But SuperPowerGal sees what's going on,
and with her next move
needles deep into the right side
of BugRobotSkeletor's brain,
breaking the link,
and sending decay-waves
throughout her opponent.
Not only does this destroy him,
but now all the little deemuns vanish too!

"This is sensational entertainment.
Where do I sign?"

2.vi.13

You found a few bills—
mostly fives and tens—
that you folded into your pocket
and now you've been looking
for a place that's more private—
maybe a bathroom—so you can
look more closely at what you found.

The men's room is full, and a line before it
has formed, so you'll try that again later.
But there is a secluded corner
away from the traffic patterns of this corporate
restaurant workplace.
So here it is: two fives, two tens,
three three-dollar tickets to the zoo,
one ticket to the science and humanity museum
(since both of those things are mostly extinct).
Total worth, \$21 (don't ask me
how it adds up to that).

You and your HybridWife
have much work to do,
cleaning up the desert,
preparing it for the locomotives
coming this way soon.
She's somehow lost all her clothes,
and peeks over a fence
into a neighbor's backyard.
There she spies a sewing-machine
that she could really, *really* use right now.
The lady of the house engages her
from the window.
They negotiate. Lady would learn
how to work the machine, HybridWife
would get to use it.
Win-win, right?
"Not so fast," says Lady.
You may need to help close this deal.

3.vi.13

Much of what happened to you
in Red Valley, around Holidaytime,
involved people little more than strangers.
You were handed a bowl of Holiday Porridge
topped by a single fast-melting red wax candle
and the wax quickly flowed into the porridge
creating an inedible, horrible admixture.

You found a way to delicately
dispose of this 'treat'.
On to the next thing!

4.vi.13

Still, in the absence of
The Great Narse,
there's much to put away
clean up, and trash.
He left his latest film
in the middle of editing it
on an old dog-house sized
videotape machine.
You'll be in charge of moving that
along with a few other pieces of equipment
on the handy rolling cart.

You flashback to your life as a kid,
when your family had to move,
and yet you were all expected to come to dinner
at the house of someone important.
Who that was, or why he or she
was important, is lost on your
six-year-old mind.
All you know is, you've gotta pile
into this long boat
along with all your many siblings
and your parents
to get there.
Actually, you're already there,
in Important Person's house,
but you're still all in the boat,

and you must navigate the house
by way of boat.

You all enter the Festival Room
which today is hosting
all the Greek and Roman Gods
plus a number of mythological deities,
all partying with a lot of
hybrid creatures you don't recall
from your schoolday studies
of these subjects:

There's a salmon-man, who's all
quite fish above the waist,
and man below it.

There's the Many Hedded-Hydra,
that doesn't resemble the multiple
dragon- or snake-hedded beast
of yore.
It looks more like ten or twelve
people and people/animal mutants
bound together at the hip,
just walking around,
sipping merlot.

5.vi.13

Remember,
you have to choose
between two houses:
One, where there's many people,
much activity,
in great rooms
and multiple hallways,
or Two,
where you enter this small apartment
alone
wearing a decent shirt and tie,
with two unheard messages
on the answering machine
on the floor.

6.vi.13

We are all going to meet
with the new recruits
in the conference room.
You need to step outside,
for a moment, to get something
from your car's trunk.
Perhaps, bricks.

Our conference room
is replete with the latest virtual technology.
Some of the people sitting
around the table, in fact,
are not really there!

Our purpose in the meeting
is to determine the winners
of the Puppeteer of the Year awards.
Simple manipulation of objects
representing characters propelling
us through narrative and theatrical space
is not the only skill rewarded, although
it is an important one.
Additionally, creation of story or script
or even musical score is part of the criteria.
That's where I'm hoping to win big,
in the Adult Puppeteer category.

We all know Suzy's cute 5-year-old daughter
has the kid's category locked up,
because she put on an epic
show involving lots of kids playing
lots of animals, some sort of
zoo story. Personally, I thought
it was a little too sprawling, and
lacked a certain cohesion,
but everybody went totalapes over it.

My dilemma is most intractable:
I've entered a rather complex

orchestral piece, with occasional
directions concerning puppets
sprinkled throughout the score.
I don't have a recording of it.
I'll have to walk the committee
through the work, which I dread:
". . . And then, the brass comes in,
Da-da-da buh-doom-doom dooom!"
That kind of presentation
will be a disaster, I'm sure.

My other option, is to have
The Two Brians
(one with an 'i'
and one with a 'y')
narrate the puppetry directions while
I play bits of the music on my keyboard.
That could still be awful,
since we haven't rehearsed
any of this, but it's my best shot.

There is one further dimension
to my presentation that I'm counting on:
My 12-foot tall spaceship
I built for the set
will be wheeled out
when we're sight-reading the score.
That should impress!
But wait—now there's bats
flying close to me
(as they are wont to do)
and getting
tangled in the flags and ribbons
running to the spaceship.
Always something unexpected
ruining my
brilliant little
puppet shows!

7.vi.13
Because you've been applying

experimental-art-style thinking
to the venerable old realm of practicality
(which is misguided annoyance at best,
the irreparable disaster of looking like an idiot
in the worst case),
you are banished to The Library
to chill out and sober up.

There, you notice several people
smoking, right in the stacks!
You help David W. navigate through
dozens of discs—recordings of
Bowie during his largely unsuccessful middle
years,
during his "I Wanna Be Obscure" tour,
playing at open-mic nights
in tiny bars across the country.
This floor has glass display cases
filled with dolls from many nations,
each with an automatic case-cover
that clamps down whenever
someone walks by to look at the dolls.

* * * * *

Later, there's a social event held
on a different floor.
All the sorority-girls on one wing in black dresses
and stockings
but no shoes,
all the frat-boys on the other wing, approaching
a pile of silk dinner-jackets and ties,
between these two groups, the central stair-well
where you help one girl,
an international student
here to study, not party,
find her lost contact-lens
on the carpet.
It's as big as a tea-saucer.

Party's kickin' into high gear

with a special tribute
to Fat Smack, the singer/dancer
with the superbaggy pants
and an afro-desiac hairdo,
spinning B-boy style with his
shiny patent leather shoes.
You're sitting on a folding chair
next to his performance.
You even do 'The Wave'
at the appropriate moment,
making you a willing accomplice
to this entertainment horror.

Later, the local TV reporter
asks some of the boys
for their thoughts on the latest car-craze:
huge cars built around marble bathtubs
or (if you're a psychologist) a multiple-couch
living room.
"Yeah, my shrink has one of those.
It looks awesome!" says the boy.

9.vi.13

Your evening begins
with the dreem you have
dreeming you're sleeping
and considering the nature
of cardinal numbers in small red boxes.

It surprises you
that you aren't alarmed
by the figure standing at
the foot of your bed:
Ragged, a scruffy-bearded man,
wearing the plaid of the poor.
It's you!

* * * * *

Later, it's time
for the Game of Slopes

on Skis, on rolling snowy hills
you are to shoot the Lizardbug people
or anyone not terribly human.
You're finding this difficult
because the humans
seem equally malicious.
One Lizardbug person approaches
your blind spot, behind you.
You know he's there
and this would usually be
the point where you would
crumble and scream
your pathetic mumbling sound,
but instead, you just move forward
into the next level.

This next level is dominated
by shades of blue,
and all the figures are flat silhouettes.
It's the graphic level,
and even more difficult
to determine who to shoot.
You put the gun down
and walk toward a more
normal representation of a
building, and there are actual people within.
You warn them not to turn their backs
to the doors and windows
as the lizardbug tribe
surely will approach.

Darthvader tosses an irregular white cube
the size and shape of a box of rice
from the Chinese Take-Away,
and it lands not far from you
down the hallway.
You start warning all around you
to leave, as it's surely a bomb.
Paramilitary Gal is not so alarmed.

So, you go, taking flight and

watching entire rooms and scenes
recede away from you, in z-space.
Each new scene represents
a light-year of distance,
but the rooms are human in scale
and often rustic and alpine
in decor.

You've gone past five rooms,
now you go beyond five more.
The last is a small, busy Cajun diner,
and you pride yourself
on being able to identify
the chef, the waiter, the voodoo queen,
and the gaunt and slimy
white political figure, probably the owner.
Every Cajun diner has this standard ensemble.

Owner and his old boys
are laughing and smoking.
You lay down your chocolates
and attempt to join in on their fun.
Chef is preparing
a thick dark vile liquid
that is surely meant for you,
as your initiation into the group.
You may need to step away
for a sec.

Now, the bus is about to leave,
and as you take your seat
you realize the driver is reckless,
likely mad.
He weaves in and out of traffic
to the airport
where he just makes it
into a jumbo jet just as
the door closes.
Driver parks the bus
alongside the other busses,
all smuggled onto the planes,

all filled with fugitives like yourself.

This extra weight
must not have been calculated
into the plane's take-off trajectory,
because it wobbles, and must
return to ground only minutes after
leaving the runway.

12.vi.13

I am one of three gentlemen
in nice new suits,
but in handling the razor
and sharpening-stone,
I've spilt some acetone
on my hands.
My colleagues advise
not getting that on the jacket
or trousers.
Somehow, I've managed
to shut tight the small bottle,
without spilling a further drop
even though I carry all these items.

Time to drive
up, down these
winding icy hills,
snowcliffs, really.
It's treacherous!
My driver's calm takes over,
and without any explanation
or logical reason
I drive safely to the hill's bottom.
There we disembark.
I've got to get our form validated
since the driving now is done—just
insert the form, and the time
and place is punched in,
but this validator is not working.

I go to the other validator

at FrumpyGal's register,
and validate my form,
but this upsets Frumpy,
and she thinks I'm up to no good:
"You're using the validation
to cheat systems for your own gain,
you small, bad man!"
I try to explain
it's all part of this particular
theatrical production,
this opera,
but she doesn't buy it,
and storms away.

Entering the crowded room
in time to announce
Michael, leaving his current position
to work as my Assistant Creative Producer.
Everyone else here
is also part of the production,
and I'm a little overwhelmed
that so many fun and interesting people
are all working with me.
I need to squeeze by
The Temptress in her plum sweater
and red scarf.
Just one glance for now.

On to the next meeting:
Spanisch Boy tells how he
"slides" the girls,
his term for the whole body
of techniques he's developed
for seducing women
at basket-ball games.
We all drink rich puerto rican coffee
brewed in the "Yolo" style,
crowned by a deep, peppery aroma.

But, "Yolo" is also the name
of this, our program

where arts are added to sciences.
These sciences people
are a little dodgy on all this,
these five or six people
together in this small conference room,
everybody wearing winter coats,
scarves, gloves, caps,
and there's my really huge wife,
FatSpouse, too,
just lying on her back, on the floor,
and I must get her up.
I heave on her hands.
A much larger man than I
takes pity on me, noting my sadness,
and helps me lift her to her feet.

13+15.vi.13

Two Lost Revs:

* * * * *

Part "family guy" episode,
part industrial fantasy junkyard
part forbidden romance;

* * * * *

Sailing with the Admiral dood
He takes his boat through the spiral waterway
up a level or two,
then positions it over the hatch in the swimming
pool
that drops the ship to the ocean below.

So, we're out on the high seas
to catch some sea-criminal.

17.vi.13

Since it's time for Festival,
you can expect gangs of young men
shoving their way through stores

with their animal costumes on,
maybe their big rubbery heads removed
until they hit the streets.

You might want to hang out
at Cafe for a while
maybe have coffee,
maybe consolidate all your keys
onto one keychain
or arrange your box-sets
of the thriller series with detective cop lady.
She's so badass.

No doubt, further reports
will reach you,
clarifying your status
as an *Icér*,
one of the rare few
who was raised by the natives
and accompanied them
when first they discover'd this place.

Until then,
just relax and enjoy
the conductor rehearsing
the strings in a Mozart concerto.
She's really whipping them
into shape, and her baton
is little more than a toothpick.

19.vi.13
You were enjoying
the relative isolation
afforded you by your new condition,
but alas,
you must enter a larger world
and become once more
enmeshed in human webs.

Now, all the buildings
are based on the two-story

Florida tourist hotel model:
three sides facing the courtyard and pool,
the second story with a continuous balcony.

You arrive at night,
and avoid the construction
as much as you can,
but you might have to
step in this mud puddle.
You go up to your ankle,
and then to maintain balance,
you have to put your other foot down, too.
Your fantastic white pants—ruined!

Maybe, with all the work
that's going on
you might find a hose
and a place to wash off the mud.
Maybe one of the rooms
on bottom floor,
and you could hang out there,
letting your pants dry
while the maintenance people are painting,

But, no, GangBoy is there,
a day's growth of beard,
tattoos on his muscly arms,
wearin' a white wife-beater,
lookin' you over, smokin'.
He enters the room with you,
closes the door.

"I really have to get to work,"
you say, and you walk right past him,
up to the second floor,
past the music offices,
avoiding stares.
You're so ashamed of your muddy feet,
you must be quite a spectacle!
There's a small measure of courage left,
so you tap on the glass of the recording studio,

seeing your buds inside.
Paul Pee lets you in.

Housemates squabble over rent
or expenses.
Major Dood's talkin' about getting a lawyer!
Minor Dood offers the \$700 he has left
in his bank account, "If that helps out?"
This is not your problem.
You join the electronic jam session,
already in progress.

KelliGurl, with the short hair,
is dressed in highest punk
and plays an electronic PinkThing™.
You adjust your microphone,
but it keeps bending away
because of the boxy TV monitor
attached to the boom.
That needs to go.
You detach it, and place it
near one of the other players,
in this circle of friends,
encased on three sides
by racks and stacks
of electronics.

Everybody gets down!

20.vi.13
" . . . and yet she
pours her coffee with
such alacrity!"

* * * *

"I draw a box
I cannot draw."

* * * *

Jan's Ghost is
confronted by Lillian's Ghost.
Says LG, "Are we gonna
kill each other again tonight
like we did 63 years ago?"
They do: JG throws an ax at LG,
LG dies, then gets up again,
and places a large fluffy old cat
on JG face, suffocating her.
They play this through
every night.
Says LG, "I'm gonna go
to the Himmalayas
and spend a lifetime
learning the art of reincarnation.
It will only take another 63 years."

* * * *

You're writing music again,
but this time it's pretty effortless.
Strings sporadically play ascending passages,
then a single sustained pitch in a trumpet
that timbre modulates into an oboe solo.
More strings, then
the oboe and trumpet
switch roles.
This is followed by some muted brass
and harp.

* * * *

It's three in the morning,
and you look out the Great Kitchen Window
to see a junky chevy pull up.
It's part junk and part hot rod.
Inside are two teenage boys.
You press your full figure against the window
and stare.
Then, you step to the door,
open it, and yell, "What do you boys want?"

You want to yell more,
but you can't find the words.

* * * *

Ban is a linebacker-sized Black man,
but very gentle. He's singing the praises
of the other Ban's website.
You've seen the site.
It's not bad, but it's not superfantastic.
It's a portfolio of some of his
3D modeling.
"He works on his computer
everyday!" says Ban.
It's competent work, accomplished even,
but not groundbreaking.

Now, you're trying to type
your phone number on the keyboard,
but suddenly you can't recall
how to type numbers.
They seem to be mixed in randomly
with the letters on this keyboard.
You are so confused!

25.vi.13
*"At The YMCA
Of The Turning World. . . ."*

In Restaurant
MainGuy has crossed the Gangsters,
and his sidekick stands with him
waiting for the retribution to come.
In preparation, Sidekick
pours a pitcher of icewater
over his own head.

MainGuy's son or nephew
walks calmly away from the scene
with his girlfriend,
and her girlfriend

approaches them and sneaks
them off into a corner of the ramp
that opens to the underground.
Down they go.
They'll lay low there awhile.

* * * * *

You're driving to the
lowlands of Deerkreek Town,
to see Annul Veena.
You could go straight there,
but you would be following
a young girl riding a horse.
The horse is at first walking
on only his hind legs,
a show of dislike for your
approaching auto.
You turn the corner instead,
and the horse is back down
on all fours.
The girl sets him to gallop.

When you arrive at Annul Veena's
the road and most of the land
is underwater.
Didn't see that coming.

* * * * *

At the shopping mall
you're showing Andrealene
the prism/fibreoptic viewing tube-cube,
and explaining how it works.
It's a surveilling device
that you then reattach to the shop-counter
so it can monitor the mall traffic
right in front of the jewelry store.

27.vi.13
Suffering Gurl

is sure takin' a lickin'
from Darkness Forces.
They toss her around,
she falls down a centrifuge-well
and gets tossed about
in water-swirls.
Having gained just
a momentary stability,
lying on her back and gasping,
the Forces now draw horrific
black splotches from her body,
and start the process
of driving square rusty spikes
into her head.
Is this the end for her?

No, actually.
It turns out she simply
hasta imagine the Forces
stabbing themselves
and that, then, really happens!

I turn away from the scene
at this point, and catch
a reflection of myself in the
shop windows, framed by palmtrees.
I'm wearing my brown and black
pattern'd jacket, dark blue dressshirt,
and gold jacquard, which is somehow
buttoned to the opening of my jacket.
I suddenly see this is a dubious style-statement
at best.
My colleague or nemesis
Kernol Kunducter is spectacular in
his razor-sharp all white suit.

30.vi.13
One thing they don't always tell you
in these dreemic situations
is that time
and memory

get extremely fucked up.

For example,
Nota bene,
Zum Beispiel,
the envelope sent to Geesym,
the one with the class list of accomplishments
has your name on the return address.

You recall
your colleagues mention
your favorite student on that list.
That was,
two years ago? No,
five years?
Ten?
Twenty?
Thirty two??
Yeah, thirty two.

1.vii.13
Walking up to a convenience store,
some old drunk bum knows my name.
How does he know that?
I give him 75¢, and
of course he complains
how that's not enough.
He needs to take his
begging online.

I'm able to find my car parked,
and drive through the
parking lot of said store,
although there's quite a rise
in the pavement where
driveway meets the road.
This, too, I'm able to overcome.

But in this BriarKliffy part of town,
the driving soon enough turns to walking,
and the walking into walking with Marshalene.

While we both meet in our teens,
she is aging backwards as we speak,
and I'm aging forward, fiercely.

After our turn in the Petting Booth
at the bar, I briefly chat with
the two DJ guys,
both of whom I actually taught.
There's a poetry slam about to happen,
but M and I leave,
wandering the streets of NewyOrk,
although I'm carrying her now
because she's like four,
and I'm like seventy-one.

Our flight through alleys and
cafes is spectacular,
with many acrobatics,
especially at the literary cafe,
where I've hopped up on
the stacks of overturned tables
and performed a summer-set or two,
all while cradling her in my arms.

We enter the dog-filled junk yard
through the broken fence,
and slide up against a broken truck
with what appears to be a shotgun blast
punched into the door,
this to elude police, "looking for
a young child and her grampaw,"
as I overhear on the distant radio.

Finally, we move to the rows
of sandy seats, which begin to move.
We're on the shuttle-ferry
that will take us to the boat-plane.
I hand M off to someone behind my seat,
and an elderly spanisch woman
sits next to me.
I must help her work the headphones

and the controls for the shuttle's
tv/radio//intercom thingy.

5.vii.13

So now you work at a bank,
which is strange,
because I thought you really liked
the job you had before.
Your Arrogant Boss Dood
asks you to reschedule
the series of talks you had
intended to give later in the month
because they will compete
with his talks.
"Not really, but OK," you tell him.

6.vii.13

OldestSyst'r confesses to me
her use of The Weed in
Ought Sixty-One and Sixty-Two.
All her life
she's from time to time revealed
these hidden dimensions.
Life's all her's.

Her only extravagance
ever,
the baby blue ThunderKar
with shark fins, tail, the works.
A Fifty-Seven.
Khris-Are pulls it into the driveway,
and I tell him, "How great it is
to see a car older than me!"

* * * *

It's difficult to balance
cats and porcelain plates
while standing on this shaky table,
and climbing onto the smaller table
on top of this one.

Plus, you're slightly drunk.
How did that happen?

Perhaps that was
in response to viewing
the art by the Italian family
staying with Scottby for
a couple of days here
in BlackLite Village.
They've settled into his room
and they make art:
dozens of small paintings
that become framed anagifs.
These flickering images
are what's intoxicating,
apparently.

7.vii.13

Your Benefactor has
outfitted you with
much finery:
a new moiré blue-leather suit
(always in the Western Style -
tassles on the fringes, like that),
a colorful silk shirt
a new attaché,
Must've set him back
a far piece.

You need to address
some matter elsewhere in the store
in your new ensemble.
All the tags are still attached—
ShoppeGal helps you with those.

Now it's time to
set up your performance area
in the atrium of this mall,
an anonymous public place
with little character, bad acoustics.
You advise the crew to set the

tables for the instruments in a square,
"Like Circling the Stagecoaches!" you say,
but you don't remember the exact phrase
used to describe bands of ancient settlers
preparing for battle with *les Sauvages*.

On the upper level you're arranging
the bungee cord electronic connections
all within the rack unit for the control booth.
Brother helps with this, and maybe
you'll move this extra keyboard below
so he'll have more room up here.

You do notice, however,
a fair number of RatKatLizardBugs,
ranging in size from very small
to medium-dog-sized and sentient.
New to this pest control initiative,
you take up a baseball bat
and swing away at them.
You're trying to hit one of the larger ones,
but you just kinda tap his forehead
a few times.
This makes his eyes bug out.
"I wonder why I can't sleep well these days," he
says.
It's sorta mean of you
to bat him to deth!
Why not invite him to your show?

8.vii.13
Basketball
with the old gradskool bunch.
There's McKay, Will, a few others.
One dood—and you don't
recognize him
as part of this group—
pulls you aside
and shows his book of etchings
in a pre-19th C. style.
The ink rises from the stiff, toothy paper,

so you can feel the texture
of all the cross-hatching.
"You got the engraver
to embed deep watermarks,
I see," you say.
A stunning visual achievement!

A little later,
in the orientation session
you drink a toast
with the two other
initiates
and dedicate it
"To all those who died
this morning" because
InterDean flipped out
and shot a few people
and then herself.
You have to retell them
the story of the conflict,
not because the one
woman in the group
may not have heard
all the details,
but for the
healing power
of the retelling.

9.vii.13
it's you and Schott
walking down Sad Street
on the outskirts of town.
He starts flippin' out,
this is where you turn around,
and walk back.
He keeps going,
doesn't seem to miss you.
His folks or care-takers
will pick him up soon enough.
You can get more done
without him anyway.

11.vii.13

Again, you're in the attic and
Pulling out the musty old
Picture-album, viewing photos of
Kathie Kookie's garden wedding,
the bridesmaids in reds and pinks.
John Gaitskill, her groom,
his sister,
who you immediately liked, and dad
by the pool.
All people you'll never see again, probably.

At the time, you thought it would be horrible
to have a ghost sucking on your soul,
but now you know better,
that's no worse
than ghosts soul-damaging or
soul-devastating you.
You will endure it all.

Even if a ghost tore your soul to shreds
it would still be your soul, just more
stitching and patching for you to take care of.

In your bedroom, at night, as a kid,
the animals, your pets, running around
might knock over your precious stuff—
your model rockets and chemistry set.

13.vii.13

StarTrek[™] episode:
landing party on planet
precious stones & minerals,
Kirk playing with lizard,
opening titles:
Spock says theres a city nearby
("Captain, tricorder indicates . . .")
It's NuSeattle, and the three
crash a private party.

Kirk finds half an angelfood cake
on the dessert table, holds it above
his forehead in one of those
mock-religious ceremonies
he indulged in on occasion,
and took a big bite out of it.
"Let's go!" he yells, and the three
depart, while Kirk divides the cake
for Bones & Spock.
Those party people had no idea
they were going to be so interstellarly violated!

Walking past those three spacemen
running with cake in the opposite direction,
you've been noticing the waves
of the lake/river and canalways
are getting bigger and bigger.
Some you even surf on.
Milipoliceman tells the crowd that
three of those gathered qualify for a '10',
and distribute orange child-proof pill bottles
to the chosen ones—a normal looking guy,
a lame guy, and a mentally challenged
manchild.
He takes his pill and walks down the alley,
Normal helps Lame into another alley.
You notice Manchild step under a
sheet of aluminum, and
then he's just gone.
Now you understand why you
don't want to qualify for a '10'.
You enter one boutique gallery
and take refuge from rising waters
and policestates.

Artists everywhere, discussing
ArtWoman's performances, like
the one she's presenting now.
If you didn't know any better,
you'd think she was just reading
aloud the printed program, and yet,

this is the new art-form.
You notice on the program that
she performed once for you and your roommate
back in those unsure days after you
just got out of gradschool.
That's why she's so familiar.

You step away to one of the
mirrors hanging in the gallery,
and open your mouth.
Most of your teeth fall into your cupped hands,
some of them with many tendrils sprouting out
the roots,
You try to put one of them back in place,
but it doesn't stay.
Your mouth is a disaster, only one front tooth,
and the tooth you had recently replaced
with a tiny curly florescent light, remain.
Plus, the three teeth on your upper right
that are represented by miniature
amber beer bottles hanging from strings:
these, too, are intact.

14.vii.13
At the Paris café,
A fat couple offers to buy you breakfast.
Be charming and polite!

One aah-oo-man is
passing out shots of whiskey
also for breakfast.
It's very *very* smooth!

At the library in NYC,
the librarian calls out your name
"You have a message from this woman.
Call 6-1661."
This you do,
she wants to find out about
Tristan T. the obscure composer.
You wonder how she knew

who you were and that you'd be here,
and you say you're familiar with his
opera and some piano pieces,
but really you're making everything up.

Then she meets you.
She has a weirdly indented forehead,
and she's running this
religious summer camp
for young athiests.
That's why she has the questions
about Tristan.
"Yeah, he had his religious moments,"
you say, again making stuff up.
"What about he and Baudriloo?
What was their relationship about?"
This other name is even more obscure
than the first—you think he's a theorist,
but it's all pure speculation,
or lies,
that you tell her.

She says she'll take the Aventura subway,
which is a stop near your stop,
which is either Olympia or Omni,
so you might be riding the subway with her
for a while.

17.vii.13
Nineteen-Fifty-Seven:
The year that gave us
the spectacular, yet graceful
Dope D'ville, the car
Brother once test-drove
for almost 400 miles,
right into Missouri!
He wanted to make sure
it would be reliable
for his college travels,
yet provide him
with hours of driving comfort.

(You recall this
as you try to attach
the antennae to this
model of the DdV.)

18.vii.13

While all the events were connected,
the narrative mucilage, the glue
has dripped away
and what's left are these:

There was a concert with
your P'n'N cohorts—just
Jhan and Howard—everyone
on a sequencer,
rich, measured activity,
almost danceable.

An art show by empty school rooms
emerges by the ocean,
you walk past a dood and say, "bouna tag",
since you can't determine
his italian or german heritage.

And thus,
a family tree gets scrwaled on a wall,
with you marked as a dubious
successor to *The Waldo!*

19.vii.13

Just a few aspects
to remember when
you're doing this sort of thing:

One,
do you have what it takes
to do any of this.
I'm not so sure,
I think you might be
a pretty slight, even insignificant being.

Two,
you were learning
the art of Man-Love, although
it's not your cup-o-tea, sort of thing,
but you do it anyway.

Three,
you must now learn swimming
in DangerPond.
It's a beautiful setting,
exotic trees in a pastoral getaway
at the edge of civilization.
The pond itself is oddly rectangular,
but you just saw a hippo swim by,
and it would not be a good thing
if it came back and bit off your leg.

20.vii.13

You arrive at the international art festival
held this year on the beach
in South Francida,
still bummed out
that you're just a spectator,
not one of the artists.

Each artist first punches in
GPS coordinates into
the parabolic lazer he shoves
into the sand.
The lazer bends around the upper atmosphere
and bounces back to Erth
to the exact place on the beach
where that artist's exhibition pavilion is—
how neat is that?

When you look at the exhibitions,
you're again dismayed at what art has become:
It's mostly defined
as larger-than life sculptures
of Pixar-based animated characters,

fashioned out of fruit and leaves,
and other foody materials.
There's famous Banana Hed™
with his dark glasses, and
predictably banana-shaped hed
(he played a badass in the film, "Rangy"
about some pathetic kid we all relate to
because he's a loozer, and he has a chance
to make it big with success and stuff,
but just at the last minute
turns into a junkie-male prostitute-*pimp-playa*-
money launderer-killer gangster—
but we forgive him, because,
you know, that's what we've all become,
anyway,
but just to lesser degrees.)
"Anyway, this is sucky art.
It's not even art, it's fan art.
Nothing original!" you tell yourself.
Nobody cares.

This particular art show
includes a trade fair, and intrusions
of high-end horror cinema production
as we walk down the long aisles
of art and merchandise,
which are merging in uncomfortable ways.

As the beginning of filming is announced
for a delicious triple three-way cross-dressing
comedy
—starring Fat Jersey, the slobby dood from that
sitcom
who had the hot, gorgeous petite supermodel of
a wife
who was obviously way outta his league
especially in wits— I approach a vendor
hermaphrodite
(man when he turns to his right,
woman to her left) who is selling
pencils and rolls of transparent postal tape.

Feeling generous, and trapped by his/her
remarkable salesman/womanship, I spend twenty
dollars
on six rolls.

(Did I mention
the art here, by the way,
is so horrible you can't turn away?
Car-crash art!)

You're checking out some of the other exhibits.
There's that slick yet earnest dark Greek guy
with lame concept-art for a gothic thriller,
who complains to a co-exhibitor, "I gotta
find just the right character here,
and bring him back! Months of
neo-Wagnerian set design down the toobs!"
You want to commiserate with him,
but he's already ignoring you
and catching a drink or snack
with his exhibitor buddy.
You turn your attention to one of the
star pieces of technology at this show,
Monster Camera,
a super high-def, high-everything
video-film-thought-desire camera
that you're allowed to mess with.
You point it at two women making out
in a corner of the pool,
then engaging in various lezbanalities,

You're capturing it effortlessly,
while timecodes and emoticom scales
fly across your view-finder.
Now, the older woman starts getting
younger, but younger in hed only!
Her garnyer-froocteeth length of shimmery hair
receeds, and her hed is that of a baby!
The other woman also has a baby hed
by this time, but with vampyric fangs,
and she bites into the neck of the first woman,

then again all over her body,
'till it becomes sexless, smooth, and ded,
this lifeless adult corpse with baby hed,
floating silent in the pool.
"Oh, wait," points out the Greek guy,
"You've got your camera
set way too high on Quay/Gilliam!
You might want to dial that down a piece."

Meanwhile, back in that unfolding sitcom,
Fat Jersey and his two friends
play each of their spouses
in the scenes that alternate with
their female *personae*.
Each scene includes complementary bland
placeholder wives or husbands
depending on the situation.
Surprisingly, everybody in the audience
gets this right away,
and settles in to the broad comic stylings
of Jersey and his crew,
probably because he has a day's
stubble of red beard
when he plays his wife.

A fourth character, Pregnant Amy,
is outside of the main, maleable trio,
and sits on a windowsill, calling on
her cellphone, "Yeah, my moment's
just broke!" she says.
We expect her to tell Hubby
to pick her up, take her
to hospital, have the kid, and so forth,
but instead, she says, "Yeah, I got a job!"

Pan down from this scene
on HD screen above bar
to snarly barkeep below,
who probably sneaks drinks himself,
cleaning glasses,
telling his patrons,

"Oh, yeah, same thing happen'd
to my wife, 'cept she had
a miscarriage!" he says.
Howls of canned laughter
erupt from the Inappropriate Laugh-Track
Machine.
You should turn that down a piece, too.

Now, for the finale
of *Jersey and the Boys, and the Gurlz*
(the working title of this sitcom),
there's a double party,
one at the restaurant for the old workers
not yet retired but retiring,
and another, across the street,
at the upscale beautiful young people's
party bar.
Both bars are owned and run
by Sleezy Dood, dressed for the evening
in a sharp-cut pastel suit.

Unknown to everyone but suspected by some,
the old folks are just
older versions of the young people,
offset by timetravel and genderbendment,
courtesy of the other great tech breakthrough
at this event.
So the two parties should not mix,
but of course they do.

As guests from both sides of the street start to
mingle,
it occurs to Jenany Stone (who plays Control-Alt-
Shift-Amy)
that she'll have people at both parties
with contradictory gossipy truths about her,
which will ruin her forever, probably.
Fret fret!
More awkwardities unfold among the partiers.
One guy, because he didn't know these crowds
would blend,

actually sexted, for a hookup with himself!
All sorts of social embarrassments happen
among the characters,
Fat Jersey's just sitting at the main table
and is nonplused when Slezzy
puts down his cellphone to announce
he's now bankrupted both parent companies,
and he figures out how to skip the scene
without picking up the tab.

*Dethagings and tech-change
May come at any point,
But you're OK widdat.*

27.vii.13

You and DJ are driving back from The Keys.
It's mostly driving,
although there is a section
where you must walk through a boat,
up narrow stairs to the deck,
and wait in a line of other travelers.
Among them,
two or three young girls
are handling non-prescription drugs :
"I have like a thousand in this bag," says one.
Now, back outside, under the dock,
you approach the car,
but you need to avoid deep puddles
with napping 'gators in them.
This is DangerZone.

(And remember, don't accept
drinks from the locals. They like
to mix young 'gators in their Margaritas,
and they'll come out and bite off your lip!)

You and DJ get separated for a moment
and you're walking along the under-dock
with Bobbiscott, who taunts you with a long
light aluminum pole.
You pick up another pole,

and answer him right back.
"Quit hitting me. I don't think
we've gotten along since '91!" you tell him.
You emphasize this point by holding him
in a lock, pressing your pole against his neck.

But, you let him go,
and resume with DJ, now looking
for the right route
among these under- and overpasses
looking for the one that leads home.

This place is a labyrinth,
but there are parties going on, too.
Leaning over the railing,
you see eye-to-eye, for a moment,
with the oboist on the trampoline,
holding his beer bottle
while trying to play.
That's really, *really* hard.

28.vii.13

0. You're working on
a really clean and crisp
infographic animation
showing how a human
can roll in the mud, and then
roll right into a nearby stream or lake.
It makes the process look
very tidy, even attractive.
The camera is set at water level, so you see
the human half submerged
as it rolls toward you.
You render the mud
as antiseptic blue bubbles,
nothing like real mud,
home to waste and worm.

1. Family reunion in BigHouse -
Lots of people, both ded and living.
I chat with Carl H. Mononcle

"How did I get this heavy decorator decanter
of Gran Marnier?" he asks.
You haven't a clue.

2. Getting ready for Big Art Party:
We pass a number of artists driving on *The Road*.
We're watching from a train.
We see a young guy hauling
a bathtub, a painting, and a chest of drawers
with a lamp, all connected by colorful ropes,
a series of furnishings all dragging
one after the other, on this road.
He's talking on his selfOne with someone.
"Is that RT?" you ask me.
"Yeah, I think it is," I say.

I want to ask him
if I set my video-editing software
to 'Unlimited RT', will that turn
my videos into his videos?
Luckily, I restrain myself
from looking foolish just
this one time.

3. It's my first day working
at EminentSound.
I look up, into the glass recording booth
to watch Abraham Lincoln taking a shower.
He sees me,
and makes funny faces and gestures,
telling me stories how his facial blemishes
help people relate to him,
warts 'n' all.
He's lathering up.
I lean over to the assistant engineer:
"You watch him do this, everyday?"
The engineer nods.
Lincoln then takes off his black hair and beard
to reveal long white hair and a stringy,
white beard.
Shampoo, rinse, repeat.

4. *Japanese Pee Ceremony.*

You excuse yourself from the recording
and enter the restrooms.

The stalls are arranged on each wall,
open, facing the central area.

They are all occupied,
and filthy.

Some toilets are clearly not working,
or plugged up, yet people
are still using them.

This place is more disgusting
than any gas-station john, anywhere.

One stall, on the adjacent wall
is empty, and seems at least clean.
Fine red oriental wood lines the walls,
and you must claw your way up
an odd configuration of red and black planks
to reach the seat, four feet
above the floor.

There a yellow board with
a handful scoop of wood carved out
greets you to accept your gift.

You must pee into these
small glass finger-bowls,
and as you do,
the pee turns bright magenta
from the phenolphthalein indicator,
but you're not so good with your aim,
and some sprinkles on the wall.
It's then you notice you're being
watched by the Latina janitor,
with a cross look, like a crow,
"You expect me to clean up after you?"
the look says. "Oh, my, no,
I've got this—I'll clean this up,
don't worry," you say.
Skeptical, she turns and walks away.

You continue peeing,
but then your peener falls off!
Ach! This has happened before.
It rolls under the stall-separator,
and you ask the person
around the next door
if he could, sorta, you know,
roll your *dismembrement*
back to you?
He does, and you reattach it,
but you put it on crooked.

5. Leaving the restroom,
you see drops of bright pink
on the fine persian carpet
in this hallway.
While you're relieved you're
not the only one who's a bad shot,
you feel compelled to wipe it up.

Out of the door marked 'Rhetoric'
comes MarYeffe, dripping yellow paint.
She shows you
her posters and paintings
for upcoming events
and visiting artists
like Aye Way-Way.
Engaging, thoughtful, dimensional design,
clarity and raw expression effortlessly married.
They are magnificent.

I tell her, "Your work is so great.
How does it come to you?
Do you go somewhere, inside, or out?"
She says, "I go to Hoity-Toity,
a honkey-tonk speak-easy.
There, a gal
talks to me in baby talk."

30.vii.13
Say mould, say *mould*:

You're sleeping with Spouse,
and rise above the bed
to float through a series
of out-of-focus geometric abstractions
like early Mondrian
but with rectilinear shards
of many shades of blue.
This is how you momentarily
experience divinity,
the trans-zen-dance.
You can go down to Spouse
and initiate the other little dance
of bodies coupling and heaving,
a different kind of divinity.

Or you can hear the annoying
alarm, turning everything
into harvest-yellow boxy buildings
made of vanilla wafers
and stale crackers.
You want to shut off the alarm,
but it takes, like,
forever.

* * * *

On this prairiescape,
the wind picks up
and mean clouds crowd the sky.
Suddenly, you're driving
in water up to your waist.
Lucky, though, you're able
to lift the car above your shoulders
and wade a while,
at least till you get
to the hill.

When you make it there,
you have more climbing to do.
It's night, now, downtown,
where you navigate a mountain of boxes

packed with your stuff
that joins two buildings in an alley.
You really should collect some of these papers,
organize them, take them from here
but you overhear the newspapermen
arguing over the size of the type they are setting.
"Bernie, that should be 72-point,
Bernie, I'm telling you,
I'm only gonna tell you once,
Bernie."

31.vii.13

There was assessment to be done,
and a little electronic counter-beeper
device
with which to do it.
Everything was in boxes, of course,
packed quickly, and without much
thought given to unpacking.

INTERMEDIO

(written to <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bdc5n562zZg>)

"Are you having a Mahler moment?
You seem to be listening to The Second,
which always betokens some sort of
accomplishment, or loss, or meh, or all three.
Can you tell me about this?"

"Uh, Ok. Like, my first exposure
to Mahler, was, like, uhm. . . .
uh. . . . oh, yeah,
it would've been The First,
since it's the easiest to grasp
from a Beethoven-y point of view."

"Ok, go on . . ."

"That would have been, I guess,
the mid-seventies. That I might
have actually heard Mahler.

On WOI-Ames-Iowa, the NPR station
that I actually worked at,
as an undergrad, in my first
real, summer job. . . .
(Not that for the previous near-20
years of my life I hadn't worked.
I had: in fields of corn and soybeans,
pulling out weeds; in dusty hot hay-maoughs
lugging 80-pound bales of hay to their places.)
. . . working as an assistant
record librarian. Actually,
a simply transcendent job: I would hold
and replace and retrieve the great vinyls of
the classical repertoire. Working alongside
Doug Brown and Ed Weiss, two giants
in mid-Iowa, mid-70's culturevulturism.
(But, just to make it clear, they were simply
great,
and models of professional behavior, yet blessed
with the quirky, off'times bitey humor
of the mid-Midwest.)

I was intrigued by those record jacket covers
of the Bernstein set of Mahlers,
as they were always spacy, stellar,
intergallactic.
'OK, you got me interested, now what?'
I would ask myself.
I knew there would be some familiar territory
here,
that Mr. M liked to quote
—you know, Handel in the Titan,
Dies Irae in the Resurrection, his own
works in later works—
only later did I know he'd be quoted
by later composers.
(*Yea, Luciano. You know he knew.*)

So, there was this late 19th/early 20th century
composer
I knew nothing about, an ear I knew nothing

about.
Hell, I knew nothing about anything
at that point!
Something made a mental note of this,
because I couldn't relate to all this now,
but I knew I would
one day."

"What happened next,
I mean in your Mahler-view
of the world?"

"Well, maybe not so much
Mahler-moments,
but just, a time when
all of music opened up to me.
Or, perhaps, just the idea of listening
gained its own place among my activities.
But, conscious listening.
Knowing what's going on in a score.
Knowing the chord progression
under the orchestration,
knowing the character of
a particular key in, say, Haydn or Bach.
Those sort of encounters
guided me.
But also, the allure of that which I did not
understand.
And in that category,
I must include sex, love, death,
visual art, cinema, pop culture,
other countries, other cities—*hell, just, 'cities'!*—,
essentially all experiences
of which I was innocent at that time,
and believe me, there were
a lot!"

"I'm sorry, this might be an autobiography!"

"Then let it be that. Continue."

"Uh, OK . . .

I would maybe like to say,
at this point,
that there have been
moments in my life
of great vast solitude,
and others of equally rich communality
and sociality, friendship, hangoutitude,
where my life was absorbed
into a funhappy collective.
Those two types of life
have been both sequential
and simultaneous."

"So, in this first genuine communal moment,
in my first year at EyeEssEeyou,
I had them both,
and I say 'genuine'
because I was truly on my own,
and did not have
parents or longtime friends
from which to reckon my celestial navigation.

"You could be really, terribly,
wrong, in this context.
You could be wrong, or naive,
or even stupid,
and no one might tell you that.
And, worse still,
these were the feelings
and encounters and experiences
all my peers had already navigated,
three, five, eight, even twelve years ago!
I was such a naif!"

"Yes, yes;
Happens to us all.
Go on."

"There were, also,

these, which I did not know
where to 'put' them:
my interest in art and cinema,
my photography,
my cartooning,
and my innate understanding
of how harmony and melody worked,
and how it achieved a fusion,
although I did not have
a vocabulary to explain that.
Wait, that was the easiest thing.
That I could instantly 'put' into
my studies of harmony, music theory,
orchestration, counterpoint,
and electronic music.
So, I did that,
and I knew intuitively,
that was unimpeachable.
It was good.

There were other elements
in this equation more difficult:
what to do with your photography.
What to do with the visual work . . . "

"Let's stick with Mahler."

"OK, Fast forward, to probably,
late summer, 1979.
I think that's when I got
the Chicago recording
of Giuliani, playing the Ninth
(might need to verify that) . . .
Dad suggested
it might not be
such a good idea
to listen to music
all the time.
I don't think I payed much attention
to his warning.
I had just blasted

this work over the lowan dirt
by putting our new, big
loudspeakers on our place.
(The Place is defined
as that third-acre or so
of gravel and pummeled dirt
before our front yard,
and connected to The Road
through a drive-way.)
I had played much of the
first movement,
especially, the "Les Adieux" quote
from Beethoven,
toward the cows,
toward the pigs, and the nothingness
of a half-mile of distance
before the neighbors would get
a wiff of this.

Despite this incident,
fast forward to fall, 1982.
I am playing in the UI orchestra
Under the mighty baton of Maestro Dixon,
in The Resurrection.
In the audience is
My Dad, seated next to
My Gurlfriend, Cherz, of only a couple of
months,
and her friend, the slight, waifish, distracting
Lori.

They might have enjoyed
the theatricality of the First movement,
and the pizzicato moment of the Second.
Yes, enjoyed, yes, music.
Well played. Yes, good job!

The third movement
is richer, deeper,
and for those who know future history,
a landmark.

*(Berio . . . yeah, whatever.
Into the program notes.)*
Oh yeah, Saint Whoever
Preaching to the Fishes!
Silly, moving profound.
Like our young lives,
thrust into that which we cannot understand
for another thirty years,
if ever.
This is how music
if it's done well
can enfold those stories,
and the past,
and our own pitiful worlds.

And then 'Urlicht'.
Now, they know,
even My Dad knows,
they have entered hallowed ground.
It's ok to cry,
if only because
most of the players
might be from farms in Iowa,
as I was,
but even Our Maestro claims
roots from that region,
although not rural, exactly,
and not with benefit of parents.
Anyway, now our trio
in the audience
has bonded
over a shared experience,
the meaning of which,
is still
very much
up in the air.

BANG! It's the Finale.
While I will go on
to play The Fifth
with the Quad Cities Symphony,

I know, I am certain,
that this will be my defining Mahler moment.

I've been muchly
hangin' out here,
as Second English Horn
in this sea of guys in tuxes,
girls in long black dresses.
I am in the absolutely best spot,
as I would be, later in *Le Sacre*:
an observer, listener, occasional player.
A composer, ripe with the desire to write,
could not have asked for more.

The offstage brass
lead to the orgasmic progression
in its first presentation.
I'm certain Facilities
has enlisted multiple janitors
to wipe the floors after this show!
Then, the "Glaube" moment,
which I will echo later, but not now.
I can just lean back,
pretend to fiddle with my reeds,
and soak it all in.

My trio in the wings—
are they getting all this?
Have they been so beaten around
by both emotion and elegant structure
that they grant them both
an equal space?
Wait, ok, the first big brass chorale,
this is big.
Lost fluids, all.
(Wait 'till it's repeated by the chorus!)

The loud, scary, scherzo
rips up the air a little,
followed by another
great military song

M didn't write lyrics to.
All this,
plus the implosion of
themes, motives, all that,
(plus, M's *dies irae*,
then the trombone does 'Glaube',
and those offstage brass and percussion
herald this moment of moments in Mr. M's
world)
leads to the big recap explosion,
chorus rises.

* * * * *

This is why you have a 200 - or 1,000 voice
choir:
not to sing loud,
but to sing the barely audible
entrance of the chorus,
an hour and fifteen minutes into this work!

* * * * *

Bereite dich zu leben!

* * * * *

Afterwards, there are fireworks,
and a few hugs,
meeting up with my devoted trio.
"You had us 'gasping out a few times there!"
says Cherez.
At this very second
I knew I would marry her.

* * * *

The marriage did not last,
but that moment,

*as she had always warned me
"Don't depend on the moment,"*

that lasted.

3.viii.13

Long lines of people
attending multiple weddings.
You're a man, but you'll be wearing
nylons and high heels,
and a white dress,
but you're only a bridesmaid.

You experience ink anxiety
and catsup anxiety,
both sub-categories
of stain anxiety.

Couples get paired-off
by being in a scavenger-group
that finds various pieces of paper
and household stuff,
the last thing found is the mate.

On the StarTrak thread,
Spock and McCoy have to
rig a spaceship to explode
from its helm,
then beam back to the Enterprise
just in time.

They do this, and Spock is
a little upset, it seems.
He really wanted to blow up
with the ship! "It's pure
experience. It's pure experience!"
he says.

4.viii.13

Aftermath of racy riots
between the AfroMerican students
and NeoNatzys,

a campus lawn strewn
with iPods & iPhones,
many still plugged in
and charging.

You got a call
"from that woman, again"
asking you to
submit your updated CV
for application to some open position.
"I didn't know you were
looking for work," says Saul,
obviously thinking
you working with him
on our little business venture
would be enough.
Already there's money coming in:
Two days ago, everybody got
\$14 each, yesterday it was \$200.
You should keep track of it all,
even if that was from
selling some furniture.

You didn't know you were looking
for work either.
You page through the advertisements,
one for classical guitarist,
one for short order cook.
No, nothing for you.
You sit on the curb
next to a young girl,
and start a conversation.
Small talk, leading to flirting,
like it always does.

7.viii.13

In the final pages of your project
you've sketched with white crayon on black
paper:
Not everyone is pleased by this.
You and DJ walking out the house

down the street,
running late, and you've forgotten your keys
and identity papers.

"This will not do!" she yells,
and turns back.
You go after her, but
her lead is strong,
and soon you're lost.

Up and down spirally red-brick
stairs, on mansiony buildings,
through the BizZare, only slightly
familiar to you, but on your way
back to your house, you think.
Through the Pleasure Palace,
where humping takes place
under densely embroidered sheets.
Through the Meet Markets
where men drive small tractors
that lift and carry huge slabs of bacon,
sirloin, brisquit, small-back,
rare-back, cephalopod-ribs.
And finally, to the upscale clothes store
where all the helpstaff say to you
is "Whatever!".

There you catch a glimpse of yourself
in the mirror.
You're wearing a beautiful orange shirt
with interesting designs,
but parts of your face,
especially chin,
are pixelly,
and your eyes are sad and slow.
Now, you're home.

9.viii.13

Yes, you recognize
the principles of living in this place:
You are to work long and hard

and with enthusiasm,
without expecting enjoyment or reward.
That's crazy.

You are to ignore your interests and desires
and not follow them,
not even acknowledge them.
That's pretty sick.

You are to subsist
without benefit of a social net
and rich friendship,
and likely suspect those
who offer that.
*That is totally
messed up.*

* * * * *

Yet, here you are
at the International RePhotographers Conference,
where photographers recreate
all those famous photographs,
and those not-so- famous,
even, obscure ones.
Like your photo,
under a moon-lit night sky
of the old blue Chevy
a blurry, unfocused window floating above it.

One Scandanavian guy
has re-photographed that,
and is receiving much admiration
for his efforts.
A documentary, in fact,
is being shot as we speak,
and in it he explains
how he achieved the blurry-floating window
effect.
Surprisingly,
he thanks you profusely and publicly,

saying you're a great photographer,
and this stuns you into humility.
"I'm just providing the score,
for his performance," you say,
but nobody gets this
old quote by GeezerMan.

You run into Marieff, just
on her way back
from IndoKneeHa or Thigh-land,
where other re-photography conferences
were held, featuring her.
Next, Donalene has a sandwich with you
on the riverbank,
and reminds you, "People die here, too,
you know."

She's mixing drinks for you and ScandaGuy,
with plenty of Sprite and Vodka,
(*actually, more Vodka than Sprite,*)
even though you thought
you and he, and she,
might get a snack at the shop
where they serve you
while you sit in vintage cars.

10.viii.13
You've been kindly asked
to work out this info-graphic family-tree
for Dr. Demento.
It's interactive, and so cool.
But, seeing emergency vehicles
and hearing the roar of the crowds
you mention to Dr. D. and his girl
this might be the dawn
of the Zombie Apocalypse.
"Is everything OK?" asks Dr. D,
concerned about your sanity.

11.viii.13
Always there are preparations

for the banquet.
Dark Sister and I attend to them.
They include defrosting the fridge,
breaking out the icecubes
melted together.
In the bar-lounge,
Father-of-the-Bride sits in the sofa,
watching TV, sipping beer.

Prior to all this,
Wacky Uncle had made off
with the convertible,
and drove it crazy on the beach.
He's on the phone now,
admitting to this deed,
but not to the other one,
of abducting one of the bridesmaids,
which is pretty serious stuff.
We still don't know who did that,
but we suspect
Father'o'th'Bride was involved.

Wacky Uncle gives us only
these few moments of clarity
and stillness before he's off
on another adventure, and gone again.
Like, now:
he sees a big crab-hole on the beach
opening up!
He's gonna want to dive down that,
and he might never come up!

12.viii.13
Campus becomes not so much
a ghost town
as just a non-people town
during The Break.
You drive around normally
crowded walkways and commons
in your tiny car, noting
whatsa available for you to creep.

One dood left his fancy sweaters in a drawer,
You could take 'em but you don't.
It's only more clothes.

* * * *

You-Matrix-Tube

features NemoDood landing inside the
Matrix-Castle,
Nemo was transported here
by Hed-General-Robot-Dood's underling,
who goofed up,
landing our hero in a sparsely-guarded area.
Hed is mad:
"You were sposta bring him to the place
where about 300 soldiers were,
so he wouldn't be able to
get away from them!"

Hundreds of robots
climb out of the giant pastry-shells
they recharge in, at night.
They assemble as an array of 'bots
against the high cave-wall,
maybe fifty in a row,
maybe ten or twelve levels, all facing
this atrium,
and twirl their shields into one
continuous surface,
wallpapering that entire cave-face.
Shields fuse
and become impenetrable
but they also become a viewing portal
a huge face-time screen
for floating heads of various size that watch
what's going on
and we see them watching us.
It was a fantastic special effect at the time!

The old SheDraggon is backing up
into the elaborately carved yellow-marble of her

cave
telling herself,
"Oh, no, he could not be hiding near me.
He couldn't have gotten this far,"
But, standing in one of the gothic statue-porcos
near her lair, there he is.
Nemo jetpacks around and hovers in front of
SheDraggon,
This is where the next chapter begins,
where he seduces the dragon to protect him.
I forget how it goes, exactly.
You can always rent it on GnatFlex.

13.viii.13

Remembering MarKuskor
is complicated.
This is part memorial service,
part art exhibition.
He made films and TV shows,
his best known were *BedevilLisa*
from about twenty years past,
and also *DeplorabLynn*,
which was more recent:
mostly formulaic sit-coms,
involving modern women
navigating their way
through relationships, careers,
and mild psychopathies.

One artist, a tall, slender woman,
creates a quartych of mosaic tile squares
that represents, somehow,
the dramatic arch of one of these comedies.
Using hot glue-gun,
the stones neatly enclose
the mystery of Kuskor's vision.

* * * *

Mom's walking down The Hall,
leans into Parent's bedroom,

and tells Dad, "Time to wake up, Wern."
Stepping across the corridor
into my room, I'm already up,
and I put my cheek on hers.
Across the bridge of
love deth
is sent.

* * * * *

On this light battle-cruiser,
KartoonDawg has unknowingly
betrayed their position
to the enemy,
by stuffing rabbits
into the big yellow hose
and tossing it overboard.

Soon, the craft is surrounded
by 250 battle-boats,
each run by an angry Navy-Robot.
They will open fire soon,
no, they already have.

K-Dawg jumps into the water,
and dives deep to take cover,
but Robot Version of K-Dawg
snaps its steel jaw full of razor teeth
onto our dear dawg,
biting him in two.
He sinks, bloody,
to the ocean floor,
premonitioning the fate
of his sea-family above.

* * * * *

Most common among
forms of protest in
The Newslamic Republic
is the driving-rally.

Crowds get in cars and just drive,
waving out their windows
banners and ribbons,
including the country's flag,
which is a flag within a flag,
a little off-center, with bold
color fields connecting edges
like an abstracted hallway
from 1-point perspective.

One family sits in a green car
in the bed of a pickup truck
they drive remotely.
"Watch out!" warns veiled woman in
red subcompact, who pulls in
her flag and puts up her
convertible top.
Sure enough, the green car and truck
are lifted in the air
enough for the two crane-workers
to slide down poles
and into the truck cabin,
taking control as it
returns to ground.

These hoodlums drive the family
to the trainyards,
where unspeakable
state-sanctioned horrors
await them.

* * * * *

On this, the
last day of class,
you want to leave a decent final impression,
and you want to wear your tan pants.
They're so muddy—how on Erth?
You'll have to go with
your reliable grey pair,
with the brown belt

kitty's chewing on.

In the class, you bathe in
the warm adulation of one student
who complements your audio software.
"It's sorta beautiful how you make
beautiful sounds out of noise," he says.
But you've already wandered away,
tapping on pipes and kitchenware
to see what sounds they make
(*das Nerdliche Ewigkeit*).

15.viii.13

T is giving a tour of campus,
and shows me the
Same-Sex Marriage Monument,
a smartly crafted marble cube
with interesting designs and textures
chiseled out, while still retaining
its cube-ness.

Next, she shows me
where that monument once stood,
and is now replaced
by the Opposite-Sex Marriage Monument,
which looks more like
a gravestone
with an inscription
that's just fragments
of ad copy
from the menu of a local greasy diner:
"Our tenderloins
are always fresh and juicy!
Rise'n' shine
with our steak'n'eggs breakfast!"
A couple of art critics
are sniffing around the work.
Most of them
have condemned it
for being
too deliberately PostModern.

But great art does move us,
and I do indeed
check out that diner
and order the power-breakfast.

20.viii.13
OK, so in this,
the Vast House of Feral Cats,
the nice young woman
leads you from room to room
to show you
where you might encounter ghosts.

You follow her
as she goes around one corner.
When you peek around it,
she's gone.
Oh, yeah, you get it:
she was one of the ghosts!

22.viii.13
This opening reel of the Western
has a few surprises,
as Ancient Badass
armed with only bow and arrow
(and then, a little later,
he pulls out an ultramodern laser-rifle),
he's able to kill the eight or ten
doods after him
on this high-plains
mountainy landscape.

What the opening does,
of course,
is set up his complete failure
against the newly rallied army.
He may yet prevail,
but not until the final reel.

* * * * *

As a pastoral interlude,
you're walking on the banks of
The Creek,
full, now,
of muddy brown
water, turbulent
with modern waste.

* * * * *

And now, you're back
in Fancyville, where you enter
the hip art gallery
that advertises
"Six-foot Blue Iguana",
the latest, hottest young band
of bored, pretty young people.
You ask the one guy in the band
how long they've had that name.
"About a year," he says.
"Because I saw this 6-foot
blue iguana made of concrete
last year, at the Emery Student Village.
Was that yours?" you ask.
"Nah, I went to Columbia,
not Emery," says guy.

Queeny Old Gallery Owner
adjusts the TV monitor
so we can see the band
framed by some crappy ceramic braids
draped over the edge of the screen.
You'd like to stay longer
and chat.
So that's what you do.

23.viii.13
On the hallowed stage
at the far-end of the basquet-ball court,
Home of the Bull-Dogs,

you try to remedy
the projected image
of the Russian Home-Movies
flickering on a slender glass case
empty of curiosities.
You try draping it with cloth,
floating the image on steam or smoke,
and finally, a folded piece of paper.
The latter produces the best result.
And remember, you're doing this
as the show's being projected
before the delighted or disappointed crowd
in your good suit.

You climb down from your rage
to find the technician lady quite short
using large mirror and fogs
humming a melody
"I admire your visage,
your life of Trippy-Groovys,"
you mention to her face,
which shines with ferocities.
Out from the mirror flies the moth,
you laugh a little but there was no joke.
Amid the spectators, the Soul-Raper
considers excuses - what he does: not his fault.
Don't forget you're showing his
ass being rejected
after the obnoxious or expectantly loud
roar of the alto-flute.

* * * * *

Approaching the young boy and girl
of oriental lineage, on the street,
you watch them collapse,
fall flat on their faces
each into a small puddle of water.
They will drown.
You pull out the boy,
DJ attends the girl,

and you do your best mouth-to-mouth.
Although she's not quite ded,
the girl's ghost
can manipulate their meepage-kat nearby
and have him wrap around
a street-pole, and
stick out his tongue in weird ways.

Then, the City Accountant
walks by them, and collects their numbers,
indicating they have checked out.
You tried your best,
but the ghost of the girl
will follow you awhile.

* * * * *

Your Kompanyon and you
polish the clunky wood-stairs
with a reagent not associated
with that purpose—perhaps
a mouthwash?
Nevertheless, the stairs sparkle.

You find the parallel entryway
to the small chapel-shed
where an 18th-century
British schoolboy named Whit, I believe,
is pointing out the medical cures
encapsulated in each of the delicate
fair-wood sculptures that line the walls.
Kompanyon is searching for a cure
for the illness of her child,
and Whit points toward a basket-like
woven-wood sarcophagus
with looped-yarn buttons
that you unfasten
to open it, revealing
the small wooden doll.
"Your babby has life.
There's your sickness," he says.

^ < V> ^ < V> ^

24.viii.13

Visiting EriKeff in Karolina.

He's in his black technosuit
wired with MoShun™ sensor gloves and shoes,
and as he moves around
a large nondescript metal pastrybox,
he produces a nondescript sickeningly sweet
music.

Readout on the monitor
indicates the emotional data content
of this music and performance.

But, he's cut himself
on a sharp edge,
maybe on some sharp emotional data point,
and while we don't see much blood,
he's in pain,
and calls to delay this part of the performance.

You take this break
as an opportunity to explore
EK's new place,
and the artifacts of his two roommates:
both nerdy guys,
one all Mr. Business, one Party-Slaquer.
There's also a smart
and funny young woman
who hangs with them all.

By now you realize
you're nothing more
than an observer on the set
of the popular reality show
"But Wait—It Gets Better".
In this episode,
the girlfriend of the woman
is desperately in debt,
owes \$70,000 to someone

or some institution.
She's trying to pawn
a watch or some alluring
strange astrolabe,
a piece of dinosaur technology,
belonging to her family.
The woman and her,
and a few other minor characters
wander around Karolina's
'Modular Keys'—a series
of miniature islands
one can walk between
in shallow water,
or plastic made to look like water.

At the pawnshop,
the owner instructs you and the woman
to climb shaky chairs stacked
one on another
to reach a delicate clock
made of a sand-dollar,
a once-living resident
of this beach.
It's a precarious task,
but you do it,
and through some transaction
involving clocks and small mechanical devices
you save the day!

26.viii.13
You're one of hundreds of workers
in this industrial Chinese factory.
Not sure what you make here,
but you're fed, and have a place to sleep
in exchange for endless days
of repetitive labour.

Now, it's supertime,
and everyone's in the cafeteria.
You sit across from your buddy,
and have somehow managed

to engage in a game of ping-pong
while eating.

Authorities notice this,
but instead of punishment,
you're both given the best meals,
some fancy lasagna, it seems,
green vegetables,
and for dessert,
whiskey-jello.
You're also given
a slightly larger table-tennis court,
and your game continues
between gulps of food.

* * * * *

Second act is where the thriller unfolds,
and we hear of plots nefarious
planted by the wife of a powerful industrialist,
to overthrow, perhaps.
These schemes always hatch
only after two years or so
of simmering in the aforementioned she-mind.

It will come down, as always,
to you, standing guard before
one of the factory doors.
It's your shift, and
important military figure approaches.
You ask for his papers,
even when all around you are a bit on edge.
"Can't you see who this is?" they ask.

Military Guy takes note
of your courage, or blind obedience,
or naive, homespun charm
or innocence of the way the world works,
and you get promoted!

28.viii.13

You're in this epic sci-fi fantasy film
that blurs the line between hard science
and dark majik.
It references every film in both genres
from the past 40 years:

Hero travels in time,
among other things.
He and Heroine organize
parties for the alumni of local
witchery schools, as numerous
as Art Institutes—another franchise.
They can just pass a glass
over the cemetery
to see spirits of the alumni
rise and fall
like they're doing *The Wave*
at a football game.
Some of the spirits pull
up with them an old coffin
with *Old Dood* in it,
and Hero chases them off,
to retrieve the casket.

Old Dood died at ninety,
and on the casket there's settings
for bringing him back to life
in his time, or in this time, or
you can set the time period
for him to return.
Lots of options.

You're sposta hold onto this coffin
even though some spirits might return
in the night and try to take it.
Hero instructs you how this won't happen
because of the way you've turned
the time-cards on the coffin.
That's a relief.
But you do have to keep it all dry,
which is difficult because of the

sprinkler system in this old mansion,
and another alumni party is taking place here.

Heroine must climb trees
to retrieve life-flames for Hero
to boost him up a little more,
but Nasty Raven appears and
takes away Heroine's life-flame!
Oh no!

Hero takes her limp body
starting to turn blue
from the tree.
He throws a small clay ball
into the sky, and it
flies off, under its own propulsion,
taking its place among stars.

This summons the time-craft,
which is a NASA shuttle-prototype
from the 1970's.

Hero puts Heroine's body
into the ship.
She's ded, but the ship
has to recreate the last
12 seconds before Nasty Raven
stole her life.
Hero's gotten her into the craft
just in time, although it's still
going to be difficult
to get those 12 seconds built!

While this is happening,
the Fourth Wall evaporates,
and you're on the movie-set
for this film, handling details
of the lighting.

A crew-woman hands you
the sheet for upcoming openings
on the next film.

"Your position is on the next sheet,"
she says.

You take the sheet from the Union Rep
on the set, and give him
some money (so you can be
off the clock while you look
at the positions-sheet, apparently).
Yes, there it is,
a call for Maestro-percussionist,
but are you really
that good at drumming?

31.viii.13

You're hosting a very cordial party
for your dear friends, at your cozy apartment
in New City.

To take the conversation
in a Western direction,
you find that old architectural model
of the home commissioned
by wealthy Psilikon Valley
Prince of Business and Tech,
Steve OnWeebs.

It's the famous Glass House,
built on a series of outcroppings of rock
on the Specific Coast.

A modern masterpiece
in this, our alternative history.
One by one, smaller glass enclosures
extend outward from the main house,
a set of rectangular glass boxes
connected with covered glass bridges
going from island to island.
From the air, it's a statement
trailed by ellipses.

"Have you been?" you ask T.
Surely, she's visited it—she lives just a few miles
away.
No, she shakes her head.
The house is now a national monument
and open to visitors,

except for the third floor,
the residence of the lesbian couple
who run the museum and giftshop.
You must've gotten your model there.
You look at it, and the scene
around the model dissolves
and becomes a familiar
rough coastal landscape.

* * * *

We arrive at a party in Glass House,
made to resemble one of Warhol's famous
Factory Bashes, the one
where guests are scheduled to arrive
exactly four minutes apart.
The Andy-stunt-double
shows this on a chart.
It's here we see that Steve's
lovely wife Zelda
runs a high-end escort service
almost as successful
as her husband's tech venture.
Her success is due
to an intricate phone-switching algorithm
based on her phone number—'n-e-c—n-e-c'.
Nobody knows she's running this,
nobody knows where she is,
and clients are bound to secrecy.

* * * * *

At the auction,
auctioneer's assistant helps you
lug this big, clunky flatscreen
with bunches of wires tied together
to form a single cable,
to the block.
Bidding starts at \$9K!
You remember
when you first saw that relic.

* * * * *

It was back at the mock-Warhol party.
You were there
when Steve unveiled this
prototype for a tablet-computer,
the closest you've ever been
to an historical figure and event.
"Let's demo it in the gym!" says Steve.
Everyone heads for the gymnasium in Glass
House,
and you follow, since it's your first time here.

Basketball game's in progress,
Steve and company take the court
with the huge tablet.
He's able to project
seventy-six clock images
onto the ceiling,
one for each year
starting in 1900,
that Steve's family had contributed
to the local basketball club or highschool
or some civic charity.
The clock faces
are each a minute apart,
so you really can't tell the time,
but the visuals are calming
as they float on the partly opaque
glass roof above you,
stars beyond that.

* * * * *

Just a few months later,
Steve's pale, on his deathbed,
putting down the phone,
surrounded by two of Zelda's
employees, one slightly pudgy woman,
one a particularly small Little Person,

both nude, with much rouge
and lipstick, highlighting
all lips, cheeks, and aureolas.
They're helping him
self-suck,
as his peen has been
recently relocated
to the middle of his chest.
This surgical procedure
apparently went wrong,
and complications set in.
"OK, Deth's here!"

* * * * *

Some time after funeral,
Zelda's watching TV.
It interrupts to a helicopter shot
of Glass House!
She answers the phone.
"It's me. You're going to see
the biggest traffic jam now!" says
her client, the bald black preacher
with an earring.
Outside, he lands the helicopter,
and she sees all her other clients inside.

Obviously, her fortunes are turning,
and soon all the press will arrive.
She boards the chopper,
and as they fly away,
she says to herself,
"The location changes
but the business goes on."

7.ix.13

"What's all the commotion?"
you ask no one in particular.
Your bus tour was just picnicking
in this meadowy area,
and now it seems

everybody's running toward the bridge
with their boarding pass.
BabbyOates shouts your name
in the distance—who invited him?

On the bridge you follow
some of your bus-mates
to the ticket counters.
There, you must be validated,
so it will not delay the tour
when the bus winds its way
into Canadia, briefly,
then back to the States.

* * * * *

Back at Twins' Room,
you encounter BrienGenFrend,
and discuss with him
his experiences as an improv
trumpeter in Europa.
"Must've been great, knowing
your nuances and historical referencing
would be appreciated, eh?" you say.
"No, man, it was, like,
They all didn't, none of 'em
paid any attention to that." he says.
"You can use a pin to make a tiny hole
in the balloon behind the
rubber human embouchure,
and they liked that,
but they were a tough crowd."

13.ix.13
So many fragments
over the past weeks:

Dad, unusually angry at you
over something trivial,
in this case toilet paper.

Sexing the Ex
with her NuHubby
looking on.

The happy girl
living the charmed life
curled up with Moodge,
and able to play accordion
lying on her back,
with cat atop her
and her instrument.

On the third flight to Roma that day,
the previous two also piloted
by the same guy flying this plane.
Isn't he really exhausted?
Now he must take off,
but the runway has many puddles of icy water
some of them a few inches deep.
We start to take off.
I see a toy plane
following a zig-zag path
before it falls into the cornfield.
Oh, wait that wasn't a toy,
that's the plane we're on!

14.ix.13

You've got to admit
life's gotten much easier
since you installed your
self-trimming fingernails
and toenails.
Very clever technology:
tiny lasers just clip
down to the cuticle,
and end just falls off.

You're returning to the hotel
with your friends
and they all get this idea
you should play piano for them

even though it's late.
You protest, "No, because
I always feel I hafta play
something traditional or
non-offensive or very quiet
when I play other peoples' pianos.
They probably expect to hear
something recognizable,
like some old Irish ballad,
like 'In the Sweet Low-Down', or
'JoAnne's Got Her Mama's Ass'."

* * * * *

You've had to unpack
lots of junk you should probably
throw away: tapes, plastic thingys.
You find the small game-controller
that Scoffee sought,
and give it to'im.

Two other guys sit before
the big screen, one with his guitar.
They're making a songtrack
using this great new software
that shows the two as very abstract monsters
moving abstract, organic weird shapes around.
This produces the music.

15-18.ix.13
(really draft)
wedding reception
baseball game
shirts
walking between these places
charlie thanks you

22.ix.13
Sometimes it's fun
to ascribe to a person
some quality or character

because even if you're 100% wrong,
you'll still see that quality
reflected in them
or in you.

Like with GeeKnee-Sun
and Mark Lite, who won
a boon from his late master,
and is found back in school, learning song,
Big responsibility
invested in him.
Whoop-de-do!

They are both living too fast,
as you reckon that trait within yourself.
She's got sunken eyes,
but remains bright.
He's entering the doorbell-ringing
remote apparatus
to play a goof on his friends.

But machine hurls him off the cliff, past
layers of city built in a grass shelf.
When friends come to realize
he's at the door alright,
they cut the rope he clings to, dangling
but scrambles, grabs that mesh
toss'd over folks like fish-ends.

* * * *

The next chapter has Mark Lite telling
his tale of bravery and pluck
to us as we gather to hear
how he supports daughters and daughter's
daughter.
How he survived that day
amid all the snares and traps laid by his
frenemies,
I'll not say.

But later, old professor wailing

"Who is this 'Joe'—what word-use lack?"
I pipe up, "It's a noun, I fear,"
I am greeted with peals of sneery laughter.
Professor turns away,
I follow him to an arbor rich in piney trees:
there we pray.

* * * * *

Brandon our accidental hero
has been duped, it seems.
Those evil MultiLindas have stolen his body
and placed within it a mind they can control,
and put his mind in a body
they can manipulate from afar.

When he realizes this: "Ah, no!
Such black-liquid dreems
They intend on my life, but I shall not let it be!"
He jumps on laser-frame, cuts a 4-inch hole
'cross his somatic cavity
and horrifies the crowd with his roar*.

(* yeah, I know, Servetus)

23.ix.13
In the new home/homoerotic version
of *Sign-Fell'd*,
(in which Jerry does not appear),
George and NewMan are
constantly found in closets
licking each other's ears.

NewMan is doing a comedy bit
dressing up as Hitler,
and telling a joke where
Hitler tells his mother
the definition of 'dick'
now means 'dick'
while it used to mean 'whistle'.

NewMan's Hitler is bald,
and the moustash is not quite right.
"Oh, you gotta know everything about Hitler
these days, to play him right," he tells you.
He has a clear plastic visor on his
military hat, that also has a sunroof
of plastic, where he's scribbled
various Hitler facts.

24.ix.13

You see the break in the concrete
a circular opening,
covered in rotting boards.
Two calico cats jump out
and run away.
Then, he comes out.
We'll call him The DeeMun,
because his head is dethy,
although he has a pretty good haircut.
He's dressed in a fuzzy yellow
duck suit, with stubby wings for arms.
He rises from the ground, slowly,
but with a steadiness and certainty.

"Go to Hell! Go to Hell!
GahDamm you to Hell!" you yell.
It's no damn good.
Probably you should get outta here.

25.ix.13

There's this great fight scene
in the latest Bond film
where he's doing battle
in tuxedo with a woman,
dressed in concert black.
The weapons they use are,
he, a 'cello, and she, a double bass.
It's vicious!

27.ix.13

First, you participated

in the fast-food slavery survey,
which was just a waste of time.
Then, as you walked near your car,
there was a man standing by the corner,
who walked up to you,
and started reaching for something
in his pocket.

You quickly threw him down
into the soft mud,
holding his head under
with your handy steering-wheel
jacklock bar,
and after a messy struggle,
he stops moving.
Can you believe
how easy it was
to kill someone?

2.x.13

I, like practically
everybody else,
would have advised you not
to proceed with
your new art project,
but there you go:

You're laying big sheets of plywood
—big as beds—
in the pig-mud of the pig-yard.
DJ warns you the kitties
will get all dirty,
and there they are,
sniffing around the wood and dirt!

3.x.13

I can't help but notice
You and Lor-A
seemtabee hitting it off,
and this has been noticed,
as you're announced as a couple.

You two are sharing a FrAngelica
with a bit of chocolate floating in it.
LorA takes the melting chocolate
between her anxious fingers
and smears it on the side of your neck.

You are going to be
getting some,
as we would say.

6.x.13
Traveling in the Great West again,
Past the Cardboard Mountains
To E-Town.
You and Bobby Shell
examine historical records
of the region:
nothing much here
before 1865,
when railroads came.
All these developments followed.

You both wear caps backwards,
and you remark how
you both look like
sons of pioneers.

Looking at the globe in the study
you are overcome
with depression
over the entire nations
in the Mid East
that must live on the underside
of out-croppings of mountains
always hanging from ropes.
Life is not always so easy.

9.x.13
A white suit
(maybe ivory, maybe snow-white,

sometimes really light grey),
a WorldWar 2 trinket
assessed in its value
by Unkul Dood,
and The Father
entering the door
before The Brother.

10.x.13

Both parents are hounding you:
"Oh, now look what you did!"
"Yes, the soft drinks are mutating!"
Your Mom's right—they are!

With six or seven people
living in our apartment
it's a wonder there are
only occasional orgies.

16.x.13

Hey! There's many events,
but you don't know anybody!

Hey! An Indian woman
and her daughter
perform an informative
and helpful
genitalia demonstration!

Hey! You hang out
in a grocery store
with all the young Jooish Boyz
all dressed in white shirts,
and ties,
and yamikas

Hey! You're in a Maze-Game,
and it's three times harder
than any other maze-game
on the planet.

Jeez-Hey! You're swimming
near hHollywoodland Beech,
avoiding large fish
that squirm
nearby.

Hey! Other swimmers
on alt-part of beach yell
for help,
announcing, "Blood In The Water!"

Hey! You get your pails
and plastic tubs in order.
You can catch
the Terky-Germs
as you carry this stuff
to the shore,
priorities shift,
and you're at
the community piknik.
Your old violin
is in the pile of instruments
to be donated,
so you take that back.

Hey! One dood is opening
a bottle of white wine
but it shoots out
like champagne.
You sit next to him
at the piknik table.
He explains
that CIA-Color Engineering Test
kids got when he was growing up
and learning the violin - it
was a set of colored yarns
and wires
that would snap on
the fingerboard,
producing all sorts of patterns.

26.x.13

And, we're off

to visit Community Trashyard-Slash-Old Folks'
home,

Dad and me, and the Twines.

Heaps of trash, in orderly rows:

this should keep us busy.

Dad wanders off, I hop on one pile

of chairs and office equipment—

quite a lot of wiring, cables, connections

to lamps and peripherals I could probably use—

and over to the other side, so I can approach

MainHouse, where the Olds are fed and die.

When iAnne goes inside, I approach.

iLynn and iAnne go inside

iLynn waits outside, I try to say hi

to her & her minimilitant son age 5 or so

"least you don't need your wheels, handcart"

I say, and go into a scene from *The Keys*

("How you can tell me to push things around. . .)

with Steven Carosel. Sheen says, "yeah,

that's from the key's, right."

We check out side room, neat bedroom

everybody hasta see hand-sketched

drawing of Stalin on wall (not Lenin).

"Damn liberals!" says Paw.

At communal eating hall, I almost swipe

someones' samich, but put it back -

why deprive someone who really wants it?

Lots of beans, hotodogs, etc.

I cut out archetectural forms and letters on this

foamcore nearby, and discover what's cut away

is more interesting as forms.

I turn to take Dad to the teller window,

pay for his lunch (dinner).

When I return, my foamcore is gone . . .

I go to the dock, the dumpster-dock,

along the way, run into Drewgal, ask if she saw
my stuff,
she's actually the one who threw it away.
"Oh, that was art?" she asks,
"Yes, Art: the thing that is useless,
yet ultimately binds everything together in
meaning," or something
lofty, pretentious, ugly, I say to her.

I walk past her, to dumpster dock,
on the way, I say hi to cans of tuna,
one of which is Stephen, one of the Oats
Brothers
(it's actually David).
Stacked near other piles of trash
is my little art project, neatly
wrapped in plastic.

AEC and other women gather around the area
before we leave
to Junkyard.

I want to see her again,
explain how things were,
how they could've been,
but I don't get that opportunity.
We hafta go to the junkyard

[from previous nites: a 'kicker' is a flirtatious
woman you make out with,
but can't get too far,
before she brings you to a mexican mobster
who taunts you with his money
(a half-million-pound note from the UK)
then shoots your ear off
when you mouth off to him how it doesn't
impress you—
your ear rings, and you go into shock.]

28.x.13

I mention to ScatMan
how it will be good to go to NewCity,
and mingle with some producers
and others in the industry.

Back in the loft,
hangin' out with the guys
SlackySnarkyBoy comments
on how well I've packed
for the trip to NewCity:
a mask, some jackets, a copy
of a book I haven't yet read
(*Park Entries* by Mark Park).

I dial up the playing queue
on the moviemachine,
The colleague woman had
left her phone with me
so I could watch the latest
Animal-Z video on it.
I don't know how to run these things.
You fold out the vibrating arm part,
flip open the head, find the play button.

The movie I play for the doods
is where strong, independent
tall blonde dances along the dried-up
urban riverbed, part naked and
part in highest punk fashion.
She then looks at her stomach,
that's covered in black leeches.
They burrow into her, devouring her innards.

Later in the video, I remember I had a cameo
playing compound-accordion.
Wife reminds me we had scheduled
our sex-tournament and tax-audit
for the same time and place.
Then, everybody follows the procession

outside to the courtyard,
where everyone assembles, dressed in
black robes with hoods,
and holding high their blue electric torches
and blowing on their blue tiny-trumpets:
it's *The Jewish Festival of Robots!*

1.xi.13

The story of Three Brothers
winds its way around our hearts
and minds, at times.
Eldest Brother, John,
was once the center of the story,
with beautiful wife, and a kid.
She left him, for the middle brother,
who was the wild one,
and I'm the youngest brother,
whose job it is
to write all this down.

The beautiful wife
(now of the wild brother)
looks out the window,
smiles with the pain
of not being able
to bear this place.
Wild brother
celebrates in the
restaurant with all the
metal recording discs
on the walls,
they are called AC-discs.

He and I must figure out
the software, that measures
events or people,
converting them to numbers.

Everyone remembers the expert musicians
who came to town,

and pushed the music beyond its limits
so that the Revolution began,
that iconic pitchfork
hurling in slow motion
until it is planted in the chest
of the authority-figure.
It's so nostalgic now.

(As we're all watching this
in the Fambly Theatre,
Wild Brother comes up behind my seat
and, leaning over me,
tries to poke out my eye
with a hideous, multipurpose
pair of pliers.
I catch him just in time.
Thwarted, he pauses,
retreats, and snips off
just a sliver of my earlobe.
This makes blood pour

from the pitch-fork wound
of Authority, who's walking around
in shock, saying, "I feel
some pressure here," as he
places his hand on his
pierced breastbone.)

During SnowFestival Supper,
Everyone sits at the table.
"Do I hear some John-music?"
the Father asks his eldest son,
the one who's wife and kid left,
the one who's been in a bit of a collapse
since then, even though
that was years ago.
"Yes, a little," he replies,
humming or muttering to himself.

18.xi.13
Easing back to the Word,

you hang out in the Temp building,
where choral practice is held.
There are pamphlets on tables,
including the one you advise Dawnal
to take,
the one by the woman who's appointed herself
Queen of all Right Causes,
and she is after you
for some infringement
of propriety or other modern view.

19.xi.13

These letters I get from Genso
are duplicates, and written in rebus.
I take them from their envelopes,
subtly watermarked with soft-core porn.

I read and am transported to
this fairly lively party
with a number of beautiful people
as well as the quirky.
BlondeBoy tells me
about his theatre,
then shares a painkiller pill
with me.
Always good to bond
over prescription drug abuse.
FrenchGuy points me to
the liquoer cabinet
for a spicy Alsascian brandy.
I try it; it tastes not yet finished.
Not complete.

Above the sink,
I spot what everybody's talking about:
the Century Muscilage Worm
that embeds into the wood molding
or onto pipes and hibernates
about a hundred years.
This one is big: about four feet long
and maybe four or five inches in diameter.

This one's named *Sika*.

Still, there's anxiety at this party,
as I remove the broccoli that's sprouting
from my toes, and clear away
some of the grass and dirt
that's filled my left ear.
Behind the piano, wasps are
hatching, transforming from
the black larvae of their previous state.
I can take the whole clump of hive
out to the yard to burn it.
That will need be done soon.

Time now for the entertainment,
and it's my little opera
based on Israelites in bondage in Aegypt,
Moses brings a plight upon Pharohe,
causing the floor supporting his riches to rot and
break.

21.xi.13
She says:
"I love to see you drunk
or stoned
or high.
I love what that does
to your declension!"

* * * * *

The Story of the Three Sisters

(where you are
ostensibly, and by proxy,
invited over to The House
by The Father
so as to be an adult-surrogate
while said parents are
carousing about the town:

You begin a scholarly
and rigorous
investigation
of Youngest Daughter
and her most erogenous
of Zones.

This results in much
ambiguity and sighing,
and the realization
that all the world
is governed by such
diff'rences in the JenDar.

So much then transpires
that you forget your obligations
toward Smallest Brother.
He's superamused by
such as videogames, and
other rich interrogations
of technology by arte,
or viceversa.)

is interrupted by
a return to that lunch
with LiSaw,
where you asked her:
"OK, so like,
do you have a boyfriend,
or many boyfriends,
or a gurlfrend?"
to which she replies, "Yes."

You then ask,
"OK, so, like
is he/she/they The One?"
to which she replies
a pre-Web 2.0 response
that corresponds to "meh . . .".

You sip your borscht,

which, with your stirring-in
of the sour cream,
becomes *The Pinkest of All Foods*
(note to editor:
please provide the French
translation here, as it
most likely shall achieve
virallity - -).
Here's whatchya say:

"OK, so, like,
I get that,
oh, yeah, like, but,
if you discover
like, so, like, they're not,
like, you know,
<<*The One*>>,
remember,
you always have,
like, someone
to turn to".

You might also mention,
like, you know,
there's plenty of fishintha
Cee's.
(*This coming from*
a hungry fish.)

Or,
you might not.

Or.
You could very simply,
and elegantly,
divert the conversation
in other directions,
picking up cues
(which you've never been good at),
and reconstructing a strategy
(which you've been worse-at),

for this particular
seduction.

23.xi.13

She's playing *Bump Together*
with John C. and Julius Howard.
It is mildly amusing.
Next, they all walk out of this house,
the ultrasleek modern one built
on an overhang high above the canyon.
They look at the screens draped
just above the cliff, and watch
the projection-show.
This too, is mildly amusing.

Walking back inside,
they are now woven into
the narrative fabric
of the latest StarTrek episode,
where the crew is putting on *The Scottish Play*,
and Scotty is playing the King.

Ryker is in the wings
and he shoots an arrow through Scotty's chest,
but to one side, so as not to be fatal.
Still, that's gotta hurt,
and one lung must be punctured.
"Why'd ya go an' do that, man?" asks Scotty.
"We just gotta get you off stage, now!" says
Ryker,
and he takes Scotty to SickBay.

What we find out is that CharlieEvil,
the boy that Kirk is trying to mentor
or role-model (you remember
how well that one turned out, right?),
was planning to kill Scotty during the play.
Good thing Ryker shot him with that arrow, first!

Kirk tries to explain to CharlieEvil
he shouldn't use his mind-powers

to get rid of someone's face
because, well, they wouldn't be able to breath,
for one. And it's just wrong.
He explains using graphics of himself and the
boy:
his graphic is labeled "The Ladder",
and the boy, "The Independent".

Later in a sub-plot,
there's a StarTrek orgy
in full swing.
The awkward new ensign
(played by Steve Carell in a guest role).
is about to go down on Uhura
and decides to ask her, "So,
do you use your math skills a lot in your job?"

28x.xi.13
Maybe if I had been there
instead of here, now,
I would be equally despernicisous
for the livelihood
afforded the protestant missionary man:
something so attributed to the gates of propriety,
so that the young lady in cotton dress,
or one without any clothing,
could be cajoled by a European missionary man
to surrender her womanity to the dood,
so he can Christianize her,
and church her over so hard,
that she becomes a churched mother!
And bears the churcherman his sire!
Yeah, this is the civilized way!
Turky, turky, trooth turkey!

And then the
oh, wait, I've run out of patience
for those of pre – 1970's mentalities,
oh, whoops, that's
an earlier caveman version of duh me?
But then I found out

how to dig turtleworms
out of the ground,
and turn them into French treats!

But the the winds came,
and turned the gasses of one's bottom
into cranberries!
And then the rhapsodic bats
flew into the ghostly sex-bottomed cows
that were used to Pro-Kree-8™
vampire-zombyhood-cyborg-robots,
known as the candy-ass-machines!

And then they began,
right now,
to derive higher mathematical functions
from such blessed unions,
from the blessed doozers
that were the non-spatual slappers
who have such differences that *fahck-you-up*.

"Wait, Ward,
there's something the matter with the Beaver!"
"No, there shall be grand sexiness
in all the non-Krosschian werlds!"
"Who phaerted?"

1.xii.13
It's unfortunate
you accidentally sent
all those files to your sister.
Some will be quite embarrassing.
Your dad needs help
on his laptop,
but it's more of a homemade computer
from the 1970's, in a wooden box
with a joystick.
"What'd you pay for this? \$50?" you ask him.
How does he expect
to get anything done with it?

You hafta wait
outside Manju's moat-encircled palace,
watching as the Lurkers do.
As if a little water would stop them!
One Lurker, a young woman
in blue jeans and Western top
floats by, playing drowned
but winks at you,
and you push her out
away from the shore
with your handy straight-broom.

Later inside the mansion
you and a bunch of Manju's buddies
have a game of billiards
until the dessert cart arrives.
Bananas Fosters for everyone!

3.xii.13

The *Reality Veritas* TV show
determines how much of what we see
is verifiable truth,
and we are being considered
for inclusion in the international version
of the show,
being scrutinized by the Irish Republican Army,
because that is what they do best,
in a wood-interior chalet cabin,

They like our GarbageMan project,
where we teach kids to throw everything away
by stuffing it in a form of huge, jolly
plastic container in the shape of GarbageMan,
sort of our own cheap knock-off of
a Mario Brothers character.

But, TallGal realizes
a script she wrote in the 1990s
will not pass muster,
thus sabotaging our groop from advancement.
She grabs the manuscript—

must be 800 pages long!—
and tosses it into the fire
where we are burning boxes.
One of the Irish grab a few pages,
looks them over.

They'll probably instead choose
Dr. Jeena Bility
who's sort of a serial academic,
and whose escapades
have been recently documented
on HollywoodGossipShow.
From Muntana to Kaintucky
and across many states for many years
this person has converted into an institution,
taught a few classes, usually shacking up
with one of the beautiful
enthusiastic grad students,
before leaving for another place
breaking hearts and contracts,
undermining careers, programs, etc.

The Defunding occurs
in a wood-interior chalet cabin
as the entire crew comes in from the snow
and BradScott announces, "We are,
for all intents and purposes,
bifurcatedly screwed!"
AltJoey, in his electric wheelchair
chimes in about this production
being bought out
and rescued by NancyMan.
He is so wrong about that.

But The Process
is clearly delineated
in a wood-interior chalet cabin
with interior spa-pool.
One dives to the bottom of the pool
with the words printed on strips of animal hyde
that one wishes to use.

Then, one watches
the KoalaMoodge
paddle around inside a nearly transparent bubble
on the top of the water.
What could be more clear?

The Finality
in the wood-interior log-cabin
revolves around the RifleDood
getting ready to shoot.
His rifle is about twelve feet long,
and once he wrestles it to the cabin window,
he takes careful aim.
Pew!

5.xii.13
Assassination attempt
on young SpyGal
(the one with short cropped
blond hair,
in a smart white pantsuit
and carrying a sexy gun)
fails—whew!—but not out
of lack of originality.

Assassin had thrown at her
The Frizbee-Disc of Deth,
made of two clay discs
gun fanciers use as targets
sandwiching a more sinister
razor steel disc
intended to slice through flesh and bone.

The disc cuts clean through
A porcelain flowerpot
Just above SpyGal,
She jumps away just in time.

You were witnessing this,
But now you walk across the street
To the Community Coed Shower

And wait in lines of men and women intermixed,
Waiting for your turn in shower.
A certain "Terrance Schmidt" approaches you,
And recognizes you as an accountant,
Or perhaps he's the accountant.

After your shower,
In the restaurant-bar,
a frumpy version of SpyGal
(maybe her sister),
drinking next to you,
measures your head.

Her own head is odd-shaped,
But she's funny.
"We both look like big puppets!"
she tells you.
You use a moiste towellette
To wipe quaesedilla from your hands.

After the bar,
You hit the Antique Shop
Where everything bears the stamp
Of a certain "Terrance D. Merrill,"
Whose motto is, "We will serve you
During or Before
The Next World War."

14.xii.13
Netty must be visiting
she's gotten up and gone outside
you hear this from your bedroom,
then peek out all the windows
trying to see who's out there.

Nothing at first,
then a baby-blue
very ornate old pick-up
with a couple guys inside.

Dad advises us to hide.

My place of choice
is The Pit,
which he has recently
re-furbished,
although the floor is wildly uneven
because he's used the carpet
to cover whole piles of junk.
So that's where all that went!

The Pit is in The Basement,
a few steps down from it,
with its own quaint wooden door.
It's completely empty
except for the bumpy carpet.
You sit on one of the bumps
lotus-style.

* * * * *

Back at SemiHole Apartment,
walking into the kitchen,
you glance at
the two naked women on your couch.
One was a former flame,
one is your current flame.
They're just hanging out,
slouched forward,
not saying anything.

Past the kitchen,
into a different livingroom,
is a younger woman on the bed.
You talk a while, then you drop
your plastic pitcher of icewater
but also your alarm-clock
which breaks into its many wires,
electronics, and black plastic parts.
You mop up the spilt water
with a towel and collect the pieces.

15.xii.13

What does one wear
for The End of the World?
You're putting on
a white oxford Manshirt
over your black tee.
Your assistant attaches
small stick-on labels
on each of the buttons,
each with the name
of a certain deity
in charge of a certain portion
of The End.
Predictable, the names
are exotic-sounding:
Rotar-uh, Harpoo, Slandverge,
and so forth.

Before The End,
you gather with CowOrkers
around the meeting table,
where the pamphlets are distributed.
Each pamphlet,
in trifold brochure form,
is designed for just one person,
and holds instructions
for the performance to come,
as well as a grid describing
categories of events one might expect
after The End.

You saw your pamphlet
briefly, then it was gone,
maybe shuffled under
dozens of other pamphlets.
Nevertheless, you must attend
to the performance, where
you instruct your colleagues
(all in white oxfords with the
stick-on labels)
how to sing this piece:
how you have to focus

only on your pitch
and not listen to anyone else.
This takes some time to explain.

17.xii.13

Frotteur the Snowman

You're in the desert,
fixing an electronics-board
enclosed in a tablet-case.
The structural screws must be removed first,
and it really needs to be done
upside down to do it right.
Very frustrating,
like all your attempts
at being 'handy'.

* * * * *

This house has its own personality
at night (maybe personalities?),
and in bed with wife,
just on the edge of sleep
you feel the GhostCats
padding around your feet.
You wake with a start,
it's nothing, you go back to bed.

You wake again—
Stryfoam Snowman
is on your wife in bed!
He's in the shape
of a water molecule:
head, in center,
with two ball-bodies
on either side,
at the familiar angle.
He's in a big bag
of clear, crunchy plastic,
and has smaller atomic-model
snow balls attached with toothpicks.

You remove Snowman in his bag,
proceed to Kitchen.
"How'd that get in?" you both ask.
You would have been able
to do this more effectively
if you didn't have
to shut the fridge,
which was partly open,
due to Wife having put
the crossmass wrapping paper
in tubes, inside.

"What's that scratchy,
radio-static-y noise?" asks Wife.
You both investigate
the kitchen screen-door
with screen partly detached.
Outside, NayBer Lady and
her two very young children,
strolling about.
Wife talks with her and kids.
"What are they doing
out so late?" you ask Wife later.
As they leave,
You realize our indoor cats
have now become outdoor cats.
You try to grab DaBeest,
but he takes off
through the house
and returns again outside,
exactly from where he jolted.
*(DaBeest is now
a young-angry-man-in-a-hoodie-cat
and you push his head into the grass.
He responds as if mentally damaged.)*

This means your house
is more porous, osmotic
than you would like.
Down the hall to Brother's Room,

you find the South Window
opens way too easy,
and the storm window is gone!
There's footprints
dashing away in the snow.
"OH, MOTHER FACTORIES!" you scream,
violated.

* * * * *

On the bright brown
gymnasium-turned-dancefloor,
you're dancing with colleagues
in 4-square dances
but you're really drunk!
Perspectives spin and shift.
This might be a funny, sad disaster.
Still, you can do
the 4-quarter spins on your right heel,
but then you gotta insert this move
in the other choreography,
involving the other three members
of your four.

Ruth is amused by your
lack of center
and impaired balance.

* * * * *

Now in the pool
in front of The Flanders-Hubris Hotel
with the imperial Roman theme
you're floating on the water
with LesterHips.
"We were here before,
right? For one of your 'events'?" you ask him.
"Here, or somewhere
like here," he replies.

You're out of the water,

dried off,
and approaching the lobby.
Looking on the carpet
as you dry your hair,
you find a bunch of bills,
about \$35.
You don't say, "Hey, did
anybody lose some money?"
because everyone would claim it.
You put it in your satchel.

"All this trashy paper!" you think,
as you're helping clean up
the lobby area.
Now, you must instruct two guys
to move Heatherleen's construction-sculpture
to one of the marble pedestals
in the sculpture garden
by the pool outside.
Her sculpture is a boxy pyramid
about nineteen inches on each edge,
made up of many smaller boxes
of many sizes,
cardboard shipping packages,
matchboxes,
usw.
The visual themes include
playing-cards
and documents with personal information.

As they start moving the pyramid,
a squirrel-mechanobug skittles from the boxes
and you try to catch it.
When you do,
you notice it's one of those new
people-aware humorbug™ robots
that can sniff all the mobile devices in a room
and figure out who's in the room
and make funny comments
about those people,
and even come on to them.

This is a big hit with my colleagues,
and we move the fun to the cafeteria.
You order chocolate cake and
a beefbacon cheezeroast sammich.
The counter help is both shocked and delighted
at your choice.
Out of meat-shame, you change your selection
to salat-und-p-soop.
But how will you pay for this?
Right, the money you found on the floor.
Instead, you try paying
with the satire-currency
you always carry with you
that looks like real money,
but is printed with sayings like,
"Oh, this country is broke!" and
"One Gazillion Dollars, pay up!"
accompanied by drawings
of the latest comic celebrities
where the prezdints should be.
You improv a dialog around these characters,
although your speech is slurred and stammerly.

This, too, is a big hit with your colleagues.
There's more hilarity with the squirrel-robot-bug,
and an awkward moment when
you're returning your plates
and dump some soop onto a cheesecake
on the dessert-cart.
"Don't worry, I'll make it right!" you assure your
friends.

Now, time for more dancing
in the folk-style
around the dance-track
in the arcade room.
You want to dance
with Beautiful Young Couple,
but by the time you make it to them
around the circle,

they're already on blankets
right on the dance floor,
messin' around!

So, instead,
you're paired with
Persian Dood and his sons,
who expect you to lead,
and you're not too familiar
with this dance.
It makes more sense
for you to work your way
over to the screen-console
and begin a video tutorial,
again with the stammering voice,
and even though one girl in the audience
is bored, and even rudely announces this,
you make it all the way
through the lesson.

* * * * *

Your new, old best bad friend
is really urging you to suicide
each time you meet.

He's more engaged with deth than life,
more motivated by deth than life,
and you know
if you quit him,
you will be permitted to complain,
as complaining is
of the domain of glamour.
You take comfort in this.

19.xii.13
Home alone,
getting ready for bed,
I creep
down to the basement.
There, Mom's making her bed,

and I may have startled her.
We walk outside
and through our pasture
by the creek,
dry in places,
on "the way of the dinosaur."

White Brahmone
(this bull) travels ahead
to steep
creek-bed displacement
and crosses where he's led.
"They cross where we want'em ter,"
says Mom (slight pride).
I puzzle on her
bearing (weak),
only traces
do remain of her demeanor.

* * * * *

I recoil, before this
account I heard
of dood who's released from prison,
and standing with Carrie.
Car comes screeching
around the corner,
Must be going a hundred,
hits and kills her.

"That was for me!" says His
Royal Jailbird.
TV reporter will listen
and tell the story he
zyoosta preaching:
"I have a boner
at the sight of much fierce red.
Back to you, sir!"

29.xii.13
Scenarias miss

the point as you drive your car
past hills, flying,
vast mountains of smoke,
a road, not unfamiliar:
scenic backdrop.

Colorado's home for homely folks,
You're the smug outsider
seeking someone
recovering from a fall.
People here are thin,
world-views here you can shake up
with your private hell,
lightening their balm.
You don't know why
such darkness in your mind moulded.

Intensions such as these
makes you popular with the bad-boys.
Your passive-aggressive email
bigger than Mountana
was a big hit.
Its permutations
painful, deeply felt,
too bad-ass to speak.

Chubbies filled with hate
served as your role-model-thing
when you grew up—that's true!
It's no wonder you contempt folks so.
Note the things you must do:
Pay attention, be who yo-wanna be,
Be in command
of anatomical
parts that you kiss,
Create those admir'd myoosikul toons,
Be no freak.

* * * *

Your joke goes like this:

"A guy walks into a bar,
and he's trying
to think of a joke
where a guy goes into a bar,
as the setup.

"He doesn't remember any jokes.
Instead, the bartender,
a blond woman,
not unattractive at all,
but because she's in
Amerikan Klown Make-up,
she's a little, well,
frightening, but calm.
She asks the guy
if he'd like his drink blind-folded."

"Intrigued, he says, "Yes, please,"
expecting her to cover his eyes.
Instead, she hands him a cocktail
with a small bandana
wrapped around it.
Three perforations
like Orion's belt
appear on her cheek."

As you contemplate
the deep world of suffering
that's just opened to you,
You entertain a scenario
where the joke is on you:
Bent Ruffian, listening carefully,
takes awl in hand,
and with a comical,
"You mean, like this?"
performs the described personal wounds
on your cheek.

30.xii.13
Jake Comet
recognized his downward spiral.

He sought help spiritual/digital
(not what you think):
bathed in Ricotta.

Hoping this would lead to re-burth,
he soon began to pout
when it proved uneventful.
But what lies beneath
his mask is pretty icky.
Pathetic dood, he's all jokey-laffy,
revealing his great ManChild flaw.

Spouting wisdom from Reddit
he believes he has a great solution
when you aren't so amused
and think him the fool:
"Suck my Pyjamas!"
he says, but he worries
he attracts The Gays.
Nah! He turns to chocolate cake,
sport, kids, porn, dogs, or ManKave fantasy
(Rubber hoses
might beat sense into him!). See
ennui take its toll.
But he'll remain unconscious 'till defeat
of his heart-beating sound.

* * * * *

MaReeb drives us around,
I watch DJ sleeping in the back seat.
She is beautiful.
Arriving at Lbrary,
MaReeb shows us
how the 3D printing technology
has enabled them to make
Wonderful displays
of BibLikol stories,
and dioramas,
all for SundaySkool.
I'm a little confused,

because this is a state institution
(Oh, OK, now I get it).

In the Printing Kitchen, I gnaw
on very tasty salt-water taffy,
but it's extremely sticky,
and pulls at my teeth,
so I need to be careful
not to pull my teeth out.
This is more trouble than it's worth.

Besides, you gotta
clean up the sink,
filled with this organic/industrial
goop that's like a growing, viral
fake vomit.

6.i.14

Main event: in an auditorium,
packed with people,
hard to find good seats.
you get separated from your party,
and parties that arrive together,
sit together,
and are named as one thing.

You've messed all that up
because you've wandered
to other rows of bleachers,
always trying to find
a better seat.

13.i.14

At the rustic picnic
(or maybe it's a barbeque joint),
you sit between
dood friend and Petite Smart Gurl.
She's got her laptop open
and the screensaver
is running a slideshow.
It's the ceiling of a great cathedral,

done in an ornate style.
"That's so much more ornate
than, what is it, the Greek,
Classical Style," you say.
You really don't know
what you're talking about.
PSG gives you a look that says,
"You really don't know
what you're talking about."
"Where is this?" you ask.
"It's the Sarajevo Church
in Madrid or Japan," she says.

Next on the screen
is the scene from Casablanca 2,
where Rick and the Military Dood
are sitting at the bar.
A big cockroach is crawling
on Rick's shoulder,
and Military Dood
flicks it off him.
"You see, my friend,
we are all just bugs," he says.

19.i.14
The Story of Space-Psycho
is not really so interesting,
there's just the exotic sci-fi setting
and a mystery mad-man
running around, killing people.

In this space-station-castle-mansion-mall,
we don't know at first
who Space-Psycho is,
but we have a hunch.
He's dressed all i' black,
and carries a blocky,
super-hi-tech handgun.

He's hunting, carefully,

those who know his identity
but sometimes, whole side-rooms
of people hanging out
or eating supper
or talking to clowns
gets gunned down by him.
Amazing nobody investigates
rooms full of shot people
on this space station!

He's going to shoot
HeroGuy and HeroGal,
because they're onto him,
but first he must
take care of NaturGal,
who has a patina of spiritual knowing
and long brown hair.
She rides past the immense
interior river that's part of this station
on her great horse
the color of bright rust.

Space-Psycho throws horse and rider
into the river,
and partially drowns the stallion
before cracking its neck
and shooting it in forehead.
(Like Erth-dwelling psychos
he can be a little redundant
in his killing.)

NaturGal and he
both stand in the rapids,
as he's about to shoot her,
taking aim, with great deliberation.
"I know who you are!" she says.
He fires, and she expires,
saying, "I hate you!"
(which I thought was
just a little unlikely,
after taking a bullet to the head,

and being spiritual and all).

Now, Space-Psycho can return
to our Heroes,
and torment them a little
by shooting them
(she in arm and he in leg),
and watching how they handle pain.
While HeroGuy goes into shock
and passes out
(and bleeds out),
HeroGal is groovy gracious
and manages even to smile and
laugh off her
nonfatal wounds.
She carries on still
her part
of a conversation with Psycho
before he finishes her off.

22.i.14

The Turkish ambassador
would meet with the new
Spanisch Prince.
At least, that's what you were told
as the cover story.
That would give you
enough time
to bug the Turkish guy's limo
(actually, just a brown Jag,
but boxier than usual).
Doing so would give
information
on where the missiles were
and where they are pointed.
This is very important.

Talk about your parents' rant
on the hour appointed
when you must wake up Her
(Mom's workstation)

so that She might live
another day as virtual,
mothering, old windy bag.
She's not bad when she's not psycho
(I know I'm
insincere, too).
I should really worry
knowing I am growing old
and I'll wince
while up-loading to
my virtual avatar.

6.ii.14

The modern day Godiva
is not completely naked:
she has leather straps
on her thighs and legs
and mini-boots.
She rides her great horse
into the forest,
where unfortunately
she encounters
MudMan, the Golem-esque
being who can summon lightning
or static electricity
and turn living beings
into other mudmen.

I, of all people,
discover you can grab MudMan
by his three legs,
and swing him around my head,
rendering him inert.
But, I was too late to help Godiva.

* * * * *

Usually a good driver,
you hesitate as you cross
multiple lanes of traffic,
some going one way,

some going the other.
Your passengers look over
their shoulders
at a red car that just missed
another one, brakes screeching.
And then you drive everybody
into the sea!

9.ii.14

You draw a woman
in a yellow dress,
lying on this big plate of china.

* * * * *

You go from room to room
in this set of schoolrooms
made from boxy trailers.
This is in Afrika,
so one of the helpful
teacher-ladies gives you
a kleenix to wipe your hands
as them move from door to door.

The gradeschool children
are about to present
their band concert, so
you don't need to disturb them.
You go back to the main building
and attend to preparations
for the electronic music show
that Bobbigus is arranging.
He's pulling out ancient machines
and will start wiring stuff together.

* * * * *

You're on the bridge with Spouse,
to whom you point out
the Granite Cathedral
and other towering natural wonders

one can see from this viewpoint.
Three tall mountains:
the Cathedral, a peak
with attached plateau,
and one squat mountain
more like a collection of stacked cubes,
or a singularly messed-up
arrangement of corpses
frozen into blocks of ice.

Granite Cathedral
is mighty distinctive,
with the broad outlines
of a gothic form
with huge openings
carved by the elements
for millenia.
Solid marble, polished
by wind and rain.

It's funny because
except for those three peaks
this entire region is rather flat
and not distinguished by rising ranges.

We are all watching
Transportation Festival,
and before us, several planes
fly by, and then here's
an old locomotive,
very iconic with the smoke
and whistle and so forth.
Its track intersects
with this crowd you're in,
so you should all
step off the track
and into the little holding pen
where the train will pass.
Again, the particulars
of this festival,
its rituals and meanings

are lost on you.

11.ii.14

Only women work
at this silver mine.
They discuss
what they'll get
their daughters for Birthday.
Probably something
made of silver.

18.ii.14

The Art Exhibit

The art exhibit
features mostly displays
of hazy blue and pink light,
visible only on the spectators.
They're really the art.
Every time you return
to that main gallery,
more and different
beautiful people
walk into the lights.

You hang out for a while
with a bunch of guys and one girl.
One of the guys praises your work,
and you thank him, and say
you've been really lucky
especially the way
all the engineering worked out.

Flying to the Kath'o'Lick Church

As is your habit,
you fly, tracing the rays
in your 'copter this brief night,
o'er spires of churches, scraping attic doors.
You land and you start

your deep meditatashurn.
Later, confessory:
all the time you've spent
on quests spiritual,
kept you up at nights.

Confessee sees your smile:
you toss an Upanishad pearl
his way; Mother Church has this jerk
in Her par, all the way.
This is as it should be.
You really cannot stay,
You fly off, and out, and about.

Late Afternoon on the Farm

Again, it's mostly about light.
Colors get saturated as sun sets,
and the cows gather
on the pasture just east of The Garden.

Make-Up Time

You're a beautiful young woman,
made to look slightly older by the greying of
your hair,
'Lessening' the make-up artist calls it.
She's much older, wrinkled,
but expert.
Her technique: she makes herself up,
and peels off her face
and you put it on like a reversed-mask
to apply the makeup to your face.

19.ii.14
There's always something to fix.
Like, now you're working on the lights
on the Cross-mass tree,
(which is tree on the bottom,
and rises to cross on top)
some colored lights need repair,

plus the rope coming out the very top
is just gone, so that needs replacement.

You manage to fix those lights,
but how will you crawl to the top
and attach the rope?
Oh, right, there are handles leading up
and up you go,
almost thirty feet in the air!
Some spectators below
murmur on the danger of your task.

At the top, you do reattach the rope.
"OK, great, I can take it from here!"
says Hipster Jesus,
and he begins dancing on the top platform,
and manipulating the lights
you are crawling past,
making your way to the ground.

You watch HJC switch the lights
to screen mode,
so the entire structure
becomes The Jesus App
and kids can Like Him
on all the social media!
That is, like, so cool!

20.ii.14
You spilled milk
on the old piano
the one missing a few keys.

You're having lunch
with six or eight guys
all the lead actors
playing the same role
in each movie of a big, established franchise.
The latest one
is Cesar Romero's son,
and he seems, like, nineteen.

How could that be?

I tell him how much
I enjoyed that show as a kid.
The campiness,
which might be lost today,
or misinterpreted as queeniness.

You're preparing
your driving packet.
That's the small packet
of materials that establish
your identity
as you drive.
Very handy to have.

The three in the red car
are the Self-Mutilators,
a couple, and another man.
They drive past us
and turn on their emergency blinkers.
Then, they back up
and pull up next to us.
You see they've already
cut into their arms
and the one guy has
apparently self-castrated,
and the other guy
has pushed these tacks or screws
into the woman's forehead.
Your assistant got out of the car
and (not a good idea)
approached them.

They hand him a mask
of his own face,
which he put on,
sitting on the ground,
leaning against their car.
He says, "I put this on
to see who we are

and who we'll become."

22.ii.14

My desire for
Tanancielle
is as pathetic as it is palpable.
She intimates
that she needs money,
So I go off on wild plans
on how to help her out.
I need to bring her home,
to Old House,
but wife and some of her friends
are there, visiting.

Tanancielle goes next door
to the Dada-style
Anthony Robbins lecture.
"Put your tongue
in the ear of the person
to your left!" he urges.
People actually
pay money to him
for advice like that!

23.ii.14

You find yourself not stopping
on that high perch
overlooking the virtual mansion.
Instead, your stunt
near the student fencers
makes all onlookers nervous:
fly with low altitude,
and shower them in piss!

But now you're on your feet
and you pulled that stunt last week.
You're watching tear-jerkers,
chick-flicks in bunches
that document our ability
to continue playing emotional hookie

and spirichly mastourbate.
You laugh often, hysterically
at lines that mux sex and cooking.

* * * *

A curious outcropping
from your research
in both meditative mind-expansion/
mind-alterment,
and in motionsensors
put to artistic service,
is your new aptitude
in telekinesis!

You've gotta be discrete
in your use of the technique.
Walking past the workers
eating their lunches,
you might just check your ability
by, say, moving the woman's orayoh-kookie
just slightly above the plate,
but only momentarily,
and only when she's not looking.

25.ii.14

The characters:

1 and 2) your parents,
revealing their royal Romani ancestry
3-8) various shopkeeps
in downtown ICity, and
9) you.

The setting:

1) downtown ICity, and
2) the glacier on Sea's Edge.

The action:

Glacier creaks and moans,
threatening to break apart
and take you under it,

and drown you.
You skip to other
more stable parts of the ice,
even to hills and earth-cliffs.

And on to downtown ICity,
where you can shop
and reflect on your parents'
recent revelation.

26.ii.14

This conference is huge
and the conference-hall
has many levels
many stairways and alternate stairways
some of which are under construction.
Easy to get separated
from your colleagues here,
so you're constantly meeting new people,
and letting them go.
Very life-like.

Now, when we say 'conference'
we might just as easily say
'party' or 'carnival' or 'survival-struggle':
It's all the endless theater
of hundreds of people in multiple engagements
in an interior space
(although sometimes the hall
opens to the dirty streets below).

Meeting Beth 'n' S(mart)Miley
or rather almost sneaking up on them,
and reintroducing the fact you know them
helps produce the common purpose
of finding the conference CDs, and
grabbing those before they're gone.

(To get here, you've had to explore
a few levels, including the bakery,
whose staff were not too knowledgeable,

but suggested you try the Second Floor,
which was actually the right one!)

You and your two new re-frends
stand in line at the CD burning stations
and get your discs.

Says the Disc-Burner Dood:
"Straight from the ovens. Mmmm,
the wonderful aroma of
freshly toasted data!"

27.ii.14

First, there is the weaving.
This takes place in
the few days before you
will move out of SammyNole Apartment.
You have your frendz place
inch-and-a-half nails, in three-quarters,
a quarter-inch apart,
running around the living room
at torch-light level.
That's how you'll suspend
the fibres,
which vary from wool
cotton, and conventional fabrics,
to aluminum foil, mesh,
and sheet metal.

Next, there is fashion class,
and your fellow students
are very fashionable women,
and you are frumpy.
Again, you're out of your league.
(One of the gals has montage-face,
with mouth, eyes, and nose
all from different people)
There was a moment
when the teacher asked you
to sit with her on the high
class-pedastela,
but now you're helping her

mop up water that's
dripping from the roof.
"If this had been during Orchestra,
it would have gotten a few violists wet!"
she says, and then invites you
to inspect the damage in the attic.
Apparently, you have some experience
with leaky roofs.

The attic opens into a big hayloft space,
where other classes and pep rallies
are held.
Teacher-lady apologizes for all these
Arizona Ram Masks that hang on the walls,
to the delight of the visiting team.
You give up trying to figure out
why our home team would do that.

28.ii.14

Visiting the great conductor
in his apartment.
Amazing you have this time with him.
He tells you stories
of studying with the legendary Maestro
Dusseldorf
in the 'thirties.
You're not sure how much you can ask him,
or also, the sequence of participatory events:
first, a video, then a short chamber piece
where you contribute the bowls of steamed corn-
off-the-cob,
and finally, the larger statement.
"Will you look at my piece for two minutes?"
you ask him.
"I will look at it for one minute", he says.

On the side of one of the downtown buildings
the latest video game is being played.
It's a live-action science thriller
with augmented stuff everywhere.
You need to, like, defuse a package-bomb

that's mailed to you,
with which one of the
assistant mad scientists helps you.
In one large room is the pit,
where people are buried in sand,
but can be revived for short periods of time.
Other bodies are above the sand - -
those are the people we don't want to ever bring
back to life.

There is the moving around
of art- - paintings and large panels,
That's your job, and it allows you to
interrupt meetings in the gallery space.

Finally, there is the speed tests
where you try to match impossibly fast tempi
by clicking on a very awkward
button-controller.

One really sharp guy tries first -
his score is really bad.
During your try, you get
disoriented by the controller,
and by the loud bass thud
every time you press the button.

1.iii.14

This is a stunning building, you think.
Three domes, but only one
sprouts a further tower on top.
Maybe you'll go up there later.

Meanwhile, a local farmer dood
tries to interest the manager in oranges he's
grown.
No sale.
You step out of the way
while the Nativa Merkan
drives his train (with out track)
into the covered wagon part of the food storage

bins.

Now, you're in the building
and on the elevator,
going down to the poolroom
where you might have a game
with Jeffum, your new friend.

But a side door in this gameroom grabs your
attention.

The banner above the door says,
"Center for the Pixel."
Inside, you see how classes are held
to make the three types of art books:

1) The first type of art book
is known as the *nexus*, and is
characterized by sketchy pen + ink drawings.
There is no need for superior draftsmanship,
and a wide range of general topics
are illustrated.

2) The next type, *sexus*,
is similar to the first type, but
its subject matter is more carnal
and explicit, depicting
the many couplings of people,
often including encounters
with animals and robots.

3) The final type
is either called *fluxus*
if it expands on the second type
and is set in the NewCity ArtsZine,
or else *texus*,
if it is a love story about rednecks.

2.iii.14
As lectures go,
this one is quite informative
and entertaining.

You are co-speaking
with some dood
on the smaller countries
of Southa Merka
where they have abandoned
capitalism in favor
of buddahCommunizm.

But the most interesting aspect
of this talk is that
you are all flying
above the countries in discussion.
You can watch other planes
and jets slightly below yours
as they wobble across the clouds.

You pilot lady
lands your jet in the sand,
and eventhough
she landed herself in the sand, separately,
we still need to take up a collection
and pay her for her services.

12.iii.14
(You could try.
It's tough.
You could try anyway.)

The Grantors are a semi-angry bunch.
They charge into our establishment
(you're at the cash register)
and explain how you owe them money.
They talk about how
you should be handling emails differently.
"We're all new at this," you say,
never good at making excuses.

Shame takes you by the hand
and leads you into the dark movie-theatre.
You put down your big empty
bottle of whiskey.

No, you should throw that
in the recycle bin.

In the theatre, he punches in
a number in his big
analog-cell phone.
"You'll like who's on the line," he tells you.
You can only barely make out
your friend's voice.

With family at the funeral,
also in the theatre.
You can pay the funeral-card makers
if you want to bring someone
back to life.
Your sister pays \$300 for your Dad.
"See, now, if everyone chipped in that much,
we'd really be able to do something for you."
says
the funeral-card-maker lady.
She's also a little controlling
and writes reports to her supervisor.
"These are just notes to him," she says.
"He'll handle them accordingly."

You step away
to edit some images on your 'pad
on one of the antique school-desks.
On the row of desks before you
the young surgeon lays the near-naked man
you think is already ded,
but then he stirs
and rubs his eyes
". . . Because of the brain damage,"
explains the doctor.
Doctor enters the chest cavity
and pulls out bits of organ tissue.
You turn away and don't watch.

Back in the street,
near the canal,

big mean fish
have been eating swimmers.
Our Hero-gal is the next
to go swimming.
Why did she dive in?
Does she really want to tempt fate?
How can this
not end badly?

23.iii.14

Driving around part of A-town
that's being torn down
and built up again.
Dropping in to
Larry D's convenience store.

Watching the movie I made as a kid,
a tracking shot of one car,
shot from the truck.
Mister Myer and another guy
in the back seat.
(You might want to mention
How Dad got mad
screaming at you
to watch out for oncoming cars)
Other guy will be led into the woods
I think I was trying to copy
that scene from KoHenBros.
We're borrowing
RashFarm for this,
and in the garage
are lots of books.
"Of your 12 kids,
Motherash, who read the most?"
I ask her.
"Oh, Sara. Sara." she answers.

25.iii.14

50's style bomb shelter
but full of water.
You can wait here

with SpouseMom.
Go ahead, turn on
the little heat there is,
You can wade around
and relax.
"I hope the air circulates jhere," you say.
Otherwise you'll both suffocate.

On this DisneySubway Ride
beneath the city
you're riding in the first car
with the city officials.
The subway stops
regularly and often
so the officials
can look ahead
on and around the track
for skeletons and other
human remains
of those who've lived
and died down here.
Not what the P.R. folk
want you to see.
Your job is to carry the burlap and plastic
bags for the dead.

29.iii.14

The wife gets up from her side of the bed,
puts all sorts of boxes of stuff and junk
where she's slept, and
pours hundreds of crayons
on the hubby,
who sleeps through it all.

Now, you're watching a new musical,
based on a book you've read,
but it's really inappropriate material
for the world of music and theatre.
It might be a home-repair book, or one that
purports self-help.

Ice cubes everywhere,
in varying states of melt.
You should really collect them,
salvage the ones you can.

You meet Anne of the Valley of Asturian Pines,
and immediately pick up where you left off
thirty years ago.
She has weird piercings and jewelry
attached to her lips,
and makeup almost as garish
as the voodoo-skull dolls
on the grave-marker-post
that you accidentally kiss.

30-31.iii.14

Well, the other evening
you were fretting about
the huge robots,
although the one chasing you
around the lab table
was more human-sized.

When the huge robot did appear,
it could incapacitate people
just by shooting a stream
of highly homogenized
perhaps even pasturized
SheTeenTwo™ their mouths.
The military especially
did not like this,
and sprayed the robot
with all its fire power
(like we know
how effective
that will be)

Tonight, however,
you consider the story
you and your buds have discussed:
That of a homeless person

putting all their possessions
into a small FlyKraft™ drone,
and sending it into the sky.

They put an old vacuum cleaner
(the style that was mostly a long cylinder)
in a winter coat, and place that in
the fuselage with their other junk.
The idea is that when the vacuum
gets hot enough, it will explode,
sending the small package
of writings and correspondences
of this bum far away.

You mention how
this poor person
perhaps had missed
a step or two in the plan
or had a messed-up original intention
for this entire project.

Never mind,
because here it comes now,
flying toward you!
You duck, then run up
the stairs outside the school building,
and watch as the craft
spins and twirls out of control,
flaying pieces of cloth and paper,
until it crashes below you,
under the stairs,
and since they are made of concrete,
they protect you from the
inevitable explosion.

3.iv.14

All you know is,
you were in a bar,
and dood invites you
to this other party.
You arrive in tux,

and feel already
you're out of your depth
among these peeps.

For this is the Confirm Artists' Collective
(yeah, I know, I was expecting
some weird spelling of that, too).
It's their annual big bash
where all their new projects are revealed.
First, you see Fellps,
and he's proud to show you
his new book,
filled with photos of him
in huge wigs and beards.
(On the cover,
an overhead portrait
in warm orange light
of him wearing a BlondFro™
with what looks like
crop-circles cut into it.)
This is his Book of Big Hair.

You talk with a woman, Karrie,
about her project,
but it's unclear to you
what it is, exactly.
There's a group presentation
of inflatable, transformative art.
It's clever in its construction,
but you're still not sure
what 'it' is.

Sitting next to Wolition and his two grandkids.
He dyes his hair and beard jet black,
but the silver still pushes through.
Still, you haven't seen him
with this much hair in decades.
Your conversation with him
centers on when you two
originally met, sometime
in '84 or '89.

You and one guy play
the word-game
where you say a really arcane use of a word,
then the word itself, and the other person
comes up with the film it's in.
Example, "Paris. Paris, France" to which
you remark that was in Wallen's film,
"SnowBerds".
"Wow, you're good! " says your opponent.
Everything's a test, to see if
you should be let into the club.

You pick up the take-away cards
from all these projects
(you'll gurgle them all later)
then, slip into a sweater
because you're cold,
but you'll change back into tux
for the group photo
taken with a 360° camera.
Everyone gathers,
"Hey, where's Karrie?" asks someone.
"Didn't you hear? She just died!" says another.
"She hid her age well," says a third.

This party may be moving on
to a different location,
for the after-party party.
Weary, you'd like to
not have to go there.
It's only eleven,
but it seems like
four in the morning.

5.iv.14
Your job is changing,
and the work-place, too.
Many will get laid-off.
You'll probably stay on,
but get moved

to a different, worse location.

But before we get to that
let's watch this jet taxi nearby
and attached to it,
a model of StarShip InterPrize.
We'll have a buffet first,
and all your CowOrkers
queue up for free food.

Babbioetz tries to fool you
into holding your elbow out
so he can use it
to push paper plates,
napkins and plastic service
to the ground
which would be mean,
so you keep refusing
because you know
he'll do it if you give in.

After this sci-fi themed lunch,
we must all
wander in the marshes,
each in a separate room
of the warehouse,
but it's so brightly lit
we think it's outdoors.

As we wade,
you wonder how
we're not getting wet.
All water-proof clothes,
you guess.

Now, arriving at
Churchill Airfield,
we watch the boxy kite-planes
fold and unfold in the sky.
Mr. Churchill (and it's really him!)
tells his wife, who's just died,

"We'll sleep apart until we
sleep together again."
We all get it, Winston!

Four sleek model drones
hover around the windows and doors,
and Boss hasn't even seen
what they're up to.
They're trying to attach to
the phone-system-board,
a sort of huge mixer-bank
that the people running the drones
could probably sell online for a nice bundle.
Thieves have been known
to do that recently,
sniffing out companies in trouble
and just stealing stuff
because there aren't any more cops.

You shoo the drones away,
and step into the driver's seat
of the mock-car,
which is really a movie theatre
in the shape of a car,
a home drive-in.

Badass Doods in a truck
ram into the back bumper
of the car-theatre
and two doods step out
and behind the first row.
They're asking for you
and threatening violence
if you don't give up
the phone-hardware.
So, you let them have it
and now Boss is mad at you.
He walks up to big bad dood
swinging a plastic baseball bat.

7.iv.14

It's inevitable
when getting to know
the step-beings
that degrees are compared.
She went to
Hally Burton U
during the war,
for instance.

* * * *

You and other astronaut
have just landed your
double-jet craft
on the moon to a far planet.
First, it's deserted,
then you see it's really
a signal moon,
where the surface
is really a network of lights
that can warn passing ships
of the weather.
Like, now:
a sandstorm on this moon
is about to take place,
so you both return to your jet
and wait it out.

Just as the wind picks up,
you see more astronauts
have landed, and
they seem human, too.
They might brush sand from
your jet's windows
and peek in at you.

* * * *

You return to Music School
and it's thirty years ago,
but the same people are there,

although there is a gathering
of the new double-reed players.
No names on the doors, however.

* * * * *

Buildings are boxy and simple
here on Mocha-Molacha Campus,
and you can ride elevators
up to the fourth floor,
where you work.
Monika is already going there.

Workmen put plastic sheeting
over the rounded atrium-ceiling
in anticipation of the next
sand-storm.

8-11.iv.14

You always get involved
in these subway-hostage situations.
So predictable!

* * * * *

So, your house burns down.
No biggie. The kitties are OK.
You're going to rebuild,
but a littler farther from the neighbors,
and surprisingly, this will
allow them to more easily
spy on you!

* * * * *

Hey, your email went viral!
There's over 32K hits right now!
Did not expect that, didja?

9.v.14

It's a blizzard unfolding

you're driving home from school
From Old School,
but surrounded by the Rockys
and bound to be planted in Color-Addo.

You squeeze your car
into traffuk,
dodging backing-in semi
and others.

Driving on recently snow-plowed out
road with snow piled high
on either side
becomes a queue you're in
to get onboard the train
Conductor takes tickets,
and since you have none
you wait for all to get aboard,
and then you'll offer to pay cash
on the spot.

Conductor is not set up for that,
he only does electronic tickets.
Second-In-Charge, however,
takes your Five, looks at it
and puts it on the seatback.

"Oh, did you want change?"
he semi-mocks me, "George,
do we have change for a five?"

You must have worked this out,
since you're now in the NuVoBarCar,
a swanky hoppin' club
filled with lots of beautiful rowdy people.
Stepping behind the bar,
you greet Britania, and ask her
how she likes it here.

But fancy bar morphs
into your classroom

Your students complain
you are always late.
And now The Documenta
has surfaced: it's
supposedly,
the Last Will of Hitler,
where he leaves Everything to Jesus,
with an attachment of
the Last Will of Jesus,
where he leaves everything to
Ghandi, or MLK, or Jeffry Dauhmer.
The Best and Worst of humanity
leaving it all for the Best and Worst of humanity.

12.v.14
Corporate lackey
cowering around the boardrooms
and cubilcles
naked, crumples down
in a corner, shaking,
really frightened out of his wits
madly brushing his teeth.

END OF PART IV

PART V

28.v.14

Inspecting the architectural model
by one of the three Pauls you've known in life
(maybe four),
you mention how he's using
checker-board patterns
to create the illusion of a rounded edge.
Maybe it doesn't quite work,
but at least he has a model.
You've misplaced your entire
black binder-book.

Relinquishing control o're your brown bottle,
you recall your brilliant career as wife
(there's still more),
although it weren't your choosing
it was what one learns
to placate the confusion 'fore leaping off ledge—
makes you appear as the jerk
when you quote theorems by Godel.
Your little soul's afire:
you are its cook.

30.v.14

It's time again
for you and your colleagues
to plan the program
and make important decisions.
Still, there is one GhostGurl®
encased in the black marble cave wall
she can leave, if she chooses.
To do so makes her become corporeal.
She can go back into the wall, too.

After a Consciousness Break™
you are all now engaged
in the Filming Project
where the handsome young dood
is creating a stop-motion claymation.

You're impressed by it,
but you blurt out that the one character's voice
should be lower and more sinister,
like you have any place in suggesting this.

His film is about cartoony, fun animals
and abstract geometric shapes.
There are also collapsing bookcases
that remind you of so many bookcases
in so many houses.

You are in charge of getting this project rolling
and you make sure
everyone has a task.
There are some people here
you haven't seen in years,
like ErKnee and JayBell,
who complains how she wasn't told
by the herpes-giver
it can remain dormant for years
before it shows up.
Bummer!

1.vi.14

In this more than slightly
disfunctional version
of your past,
your work is on the concert,
somewhere, along with
the premiere of a piece
called "World Smiley",
but you don't know
the order of the program.

"Mood Symf" isn't rightly
your work's appellation
but at least
that's how it's announced by Bert.
On stage you find these
stacks of programs release
info, finally.

(Thirty years 'go,
you'd find yourself where I am.)

* * * * *

Back again, at MyooSik sKool,
McKay shows me his studio,
discusses his jazzhorn studies,
and commutes by students.
"They must go where there's work,"
I reach for something to say.

Ancient ghosts step by the pool
and lounge right on the patio.
Sev'ral appear to be buddies.
"It's the wait that torments,"
opines one spooky jerk,
then all of them go away.

2.vi.14

"It's just like any number
of mid-century water-pieces."
That's what the consensus is
of your latest installation.
Yes, it does have water running
from tap into a pan near the window
and it does effect the projection
to a degree.
But the main premise of the work
is the projection, and you control
the effects on the projection
through a small remote
you can wear around your neck
in a humble cloth bag.

"Yeah, but you *choose*.
You *choose* to press the buttons,
like an electroshock patient," says Tanna.
You're not really convinced
her argument is so strong.
Still, you enjoy what the viewers
are doing to the projections,

bleaching the figures of all details,
superimposing psych-mo-dellie colors on them.

As the projection loops,
you recognize more of the clips.
Archival footage, basketball games,
and old Gillam cut-out animations.
"The music, however, is all folk-Hebrew,"
you are reminded by one of the participants.
"Yeah, I know. This is my most
out-sourced work yet," you tell them.

3.vi.14

We've all heard the stories
of the old hermit-dood
who built these mansions on the peaks of the
Rockys,
and now, here you are,
looking at the two most famous ones.
They're classical, with huge columns
that suggest every ancient courthouse
in this country.

Now, how you've actually gotten inside the one
is a mystery—maybe there's
an elevator shaft dug into the mountain?
Yet, here you are!

Even more a mystery
is seeing Old Hermit Dood, alive,
and his aged spouse,
greeting guests, and in good spirits.
He's known, of course,
as one of the great pianists of his age,
and you instinctively know
what to do next:

You throw a butter-knife at him,
and you even guide it toward him as it spins,
providing the "shoop, shoop" sound effect
as it finds its mark in his hart.

He seems to have expected this,
so he's not in pain or alarmed.
Instead, he needed release from that life-form
so he could become
an immortal, which he does,
and his spouse is happy for him.

But can he still play, you wonder?
You suggest he try out the Bach 6th Partita
in b-flat major, as a benchmark,
as a baseline, to determine
his new abilities.
Yes, he's trilling away at it,
good as he ever played.

4.vi.14

There were two parts:
First, you were playing pool
with your Dad.
Some of the balls could be controlled
by your mind, so that helped.
Especially at the end,
when you had to call the pocket.
You got a point taken off
because you called the wrong one.

Then, you were hangin' with Jovack,
and he was entertaining the Eastern EurooPeens
in his apartment.
Especially entertaining to him
was the petite brunette woman.
They wandered off together
while you jumped in the river
for your swim.

You swam down the iRiver
to the beginning of University,
encountering many young
beautiful swimmers,
all coming toward you.

You somehow lost your swim-cap,
but you swim with your towel.
One guy you meet says that's
generally not allowed.

You swim back to the apartment,
remembering where on the bank
is the closest to your building.
Now the river is freezing,
then it's just ice, so you step out.

In the apartment,
Jovack and the woman have returned,
and you smash the thin sheets of ice
that are spread above divisions
of the coffee-table.
This is done neither for violence or ceremony.
It's just something you do.

5.vi.14

This world is defined by
crudely drawn animated characters,
but everything else—their purpose,
the sense of story, elements of drama—
is well-crafted.

You need to remind formerspouse
how to operate as one's own reflection
and how one must have
a helper who can undo
the self-erasures one performs.
This is pretty important:
I hope you've been taking careful notes!

7.vi.14

So, you check out this gallery show.
AndReaElle is happy to see you,
but she's with this other woman
who is small and severe,
and not a fan of the art.
Like her, you do not really 'get' this art.

You type in your name or a short message,
and that gets displayed randomly
along with all the other messages and names.

You see, however,
a portal open in one of the paintings
that shows you a reflection of the room you're in
but with no people.
Naturally, you enter the portal
and fly through the room,
and out over the balcony
brushing the small white Crossmastree lights
drap'd down from the overhang.

It's night, and you fly toward
the party taking place.
You pick up a metal red folding chair
near one of the waiters,
brushing him with it.
He's not sure how to respond to this.
Maybe 'Oh, excuse me,' or maybe with
violence.
You fly away with the chair.

* * * * *

It's early morning, still dark.
You're making coffee in the kitchen.
The motion sensor beeps,
indicating someone's at the door.

The door slides open,
and there is nothing there
but a breathing
pitch-black
void.

8.vi.14
We know about
the army experiments.
We've seen how they're done:

You sit in front of a mannequin head
that's blank except for the
crudely drawn eyes, nose holes, and mouth
done with a thick magic-marker.

The mannequin,
equipped with sensors
and hooked up to imposing banks
of technology and fancy computers
is sposta read your emotions
and respond accordingly,
but it doesn't always function
accurately: there have been more
than a few instances
where anger was detected
when there was none,
and in many cases,
the dummy mistakes human hair
for wigs, adding to its perception
there must be anger coming from
this face (obviously, the hair business
is a software error).

Already Jose and Keith
have died from it,
possibly due to the automaton
'deleting' the human subject
based on an undesirable
emotional reading,
and now Nicolais is missing
(that's how I spell his name
in the dirt before the wood-fence,
where the other test subjects
have gathered, and drawn
squares on the ground
with their names, and then
they stand in their squares.)

The news about the deds and missing
is alarming to everybody,
especially Jakob, who

is so mad about this
he hammers long nails
through the fence,
and stops only when
he think's he's drawing blood
from the boys on the other side
of the fence.

When he realizes he has not
harmed anyone, he
presses the young, naive
redneck boy, "You see
what they can do to
people they don't like?
Like Russia?" he says to this guy,
Jason.

Jason replies, with a smile,
that the army might be thinking
Oakridge or Oakmount,
which is a cultural marker
for race wars.

"Oh, no!" says Jakob, "that's
like a bad Jesus thing. That
would be the worst Jesus thing
they could do. Don't you
see that?"

Jason is only thinking of
walking past all the naked doods
in the guy's locker room.
He will be taken to task
there, soon enough.
For now, he's content
with merely brushing up
against some of the guys,
and going past them,
saying, "*Mi scusi, mi scusi.*
Per favore!"
How does he know Italian?

13.vi.14

"Welcome to the world
where you make yer own world!"
That's the slogan for the festival,
and you're in charge of the parking.
Dad's already marked the place
into lots, but the way he's routed traffic
is absurd.
Even a Phedex guy can't figure it out
as he makes a delivery.

You piggy-back onto
one of he surveillance balloons
so you can take in
the ariel view.
Very maze-like, these festival grounds.
The walls are covered with astroturf
so you get the feel of
being in a topiary labyrinth.
Not many people here yet,
as you float overhead.

14.vi.14

We must sometimes struggle against memory,
the meanest of all editors,
and retrieve what was lost.
We try to do this,
and sometimes we fails.
Like just now.

First, it began in your boat
you're watching the whole horizon
rise up, and rush toward you.
This is the famous mini-tsunami
amplified by the speeding
nearby otianlyner
(how does something that big
move so fast in the water?)

This is simply something
to be endured,

but first, survived.
Your tiny craft starts climbing the wave,
and soon, it's a rollercoaster
as you watch one of your passengers,
a big middleaged woman
lifted yards in the air
to fall back into the water
and probably hit
part of one ship or another.
Too bad for her.

Now, it's your turn
You can at least grab
Candy's hand
before you make your
ascent, and then that
awful fall.
Somehow you both manage
to pierce water and submerge
into the underwater bar,
which seems to be a pretty lively place
despite all the turmoil.

Candy leads you through the bar,
and still holding your breath,
you're both taken clear of the wreck
and pop above the surface.

* * * * *

First day of class,
and you'd really like to make a good impression
on the impressionable young minds
you're charged with.
But the personal style thing:
how do you get that
at your age
and in your condition?

Your most heroic
attempt to achieve this:

wear the bright red,
straight-hair'd wig.
The red is almost
visually pure:
Magenta, 100,
Yellow, 100,
Black, 3.

Nay, this is pathetic
and not yet bathetic.
You ditch the wig
and just walk into the room
with your baldhed and white
chef's shirt.

17.vi.14

Corporate zone:
going up and down a few floors
going to meet with guy in 10 minutes
he'll help you get your copymachine working
You saw some boards from a box frame
you do this kung-fu style
and ultimately remove a narrow strip of wood
with notches in it, that mundermine
its strength.

There is eco-disaster
as water is diminishing,
planet-wide.
OnterPrize hovers down
and positions its lower fuselage above a lake
in southa Merika,
opens it, and fills its belly
with lake contents
to copy, then replicate,
pouring much more of the lake
into itself.

Meanwhile, back at the Office,
the military dood has just lost his Luvver,
and he stands by his desk,

looks up,, tilts his head to the side a bit,
puts a CleanNix™ on his upper lip and mouth,
and then the tears come,
like a hose is turn'd on.
They flow down his face
and onto his faded blue uniform.

(What else? Was there some sort
of monster involved somewhere?
Maybe lurking, hidden?)

22.vi.14

We gather in Technology Room
and it's part exhibition hall.
Some things are interesting,
like the cyborg TV producer,
a big boxy robot
made of big screens
and the ability to shoot
little TV stories
and comment on them.
Some of the boring technology
includes black boxes
that house energy
or computer chips
or something not so cute
as the robot.

I have a doughnut and ham and cheese
sandwich, and talk with Brad
about what he's doing.
You're talking with the art critic,
a Janet Clourden or Lourden,
and probably hitting on her,
trying to get her phone number.
She shows you the number on her card,
but doesn't give it to you.
It's a card encased in a display box
and it has moiré patterns and flag-colors
that get activated when you move the box
around.

(Your tactic was to invite her
to your next set of performances,
even though they are sorta
up in the air right now.
Your opening line was, "As an art critic,
what do you think about Cybernetic TV?"
You don't really hear her answer.
You're looking at her one exposed breast
the size and shape of a doorknob
with no nipple.)

I've had enough tech for one day,
so I make my way back
across the grasses and roads
and through the residential area
where the middle-class white people live.
I even walk through one of the houses
and the mother of that family
doesn't even seem to notice me.
I make it out the corner window-room
continuing toward the SheRadion Intersection,
famous for showcasing
very particular examples of specific
genres of car-crash.

Most of the cars park
once they've crashed
and the drivers just wait inside.
Most the vehicles are indented
on their sided by the shape
of the car that hit them,
usually a red 'vette or MusTang.

24.vi.14
How can an artist
not know where her money comes from?
And yet, you are that artist.
You paint abstract canvases
and also miniature, highly detailed
square panels, with a raised

white pattern like an embroidered
checkerboard
over alternate quarters
of the squares.

You invite yourself
to try the amaretto
and find it
not too distinctive.
You sense a great
female friend nearby,
but you can't see her.

You wake up
and feel the worst
you'll feel all day.
Things can only get better!

25.vi.14

After so many years,
you're invited to once again
use the ancient dark-room.
You enter the small quarters,
your attention goes instantly
to the ceiling, where there's
more than a little water dripping,
and two huge bulges above the enlarger
and above the trays of chemicals
spell the future of disaster.

*You—what? Tell somebody?
Walk somewhere? Take a car?
Fly? Are you even remembering
any of this? Apparently not.
So I'm not wasting any of my time
trying to remind you.*

26.vi.14

You're in a jam-session, and it's cookin' right
along!
You're playing a toy typewriter-keyboard,

and it makes bell-sounds, but also
more interesting noises
that simultaneously trigger English Horn squeaks
and squawks.
You explain it to one member of the audience
as, "mimicking just about everything, all the
time, all at once."

Also, the slender red-haired woman is playing
next to you.
She's on a middle-eastern shawm-like instrument
that mourns and wails beautifully.
You ask her what that instrument is called,
and expecting something exotic and Arabian,
you're a little miffed that it's called a
'patrishajohnson.'
After you finish playing,
you hug her, but with fists,
and she asks if you are attracted to her.
You know whatever you answer
will ruin the musical rapport you share with her.

So you leave,
going up the stairs,
and scramble through
your business cards
trying to find one that's respectable,
and has the right info on it.
Most of the ones you find
are in the shape and image of DJ turntable
cartridges,
and they don't even have your name on them.

You find one that's a little bent,
but has accurate information
and the glowing pale blue LEDs
that everyone has on their cards these days.
You head up the stairs,
because you were invited to give one
to Mick Jaegar!

He's practicing choreography
for an Israeli dance,
and you're amazed he's so agile
for a guy in his Seventies.
But, he's a little upset for you interrupting his
practice,
so you just leave the card on his stuff and go.

1.vii.14

We've now discovered evidence
that the Romuns came as far west
as Kaliphornya.
Actually, they invented the first
hot-tubs there.

* * * * *

Bicycle path enclosure that endures
high wind and returns neon lightning
goes all the way from side-walk
to creek.

* * * * *

Sign-Fell'd at his party
introduces Joey Bishop to Elvis Prez'ly.
"A king to a king" he says.
You stay on the sidelines.

* * * * *

In Barn Skatorama,
you crawl along the wall
because the floor is
at a great incline
and one is expected
to put mayonaize on the bottoms
of your shoes
so you can race down the slope.

You have trouble with that first turn,

but you're getting the hang of it,
you respond like the speed-skaters
you've watched on Toob-V,
pumping leg after leg
until you make the corner.

4.vii.14

Watching, going.
Wanting, knowing.

You're navigating campus
by walking on first-floor
window ledges,
once in a while
you go inside
through the window.

At one of the buildings,
an art reception
featuring Gorlan
building a huge electronic thing
hundreds of wires and circuits.
She's getting ready to turn it on.
You don't want to miss that!

Wanting, knowing.
Dying, growing.

7.vii.14

OK, I'm just gonna give you
the broad outlines, and let you fill in the gaps.

You're at a conference, it seems,
with all your peers.
You return to your hotel room
a little later in the morning,
say, about 10am,
because you spent the night
with your wife
(so this conference must be local,
and your own hotel room

something of a perk, no?)

DarkWonder comes by,
after you go in the room
for your breakfast,
and says she came by
about 6am this morning.
"Huh," you saythink.
You have some work to do.

* * * * *

Later, it's a dinner party
with all your colleagues
and a few friends from conference.
Dr. Seriously has had
too much to drink,
and she is balancing empty bottles
on top of each other,
so you know something's gonna break.

DarkWonder and two girls from conference
go into town, and you want to
invite yourself along, but you know
you'd be an intruder
on this girls' only outing.
But for a moment, you and DW hold hands.

Back at the party,
you need to leash
a small dog and cat
to the big radio.
You do this because
the Badger Party has won
the release of two of its members
from prison, and this was done
after negotiations by DarkWonder.

And now, she's back,
and going up to her room
with one of the girls,

the other sits on the bench
near where you work.

9.vii.14

Part of your problem
is trying to attach paper
to a cloth wall
with tacks through metal eyes.
Your progress is slow,
and the paper—your painting on paper,
actually—
is based on that
East African cloth you have
plus some TV test bars,
so nothing you can call original.

But, finally, it's now attached,
so your part of the exhibit is ready.
Your colleagues wander past it,
(it's in this long hallway part
of the exhibition space
you call the ghetto),
and one esteemed colleague
is drawn to it, and asks about it.

"Yes, this is his," a docent explains.
Seeing you beyond, in the lobby,
she says, "There he is, that black man there."
She really meant, "Man in Black,"
although you really haven't done
an ethno-check lately, so you might be both.

* * * * *

Now, the entire exhibitry space
is being retrofitted, overlaid
by an intricate tapestry,
looking all gold and old.
It both expands and contracts
the space you're experiencing.

14.vii.14

It's pretty late at the IC Diner,
only drunks and druggies walking past.
You're there with Ginny, but it's not long
before you misplace her, and it's just you.

You must be hungry - everything looks yummy!
But you err on the mostly healthy side
and order a toasted bagel with cream cheese.
While that's being prepared,
you sit in the corner
with Michael Jessy and his pal,
and share a rectangular bowl
of french fries and onion rings,
This will be your 'bad food' day for a while.
MJ pours some pepsi all over the fried food,
and this does bring out some of the flavor
while, surprisingly, keeping everything crisp.
Then he pours milk all over it,
"Well, now you're just making a mess," you say.
Before this devolves into an adolescent food fight
you scoot out of the bench
and out of the diner.

Ginny's nowhere to be found,
but there are a few stray cats.
You walk over to Fren'd's house
and inside, the Wedding-Shower's about to start.
All these women you don't know,
and one guy, a student you had
a couple years ago, but not a terribly memorable
one.
You move to the dressing room
where Scott Gard™ and Rustoleum™ are being
dressed
in the latest, hip fashions.
They look pretty urbane.
You're being dressed, too,
but when the dressers have finished
pulling the final shirt/blouse over your head,
you look like a sad, old dragqueen.

You decide to go along with this look,
and finding the powdered wig,
you take on the persona "of Sir Lionel Kingfisher,
at your service!"
You ham up your performance,
but it's still pretty lame.

21.vii.14

Your task is pretty clear:
tell people at the Commons-Union
about the new Aye-(TM)
that being built there soon
in the rotunda area.

There's just one business-guy there,
so you tell him about it,
about how it's made of wood
and has three holes in it
and allows ten types of transactions.

So, then you're done.
That was easy.

* * * * *

Sexytime today
features Mikol dangling his thing
above you, early in the morning.
You get on him,
but it's not clear who's in
who's head or body.
Shapes get distended, too.

* * * * *

I don't know what you expected,
leaving your wallet and keys
on the concrete stairs on
the entryway to our big house.
Of course, someone's been

through them, not taking any money
but re-arranging where all your
creditcards and IDs are, moving them
to different pockets,
changing how the leather flap
separates them from the cash.
Just enough to creep you some.

Your keys, too,
rearranged on the chain,
some of them falling loose
to the cement of the sidewalk.
Now, you can show
Muther & Bruther
how the door-frames of the house
are indented seriously,
and how all locks must be changed
because of your security-breach incident.

* * * * *

This adventure-type film
yanks our attention
in multiple directions.
Should we cheer for Hero
with his band of pirate-kids
heading toward the island?
Maybe, although Evil Underwater Dood
Clad in Iron (Eud-Ci) is trying to
position his beach-ball-bomb
as they approach.

He dives down to his lair,
to destroy them later.
Regroup for now.
But, the DiverGuys,
always on the lookout for
sunken treasure,
stumble on the lair,
and trigger the portal opening.

Eud-Ci captures them,
and makes an example
of the black diverguy,
having him sit on a lab table,
locking his legs in shackles
and breathing fire on his
head and torso.
They're gone.

The other DiverGuys
are now forced to do evil,
and will train to do
whatever Eud-Ci asks.
This is the episode
where he removes his mask
and he and the oldest diverguy
(they're about the same age)
sing a song together
at the dinnertable.
It's Jummy Biffet's popular calypso chart
and they sing in two-part harmony.

24.vii.14 (draft)
Entering restaurant via manhole.
climbing down,
don't step on
food display trays,
reaching the bottom,
the hatch opens,
you can crawl out.
into the lobby
your friend is
actually neighbor
to KeyFrichardz,
who runs a guitar shop
out of his apartment below.

Yeah, you'd like to meet him,
so Neighbor arranges it,
Talking with Key,

Trying to get a word in,
and he introduces him to me
as "Paul McCartney"!

I tell him I've just seen
him on a theremin documentary,
and he's interested in if I play
that instrument,
You tell him about your QuadTheremin,Ñç
and he's interested enough
to start writing out his email for you!

25.vii.14

Why?

Because it is important
to document places, incidents, people
who make up this world of yours:

The restaurant/opium den
populated by dozens of sleepers,
trippers, stoners, tweakers,
and druggies of every stripe,
has one severe, charming feature.
Its owner has a small alligator
that usually hangs out in its
own, red-satin-draped cage,
but once in a while, he lets it roam,
so that's what it's doing.
It's crawling near this guy
sleeping on a rug,
and could easily
bite his face off.

You drive past that restaurant
on your way to meet with The KoLekTiv,
a group of real artists mixed in
with posers and attitudinally-drenched hanger-
ons
which makes for interesting meetings.
At KoLekTiv House, you shower
in the massive ShowerTunda,

a cylindrical blue room a few yards in diameter
with a single spray-head hanging above
the room's center.

Entrance to this room is through
light blue-leather curtains with brass snaps.
You shower with the tiny figurine
of a 1920's flapper with rosy cheeks
in a slender glass of milk.

In the shower, you're trying to work out
how she might have bathed,
without the luxury of hot'n'cold running water.
Not important—you wrap a white towel around
yourself
and wander from room to room,
trying to find one not taken
by K-members.

You settle on Parent's Bedroom,
done in rustic cabin style,
all furniture and fixtures wooden,
the bed with heavy head and footboards,
with two jarring abstract sculptures
—almost flower vases, but no flowers—
made of folded curvy sheets of orange glass
on either side of the foot of the bed.
As a couple from the KoLekTiv enter,
you try to explain to them
about your parents,
furnishing this room,
and you try to work out
if you were conceived here.
It's hard work.

26.vii.14

One of the zwillingschwestern waits in the
foyer, nude,
for not her clone (not her zwilling),
to come back from her date with the new
boyfriend.

You gather with a bunch of fellow students
and talk about the rise in tuition,
including one tallish girl with long brown hair,
who sits next to you, interested in
your nest move,
which is folding your arms on the table
and resting your head in them,
because, hey, you're trying to get some sleep.
This almost causes the table to collapse,
so you stop that and
look over to your partner
who's lucky enough to sit in a chair
with about 8 or ten people
curled up and around and sleeping on her.

Later in the baffroom,
you find the hard rubber cast
of your erect peener and accessories
that you can re-arrange so it looks
like a sculpture of a very famous face:
"Talk to me, Jeezuz!" you ask it.

27.vii.14

You shouldn't put your dirty
yellow coffee mug down
in front of the gals
who sit behind the reigister
at the hospital gift-museum.
SternOne slams it down
before you--you walk away,
brushing it off, whatever.
"Do you think he was trying
to flirt with you?" you overhear
CowOrker of SternOne ask her.

28.vii.14

So much time you've spent
in this library, you know all
the best places to hide pie
for Meryl.
You go over to Lounge Area

where you can store a snack
in the baby fridge.
and decide the pie should
conceal in plain sight.

But as you get there, you're
pulled into the workgroup
for the arriving luggage
of the RoyaltyDood,
Something hidden, mysterious,
invisible, rustles nearby,
and you realize this plan
is just a cover for that something.

You play along, tho.
It's almost eleven,
so a few more minutes
beyond your shift won't matter.
The luggage arrives:
it's just a couple of small wooden boxes
loose inside a sturdy white plastic bag,
You're done, you go.

To your sledboard
(a body-sized skateboard
you lie down on), at LowerGate
(also called NorthGate),
and you strap your legs in
with the long rubberbands
you always thought were flimsy.

Lots of traffic piled up to the north,
more coming from the south,
some cars turning around
there's too much.
You sled to Dad, across the road,
and learn you two must visit
the naybers, must a few yards south.

They're Malcom and Judy,
a sad, fat couple

that tried to fund a film in 1982
called 'Billy Kid'.

They're Scottish: he with curly
black hair, full beard,
pouty face. You shake his hand
when Dad introduces you.

She's a bit of a frump,
dark-rimmed glasses,
and you approach her,
but sense she doesn't
want to exchange greetings.

Their cottage is arranged
as a set of pews
facing a plain table
that could seat six or eight.
There are no windows,
and the interior is unfinished,
with bare beams and dark walls.

You turn around and
their daughter is there, too,
she's also sad and fat.
As Dad recaps for all in the room
the ill-fated history of the film,
and the reason we're here
—maybe to fund their film?—
Daughter gives her view on it,
"Well, you get things together,
and you try to do it,
finish something,
make it work,
before you can no longer dance."

29.vii.14

In the foggy sky
above Guldengate Bridge hangs
the space station,
cylindrical, and chubby.
You're going there, soon!

First, you need to check out
your suit, and other supplies.
You'll get them from the admin woman
once your authorization comes through.
You should ask about wearing contacts.
Why haven't you already asked about that?

So many questions you haven't asked.
Like, why is the space station half in space
and half in the atmosphere,
resulting in 200+ degrees of heat difference
on either half?
And why do they do that in the first place?

1.viii.14

Travels again through NewCity,
not so much travels,
as frantic rushing from scene to scene:
There's the diner, where you're in
an aluminum booth with Spouse and Moodge,
and shortly after drinks arrive,
Spouse wants to move to a different booth,
because someone looked funny at her.

There's leaving your keyboard
in a clear vinyl bag at the nearby museum
so you can pick it up later.
Don't forget it!

There's walking to meet frendz in the hotel bar
for drinks, but passing a bar on the way,
stopping there first.
You tell Spouse she shouldn't be
carrying her bottle of beer so out-in-the-open.

There's the hotel lobby, where
white post-middle-age tourist woman
says something to Owen the cute blond
security gal (who's really a guy,
because now you can see his beard-stubble),
and (s)he says something funny to her.

You overhear it, and laugh.
Tourist woman does not.
Owen's nametag reads, "St. Louis."

There's you running with Owen
down hallways, eluding someone,
and ending up in the surgeon's prep room
where you get out of your clothes
and into an operating gown.
A real doctor and assistant come in,
and you think they might be suspicious
because your foot still has a brace
and bloodied bandage, labeled from the 'orange'
part of the hospital, not the 'grey' part.

But somehow, you make it out of there,
and into another lobby,
lugging your suitcase with the clear vinyl
covering on one side,
where you can put your funny drawings
on yellow sticky-notes,
to give your suitcase more character.
Your psychologist has collected your book
of older drawings you threw away,
and in that, he pulls out a separate folio
entitled, "Remembrances of Gurlfrendz Past,"
"Maybe I should take that, " you say, and
grab the packet from him.

On your own now, there's walking
into the sexing-house,
where you pay to go to these booths
and have sex with somebody,
and everybody gets to watch!
You're just looking this time,
but there is a kalidescope of sexings going on,
including two JamiKan men
smoking reefer and sexing eachother
and a woman in a bikini burthing a doll in a
bikini,

And finally, there's the movie letting out,
and you are back with Spouse and the crowd,
needing to get back to that museum
to pick up your keyboard.

4.viii.14

It's late night, or early morning
and everything in your hotel room is white.
The night give everything
a blue-grey cast
and you find the toilet not working,
and starting to overflow a little.

The toilet is in the open,
and on the other side of the room
from the bed.

You hear a man and woman talking
and then he's fiddling with
your door.
He's probably just confused
about the room numbers.
You could let them in,
ask if they're a couple,
and ask if you can watch them,
you know.

* * * * *

After you pull out of the parking lot,
you're riding your bicycle in rain
down a long paved road,
and you sing a little song to yourself
where everything rhymes:
"Oh, I still
go down this hill,
and it's a matter of will,"
and so forth.

You arrive at Production House,
and you're greeted by your colleagues.

It's time for our meeting, anyway.
Main Production Dood
suggests brown gummy bears
and two pieces of card stock
to fix your clock.
(which is broken,
one of those old-style pocket watches
and the connection to the chain is gone.

You tell him you really
don't use the watch anymore,
you just ask someone with a phone
what time it is,
if you need to know.

Time to watch the film:
lots of people on the boat,
an ocean liner,
watching a pack of sea-wolves
in the water.
Two sea-wolves have
gotten on deck.
They're taunting the
goofy, friendly dog who's
carrying a ham-bone,
and they start to attack him,
and you would think
people would rush in
and help out the poor dog.
The sea-wolves can paw his face
and the hair just falls off.

Crowds of people rush to the deck,
however.
Now they lean on the railings to see
what's taking place on shore:
in the prison dungeon or kitchen,
the first name is called,
and a man without legs drops to the floor
crawling toward the bucket of molten metal.

You seem to remember this from another film,
and you expect the man to tip over the bucket
and two more men are dropped
to tip over two more buckets
and that starts a chain reaction, followed by
an explosion,
But none of that happens,
instead, two or three arms fall near the first man
and then the armless bodies of a second man,
then another.

The vile warden announces, "And our fifth
winner is . . . "
Then he pauses, " . . . but first we must declare
if among these arms
are the arms of the criminal
that has plagued us
with the recent crimes."
He consults entrails or the heavens or maybe
just thinks about this for a while.
He announces there will be more collecting of
arms
until the criminal's arms are cut off.
Bad news for basically everyone there.

5.viii.14
Sexytime rondayvoo with Em.
She lights candles, nude.
Nice Niceness!
You are so lucky.

* * * * *

You're driving, then crawling
up one of the Twin Stairways
to Heaven.

These have always been
popular with tourists.
From where you were earlier
you could only see part of each stairway,

as both beginning and ending
were obscured by clouds.

When you're climbing,
the incline is almost vertical,
and it's a little shaky
because you're grabbing onto
the books and topper-ware covers
in the steps to gain a foothold.
You should mention this to Spouse,
but she's so far behind.

You continue upward
past this steep part
to a more normal spiral staircase.

9.viii.14
There's always London.
There will always be London,
at least from our
rather limited perspective
as hyoomunz.

This London has street numbers
and Spouse is driving you
to 36th street,
driving parallel to the Thames,
and you see the huge,
recreated Viking ship
docked to the other side of the river.
Big dragon head,
a scary ship even today,
can't imagine how terrifying it must've been
in medieval days.

I'm concerned that spouse is driving
on the Merkun side of the road,
but she's actually doing just fine.
We pull over, get out,
gathering with other groups of people

waiting for the gate to go up.
We pour into the streets,
continuing to 36th.

You stop at 27th, knowing spouse
will go forward, maybe wait there,
maybe come back here.
You hang out with another
odd collection of people,
waiting in pews, for their turn
at the bureaucratic-looking window.
You sit next to a young guy,
you glance to see what he has in his hand:
a toad.

Since you've gotten separated from Spouse,
you decide to explore your location
and its many sad residents.
First, there's the Anthony-Hopkins-looking older
guy
who wanders among the damp shirts hung out to
dry.
That's where he slept, last night.
Still, he's clean and neatly dressed,
and continues wandering.
He discards his cellphone,
and walks out to a pole, and slides down it.
This is a construction-type of site,
and he lands on his feet,
perfectly balancing carefully,
on an isolated, solitary erect steel beam
about forty feet above the ground,
and yards away from any other structure.
It looks like he'll spend the night here,
unless he has someone looking for him.
It's not your business anyway.
Moving on.

There are sad-fat women
begging for your attention.
One, named Xrys, has been watching

your cowOrkers, especially JarOld,
and keeping track of his life-patterns
in her own notebook.
There's even photos of him
with that pretty medical
ladyfrend of his.
So, that's a little creepy-stalky.

10.viii.14

You know,
you may never be
recognized
for this one, small,
thing:
That you can create
la musica at an incandescently
transcendent level,
and also do the visual part,
at a really high level,
'tho not yet transcendent.

Anyway, here goes:

* * * * *

12.viii.14

You and your frend are walking
around the athletic track,
watching octogeneritan golfers
do their stretches and
practice their shots.

There's only one spot,
on the one sharp corner
where the train-tracks
are revealed on this course.

Sisters run out, not talking
straight ahead, not looking back
so you head to Art House, amid coughers
at the hawt-dawg stand

whose black lung rots.

You talk with K-Bot
of the book you lent her.
She reveals facts
through dots/dashes: Code Morse.

15.viii.14

As you put away your scores
in the score-closet, you hear
that the wonderboy, MacNeil Crattison,
is sad, bummed out.
You know what's wrong.
You will tell him,
"Your vocabulary is changing.
If you resist change,
there will be suffering."

You've heard words like these, from whores.
Substitute what you hold dear
for the word 'vocab...' and thus jettison
without a doubt
the fear, the song
the zen in them:
Relationship, love, body, life-thing.
Enter pop-psych range
you'll sure make a killing.

* * * * *

We live in the era
of personal, mini-wars
over just the turf you call home.
We see several examples:
Housewives in full mech suits
battling neighbors for small gains
in territory or property-stuff.

To deal with the terror,
you drive past those looted stores
to The University Rome,

it's closed, watched by police-peoples
with those ominous boots.
"Take that stairway. That remains."
says Climber-Gal, "OK? Let's go, enough!"

As you climb the stairs
the steps become increasingly fancier
minidesks. "They're from failed banks,"
says your companion. You arrive
at off all places, The BaseMent.
It's there ScatPea shows you
where you'll work: your corner,
your photo darkroom.
"I believe in it, you set me up,
and I'll live here!" Your enthusiasm
could be misread there as madness. *

[begin 76]

Construction affairs
greet you as you peer thru peep-hole, lurid glare.
Next room, Ivan, for no thanks
prevents rinse-water streaming live
coming through the door's enjambment
by building small sand-dunes.

Cut to your home-dramar,
framed by cats, wife, broom:
she suggests you measure in tea-cup-
sized grasps your foreplay's momentum'gasm.
Weary, you leave this sex-congress.

To the beach, at night you see
bodies of the S-of-M kids
(you know, the Vantraps)
being examined by young-beauty-killer-gal,
Red-Riding-Hood gone psycho.
She arranges bodies on planks and picnic tables
and with stiletto hi-heels, meticulously
nails their young innocent eyeballs right through
their skulls
through the thick wood.

They protrude under table, but whole,
and stare back at you, pairs of them
holding their bodies fast.

PsychoRed now hands to thee
amid beach-sand caryatids,
and good judgement-lapse
A purple shopping bag (and yes, I'll never tell!)
filled to the top with, you know,
neat little purple boxes with hand-written labels.
Passers-by process the exchange they just did see
by giving you *their* purple shopping bags, such
trolls!

Now you're home. Good.
Purple boxes fill your halls, butthole!
Did you even look inside 'em?
All gifts from Crossmass Past:

single-serving
slice-of-bread toasters,
and personal tiny pots of coffee.
This outpouring
from mercantilers
leaves you without words, meeping speechlessly.
[76]

17.viii.14
Pilot for southern gothic crime drama:
You're watching it with Skate Reflux,
and you're drawn in
to the extended, dysfunctional family
on the lookout for money-makin'-schemes
love, or meth.
All the types are there:
quirky grampa, hot headed main dood
his lush wife, a couple of kids,
law officers, small-towners or rural Appellations.
You don't think the show holds much promise.
Maybe his next one will.

Out of that aura comes the realization
that you need to pick up
either Jerzy, from hospital
or his car, from the shop.
Either way, that gets you in panic.
How will you fit that in
with all your other errands?
You enter the stand-up diner,
and are told by waitstaff, "You'll
hafta act normal in here."
Normal is the new shirt-n-shoes.

But there's discomfort down below,
and you decide to pee your pants
while standing at the counter.
Your long-front sweater has the telltale wetspot,
and you wring that out,
as concealy as you can.
There's still a stream of urine
exiting your shoe, so you
aim it at the drain-grate.
Maybe this happens a lot in here.
Still, there's a mess that might
implicate you. Spouse will prob'ly
point it out to everybody.
Maybe time to leave.

* * * * *

Before this, a scholarly moment
with Mr. Reflux, where you share
some of your net research.
"It was done a few years ago,
I forget if I used FletchSite™ as example,"
you tell him.
"Did it burst-a-bubble? Was it a bubble-point?"
he asks.
That's scholar-jargon for a site
with unexpectedly significant results.
You give him a copy from my folder
of a handout you did for a class,

illustrating the characters
of the show you discuss next.

* * * * *

Time for another style of entertainment:
This one's a vidygame
where you walk your character
through dense forests that open
to stunning lakes (they're called 'largs' here),
all the time trying to avoid
angry herbivores like TrySerraTops,
and the gentle BrontoSaur,
who will eat you, nonetheless,
then wallow around, bloated,
before they throw-up
and stalk another player.
You are impressed by the realism
of the dinosaurs vomitting.

20.viii.14
The Pyramids of Persia
are more like towers built
on the Principle of Long Tail.
You are asked to build one
and it takes you
a ton of equipment and stone.
Lots of scaffolding,
amazing everything worked out so well!

30.viii.14
Think about accepting that big award for your
frend
at that important ceremony,
and when you're asked to say a few werds,
all that comes out is high-speed gibberish
like you're being scrubbed or fast-forwarded
in real time.

You can try to think about more complicated
stuff,

like the Terminator Bullet
that morphs into different shapes—
a car, a drone-copter,
maybe a pony or a piece of cake
in order to stalk, deceive, ambush
its prey.

Or, think about very simple things,
like being injected by your other helper-frend
with the Green Liquid,
and realizing this will be it,
no turning back,
your heart palpitating, and that
when you're ded, you can't use your arms.

4.ix.14

There's the department store guy
in charge of throwing stuff out.
You ask about a rubber Mummy mask and outfit.
"Why, yes, I can find out for you," he says.
It was just thrown out,
And you find it,
along with a Frankenstein's Monster mask
but the proportions are wrong.
Both masks pull over the head
and hold about the volume of a freaky big hed,
that is, a hed the size of a bushel-basket.

Ah, but then the toronado comes.
SpouseMom comments on how much
it looks like a storm-surge.
It's really strong, and very close.
You can both enter the glass-entryway
to the department store or bank,
even though that might not be
the best place in high winds.
PeppyGal manages
to squeeze her red miata in,
and we wait out the storm.

As it subsides,

you see Granny White leave the store
knowing she's trying to meet someone,
but then you overhear
9-1-1 operators chatting
about an elderly woman
struck by a truck.
Of course, it's her.
She's lying in several large pieces—
legs, torso, an arm, all very bloody—
and she's still trying to say something,
surprisingly coherent.

What she says
is stepped on by the medic
who is less hopeful for recovery,
“Nah, she's gonna die,” he says.

6.ix.14

Spock is in the uniform
of a NATO general
or some comparable rank of commanding presence.
His task is to lead the group
up the non-French side
of Mount Everest.

He does this through an amazing
transporter-based technology
that tracks your intension,
then builds a concrete platform
that attaches to the side of the mountain.

Already, they've built a series of such steps
on a big chunk of Everest
and they're continuing to make progress.

You are dangling above all this
on a different kind of scaffolding or rigging
that looks like a series of Venetian blinds,
but you can lower yourself to the floor
and watch the mountain climbers.

But you may need to go with the woman
pushing the handcart stacked with books
to the bookstore basement
because you've heard they may have extra
boxes.

11.ix.14

Theatre anxiety:
You're doing music
on a small refrigerator
with built-in keyboard
on the door-shelf when you open it.
Not much you can do with those.

This is a theatre of sand and thick dust
and the various acts
take the form of mounds of earth.

As always, the cast
is young, ambitious, beautiful,
and you know you won't get
very close to any of them.

12.ix.14

It's all men.
You don't see any women,
yet feel the presence of one.
This is Rock-n-Roll Museum,
and each of the elevators
take you to rooms
devoted to particular bands.

You could take the side elevator
named W-W to the TawkeenGedz exhibit.
But, no, you wait for
the ArriEmm one to arrive.
It does, you crawl in it
because it has a hatch,
and it's mostly filled with water.
Three or four guys are sitting
around the table,

water up to almost the tabletop.
You don't recognize them as members of the band.

15.ix.14

Regardless of your insider status
(which now makes you an outsider),
you're asked to write on your frendz' boo(k),
As in, lend your authority
to these authorities.
You're given about eight minutes
to do this.

And what will you say?
"She writes with great literary erudition,
and her grasp of history
is both broad and deep,"
That is so lame!

And what do the authorities
use this review for?
Something sinister, probably.

30.ix.14

Only a central image discovered
of you, in that great tan suit
standing on the deck of that vast ship
near the mast-rotunda,
with your lovely companion
above the other tourists or guests
honored by this special cruise,

The skyscrapers,
all now smooth metal cylinders without
windows
march past with the certainty of science.

1.x.14

Wander down the bamboo path,
the tiki patch,
into the sacred hut,
find some place to stand,

give other peeps some room
(*which peeps?*).

How about those bear-beest costumed shamans?
Yeah, there's two of em.
and they look at you,
so you give them your best
hand-sign language for
"ALL (open hands up)
IS (equal sign)
WUN (index finger up):
They seem to appreciate this.

Later, spiritual dood
will marvel at this.

Then Gigi gets busted
for sleeping on the job —fifty bucks!

And everybody's on the elscalators
with the few possessions we can carry
in ragged suitcases.
We run into KitBurLand,
and comment on how we've done this all before.

3.x.14
All this rain
and you visiting HickTown,
in Jio-ouia, and in a moment
you'll be yelling at your assistant
for not bringing the car around the corner,
(the pure audacity of your
eccentricities has saved you before;
now, not so much).
You would prefer not stepping in
all these puddles, but that may
be unavoidable.

Where you are standing,
on this street,
is where the bus will come by later,

if you'd like to get on it
and attend the Texan Dating Festival
being held at the convention centre.
Hundreds of loozer men in these
session rooms, filled with various gadgets and
products.
But where are the women?

Your perspective shifts to
more modest professions
and their associated challenges.
Consider the garbage-men
driving a huge semi-trailer of trash,
and nowhere to dump.
Around the central campus,
certain lanes are blocked off,
so the driver must turn 'round,
and try other options.

The one he chooses
(and quite possibly not a good choice)
is to floor it as he approaches
the open dumpsters in the next block,
and actually drive atop them,
hoping to dump his load.
Unfortunately, the truck tips the other way,
and all that trash falls to the street,
and some of it down gutters,
like that doomed shipment of paperclips.
The sound of this so-undoable event
will haunt the driver's memory for months.

5.x.14

They will ask you about
the UK girl band
now, gently aging,
and their gallows humor.
Each of the four
have two or more marks
on their bodies, red circles
with crosses in them

for each of their aborted ones.

They joke about this all the time,
and notice one of them
is not laughing, or saying anything.
She'll announce her own mortality soon:
some hip fatal cancer she just
found out about.

Lucky for her,
there's a way to subvert this
and it involves Young Lad
retrieving those specialty pails
with rubber tubing
that were manufactured in record number
during the last Great War.
They're almost all gone now,
but a bunch are in the museum.
But the museum is understaffed,
and insecure, and Red Neckmon drives his truck
to pick them up.
Will the lad get one in time?

9.x.14

"I've had better bowling games than him" says
JavaScriptPuss about you
"Your generosity knows no limits," you reply and
walk away.
First you'll make a batch of noxious stuff,
then coffee, all this
in a military tank, where Kernal Klink is messed
up,
but needs to leave with convoy in ten minutes.
It's handy that this bar has all its illegal drugs
listed on the menu—there's weed (here it's
called '*ambulata*'),
and a more generic '*street drug*', in pill form,
generally regarded as *Goat-Folder*, an anti-
afrodesiac.
The other workers at the theater are making a
pornoraid,

calling the cops on their own workers at the bar
all because of some dumb dutch KyouTube
video that got played there.
Many are happy the law passed against people
with guns,
you voted by putting your neatly-folded sweater
on the stage,
sweaters filled the whole gymnasium, almost
to the roof!
You arrive at the home of Lara and the daughter
just before the other *Kids With Guns*™ arrive,
and try to hold them off
(that segued into the skit on *Kids With Guns*™)
and both Lara and Dark Molly are interested in
all the mythologies.

Those are the main elements:
now, you put it all together!

12.x.14

There are certain editions of *Thabibble*
that contain within *Revelations*
a sub-book called *Riania*.
It's a very modern story
told of a western nuclear family,
very LITB-ish, parents, two kids
all white, all suburban.

The parents have somehow
raised ten young men from deth
and they become the Ten Fathers,
and not just of those kids,
but I guess, all kids.
I don't know, you'll have
to find a copy for yourself
and see what happens.
Still, amazing how a poor hermit John
could have foretold stock characters
from lazh-door of Network TV
One thousand, nine-hundred and fifty years
before it happened, on the other side

of the globe from Patmos.

* * * * *

You need to come to grips
on the other story taking place:
more backward-aging babbies,
and both the narrative-
and uncertainty-physics-
difficulties they present.

You can sort things out
at this craft-table,
looking at a bunch of your
old, crude funny drawings,
including wacky sayings about deth and fear,
that a friend of yours is collecting
to present to you someday.
You'll let her get on with that,
and make your way
through the bagel shop that
specializes in walk-in psychiatry,
then through the glass doors
that are swung open for you
by a toddler, who coos at you.
"He's a professional swinger!"
you tell his young mother. She smiles.

Inside, you're at Theatre-Puppet-Theatre,
and a show's going on. You can't
really go this way, through the stage
to the outside. Back the way you came,
but through the Union
where you can hang with Defney,
and pull the burlap room-dividers
around you both, and messaround
for a while.

* * * * *

Driving, now, recklessly

in your canvas-topped Mini convertible.
Amazing you didn't hit the cars
on this crowded street, or
the boxy child and some boxy geese-people
who just stay put in the middle of the road.
At the end of the street,
a large, unattractive woman scolds you
for coming so close to inflicting tragedy.

Amazing, too, that you're on the on-ramp
to your freeway, and you'll soon be joining
that fray.

17.x.14
(*metadream*™)

*Watch this space
for new developments!
We're currently implementing
some new mind-think-ware,
and some processes
may be very different, soon!
It is an exciting time
to be in this multiple-space,
with peeps like you,
and Hammy!*

19.x.14
On your trans-Afrika bike ride
the veldt opens up for you,
vistas that go on forever,
and you approach the bridge,
tricky because a jeep and a car
are both approaching from
the other side,
but you dodge them.

Continuing:
There's a datastorm brewing outside,
the wind sounds strange, raspy,
almost speaking to you.
We all take shelter underground,

but one last peek before we descend.
Militias are guarding the entrances,
including the kid militias,
made up of five-year-olds
and their guns look quite real.

Below, you can get accustomed
to the narrow tunnels and passageways,
many of which are all wooden.
You and hubby consolidate
your monies and cameras,
and bring everything to
the central meeting area.
"I guess we can just
leave our stuff here for now," you say.

You encounter a guy from Mass,
who asks if you've heard any news
of some sort of housing program above.
You tell him you don't know about that,
and place your orange kitty on his chest.

And yet, down here, there will be a recital,
so you put on a sweater you've packed.
More passages, more narrows,
you're surprisingly good at navigating them,
like when you were in Venes,
and almost never got lost.
You walk past JeNoir.
She tells you she's been reading
that germanic book you once suggested
filled with stories of tribal initiation rites.
These tales are grisly but beautifully written.

25.x.14

These are the Tuffekah Nomik Times,
so you're pretty lucky you have this job:
you're paid nightly
dressed as Will-He-Wonk-Um
(pastel suit, top hat, the whole schmear)
to bicycle into a night-club

on your old clunker of a bike,
and trailing behind you,
your menagerie-on-wheels of hybrid,
genetically modified animals,
each within a cage within a cage.

You then present each animal
in a rather predictable progression
from the microscopic
to more recognizable mashups
of birds, fish, reptiles,
to the higher primates
merged with electronics
and even some with near-human genes.

An example of that last category,
one very rare
and probably not legal
monkey-boy-machine
always gets the biggest applause of the night
because of his sad, soulful eyes.

31.x.14

Recipe:

You take a collection of people and events
and put them together in someone's hed.

Then they regurgitate.

This is cinema,

or theatre,

or maybe lifey-dethy-poo.

Anyway, it's all too much for you.

You hop on the big boat,
have a conversation with the
kid who throws sneakers at you
from his vantage point on an upper deck,
then you get off the big boat,
because the captain dude is back,
and wants control from his captains-chair.

Phran collapses,

and you must administer SeePeeAre.
You forget the correct number
of compressions to breaths.
Ten to Three? Ten to One?
Hopeless.

1.xi.14

Actually,
it's kinda amazing
you've been this lucky this long.
Ironic you can't remember
where your stash of money is
(it's in one of your books or DVDs—
and sure to invite scrounging
through your library by undesirables
after you're ded).
But, you found a different bunch of bills,
and you can work with that.

Workfolk are dismantling
the displays by the military contractors,
and you fly around the activity
just inches above the floor.
You say, "Good Morning!" to the former U-
President,
although he tells you he's now only a student.

At home, all your family has gathered
for a Turkeyday Feast!

20.xi.14

Constantly now, it seems
you're planting and harvesting
the grapewerds,
smashing them beneath your feet
releasing the winetext,
and putting that away in corked bottles,
not sharing with anyone for a few years
so that it matures, mellows.

If you don't do that,

in ten or twelve years
all you'll have is failing organs,
and nothing fun to fuel jokes.

So here's one such one:

- CrossXtian Crime Family dood
drives recklessly through
this new development,
crashing through gates,
you're in the passenger seat.

He says, 'You know who can drive like that?
Jesus can!'

You join the whole family
for supper, which is where
the whole family eats the cooked bodies
of their enemies.

Please stay tuned for:

- Big house adventures, Britannielle wears her
see-thru pants suit.
- Adventures in Sound, too!

4.xii.14

Camerado, yeah, it's been a while
since we last spoke.
The things I've seen with your eyes!

I was at Art Klub.

The floor was itself an action-painting
thick with paint, strewn with bits of paper,
fur, and faeces.

You could join in the mock-humping
of the elderly woman.

There were not so many spectators there - -
everyone was, it seemed, an artist.

I was interviewed for a job at English,
the usual recap of a patchy career,
followed by slightly interesting lunch
(but not too interesting).

It was a fun diversion,
but a meaningless exercise.

There was parking in NYC,
it was available, but you had to
dig the dirt around your car a little.
Don't mind the big feral cats.

In NYC, since all the rooms of all the apartments
are connected
I can chat with the guy
in the window-hallway.
Spouse discourages this
and lets me know her displeasure
as I drop her off
at the Oxford Library subway stop.
When I return to the apartment,
I resume my conversation with the guy.
"Is she sorta, like, (howls), and then
normal, all the time?" he asks.

So, Camerado, as you can see,
I've been enjoying my visit
to Soberlin!
Best regards,
Crash.

6.xii.14
FunPark offers
many hours of distraction
from a meaningless and useless existence.
Some of the entertainments
are adulty in nature.
Most are designed to delight
one's inner frat-boy.

You decide to get on Bumpy Boat.
It's a small vessel, that will ultimately
go over the waterfalls.
There's no proof this has already happened
or if people actually survive,

just a lot of talk one hears
in the wood-panel bar-lounge area
you wait in as the boat leaves harbor
and heads to the open waters.

There are a series of smaller bumps
(hence the name) where the boat
goes over a set of locks, only a foot or two.
Still, rather bumpy.

In the lounge, you can look through the
round, nautical windows on the paneling
to watch the captain and navigator.
You recognize one of them as the guy
running one of the rides in FunPark.

There's one simulation
you're supposed to go through now,
before the boat hits the falls.
You're supposed to wear this clear-plastic mask
and sit in this damp chair.
You get sprayed in the face
with a stream of water
from a mini-water cannon
across the room.

* * * * *

Next, one of those awkward transitions
as the boat turns a sharp corner
you realize it's really a land vehicle
and you haven't even left the FunPark
parking lot.

(See? There's the Klown MC guy
opening the windows on his
cartoon-dog-head-shaped Jaguar XKE-FunKar,
so now the radio inside can be heard,
some ditsy song with lyrics like, "Oh, you
might think I'm a car,
but really I'm a house!")

Such a strong turn it is
that one of the passengers is thrown overboard
to the concrete,
where he becomes first a black blob,
then a flock of ravens.
He's actually still there, not moving.
FunPark Custodial will clean that up later.

* * * * *

Last stop in FunPark
is Prince's House of Musical Horrors,
where you and your young Frennd can move
from room to room
to see re-creations
of really terrible musical performances
or performances of unusually horrible music.
There's the one with The Pope
trying to sing Karaoke,
there's rooms with 1-hit wonderbands
from the '70s and '80s.
Then, you can go into the basement,
where you can meet Prince
and maybe talk to him.

He's busy behind the counter
handing out bowling-shoes
to customers,
but he does get into his meeting-booth
where you can glimpse his hairless body
and talk to him through his
intermediary, a woman
entirely covered in brown cloth,
some kind of nun, you guess.

To get into and out of the basement
is difficult, because the steps
are merely a series of
out-poochings of the bricks
that make up the wall,

almost all of them just a couple of inches.
It's easy to slip and fall,
and to complicate matters,
Prince has placed some of his action-figures
(Prince in concert, Prince in the iconic
convertible,
Prince battles the Native-Americans alongside
Custer,
and so forth)
on the wider steps,
so try not to knock them off.

* * * * *

You end with the driving -
you drive around tricky streets
trying to find a parking place,
sort of like in M-Beech.
You've been really lucky so far
not in finding a parking,
but in pulling out in traffic
without being hit by oncoming cars.

This last time, looks pretty doable,
just one truck a few dozen yards away,
you gun it around the corner,
but you're going slower than you want,
and the truck's going faster.
You see the image of the headlights
in the rearview mirror,
and then everything becomes a postcard

* * * * *

(yes, a postcard
in a scrapbook filled with postcards
in your grandparent's attic
with attendant smells of cedar, musk, and
mothballs,
where you page through the book
as a kid of about eight

with your sister
on a cold, snowy Thanksgiving afternoon
so many years ago)

14.xii.14

In your particular
'Travels With Charley',
she is a boyish gal,
punkish, and good
with a turn of phrase.

She's spinning a story
of her particular
Richard 3, who falls from favor
and is a marked man.
Lots of people out to get him,
and his cottage
is sprayed with
cottage-piercing arrows,
but he still manages escape
and perhaps comes to Amerika.

* * * * *

So, that was probably the highlight
of your journeys last evening
even though you visited Kampus
and peeked in on your class
with only two students,
going through your mail
and finding small, delicate 3D printings
of bullfights
your colleague from Iberia
has sent you.
They're made of beeswax.

Going to the Union,
or from Union to other buildings
often requires crawling under concrete
sculptures that slow entry and exit.
And, although you've not seen him

in many years, you're greeted
by Geoffney Mayer, and he introduces
his partner, Janice.
Small world!

(Smaller, still, the sigNiffaKuntz.)

16.xii.14

You knew there was going to be
this microphone-rap-battle
as part of our Teem-Building
Korporate Retreat,
so I don't know why
you didn't practice!

The teem-building
has to do with
how consistently bad
we all are at the rapping.
But, most people,
when handed the mic
are just doing bad imitations
of Prez. Dubya:
"Now, watch this drive!"
and so forth.

While you have a passable imitation ready,
Bobby is going before you,
and he's killin' it,
so maybe you should just
recede into the woodwork.

* * * *

On the subway,
urban cave-dweller gurl
gets on next to you.
She has a rope
attached to some mechanical
system of gears and hooks.
She says, "I live in this rock,

I do not drive.
I do not park.”

23.xii.14

This edgy new
French film you’re in—
it’s got all the usual markings:
stunning visual and existential essays
on life, love, and deth,
with all the obligatory scenes
of rough sex
as well as
the quaint scenes
involving both ends
of the digestive track
due to them being fitted with tubes
and attached to this upright harness
you are strapped into.

The Military dood
asks you to try out this apparatus
and assures you
the hoses are well connected
and cannot be
accidently fitted on the wrong opening.

* * * * *

And in a nod
to one famous French director,
you have a conversation
with the obnoxious and slightly
brain-damaged boy
who gets mad at your friend
when (s)he mentions the groceries
the boy is carrying.
He slams the bag to the floor
unpacks it, while yelling,
probably breaking a few items,
and he’s not going to let
either of you forget!

When he chills down a bit,
you invite him to Blue Note Cafe,
which might cheer him up.
As you leave the house with him
Snazzy Gal mentions they'll be
watching a TomkRuse movie later,
but you've already seen it.

24.xii.14

This is surely the celebration
of all indulgences, this supper-party table
at which you sit.
Everyone you see here is familiar,
yet strange, because they all
have different eyeglasses
than you remember.

Mr. FayElla is first to speak,
and he complements you
on the gift you gave him,
a small chain of metal spheres
that one fits to each finger and thumb.
This increases the weight of each digit
and forces the wearer to consider his actions
more carefully.
Lots of people swear by them!

In the meantime, Mrs. FayElla
is standing across the waterway,
and has gotten her shoes and cuffs wet.
She will take off her pants soon,
and you look the other way
because she is obese beyond category.

(The FayEllas, it seems,
are your in-laws)

Dude, your friend,
is able to project messages and images
to the water-tower

using his phone, plus a hack
that he removes in time
so nobody can trace this intrusion
to him.

He's also looking through
his drawer of art pieces, letters, and
mailings, most of them you made.

You see one old comic-calendar
you created for a holiday chuckle
long ago, when you were a different person
at a different job in a different city.
You pick that up, and you'll want to
scan it in or copy it, because you've misplaced
your original, and you haven't seen this in years.

Copying the piece will be difficult
because it has fur and sequins attached,
glitter in spots, and fold-out pop-ups
in places, that vilify the old Anglo order
of Korporate Konsense™.
You try this for a few minutes,
with mostly bad results,
so you give up.

A series of encounters follow
with PsychoDood in his pickup
with a terrorized pretty girl
he keeps threatening with a knife or gun.
Every time we see him
he does this threatening,
but never does the deed.

Nevertheless, you hide
under the kitchen sink
by containers of pasta.

28.xii.14

Your adventure last evening
spanned worlds of academe, commerce, and
criminality.

Main location:
Mall Gallery Detention Center.
There are multiple presentations
given by or for realtors or maybe artists.
Part of every presentation
is the Buffet, and everyone's
cuisine is different, some even distinctive,
like the licorice-ropes woven abstract
hanging sculpture,
but everybody can take a bite out of it.
One of the presenters prepared for you
the massive Zombie Burrito
accompanied by ginger cakes
and lots of black beans.
You may want to save some space
to sample the other buffets,
especially the ones by the painters.
They've always got the best .

Another presentation
has multi-layered visuals
that form a looping animation,
they show clever messages
delivered in a clever way.

Your friend, a man of colour,
has just been either promoted
or released from prison,
so everyone lines up
to congratulate him, and you even
give him a hug, and wish him luck.

Why everyone's been given
a bouncy blue rubber ball, you have no idea.
At least it functions as a marker for 'play',
so you know we're going to get down to work
very soon.
This is probably some kind of
TeemBuilding Meeting,
like you've always despised those.

5.i.15

MacKartney's new video
"Make it Heinous"
is his tribute to Orlan,
but it's actually more
dada photomontage-esque:
He sings, but
other peoples facial parts,
body parts,
and automotive
and electrical parts
are pasted on his face.
It's brutal.

This video was only one
of many exhibit items
in the gallery you discovered
when you flew through
the mirror at the end of the hallway
in the house of your youth.
It's a parallel universe
or dimension,
but you already knew that,
and you know
you can exist in multiple ones
at the same time.
No biggie.

8.ii.15

Let's ignore for a moment
the little 'event' the other night,
specifically,
the time-lapsing of real time,
leaving you with that
predictable response:
"Total, total whoa!"

Instead, let's focus on
a number of smaller,
interwoven events
from last night:

1) You're painting in heavy oil.
You really have no idea
how to proceed,
how much realism
to mix with the abstraction.
You'll figure that out later.

Plus, you get to scan your paintings
and then manipulate them, digitally.
Like that's a new, cool thing.
But, this gallery space is interesting,
and so are the people hanging around,
and making suggestions to you
about your painting.
Weirdly, you don't mind that.

2) What you do mind
is that the bathroom's closed,
because the police are pumping the sewers
and finding parts of a body in the filth
—mostly toes, and a foot.

You can use the washroom in the basement
after your dad is finished.
It's good to see him alive again.

3) Between these two scenes,
there's you in a great looking
white suit or pantsuit,
and someone gave you
a fancy gold watch
that you're still learning to operate.

10.ii.15

Three tales of Brothers and Sisters:

1) Brother 2 helps
Sister 4 in her move.
Mostly packing stuff up,
seeing a plastic bag full of money

on the bed, "There are,
you know, banks," you think of saying,
but think better of it.

You help her prepare
to move her fish.
There's dozens of them,
smallish, not very fancy,
and she wants you
to distribute them into
petri-type bowls and
give them to the naybers.
You try to convince her
to put a larger quantity
in a topper-ware container.
That would make your job easier.

2) Brother TAB 1 discusses with Sister TA
how many songs and albums
she's downloaded for free.
A brotherly concern.

3) Brother GDFTW, after
ingesting something,
and experiencing something,
sits with his sister.
actually his boss's maid,
and they have a salad she made.

He's not used to the wooden
spoons, so he somehow
thwacks the saladbowl
into the air, it inverts,
pauses in midair,
and empties itself of salad
all over everybody.

13.ii.15

This rain has been relentless—torrential!
It is so driving and dense
that it releases *the inner worm*

of all things!
Slender and wiry, they
stick out of everything—trees,
cars, people, glass—and
wave around in the rain,
but still attached at one end
to the thing from whence they came.

A momentary pause in the downpour,
a cesura, permits you
to see the brown oriental building
and the construction machinery
poised to knock it down.
Demolition begins, aided
by bipedal robo-stompers
that crush bigger chunks
into smaller ones.

You watch this all from a place you ignore
'home' you call it, if you're true
to your sense of adequate observing
but this is more an infirmary
judging from the clown
who'd only recently mated
with distracted peepole-whompers
wearing circus trunks
shooting polka-guns.

19.ii.15
Inner high valley between rows of
RockyMaountuns,
you break through the crusts of snow
as you walk, noticing nobody around
for miles, except for one figure
all bundled up in snowclothes,
so you can't tell the person's gender.
He/She/It is scooping snow away
from a distant fence.

* * * * *

Inside the antique store/mansion
there's tons of interesting stuff,
but not too many people.
The ones there
are nude, and posing
in some sort of assembly
of Greco-Roman statues,
just like TV! (*tableau-vivant*)
You're among them,
also nude, and you put
a little sprig of parsley on your peener,
and introduce yourself
to a young naked nancilene woman in the
arrangement
as "Dick Parsley".
She finds this amusing.

3.iii.15

Those proprioceptive drugs
and meditative practices
have you walking
on the ceiling again,
and you try to blame it
on space aliens,
but there aren't any of those around.

* * * * *

As high art gets lower and lower,
a performance practice emerges
whereby the violinists
play their concerti shirtless, if a guy,
sort of like a male stripper
or chipmonkdale model.

Two are backstage,
trading war stories.
The younger one
once studied under
the older one.
"You're the one with

the robot touch!" says the elder.
"Yeah, you taught me that
but you couldn't really
do it yourself," the other replies.

8.iii.15

Once, there were two kinds of breakfasts:
One with nativo-americano symbols
rendered in bacon and pankakes,
the other, a hyper-healthy one,
a scientific breakthrough, really.
No longer a heart-attack-on-a-plate.

You are watching an S&L sketch
about rooshun mobsters
and how they don't really care
about you. That much is true.

16.iii.15

(draft)

Invasion starts with red aerals,
they hit the ground,
aliens like reds and yellows.
They don't like luggage or chopsticks.

Watch out for phantom George!

You badmindtimers - the one is called a goose!
We are in the category *dysfunctional family*.

Elevator down, you press two buttons,
next time don't do that.

18.iii.15

The distant range
suggests you're in the High Mountains
along with this young
but strangely appointed dood.
"What year is it, anyway?" you ask.
You know this sorta gives you away

as a time-explorer.

"It's 2053. That makes you—" he says,

"95" you reply. "And you?"

"I'm 62."

"You don't look over 30."

At this meeting or conference,
you're told your greatest shortcomings.
Yours? Your obsession with age
and aging.

8.iv.15

(draft)

Around us: many broken things.

Your mind is still a flight risk:

There are still textures that make me extatic - -
says T.

I tell her I remember, but she says I forget,
although I know her next thing
is a calendar for burgerking.

Textures, say I, will drive me to painting,
like that

on the wall my student Gab something
is blocky, opens up

to reveal a theatrical diorama,
with three main female characters,
or three aspects of one character.

Drummer dood will give a recital with another
drummer dood.

Young-uns.

11.iv.15

Jibberish Interlood [77]

(here's where the Jibberish Interlood happens,
so be sure you put in lots of Jibberish,
and also lots of InterLoodaTood™!)

24.iv.15

(draft)

Hills of forrest rise
just off the side of the dirt road.
Homeless men and their dogs—
many dogs—
sleep there, embedded in the bank.
They look ded, but they're just sleeping.

You've stumbled on them
like you stumble on a lot of stuff,
like the catholic church celebrating Canada
by having its dome painted blue and white,
like the old papers you're throwing away.

In the church, the priest says,
"The pulpit is empty,"
and that means a visitor can be
accepted inside.

A woman and her two or three children
are at the door, the priest lets them in.
She's normal enough, but two of her kids
have markings and bandages on their jaws
that make them look like ventriloquist's
dummies.

The third kid *is* a ventriloquist's dummy.

You're collecting them all,
shepherding them into the pews,
and taking care of the costumes
for the passion play.
You're dressed well, and you look good
in these good clothes.
A very simple, good feeling
you've also just stumbled upon.

25.iv.15

You're visiting Scotland with your brother and
The Twins.
Everyone gathers on the bleachers
before the public square

to watch the procession
of late-afternoon shadows.
The shades take the form
of various animals—giraffe,
elephant, tiger—none of which
is present.
These shadows are more elegant
than menacing, and a big hit with the tourists.

Also big with the tourists
is the gathering of all the children
in the square
into the trees.
Up they climb, and this too,
is a popular photo op.

You overhear some of the writers
in the front row, speaking in rhyme
as they nurse tall glasses of beer and other
liquors:
“When writers are your friends most dear
you’ll find them nightly drinking here.”

You’re snapping pictures on your selfone
throughout these events,
and now you must prepare to leave.
Sister does this by returning some of the potato
chocolates
she bought just yesterday
to the store owner, not to want to
let it go to waste.
She’s planning to bring her tower-drawers
cabinet
with her on the plane.
How will that ever work?

* * * * *

You wander back into the bare
warehouse room you left to watch all this
and discover it’s all covered with paintings,

prints, and posters, almost every surface
—floors, walls, ceiling, doors—
covered in art.
One painter is mixing pigments and oils
in a bucket, soon to be splashed on his next
canvas,
as is his particular style.
Be careful where you step - -
there's drawings and sketches everywhere.

1.v.15

Perhaps it's useful sometimes
perhaps not, to run through
your litany of anxieties
presented to you as private night-cinema:

Leaking roof anxiety, with
wet floors in the phone room/closet,
and big bulges above the living-room.
The parents are there, however,
and this is more their concern.
Let them deal with this.

Return of your First Amateur Narcissist Anxiety,
During which we see only his eyes
through the mail-slot
at eye level at the door.
"It's been a while
since I've seen those eyes,"
you say, and then see if he's
going to open the door.
He doesn't, so you can step away
and move on to your next anxiety.

This one is Ikea Anxiety.
You must assemble these
tables or stands or platforms,
and the piece with which you must
start assembly, some X-shaped
adjustable spine, is gone.
You might borrow some pieces

from the other desks and tables
here in Brothersroom, but
nothing will replace that first piece.

In the background is a classical symphony
and it maddens you you can't identify it.
This is probably a mild case of *Schubert Aphasia*,
because the piece is usually early Schubert.

And finally, Nayber Lady wants
to install a hot tub in our communal kitchen,
and the anxiety here is over how much space
will be available after the installation.
Why couldn't she install it where the
gas stove is—nobody uses that,
and it's right next to the kitchen bathtub,
which nobody uses, either.
She tries to defend the stove by saying
we might have European visitors
who'll use it one day.
You are skeptical of this, and tell her
as much.

4.v.15
You voice your concerns
to your cell-mate.
He just goes on
playing his bagpipe.
This is why prison sucks.

* * * *

Your concerns are not so interesting.
Something you read somewhere
about 'Brideshead Revisited Film Festival'
that specializes in remakes and revisions
of that story.
You don't remember ever even seeing the
original.
It's a small festival,
only 5 or 6 films being shown,

and everybody's getting sued,
so not such a party-type atmosphere.

6.v.15

You receive the gift
of No More Excuses.
What will you do with that?

The cosmetic reason
you got the gift,
the surface reason
the immediate, outward-appearing reason
the obvious reason
is because Frend is gone.
Frend can return
with your call.

* * * * *

You were practicing
your tight-rope walking.
It's actually a slender pole
set up between two supports.
Beyond the supports is more pole
and you can bounce this pole
from house-shrub to shrub
while remaining on it.
You expect to fall
but you don't.

7.v.15

Tomcrooz is this out-of-work mercenary.
He walks under the ornate arches
and is stalked by a weaselbadger.
That's annoying enough,
but his day job is to sell
home safety stuff—
extra padding and pillows
for sharp edges and objects.
His company's slogan?
"Every Baby's hed looks for something to hit".

Russulkro is also an out of work ninja
wandering the streets,
sometimes paddling a canoe
down the canals,
where he bumps into
Jongoodmun, who's also
hanging around.

Later, they all get together
and do bit parts in movies,
especially scenes like this one
where hundreds of extras
dressed as medieval peasants
or soldiers, attack a fortress
guarded by hundreds of similarly
dressed, but better equipped men,
with bright blue or green hoods
covering their heds.
Obviously, hideous monster-heds,
or maybe just menacing animal-heads
(like, say, that of a rhinoceros)
will be blue-screened
or green-screened
onto them.
It all happens in post.

* * * * *

But, you're attending a banquet,
maybe a wedding dinner,
and you leave to experience
documentation anxiety
as you will need to remember to type all this
down,
the previous story
of marginally employed celebrities.

You'll type here,
in this side room,
where NarsiFrend's tablet
is showing some action film,

but it's on pause.

Back in the reception,
the girl that sent tickets to her friends,
comps for this show,
is not getting reimbursed.
The tickets are not showing up as comps
on her screen,
but that's her problem, not yours.

10.v.15

Walking up flights of stairs,
wide stairways,
lined with books on either side,
you manage to elude
hoodlums dressed in white
who trick those who
are following you,
also trying to ascend,
by turning stairs into
long flat inclines
and sending many
to peril below.

Each person's library
is on each level.
You've made it as far
as the guy who owns
a really thick volume
called, "The Rise of The Black Man".

18.v.15

It's another one of those
art-openings your new frendz
are giving,
this one in a 19th century (it seems)
women's clothing store
where every furnishing—
mirrors, cabinets, doors, screens—
are of thick woods and heavy upholstery.

All the art pieces
(and many are minimal,
conceptual, restrained, abstract)
are just draped on or placed over
the dense furniture of the past.
It makes the show
very incongruous, aesthetically.
It doesn't really work for you
but these are your new frendz
and you take some comfort
in semi-familiar faces.

You spend some time
with the reception gal,
lying with her on the carpet,
between her and your Momspouse.
You're the grabby one,
but nobody minds.

Then, you wander among the art pieces
into the bedroom closet installation
of the guy who does these little
performance installations.
He's also a new frend,
so you know how you're sposta respond.
As you approach the closet,
a miniature plush cloth-crab doll
appears out of the farmhouse diorama
at the closet floor.
It appears to walk toward you
on its own, emitting a mewling squawk.
"Oh, my! This has given me such a fright,
I fear I'm having a heart-attack!" you say,
and grab your chest, all according to script.

"Ah, you've killed me with your art!
You've killed me with your fucking art!"

So you're the one giving the performance,
and installation guy leaves the closet
and the diorama to hang out

with your buds, and maybe chat with you.
As he leaves, his 30 or 40 minicats
pour out of the closet, too.
They were really the ones running the show.

22.v.15

It's the sort of party
you don't attend often.
Folks are here from all parts
and stages of your life.
The dead, the living, some
who haven't aged
since you knew them as a kid.

There's a semi-crazy woman
talking to you, and grabbing at your face.
You don't understand what she's saying.

There's even PaulPee's trailer
inside the party, but you must enter
without latching the doors behind you.

Now, it's time to pack up the party
into containers the roadies move
when bands tour.
They're all just heavy enough
to need at least two people to move.
You've been on your back
and you're able to catch a few
with your feet,
and set them to the ground,
but you need help.

Now, all the really big containers,
holding furniture, even grand pianos,
start to tumble down from their neat stacks,
and dozens of people
are going to get squashed like bugs!
You duck, and one container lands on
some of the smaller ones around you,
so you're protected.

You make your way out the exit,
and hafta get help for all these people!
You dial 9-1-1, and the operator asks
for your phone number.
You can't for the life of you
remember it.

27.v.15

Commonplace elements dominate:

One - You can control people
walking toward you
in this corridor. Just spin your
hand around, and they
fly around,
bounce into the walls,
and continue.

Two - You have an appointment
to have sex with T-Byork,
but she has a ladyfrend
scheduled right after you,
so don't take too long.

Three - Always, it's really windy
so you look around for tornados.
Of course, there's one in the distance.
Even though it's miles away,
a pickup truck flies into the air
and smashes into powerlines,
and probably a transformer
or relay station, or some
component on the electrical grid.

4.vi.15

"not for nothing" is the phrase
the Indonesian gangster mutters often,
an all-purpose, meaningless utterance.
He's one of several characters
drawn as cartoons

by Visiting Artist Lady,
along with her photos of her
and her friend,
naked in the woods,
carrying machetes.

JC's show takes place
right after yours,
and involves a big bundle of sticks
as prop or set-piece.
It's an Old Western,
and many of the shots
are difficult but well-executed.

5.vi.15

Walking about the Halls of School,
with BabbyOates practically
hanging off your sleeve.
You wish he'd cool it.
He even follows you into the restroom
and waits while you pee.

Down another hallway,
and into the Science Room:
Maybe you can distract him away
with this music/sound interface software
that controls the laser wood-lathe
that's creating a neat
3d - extrusion of that
logo/graphic from the 1970's
the one that says,
LO
VE.

* * * * *

You're riding the CityTransBus
along with dozens of regular folk
all going to their jobs, like any other day.

There's a little bit of excitement
mixed with dread
when you see the semitransparent jets
zoom overhead.
A circular craft is deployed,
and plants itself in the park
with one big central metal column
like a dandylion,
and begins beaming
its welcome message to all selfones.
They've arrived.

They are World Order,
the religious corporate military aliens,
and they would like to invite you all
to the mass euthanasia
later tonight,
“. . .one of many to come!" says
the peppy news team on TV.

You could resist
like that poor guy
in the white jacket
they have hanging
by his heels,
dipping his head in water.

Nah, you're just gonna
join the crowd, forming three neat rows.
You have momentary regret you will die alone
but that passes.
Since you're in the first row,
you get to use the kneelybenches
and when you lean over the handrails
you see the openings of the small pipes
that will deliver the fine mist
of powdery gas.

13.vi.15
Looking at photo-negatives
of a trip you took

visiting family
after both parents are dead
The trip gave you no joy.

It's a saturday night
and you haven't eaten.
You'll check out your favorite cafe,
because you haven't eaten there in a while.
(In years, really)
You get there by walking or driving,

A few of your colleagues are there,
one you barely recognize
because he's really changed his hair.
You change yours,
and discuss aging with the woman.
"Guess how old I am," you ask.
"Oh, somewhere between 30 and 195."
She nailed it!

after you eat and drink,
you must go home by bike.
Always lots of bicycles behind you
that want around.
Why can't you go faster?
Oh, yeah, your right foot doesn't work.

14.vii.15
(DJ's oldest sister
and her younger sister too
have both opted for
the reverse-ass operation
where the ass is reattached
but facing forward,
other stuff facing backward.
"Whatever they want." she says of them.)

15.vii.15
Who put you up to this?
You're impersonating a doctor
or a research scientist,

and you're trying to lure
the evil mastermind to sit before you
while you inject him with
the fibrousendorfin mixture
(a stringy solution
that leaves the needle
like a spider's web)
by syringe,
in the hand.
And you're nervous,
your hands are shaking.
Don't you think he'd know
something was up?

* * * * *

The father has set up a meeting
with semi-evil ex-nazi
to buy from him
all the films he made
with the daughter.

This guy is only semi-evil
because he's not smart enough
to be truly evil,
and he's just more of a pathetic abuser.
Bad, to the core,
but not evil in an epic way
like the guy you're trying to inject.

The daughter shows up to the meeting, too.
She's doesn't really care
what goes down.

* * * * *

Now, you're in NeedlePark,
a very seedy part of town,
and pretty dangerous
(deadly, really)
after dark.

There are a few deals happening,
nothing remarkable.
This place was built
to accommodate the hundreds,
maybe thousands,
of new addicts to the current drug - -
it's inhaled deep,
through the nose
from white plastic buds
that dealers post on the green
styrofoam holding-surfaces
that cover all the shrubbery
and most of the walkways
of NeedlePark.

So, it's a very organic-looking place,
surely a Garden of Eden
for the new druggies.

You can fly around the park,
and up a number of levels
above it.
See, the park is constructed
with many levels,
some containing entire social orders,
some just stuffed with junk,
and at the penultimate level,
all doll-heds.

At the ultimate level
is the busdriver guy,
and he is actually driving
NeedlePark, grounds levels and all,
very slowly.
Amazing how the many feet
under the park can lift and move
this huge structure,
many city blocks wide and long,
many stories high,
through downtown,

up and down inclines and curbs
without teetering over.

20.vii.15

(churm—notta dreem)

P L E A S E
take comfort in the fact
that you will not
live to see
how this is resolved.

thnx!
k-gby!

12.viii.15

Of course, the manufacturing process was
a complete disaster.
There were 23 steps,
and only 15 people
assigned to the task.

It shouldn't have been so
difficult: just folding and printing
paper, some cellophane,
some assembling,
but right from the beginning
people were tearing the paper,
sheets and rolls fed wrong
into scoring, printing, cutting machines.

Manager let the operation run
for about two minutes
before he pulled the plug
on the entire operation.
An epic comedy of errors.
Almost everything that could go wrong, did.

Then, Manager was mumbling something
about 'media informatics'.
It takes me a while to figure out

he's talking to me.
I am without a clue.

* * *

The beach is disappearing,
now the water is almost up to the grassy banks.
I'm freaking out 'cuz I can't find my laptop
or my keys. Typical.

Once I find them,
GennaBull appears now,
her hed mostly shaved,
garish Weimar-Republic era makeup.
"I like to make myself
difficult to adore," she tells me, "This
is the right season for that."

I find laptop and keys
under the embankment,
such a relief.
Two older, oddly shaped women approach,
and tell me
we need to take care of one thing,
to settle my account.
Not sure what that is,
but I am invited to join
The Boys & Girls Club.

Spouse calls me over a few minutes later,
and, at the dinner table with the two women,
tells me we're not going to pay
for my membership into the club.
I'm enraged by this,
and pick up a mustard squeeze-bottle,
and spray mustard all over her and the whole
dinner party.

* * * *

Blackitty is shedding black fur,

revealing bright orange fur underneath.
This is a transform I will mark well.

* * * *

Handsome guy is asking me out,
I tell him he'd find out how hetero I am.
Nevertheless, he leaves me the address
of the swimming club he will be going to later.

• • • •

BradLay is leaving his industrial job,
and asks me to carry a few of the pole-tools
he will take with him as he leaves.
I don't think we can get all of that in the car.

Three cars are playing "Prevent the Other Two
From Leaving The Lot", which seems to require
a lot of driving skill.

You'll be lending your laptop
to the beautiful ebony woman
whose skill level will match
your battery power, at 87%.

The judge-woman runs some kind of
battery-power-sensor over my device
to "ensure accessibility
to the coins". Whatever.
"Your older machine was really not made
to compete with these newer models."

The three contestants will try
to toss coins into the parking meter
from their cars, and that's gotta be
extremely difficult.

13.viii.15

1. the video about the horse in slo-mo,
with the orphan boy who rides it,

in the interior shed with very controlled lighting,
and the chicken-coop with neon signs
where we see a pretty girl
looking at some trinket
her parents got from a prostitute they once
befriended,
completely by accident,
probably running away from some crime guy.

You consider using Frumpy Girl
instead of Pretty girl,
but nah, Frumpy is too depressing.

2. Some backstage area,
you with a white plastic oboe
or E. horn
or oboe d'amor.

You give the real oboist a couple of dollars,
and tell her, "I wish I had gotten that much
each time I played the 'a'", before she tunes up
the orchestra.

3. Segue to,
the President (RayGun) is ded.

He's in a coffin,
and you and three or four secret service
have to wheel the coffin madly
through the halls and elevators of this building,
and avoid the monied right-wingnuts
who are trying to steal the corpse
to reanimate it.

Everybody finally arrives outside,
and it's a cold winter night,
and the helicopter you've hailed
has lowered a container
for you to put the coffin in.

That's done,

the container is loaded into the white van
that's also attached to the helicopter,
but must drive on the frozen river for a while
before it's hoisted back into the helicopter.

The doods driving the van gun it,
and oh no—they hit a dead tree-trunk
that's frozen into the ice!
They flip over,
there's some fire,
it's mayhem.

The president's coffin is somewhere nearby—
you should probably make sure
it doesn't get stolen.
No, wait, you've done all you can.
These bozos have fucked it up—
let them deal with it.
You're outta here.

15.viii.15

Small bedroom exchanges with spouse
opens to huge bedroom (100' ceiling)
opens up to indoor gym/pool,
with bouncy floors,
pleasantries with swim team,
you give them some doormats!
jumping high, into pool,
then into corporate land,
office next to admin,
lunch person, 'let's walk'
Room after room of ballrooms, resplendent,
empty
Finally, outside, near greek + roman ruins.
OK to walk on graves of former roman emperors,
just say, Hail, or 'Honorem, Caesar' if their ghost
confronts you.
Lunch Date girl gets wet in rain, angers at you
'it was going so good for so long!'
She's gone, you're back inside
with corporate cronies.

She's eyeing one of them now.
You excuse yourself, go inside
art gallery, find bathroom.
American Indian in brown business suit
chants and hits side of bathroom stall,
Other AI in black pinstripe suit with small child
joins in chanting.
You're approaching the toilet,
but girl-child with skeleton mask on
is in the toilet pre-bowl
(the bathtub-sized bowl that contains the
toilet bowl proper).
She intices you, but you tell her
you must poop.
Such are the dee-lemmahs of dreemlife.

21.viii.15
All of humanity
gets on these boats
that resemble ice-cube trays.
Everyone
gets dumped into the noxious liquid
and most perish,
being reduced to one or two Dali-esque bones,
But some become metal-encrusted
their new skin showing tarnish and patina.
Some, like you,
are not really changed at all,
you're just more aware
of your nastier qualities.

8.ix.15
(churm)
This particular David Lean
is an architect who's just won a big award.
He follows you into the clothing store,
and you gush when you turn around
and there he is.

You explain to him
you're trying to reconcile

music and architecture
and he asks,
"What do you know
about Animal Psychology?"
You reply something lame
about, "Only that we are all animals."

* * * *

Previously, Brother has been
concerned because he's aware
of now, a few people,
who have just stepped out of their
house at night,
and just disappeared.

This happened to one guy, in particular,
that he knew, and there was probably
a serial killer on the loose
who

30.x.15
(*churm*)
People, places, and events
are all hazy and indistinct.
There is a feeling of fear and dread
like it's 1983.
That's the clearest thing.

* * * * *

There were some interesting incidents
that occurred over the past few weeks,
but most of them point to
or illustrate
forms of anxiety,
so they're not really that interesting.

There were people resting in boxes,
and one of them was you.
You walk over to yourself,

and take your double out of the box.
He/She's happy you did that,
but now, he/she doesn't want
to go back in box
when you try to convince him/her
he/she should,
to restore the order of things.
He/She will not have it, and
even becomes insistent, belligerent.

* * * * *

12.xi.15
Time is a river
made of delicately painted
Joseph Cornell boxes,
clustered into groups
and arrangements
reminiscent of MondriOn.
You work through one box,
then the next,
but there's no set sequence,
and since you see them all
at once, you have,
at least the illusion of choice.

* * * * *

She's standing in a wading pool,
water up to mid-thigh,
wearing only a man's navy
sports jacket
and a smart tweed hat.

She's being mind-controlled
by the Great Ape at the side of the pool.
Whatever he does,
she repeats.

He's dressed in a sports jacket too,
but with a dark t-shirt,
which he lifts, and makes

a tearing motion at his abdomen.

So now, it's her turn,
but since she has no shirt,
she lifts the skin on her belly
and this exposes all her internal organs
carefully wrapped in clear plastic zeeplockbags.

She's going to really damage herself.
"Damn dirty ape!"

14.xi.15
(nondreem)
Look, we're just
impractical artists,
so we really don't know how this all works
and we refuse
to take full responsibility.

So we all own this,
and you need to sign here
that you received the invoice
and that we all share responsibility for this.

You can call him yourself
if you have questions.

END OF PART V

PART VI

6.xii.15

This is the HeepStar® part of town,
sprinkled with beautiful young people
walking around,
grabbing dinners and drinks,
going to clubs,
watching bands.

Let's check out
one of the local hotspots.

No band yet,
just a few fans,
sitting around the stage.

Tiny stage,
equipment set up.

You marvel at how clean
and efficient the setup is:
power chords neatly bundled
leading to an offstage
powersource.

You want to touch things,
but you should leave it be,
don't be so intrudy all the time.

Maybe they'd like you
to do your magic
arm-wavey-music
with them sometime?

*(NoteToSelf: Need to meet someone in band,
discuss.)*

To get to the little stage,
How did you get there?
You crossed dark streets
of august brick buildings,
houses and shops built to last
"Ein tausend jahre", [1]
not like the flimsy ones you see today.
Up a clunky concrete stairway,
past the empty swimming pool
where

there's that
Korean girl embedded into the concrete
beckoning for you,
inviting in that "this can't be good" way.

Over the loudspeakers
plays that awful bawdy song,
you know,
the one that goes,

*Her tatas were like erasers
In a mucusoidal way,
One for looks and one for business,
And the other one for play*

(apparently, this is considered
OK in the HeepStar® part of town,
which is sposta be a relatively
enlightened, progressive sorta place.)

[1] Not a pathetic Nazi reference; this is a
pathetic Ginsberg reference.

23.xii.15
SteevaReeno after so many years
as batchler-farmer is now an electrician.
He drives up in his pickup
with SteeveSter sitting beside him.
They've recently been pronounced as *shindigs*,
that, translated, meaning,
"Oh, perseeve!
They are homonosexual lovers!"
No matter, they'll still do
the work we need them to.

1.i.16
Previously, on *America's Got Psychosis*:
The attractive, petite
brunette birdwoman

gestures and speaks
in tiny clipped phrases and hand motions,
very fast, leaving one
with an impression of brevity
encased in a fragile frame,
but with a richness of experience
behind her rapid-fire delivery.

She's explaining
how each of the Endowed Chairs
in this orchestra (you know, like
the Stanley F. Richguy Chair in Horn)
is also allowed a reserved toilet seat
in the communal toilet area,
which in fact resembles the arrangement
of seats in a classical orchestra.

* * * * *

Batteries are scarce,
so you're not certain
why your assistant
on the street
keeps throwing the battery
back to you,
instead of keeping it,
and using it for the music-player
you were hoping to use it in.

Last throw, he doesn't even pick it up!
It rolls onto the street grating
and some streetboy grabs it
for himself.
You yell at him, then chase after him.
When you reach him,
he gives you a different battery,
a blue one, which you take,
not knowing if it's even any good.

Back at the loft,
you deliver the battery,

hopefully this will work.
A bunch of your friends
have gathered there,
to hear your new intro to
the movie soundtrack.
It sounds pretty good,
and you give a copy of the disc
to the critic dood in attendance.
He seems interested in your work,
but one can never tell about critics.
Nevertheless, you exchange
cards with him.
He remarks on how many backup copies
you have of everything.
“I’m a little obsessive that way,” you explain,
and you must leave,
walk down the street a bit,
and return.

You’ve had only black slacks on,
and no shirt
all this time—can you believe it?
“Oh, yeah, I forgot my nipple-clips!”
you explain to Normalmary as you
enter the building and climb the tight stairway.

* * * *

You return to the loft,
with critic guy and someone else
and sit in three folding chairs
in the living room, a big
folding table a few feet away from you.

This is the stage upon which
the contestants for *American Mongrel**
will compete.

In they come,
usually husband-and-wife teams,
like the one where they

set three cat-litter trays on the table
and had their poodle on a leash
jump from tray to tray.

"I like how they use the table space
to define their performance," you mention
to your fellow jurors.
You have no idea what that means.

Another act takes over,
this one a Latino couple,
with the mother leading
six or eight little girls
in a simple dance
on stage right,
while the father
showcases his young son,
stage left.

"Now, watch, he's gonna
do this step a number of times.
Do you know how many times
he's done it before? Twenty-four!
Here we go: One, Two, Three . . ."
says the father.
Little boy just obeys,
and goes through the same step
over and over.

* A Mongrel here is any underachieved
redneck/white trash person, usually with a lousy
demeanor and limited nuance.

21.i.16
*dreem compendium - week of last week, thursda
jan 21 back*

I want to say -

- in corporateville, very sane place,
very neat boardroom,
you open the closety area,
find four casket areas, you know, just
dirt piled up with bodies beneath,
and one where the hed of the woman
pokes thru,
her skull starting to looze its hair,
and this was a woman you affair'd.

- in the likkerstor, Stevie Alert grabbing
your bare arm, and having seen you
on tv, asks, "are you robocop?"

- oh, jollies! we're now
taking care of Celeb's
House of Nine Cats,
and she's been on TV,
talking about how she installed
fur-lined tunnels in the basement
". . . so the kitties can have
truly intimate experiences
with other kitties!"
And, one black moodgekat
gets on his catcycle
(proably a roombah)
and drives about.
Such jollies!

- so much more,
but it hath been
lost.

27.i.16

We are the next door nay-berz
To KanWay, and we inspect
his white sporty car
after he drove it really fast
with daughter in the toddler seat
and manager in passenger.

It's said he made it to 130
before it started smoking, complaining,
and there were some engine parts on fire,
and paint peeling from big sections of the
exterior
from the heat.

It's parked in his front yard,
and we all inspect it,
There's mild outrage he put
his daughter at risk.
You're mostly trying
to find out the make and model
of the car.
It's one you don't know—E- li - or U-emit or
something.
Now, everyone enters his house
and looks things over, moves stuff,
turns on the big TV.
You're not sure it's a good idea,
because K and his entourage
have just returned.
You try to explain your presence
to the bodyguard,
who's smaller than you'd expect,
sort of a mean, rednecky guy.
"Oh, OK, now I know where to come for you,"
he says.

Great. You should've told him
you'd watch K's kitties any time
they needed a sitter.

30.i.16
Miss DC greets you,
bottomless,
and you do some
mock-humping with her,
"Wow, we would've been
just the right fit for eachother," you say,
"If you hadn't, you know,

died!"

Babby Oates then greets you,
in a great houndstooth suit,
and says you should check out
the new issue of NashuKnowljee O'grafix.
"I think you're mentioned," he says.

So, those were some visits
from the ded.

I walk over to Nelles
who's unpacking a box of
the yellow-trim'd
magazines. It's printed his article,
and he hands me a copy.
"Yeah, I nominated you for
a couple of things," he says,
"but they didn't include
all the nominees."

That was a visit
from the living.

4.ii.16

The harry-potter-esq adventure
takes place in the 18th century,
in a many-roomed, two-story cottage
where Harry's great great great (maybe more
greats)
grandfather has gathered
with all his friends and the family
and various maids and servants.
You're Kelso running through the forest
trying to reach the house
before they close the doors.
It's night, and several spooky
people and spirits pass you
as you scramble down dark
paths, up several flights of stairs,
before you arrive in the antechamber,

where you enter without knocking,
which is not proper etiquette,
and you're not even sposta be here,
which is another breach in the order of things.
But, as you approach the main door,
one of the servants has closed it,
and you knock anyway.
They let you in,
and now you're you,
and you help some servant
who's about to drop a great bowl
of porridge or stew.

The Military/Industrial Hangout
where an extremely pregnant girl
is probably moments away from delivering:
She passes out on the sidewalk
slumps down on the curb
and nobody helps her.
You go over and cradle her,
lift her so she sits up
and now she's starting to come-to.

The driving to reach OakLand, most likely,
and then we're driving across the Bay.
You don't like the idea of driving the car fast
over the water, but that's what you do,
catching up to a speed boat, even.

The walk you're having
with the guy asking you
all about your
artistic process—
how you do it,
what you're trying to accomplish,
does it do something for 'community'?
For the last question, you tell him
that you feel there are lots more people
better at that than you are,
you just do your art practice.

Now, you're cleaning out the men's room
with a mechanical lawn-mower
that you push under each stall-door.
"Be careful not to chop off toes!" says a blonde
guy.
He might be hitting on you—
he's friendly and complements you
all over the place,
(like, "I just know you do
everything you do very well!")
and he knows your name.
He uses a urinal,
then he's talking to you directly.
"I'm on the ball team here," he says.
"Oh, the, what's your mascot again?" you say.
You're bad at sports,
or knowing anything about them.

"So, that would be
The Multiple Nipple-Encrusted
Pink Worm of the Moon, or
'Nippy' as he is affectionately called,"
he replies.

You end cleaning up the bathroom,
and throw the remaining broken pieces of glass
(looks like a broken brandy snifter)
in a box with paper towels and other supplies.
You don't really see a wastepaper basket.

You step out to the pedestrian mall
and walk to a former church
that's been turned into a sort of
cultural center. This is where
you'll watch the final presentations
of the grad students, hoping they'll
do you proud.

You sit among the students, but
they're mostly unfamiliar to you.
There's some guy with nerdy glasses

Evan or Elmer or something,
who's keeping score.
You sit in on AT's lecture-demo,
and she calls you "Johannes".
There's even a point
when the audience is invited
to do their own presentations.
You think it might be interesting
to see how many people
can squeeze into the
phone-booth sized box
that stands upright, off stage.
But this idea doesn't get too far.

The remainder of the presentations
take place, but there's
always technical glitches.
Like, for the big finale number,
where six or seven performers
enter from behind the curtain
on stilts, so they're each about
10 or 12 feet tall, there's a screen down
in front of the curtain,
from the last presentation.
They have to do the big entrance
over again, which sort of ruins
the surprise element.

One project shows
Emaciated Man, as he gradually
discovers his body is filling out
to become normal once again.
The process starts as his flat
butt-cheeks pop out, and seem to
inflate to a more attractive curviness,
almost femalely.
Then his legs get fuller, then
his torso and arms.

After theses presentations,
you make your way to

Soldier Hall, where all the
soldiers are gathered,
and oh no, here's Crazy Mark
in a fat blue suit filled with
explosives, and he tells us
the entire stage behind him
is filled with gunpowder.
"This is the time when
you're all gonna die!" he says,
and throws the detonator in the air.
It lands on the back of the pew in front of you,
and you expect an explosion to tear
you apart, but instead
a small voice inside says,
"Walk out the door. Walk away."
You comply.

5.ii.16

Let me give you what I got
and then you decide
what you want to do with it.

* * * * *

It's a fairly normal
early evening
you hang out with
your twin schwestern (sp?).
Unwholesome urges!

* * * * *

Manager over intercom:
"We have a 47 in Aisle 12".

*Deth is pushin' around
a shopping cart,
walking up and down
unsustainable aisles.
"Who buys all this stuff?
And to what end?"*

*I'll get to them all,
eventually," he whispers
to no one,
in particular,
and everyone.*

* * * * *

13.ii.16

Remember, there can always
be renewal, but it only comes
through, well, at least
discipline, if not
sacrifice. Or loss.

You were thinking that
when visiting Big House,
and climbing partly
up the wall with the fake bookshelf,
peeking over a high shelf
to see if the current owners
of the house are honoring
the experimentalists you so adored.
They're not.
They're of a younger generation,
and not so interested in such things,
at least not now.

Now, you're walking down The Road
to The Bridge,
and trying to get a measure
of the depth of The Creek.
It's swelled to the size
of a respectable river at times,
but now it's more
creek-size.

19.ii.16

First off:
Agent Skully hangin' with the drug lord
or assorted evil guys.

She's calculating when
to trip on her heels
so she's on the ground
while the swatteam
takes its shot.

- - - - -

This is such a big, complicated show!
So many extras, and bit parts,
singers and dancers and athletes.
It's all Golden Chylde's latest.
You're in it, or rather,
everyone in it
has written some part of it.
Your first part is a MoBullLap
you created for DillyAnder
almost 20 years ago,
and it still works:
animated characters
with photographic heds,
and you're cross-dressing
as your father.

Another part shows
the height of a little girl
compared to the height
of The Father Figure
and how it changes over time.
This is done in cardboard and
construction paper.

(You previously tried to engage
GC and discuss this project
and your part in it, but he was
dismissive, and curt.
He's always like that
when concealing his anxiety.
But, he and his boyfriend
were impeccably dressed.)

You had to take a subtrain
to get here,
and went to the last car,
where there's only one guy,
SingleGuy.
He's coughing, probably ill,
and you want to give him room.
He seems to be on the right seat
of the back row, so you sit
on the left, but you notice
you're on top of him.
Then, he lays down,
and you squeeze in on the right.
Before you got on,
you accidentally hit the button
for the next stop, but you can't
worry about that now.
He'll be getting off anyway,
as the train pulls in
to the festive carousel
engine-check,
and Guy has to leave
through a small crawlspace.
"I can't do this," he says,
but he does it anyway.

You get off the train
just behind Viktoria,
one of the matronly powerbrokers
behind GC's big production,
and you're headed back to the theatre,
like she is.
She thinks you're stalking her
and quickens her pace.
You introduce yourself as one of the artists
but that doesn't help.

You're back at the backstage
where you enter amid

multiple corridors
leading to multiple dressing rooms
and showers, where everyone's privacy
is no more.
You apologize all over the place.

You really ought to speak to DillyAnder,
and catch up on your various projects,
and hers.

There's a special elevator
you should be able to take
to her apartment in The Towers.

To enter the elevator, you must pass
through this HayTeeEm-looking kiosk
and enter her website address.

On the screen, one caveat:
"Oh, you think you can go up there?
You better have the connections."

You draw a blank on the address.
What is it? Is it *Film-Bait-Dog-Kom*?

11.iii.16

The museum dedicated to *Lady Pilots of
WerldWore 2*.

Setting up the electronics for the performance,
but no cart for moving stuff around—so
inconvenient!

(A classroom? A stage? A field?)

Awkward sexing.

14.iii.16

(*Sent from Your iThingy,
may appear in different form elsewhere*):

Bird woman distinguished

Chairs in toilets

On train many rules.

Try to get battery to dood.

Bridge
Big House and Storks

Nails hold memory –films

Trailer Visit:
Dr. J. has his lab
Just beyond the parsonage
Immersion tubs
Former GFs, and you filled w/ wonder
Of e-person-ing
Experiencing
Tell your lover
Everybody you Kno(x)
Will be Ded
When you wake up.

She does it anyway
Your Assistant says the lab called
To return a body.

Drive on the place
Dood drivin' Mom to
Sunday School
You're
In the back
Seat fixing seatbelts
Noting vast timeless beings
You
See in the sky
But only the points of light
They emit.
Slowly moving constellations
Visible in the afternoon sky
And that other thing

Momwife in bed
Smug peeps take Selfees in the snow

Against birdhouse.
I allow it.
Follow blond girl inside.
Her class has a mech battle
Brewing.
It's Paytown Manning Vs. BayToeVen
Objective is to stop
Opponent with ten bux of groceries.
Paytown mech has an edge with
A huge bag of parsley.

14.iii.16
(*coherentized version*)

Momwife mumbles something in bed.
Smug young peeps take selfies in the snow
against the birdhouse.
You allow it.
You figure, what the hell. You'd like to take
pictures
if it were you in the snow, with frendz.

You go outside, and the blond girl
leads you inside.
Her classmates are arranging
a mech battle
between Paytown Manning and Baythoven.

The objective is to stop your opponent
in any possible way
using only tenbux worth of groceries.

Paytown seems to have an edge
with a really big bag of parsley,
but why doesn't he open the bag
and sprinkle it around?

1.iv.16
"From your third bad cheek—the cure?"

Scawt talks about the new singer he's workking

with,
Shania Rey, "It was a 'coming 'round the
mountain moment'"
He's gaga over her.

Kit fiddles with the monitor, and the size of the
display.

A competition.
A legal proceeding.

14.iv.16
(*Sent from Your iThingy*):

Full body burka
Everybody wears 'em
No art allowed,
But at these big festivals
FamusDood puts them on
Along with his troop
The gal who banged her face
From lie to grey
Four others who about
In unison with FD.

23.iv.16
Where were you?
I'll tell you:
You were in an extensive
modern house,
and your friend
had just delivered
a young gazelle to you.
You were sposta keep it
in the main room,
but the first time the door opened
it got out, so it's roaming the house.

You just let it out.
How could you do that?

25.iv.16

You're a little late to this gathering.
It's a ceremony—rather mean and unfeeling—
of calling together the job candidates
and announcing who gets the job.
Although not any different
than awards ceremonies or public executions
in pageantry and spectacle.

So, the winner, Jewel of India,
is coming to us on the big screen.
Someone in her party
tips a glass of red wine
toward the camera,
inviting us to celebrate, you guess.

The other two candidates,
Georg and MeAgain,
squat on the carpet in the other room.
You'll have to attend to them.
Robin is distracting you
with remarks about your bare feet:
"I guess those bunny slippers
aren't working out for you?"

You don't need to discuss your feet with her.
You return to the two, and
you are not honestly sure what is to be
accomplished by your little act, but you do it
anyway.

You remove your shirt, and
mumble something about
how sorry you were that we
couldn't hire all three candidates,
and how you've been there, too,
not hired and disappointed.
It's pretty lame, but the other two
have their shirts off now, too,
so you guess they appreciated
the gesture.

28.iv.16

Careless pivoted Carell
Pogoes on the grass, damaging it,
on the sidewalk, nudging
people out of his way
(That was intentional;
that was what you asked him to do.).

Anything to distract
Eddy FrawGrawLand,
who's bugging you to
"Let's hang out together!"
"Maybe next time I'm in town,"
you answer, lying.
What would you and he
have to talk about?
You two had no common ground
in hiSchool—why would it be
any different now?
You were a nerd,
he was a small-town* street thug
with bad teeth.

Stepping inside
and sitting near the lobby
you read the blurb
posted in the display case
with the book blurbed:
Einstein on *The Four Great Jewish Ideas*.
A small crowd of reporters
and some academics
pushes toward you,
everybody offering his own take
on the book.

KoalBear is giving a radio interview
in the glass booth on one side of the hallway.
In the control booth
on the other side is the police assassin,
pointing the laser at KB's neck.

Here's the sad thing:
you had time and a moment of reflection
to jump in front of KB
and take the bullet for him,
but instead, you watch it all unfold.
And it's not a bullet,
it's some ray or pulse
that doesn't break either glass.

You're trying, now, to get help,
and here comes Gretch,
in a cute skirt.
"Do you suppose
they'll help him
if they just shot him?" she asks.

* small-town as in Clare (pop. 247, circa 1979)

30.iv.16

It seems everyone was present
under the bridge,
and this place is bigger than I recall
but we were both there, you and I.
Using those new flight-suits,
ArieLene is able to fly hundreds of feet
in the air, she barely misses a couple of planes
before setting down nearby.

She takes off the suit
which is metallic and rubbery
and buldgly, like that TireMan
Iconic character of the ancient TV lore.
She puts it in a coffin-sized box
near a bridge-beam.
We head houseward.

Spouse has already wrapped the cats
in sexy mesh hosiery: they are Bags of Cat,
not really moving by legs, but rolling around.
They get annoyed soon enough,

and we pull them out.

As this is Dysfunctionville House,
you encounter Roasty, who's
very agitated, and tries to poke you
multiple times and quickly
with his ZackToe knife.

So. we'll all go to the Great Living Room
currently re-built
into a makeshift futuristic spaceship set.
The orgy's already in progress,
and everyone has all their bodyparts labeled.
That should make it simpler,
Even if some of the labels are poetic, or
misleading,
Or just wrong.

1.v.16

You know,
when you first met me
I was way beyond my prime,
decadent,
repetitive,
nothing original for years,
struggling for some new spark,
and then strangling it.

Sortovlike,
the loozer Ottist we all imagined
on our friends and acquaintances,
never, or too late, realizing
we would imagine this fate for ourselves,
and yet, here we are,
Yay! :

It's an idyllic pastoral scene
with us under a tree,
you pull,
from my mouth,
a whole and unblemished

Dandy-Lion,
ready to unleash
many hundreds of elegant
pilots into air.

But:

(2.v.16)

This is just one of many tiny,
intertwined episodes from PartyZone,
the district of the city,
where a 24-7 party never lets up,
a volcano constantly erupting
exhausting visitors, then chewing up more.
You run into LinDaj there,
you can tell she's evaluating you
based on your living situation
(oh, and apparently you live
in PartyZone).

You follow GaryGuy into the sleek bathroom
and he proceeds to defricate
loudly and foully
from a standing position.
You'll just hang out
by the hand-dryers for a while.
(They're mostly underage immigrants
that don't speak the language,
but incredibly polite,
in their blue and orange striped uniforms.)

Back to the party,
where StepheLene is flirting
in your direction,
and you know she's arrived
in her car, but hauling her ex's
bike in the trunk.
He's here, too, so they're amiable.
You don't quite know how to read
their situation.

But, now the party is re-locating
to a different area in PartyZone,
and that's about right,
as it's starting to get light, and
most of the cars have taken off.
Nobody told you the location,
but you see a horde of bikes and
partiers on foot
heading away down the street
below the over-pass you're on.
You pick up StepheLene,
like a new bride, and you both
need to join the throng.
"You, because you know the way,
and me, because I can get us there," you tell her.
Her smile tears across her whole face.

And
from the passing-by WhoreDerv server,
who's part of the next shift of party-servers,
who has a bunch of taco-wrap thingies in a big
grocery bag,
SL grabs one of the meatiest among them, and
shoves it into your mouth—
tasty, and before you finish your bite, she's
already
stuffing the rest of it past her lips, even the little
bit
that fell on the sidewalk,
chewing wildly,
lots of little mmms and amms.

9.v.16

OK, here's one you don't see every day:
You, cooking!

You're doing a stir-fry
that involves beef
and onions, some greens,
a sabu-sauce,
and dry spices sprinkled.

You're making quite a lot of it,
On the top of the frying-surface,
two burners beneath.
It could easily
become unmanageable.

* * * *

You visit The Brother,
the door is open, just a crack.
Out come his big germanshephard
and grey fluffy.
Inside, you might ask him
to fix you breakfast,
or you can do it yourself.
"Dominion is in LA all week," he tells you.
You don't know this 'Dominion',
but you look at his bulletin-board,
some kind of tentative legal agreement
for a current project.

10.v.16
Look, don't blame me
if some of the rooms
are filled with pryoplastic flow.
Don't complain if one of our guests
gets killed from a sputtering explosion
just after he walks in the door.
I'm not the one who signed up
for a Home Volcano® subscription—sheesh!

So, now I'm resigned
to wander between rooms
and I'm expecting to meet
a fate similar to that of our guest.
It could come any second,

But it seems the lava has cooled,
and hardened into stunning forms:
I am moved by such unrefined beauty!

It looks like the sea bashing against
a jaggedmain coast, but with the water
suspended in time.
There's black and brown pumice,
but also glassy blues and whites.
To top it off, one room
has unbelievably ethereal music playing*.
Its beauty is formal and discrete, yet
sublime, beyond category.

*It's one of those music-so-deeply-felt-
it's-not-heard,-but-you-are-the-music-
while-you-(it)-last(s)
sort of dealie-bobbers. And dealie-bobbers are
exempt from international copyright law. So
there!

22.v.16
Workplace drama
of changing clothes
once you get there.
You change from a flannel
lumberjack shirt and grey pants
into a flannel
lumberjack shirt and grey pants.

You wander through
the groovy part of town,
cafes, cozy bookstores,
and see the store
your budz useta hang at.

One Old Bud is there,
working at the upright piano,
you try to make him remember you.
He's going, now, with Dr. Jeffy
to hear his sound strukchers
he made for the round mobile tank thingy.

(one of those rolled past you,
tipped over, broke apart,

started on fire.
The driver/pilot had to be
remotely dragged by his feet
face-down, away from the wreck.
Good thing he had on his power-ranger suit!)

So, you and Old Bud and Jeffy go
into the mock-up mobile, where
twenty or so people hover over
screens, etc.
You crawl through the hatch,
down the ladder, feeling
uninvited.

The craft, which is spherical,
now starts its transform
into a filled—doughnut shape
and then it will start rolling.
OldBudz' soundscape
tries to make resonate
this interior cavity of the craft,
despite it being made of concrete.
You intuit that this
may not end well,
judging from the crash
you saw moments ago.

29.v.16

I run back to get my umbrella
run into some german students
also going to the art gallery,
"Which artist are you guys seeing?"
"Oliver Queer!"

* * * *

Before that, you're helping LJ
with the *AmeriKas Got Talent* show,
you're twirling a 20 foot piece of
garden hose around you,
on the floor in circles,

and the contestant,
a smart, fun black girl
is jumping over the hose,
jump-rope style.
She's good, but then
her friend, who's
a little younger and not in the
competition, takes over,
and she's better.
LJ gives me the signal
to bend the hose in two,
making it shorter and also faster,
swinging it only a quarter of the circle,
and still the young girl keeps up the skipping.

You go outside, now,
with your friend, the heavyset young white
woman
in a black dress,
to go to the art museum,
just down the path.
A dog is barking in the distance.
"That's a 'barking-at-a-black-lady-in-the-street'
bark,"
You tell the woman.
I know about that from the time I lived in
Detroit.
There was this Black Lady that would walk down
the street,
and the dog would bark at her this certain way.

Now, it starts to rain

* * * * *

Out doors, going past
the several little sitting-stool chairs
black leather with metal feet,
They're being thrown at you by
InSurgent Girl,
and you don't know her,

but you beat her off with your fists,
but then you waken, and you're beating your
wife.

"Why are you hitting me?" she asks.

"I wasn't hitting you, I was hitting
a person in my dream" is your lame reply.

1.vi.16

Music is all written
By algorithms now.

Hanging out in the bathroom:

LJ having lunch with a young girl,
at the table where you can't create anything.
It's forbidden.

Waitress gives him stern look
for just looking over the artists's contract.

"I'm not drawing anything,
I'm just looking at the signatures,"
he says.

"That's borderline-creative", she warns.

Driving around farms,
to the place of Aaron and MaryRass
you're defying gravity when you
jump in the pool,
You float above the water with bended knees,
flying above the water
instead of diving below
and visiting the mazes
and the breath-holding class
that's practicing there.

10.vi.16

First, my fambly waits for the bus,
then for the plane,
and then, since the plane
had to be rescheduled
for the runway in the farmfields,
we wait in the hotel room

the airline has provided us.

It's an incredibly ritzy place,
far out of our league,
probably a few thousand buxanite.
There's finely framed paintings
on the dark wood walls,
and light everywhere.

Marian holds Moodgekat, and says,
" I know she's just an outdoor-accessory cat,
but she's probably miserable staying
in a room like this."

On the bed, there are the tiny electronic bugs
that some people call emotion-bugs
and some people call mood-bugs.
They're activated by a thin metal wafer
the size of a quarter, nearby on the sheets
and they shake about and dance
whenever they detect emotions,
which is rare with my famby.

8-12.vi.16
SoooooDrafty!!!
June 8 iPod draft:

Visit waltermeuer Hae's into
3G printing and printmaking

Painting lessons, then
talongphotos of everything
But then you have the film on
your hand - - mist put in fixer
(stop bath, actually)

Sneaking around airport security.)

(june 12 iPod Draft:

Multiple anxieties:

Walking around city, lost
In a black leather jacket
And an envelop w/ lots of cash

Taking trains to get back to J-City - -
Is this even the right train?
(It's the one to J-Shore).

Program book from musical very
big, bulky, electronic, lasers, dangerous
Teassble reassemble electronic chair attachment

Show older deader guy Dance documentary

Song by SinaTraComo Williams
In the Background while we all eat dinner:

"It's good to be alive
at least it's better than the alternative,
You Live a decent life but get a knife
stuck in you or a dirty shiv . . ."

(sung to a tune that's a cross between
"fly me to the moon", "I did it my way",
and maybe one more—I'll let you figger out
how to do that.)

13-14.vi.16
Night before last
you had your first VeeArr ShowPlay,
where you wandered around
inside this exhibition/environment
themed on The Werld of the AvantGard.
There was a woman re-enacting
KutPeese, Ms. OhNo's classic,
and there were other women
walking around,
and when you felt them,
you could feel ther teeth.

"They're all V-Dents,
Far as I can tell," says a grised old coot,
who's viewing the exhibit with you,
"cept for the Kut Lady,"
You will take him at his word.

"That guy is from Planet E-Wald,"
says one of the adonis-like male sculptures.

You had more fun when you left the show
and arrived home, where you live
with about half a dozen other people,
and privacy is scarce.
You're greeted by AmyAnneMegBeth,
in a frontiersey blue calico dress,
who hugs you, and seems genuinely
glad to see you.

* * * * *

So, then,
last night was different.
You're entertained by LovelyLatina
and her mother, who's equally lovely
and can't be much older than her.
They're singing in an operatic style,
in close harmony.
Somewhere in the background
is an acoustic guitar and string sextet,
but they continue
as the two women are joined
by their male counterparts,
and this is where you
step gracefully to the side
to merely observe.

The two guys swing
glass baseball bats
filled with some fancy and expensive
liquor,
and smash the bats together,

sprawling glass and the gooey
intoxicating syrup
everywhere.

You try to corral the kitties
to the other room,
so they don't investigate
all the shards and
maybe cut themselves.
You're actually pretty good at this
except the cats are a bit distracted
from the general party atmosphere.

Unhealthy, decadent sandwiches arrive
in StyroPhoam boxes.
Dood in top hat shares his with you,
and you're still concerned
about the little pieces of glass
that you try to pick up,
so there's at least some parts of the floor
without sharp debris.

DaNuhAech, all business tonight,
gives you your payment for your help
in working with the Org,
although he makes it clear to you
this payment is not for laundering money.
"Duh." (multiple gliding pitches on your
pronouncement)

"Here's your \$2,200. Oh, right, that's big
amount to you
for a day's work!" chides DNA.
He's got a charming way of putting you down.
The payment is in the form
of two or three sealed
coffee non-dairy creamer little cups,
that you instantly put somewhere
for safe keeping, and
immediately forget where you put them.

The Game has already started.
During this musical portion,
everyone is asked to identify
how each of the singers
makes a particular sound
based on just one or two syllables.

You've been doing OK, so far,
and you're about to declare
"Whisper" as a major correct answer,
when HipHopDood takes the mike from you,
and starts answering in the UrbanShizzle™
Category, and he's just tearing up the
scoreboard!
How will you every get ahead of him now?

And, that might have been do-able
if you hadn't hit the wrong button
on your controller,
and accidentally deleted your own life!
That misstep kicks you
out of the musical portion of The Game,
and you understand what's at risk
when one plays.

You see flashed on your screen, your score
(58—puts you in fifth or sixth place),
and you might have also deleted
the small colored disc
that corresponds to *Your Story*,
because you think you can always
do those over,
but you don't really know.

Luckily for you,
you've been reincarnated
as your own babby brother,
in this next part of The Game,
and you're still working the controller
with the various options of
"feed", "bathe", "change", and so forth.

You strike up a chat
with WildGal,
who's a little scruffy looking,
possibly homeless,
but incredibly funny
at explaining her collection
of Nazi trinkets and stuff.

Maybe you spend hours with her,
or just a dozen seconds,
but now it's time to go,
so you open the door and
step into the air,
falling from a predictably sad height.

Pulling on the parachute cord
releases all your vital possessions
from your backpack,
up into the air above you.
Wait, there's another cord.
That one deploys
Two small 'chutes
which do slow you down,
as you approach the launchpad
and it's 1962,
A mighty Redstone rocket
with a Mercury capsule atop it
is screaming toward you,
and you grab the red escape-thingy
just above the capsule
and knock on the door.

JonGlen opens the hatch
and lets you in,
even though
you see on his TV monitor
some blurry shape
behind the mission control dood
about to swallow him.

"This is gonna be cozy," JG says to you.
"This capsule's only built for one."

2.vii.16

Was it a shopping experience?
Were you there?
Did you do something?
Did someone do something to you?
Are you asleep during much of it?
Does it hurt?

Is there a lot of money involved?
Where are we, exactly?
How did we get there?
Are we going somewhere else, now?
Did you say something clever or stupid?
Are you embarassed now?

Are there animals nearby?
What kind?
Are they napping? Eating? Mating?
Doesn't all this get interrupted by some sporting
event?

Is there danger lurking about?
Have you fallen, and hit your head again?
Is it really hot out?
Sorry, I can't think
what else to ask.

10.vii.16

Home,
in the room you grew up in,
in bed,
developing the art of self sucking
in blue early-morning light.
You're really good at this,
so you better be careful,
or you'll never accomplish anything!

Walking down the art gallery beach boardwalk

With LaSee
SkotTay steals worm cameras and telescopes
and pastes them on his temples and cheeks.

Rhue Buhgoldberg contraption
involves rockets and ColdGo,
a remedy for cold and flu symptoms.

DRAFT

11.vii.16

An indiana-jones-style march to gold riches
while someone's at gunpoint

and,

something beyond recall

12.vii.16

It's been a few years
since you saw your Mom.
NowHere she is,
and you holding her in embrace,
rubbing the small of her back.
Oh, and there's your erection.

* * * *

You're scraping away
on an oboe reed,
and trying to get that right..
You're interrupted all the time
by the Yung Luvvers.
Couldn't they at least
get behind a curtain or room divider?

15.vii.16

This fambly reunion you're attending
hath all the marks and features
of all such get-togethers:
Tasty dishes, children and animals everywhere,
and an easy commerce

between all attendees,
both living and ded.

This particular gathering
includes all drinks served
in delicate glass goblets and flutes.
It alarms you because
you've already cracked one base
off its stem,
and with all the animals everywhere
more are likely to be broken.

The animals chase two mouserats
behind and around cabinets of glass.

You speak briefly with DoubleSister,
with patches of decay all over her/her face.
She/she got that from the operation.
She/she useta be identical twins,
but they decided they should be joined
together in one body,
a sort of reverse-Siameez-separation:
one hed, one body.

On to the entertainment:
a tatoood woman, turning her
bare back to you,
and all those before her
gasp and squeal in delight
as she unzips her abdomen
and gently unpacks her internal
organs, laying them
still connected,
on the table nearby,
then she puts them back in
and zips up.
Show's over.

(One super officious
doctor-type guy
has subsequently laid

another big, flat
worm-like creature
the size of a man
—perhaps a man
without bones?—
out on the table
and demonstrates
how, as he opens it
surgically, “. . .you never know
what might crawl out
atcha, from some
dark cavity.”
Surely enough, more
insect-like, intestine-like shapes
emerge and poke around.).

* * * * *

These shows are separated
by your hostess
opening a finely crafted
wood box, lined in
satins, containing
a bottle of her best
blood-red wodka,
with which she
will toast the performers,
and you.
More fragile glassware,
as everyone raises their shots.

16.vii.16

It's been a long time since
you've been to I-City®,
and much has changed.
You're bicycling around tonight,
one solitary hooded figure,
in a blank white mask
is following you,
and you're a little wary of him.

He's much closer behind you

since you've had to ditch the bike
and walk up and down the stairways
between the steep streets.
At a row of shops,
the masked follower
sprinkles seeds
on the steps before
a local place of commercial exchange.

You enter the lighted pastel green glass door of
the studio,
and watch RuBethBeth
inflating a clear vinyl doll
with facial features painted on,
and you're not sure what
she'll use this for.

You stand in the hallway,
just outside the door
as she works,
and soon she'll notice
your shaved hed.

"The Doll looksalot
like Debbie Boon-RenOlds,
or some other fine celebrity,
doesn't she?" asks the
voiceOver on the documentary
about RuBeth making this doll,
playing on the big screen
above her while she's
actually making this doll.

You return to the street,
and can't find your bike.
You can pick up another one,
there's plenty around,
free for the taking.

* * * * *

The Race of the BodyCars®
has been going well for you
and your assistant.
You're in third place.
Assistant keeps you posted
on the pack on your tail,
through the rearvu.
He also has to tell you
if you are going up a hill
or down one, since
this is one of those basic
proprioceptive sensations
you are deprived of in the BodyCar®

"Okay, you're going
downhill, watch out for PeeWin™!"
he advises.
PeeWin™ rushes past you,
you pull over and let
a number of vehicles past.
Are you giving up or what?

Now, Pee is sliding,
knees bent
sitting on his rumpus,
down one row of shales,
and with great muscularity
he pick up one slab on the other row
and throws it to the bottom
of the hill,
where the other racers
have been piling up,
People are really getting hurt!

Announcer lists the cars
now out of the race.
You think he's just listed
all the cars!
"Oh, such horror, Oh there's
another crash.
Oh, the womanity!" he famously spouts.

One woman stumbles around,
part of a door attached to her side.

* * * * *

After all the carnage,
You exchange emails
with Linda "The Rescinda"
(because she, you know, rescinds things).
You really know her as "Shelly"
("Sherry!" she corrects you.)

17.vii.16
First, there was the
metadream,
where you just got up
and got back to bed.

Then there was another
damn VR demo,
this one run
by SkahTay.

Next, a congregating
in ChurchBasement,
where you comment
to the SundaeSkoolKidz®
"Man, it smells like
God in here!"
(One kid corrects you,
"Nah, that's the smell
of Old Money.")

And finally, at Festival Conference®,
everything's held outdoors,
and T's there, having
opted for the premium package,
so she was at the ritzy opening ceremony
"With no less than Tyler Tonne in attendance!"
He's this year's Big Dood®.
You crumble up the several bars

of Transform™ for your dumpsterbin,
and some of it blows away,
but what remains should be enough.

19.vii.16

You don't see the point of it, really:
travelling back
to Medieval Europe
to save one-third
the population
from BlakDeth.
"They're just gonna
die, anyway," you say.

Maybe the populace
needs to be trimmed
anyway
after all,
lookit how they're
gathered around a fire
eating LadyFingers!

29.vii.16

You're flying, with sister,
over the lush, green farmlands
of eastern Europa.
You notice the ruralscape dotted
with abandoned themeparks,
most notably, the rollercoasters
like skeletons of dinosaurs,
with thin, orderly bones.
It's ruin and decay
amid the pastures.

* * * * *

If you drive through the Merkan Western lands
especially Ootah and Idoaha,
watch out for assassin-bots traveling the roads,
usually in the bikelane.
They might be coming after you,

but sometimes you can hold their hands
and by warming them up,
they get a little less evil-destructo-killer.

You've heard about that,
but never've seen it.

30.vii.16

It's simply remarkable
how unremarkable it was:

1. Free leftovers after
the big shindig.
You're such a greedy
scavenger when it comes
to free food,
which comes at the cost
of your dignity, it seems.
A young woman you don't recognize
notices you.
A few strips of steak,
some potatoes and gravy,
like in your youth
before you got all healthy.

2. Getting ready for a video shoot
at Union, but your star
has not yet arrived.
Where is he?
He's got the keys
to one room you'll be using.
It would've been good
to have some time to prep it!

6.viii.16

"Error of Deamons:"

Just your luck the cafeteria
runs out of styrafoam box thingys
just as you get there.

You're back in Church Basement,
and alarmed small business owner
runs among everyone, alarmed,
warning you all, in his tuxedo,
of the deluge of hot, black olive oil
(that's what he manufactures)
headed this way.
"This is gonna hurt people!" he says.

You go through Tunnel, and up the steps
on the School Basement end.
There, you see the liquid filling the space,
and you move the cats from the tunnel floor.

8.viii.16

Reality TV Gameshow:
you're one of three guys
in the game, but you three
just found out that \$13 million
or maybe \$83 million is going
toward the new season,
and you're trying to figure out
how to weed out most of the contestants
so the three of you can split the sum.
You mention to the one guy,
"Maybe we could get rid of the Military?"
"Sh!" he shooshes.
There's about 6 or 8 military in this show.

Master of Ceremonies
is Mr. Dump,
who walks over to
clear lucite panels
in the floor above each contestant
who lies below like it's a coffin.
When he clicks a panel,
the coffin lids bloom into
ethereal belljars that encase
a procession of breathtaking images
involving that character.

10.viii.16

You've now become the personal assistant
to Mr. Grump, and
you're surprised there aren't
a lot of people around him,
in fact, it's only you!

Your tasks for the first day are few:

1) Stir his cup of soup
and his cup of some sort of
black-bean dish
(which you sample
just after he leaves the room
to shower—its not very interesting).

2) Arrange the books he was reading
so they are just beyond his food-tray
on his desk, so he can skim them over
while he eats. They are mostly
children's books, but you note
optimistically,
that they are on
a solid fourth-grade level.

11.viii.16

Some say
we enter our dreems,
or the dreems of others
when we die.
We really don't know,
and never will.

Or, maybe
we enter those alternative-timeline lives
that sprout up whenever we
take a conscious decision.
There must be a vast number of those,
each taking place in a parallel
universe we created
by deciding something.

Again, we don't know.
But this current state
has AngeLene living
with you and spouse,
and talking on the phone
while you regard
your solid white, featureless
bathroom.

31.viii.16

You're contemplating all the work
you'll need to do to this, your new Housebarn.
A fixer-upper on an epic scale.
You may want to start
by putting on a roof.

Lots of cats, of course, running
from room to room,
in packs, with the two brothers
flying above them.

Oh, and have you checked out
your nayber?

*[You may want to mention
BlackHouse.*

This is the place:]

His house is black, but not just his house.
His lawn is black, a black fence,
black flowers, and large black
animal skulls hanging
from the black porch-beams.

Your realtor is not so alarmed
about this: "Oh, he probably
just collects those from
visiting the butcher
and asking if they have any
spare cowheads!"

6.ix.16

First, the shopping.

Always shopping.
The first thing we missed
when everything collapsed.

You're in this mall with
your new girlfriend,
an attractive, small black woman
who has a young son
(he's not in this movie).

At the foodcourt,
she sits on you,
facing you,
legs wrapped around you,
about as much
as you can get away with here.
"We have one of those
grey-area kinds of
relationship," she reminds you.

A bunch of boys
from many races, walk past you both.
"Oh, yeah—grey area!" says one,
and then they're gone,
speeding away in their
become-cars jumpsuits.

As you and her
leave the foodcourt,
you encounter a familiar
brunette sales lady,
expert at throwing tidbits
of whatever food is being featured
into the mouths of mall-shoppers.
As you approach her, you
open your mouth, and
saleslady tosses a bite of candy right in!

Your girlfriend's gotta go now, too,
so she gets into her personal-use car,
barely bigger than her.

You make arrangements with her
for dinner later.

You run into Craig, and sit
next to him in lounge-chairs.

You ask what projects he's
working on.

"Can we switch chairs? My
head is in the sun here." he says.

You invite him to switch with the
empty chair next to you.

"I don't think Ivan will be back
for a while," you say, because
you saw Ivan just leave.

And now, you resume shopping
for eyeglasses.

9.ix.16

I don't know why you hold such parties
in your big house, knowing
the cats are likely to find their way out.
See? I've shut the two boys in this room,
but I can't do much about
your door that's falling apart,
and off its hinges, just propped
up against the jamb.

Whatever.

Now, it's Sunday morning,
and you and your spouse
get out of the car
and enter the info session
on proposing your space-sex opera
(with cats),
a sorta updated,
re-contextualized *Barbarella*,
to The Institution.
There's four or five
other people in attendance

who will be doing the same thing.
And you're both a little late.

Spouse sits with the others,
you go to the table
to pick up the necessary brochures
and printed material you'll need,
and you want to pick at
the brefdas goodies, too,
but there's no time for that.

The guy running the meeting
pauses for a moment,
comes over to you.
"I know you! You were on that
jury from Fun Abilities University,
that lost me my chance to
sing at the Met!", he says.
You can tell he wants to do
everything in his power
to hinder you.
You stop to gather your words,
and before you can speak, he
continues:

"You know, we were all
hearing about your reputation
with your music—not good,
that it was too kitschy, and campy . . ."

("and since you're not gay,
you're not allowed to do camp,"
he thought, but you knew he
wanted to say that)

"... and your reputation in bed.
We all knew you had this
big dildo stashed
under your bed,
that you were using
to control everybody!"

10.ix.16
Mowing the lawn
At The Home
Out front.

This activity gives you
a contemplative space
in which to order
all your missteps
and minor achievements
(mostly missteps).

Still, you need to
pay attention
to the task at hand,
because this is
one of those flame-thrower-mowers,
and the fire erupts
on either side as you push the machine,
or from its front
as you pull it across the grass.

17.ix.16
After crashing his craft
nose-first in the mud near the pond,
the test-pilot emerges,
a little bruised, perhaps,
and about twenty yards from you
he breathes heat your way,
and it can melt stuff.
It's not fire, exactly,
but still,
you duck behind a rock.

19.ix.16
DreemSorta®
This would be
a Dreem before a Dreem,
or a Dreem in anticipation of a Dreem,
or something like that.

You are in Your Pool,
the Swimming Pool with which
you grew up.

You see it as a vast re-sav-ooar of all things
you shall surely encounter as a grown-up.
Do I need to name them?
I don't believe I need to name them.

This vast trove of experiences
shall now be exposed to you,
after so many years of unconsciousness . . .
Good luck with that ! ! !

3.x.16
*The remarkable thing,
once again,
was how utterly
unremarkable it was:*

You're at Huncheraud,
guiding the air-conditioning
repair person to a big box
where he gets to work.

In the balconies, you see
that you're older now,
and perhaps will be noticed
when you do your little
barbershop quartet
performance later,
maybe not.

It's afternoon, and
not a full house.
There's a stir
on the second level lobby
as MarKanthony makes an appearance.

There's a film

about a fierce lion
gnawing at a jeep,
but some substance
has been smeared on
the roof of his mouth,
and he's incapacitated.

9.x.16

Your dark Partner In Ambivalence
bore and raised your son
without you even knowing about it!
How on Erth did she do that?

Previously, she said
she'd feel better
if you'd take any opportunity to leave
to just leave, and she made it sound
like it wasn't the end of your
collaboration, but of course,
it was.

You'll need to work through that
for a while, but in the meantime,
you're attending Festival,
where everyone is well dressed,
and food and drink fill this place
along with many happy partiers.
It looks much more up-scale
than the franchise lite-fare-bar it is.

Brooder has set up the lighting
on the several performing stations,
and he sits with his several students.
He praises The One, as *Exhibit Ready*:
he's pudgy, with low self-eSTE(a)M,
and of the *spanische* lineage.
He downgrades The Other, a pretty
blond boy, as *Exhibit Shy*.
Praised Kid breaks down,
"It's only about my Mom!"
You step away.

This is not your issue.

You've stuffed your silk jacket pockets
with chocolate wafers,
neatly wrapped in one long package.
You take that out, now,
and stuff four or five wafers
in your mouth, and try not
to smudge your mouth too bad.
You wash it down with two fingers
of watered-down bourbon
you swiped off two Kansan senators
bitchin' to each other about
deals gone bad and minor crimes.

The Natural Anthem plays!
You get back to your seat.

10.x.16

The Cea-Cerpent has long inhabited
lands of legend, and this one
is no different.
You see it at this new aquarium,
with pools in the floor you walk around
to view exotic ocean life.

There are two such Serpents,
one on the upper floor,
where all the visitors are (it is dormant),
and the one you're looking at,
in the basement (also dormant).
You can enter the activation code
tattooed on the beast's abdomen:
that will activate the upper serpent,
possibly causing mass panic
and maybe injury and death.

You enter the code,
not out of a wicked desire to do harm,
but because you, uh,
no, wait—you are a bad person,

remember?
You do want to hurt people.
You disappoint yourself,
You need professional help—
you will seek this later.

For now, you're watching
the water-bird-fish
—cea serpents in their own right,
with bodies like big dogs
and really long necks and beaks—
jump from the floorpools
and attack two women who walk by.
That, you had nothing to do with.

26.x.16
Once again,
The Season of The Conference.
This one is typical in every regard.
It's in DehMawhan, and
after the usual activities,
it concludes.
We need to drive four hours
after the last party,
and it's started raining,
therefore, flooding
when we arrive at our destination.

To distract us
is a visit to Cousins,
and a chat with
Grand Uncle Whole-Man,
who is starting to forget.
Nevertheless,
there is a bearing and grace
to his manner,
a sort of visual counterpoint
to his wrinkles,
and pale blue
kind eyes.

27.x.16

Attending the poetry reading—
poets are supplied with free booze!
One woman, a critic
admonishes
the eminent Terra Ferris
on getting too cozy with the jury
of the competition, especially
the one female member
of the panel.

“She’s giving what she calls
‘part presentation, part autobiography,
part Terra-dactyl’ ” she says,
using the poet’s own
description of her technique.

* * * *

Meanwhile,
repair around the house.
Much man-ouvre to scoop
in front of the barn.
Don’t know how you’ll do that
or get rid of it.
But, it must be done
to make the fences square again.

5.xi.16

Morpheus Development Group
hires only the best of the best.
Her CDO is Lynn Petite
who puzzles why
you weren’t able to get
a good photo of her yesterday.

You make up
some lame excuse, “oh,
the light wasn’t right,
or that ‘moment’ never happened.”
(Mostly, it was probably
the light.)

“Well, those aren’t problems
to a really good photographer,”
she says, a little snippy.

You try to recall
the events of the previous day,
but they are just gone.

6.xi.16
*(Another in the
Unremarkable™ series)*

Verjinyahilanz is a very happening place.
It’s a weekend night,
so you’d expect that.
You drove here with
your spouse and another couple,
and left them in a bar
while you go back
to find where your car’s parked.

The anxiety in forgetting
what street you’re on,
or other landmarks
to guide you to your parking space
is visceral, almost manifesting
in physical form.
Where is it?
Oh, right.
You’ve been driving all along.

10.xi.16
DreemEtte®

The crazy one knocks three times.
You let him in.
He knocks six more times.
Then, you’re the crazy one.

9.10.11.xi.16

AnXeity™ Dreems

The first night
there was a goon squad
beating up some non-white guy.
You tried to stop them.
Not a good result.

The second night
had you navigating
the streets of New City
in boat or gondola
since it' basically
under water a floor or two.

The third night
well, that was
some sort of home invvasion.
You're facing down
a guy with a gun.
Shots go off,
You're out, but then you get up.

24.xi.16
Hangin' out, again,
with The Family Mob,
which makes you complicit in their crimes,
basically.

You're on their boat,
on open seas
but soon enough you approach
HealtonHid Islands,
where The Daddy is visiting a Frend
and this is the episode
where the frend gets whacked.

(You forget the details—
who does the whacking, and how.
Doesn't matter. Just try to
stay out of the way.)

The Daddy's underage girlfriend
stands next to him on the boat,

When everybody comes ashore
Friend must go to town
for groceries, and you
and The Son rummage
through books and drawers
and ultimately find
The Folder, a three-ring binder
that outlines all The Friend's
business dealings and operations.
Funny how he'd write all that down
and make it so easy to find.

Nosey Nayer peeks in the kitchen
and you give him an icy stare.
Maybe he's the one
who'll get whacked?

26.xi.16
It's not often
you find yourself
in Tealran,
even less often,
there, with Mom.

In the restaurant,
it's not completely unpleasant,
the way the other women
treat her, so you
explain to her
why she needs to wear a hijab
instead of just covering her head
with her hands once in a while
during the meal.

"We'll find you
a proper pretty scarf,"
you tell her,

and for this,
you must venture into the main artery
of this indoor market/mall.

You make a mental note of the rack
with the most promising head-coverings,
even though they are in the shape
of a gothic cathedral floorplan.

Now, the secret police are everywhere,
and you notice you've been followed
since you left the restaurant.
They are actually real polite,
so you talk with one
when he asks you to join him
in one of the many interrogation rooms.

"I just wanted to know
if you had any suggestions
on how I can grow my audience,
for my project, here "
He points to a screen,
to some sort of propaganda,
all in Farsi.
"Well," you tell him, "that's gonna be
difficult without graphics,
without images."
There's the whole history
of graphic design, advertising, and
agit-prop you could go into,
and explain to him.
So, you don't.

He releases you back into the mall,
you notice a lot of people have been
rounded up,
the rack of scarves you notice,
is gone, replaced by three
urns in the shape of wrapped-bodies
made of yellow clay.
More urns like this all around the mall.

(and where's your Mom?)

Another meeting
with another secret police,
this guy, not so secret,
with his military uniform.
"What is your rank?
How do I address you?" you ask him,
not wanting to do anything
not circumspect.
"I'm really just a spy, but
you can call me by my official title,
InfoBox Disputant," he says.
"I need to talk with you
about some music you teach."

"We can go outside the city,
toward the edge of the desert,
beyond the eco-dome that marks
the city boundaries," he explains.
That sounds like a good idea to you,
because at least you've seen
some Amerikans in cars park nearby.
and there seems to be an airport runway
joining the parking lots.

* * * * *

Driving, now, back to HawtLanTa
taking a ramp onto 85 North,
but the highway is now
a river, mostly a rapids
that carries cars and people along,
and lots of bodies, floating.

You somehow manage
to get above it all,
so you can walk
on the edge of the huge glass containers
which are the subway cars,
but about twice the normal size.

They, too, are filled
with water and bodies.

26.xii.16

Circuit is the skyscraper
built out to sea, slightly.
It's a hundred yards or so
off the shore,
and a pathway of soft dark-grey clay
is built to it,
so you can walk there.

You go inside, with
your Bro, and yes,
as you expected,
the inside is hollowed out
like the interior
of a rocket-ship.

"This usetabe the advertising
agency SirKut, right?" you ask
the young guy in the corridor.
"No, actually, this was the club *Shakes*",
he says.
This reminds you how fragile's
your grasp of information.

You're trying to go from room to room,
but you keep running into
the three black policemen
from Kalifornia, and they keep telling you
how they were trying to make it work
here in New City,
but they just couldn't.
This is a rough town.

* * * * *

You've returned to BroHouse
Just in time to see the entrance
of Professor Pooch—he's

a bulldog with a mortarboard and tassel, and
a slender stick to make a point.
"It's time for your Lessons in Pooping!" he tells
GreyCat.
Cat faces Dog as the latter demonstrates
how it's done,
and Cat fans him with a small booklet,
blowing foul odours away.
"Ok, now it's your turn," he tells Cat.
The lessons continue like this every day.

Tess arrives at 3:00,
She'll be coming with you both
as you all will try to get somewhere by 3:15.
This was when you went to SirKut.

* * * * *

Bro's Older Guy-Frend shows you his two finely
crafted tools from Italy,
He can drop them both in slow motion,
and they fall to Erth
in unison, impossibly slow.
You try to drop them like that,
but somehow they always
fall at normal speed.

One tool is now a tiny fishing-pole,
the other is a snake-swatter,
which you can use to swat after snakes,
but you can also use it
to imitate the motion of a snake,
because it's a snake-like
replica of a snake, attached
by its tail to a stick.
You can wave it at
crocodiles:
They will be
frightened of the snake,
and leave you alone.

22.xii.16
Your stalker girl
is not too menacy, but still.

The Energy Balls™
are orbiting receptors
that collect energy from the blasts
of laser weapons.
They bounce around a lot
like big gnats.

23.xii.16
Some sort of meeting with your colleagues:

You're introduced to Joel,
a young guy,
pleasant.
You step out onto the porch,
it's night, and you watch
a crocodile walk
from swale to swale.

27.xii.16
This men's room
is packed.
Guys are peeing anywhere—
on walls, on a mirror,
on somebody's backpack.
Somebody has two live fish
in a plastic bag of water,
and he empties the bag
into the pond
beyond the bathtub.

The English Navy
is hiding in a big, big tent
that has the Spanisch symbol on it.
They're in for a surprise!

28.xii.16
On the second floor, a single, big wall of books

separates the space
into two rooms.
These are all the books
you've ever read or owned
or discarded or
books you've ignored though you knew
you should read them.

On the first floor,
the space is similarly divided,
but the wall is made
of all the videos and mediadisks
and films and games and apps
and interactive experiences
and VR, AR, and XR
you've watched or played
or worked with
in your life.

*First Spouse is the keeper of all this.
Second Spouse is keeper of the night.*

29.xii.16
Your competitive nemesis,
Mr. Bang
has just composed
to great acclaim,
a series of screen tests/
mini documentaries/ musical portraits
called, "The 3,443 Joeys"
featuring 3,443 people
named "Joey" in this country.
Some are notable, most are not,
but still, you're miffed at him
first for all the attention he's getting,
and second,
for not including you!

30.xii.16
You're putting the finishing touches
on ArtTree™,

a mighty Cottonwood
with a rope hanging
from one of the branches.
The viewer can pull the rope down,
and release it.
The branch bounces back
and bestows
a great artistic insight
on the puller.

You'll be attaching a white silk rope
to the current rope
to extend its length.

7.i.17

This gallery is small but well regarded,
known for having just a few key paintings,
and they're all here in this first room.
The second room has a few
not-so-important paintings.
The third room has four
great black cats
and a number of paintings
of those cats.

8.i.17

You're getting your share
of art galleries these days.
This one's big, sprawling,
and housing a group show
of all new artists.
It's some of the best
design you've seen all year.
One guy is exhibiting
a few square yards
of sodgrass
being grazed by a single,
live hampshire sow,
impeccably groomed.

You overhear someone:

“She’s the original
ArtPig™!”
The name of the piece is,
“My Fore-Aiche Project”.

10.i.17

You should have these few notes:

- you were wearing
that great grey coat
you had in the 1980s
- you were wearing
your black boots
- You were at Brother’s
and trying to pack up
very old personal relics
you should have thrown away
years ago.
You apologize to him
for being such a hoarder,
or pack-rat,
of just a lazy slob.
- Before getting on the bus,
you need to grab
your instrument bag
and a change of clothes,
but before that,
you need to crawl up
the tall ladder
to the small landing
that juts out of
an upper story
of this blockhouse.
You bump a piece of wood
and it falls to the ground.
Somebody koodagot hurt,
but nobody was below.

14.i.17

Big, tall black dragqueen:
only her delicate feet
can be seen peeking
through her thick white
skirt of leather
when she walks,
but she sorta
walks in place,
like she's on a treadmill.

* * * * *

Driving around deserted part of town,
just one other car,
an intersection of wide avenues
you can cut across
multiple lanes.
No problem.

* * * * *

Welkome to Scobbie-Bot's place.
Here there are many cats.

14.i.17

SpecText™

A Text of Speculative-Many-Long-Words

Here's what we should animalisticate what
the factory mothering interspecticalness of
the situation should be murdering
mathersturfulahmastermotheringly so. Let's
be that sontrafundermatericality so should
the practicals be reality
masteraubulactruracalicity. Let us be so
much more practicalicity, so let's be
practical and bloody reacked
in blood and power and
youthy practicality and drunk mad processy

difficultiness.

These are like heavens for to absterscround
for the grimachy tractor
premortafactorimantrafitionsness. Such
Traffickness! Oh such dethyness to gome the
ferbiness. Triply bonneraneffiness!
Chipperdramatix for unto the
chapequetramanackretuorsabraddatica.
This is the
traculaprutraffuckulatruadicionousness.
Practicalastrackauclaturacklallpreduclareffi
claliurla.
Chip, chip, chip doth the
reasonabilitracklhorniprackticallicalness, to
for the perge.

Nibs are such burds that must for the
traficaliprackticalulousnessytionitymabbslee
would not be so such a
triplerkracklitracklitrapperttraffibadlys. Or
such is not the perusizhanabellicraticralligy.

Says The Dummy: "There is to be a
perchulakkanubulanatracujabranathastrafr
pickatammad!"

So, what happened was a grand
emerdement, and everybuddy died!
The End!

18.i.17

Conjoining to this vast mean-spiritedness:

Your anxiety about what to wear
is horribly commonplace,
nevertheless, you feel it deep.

Ties that don't match
or match too well,
shoes in disrepair,
jackets and shirts
too big, or antagonistic.

So, you look in First Mirror™
"That's not me!" you say.
A young man,
black curly hair,
freckles,
looks back at you.

More wardrobe disasters.
Complete mismatch
of colors, textures,
aesthetics.
And yet, you've managed
to piece together some mess.
It will have to do.

And now, it's time you leave.
You walk past Second Mirror™
(or *Speculo Secundo*™
in the Bad Latin of the Realm).
You see your face,
covered in a still-wet clay masque.
It looks like RachEyeKon™ Beauty,
but with some sections broken off
around the left jaw.

* * * * *

*(tranmuhscribed during the hystorical moment
at which time we make
an appeal to our better angels.
20.i.17)*

24.i.17

Teaching anxiety:

You're teaching
fantastically,
but it's the wrong class!
BradLoo kindly informs you.
You accidentally, or not so,
smash/break/destroy
the glass cases
containing the roses
which hold the blood of all art.

All this collapses into a small shardy pile,
but some blood flecks
onto Ben, with whom you dance,
and note the constellations of blood-droplets
that encircle her smile.

29.i.17

You're trying to improve your score
on the FruSTraTron, but you're only
giv'n a couple of chances at this,
and some of the knobs aren't even working.
You just give up after a while.

* * * * *

At rehearsal, they're playing your piece,
but you're not allowed to watch.
How messed up is that?
The piano guy is bowing the piano wrong.
It makes tiny squeaky sounds,
not the big roar you expected.

* * * * *

Woops, reality intrudes.
Time to wake up.

31.i.17

In reverse order:

- The God-Kitchen—
small, with a smiling woman bust-image
holding a really big plate or bowl
for the God-food.

You got them
from jumping through the tiny door
on the fireplace in the lodge,
with your two friends,
a man and a woman,
and they say we go through this door once
when we live
and once when we die.

Before that,
leaving the clothes store,
you look in the mirror.

It's you this time,
but you have on clown makeup.
You remove the nose
and wipe off some of the clownface,
and put on normal shades.

Before that,
in the clothes store,
you buy a jacket and get seven dress shirts!
Whoa—now that's a bargain!

Before that,
walking around the clothes store,
mostly women's,
but some men's too.
Big whoop.

Before that,
hanging out with BobBay on the smokey raft,
he tells how he's been haunted
with dreams of someone throwing matchsticks
and cigarettes at him,
"How could that not haunt you?"

you ask, in commissery.

(Discussions of how a guy
got a famous job,
running across a wide boulevard,
but no traffic,
to get there)

In bed,
there's that Man-0-Quin,
which is the lower half of a woman.
You rub your thing on her,
and you know
that pleasures all the women on this planet, right?
Well, it does,
and now it's time
to let other people
use this machine.

01.ii.17

Draft:

Setting up projector
in the center aisle at
The Church,
a performance you consult with Johnsy about.

(He suggests some modules for your studio.
Your studio is pretty big,
but lots of wasted space.)

You have to climb over
all sorts of equipment
in the balcony
to get down to the main floor,
then you discover
there's no little seat or stool
for you to sit on next to the projector,
so you make your way

past all the faithful
as they
come down the stairs you're going up.

One diligent farm-wife
a. has on a distended
hat b. holds the railing
and slides up and down it
in an unmannerly manner.

There's a marriage going on,
you to Mr. Mayer,
but you don't want to kiss him.

He suggests you kiss
the marble bust
of his deceased wife,
Linda,
and speak her name as you do so.

Her spirit still inhabits the bust,
and it vibrates
and sometimes chirps a little.

13.ii.17
Talking with Grandvater Henry,
which is unusual,
since he died before you was born.

You introduce him to Monk Snuggly,
your cousin.
Grandvater seems alarmed
at what has happened
to the quality of his descendents.

* * * *

Wandering through
the elaborate hallways and galleries
in the dark, underground museum.
You hear MarLene calling after you,

so you lead her down
a particular corridor
so you can show her
The Works of David.

When she catches up to you,
you hug her.
“Hi, Cuz!” you say.
You both walk around the displays
and the paintings and sculptures.

You spend some time
in front of your latest works,
a series of big canvases
painted in abstract textures
in warm colors:
Speckeléd yellows and oranges,
Reds, whites, and golds.
Each one is wrapped
by wide bands of aluminum or steel,
like huge belts
holding the art in.

28.ii.17
Just remember,
we are being hunted by dinosaurs,
and then we’re scheduled
to turn into cyborgs.

So that’s what we have to work with.
You can inject her with Afro-Deezyeeyaks,
and climb in the boxy microwave
chamber with her,
and,
to the rhythms of a disco classic,
roll around the whole compound.

You both roll into the gambling-room
where a bunch of high-rollers
are yakking about their winnings.
“Oh, here comes Fred and Ginger!” says one.

He might expect you to cover his losses,
and you don't have enough to do that.

Doesn't matter—the sludge is rising
and spilling over walls, filling up
basically everything.

8.iii.17

Sunday nite:

3 iquanas in your drawer
for over a year.
You take out one,
the other two remain,
including the big one.

Small one you take out,
butts you in the head
and takes off.

Monday nite:

Apocalyptic water time
in SkoolBasment.

Tuesday nite:

More anxious
dystopic times.

12.iii.17

VERTHIFY THITH:

Special event
for the abused before the age of 7,
you put up the wooden frame
that looks like the front of a cage,
you pull it out of its box,
that has a picture on the front
of what this should look like
once you've installed it.

The picture has a yellow-green blob
behind the bars,
and this is the ghost that's included.

When you install it in the wall,
the ghost appears
behind the front row of bars,
and tells you
she's the ghost
of the Second Wife of King Tut.

19.iii.17
Your charge is
to kill The Father
with your Davy'n'Goliath-style
slingshot.

But, you are really bad at this.
Every rock misses,
and only once
do you come close to
grazing his shoulder.

* * * * *

At the talk or forum
The Father offers
the next topic, but
hoarsely, with great effort
and turning red a bit:

"Let us talk about
San Bernadino, the film
by legendary director
Sam Bernadino,
who happens to be
in the audience!"

1.iv.17
Your Mom is visiting Lee-Mapa-Roo
and talking with some famous dragqueens

at a cafe, and they are not yet
in costume, but
they are practicing their moves
in how they sip their espressos.

(I take that back:
the main queen
has at least a foundation
of makeup on, and
the face is thrown
into high relief
because of his/her
black pantzoot.)

3.iv.17
So,
it turns out
your gay genius-conductor dad
was a member of the Ratpak!
(Some frendz got together
and found a letter
written him by Frank.)

This,
after the hostage/terror
standoff
near the entry to the columned building,
where you sneak behind the scenes
and make it to the construction area.
From there, it's a stroll
to the seaside restaurant
where you get the news,
and then must continue
hanging out on the beach
to meet this other person,
who will think you go there all the time.

For whatever reason
this reminds you
how fragile
are the vessels

in which we live.

5.iv.17

You are always drawn
to the communities of transience.
The combos of people
that simply will not last.

One encounter near dawn
has the ring of permanance
as you test your new
cyborg limbs—you run really fast!

Again, the parking garage.
Again, the parking tickets
(these, however, crossed out).
You're working in the bank.

You're shown a faceage
to emulate, your image,
wearing huge sunglasses
with lenses big as basquetballs
on either side of your hed.

14.iv.17

Sometimes it's better to give an account
so soon after the events have happened:

You checked into Blue Motel
which is really all done
in a dirty baby blue.
It's by the beach,
but it's so run-down,
everything tattered.

You go out the second-floor
balcony of your room,
but only a step or two.
The floor and railing
seem to shred off
into ribbons of awning,

all the same dirty blue.

Mother is in one room
and Daughter is next door.
The Unhinged Innkeep
seems like a nice lady,
until she puts a pillow
to Mother's face
as she lies on the bed,
and then she's wrapping
the phone cord around her neck.

Tugging on the cord
pulls cord from the phone
in Daughter's room,
so she gets up
and goes next door.
Is she too late?

* * * * *

New room, maybe different motel.
Bigger rooms with bunk beds
before the walk-in closet
with windows looking outside.
Pine furnishings, pastels,
so, definitely different motel!

American Girl of Oriental Heritage
has OD'd, on the floor next to the bed,
and you might have been
the one holding the needle.
Anyway, she's gone,
so there's nothing to do
but wait for emergency people
once you call them.

You haven't called anybody yet.
You and Sister are packing or
unpacking suitcases.

Just don't touch the body.

17.iv.17

Two events you might want to render later:

- receiving the bundle of cash
in the mail
in a manilla envelope
- the warrior princess who captures
The Rock of the Desert,
also known as The Rock of T(h)oes Scatteréd
and the flying trainbus that lands
on the ridge full of tourists,
asked not to lean too far either way.

25.iv.17

So, there you are walking
up stairs surrounding
an atrium of this building
with The King and one of his aides.

King tells you "I want to lose
Six-Hundred Pounds!"
You tell him, "Then, Your Grace,
You would become an AsParaGus!"

"AsParaGus King—I'm alright with that,"
he says.

28.vi.17

You can blame your current
personality problems
on the evil, gay computer
at the airport,
taunting you by chanting,
"Get 'em on my Mind!
Get 'em on my Mind!"

That scene is recreated

in the avant-theater piece
NanCyCookie was presenting
in her classroom.
I don't know where she gets them,
but they're always interesting little plays.

29.iv.17
dreemIntro

Unfortunately,
you're hangin'
with the rest of us
in our usual
corporate-policestate-dystopia:

(30.iv.17)
We should make it clear
to the authorities we believe to be in charge,
that we will have no part
in their so-called 'Echo-2' program.

It has been described as
the ultimate rebirth of all mankind,
but there is a price to pay.
You see, Echo-2 holds to the premise/promise
that all people can be transplanted
into cyborg or robot bodies
(thus, roboborg)
and then their old physical forms
are no longer needed.

So, the bodies can be destroyed,
and thus, a vast expenditure of resources
spent on growing and maintaining those bodies
—our bodies—
could be prevented.

The prelude to Echo-2, then,
is much carnage,
and even demolition
on an atomic scale,

though this is not always
the best approach,
as it visits enormous
devastation upon
perfectly useable cities, say.

Throughout the transition to Echo-2
there are countless awkward moments,
such as when Eulegia (the nasty one)
is brought into his new body:
“But Eulegia is ded!” complains the tecky.
“We are all ded!” replies the other tecky.
So Eulegia is brought back.

When one is brought back
the memory of leaving the physical plane
is not always removed,
nor are the faces of The Removers,
those who enact the transform
from human to roboborg.
This results in occasional resentment
on the part of the new creatures
toward The Removers.

Jihatred, jiangery, and jizuhrevenge*
toward The Removers
should be dissipated during
the *Process Of Transform*,
but this does not always happen.
Hence, the newly transformed
may feel compelled
to seek out
and kill
those who have transformed them.

You yourself had this feeling
as, after just avoiding
one fatal encounter
(perhaps involving swordplay,
which you’re not particularly goodat)
you saw three ICBMs bearing down on you

and sparking that momentary
deep searing heat
before everything melted away
in half an instant.

The resentment remained
once you regained consciousness
in your new body.

Just two other items
about Echo-2:

1) not everybody who's removed
gets planted into a roboborg body.
In fact, it's really a tiny fraction
of the population, and

2) the ones favored to be re-planted
are often those who are
emotionally deficient, or damaged,
or un-developed—since those aspects
of humanity are the most difficult
to replicate through roboborg code.

Which is why you're here!

* You get it? Say them all like they're 'jihad.'

18.v.17
Now, everything takes place
near the Swimming-Pool.
Even the encounters in
Grocery Store
are dark, and dripping
with renewed meaning.

You are given a challenge
as you sit in the window-frame.
Images and impressions
from the NorEast

give your moment some gravitas.
Potatoes and Gravitas.
Part of a healthy, balanced diet!

21.v.17
PRAKTIKAL

Keep bangin' the past—
and it becomes the future.

Pretty cool final exhibition:
everybody doing neat interactive art-things!

Experimental films are being shown
on a ceiling of droopy white sheets.
Three kids shine flashlights
with red/green/blue filters on them,
all over, then
they all aim at one thing,
like a person or a sculpture or whatever.

What they do also affects
the videos being shown,
filtering it, but they need to
coordinate better.
Two girls are re-doing
Pendulum Music with cellphones
instead of just microphones, so
video gets fed-back, too.

Two big guys are trying
to detach a big mirror
from the gallery wall, and bring it over,
but you yell at them (a little
too rhythmically),
“Don't move the mirror!”
then, all the artists are chanting that,
then you instruct everybody to sing it,
so everybody sings for a while.

Still, lots of interesting stuff going on!

22.v.17

Loads of unremarkableness:
You wander crowded streets,
see an old man with his
(you're guessing)
granddaughter, on an elevator
(one with glass sides).

He sees you, mouths,
"Where should we go
for lunch?"
It's hard for you to
respond to that one—
the city's changed so much
since you last lived here.

23.v.17

PRAKTIKAL

There's no denying
the violence, the murder
you did to Dood,
luring him to the top branches
of the tree, then
smashing his head with a rock.

But, equally,
there's no denying
the usefulness
and innovation, really,
of your system of gears
and telescoping guides
that, when affixed to
the banks of a pooltable
will show players
the trajectories of their balls*.

(Next up: the laser version!)

*Yeah, right.

27.v.17

Of course, there was
the lesson for the day
told with ancient projector,
and told with several
false beginnings,
which is always funny:

The curtain opens,
and the film hasn't been
rewound, or it is in the
middle of a commercial.
It's like that.

But before,
there is palpable wonder
as you hold in your palm
what seems like a couple dozen
fragments of popcorn,
all in the range of three to five Miley-Maters
in diameter.

You gently put them on the floor,
and everyone peers over your shoulders.
They are not bits of popcorn,
they are tiny parachutes
attached to Daredevil Fleas
who ride tiny motorcycles
and jump high in the air.

You held in your hand
the entire circus!

28.v.17

Pictures of your colleagues
from twenty years ago
reveal everybody
unsure about the future,
but still excited, and ready for it.
Still optimism, not so much cynicism.

After viewing them, or maybe before,
you enter the library/museum
that has a room devoted to clocks,
watches, timepieces all clicking away.
Some have quite literal hands and faces,
some are shaped like birds or other animals.

This fascinates you, distracting you
from the awfulness
and ultimate purposeless
of life, you guess.

At any rate, these artifacts
are more entertaining
than the financial power-thriller
you had been watching
with its predictable villains
and plot twists,
all horrible.

29.v.17

So, now you remember the saying,
but the context surrounding it
has vanished.

The saying is this:
"Home Brew™: Become
A Man of Four Seasons."

The context in which this saying appeared
could have been a city block
with many small businesses
and many people on foot.
One street is blocked off
with folding chairs
or grocery carts all collapsed together
and ready to roll into place.
The guy doing this says,
"Well, we gotta block off the street
because of the war, you know."

No cars are gonna get through that street.

You check in at your building
and see what's going on
in the prep center, which is
sort of a lab with a bunch of
old-fashioned computer
workstations, where you train people
for tech-related issues
to help them get jobs.
Right now, only RhianBeth is there,
and you chat for a while,
then you tell her you hafta go.

"Oh, ok, so we won't be talking.
Get what you want," she says,
in the current parlance.
You take it to mean, "Well,
I guess you don't want
to spend time with me
right now," or, "You sorta
had a chance with me,"
and as usual, you realize this
a little too late.

This is where we cut to commercial.

30.v.17

Because of the fierce climate
here in the UpNorth,
these men and women are called The Frosty-
Toots™.

They were called that
Six-hundred and twenty-two years
before the term became associated
with *"a tasty flavored ice - treat
favored by Sex Industry Workers
worldwide"*.

You wander among The 'Toots™,
they lounge on pillows and carpets,

several have sun-burns on cheeks
and other unfortunate areas,
and some have cuts in the skin.

Led by a gratedaen to a little covered wagon,
you see three more 'Toots™,
unattractive and fat, but happy
because they, "Found their guy!"

But also in attendance is Extreme Devout Father
who lays his daughter into a shallow grave in the
ground,
does a ritual with a flat, odd shaped blade,
first cutting a small opening in her dress around
midriff,
then more or less disembowels her, releasing
her screaming nature and her laughing nature.

"It's time for everybody
to go to sleep," says
Moses the Cat.

31.v.17
The blowback principle
in alien invasion:

Usually, these grossly
bulbulous mutations occur
and then the animal or person dies,
but in blowback,
they mutate and go on living,
so that's what we have here.

(2.vi.17)
Flooding by churchgrounds
You can't find car
in stairwell,
we get fat cats.

Intrigue with gunfighting
good & bad Guy.

You attach gun to
a pendulum/rope thingy,
twirl it around, it goes off;
goes through wood in the machine shed.

Slug is found,
you carefully spread greengook
on your father's thin beard
that outlines his face,
while he tells you
of the community wind-band
he plays in.
You didn't know he played anything!

You amuse the *callous sophisticates*
with your book-juggling.

5.vi.17

Honestly, you don't know why you need
This seminar on talking to people.
Probably something mandated
by AichArr.
You do, however, score a seat
at the table with PixyBlonda.
If you must endure this,
you might as well do it
next to someone you find
somewhat pleasant.

Stern is the lady lecturer,
instructing the whole group,
then Pixy runs her hand
through your dense black heddohair
from behind you.
You agree to let her cut it,
and you can see, by way of shadows,
that she's really going at it.
"I hope I won't end up
looking all freaky," you say.
"Oh, you'll be freaky, alright!" she says.

The shadows show so much more
hair being cut than you thought you had.
Soon enough, it's break time.
"There! See for yourself," says Pixy.
It's nothing short of remarkable.

Your sides are shaved, leaving
a MoWok
That begins just beyond your phorHed
with small patches of hair in a checker pattern
And ends in thick, matted DredLax
that radiate from the back of your neck
in all directions, but mostly up.

And, as a KooDayGraw,
your right ear is encased
in a little metal box of slender posts
that makes it look like it's in gaol.
There's room in the box
for you to insert
a picture PostKard,
if you decide to later.

You are without words!

You leave via horizontal elevators
but it's easy to get lost,
and lose track of which stop
will take you back to the talk.

Once you're back,
you check out the deserts you missed,
and there's Bab Oatesay, who taunts you
about trying the thin pencils of candy
he's drawn from the table.
They're really pure sugar, with a little
fruity flavor.

You know you missed out
on important parts of the talk,
and you'll need to turn in

your report later, so you
Slip out into street,
With TrumpetManBoy, wearing blue,
and a few others.

It must be before the war—
Adolf arrives via a tunnel,
and he must be
Running the HilterLoothYooth.
You summon up your best introductory German
but Trumpeter is translating away.
You all get into formation,
You don't know when
Trumpeter should blow his horn,
You don't know when you should clap.

10.vi.17

All these events
occur at *The MillaRacé*
and you spend much time
walking around the buildings,
sometimes in snow,
sometimes thick and deep mud.

It begins with your visit
to the DeeZyneLab next door,
you're asked about some project
they are working on,
you tell them what you think,
you discuss details with them,
then you're done.
"We should visit each other
more often!" you say,
and you genuinely mean that.

Finding your way back
is not so easy,
and you enter
some of the poetic
installations by accident.
These are rooms

made to look like
the interiors of sheds or barns
but with either mannequins
or live humans acting as mannequins
while insufferably bad poetry is read
or played on loudspeakers.
It's the subject matter
—mostly depression, self-esteem, identity,
nostalgias for the candies of the past,
and suicide—
and the earnestness of the poems
that make them so bad.
Still, these installations endure
and remain popular for the tourists.

Once you find your way
to one of the main buildings,
you see you've arrived, feted!
It's some sort of conference
where you are celebrated
for the ArtSoundz you've made
all these years.
It's your name and picture
at the top of the programme,
and you overhear El Jay deliver
a warm and touching appreciation
of your work.
It's humbling, for you,
to finally be here,
touched by good fortune,
at the center of such great beauty!

In fact, you have an entire exhibition stall
that your many grunt/groopys are assembling
so it looks like a store in a shopping mall
but with disturbing items on display.
You step in some paint that's still wet
as you make it to the entryway.

You're greeted by some old friends and
associates,

some of them in ceremonial
masks and outfits
of feathers, body paint, and animal bones
for the magic that is to come.

It is now you realize
you probably aren't following the script
for the rituals to work properly.
You're jumping up and down
on a marker before an alter
that displays ancient technologies
you used so many years ago.
One crone takes you aside,
and since you're not sure what you're doing,
she asks you to vomit in a large
barrel of ice.
You do this, sticking finger down throat,
because the crone seemsta know
what she's talking 'bout.

As you sit behind tables with the others,
you're handed a blue and white plastic bottle
filled with a chalky liquid
you'll drink, that'll force you to expel
digestive materials
from one end of your alimentary canal
or the other.
Again, this is all
so the ArtMagik works.

10.vi.17
AN INVENTORY

I have
like my father before me
nought but six children:

Musica
Arte
Cinema
Trepsichore

TekTekky
MadMynd Scribbleness

11.vi.17

At suppertime
you feed the cats
but they all blend
into the furry carpet.

You're driving down
the 3-lane highway, left lane.
Car comes at you in right lane!
He shouldn't do that.

Back at MyoosixKool:
the names on all the doors have changed
and nobody remembers you.

12.vi.17

I:
You're a guest comic
for a kindergarten class,
in the LowerGrayed Room.
When almost no one is looking,
you run through the classroom
with a couple pieces
of modular athletic flooring
that you prop up and hide behind
one you've taken your place.

You really have no idea
how to amuse these kids.
You've never even
done anything like this before.

There is a clunky piano
and a shelf of books
to draw from, but
that's about it.

II.

You and your
hefty gurlfrend
happen on a glass bottle
with what looks like
a coating of chokolate
and sparkles
covering its interior.
When you pour in
creamed koffee,
the liquid re-constitutes
into ChokoLikkerMilk.
That should be fun to share,
at least.

III.

You wake to a skritch
electronic sound
you can't identify.
Dad say's
he'll check it out
although it's really your
responsibility.
You're so tired,
but you get up
and look outside.

The Lick's germansheperd
seems to be ded or dying,
as does their white huskiSnoDog
who is a cyclops.
After a time they both stumble
back to their legs.
They're zombieDogs now,
and there's a zombie version of Dad
with a meat cleaver
hacking away at something
you can't quite see
from EastKitchen Window.

28.vi.17
WASP in the house!

It hovers near the wall,
so it should be easy to smash
but MeepKat jumps at it
high, almost to the ceiling.
He falls back on the couch.
Did he maybe get stung?

No matter, you have the spray
and you spray the wasp,
first with a mist,
then more and more
as the insect gets drowsy
and also lands on the couch.

There he grows,
taking on the size and shape
of an Insect-Dethy-Meeps,
and then gradually
the skin around his skull
draws back,
and the head drops off,
revealing a body
made of a box of shugger-doenuts.
Jilldy squats next to couch
to examine this scene,
her navy miniskirt rising
high on her hips.

* * * * *

"You must vote by company!" says
young fierceguy.
"What does that even mean?
Is that a thing?" you yell at him.

Apparently, it is a thing.
Voters are hanging upside down
on an assembly-line track
and moved toward the voting booth.
In the booth, they see,
also upside down,

a friend or relative strapped
in a reclining position,
attended by two other
figures of classical antiquity.
“You must vote by company!”
says the guy again,
and if one doesn’t
vote as requested,
the strap is released
and the friend flies
into the sky
(so it seems),
condemned by those
statue doods.

You are sickened
by this process,
and you walk outside
where on the sidewalk
you’re confronted
by an angry old woman,
with well-weathered skin.

“I know what you people do,” she says.
“You go into forests and hit trees with sticks!”
Shocking!
“No,” you return, “we are coming
out of forests and into streets
to hit people like you with sticks!”
She didn’t see that one coming.

A voice behind you warns,
“Don’t talk to her like that—
you might need to ask her for money!”

30.vi.17
You’re at your Mom’s funeral,
early, nobody’s there yet.
A few preparations by the parlordood,
such as playing *The Sea Below Middle Sea*
on the piano

(a song consisting
of a single note,
played once).

You haven't been in the casket-room yet,
You're not in any hurry to see her,
but six or eight very elderly women
in white robes and styrofoam wings
have encircled the casket
and they are humming.

* * * *

You work your way through
The SnoMaze™, a labyrinth
built from snow blocks
to a height of about seven feet.
It's on The Creekbank, right next
to The Bridge, on The West Side
of The Road,
not far
from where you filmed
that Kung-Fu arrow-deflecting scene
(with echoes of *Guillaume Tell*)
as a kid, with St. Bhabiotz
(and the not yet canonized Muzz).

When you're near the mouth of the maze
near the bank,
you see a young boy in a red snowsuit
enter the maze at the other end.
You see him for just an instant
but you know you need
to retrace your steps
and meet him in the maze.

That's going to be difficult
since you're sitting on the ground
back to the brickwall
at water's edge,
and you cannot get your legs to move.

You try to mentally
project yourself forward
but that doesn't work either.
You resign yourself
to turn to stone.

* * * * *

You're hangin' with new peeps
Probably in Oh-High-Oh.
It's a lobbycafé, where either you or your
new frendz work.
You've been drawing
a picture on a paper placemat
for the *brunelette*, *ioliette*,
m'amourette, *mon tout* you'll call
Adelede.
It is she you are hitting upon,
and you lack social skills,
so you're drawing her a picture.
It's reminiscent of Bosch, of course.
You're about to sign it
and give it to her
when she leaves with her boyfriend.

You can probably regift your drawing,
plus you still have that SelfOne video
you shot with her and a pooch
in the jungle, running to the edge
of a steep cliff in the middle of nowhere.

"Are you my Nayberz? I keep
running into all you guys," blurts
a bohemian-looking hypeStar,
opening and peeking into
your closets!

You ask him: "If you're a Nayber, why
are you looking in our closet?"
That gives you an edge, you think.
HypeStar talks about his band,

and plays a recording for you.
It's a concertino for concertina
and winds.
"Is that your axe?" you ask.

You discuss with him
the instrumentation, and
that his band is more
of an ensemble.
"How do you pay for your ensemble?"
He says nothing.
"Well, that usually means
one of two things," you tell him.
Again, you're on the offensive.
Why is that?

"Sarah and I have . . . money," he confesses.
That's as apparent from his silence
to your question as is
your poverty,
from asking the question.
He goes on to explain
with unexpected emotion
that they have no children.
You comfort him best you can,
but don't really see why
he couldn't do something about that
if he has, you know, money.

This, apparently, is the start
of a long and deep friendship.

* * * * *

Next, you're in the dood's apartment
in NY or LA or ZB, and it's ten years later.
You learn the dood's name is Dsandy Tongas
(with a silent 'D').
You finally meet Sarah,
she of Dsandy's life-legend.
She tells you about

her JapoKneesGurlFrend™
who only comes on the 28th
of each month, “. . . when she’s full!”
So, Sarah thinks she has
good prospects!

Dsandy gives you
a lawyer’s card and brochure,
and invites you to contact him
if you want to write
a song for TomKrooz.
This could be
the big break you’ve
been waiting for!

Or not.
You don’t have your own card
to give Dsandy in return,
but you also don’t have
your right gigbag,
so you’ll need to now
go back home
before you get
to your show
and it’s starting to rain!

1.vii.17
And so transpyers
another moment of a Sign
like a mighty oak, Fell’d
by a twisty quirk
of language:

You’re in a pretty crowded movie theater.
You’re wearing a light beige sweatsuit
but you’re not sweating.
You mention this
to the two strangers
sitting either side of you.

You try to explain it thusly:

"It's like that time
they talked about one thing
that was not exhibiting the characteristics
of the name for that thing."

Elaine stands up,
a few rows in front of you,
and takes you to task:
"No, George.
A butterfly is not
a metaphor for a pig!"

Everyone then gets up
and sits around many tables.
Elaine sits with several other gals.
"Women are an interesting species!"
You observe, mostly to yourself.

* * * * *

You visit Brother in his robot factory.
He's tremendously successful!
His robots populate our brave-new-order-world.
And now, here's your Gramma.
Her blueish purplish metallic skin
should be a clue
to you that she's a robot, too,
but we all know
you're a little slow to catch on
at times.

"I am so deeply saddened
and disappointed in you!" she tells Brother.
"I'm ninety-two years old
and I've never known anyone
who makes me feel like that!"

Brother, obviously programmed her
to say things like that,
but she needs a little adjustment.
Two of his assistants

remove the back of her skull
to reveal a series of tiny, neat wooden shelves
each with josephCornellesque arrangements
of curiosities: cats made out of velvet
and stuffed with feathers,
sewing buttons, scraps of fabric,
dill pickles a in glass jars,
a few crinkly-edged sepia photos,
a hairbrush.

To this, the assistants wire in
circuit boards and replace memory chips,
and other components that are fried.

Next, we go on a tour
deep below ground
of the nukalareaktorlike
cores of INfo-inTERconNECTedness
the power all this,
comparing the Oyropayen to the Merkan
models.

Coming back up to the ground level,
a former or disgruntled worker
is blaming everybody
for the decline of this place,
the robot factory.

6-7.vii.17
'Absolute Carnage' is the polite way to put it.
That's the result of the wicked evil space aliens
upon the squadron of Beautiful Goldenboy
Pilots,
who seem to come straight out
of a PeekSore animashun for the hole fambly.
You were sorta wondering when this would
happen.

The aliens group together in tens, in a linked
double-circle
they make their ship, all

points and lines of light.
They fly by the pilots and first
suck their skin right off the flesh,
drawing it through the sky
in long strands. Next,
internal organs, especially
the digestive system,
all connected and
unpacked as a single continuous tube.
Then, musculature.
Goldenboys are devastated.

* * * * *

You are babbysitting RobBay v.2,
and he's a bit testy.
How could your sistar
have had him, in her
early seventies, yes?
So, you slap him on his forehed
and he starts to cry.
Why's he crying?
You didn't slap very hard.
Oh, right, you've just
emotionally scarred him for life.

* * * *

At MyoosixCool, you find
that small rectangular metal box
covered in blue fabric,
the shape not quite
that of a minikaskette.
You can tap out a tune
by hitting it on its sides.

You show this to FranZem,
"See, I can play GlazWerx,"
You demonstrate.
FranZem has been writing
an exhaustive analysis of that very piece,
and skrooty-niceyng the recording,
down to the errors the conductor made.

He smokes while he explains this to you,
and you wonder why
the smoke detector
hasn't noticed.

You want to ask him a central question
about this work,
but you just don't know
what to ask.
In this way, he is your better.

8.vii.17(dreemdrafty)
Masada is very zappa like
Greaves to take youth (with) him (wants to take
you with him)
Omegas trip to visit all the (on a trip to visit all
the)
KISKISKilling sites (K.IS.K.IS.Killing sites)
and follow the path ofthebook
The Bunker
Hank
Willis son St. Demoiselles belt

(Hank Williams song,
St. Denis/St. Petrus;
fat leather belt, many bucklings.

Let's go that far.

22.vii.17 (dreemdrafty)
Dressing like a dandy
(tomwolfe), meeting
your gal for breakfast
at the cool breakfast place
in little 5 or VaHi

4. Church basement,
peeing in elaborate maze of a bathroom,
blood in urine,
you explain to guy who sees it
about your new

medication for
your hand-cancer

3. visit brother in new city.
His wife's friend,
mary, offers to
put you up for the night.
Possibly more.
You fold up
your futon,
pack your clothes.

3. one kind of distopia
where lots of violence and murder
occurs

2. Other kind of distopyia
where africa cools
in places near where it was
nukleerbombed.
One of those just outside of newcity

1. before that, something lost

0. before that, nothing

9.viii.17

All these little projects—
Your symphonies, your operas,
Your songs, your dances,
Your books, stories, poems, letters,
Your paintings, sculptures, works of art,
Your moovees
—they're all side projects.
Your main project
Should you decide to accept it,
Is to unfold yourself,
And put *that* into these forms
That we flawed, flakey humans
Can understand
and appreciate,

and maybe do 2/4 ourselves
before we, like, uhn,
die.

I know I said
There are Seven HyooMunz
Identical to you,
And you must choke them,

But, now,
I think they might just
Look like you.
Your frendz on PhaseBoeuke
Might report having
Run into your dubble.
It happens.

No,
You are
Kyndova
One – Off.
A Yoo-Neek-Zy.
There has never been
Nor will there ever be
Someone exactly like you.
Take jello-esque KumFert in that,
And do the ak-shunny things
Outlined above.

THE FINISHY PARTS :
(i.e., Google translate this so it's kinda close):

SkyRon™ fecit:
SkyRon™, das UberDichter, schribt es:
SkyRon™, un révé d'amor, une chanson, la
vivere:
SkyRon™ : Dimenticare!
SkyRon™ : So, I see the
fragile past-ness
of what I did here.
It's like Bach or Mozart

Coming back and writing somethin'.
What would they write?
What time signatures would they use?
Would anyone even recognize them?

G A A A A A H ! (*hangs self*)

END OF PART VI

PART VII

13.viii.17

(three on ipod,
lost to the ages
when it died, plus
RoBearTow
proposes building a
republican closet,
“you know, you slide
your voter card in it,
and if you’re republican
it opens,”
“what’s in the closet?” someone asks.
“Other republicans,” you say,
but nobody sees
the humor in it.)

30.ix.17

There are a number of items
available to the workers at discount
that would allow them, to, say,
make their own lunches
instead of using The Company’s cafeteria.

(The Company is called KassCity,
and it runs the railroads.
Workers put in sixty to seventy hours a week
in grunty labour,
servicing the trains and tracks
and making sure everything
runs on time.)

Some of those items include:
Tourniquet Yougurt,
Actually Quite Good Shortbread,
and HL-1114 autosammiches.
The bosses don’t want you to buy those
from the VenDinMuhSheens™,
so they’ll be phasing them out.

You find out about the list
by asking the guy you think you remember,

although now he's quite a bit taller
(on the order of about nine feet).
"Yeah, now you know," he says,
a tall man of few words.

* * * * *

Oh, and by the way:
Some folks have noticed your absence
the past few weeks
and your obsessions with parking garages
and large gatherings of people eating.

20.x.17

Here's another final statement.
You might use this to end something:
. . . and it said,
"We can never love
All those we love,
can we?" . . .
. . .

12.xi.17

It's a terribly windy cornfield
that's being converted to a golfcourse
this, through diaphanous fibroid networks
stretched across the plants.
You and DJ are joined by a nice black woman,
on your way to the airport security.
"I have hemmaRhoyds™ on my
hemmaRhoyds™," says DJ.
"Well, I think we're all responsible for that—
we all participate in that," you say.
"Did you say we all Art-icipate in that?" asks the
black woman.

Dreemelange

(22.ix.17-13.xi.17)

You may require more proof.
For example, when Brad and Gennifer were
Giants

You may ask another giant
to help me convince them
to come into the *mise en abysm*
A storm's coming.

You may be your own Grammaw,
parking your car at a wedding.
You park but bump into
and push another car into the street.
Oh no! Meeps runs into the road
chasing a bug or something!

You defuse that anxiety by
picking up the tab for about 20 people
at a restaurant.
But you saunter around town,
looking at the statues.
There may be a car bomb out there,
but you're busy verifying your discs.
Girl want to copy your PonyWare™.
You can't just let her do that—sheesh!

You are aware, aren't you,
that you have three Android Moodges™
in addition to the real Moodge, right?
You could program those androids
to execute useful tasks.
Why haven't you done that?
Are you lazy, or stupid, or poor?
For instance, *zum beispiel*,
they could help you
with the hella elaborate presentation
you gotta give tomorrow!

Always, those blimps floating past
with their noisy motors,
proclaiming some annoying message.
This one says,
"If you are lost and harmless,

please remain so!"

- - - - -

Fat boy and roommate
tell you sports jokes,
Young black highschool gurl
(with her Mom)
tries to sell you
a portable freezer for \$500.

She's in this workshop with you,
and you both arrive together.
She says you always had
a veritable face or a verable face
to her nuanced face.
You let that go, because, wtf?
She also says
you were a master of media.

Now, landscapes and surroundings
shift into a pink oyster interior
decorated with the latest designs
from around the globe.
You ask Fragile Girl
if you and her could go together,
and she seems to be falling apart,
making excuses about her therapist
and how he makes her
play fastball with her relationships.

All this, all we have collectively experienced,
all those magical moments in your life
pale in comparison to the present:
Here's Nazi Jesus on a motorcycle
wearing red leather pumps.
Sometimes he morphs into an image of his Mom!

+ + + + + + +

You're really not too good with children.

You've tried to convince yourself you are,
but that was all a lie.
So, here you are,
suggesting to this young kid—
along with his dad—
what instrument s he should learn
if he wants to pick up girls.

"Trombone or trumpet," you say.
However,
(and you should be more
increasingly aware of this type of circumstance)
this young boy is also
the lanky demure young woman
who models for you.

She/he has some identity issues,
which the dad tries to explain to you.
There's no logic or argument to it,
and it has something to do
with South/North differences
and height.

+ + + + + + + +

Chris WriterDood is photocopying stuff.

He's 'warranted'
meaning no funds are his
to support this project,
a scholarly tome
on Billy Bee and his Naked Lunch.

This other dude asks you
what it sez about alcohol .
You ask him, "Just alcohol or all drugs?"

You're then able
to publish your own notes
on both "Drug Parade"
and "Sex Parade,"

two incredibly important
and fabulously obscure journals.

Regarding Billy B.,
Chris says, "My thing for him is this big!"

You read your notes from the start,
and this is funny to them.
You all kick back to wedding cake in church
basement.

But, before that,
You must help Tina with her paper
for her degree in Brady Bunch Studies.

o o o o o o o o

It's "Basic Lingua-(de)Pravity Plus!"
unfashion night at hotel restaurant.

Only the 'Georges' show up:
George Orwell,
George Jetson,
Nat King George,
Sign-Phelled George, etc.

Because there is such
richness and variety
and breadth of humanity
and womanity
in these Georges
(George Sands, obvs)
you sigh in the inevitable longing
to be more than just
an observer of the occasional
great thing done by great peeps.
You skreem atem:
"If yer a poet, show it!"

o o o o o o

Shambly-Raunch says,
"I just invented the KerPhyoo!"
Big whoop!
Substantial and significant
whoop.

o o o o o o

You're making your way,
arduously, slowly,
through the huge book,
a great literary achievement.

Its author dood hides behind
the NomDePloom "Norma Carp,"
although the photo on the jacket
is clearly a mustached man.

The first third of this book
is predictably dense,
written in the technique of
infereoven maaratibe
(interwoven narratives).

Surely one of the most
significant highlights
of this section
is the 40-plus pages
devoted to a list of mostly sad memories
(and a few brighter recollections)
about a dear dog that's died.

The second-third is an incoherent
and unorganized
collection of sparsely drawn cartoons,
plus some included objects attached to the pages
(a pair of tickets—these are central to the whole
book).

Before you find out
what that final third contains,

expresses, scrutinizes,
you and Wife enter
the big mansione house that's now
turned into classrooms.

It's really dark, that is,
there are no lights on.
You must lead her from room to room,
stumbling upon, drawn toward,
ragtimey piano music
played by old friendly prof dood
for the custodial staff
as they clean the rooms.

<<<14.xi.17 – 16.i.18 - <<and beyond>>
smartfonotes, need to versify:>>>

14.xi.17

I-City adventures:
Phony circus performs,
Phran: see he has a crysanthamum
for a mouth.

Hanging out at Pop'lar Bar,
but riots in town square.
Police with water cannons and tear gas,
but you find your way past cemetery
and hang with some gals
who've also sidestepped
the revolution.

What tipped you off to get out
was the money changer
in the bar—that's not a good sign.

11.xii.17

Lots of details.
Wander, you do, to hotel suite.
It's a funeral, you go in
the room with the casket,
wind blows the curtains in the door,
inside it's a baby that's died.

It's in bed
with a dummy representing the mom,
the baby has an enormous
alien-like hed.

"It was either that, or, you know."
Says the Grammaw, in a nighty.
You hug her, tell her you're so sorry,
and fake cry, sob weep.

"Tomorrow will hurt less,
but it never goes away,
that's the gift they leave us with."

You leave her: she calls after you,
sends her girl to ask for your card,
you can't find the right one,
you hand her a plastic one
as your m+m protege dood
hands you his 'zeen,
printed on a long roll of burlap,
like a carpet rolled up.

You read part of it:
"Nixon in Plasticparadise."
You put it away,
help him dismantle
his contraption in the living room,
and before the funeral part,
you walked into frathaus
to get to your car in alley.

Spouse is there too,
and you both sit
with the frat boys and girls
who are hanging out
during some fancy party or prom.

Party hostess Lady asks you for your answer
to the game everybody's playing:
What Senses Do You Violate When You Lie?

"Time?" you guess,
buhtcha gotta be careful

cuz spouse is there!
You both then leave
(that's when you go to the funeral).

Back to M'n'M
dismantling his machine thingy:
He's getting ready to go to courthouse
with fellow thug for some crime,
we see scenes of that that don't go well.

Lots of shooting, it's all a film,
and you pat him on the back.
"That's my boy!" you say,
and take your place
beside his other mentors
while M raps about his latest accomplishments.

On TV,
there's two movies on next,
Josh for the Defense (legal comedrama)
and *The New Wood-Stox*,
which might be
a neo-hippie documentary
narrated by actors
who have bad teeth.

11.xii.17
A new kind of math,
where $k(y) = \text{yay!}$

Everybody knows this but you.

* * * * *

You visit the house of Old President
(you say you've been here before,
and he's still there,
talking to visitors,
just like his picture
on the cereal box
you collected as a kid)

[78]
He's 142 but he's pre- civil war so he must be older.
You ask him why he's not the oldest man in the

world,
but you know it's cuz he didn't fill out the paperwork.
He recpmmds a ride to (some southern town).
You're a southern nell,
riding that road on an open cmarriage.
You see the army
Of scoundrels in the distance
but the big house is ready for them,
many guys fire rifles,
even cannon at the atakkers.

Marching in Shallow Waters
main guy has Ogre's sword,
then he sinks below the surface to fight Ogre.
You can see the moves he makes
but only he can see Ogre and the other trolls
in this underwater fight.

In Urbana streets,
you walk down this one mostly empty one
carefully avoiding lurking crooks.
The street is low but rises sharply,
about one storey in a block.

23.xii.17

Bustling workplace.
You bring new coworker upta speed show jerda
ropes.
The winks has lots of electrical chords
running through to his order
at the end of a hallway
but near the old shack
you were shooting your project at.

You mention to JoeAnn
how this is the prettiest coin
from the state of Israel.
She says her favoritye holiday
and that seshe will see her boyfriend in afrika
today.

Queen Nagra says

we should remove all the male clutter
and starts yanking at one long cable
and a metal planter flies to the floor,
lots of dirt and books fall too.
After you had spent all that time
neatly arranging power chords.

LoozerBob explains what we need to get done
toosday,
now that he's back.
But its already wenzday,
and now Bob is sad and still overweight.

The Winks and you walk into the streets,
he wants to take a different route
to the lunch party places.
"OK, as long as I get my daily dose of culture"
you say, you mean the classical music
playing from a donkeycart (something vivaldy).
You both wend through a warning gate
and a locked cargate
and Down a hallway to a door.
He goes out first.
It's a street where all building's are taped up,
huge walls of tape 3or 4 feet wide
and dozens of yards long covering windows,
but extending to the streets.
Now you know this is a blocked off place,
some police quarantine or lockdown,
and in the parallel hallway,
people in hazmat clownsuits are getting ready
to come out and warn you back in
before they arrest.
You yell at W. to get back in.
He's paper baggy, but becomes sads clown
as he enters the hallway,
falls down at the doorway you try to pull him in,
but now he's a clown made of cake
with thick frosting.
Aunty Ester looks on
from the end of the other hall.

(undated; dremms iii mobile)

Green room, blue room ,NYC, mom's cooking,
Leaving boxes neater for Dad.

Greenroom is your bedroom as a kid.
Put turtle down,
floor walls ceiling all covered in live Grass.
Need to water turtle. Did kitties get him?
No,they're sleeping, embedded in the north wall,
but Meeps has been eating a big bunch of small
onions.

Blue room is your bedroom as a kid.
You're sleeping beside Dad,
he gets a phone call from Mom.
Oh yeah, we were sposta be driving cross
country
(east + south) so she's expecting us
to call from Kentucky by now,
instead of being home (where she's not).
You pull out a tablet and do some maps,
zoom in on manhattania,
and hear stories of people living south of the
numbered streets,
in rows and rows of boxes,
one or two people per box,
big garbage bags next to them hold belongings
or waste;
people in the streets under six or ten
all have many dogs because it's a dangerous
area;
further north,
Vandercer university being built in 1958.

Mom's cooking has really gone downhill since
she died.
She cuts up hero sandwiches (subs)
and puts them in the freezer, lettuce and all.
You look for what else is around.
There's plain, tasteless hamburgers,

so you have one.

In living room, Dad in his chair,
you've brought a few bags home from school,
and you don't want to lug them around.
There's a few minibooks not in their boxes.
You should really put those up,
it's kinda messy.

27.xii.17

You were part of that famous performance
"music for cars."
(This was 1965. . .)
(You were the youngest driver, age 7)
Artsydood arranged it:-
four people on top of parked cars,
treating them like percussion
(but you can't honk the horn).
This event was put together by Jondug Wudwig,
and he explains how to say nice things
to people you despise.

Literary dood's in the house.
He's between events,
so you walk up to him,
hoping to impress him with your insights into
Cummings,
but you realize how pathetic that looks,
so you discuss Eliot instead.

"I've seen your work", he says,
catching you off guard.
Then he joins the buffet line,
and you want to find out what he thinks of you
as an artist or writer, whatever.

31.xii.17

This new vr-- you enter this capsule and lay
down in it -it fillss with liquid and your thoughts
get transmitted - the most popular ones have
both a man and a woman do this in separate

capsules, and what's projected is extreme sports like biking over hills and surfing--pretty adrenaline high stuff. You watch one, then you need to visit the big wigs who make this all happen, but you forget your boxy 4x5 camera and you need to fill out forms to get it back (you were travelling betw3en countries) now, the three people you were travelling with took a boat that sank and they drowned. You and visited by the corporate technodoods and they get into your hed. You're controlling the reality that you and the other people on the bus experience, which is not good, because you're not in control. One guy's fingers get absorbed into the glass window, then the bus falls form a great height to earth in slow mo.

Capture, you're held by evils, doing dishes and then you slice off your own hed so they can't control you

You come back to life, but you're not sure who you are now.

10.i.18

Petite K-gal skates on the ice while playing a string-bass (yo mama called it the 'doghouse bass' or simply 'the doghouse'). Extremely poetically And in slow-motion, she crashes. Bass-first into the wall enclosing the rink. The thin wood of the big instrument shatters, and bits of it impale her when she slams into the wall.

16.i.18

Now, some places (mostly)

1. HiSkool hallway near mathroom. TheRial surprised you're working here as a janitor.
2. ArtsyTown on the edge of KollejTown, quaint, but soon to become dangerous.

3. Some Bulletin board somewhere:

A printed program by your protege &
friendz, they're having a good time.

You can enter the program as a real
place, but watch out for the yellow
HiLighting!

In the measm of happiness, this is what
happened:

Coulda, shoulda, woulda, Buddah.

16.ii.18

Sky (fine, time, life, try, Might)

Dribble (babble, rubble, simple)

Deth (mirth, health, peels, tense, worth, mulch)

18.ii.18

The serial number for 'chocolate' also
determines who lives'n'dies.

Vast nearly empty supermarkets.

Beyond the employee showers,

The sixth floor of that great warehouse space

You useTa frequent.

Now the new house you own:

You decide to keep the Large Room empty.

"With, maybe a carrot,

An equation,

And something else

As 'prompts'," you tell the lady.

You can see yourself and some kids

Rollerblading there, on that great wood floor.

6.iii.18

In grokstor you can slice amelon with mental
mind and keep it from falling to the floor . Then
you visit a house haunted by the milque-ded ,

scary but not toxic spirits, they are faces the size of walls, pooching out slightly, yelling at you (very poltergeisty).

18.iii.18

- Sad Mom cries, seeing Dad off to Dementiaville.
- Rooftop observatory at night (duh), has very tall chairs. Some astronomers actually stand on them, almost 20' in the air!
- Young dood talks pop music with you, "Do you know Elvis Presley?" (You think he means 'Kostello'). Other dood discusses films by Denzel, now considered among the greatest, "Released", a scene with young couple w/babby at country chapel, guy shoots babby but it lives.
- A collector's edition CD by the B52zzz, but designed by Warhola. Long vertical box and booklet, neon colors.

Ja-yah--so, the rest earlier had to do with the phenomenal game show/reality TV series, "My Beestly Prost!"--its about a guy with prostate cancer, who's incredibly exuberant about all this
What a dood!.

19.iii.18

- Wander the artkomplex and follow the shoppurl into the store. It's really closed right now for a staff meeting, so you leave and check out the music buildings. There's the small theater with room for the werldmyoozik ensemble, all in warm woods, bamboo and tiki bar ambience. There's the score library, with all sorts of obscure pieces, like "Blade Runnings" by an Eric Rue-Rue (with umlauts).

Whoa!

1.iv.18

Very confusing. People everywhere, but they

might be aliens, or ded. We might all be ded. You drop Brother's pen after writing a word, it breaks. You and parents getting ready to pack for a trip or move. Driving, walking down a path in fields or Pasture s , sprinkled with candle wax rocks and artifacts, some ritual or art installation. More art installation s in gallery, people performing, in beds, in bathtub s , applause, when parts are done, but so much going on. Confusing? Very.

2.iv.18

D.Lynch talks about going to this big spiritual shindig, but first visiting a highschool he once attended in Boston. "Oh, they tore that down,you'll never see that again" sez fem companion. "Well, then my flip-flops step away from my feet, and the music I'm listening to, and I say to myself, 'time for some consciousness-raising'. . . " but, he's still carrying his sawed-off shotgun.

3.iv.18

- Towering donuts, some 40' high roll over buildings and screaming pedestrians. This is the Donquine DoughGnutz terror moovee.
- Stocking your storm/bomb shelter/safe room with lots of tasty snax'n'weekly newspapers all in Arabic.
- History museum shows current dairy production (basically filthy), all the way back to two centuries ago, on family farms "like the one I grew up on" says the ancient tour-guide/docent.

4.iv.18

Getting marjon (Nancy) to play your piece.(hands too small,but then agrees "I gotta get back to my hubby and corky(the dog)"they're waiting for her in the recital hall)she's doing an hour recital of Oppenheimer and

schoe n Berg and champaign-- talk to x about getting into SVP, woody hangs w/ you, spends a lot on interior sets. "I'll give you Jesus Georgsjekensvstoscy's number--you have questions for him, right?" (Playrivht of thing you're working on)

Somebody came out with a book on Merkin piano myoozik. You think they spend too much time on ragtime, followed by lots of jingles from bakeries from the '30\$ and '40\$.

13.iv.18

Gen'vive Bay - name of composer Manju suggests. Werldmyoozik is korpor8, livved in underground compounds. You ride elevator down with gal in jumpsuit covered in thistles.

You play bad ping-pong with Sis, notice hole in ground, fox comes out, but fox is half manatee, and about to give birth. Vets take her into operating room, she is screaming human screams, lots of blood.

17.iv.18

Gym, job interview for DD, cave dwellers.

Gym has tall but slender tree at one end, strange red plastic ground. Contact lens pops out, breaks.

DD has job interview. In SC, it goes well but we both know it's a long shot. He mention s that we might swing by Narluns since this is a road trip, and he and the other dood have lady frendz there they d like to phauque . "I might know someone, too" you say, and scramble with your phone, but it's the wrong one, and needs power.

Really beautiful coal colored cloud s that resemble wild boars and oxen tear across the sky

revealing the cave And it's dwellers. Many young naked women, and one guy sleeping in the cave-couch. " Is it just me, or is it kinda brothel ly in here?" you say.

12.vi.18

Surreal film project by "Elizabeth egg Aubrey" who also reconstructs Vic to orian lives from their tombstones. She signs them 'aubry" . Film has luminous chess scene, it's brilliant. She doesn't have end credits, just cameos of all the people who helped. I'm pathetically jealous. Now, I'm reconsr tucting a set of old Monty Python sketch es (cleese haaving discussion with young smart girl, in classroom where everybody has those. Transparent masks on. I'm recording it but something,s wrong and I'll need to remember it imperfect ly. I run out of paper and wear sloppy green sweatshirt and something sport saily like a capptains hat.

22.vi.18

"You can't have a bomber's bride who rose"

Spend night homeless in back of truck under sheets, your joined by PudgyGal, also homeless. You re leaving homeless ville tomorrow, but hafta pack. New arrival (Kenny from Mokla Moana, but older, sadder, fatter) picks up your wallet, but you warn him.

You're at a party with your music frendz, you try to clean your phonograph needle,but break it. You need help recording your music for a dance, dyou get a few names. Your home is cavernous, ready for photoshoot for architectural digest.

BitchyBoy explain s wedding etiquette (quote

above), then he hits your two hanging lights together, breaks them. Glass everywhere.

Interim : You say no in your slrrp (sleep?) to the rail force, but you get up , eslkttoeski walk to house, see old hgirl frendz, estering memory tree. Estering. E watering.

13.vi.18

Dood wwho plays rich guy on TV nowdirects . You help him out, he likes you, invites you to this small town with old money for an afternoon with a bunch of other guys you know from other film shoots. He's gonna put you and the guys in his will, and you're meeting in this town to hear him talking about it on a big old cassette boom box because he's too busy to be there in person. He starts talking, says we,love break for lunch, be back by 4:30 to hear the details.

Lunch is cafeteria style, there are other adventures -- grabbing some apricot pie for dessert, the nerdy guy and his wife inviting work friend gal to dinner, she brings her girlfriend, nerdy didn't know she was gay, so he's sweating profusely. Gal notice s this says to her pertner, "I think we just sweated out our first Badger Boy!" (That's an online gat-bashing group). Awkward!; Playing pickup Bball with other guy, only one point behind, but you gotta get back to hear about the will. In the folks y mall before the lawyer's office, two black guys are trying out and selling oboe Reed's, on the TV, word of an oboe storm coming soon.

Rich doodds leaving his money for an arts school/ center in this town, wants you to be part of it. You all bet back in your trucks and go back to the city.

07.vii.18

SeeWhy's Inna ghee. Being pulled around the city by rope tied rounderwaste.

Jump high, with the Jumping Dawg!

Leave GhostMall for better Mall, then go back and get rounded up and executed.

New feature on monstertrux: spinning hubs playing some rapping dood, they slow down and rapper does too, when you park and turn off the truck, and his pitch drops way low.

8.vii.18

On one of those end of the year show s, you see there's a new kind of orgasm-- the infra-gasm. Lots a poeple doing that. Family visiting next door-- because it makes them feel better if they see other people living in a shabbier lifestyle (that's you.) They put together a really good video but it got bumped from the show--producer dood went with a gal giving an Ann what's her faulk impression. Spouse not only let kitties out of the room, but let afrantic blackbird in. You hafta rigtogether two ladders to reach that high, and the last few rungs aren't connected right and you can't figure out how to link them. You give up and get down to erth, scribbling all over your cover for the film festival program, which you think improves the design. Your frendz agree.

09.vii.18

Car out of gas anxiety—other stuff.

21.vii.18

Documentariatix Ma Reapy gets you to tear up by asking you, “what’d you feel when you opened that door and saw your Survivor?”

30.vii.18

Fleeing BaD hombres, you and turtle mamà arrive at the southern birder of the land, sacred to turtles, and watch as turtle-kitties are birthed. They are so cute!

31.vii.18

Discuss with Netty the conspiracy of lawnboys. She drives, smiles at camera snapping pix of group of girls. "I bet you're the only one who smiled" you tell her.

Before that, getting on the cruise liner after everybody who's taking the candy cruise--where everyone gets a life dive goose made of peeps. Who could ever eat that?

You're picking up some trash at this concert of a light opera, you tell Nan Seer to break a leg as she sets up her cello at the back of the audience for the offstage cello solo, accompanying the entrance of the sorceress. She's also cramming a bit of food in her mouth as she sets up.

2.viii.18

They're putting mock bags of groceries over children (their feet stick out of the bottom so they can walk around) for surveillance. You see them everywhere.

There is this military laser thingy built on a truck, and now they need to move it. To go around tight corners it can fold and bend.

Near the elevators this thing has just gone past, one of the science guys is talking to you, pointing to a pile of car head-rests in a storage room. "These are cult cushions. Each one represents one person who's been in this cult." That room opens up to a court yard where several people, mostly women and children wait

to enter the cult. 'You're all going to be killed, you know, " he tells them. "The Sheep will kill you". (You guess that's the name of the cult.)

Nookleer war anxiety, soiling one's self anxiety (in separate incidents).

7.viii.18

Three dots across the forehead indicate a varetaker,;! Three dots across the0

20.viii.18

Hanging with art snobs while waiting to get in to opening. Face burn ing is the latest craze: these artist s put a grid mesh, on their face, light it, fire flashes across their face. Then, hanging with Otto and Frank Stewart's loft, mostly a library. " The night was so Otto!". You chase a skirt, but she, s not too receptive.

21.viii.18

There's the shirt and jacket (and maybe trousers, too) of the second rate central or south american dictator on the hood of his car, parked in the dirt-filled area that should be a pool or fountain, in the courtyard.

10.ix.18

Hawaii filming of TV host doods ded mom, who tells about her first days in The War, as a Wack. "Yeah, I got checked in by this guy with one eye, eye patch over the other." This is on the tape TV host has been getting, and now you're in charge of filming her on the big concrete stairs facing West, the place mostly deserted because the wars moved on--lots of tirpods but fewer cameras, and you have no idea where to get enough tape.

Sleeping/half sleeping half dreaming, hearing Russian voices, then papers everywhere, kicked around by '70s dood w/long blonde hair sez "you gotta let your Good Helpers know that you know they're your Good Helperz". You find out more about this, how going back to the '70s would be great, a simpler time. "Oh, no. It would be a more complicated time" sez dood, who's now become a hot '70s chick, and you've been above her facing her in bed, and you had your hand on her ass this whole time, even when she was a guy!

You go into videogame/vr/movie by QT about "Howard Hawks" (but not the director) This guy printed a magazine about the movies under the name "Travis Flairity" in the early days. The VR you're in let's you zoom way in on the birds, mostly crows. Amazing detail!

110918your hand out of the water just in time

...but you pull

...you warn her about the dino-crock under the water by putting your hand in and you see Dino'aoptoacb (Dino's approach).

...no, you don't want her to get off the plank into the water to add the final swipes of yellow high on the facing wall.

... she's already crawled out on the plank ahead of you. It's creaky, and lies on the pond just outside the window.

..."Just one spot left"--Dood points to spot out the window on creaky wall that rises out of the pond.

...Fatty Gal and dood are almost done, scoops of many flavors of ice cream paint the interior walls and adjoining buildings.

... You'll sit by the large plain Midwestern woman behind the end of the counter.

...You take solace by escaping to the ice cream shop.

...In the park, you hear how you were always considered the longest lasting robot, unlike your fellow robot and dear friend Mary, who apparently didn't last little more than a century.

** Zz z * * *

13.ix.18

Epic battle

in the mashup genre

Game of Starwarzthroenz

that takes place in the Westwerld theempark.

Hundreds of Robotrolls are buroged (buried)

just below

the surface of the soil

in the King's Fields.

"He's not going to want to hear about this,"

says Serf, who's just

brushed away the dirt

on one in it's

display case/casket.

Hundreds of thousands of

rustic dronebots

are poised for the kingdom's attack

by land, sea, and air.

Dragon-bot is programmed

for "total castle burn,"

and it all looks pretty hopeless

for the popular fantasy land.
"Don't you have, like,
a computer virus
to take down the bots?"
you ask Serf.

He is without a clue.

Now, mind you,
this battle needs to happen
without hurting any paying guests.

You do your part by flying around the swanky
corporate office dorms for the main engineers,
scouting about for weaknesses to exploit, like the
pudgy Latina cafeteria worker, who you can
myndkunTroll, which is contagious to anyone
she has contact with, so at least there's that.
Maybe you can disrupt their lunch buffet. That'll
help.

15.ix.18
Law of averages
univobs (unicorn s)

Drem { Purple shirts
and what ties go with them,
and Robin Williams adding comments}
referenced in drem of
JuhNeen,s place insanfran ,
windy rainy so go down to basement,
two black guys off the street come in,
then third one,
and we escort them out,
they were looking for a (skull-peppery) party.

* * * *

Your buds in the band call in sick,
so you're on your own

for the talent show at
Starx Home and Churech .

You borrow a thick
Book of Links from McBeth,
and arrixve.
"How 'bout an organ solo?" you ask.

It takes you
several minutes to adjust the bench,
keyboard, and
distance from the pedals.
"You'll want the sound on,"
sez EePee, and he throws that tiny switch.

You're able
to make clicking and metallic crunchy sounds,
and once in a while,
some brief pitches.
You begin with a pedal G
and end with a low C#.

15.ix.18
Think of a tessalated peach.
If you can't do that,
think of something else.

Maybe it's a . . .
pivotal lifey moment
that validates your hoomanity.
(Wuffah! – like that'l ever happen!)
Of course it's the *Auferstehung*,
the one you performed in,
the one you replay everytime you feel lost and are
dranque.

[So pathetic,
Yet understandable.
This is perhaps how
You achieved said hoomanity.]

Maybe it's a frog-remoted
lilac-orchid that flaps
when exposed to sun . . .

Maybe it's a tune/rooth
awaiting its burth. . .

Maybe it's charred steak,
awaiting some testimony
whereby the eating of animal fleash
is condoned,
approved,
celebrated.

18.ix.18

Slivers-man is the 17th century beautiful gay courtesan with tattoos covering the lower half of his body, from buttox to feet, wearing a poofy white shirt, he follows you hovering even as you drive away, although you look out the window and hail him. "You're only the second from Ijova to notice me, the other didn't believe I was born in seville 400 years ago!"

Side-hay maough off the balcony was left open , now there are dozens of cats in there, all ages and sizes, even a few in singing-mouse costume.

Before that, protesters in your car port, one Latin boy in bright yellow chickinsuit (with red circle + diagonal), obviously protesting the eating of chicken.

19.ix.18

Road trip to Oregon, radio station bought by some woman of power, you drive on the lake where 4 or 20 years earlier you had seen a ufo and here it is again. Glass seashell portraits and sculptures of. Bernie sandermadov, m.jackson, and Paul mcartney.

3.x.18

“Josepha,” one would guess,
Is probably her/his name.
He/she is dressed in a harlequin suit,
All those bold checquer patches,
About nine inches square, or so.

Josepha has two heds:
One male, one female.

She/He enters this fray now,
Not within a given story or place or time.
He/She simply become one new character
In this bloody, dear life-dreem-deth.

Whatever.
(Verily, I say unto you,
this hath become
a timeless utterance.)

4.x.18

Photogenic location, right next to your life-loft.
A parking area, all in grey
Some yellow stripes.
The cars are all grey, too.
Windows spraypainted.
You line up some shots,
And you’ll act in them as well.
You’ll wear a mask with lotsa hair
But you’ll wear the face on the back of your hed.
It’s a pretty awkward disguise.

Maybe, instead, you lie on the grass
And shoot the sky, many birds flying,
Migrating, you guess,
And two big metal-birds,
Jets in the form of eagles,
The American Bird.
Hope you got that on video.

Back to the raft, approaching the landing

With spouse and two nice young girls
(but you should really think them sluttish).
Everything is blurry, until you find your glasses.
Oh no, they're crushed!
No, it's just ice formed over the lenses.
You remove that, but now
Each lens is big as a dinner-plate.

Onward, you and spouse check in
To your room, with a window to
The greasy diner attached to the hotel.
You're both now splitting a breakfast-dish
All undifferentiated mashed potatoes,
Gravy, scrambled eggs, sausages,
Everything blended together,
Yet not totally repulsive.
"I need this for Thursday,
When we'll get to a place
After a lot of stress, but
It will be worth it," says spouse.

She then goes into an *eBrew*[®] tale
Of Eleazar or Rankin or someone
Who is the first of his tribe so honored
That he shouldn't be expected to pay
Some tribute or tax or whatever.

It's a heavy story with lotsa meaning.

6.x.18

You wait backstage,
But the concert's started without you.
You should get to your station.
You go through the stage door,
Greeting FoolTown on the other side.
He looks not too happy,
Pretty scowellly, actually.
It's because, as you're making your way
Past a network of delicate wires
Behind the screen on stage,
You realize you sorta interrupted

His performance!

Oops.

You ease your way to your instruments,
And dive in without much notice.
FoolTown is now in the 'metamorphose' part
Of his performance, where he has
An angular blue rubber hed
That he removes
To reveal his light grey PonyHed®,
One of two, the other being smaller and jutting
Out his right midsection.
This is his tribute to Ponyism,
That great new reel-idgen
All the young are flocking toward.

9.x.18

All supersophisticsted German euroartieistes
nono Gigi (guy, from temple u) two women,
both lovers but also one is nono,s wife, so long
term threesome. Also The Beest, gangster guy, in
porcelain mask, drinks with the three of them,
you are in their convocondo loft, but you're the
imposter. Beest shows his hand as a member of
ancient secret society, puts down the trite art of
third woman, multi racial, afro, petite super
genius performance artist, your turn for a clever
statement, you say, " both Beest and Pris are
necessary parts of the ecosystem of culture!" Pris
says, oh, Bravo, Beest also admires.

[You put yourself down, "well, I simply try to
say nice things about everybody, my greatest
character flaw." Pris (reading ashes in cigarette
tray): "it says here You're exceptionally dark in
your character and outlook and disposition,
almost pitch black"]

Beest and associate leave, go to the shore, and
aim their rifles at the water, they're wacking

someone . That's when the two gals follow them, and sit in the plush Davenport on the bench. "Let's do it this time looking up" (they mean their game of parody and put down of the people they see in front of them--very sophisticated!) That's what they do, not caring if their over heard, but Pris as an art prank has injected nono in his back with slow acting poison, and now he walks past them, and out of the plaster-paper manque shaped against his back like a mold (that remains standing), reveals bloody scratches, "oh no, oh no, nono!" he says, dying. Wife is hysterical crazy sad, "oh, my husband!" She shrieks, "Do it! Do it now" she yells at Pris, who injects her, in her right breast.

Before. This, pris's art career, neat lettering on decaying warehouse exteriors, she's supportive of your videojamwerk (and Dorresy's), "not just eye candy in flashy colors, like the critics say" (she prolly means that s what she thinks of your art). But she finds your name in an ad for a theatre produckrion in Bort or Bok (Germany), where she taught a while (but now she's the wife, lush short cropped blonde, oozes sexyness at everyone in the room). Later, you find a Times article from 1964, a paper they were just using as floor covering to lay their drying paintings on, of your brother, grooming his ForeAyich steer. What's the chance of that?

Before all this, the conference where you all first meet. Drinks are suggested by the trio, and the wife is already tipsy from her martini, and it looks like incredibly fun, but your Spouse squeezes your arm, pulls you to the door, "Nah, we gotta go."

~23.x.18~

Gate with dozens of little. Drawers but working
in the mud. Picture of a house in each drawer.

Multilevel storehouse adventures.

Atop tall buildings, newspapers projected on
huge screens--a boring version of time square.

At poetry seminar,
the self-hobbling former Prez W.

27.x.18

Bridge over bog between buildings is where girl
suicides. Now , Wiliam-upperclassmun lies
naked in the bog, pretending. He'll get out and
back to normal soon.

The meditation group is in the living room, all in
one big bed. Spouse is preparing lunch, when
she's in the other room, SamGetsRosy flurtz with
you, you kiss her on nose. Spouse in kitchen
plays her music really loud-- how're they sposta
meditate with all that racket?

28.x.18

Walking around iCity w/ScattMan.
Then, it's just you,
building a tower for a cathedral.
It's really high up here
--you could get so much more done
if even two or three people would pitch in.

6.xi.18

He suggests i read F.W. Buick
"Mary I will marry
once I schedule my schedule."
That's the little multiphonic song you sing.

13.xi.18

"You don't have an

annihilation-proof jacket on!"

14.xi.18

On baby day,
I'm gonna heart break her.

25.xi.18

Because he worked there as a kid, the Met sends him a siu enier brick ahen they tear down the old building. Dr. A. Is building a psych museum called Bud's Bar and Grill, it goes from midtown all the way to the seashore. You've been entrusted with \$395 in cash, by our cohorts. Pocket anxiety. Walking toward attikhaus. , youstwp inside a building along the way. ValHalla confronts you, "what do you teach your children?"

"History, theory, technique, and my life" you say. "That (last one) is forbidden! I'm pretty sure that's illegal!" She is livid, rabid!! You step away and continue to Haus. Various encounters with the doods and the crass.

26.xi.18

Apartment tenants walk around the building several times on weekend nights because there's nothing else to do, and for pick ups. Trying to take down the corrupt police force you and small food hang out atop building where you see cop sniper in spire of fancy building next door take out his next victim. (You get caught, very suspenseful, multiple times yoy almost get away with it) You don't know how to get outta this one, make up some born again hogwash, maybe cops will buy that, you bring in smalldood to show your allegiance to the bad cops, don't know if that'll work. This is not gonna be easy.

30.xi.18

The city is empty as you jog to shitaqua station. (Jog to see how far you can, and to avoid

crimers.) From there you take the Sheridan line .
Jewish restaurant owner lady is surprised you
order the kite kale. "I tried it --almost lost it" she
says. You and DJ walk up deserted ramp street,
one young white guy with afro, you show him
how to cut cardboard in fish-shapes.

You walk with brother and Darklynn to Subway.
Brother complains how he hasta drive
Thomhanx around when he's in town. Kokopoffz
are sought after for their medicinal purpose, and
because they are no longer made.

08.xii.18

Over lunch,
trade in your car,
even though you don't need to.

At the black culture center
(keep head down as you approach it from street--
there have been shootings here),
you present your idea for a piece.
Ideas are sung, but there's tension
between the words of the ideas and
the common words of the characters
(mostly sung).
Each scene is from a different favorite
historical place and period--ancient Egypt,
Mahler's Vienna, etc.

Two women demo
the underwater part of their play.
You help them paint thick flagpoles
with tiny flags.
"Everyone should paint
every day!" you announce.
They've been performing this for ten years;
they have bird costumes
with waterproof feathers.

Then things turn grim.

A frying pan vibrates and can't be turned off.
Man is locked in auditorium,
evil midget follows him up
the sides of the hall
with knives, and a lumber saw
(they're both in tuxes).

Man pounds on door at top of side stairs,
it's locked, he's now lying
on carpeted stairs as evil midge
breaks kitchen glass around him,
taunts him with shards of glass plates and glasses
and raw eggs,

"I see how you're mocking my passage
about my devoted servant
helping me for years in c-3 room!"
says woman in red formal dress.
She's alarmed at the violence
and broken glass escalating
around tux man.

Not looking too
promising for this guy.

—

Your new job is leading
or following jets as they
taxi around the airport.
Very tricky,
dodging all the other workers and vehicles.
Your leader, however, gives you
a bag of chips you tuck
under your arm for later.

11.xii.18

Further adventures with Generic Sister®. She's s
housewife, getting her kid in a treehouse a snack,
more like a hole in the crook of a tree, kid is

playing with much older Pigman, muscular man with total pig head.

Next scene, Pigman fucking GS®.

16.xii.18

You bought haunted beige sportscar for \$100, it useta be used in University homecoming parades, you park it in your space, it leaves and kills people at night .

17.xii.18

Mostly just locations: the Indian restaurant, the makeshift classroom, the surreal crime scene city (dead woman face down in street, brunette, she's Amy-marie, wife of Joe, who's in the ear training class you're trying to teach-- you cover her with raccoon-cloth, and move her slightly, which you shouldn't do), and the bright yellow room with a blue organ, if you play it you summon a warrior spirit with two double swords but you won't fight him, you'll defeat him with humor. Try telling him a joke.

21.xii.18

Now there's the battle on the high seas you are with the valiant ones in a submarine, the battleship above has dropped depth charges and now the sub must surface. Not looking good for y'all. Young intrepid mother has gotten out before all this, and is water-bycycling toward her daughter, safely cooing in the floating tent-raft she put her in earlier. So, they'll make it, but they'll still need to get picked up by that battleship. Let them work all that out.

Then, back at your doctor appointment, Doc takes a call form another doctor right in front of you, as you're getting dressed. "I seriously don't think I can trust you!" he tells her. This would be a good time for you to slip away, so you do. Nurse in lobby (really just a dining room) is sad-happy to see you,

because of that fling you had with her. She gives
you free pills, some pasted in seashells.

25.xii.18

"You will find plenty of pink ladies in Washington"

There's the geeky fanboy gathering.
"How many of you have seen 'Intelligent (deth)
Monster?"
(There's your new best friend,
the DJ there, who let's you spin!)

There's your new, all male,
mostly Latino roommates,
and some awkwardness
as you change into your non-work clothes.

There's the deth threat ("S, you should die, and you
too, J!") uttered by Biltruhp, even though he's your
supposed friend; take all those, and bring them to
their most likely conclusions, or else don't--there
will always be more.

06.i.19 (*followings ed. 1.v.23*)

Thomas Guxton or Buxton (?) is a billionaire
(trillionaire?) genius-collector.
Multiple high-level projects going on all the time—
his brain institute is moving
into some fantastic New facility,
we all watch his artificial moon rise
(it's a huge gold commemorative coin
with his face on heads,
one of his buildings on tails).

It's embedded at first in the forested hillside,
then it rises,
gently flapping like a giant manta Ray under the sea,
but flying through the air
until it hovers above us all.

Much applause by all the guests—
both the Fellows (the regulars)
and the invites,

like you.

TG (or B) likes to tell the story of his many discoveries,
the black janitor
who turned out to have an amazing gift for improvisation,
and his name was actually "miles Davis"
before the guy we know with that name stole it from him.

This janitor was also good
at building these organically re-configuring blocks
(used to make houses or interiors of spaceships,
like the cavernous ship in danger of some space menace on tonight's film,
a survey of space films with missions going badly).

TG/B gives you the tour,
then sits in his lounge
in the blue living room
with the motion-sensitive floor
that is partly opaque
and can flash messages from under the floor,
projected up,
based on the subconscious thoughts
of whoever's speaking.

When TG/B tells you about what's happening here,
the floor responds with short, biting statements
hinting at tg/b's undertow—
his self-destructive nature.
"Have you had many composers?" you ask,
not being too subtle.

"Oh, I am a composers!" he says.
"I sorta knew that" you say.
"But, you dance,too, right? I can tell by the way
you move"

You try to sound interesting in your reply,
something about highly original moves,
with little regard to their do-ability by your body,
to say nothing of their practicality,

or harm that could come to you
as you execute your dance steps
(some of this you tell him,
some of this the floor is telling you).

So, bottom line, it's a cool place,
filled with interesting
but ultimately small and petty geniuses,
all so much more connected than you,
and you're not e'en sure why you're invited here.
Maybe it's just a lavish retreat
where you find out what you're genius really is.

13.i.19

"B-tec does the 72 is the name of the chart,"
Amy-esque girl says.
"Thank you for your detailed shit."

S.Silverman plays
the daughter of cleopatara,
and she's at her bedside as she's expiring,
and locked in the pyramid with her.
Time for asp.

*(Note to self—check out Robin Towner,
Hendrix-y sound)*

21.i.19

"Molono"
is the name of the new style
for formatting blocks of text.

The Beautiful Fambily
is under water accidentally,
but they are all ok,
and cranes pull them out,
each one
(twin girls,
their girl-cousin,
and toddler boy)
is attached to a vertical coffin

as they're brought from the water.
How they held their breath so long
you can't fathom.

The epic film is shot
with those new bubble-lenses
that render the 720° field of view,
and they also embellish the edge of the waves
and even the horizon in amazing ways.

2.ii.19
You set up a date for
your father
and a pretty lady-robot.

There are holes in the walls
some of them big enough
for acat togetthrough.
Some already have.

the room with the holes?
The churchside of TheTunnel.

Will there be anything else?

3.ii.19
"Random eruropeans in the frame" an Art find by
El Cid. B&W, guys in a big tree.

Anxeity over making a soundtrack record.

8.ii.19
you in a Hamilton style
Musical or theatre production. Washington
walks by you, doesn't give you the time of day

You might be directing this, but nobody tells you
one way or the other.

You walk in on the women's chorus rehearsal.
They are not loud and forceful, how you expected
them to be. You get bored quickly and leave.

10.ii.19

TV ad features

Bowie put in suspended animation.

When awakened in hundreds of years all he says
is "my stomach--my stomach!"

16.ii.19

You have a Skype
with bobhope in the John
using two mirrors and a phone,
but the one mirror is smudgy,
so you need to clean it.

The phone call is regarding
how to meet with public officials
now that you're a national league "associate",
an "honorary pitcher"
because you're on some board of something.
You hope you'll never be asked to actually play.
(Don't worry--you won't!)

You and spouse go
up to the 4th floor of your house
to get something to clean the mirror,
but there are wasps.

Walking past elevator in the corporate building,
you see a woman get on,
and she recognizes you.
She's "Michelle Audra from Apple"—
you wrote her last summer
about some idea you had that went nowhere.
Now you try to catch up with her
while she's on the way to a meeting.

You're jogging

with four other guys you despise,
toward the fence,
in the 80 (acres) across the road,
they are mad you're getting ahead,
but you need to grab the thing
on that pretty weed at the fence line,
and you do, and continue,
but then you wake up in bed,
not knowing where you are
or how you got there,
along with the two really big black women
and Dad.

19.ii.19

Three guys on the train,
all three in love with T.

The Poosteresque cat walks on his hind legs,
ad assumptio humanform and posture
he's a little taller than you.
And he talks.

23.ii.19

Your job
is to order one m&m
from Chinese concession place—
do they even work?

Your tenant (ron-esque)
is buying land on the congressional trail,
and getting friendly with a drunk guy.

25.ii.19

It's another alien invasion:
a big transparent orb
with a long pole coming out the bottom
hovers above then pierces the sleeping city.

It turns some people
into photoshopped versions of themselves—
that punky filter.

Then, the invasion is adminded
by a Krostian Kult,
with Hetherdeen its Prez.
You shouldn't sit on her cot,
but you do.

Next,
you finally get a job at Eumish,
although you can't find your way
into the expansive yet confusing
MooSkool building.

You stumble into a janitory office—
that can't be the way to go.
Another room,
there's two young women
going through the filling-out of forms.

"I'm not of much help;
this is my first day too"
you apologize to them.

Finally, you'll wander
around the outside of the skool,
for maybe there's another entrance.

23.iii.19

You're teaching grade school kids.
The boy in the back is making lion sounds.

"Get the fuck out!" you scream to him.
"Expressive language!" says the smart girl.

"You all need to grow up
—right now!"
you yell at everybody in the class.

24.iii.19

Felliniesque
house of disfunctional people.
Huge house,

decorated to the max.
Girl with intestinal bleeding.

Many animals,
youngish couple and son
scrambled by malevolent rotating dental laser,
Mexican Family Guy wants
to take you on a roller coaster
but it's too rainy.

Rooms decorated
for all the holidays and all the time periods
of 20th century Americana.

Domestic scenes, too,
like a young mom reading bedtime stories to her
daughters,
and there's a threesome of lovers rolling around,
you and friend
are supposed to move in to room
above garage,
but gay couple moves in and puts up pictures.

(And you're sposta be gay but you're not into it)

Homely older couple from India
admires your wood floors,
redneck lady tells story
of her brother who's
"to the right of the right".

Friendly mental guys
ask eChAother what they are going to get
some one for his birthday,
they ask if you want to come
to the store with them,
the guy then wallows around in a mud trough
and bashes his head repeatedly
on the foam-rubber covered stairs.

It just keeps going on and on, and you can't
leave or find the people you came here with.

26.iii.19

Just
another alien invasion—
three big weird-eggplant shaped ships
in the sky,
armies marching toward Crystal City,
but they ignore you as you drive past.

Their cars are boxy,
covered in coarse fur,
and have mastheads of cool black dudes
from the '60s.

You reach Sears (sign of inlaid wood,
with some letters in Old Garamond missing)
with Miguel,
and he opens the door—
it's a parochial Sears,
all done in rich woods (only wood)
and the wooden mannequins
of Waashington and Jefferson
and Whisky Jim (a folk figure)
dance with you,
trying to mimic
your contemporary
urban moves.

31.iii.19

"We hated
Slam Slogan."

4.iv.19

An extravagant,
brilliant art exhibit
by Trudy Pittsburgh,
where live women models
crawl into the walls
of the gallery

for a few minutes
and display their (framed) vaginas
as the highest form of art.

Plus, there's Tanyabekky
walking around on stilts
that makes her
about 12 feet tall,
so there's that, too.

What a grand show!

9.iv.19

Your redneck mother-in-law
(verbally) puts down your cats.
"They ain't nothin' but junk cats."

At the demo,
the students create stuff like a step ladder that
has a radio in it.
You control the radio
by moving the ladder around on its one big
roller.
"Now, you hafta explain
why you made it like that," you tell the guy who
made this.

R M-I-L again,
sneering, "What do you fear?"

11.iv.19

Oscar (played by morganfreeman)
hides in the kitchen
in the circus and is eventually found
and thrown out.
He then encounters a swarm of ants
with swarm intelligence
(might not be ants,
more like a hive-mind of black ant-sized
particles.
But we'll call them ants)

that is moving around the motel,
changing shape and size as it flows across walls
and doors.
Eventually it makes its way outside,
and congeals into human form,
evolving hands
and exuding a rubber-like substance into gloves
that don't quit fit.

Oscar
is somehow chosen to be possessed
by the intelligence of the swarm
so it can continue it's journey
(walking across Hamerica?),
And he needs his old army jacket—tan with red
lining—so he can wear it inside out.
"Now, write 'red riding hood' on the back".
You convince him to just go with 'Red'.
He's already gone through
two garment bags of neatly packed clothes that
you'll hafta repack.

Oscar and the ant-swarm intelligence walk
across Hamerica.

* * * *

You're quickly becoming a pariah
in our new post-apoc age.
First, Matt and Rick (you keep forgetting their
names) are mad at you
for asking them to do so much work at the
conference,
and because the sneaky plan you had them do
essentially backfired.
Matt says "Here's a big F-you for that!"
and pours his plate of food in your lap.

Honeypie has dumped you for a cool
young black puppetmaster.
You walk out of the rain to the end of the tent

where the DJ is telling a funny story about your
Matt&Rick episodes,
and that makes you mad,
so you take the bucket of water next to him
and dump it on his microphone,
so it stops working.
"Hey, what's that about?" he says,
unplugged.
Someone mentions it wasn't water,
but gasoline,
and shooReeNuff it all bursts into flame.
Someone gets it under control by squirting oily
molasses on the fire,
and you walk back out the tent
into the rain.
You're quickly becoming a pariah
in our new post-apoc age.

13.iv.19

Having coffee with brother on the beach,
you express some cheap sentiment badly,
you have milk in your mouth
and it goes in the coffee when you sip it.

A younger Brattier niece
takes your picture of you being sad.

A muscled, tattooed guy goes by,
like he does every day, for a swim.

15.iv.19

Because you stepped out
and went back to your library room
to start better organizing your books & scores,
Mob Boss will be mad at you
(although you left to avoid his left-tenant's,
well, buggery business).

As you walk with them both in the woods
behind the house,
Boss sees a giant blue pigturtle,

who speaks with him briefly.

Smart-dressed
70's Dexter
sits in the front passenger side
of the cute sedan
as the body of the dead woman sitting behind
him catches fire.

He leans over to the driver's side
to adjust the window,
and the fire creeps along the synthetic white
fluffy hairy carpet of the interior
as he leans back,
getting a little fire on his electric green and
purple paisley bellbottoms.

He wants to experience a burn or two
before leaping out the car
and doing the obligatory roll-on-the ground.

You're trying to do your best
as an academic in 16th century Spain,
but you still find yourself in bed
with the brilliant young diplomat lady
(surely an ancestor of Aye Ohceahyoung).

23.iv.19
Big warrior dude's legs and torso
are gone.

His right arm still holding club
is ripped off by other warrior dude,
who carries it with him as he walks through
forest,
discarding it just before it gets reanimated by
scientists or sorcerers.

Fantasy landscape
populated by flat trapezoid people with
extremely long crudely drawn legs,
really just single lines drawn from creature to
ground.

They walk on the frozen lake,
which opens to a deep crevice with steam rising.
An underwater cave that opens to dim red
iridescent walls
where water runs over the image of a woman's
face carved into the rock.

British TV series
about declining high lord's family in the 1920's.

Guy is drugged, falls face first into a deli display.

"Yellow and black fruit at pastries!" he sees
through the glass.

25.iv.19
You show your score to MTT—he loves it!

How do you cure a pickle?
Well, there was really nothing wrong with it in
the first place.

You eat a fistful of dirt.

27.iv.19
432,000
grad students in your program.

Luvinterest has a rasch
on her whole right side,
shoulder to chest.

Much fussing over Persian mantelpiece/fireplace
front--Bro almost tips it over on Moodge,

who has been getting into
all sorts of pasty grain mixtures of dough.

The young persian men
talk about who's going to be in their band.

Double folding chair can't be adjusted right.
Bro wants you to propose playing
for the Guggenheim's 75th anniversary:
"Don't sack over the Prairie,"
the theme for the gala,
to help the Midwest recover.

30.iv.19

Exploring Indonesian Thailand, California—
water-caves
where those from India
bury their dead,
and where the new gold has been found.

Small spaces inside the supra,
but you can kick out one wood-window and
crawl out.

You take photos,
and in the photos you see there were actually
people there with you all along,
mostly journalist ladies.

01.v.19

Taking care of visiting lesbiane comic.

At lunch, Ivan tells
how he worked once for Eenna-Hossa,
the director.

Lunch is lettuce and strips of steak.

02.v.19

In the Eezraylee film,

"Ari" or "Avi"
(whichever means "free"),
the large flat flying compound
lands outside the airport.

Guy from the office handles ice sculpture
while telling about the Duchamp AI that
answers his phone:
"Hello, wicked butterfly," it says, "I helped
Abaddo get beyond his conducting.
OK I do not want to talk to you anymore.
Good-by."
He repeats the Abaddo parts
a few times, verbatim,
so it needs a little work.

06.v.19

Das Dad

recounts his early army/
acting career,
playing a starship captain
instead of heading to the front lines
(this in WWII).
You're walking with him
to MegaStore
to buy some video equipment you'll cobble
together to make
some new gadget.

You ride the elevator to the penthouse/roof
with David Rarebird,
his wife TallKathy
and their son and grandkids.

(put stuff threw Novem 19 here)

27.v.19

Locations and broad events, no details.

Mobster dudes

(who hang out on a baseball field) lay a trap for
One Nice Guy,
having him walk through an ice cream truck,
and then fall into a hole.
You warn him in time,
but now the mobsters are gonna come after us!

You and two others hot wire an Indian grocery
van,
tossing the food deliveries out of the drivers
cabin,
but keeping the Pakistani beer the guy stores
under his seat.
You drive off to BigCity,
to warn everybody of the Mobsterpocalypse.
You stop at the first train station and ditch the
van.
To get on the train,
you hafta get your eyes scanned,
and pick up your tax refunds.
Yours is labelled "The Party Professor".

You get on the train,
and arrive at the city.
But, too late,
there's already invasions by robots, zombies,
aliens, deadly viruses, etc. going on.
The funnest one is by a single light scanning the
cavernous dark laboratory where there are many
statues of gothic figures.
The Light scans the room,
and notices the scientists as they come back
from lunch
The statues get sucked up the spiral stairs on
which they were positioned
and are replaced by glowing blue light-shapes.

The Light (let's call it The Eye) gets to work on
creating armies of robot sea turtles
released under the oceans,
that bite to pieces all the good dolphin-robots.

The Eye also has made robofish;
they also eat other robofish.

You're swimming now near Blue Havaiee,
and you may have activated some robo-guard-
fish,
but you're floating,
trying to make it to land,
talking to one tourist gal who's underwater,
but you're still able to talk with her about her
vacation.
You finally find the long glass mats
(rectangles, 4 feet by about 12 feet)
which other tourists
(mostly nude) are sun-tanning on,
and you find an empty space and get on.

Now,
you've arrived in BigCity,
in your flat,
and have a glass of red wine.
People (especially Kaitlyn) will soon start acting
strange
before shedding their skin
and becoming pale nude cubist robots.
The nuns in the nearby abbey are alarmed
and take note of this.

But,
you have time to enjoy a performance
of a song for mezzo and clarinet.
The song is both melancholy
and ego-aggressive.
You talk with the guy who plays clarinet,
and you both discuss previous composers
who chose that instrumentation for a song.
"Probably every composition student
in the 20th century," you joke.
(The joke's on you!)

You arrange a performance

for a quartet comprised of a woman
operating a spindly mechanical wooden bird,
the clarinet guy,
and a bassoon played by a bad-tempered man
who hides his face and refuses to go on with the
performance
when it's revealed that you've been taking
pictures
of the set-up and performance all along.
"I think it's kinda sexy!" says Clarinet Guy.
"Good-bye, (your name),
Good-bye (your name)" says the Bassoon Dood,
and he walks out.

7.vi.19

Incredibly precocious, like, 8-month old,
already talking,
and speaking with complex grammar.
You name him "Bunny" and
tell his parents "that's one smart kid!"

Again, parking cars
and now MonstaTrux
on The Place, dood steps out,
and wantsa see Ewald on his
(proably) dethbed, so you
direct him there.

In Guy's *Lahkahruhm*

You try to manage
some of the custodial duties.
Why would you do that?
Don't you have something better to do?
You enter the shars,
and the sharhed is filling
a bucket attached
with water and blue cleaning fluid.

Amid all this, you are told
"And don't un-expect the unexpected!"
Shurnuff, a delicate, tiny doe

is sniffing around.
You weren't expecting her.

16.viii.19
Interactive art on all four big walls in the space.
Young girrlx and her dad on one of the square
cushy benches,
you inviter he to draw on a screen with pencil.
it springs to life, you applaud,
then you start interactivneg with another panel,
rubbing it, bringing out colors and textures,
then dancing, leaping, twirling before it.
You leap high in the air, ten feet and more.
You are Gruyon.

But now it's time to go home, and
the director has found someone to
volunteer to drive you home.
You run into Krone, who tells you
your shirt smells.
You apologize, explain you've been traveleing.

* * * * *

Doggy harnessed to dessert cart,
to deliver to the gallery.
You urge him not to turn right,
because he would fall off the landing he's on.
you urge him so much not to, he's gonna do it!

• • • • •

In hotel, you are gonna meet someone on 12th
floor,
but your date is under sheets of a futon in front
of the check-in.
"you actually work here, right?" you say.
She says yes, and asks if you want a 12th floor
room?

"yes" you say, but now you really want to see
the other person you were to meet there.

• • • • •

More art. Yuck.

This new "Cubist" art is stupid.

It's just a series of small realistic paintings
(Mostly outdoor public parks and gardens)

but each with one big cube,

front and center,

and standing on its apex,

(like two pyramids glued together, one upside
down

touching the ground, and one on top it).

They are brightly colored,

incongruous to their outdoorsy setting.

The other night,

there was an installation:

A set of rooms where a party's going on,

with billiard balls on the felt-covered floor,

and you're invited to use a cue stick

to hit balls to pockets.

It's hard because there are people walking

around everywhere,

and you hafta get on your knees and elbows to

shoot,

your face near the floor to aim.

Also, the other night,

A White House aide discovers in the halls

A framed poster that reads,

"Raise the Anger!"

She is mad at whoever for hanging this.

• • • • •

*(note on the text: it's tuff to get bak-on-trak.
there were countless tails of anxiety, performing,
shopping, school, sexing, wandering; with
famblly, old obscure friendz, the usual suspects;
on the farm, schools, chursh, places you lived,*

wuffa! Awl is lost.)

21.xi.19

beautiful young people who fade back and forth
between their doubles because they are already
dead and don't know it.

Temp worker anxiety in corporate world
miscellaneous,, dog food commercial study, etc.
sexy tape! Whoa!

30.xi.19

You're helping provost find his place for a
meeting,
but he's only a head with a connector Thing.
"Can I lift you?" you ask,
then you set him on the desktable,
"I thought he had a body?" you ask the assistant.
"He uses one, once in a while, but it doesn't
always work so good," she says.
the meeting will start, but you and faculty aren't
invited

Prior to meeting, many issues discussed,
you have your little book,
trying to update people's contact info.
Your pants keep slipping off.
but there is a robe you're wearing.

one thing you do is to sterilize equipment.
Is there time to do one more batch before
everybody gets here?

In the swimming pool, you watch the tiny person
take
the mock down the Nile boat ride
it's just a breadboard that sails on its thin edge,
but it tips over, and small person is overboard.
Oh no!

It's ok because it was really just some sunglasses
that float
instead of a tiny person.

There are mushroom-shaped snails and starfish
at the bottom of the pool.
Did you know that?

different colored pills, pencil-sized,
blue with white writing.

turning around in churchschool parking lot, try
not to hit the other car, just drive past it.
At the corner near the cemetery,
you're walking now, and standing
in the middle of the road,
you're narrowly almost run into
by the Running Woman in a blue denim dress..

You continue down the road to nowhere (that
would be Clare).

* * * * *

At the whole saga
of the boy who draws a black line in Minnesota
that the Approaching Dood willll cross:
Boy and other boy snorkel across the lake
to see where is the Approaching One.

Back at the house,
the boys want to "dollar-train" you,
where you use dollar bills to wipe your ass.
You tell them "not today" and they
get back into the broom closet with a mop.

The whole saga
of the boat house familysd (yours)
that must leave boat house because
of power plant explosion,
and sisters are mean, and ask you to hurry back

because everybody must leave, and you can't
take anything with you, even though
you try to grab your laptop.
It only has 8 minutes of power on it.
You should have charged it up.

Quasi-Dad was not so mean,
back on the road,
where we were using bars of soap
to help define the plumbing,
and crawl around on it like monkeys.

1.xii.19

There are four posters
You ned to find and label.
You did one with Frend,
And immediately lost it.
You search in vain, in many piles
Of paintings, prints, posters, and so forth.
So much visual trash!

You and Spouse scale the library building
(A library-looking building exterior
Built inside an actual library), and
She leaps on a higher ledge than you,
But falls to the sidewalk,
Landing on her feet ok,
But that's gotta hurt,
Maybe break something.

After you've climbed around
On teetery bookcases, and
After you've ridden
The ledge you're on as it
Telescoped to its full height,
You decide you can fly,
And you do, all around the massive
Interior of the library.
You land near a group of LatinX-ers,
Complaining how PixieXoiers has landed
On top of the book-tent where

All the donated books on Katholgism are stored.
You should probably go—everybody’s speaking
Spanglish, in a non-inclusive-to-you way.

2.xii.19

Hangin out at Painter’s Guild.
There like 14 or 20 women,
each doing a painting.
You’d like the smart brunette
(kate hepburn-esque) to teach you to paint.
Instead, you’re stuck
doing your stupid computer art.

She, along with a few other gals,
very nicely asks you to leave.
“we think you should go, because, uhm,
We do work here, and you do art.”

You grasp for words..“no, no, it’s not that way!”
Everything is unresolved .

* * * *

At the resplendant corporate offices of
Mola Hollaka MoKapKola, you wander
in the majestic corridors, 50 or 60 foot-high
vaulted ceilings (),
A modern cathedral to capitalism (that’s so
cliche!).
You notice they’ve been plastering up
some of the doors, rooms, hallways.
You run into a guy who seems familiar,
he doesn’t know you.

You should take some video of these interiors
on your phone. Think they’d mind?
There are surveillance cameras everywhere—I’m
sure
someone would let you know if that’s not
allowed.
You try recording, but you gotta

fast-forward past all your cat videos.

* * * * *

There's a time machine you and Girlfriend can use.

It's in the chicken coop,
so you step into the yard, crawl into the pens
and inside the coop.

Smelly, messy place,
but very nesty where the hens lay their eggs,
in individual orderly boxes filled with straw.

So, back to the time machine,
"You know you left the shed open last time?"
Girl reminds you,

You both arrive, transported,
to the same farm as it was in the 1930s,
the farmer dood in white shirt,
suspenders, workpants.
This would be the grand-dad you never met.
Henry.

His wife, a black woman, strong, steely,
Bares one breast, which a failed surgery
has left punctuated,
"Now, we need to fix this, this time" she says to
Gramps.

He acknowledges they need to go into town
and see the doctor who messed up the surgery.
"Better crank up the Model-T," he says.

24.xii.19

You're going on a trip now,
you hover around the living room—pretty
boring—
so you fly out through walls & glass doors
to the tropical forresty clearing
where 3rd world rebel dood is on patrol,
you mess with him by lifting his rifle away

and drop it to the ground.
He can't see you, so he's a bit spooked.

Your flying continues,
on to W Canyon,
and wanting to see a place more urban.
On Tiny Island, figure out how to go there
from the holo-map.
there's a confrency-meeting center -
lots of space, multiple empty white walls
so it would be great for putting on a show!
Young German Girl is singing an aria
from a Bach Cantata,
you're walking, next, with her sister and her.
and she shrugs off her performance,
"it's just a piece in my rep," she says.
You try to talk with her about the music,
but you can't recall the word "cantata".
Frustrating, but she still wants to discuss all this
later sometime, with you.

(Spouse watching some space-ship centric
cartoon she can use
in her demonstration of something.
On the soundtrack is a voice
you swear you know, from,
you know, the shape of the vowels
from the singer's nasal cavities.
You pull out the tape so you can
put it convert it to the right format for her
later sometime.)

The backyard is a traffic jam,
Solid cars, people restless and honking.
You see Young Black Urban Dood in a car
near the front. He's complaining
about how long his recent interview was.
"That's usually a good sign," you tell him.

29.xii.19

It's all about *The Machines*.

They are nanobotix that
can do amazing things
both for good and evil
and they can be injected into you
or you can get them other ways,
like building them from scratch.
As when Kenzareena waded into the pool
and had two paper cups of proto-juice,
and allowed the water to just
mix with the cupsalittlebit.
That's how she was gonna grow
a machine in her, but she would need
a special ops/seal team to eventually
extract it.

BigNose French Dood - - we took one look at
him
and I didn't want to have anything
to do with his surgery, "you're much
better at noses than I am," I told you,
He would have maybe a ten percent chance
of making it if I were in charge.

But now look at him!
His nose is perfect—
it was done by a Machine!

Scenes of more adventures
of The Valiant Ones (remember them?),
of escaping part of the Machine Realm
(obvs, where Machines have installed
an evil RayZheem), prevailing
against all odds!
Jeeps of the Realm
deployed against them,
reminiscent of that cartoon
in the style of UbuWerx™,
of two Tinys in bright red and blue jumpsuits
just dancing slightly out of reach
of the RoboStompingMachine,
thrilling at the time, 'tho derivative.

There is much nuance
between the embryonic stages
of Machines and their fully developed
forms:
silky/diaphanous/transparently-ever-morphing-
multicolored
wings of data, in their inchoate manifestations;
whippy metal tail and bullet body in maturity.
Nasty!

31.xii.19

In the child's bedroom
you slept in as a kid,
ALL IS OCEAN,
waves of metal-ice-plastic,
out from which rises
a dancing, glassy Jezuz!
His dance breaks time,
his moves stutter and loop.
He's turntabling Himself,
just for your delight!

This scene was brought to you
by the number 44,
but you can only revisit here
if you're already in Dreemzville
and chant that product of perfect square and
prime.

You can control other things here, too.
You can make a mashup
of ErthMuther and HamBurghler
also rise
from the foot of the bed
in the ocean
in your room.

Enough, you press yourself
against the doorway to the schoolroom,
YungTeecherLayDee is reading to the children

by the Xrossmass tree,
and soon enough this will all vanish.

* * * * *

You're watching two gothgals chase,
and you join in the fun for a while,
then get bored.
You hange out with one of them,
along with Fatty Nosex,
and one more stranger,
and by "hanging out"
I mean lying all together
in an uncomfortable heap,
so nobody moves,
a balance of terror,
or at least immodesty,
since the slightest motion
could expose someone's junk
or possibly, ignite it, oh my!

1.i.20

For UrbaneDictionary:
YouGot: n. Sexual prowess.

"You know I wouldn't date someone without a
big YouGot," said Lady in Pink.

6.i.20

In objective space,
Beckah Noobody, teases Gal of the Orient,
then hugs her, "We are such persnikity
geniuses!" she tells her.
It wins her over.
Guy of the Indies starts telling
his own genius-origin story,
but you walk away.

In the sportsy bar,
you gather with all the guys
and watch events unfold

just outside the bar opening,
which is not a door so much
as a wall that's gone.
Hearing a siren, you say,
"it's a frickin' mating call!"
Everybody roars in laffs at this.

In the sacred space,
you arrive late
and see the choir already assembled
and in robes.
It's not too late to join them
and get instrux on how
to hook up your microphone.

* * * * *

Last night,
your art exhibit/video preformancre/
live sex show
was well attended.

Art these days.

6.i.20 (*more ConChuss Spaz Than DrEEM*)
Felatio Games
More Stoned (mostly drunk) ideas

Reimagine "hunger games" as "felatio Games"

Katness Everhreedness Felationess must
banquich all her foes (I've waited 50 years to use
that verb!) to win.

She must pleasure the Woodly Harrison
character to do this, she might not.

(dialog between Katness and sister - - "I know
how not to gag!")

Interrupted by:

“Helloi, I am Zormax from the planet Vishy-Swab (was really something else, like BlomaTron). We have been watching you, and we think you would help us invigorate the identity of our Isolotrope peoples, whom we deespize. Bekause they smell too funky. Anyway, we want to take you into our dimension. Prepare your genitudes!”

and then woosh, and you’re off to another diemension - - cool!@

Back to “Fellatio Games” : “ my lord, I have this bag of croutons!”

“Then you and your sister shall go free!”

“Oh, thank you, mi’Lord!”

“You and your sister shall not be shredded.”

And yet, the WOODY Harilson character is adamant. “No, Sno-mighties (i.e. blowjobs) without my permission!”

We are all stunned, thrilled, excited, afraid, tha’ what may transpire shall be deadly.

13.i.20

The japonese stertrak episode, the artists’ collective, and the SVP lookin for a controller

In the Japanese-themed space adventure,
the landing party,
2 by 2,
each enter this cave
and will be tranformed into a composite
evil character,
who will appear later.

The character looks more like one,
but has aspects of the other,
and wears ornate black suit
with sequens—almost Mexican!

The character is also represented
by ritual bowls that may appear
or disappear, in rows of 2 or 3.

There is also a long rodsoard
with a special mathematical process
for making it rotate. Very complicated!

When it's time to pile into cars and go,
you are still holding a big bag of flatbreads,
and you'll hold that on your lap as you get in
the back seat.

* * * * *

The art collective: not much going on there.
You park your car without paying anything,
you bring a bundle of wood and supplies with
you
and your assistant (LoriLight), to YellowHouse.
Some artsy dood is mad at you
for checking out the cameras.

* * * * *

Even less happening at SVP.
Rummaging through old, useless equipment
that was once expensive and neat
and now it's all just junk.
(Unless, like, you're creating a museum
of ancient technology.)

14.i.20

You see an advert
for the amazing videogame
Called *Loss of Data*

by Squirrel.

17.i.20

Dazzle PhrawdZ™:

These are the Peepz
who make the things
dat Wuh - Everbuddy thinx is DaBahmb!,
except
those who REELY-no wut's good . . .
and who
KrEE-8 things dat
nobuddy rekog-nyzes!

18.i.20

Fat Man™ on a bridge
throwing turds at you
from a bag of turds.

Lil' Bitch™'s Puppet Show!

Puppet 1: "Why don't they like me?"

Puppet 2: "Kuz U suk!"

21.i.20

Open your eyes to what's around you:
Storage bins for corn, oats, and soybeans,
a few people wandering around,
and all this mostly in a massive warehousey
interior space.

You see ArchEllapee (remix version)
bathed in purple light
as the sun sets.

She waves to you.

"You know about Magic Hour, right?"

you ask her as you approach.

"No, not really," she says, probably
just acting like she doesn't
so she can lead you on.

You explain the term for filming
right after the sun goes down

or right before it comes up,
and there's enough ambient light to shoot,
but, like some towns you've lived in,
no shadows.

You find the piano room,
and improvise on a small instrument,
this time, it's pretty good!
Two young women in attendance
are flirty, and discuss you:
"I can tell everybody
I just saw the next Obtuse Thing."
"Maybe we should call you *The Thingster*."
they say.

Back in the gift-shop part of the School,
you discuss making timelines of
the great names in musical history
with the woman who's the cashier.
"You know when it gets dense, right?" she asks.
"Yeah, right around the Classical Period," you
say.
You're remembering (and you tell her about)
the long timeline you made so many years ago.
"I think it started getting dense around Lassus,"
you continue,
testing her late-Renaissance/early-Baroque
knowledge.
You don't always hafta be so Little Miss
SmartyPants.

So, now you've all settled in frontathuh TeeVee,
and you're watching the latest reboot
of *Grains of Foam*, but in this version
the intrepid family of deposed royals
wander the land and avoid
all the traps and snares they fell into
in the original version,
that little telephone-booth made of cake
that sings "Happy Burthdae" to the young prince
does not ambush him.

It's all very safe and non-violent.
How are they going to make that work
for another six seasons?

2.ii.20

Hefty woman
with the artificial, mechanical tongue
box-like contraption around her mouth
the tongue itself made of a smart-rubber
that bends and changes shape
to form all the sounds of speech.

She's talking, it's not too bad, really.
Your sisters are planning a road trip.
It's gonna be a lot of planning,
but it'll pay off.
Everybody is topless, with towels wrapped round
waists,
but there is no sauna.

6.ii.20

You're all alone to contemplate this:
(well, maybe not; wifemom seems to
be lurking about)
it's rather ordinary, this
dark and detachable
pea-pea of yours.
You take it off,
measure it with a
measuring-stick.
It's 19 inches long.
Or, maybe, 29 inches.
Hard to say.
What will you do with it?

* * * * *

Dr. Ability makes films
of guys who work at railroad-crossings,
warning people, cars, and animals
when the trains come.

“it’s really perfect,” he tells you,
“see, I don’t ever go to the screenings
at festivals; the actors never come
to my medical conferences!”

* * * * *

You arrive early
at your appointment for
your new shrink.
You approach the door to
the building, as does he.
Who will get the door for whom?

“Mind if I have a cigarette
before we go in?” he says.
You’ve never seen him smoke.
“I guess we can have a
conversation, off the clock,” you say.

You start to tell him
about the dream you just had
about the psych guy,
your frendz father,
who makes a film
about guys working
train crossings.

17.ii.20

Not your typical episode of Friends:
In a dark room Rachel,
sitting across from NayBerLayDee
(guest starring Miss Generic 90s Actress)
engages in terse conversation.
It’s difficult because she must
speak through the glass,
and the lady’s face keeps changing
into that of The Rough-Hewn Man,
who changes the subject and snarls.

Rach adapts to this by encircling herself with

several small animals, ferrets you think,
who face the man.
But man roars, “Now, give me snake to eat!”
and Rachel opens her mo(u)th wide,
releasing an orange snake with green-diamonds
running down its spine.

The serpent flies straight out of her mouth
and into Snarly Man’s.
This leaves Rachel without hair,
her head sand-blasted of all features,
and eyes and mouth hollowed out.

22.ii.20

How do you always wind up
at these crazy downtown LA parties?
This one has all the usual features—some
swanky corporate HQ,
glamorous employees you’ve
never seen before, although
supposedly you work with them,
trendy/semi-interesting food & spirits,
and either bad live- or boring canned dance-
music.

“Here, try a RedOne,” says this dood,
pushing a tiny red pill your way.
“You should take one, and always keep
another, in the cap of your can of hairspray.
Except, sometimes Kops will look there
and bust you.”

You swallow it.

“You should start to see things shake
pretty soon,” he continues.

Not much happens, but you do see
the top of one guy’s head blossom
into orange metallic broccoli.

Everyone’s going outside for the feast.
You go out, too, through a disregarded
narrow door—will you be able to find it

if you need to go back?
You sit at a far table, and who's sitting across
from you
but D.Banal Thrumph. He sees you, and screeds,
"Oh look who's here across the table.
It's Stupid GeoWee!
Stupid, stupid, stupid,
Stupid, Stupid!"

You get up, stand behind him
and shove his face
into his bowl of crunchy Chinese noodle-thingys,
and pour red liquid Geollo®
over his head.
As you make your way through the gathered
crowd,
you hear them say, "Oh, now he's gonna get it!"
"He's gonna get it now!"

(hashtag: #beingcalledstupidanxiety)

29.ii.20

You're "just visiting" the Bored Academics'
Wives Club.
"We do Absolute Chaos™ at 4:30 every
Thursday!"
one woman tells you. "Crud, I teach then!" you
say.
Two club members discuss vag flappiness
after having so many kids.
"Use my A-hole—it's better. You can hit that
as hard as you want," one says.

The squeaking and the squawking.
One asks what you do with all the tension.
There are tabels, and furniture, theres also the
old fashioned way.

Jfk-ask not wat you can do for your vibrator, ask
what your vibrator can do for you.

One particularly chaotic chaos---everyone in
black plastic, outdoors, lotus mud, onlookers,
one guy opens hollowed out bible, from it
launches his chocolate soul while announcing
"I have launched my chocolate soul from a
hollowed out bible, like it always is!"

10.iii.20

It's the Tourte/Crepe Competition!
You take The Bronze (like you always do)
with your lime tourte.
Master-o-Dixun is the jurator.

You watch a Vee-Arrgh that blends
All formats—round, flat, confessional, prurient—
And it's so cool you think
"Maybe I can enter it
in the Found Art category?"
Even though you didn't make it.

30.iii.20

A quartet of Deds
visit Zhahn's house, time to time.
"This time," she says, "a tenor, a bass, two
baritones."

The Deds stand with us
near the stairs to the attic.
Some on them have on pointy caps.
They are all in black'n'white.

They seem to be in a pretty good mood,
but at the same time a little clueless
as to how they got here, or where they are.
"Didn't you fight in a war?" says one.
"Yeah, but I got 'saved,' " says another.

"When were ya'al born?" you ask them.
"Uh, 1925. No, born 1833, died 1925," answers
Pointy-Cap.

“Wow, it’s like, uhm, then we really do go on?”
you ask.

Everyone (livin’ n’ ded) looks at you
like you’re the crazy one.

You’re all joined by two females.
The blond one, with the robe,
says, “I should get goin’.”
“Can I watch you transition
through the door?” you ask.

“Yeah,” says Kathy. That may not
have been her name, but it’s what
you choose for her.
She walks through the wall,
as you sprint around the room
to the door, and see her outside
as she becomes only robe,
and then the robe disappears
as she walks on
down the driveway.
You follow.

“Can we still talk?” you ask.
“Well, I’m really not sposta, but
OK,” says Kathy, who now seemstabe
an empty tin of anchovies
on the sidewalk.

* * * * *

Breef Capindreems Doo Too Playgue

* * * * *

END PART VII

* * *

PART VIII

29.iv.20

Walking down the stairs,
some olive oil on your shoes
going to start cooking with olive oil,
RSV in Basement Kitchen:

- say goodmorning to your resident
homeless bum,
- try to explain focussed, relaxed awareness
to him (why you say “good morning”)

Homeless is now in chef apron,
Asking dude who’s leaving, “from where go
you?”

This is in Topika State,
newly renamed from Whittita or Kansasy City
State U.

This guy came from where you would’ve been if
only X instead of Y.

The children with their ice cream cones
crowd, running to you, on your bed,
you tell them to “get lost stupids” or something,
you even throw bits of cone and ice cream at
them
as they’re going out the door.
(next, you go down *The Basement*).

9.vi.20

Should we mention you’re at
this grungy bodega-wannabe
(proibly in the GrateMidWest,
'cuz they don’t know what that is)?

Should we mention you saw
the tiny woman sanding and
repairing the counter?

[And, tiny as in truly
LillaPewshun, about nine inches tall.]

Should we also mention
you put your collected grocery items

in your bag,
on top of PatheticWimpyDood's stack
of boxes of strawberries?
And that these strawberries
DID NOT
have large snails crawling about on them?

PWD is annoying when he's disturbed,
and he tells you this in no uncertain terms.
Should we mention that you then
notice the tiny woman feather-dusting
the customer counter,
but dusting fiercely,
violently, even?

That doesn't even make a difference.

8.viii.20
Your DreemVox said
"You'll be ded in a year,"
and you're not sure if it meant
"Ded *within* a year," or
"Ded in a year," as in, on
the anniversary of this date.
You better find out:
that will effect how you spend
your remaining days.

* * * * *

Because you built
the snuffleupahsarcophagus
for Puppet Royalty, the Haus of Henzen
(and endured the stench
of that decaying beast—oh, man!),
You're being consulted now
by the young Aegiptian Phaeroh—
Regal bearing, but shorter than you—
On the container for his final entombment.

"Yeah, we can extend your legs

a foot or two,
at least,
it'll look like that on the outside of the box,"
you tell him.
"Ok, yeah, let's do it like that," he says.

29.viii.20

- Driving in a bubble car
- Anxiety over accomplishing anything

1.ix.20

In commune-house surrounded by forrest
security concerns
Then there are big round black apes outside,
trying to get in,
(they stay in place because of the Lemon Pledge)
then the apes have guns.
Oh my, what are we gonna do?
Characters in the house include Bleeder,
a guy who sucks blood out of the people
but he's not a vampire.

Sitting w/PasterShrink
MoanDay morning, with Bekky,
she leaves, you read the daily pink-paper
PS leaves to get the reality biblestudy guy settled
into his new group.

Before PS returns,
You take a dump in the toilet opposite his desk.
He returns, and you pretend theeeere's nothing
unusual going on.
"Oh, this reality guy, he's like a rockstar in bible
study circles?"
you ask him. He acknowledges this.

23.ix.20

Two Women
Choreographers/dancers
in the 1920s.

At dinner
One bends over her beau
and the other gets the idea
to outline and draw around
displays of the vag.
That will be her next dance.

Flash forward to the 1980s
You're in a dance by gest choreographer
Maybe in her 50s,
The dance is dancers walking
at right angles to each other
each carrying a full body mirror.
They illustrate parts of Manhattania
if you look at them from above
(Men are avenues, women are streets).
You go back to her during a break
and say how you like to mix
minimalism and expressionism.
That's what's happening in the dance:
some dancers will flip out during
the rectilinear part
and become *crazy agents*.

1.x.20
First, you're reading that book
You know the one I mean:
The one that catalogs
musical achievements geographically,
but each region is also linked
to some unexplained
usually creepy phenomenon.

First, in WesturNuhBraska,
the local fugues are complicated
by performers inexplicably
punching themselves in the face, really hard,
over and over.

A few counties east,
On the Great NuhBraska Lake,

Monkish rituals are held
Often, these are pricey workshops
run by non-locals, attracting non-locals
in blue and orange robes.

When they sit on the shore,
sometimes the water turns vile
and washes over them
with all the stench and waste
of the world, then it's suddenly
an acrid desert.
One dood is crawling through this mud
and gasping, may not make it.
No, wait, it's you!

Your feet need the most attention,
look like they were dipped in waxakloric acid!
You make it to the warehousey artsy market.
Maybe that gay couple can help?

They seem nice enough,
but they want to talk to you more
about their musical.
"We're gonna call it *Stee-Uh'L*," says the one.'
"The noun or the verb?" you ask.
Now it looks like they might not be too helpful,
too busy blocking out scenes.

You return to the side door you entered,
close it, and leave by the main entrance
back to a different part of the beach
where a German academic conference
entitled "*Sex + Food: Die Lieblische
Weltanschauung des Fool*"
is being held, all the attendees
in white lab coats
walking past you
while you hide between
sink and urinal in the multisex restroom.

The last dood spots you, however,

and asks if you're an intern for Dr. Frau
before continuing in German, washing his
hands.

You sputter out a few words best you can.
He leaves and you return to your gang
who's secretly plotting to disrupt the conference
by releasing masonry stones and concrete blocks
encased in the hill above the beach.

While they're working on that,
you slip away, knowing among the stones
are slippery blue-grey wormy creatures
with cartoon eyes,
who will actually build something with the
stones,
but you don't wait 'round to see what.

27.x.20
Promise you'll make
Thursday Cakes
for the girls?

* * * * *

It's the night of
two moons and
three asteroids.

Here come the
really big space beings,
they're the size of houses.

We can wait in the Adjoining Structure
although that, too
will evaporate
when the even bigger space being
comes on the scene.

* * * * *

The girls are

really counting on
those cakes!

2-3.xi.20

pART THE fIRST: *The Book*

pART THE sECOND: *Explaining The Book To Others*

The Book is meant for travelers,
specifically, business travelers.
Much of the clever humor
(encyclopedic, really)
references Korpor-8 Mer'ka.

*"It's really this huge coffee-table book
With puffy leather covers, within a presentation box.
It's got multiple compartmenti
that fit within it, a white plastic one,
A wooden one that looks like a pen & pencil set
(Remember those?),
One that's a contraption
that plays a VHS tape
of Italian soft-core porn
if you put the lever on the side
in the right position
(and the fillisofikulpeenuss
of an extinct species of rhino
on the left position),
but this is not recommended
because it is Not-Stale-For-Werk."*

No matter what you disassemble in the book,
no matter what you explore or read,
it's virtually impossible to put everything back
to how it was originally,
everything fitting impeccably together.

*The literary style of the writing
is equal parts Sodomy For Idiots
and Harvard Lampoon.*

"The pen & pencil thingy

is smooth, varnished wood—teak, I think,
with dozens of names stenciled into the grain.
The names light up when you speak the
character traits
or flaws or pet peeves
of the persons named.
The names are all cutesy-fictional sounding,
Like “Craig McFeasible.”
Or “Larry Outsource.”
And the book obviously
has a bias toward the
[enter *phaeverit Eksplatif*]
white male business traveler.”

*You explain how features of the book
can modify images, like removing heads
of people in photos and replacing them
with those bite-sized pork sausages wrapped in
pastry (but sprinkled with the blood of a man),
You show her how that works.*

Later, you’ll come back home to Manuel
and his mother will be demanding he account
for the multiple giant plush-toy bananas
he has been collecting and hiding around the
house.
He says they’re for his gal, also named Manuel,
and not so mucha gal at all.
His secret is out.

*All the categories of experience,
wacky situations, and mistakes of identity
are covered in The Book,
and it reads as perfectly timed stand-up comedy
woven around the day-to-day life
of the bizness Klass-Korpor-8 Loozers.*

(Did you mention Cheef’o’poeLees coming over
for supper, and then mentioning him to her?
Did you mention the neat graphics of Troon-
Phawls

quotes in the illustrations of The Book?)

15.xi.20

Class Anxiety

Students gather
in old house w/ piano.
You haven't played in yers.

Action Anxiety

Chinese dood
impersonates Steve (?)
to drive w/you & S's GF.
Bad things ahead.

Weird Anxiety

The two Fungenz
on ropes to either side of you.
You pull them along
as you skateboard ahead.

27.xi.20

Flirty 'Cello Gal tells you,
"Yeah, I could actually use a person!"

28.xi.20

Gradschool Anxeity Dreems
A blend of physics, conducting,
and typography?

You are so out of your league!
One grad dood slams you for saying,
"The Irony for the Masses"
and pronouncing it "Iron-y" instead of
"I-er-nee"

There are the tantalizingly unmentionables
(TU's), where you play with Molly-cat.

* * * * *

In the next dreem, you're explaining
that dreem to a class in the auditorium,

with an overhead projector

1.xii.20 (*ed. 1.v.23*)

1. Shooting fight scene on eastlawn.
Got it down to handful of shots,
you're proud to show First Narse-Cot,
get cameras ready.

Minim has put some sunglasses aside
just on the ground
where there's a bare spot with no grass,
and you take them over to checkout,
make sure there's film loaded
(or whatever it is these days/drems).

2. But first,
coffee beans are consciousness of some guy,
Needs to be deep roasted in copper alembic
(in water-heater form factor),
but somebody didn't pay his gas bill,
so you're gonna hafta buy a tank
to make this work.

3. But first,
you gotta help Helen of Hoy's data transfer—
a wordok 80 terabites big!
Its late, maybe do it tomorrow a.m.?
But you could go down basement
and at least get her started.

Helpful Dood shows you
how to add a keyboard and sound bank
in like 3 steps,
just drag three objects
to the blackboard interface hologram
and hook em up.

You can show her that much,

she already seemsta get this.

You mention to Wifemom
how help dood was helpful...
you actually get emotional about this....
you communicate this to her
by thinking you'll tell her the opposite
(maybe that's why the weepies?)

5.xii.20

Hy-Koo

This Netflix Moment

Like silent wind

I have only New Things.

Line from Barry White song:

"You'll never find
a more misshapen spine . . ."

8.xii.20

Walking on the frozen creek,
the helper-woman chips away
the ice around an old TV screen facing up,
still transmitting to us.

She will free it from its icy cavegrave.

20.xii.20

Watching JC at piano,
You paging through your manuscript,
Scribbled versions, each one tighter,
More concise, then you pull down
A. Book from the series he'll be in...
...afjorewrd with pix of Beethoven,

Schubert , Mahler & Stravinsky
Crocheted penguin born with a broken leg in
1942

In the book of John (c)... his piano piece to be
published
In that..."how do your publisher find new work"
You ask,"I don't really know" he say.

Also in the. Book: photos of ghost-spy's. Doods
in jackets and
Raincoates , but the raincoat hangs in the closet
a double exposure,
Only partly visible, part transparent.

21.xii.20
Cleaning up your studio
After a party, messy
Even some doggy poo on floor

Dood there asks his R-14 to dispense
His medication, but the remembers
He had his '14 disinstalled,
So he goes into Annanikolesmith shock,
Time to call emergency doods.

Dood's mom arrives and helps out.

25.i.20
CrossMussdy
Hundreds of peeps
in a green, open meadow
pastorale,
skooting along the grass
like stop-motion people sitting and driving.

wandering over muddy, watery landscapes,
to neat apartment,
with multiple neat people,
neat couples.

now you're driving
in a small blye & white convertible,
'50s styling.
Two women in the back seat.

Pleasant chatting.

(and then you kill everybody)

6.i.21

Watching those majestic Himalayan bison
They graze in families the lush grasslands.
Its a little unnerving they walk upright like
humans
And in fact have basically human anatomy under
their
Dense fur, draped around their bodies.
Those huge buffalo heads, however, can be
menacing.

You see how they operate as family units.
No herds. But you forget if the males threaten
those smaller or bigger
Than them?
That would be good to know
As two young bucks approach.
They run past you, sensing your fear,
But they have more important buffalo games
To attend to, and there are a few buffalo chicks
out there
On the grassy fields, having picnics.

11.i.21

Sometimes start at the end and go backwards.
It's a film directed by Lynch, Greenaway, and
Herzeg.
Both the present and a retelling 30 Years from
now
Everybody older, but wearing the same clothes
But more worn, dustier.

This takes place in a diner.
"This event interrupts us 30 minutes ago,
And then we can't get back to our meals, to our
dates" says Old Grumpy

To old Grumpy, "Or maybe you can, 'cuz you're Jewish."

"What, is that spontaneous (supposta) be some compliment?"

The event ending now is the helicopter outa control,
Looks like it,s gonna crash...but dood (not proletariat)
Pulls up throttle just in time, they still sorta glance a water tower building,
But somehow manage to deploy parachutes, and now
They're on the ground, gathering supplies and animals in nets
And moving them to trucks.

And by the way, it's dood, the pilot, and our hero, The famous Zoo-Lady.
She loads the animals in another truck, tells her assistant, "be careful
With the coolers, it's not a freakin' picnic!"
The coolers play into the Zoo Outreach Program, and this is National
Be Nice to Animals Week, which ZooLady organized.

There are wood-metal glass boxes, little smaller than phone booths
People walk around in, in the dark.
This is the mystery pArt you need to digger (figger) out .
It involves all the characters so far plus young Assistant Gal, who has dark rimmed glasses with one o' the temples (the right one) missing.

15.i.21

Southern Gothic Road trip Movie
Decrepit Leeshaw's Dad sez to you
"You gotta present a presentation about the
present."

17.i.21

It's amazing how, at this particular
Teem-Bill-Ding workshop
All the participants
And the festive park gathering-place/pavilions
Where this takes place—(and later, the killings)
Everything and everyone
Is a deep, pure yellow.
The people look like they've been painted
With a fat paintbrush, very drippy,
Although they are really wearing these
Amazing yellow body suits that have
Drippy-looking yellow fringes.

"I didn't know Kally Phorn Ya could be
This yellow!" sez somebody.
Many buildings nearby are also yellow.

As the people in the workshop
Start walking down the grassy slopes of the park,
A voice over the PA announces, "Now, I know
We're all a little tired of yellow. Let's get
Trippy, people!"

Everyone's suits
Flash multiple colors, in sync with the music.

Yeah, cool, but remember:
You still need to disassemble
That contraption of yours
And put it back together
In the opposite store window
From where it is.
Plus, you have to make it work, too.

What does it even do, anyway?

29.i.21

Due to a promotional travel dealie,
You are able to travel with Mom & Dad
And the Twins
To UltraPersia,
And you remark to your fambly
How elegant and ornate the mosques
And bazaars and libraries and gas stations are,
All viewed from your plane-window.

You land, although it's more like
You're still being propelled forward
Although just above the street level
Without a plane.

You arrive in the Xrosstian part of town,
Which is dominated by kitchen-appliance sized
Children's play-blocks, with letters and numbers
and animal pictures on each side.
This enclave is really quite drab and boring
Compared to the resplendent beauty and
millifulous arkytekchure—some would call it
whimsical—of the monokultur.

You wander with everyone onto the massive
boulevard that stretches the length of the visible
city, bookended at either horizon by hazy
skylines of towers and minarets.
Mom stops to chat with a doctor-looking dood,
so maybe later you'll come back this way and
bring her back to the hotel.

Further along your *dérivé*
you visit the home for the brain-damaged ones,
and offer to reconstruct a sonata for trombone
and electric keyboard from one of the resident's
scant verbal descriptions of the piece: “. . . then
this happens, then this, and it gets loud, then
quiet.”

You interpret this as a call for improvisation,
and you begin this on the electric keyboard with
two manuals, the top being organelle, the lower,
Phenderoads.

There is no trombone in sight.

Still, everyone in attendance is delighted by your
performance, then . . .

Time for midmorning repast:

Tabouleh, rice wrapped in grape leaves,
Savory bits of allah-gator and donkey.

Rose tea,
retribution,
rusty agricultural machinery,
and rape.

11.ii.21

A final shot of the marshy swamp
where the young girls' body will be found

Waiting for dood to speak at a special talk.
He's not more than a kid, in unremarkable
clothes.

He speaks a little German or Dutch to someone
in the front row.

A few seats in front of you, PoliceWoman turns
around and says,

"You know, this one's about reality. Are you ok
with that?"

You could answer with that line from The Poet,
but you wait.

"Anyway, I hope he talks about drugs, I don't see
any talks about drugs."

The computer-ish lab,
Scott The DubbaYough is seated, tries to explain
how it works, "you sit
anywhere, and you can get to the network from
there."

He maybe didn't say "network."

You apologize for all the lacunae in your mind

preventing you from grasping how everything really works.
You have a snack of dried meats, and see what's in the drawers & cabinets.

It's the really incomprehensible games, where you are not even among the finalists.
Top guy, young guy from Korea, is set to win 44K points.
That will be over \$330 million!
You don't know how to play the game, much less win it.
There's a chart or map Loretta points you toward (She has smart-looking metal braces on her teeth—the latest tech!)
and a blackboard where previous contestants have marked a bunch of squares, and gathered some plastic packages from the trunk of the car.
Belindyetts stuffs a bunch in her pockets,
She tells you you should take as many as everyone else,
and write stuff on the board
otherwise you might not be able to find out stuff about yourself after you're ded.

But, there's always time to throw these plastic gulfbawls straight up, into the air,
on the green grassy baseball-yard place.
You throw one up but not very high,
the next throw is much farther,
but it's angled toward the ground
and some guy is helpful in finding the ball for you,
you couldn't find it anywhere.

8.iii.21
Cantré Solvé

The Artist
cannot (oh fuck!)
resolve capitalism. . .
no,

The Artist
cannot define him/her/their/Xrs work

Unfixable leak, an engineer would figure it up,
rip up the floor, not fixed
in 4 years by 8 different stupid men.

Why would you sit back
and not be non confrontational,
and sweep away with a mop between your legs.

We are not leaving, ever!

(I thought I had it, but then, I lost it)

10.iii.21

This landscape of politicskys
is so foreign to you.
You're tasked to walk back to the buffet
with The Candidate, Jerzy, you think,
is his name.

He's about 2 feet tall, wiry red hair,
of an age that's unclear: he could be 50,
he could be 80.
You turn your head for a moment and he's gone.
"Probably practicing hiding techniques," says
security dood.
(You'll catch up with Jerzy later).

You walk into the booth in the conzerthaus
that your ticket tells you to go to.
Inside, a plainclothes doctor
hovers over a small baby-shape.
"Well, she's dead," he says,
and you expect more outpouring of grief

than you see here.

Rather than take your seat
near the newly minted corpse,
you step across the isle
to a room with your colleagues,
a collection of people you know
only from being on occasional committees with
them.

Joellagen tries to bring you up to speed,
but you step away, in your clunky big overcoat
(what's that in the pocket?).
Stepping past the dying soldiers in the river,
and avoiding the living soldier explaining about
"the new trench warfare," you're back at the
party
in the swanky bathroom.

You like to find a clean white towel,
bleed on it,
then try to remove the stain with peroxide.
It's just what you do at parties!

11.iii.21

You're drawing pictures for your new clientele -
Guy from ArgenTone, you think,
who's opening a chinese resetaurant,
serving his signature dishes
that combine chinese and italian cuisine.
What could possibly go wrong with that?

You're asked to draw two pictures of fish on one
page:
Each fish represents an entreeé
Alfredo sezchuan fish, and one where fishballs
are fried
and plopped into a brown gravy, maybe some
egg-foo-youth variant.
The dishes look horrible, but taste pretty good.

The second page is to be dominated
by their d-2-9 or p-9-2 logo.
It's not clear what the logo is to represent,
what the numbers mean.
You look over some of your other sketches,
this job is harder than most.

* * * *

Now, filming the collection of beautiful young
people
in the auditorium, you're going hand-held.
You walk up & down the central aisle,
walking to compensate for your one leg horribly
shorter than the other,
and pause at the bunch of girls softly singing folk
songs
(maybe they are cheerleader-chants).
You tell them you wish your students could sing
like that
(especially when you ask them!—another story).

Now, goofing around with that bunch,
devising comedy-bits around a new cult
that worships knees. "Bend the knee/to the
Knee!"
Girl asks, "Will class-funny-boy be in this
sketch?"
You're not so taken with him,
but you're gettin' chummy with the girl,
putting your arm around her in her sweater.

16.iii.21

First, there's this new deal
where you get your body back
after a decade or so of it not being there.
Some people, like Andy(s)
talk this over with their double first,
like, and then goes to drown,
while the double goes on.
And then, everyone who does this

returns, and it can be in the same
house or restaurant they all agree on.
“Next time, let’s not make it that one place,”
says one of the other guys.
Once it’s done, Andy(s) sitting in the booth,
waiting for everyone else to arrive.
He’s older, and he’s put on weight,
but it might just be puffiness from the water.

* * * * *

Transition: this house
has a house-robot
who’s very human-like
and he saves the fambly
from destruction
by grabbing the nuclear bomb
someone tossed through the window
and, detatching at the elbow,
his hand-grasped-bomb forearm
flys extremely fast
to the lower atmosphere
where the bomb goes off.

* * * * *

Back on the ground, you all see the flash,
but then there are others, and gradually
the great city is in ruins.
You both run to saftety, wherever that might be,
“dutch-crossing in front of those people.”
Along the way, you find the cup of silver liquor
the lady poured for no one in particular,
into a biggulp plastic cup,
and you drink that.
Don’t know when you’ll have
an opportunity like that again.

It’s said there is only this city,
that now (moulds, burns, simmers) smolders
Tickets to other cities that some people have
Are not being honored.

Running down the dark street,
Oomph! You collide with a big dog
running toward you.

18.iii.21

You're writing this down:
You're attending a big award show.
Who's the opening act/guest of honor?
It's that 12-year old boy
Who wrote that book of observational humor
That anybody could've written,
But he did, and it was a best-seller.
And now, he's on stage
In his canary suit.
He's chubbier than you thought,
Blond hair.

He turns the show over
To the MC, who's also 12.
The two are joined by two other boys,
They're all 12.
Everybody's 12 this year.

25.iii.21

Backstage, watching MoniCoca
Rehearse for her show with BigDog(r).
That's what her show is about:
Her walking her big dog,
And, I guess, sharing some amusing anecdotes
With the audience.
The critics have all been transfixed by the show:
"Oh, my, not since Chris Marlow's friend
Has anyone done suchaMazing things
With werds & stuff!"

You spot one such critic, approach him.
He's not from NyeTymes, he's like from
Powlmbeech.
But the two of you talk, and he explains
The black pipes on the pink walls.

Some plumbing thing.
You use this time to draw, with white chalk
On the walls, just enough jiggles and doodles
To undermine all good intentions.

29.iii.21

So, you're organizing this soirée with writers and
composers.

Good luck with that.

So far you have Eliot Carter and Stravinsky and
one other dood

(he/she/it's probably an annoying composite of
so many composers you've known).

On the writer side, you have Carol and her
dood-frend

(who's also a pretentious composite of all the
writers you've known),

And also Sharon/Savannah.

She might be called Sharovannan.

She's about ten feet tall when you talk to her,
More normal-sized when you don't.

When you talk to S/S,

You sort of dance around with her,

Your head in her crotch,

Mmmmmm . . .

Now, Stravinsky wants to tell his story

About visiting a go-go club

And doing *The Twist* with the go-go girls.

You let him do that, because,

Duh, he's Stravinsky.

But, it has such a nostalgic ancientness,

His telling, retelling.

You imagine yourself in a similar situation:

Your daring moment in the whorehouse in San
Juan

Will be considered quaint, loquacious, eminently
forgettable.

Sorta like something from the Seventies now.

Now, you need to see if anybody else signed up
For your soirée, and no, it's just two other writer
doods.

So you pick up a copy of *Cock Fancier* magazine
(this one is a special gays edition,
But they're all special gays editions)
And leave.

2.iv.21

More Stoned Lyrics

*Angel on the bottom and the devil on top.
Ottie is Meeper's Bee-atch.
Netflix plus presents, "the black man, and his
onions"
greece jowels grease cheecks*

20.iv.21

"I think you should make it
your purpose in life
to get really relaxed!"
Thus spoke The Wolfman
as he judges the distance
down into The Pit, an excavated cube
about six-feet to the edge,
eyeing his quest in its centre:
a crapper.

But, actually,
your Frend makes it first
to that stool.

You and Frend
have been dealing with
chains you've been requested
to put around your feet and legs,
and yet still deliver the latte she ordered
to your Frend!

24.iv.21

You're hangin' out with the Gangstas.

These are two guys, constantly arguing,
but they do good stuff for the community.
You feel a little dirty
giving them compliments
and trying to get on their good side.

(Like when they gifted you
that big, ugly coffee-table
huge, ugly wood,
lotsa drawers,
takes up your whole livingroom,
practically.
You hated that thing,
but still you thank them for it
and pretend you appreciate the gesture.
When really you despise it
and want to hack it with an axe
and burn it.)

On the pink skirting
draped below the computer-display
you read,
“..(android) psychoanalyst
expert at dealing w/(Oh no, I’m an Android!)
trauma—PT(IAAA)SD in androids—
couch + chair - corner”

“non-comparable
peepole”

(hunt down
fonevideo of dat):

(doodly
samply —
dat

- rednek
- Untitled
- nmmmsm
- nemm

Leeeee

Sha!)

Wee Must X-“Δ”ge the
Cheeze - Ballzs!

a few drops

room full of mounds of
bugs, flailing

multi_dolphins
connected like
batteries

Woman: I’m smarter than you,
and you should
like me!

Man: We don’t want to hear you play
your stupid oboe!

Bar scene—
build a bar at party
location—
(very few locations
are actual “enclosures”)

* * * * *

(25.iv.21)

Nexnite,
you see a demonstration . . .

(on this one guy,
just walking along with a couple other guys,
and they put this clear plastic cylinder
on his head,
it’s about the size of his head, actually.
Like one of those covid clear plastic
face protectors, except it
starts at the forehead and goes up
about 8 or 10 inches above the hed,
and you can see through it,

and they turn it on,
and the dood groans and almost screams
two or three times, almost rhythmically,
then his brain comes out of his head
and straight up into the plastic cylinder)

. . . of the new BrainOut™
brain-removing technology!

* * * *

(26.iv.21)
Nexnexe, nite,
supper with Dad and
(what was her name?
Kristeen?
Who played the Gurlnexe-Doar
In that Gerryshow?)
Dad tells her about
companies that interview folks
to work for them,
but only to pick their brains
on problems the company's havin'
(stopping short, you guess,
of using the BrainOut™).

1.v.21
DremHints™
Painting the shadows of the bridge
lighting under the bridge looks amazing!
filming danny on the bridge
gonna mic him, mostly shoot other stuff, not
him,
but hafta run mic cables around where the mass
grave is being excavated

Leon & some other bald british dood get off the
bus one stop before you
your stop is on the street with the red wall
blocking off the other end
the street is actually shrovetide fair, lots going
on, RenFest-y

hedding toward the mainbuilding, you are
surrounded by kitties!
“Wait, these kitties aren’t quite right—how did I
get into a dreem?” you ask.
inside the main building, lots of cassettes, you
almost knock over racks of them
you almost knock over almost everything that’s
leaning against walls, so watch that, ok?
Robin is there, she’s the flame of one of the head
honcho doods
but you can spoon with her anyway.
She’s moved her vajina to her forehead so you
won’t find it in the usual place
That’s because she’s a creative anatomist
You get a CD returned from Willaert Arliane or
some name like that
you sent it to him, because you thought it was
his
but it got returned to you because he’s dead
(“recipient deceased”)

You & Dad walking around fields by creek
but creek becomes ocean, ocean!
you avoid the deep-looking parts,
the ones with lichen & algae & stuff
but then you’re on land again
and you crawl under barbed wire fences
separating creekpasture & crops
the barbs are tiny and detach when they poke
you
insidious! Sneaky barbs!

6.v.21
Dremfrags™!
thinks “hayloft” is a verb
Art show in the barn, bottom floor,
not even the hayloft.
hollowed out areas,
pretty smelly.

some shows & musical performances
Driving on the road.

8.v.21

RandomDremsThots™!

art breeder for music

hangin' with supermodels
they get bitchy at us for being late.

(didn't help to have
Confusion Poodle sniff around
the several possible routes to go.)
(I'm jus' sayin')

(timbre controls on BP synth -
how easy is that?)

[BMT was not so much about making digital
lmedia,
it was about making instructions on how to
infect non-digital media]

(Skyron Confessional - one part of five or six
parts)

(SR: I don't see art & music as inherently
political, so I'm sorta old-school or irrelevant,
and I also think there are qualitative distinctions
to be made, and part of that deals with *not*
conflating the artist with their art.)

(SR: I try to tell Mrs. Skyron that, "Oh, Trump
and Mcconnel and all those white supremacy
fuckers are mortal, and they will die," and she
always shoots that down, "they'll just be
replaced by worse ones.")

8.v.21

Jambles™! —a day in the life!

- broccoli fritata - 5:45

- memory loss 5:53
- futuristic film of a couple who
- WTF we tokenbout?
- David . . . 620, the lisa harrigan video, not the famous one . . .
- 631 bring your experience back . . .
- 647 - these are npt chiggeres
- did you get your “bad ass man baby” t-shirt? [748]
- Sareeal [957]
- 1035 schlaufen gehen

7.vi.21

Bowie hangin’ out with Producer Woman,
 while we all get ready for the next shot.
 PW tells about Tori,
 who is driving around in a golfcart thingy,
 (this is all in-doors)
 PW says Tori is incredibly funny,
 she predicted she would die in six months,
 and that was like a couple years ago.

You’ve finished part of your lunch,
 and you’ll have the other part with Bowie,
 but Bowie pulls some sort of pink thing off his
 food
 and puts it on the table, where it unwinds
 into a tapeworm or some other kind of worm
 with a big, rectangular mouth.

You get lost when you’re returning to this
 building
 and you notice a dood dressed up like a Knight
 from Holy Grail,
 He’s on the stairway leading to this atrium,
 so that would make this the second floor.
 Your shoot is on the first floor,
 but it’s actually in the part of the building
 that was built first, so it’s a little lower than the
 first floor.

All the rest of this big building was a later
addition
to that dinky sub-floor.

8.vi.21

DremNotz™

Seven nuclear subs meeting
recipe for chicken aspic soup where lost sleep
equals lost ingredients
letting Hitchcock know you'll be having lunch
across the dining room,
studying Bach. "Do you know _____(h's
book on Bach)"
having only to return some Tupperware that
needs rinsing to claudith-other f233
before heading toward the pianos.
remodelling the tiny kitchens part meant studio
you share w/marcscott
small, but putting in more cabinets.

11.vi.21

[Visiting E-town or Orkoast

Hotel then sand dunes (camel mountain)]

Before turning in for evening, got a coffee,
barrista asks if you roast your own
"no, I'm just picky"
gives you an espresso in a wood surreal bowl
you need to take your coffee plus your white tux
you're getting back from the drikleenerz
plus the long harvustyello dress with maroon
neck DJ got for her mom
and go back to the hotel, up the outside Odessa
steps
but first a girl from Main sez how she likes
Florgia,
"are you waiting for the kitties, too?"
yes, we are.
your espresso is now only tar sticking to the
bottom of the bowl,
the bowl rolls around as the lady calls the kitties,

dozens of them!
now you both walk up the steps to the hotel,
though now it's dark
theres a young family in the next room, a
bathroom next to that, and
another bathroom that doesn't work next to that.
while dj saws some extra wood off one dresser
(to plug a gap in the corner where peeps can
peek in,
you take sticks and go out side
dood in swimming pool on steps has really big
mouth
from top of steps you bet him you can
throw a stick in his mouth, you miss, you get
your billfold
and give him a twenty.

* * * * *

Sand dunes at Camel mountain:
(Really Florence or)
Sorrta like a wall of sand,
like a flatiron building
translated $z=90^\circ$ (deg - chekdis)
Touristas crawlup andslide down
You write on it "childless bambino"
Andget almost done with it
before realizing "wutdat dooddo for me, huh?
Evah?"
(Plus, these would be letters each about a yard
tall,
so, seriously?)
So, you erase that and start to write
"SkyRon, Fetchit!"
That's better now.

16.vi.21

Economics seminar workshop thinktank
Lots of people here, mostly women,
and you don't know anybody.
You don't know where this place is, either,

except that it's functional/semiswanky in its decor,
and smallish glass windows looking out on a metro downtown,
but you didn't look out to try to identify the town.

This is also a topic you don't know anything about, really.

* * *

But now, you need to do a videoshoot
no space, no decent camera,

No space because rotcy guys or military are doing a drill exercise about what if bats invaded the land? what would we do then, huh?

So, lots of doods, mostly, pushing around big crates of stuff on rollers, stencil markings on the side in esoteric abbreviations, USMCB, MBIR, etc.

Lots of strings hanging from the ceiling from which to hang plush and plastic bats. Some dogs hanging with the bats, too. They're taking over the whole of *Egzibithall* where the instruments are stored, plus the rehearsal space.

You talk with one in-charge-lookin' dood, he says they'll be done by around 9 or 9:30.

You try Union, then SVP,
you're a little disoriented,
so you ask directions
from your gang sitting at the table.
They give an "are you an idiot?" look,
you try to explain you haven't been here in 15 or 20 years.

At SVP, the space is really small

and Lem is shooting some ditsy cooking video.
The two gals at the front desk
tell you there's nothing available today or next
week.

You need to check out a camera.
None of the good cameras are here,
Sherritaron checks what's available on top of the
storage area,
just an old clunker, might not even work
it says 3:8 HDV, but there's a viewfinder, lens,
and power supply missing.
Plus, did these cameras use tapes or what?

Why didn't you plan any of this ahead of time?

21.vi.21
Jabs!

Dood on da KornKrib,
It's Sky, but he's called RawFee.

Then, woman interviewed in Wired,
so phabulus, phamus.

Then, that weird intersection of
ideas and actual things
which no one can actually discern,
yet so many try,
especial in da Artz.

That's where we leave it.
You fill in darest.

Tanks, Bye!

3.vii.21
Enormous puppetry event!
Part show, part film.
You're in charge of one room with four
screens, one on each wall,

near the top of the room,
so you need to put the camera on a really
tall tripod.

You need to arrange with Laura who's
actually gonna be running the puppets
in front of each screen (is she directing,
or just organizing?)

10.vii.21

Presenting: Blamer Trafik What Boomers Want™
MILLENNIALS DO NOT WANT TO WORK.

Having a job is not as important as
figurin out how to do what she needs to do
to not get killed.

14.vii.21

Presenting: DaLoosyDreemResippy™
Yah, tuffas!

Furst, you wake up at 315 or 330
inda Morning.
Den, instedov werry
ingunaboot dastufov lyephuh,
youjus leen in
to da Immujus
dat kumup, tildey
beekum swerly,
anden, yoobee inda

1) high end, swanky antique shop-decor-haus.
Various peeps here,
No one you really know.
You go to da bathroom,
and der's yer Dad.

Yoosae: "Sorry I didn't be more
sooportiv, or whatevar."

Heesae: "No one will ever help you."

Wuffa! Dat's an Assbieter!

OR,

2) sum VR environment
yoo've benbee-4.
You hop from tabletop to tabletop.
No peepole here.
There'sa watter-pool, u-dievin.
Ugo deep. Ukum up, der's
shadowy sharks sirkulin!
Uzoom pastdem.

DEN:

3) Yoorina Nasa theempark!
Now, derar peeps!
Udo varrius nashtees to wimmindar.
Arru Inna Dreem, orjus
Jakkinov?

Duffa—Uso dork'd!

Dee Enn'd, Orr Izzit?

21.vii.21

Remember Charles degaulle's funeral
when his body was suspended as if
floating, lying on his back, in the air
held up like a puppet on strings
and then he
turned into 3 doods on unicycles
doing tricks, also on strings.

dood makes great dish
he explains how it takes two hours to do all the
sauces &ct.

"manju" dies (its really Sidduh)
Because the real Manju
is one of the guys who asks

"What are we gonna do?"

sneak up.
To spouse snoozing,
who has an erection
she doesn't know
shes a chick w/ a dick.

22.vii.21

There were the self-crucifying kits that were
really popular.
You just position these pointy metal rods through
your hands,
you can even use the pointy part as a ball-point
pen
once it's gone through
and you have the clamp thingys adjusted for
comfort.
They're very *Sharper Image*.

You stayed in a hotel in Wessda Moyne
and ordered the last pierogi.
Riding the elevator up and down,
watching kids throw food at a particular place on
the third floor
and that's a place you need to avoid
when you go back to your room.

You already felt bad about spilling
half a bucket of water
and try to make up for that
by sweeping it up, badly,
while a bunch of people watch.

Roomate dood tells you, again,
what you just did.
"That makes me feel small," you say.
Regardless, dood hands you your
red cap and tan jacket,
And a hot-dog with bun.
You take a bite before you realize

you still have all that food to eat
you left with your friends, and
had started to split with the guy
you're sharing it with,
when you left for your room to drink a little.

28.vii.21 (*akchooly pre-28.vii.21*)
Theater-theatre collection of
personality components,
including cross-dresser
and Silhouette Boy (your shadow).

That dreem is lost.

29.vii.21
BayLeen

Four organs facing eachother in a 4-square
Interesting building being re-architected;
actually, you're doin' it.

Spoonin' w/LankyGal MerryAnn Condo.

Finding your way 'round the city,
you need to cross 6 or 8 train tracks,
and you almost get hit
by a white MurSayDeez drivin' on the rails.
Young boy in baby blue, wearing a baby blue
yawmukaw
was responsible for guiding you,
and now he has a pretty thicka beard!

31.vii.21
MahrSterned

Virtual butt exam
you were a genius loozer, I was a loozer genius!
Lift up that skirt, gurl, and pee!

how to get rid of generations of hatred.
Why do you hate certain people?

Andy whya do you not care about that?
What would it take to make you care?

(unified field theory + how to make
a white supremecist/racist
conscious of what he's doin".

there are other ways, b
eyond the usual ones
(that don't work or else, it's like,
there is no way
that can a happen.).

So, it's not so much like finding
the solution to a universal question
(unified field theory),
it's more like, how to make a whole lot of
pholx KON-CHUss ov demselvs.
Wuffa, dat is da ihshoo.

* * * * *

Note to self:
if you can get beyond "expressing emotions"
then, you might be on to something.

19.viii.21
Dram Chum Upgerged

Dant-nerr
If dissa-kah-aah-ooo-unt for a dreemy dreem.
U figger dat outangit baktamee.

So, you and Batt-say are hanging out
at the Steet (das)Kapitul in Sayin'it Loois.
A classically informed and executed
dome and rotunda.
Who whoulda thot?

So, you needta unroll the plastic wrap, and then
roll it back up again.

Sik-duffas! You need to do that?

Uh-parendlee-so . . .
[85]

20.viii.21

The Political Naif I: Solving Everything

The Left needs to go deep into DEEP FAKE.

So, DeSantis says, "I will personally kill every child in florida who wears a mask!"

and, "If you get a vaccine, I'm sending my patriot foot soldiers to kill you, ok?"

Sompin' like dat. . .

30.viii.21

LoosiDreem

Now, let's get down 2-it:

This is a vast arena of experience,
and you are only permitted a slight and
annoyingly incomplete glimpse:

You fly through multiple train stations, holding
areas, and yet you are
troubled, because you need to transition
between
character in a narrative and just loosid-dreem
observer.

How U gonna doodat?

(Oh. The other people in the train stations?
BeKaws De Alee-enz plopped down a wide wall
barrier on the train tracks,
the train is stopped.
Those on the train?

They are mostly killed by the Great Blue
SmokyStuff,
that engulfs them and destroys them.
This is very sad.)

Contrariwise, you continue to wander, and
check stuff out:

Several areas that include casual pool tables and
relaxly areas,
there's someone who tells you not to "go there,"
but,
it's not possible to tell what he means, like
into the pool table area or beyond it?
I wouldn't blame you if you thot this was
KunPhyooZing.

Neverdaless, you go beyond, and chat
with KleverGal, who's both unpacking some box
and taking off her shorts,
which you find alluring,
but nah, you need to go on:

Neverdaless, you go beyond again, and note that
wall
Erekted by aliens to stop the train yeron.
Before that train hits it, you are off,
wandering, flying actually,
among the buildings in the city,
and then you discover you can fly above the
city,
and see, gloriously,
the scale of buildings (skyscrapers) that must be a
hundred stories high,
and perhaps a thousand stories high, if the
foundation were forty time greater.

I should say, right here,
this is a magnificent vision,
and one I had no intention of dreeminauwp.

There are many flyings,
through these vast structures,
up near the roof,
then lower, to make it through some window to
the outside.
This is essentially
a small city graced
by huge statues that overtake the horizon.
Especially, one figure defiantly holding his sword
in the air,
and he yelling to everyone.
He's distant and foggy,
but since you see him on the horizon,
he's got to be KoLawsuss OvRoadz scale, or
bigger.

So, we continue:

As character, you dodge bullets, other issues,
and arrive as the observer of some pretty awful
events
(such as all the peeps on the train
swallowed/engulfed/suffokated by the great huge
Blue Menass)
The gollamesgue - statuesque figures declare the
intension of
"The Great First Five Emperors" and thus rapidly
shoot
chunky brass bullets toward you,
(dis is in dee Chaih-nuh)
and since you are standing behind a big marble
column,
nothing really hits you.

At this point, you sorta become absent
from the story as a karakter, and sorta become
glider-dood, who just hovers over all, takes it all
in.

What you see is the vast masses being
slaughtered,

You see the commonplace sex-palaces, where
all the sexing takes place,
and you see innumerable non-interesting
places where peeps are trying to escape or
maybe just get along.

(everything else is lost, but just looming on the
horizon)

And, you know, there were these huge statues in
metal
that beckoned to the city, to show its pre-
eminence.
So big, forty or more stories tall, and equipped
with doors through which
the maintenance doods could enter and clean up
the statue,
from time to time.

All this flying-about,
All this acknowledging of a mighty, horrible
future,
true or imagined,
will haunt you for all time—
Yay!

Oh, and did I mention or fail to fergit _
all Uuu've dun will be fergotten?

31.viii.21
The Political Naif II: JimJam, Duffaduffa

Fukin - Biden -
Jus - deeklaare - marshall - laww
too - save - dee - mock - ra - see!
Jus - doo - it !

Don't worry bout hurting doods.
just doo it.

31.viii.21

ChimBasterdry, Waff-Woeff

DaLoosidDreemFakTowRee!—

Well, I must go beyond this limit.
Therefore, this is still distorted.
Is it possible
to observe your,
whatever it is yer observing?
Without wantin' sumptin' outta it?
Means yer Hollatenshun is Ded!

29.xi.21

Observations of the Not-So-Brite®

PeePole R like reephrijjer8ters:
some are taller
some are wider
some are deeper.

30.xii.21

1155: You gotta save Mr. Jackson from OD'ing
“Remember, uncertainty keeps you strong,” says
some mean man.

259: You watch/listen to Piano Prodigy Boy who
lives next door.

You point him out to Sheela.

“I can't play like that!” you tell her.

Now PPB becomes Piano Prodigy Gurl,
you tell her about Claude D.,
and show her one of his books of preludes,
and one of his paintings
(Fun fact! He painted!)

415: Hateful encounter with The Awful One.

You untie one of her yellow shoostingz
as you walk by her
(she's sitting on a porch or landing)
and then she comes at you with a broom
trying to push you down stairs,

which is a scenario you partly orchestrated yourself.

You have your dood frendz document this on their phones.

30.xii.21(II)

You and SpeshullFrend®
visit Childrenz Hospittul.

Lamenated to the countertop
of the circular reception desk
are children's drawings, each
with a touching quote by the childe
who drew the picture:

"Welcome to Hell!" —Brenda, age 6

"We are so fucked!"—Tommy, age 5

"You ain't never leavin' this place, bitch!"—
Taylor, age 7

"Oh, shit, Imma gonna die!"—Twinkle, age 6

"I didn't get my "Make A Wish"!"—Genie, age 8

"Just hopeless."—Justin, age 11.

3.i.22

After a rather lackluster performance
You and SpeshullFrend attended, of
Night of the Hunter performed by all cats,
You need to do some cleaning up
in the barn, you don't really want to,
but you must.

You step through the lower stalls, west,
and then you're on the NorthWest corner,
and you need to make it along the NorthSide
of the barn, toward the fence,
electric, then barbwire.

DadBro helps you over that,
as heffers start trotting your way.
On the post is a KunTrapShun
that both he and one heffer explain to you:

“It uses the Rada-KooKoo programming language, which is understood by both animals and machines,” they both recite in an annoying monotone, surprisingly in unison. “Peepole are just now figurin’ that out.”

8.i.22

We’ll retrieve what we can.
The rest doesn’t matter.

So.

Splitting lemon juice concentrate
between two containers,
but with leaves of lettuce floating in both.

The dood pulls out a thick book of Dante.
The illustrations are really moving—
why are you crying?
(This plate shows a gathering of apostles
or minor saints or just doods.)
Small Woman is reading in Italian,
then translating.

This happened in the room outside Dark Closet
where the lemonade was made.
Other contests or gameshows happening
elsewhere.
This must be hell.

23.i.22

Das Skool
is run by the magisterial Ms. Phlanna Merican.
She’s really the one with the plan.
She has you down to retire next year—Majindat!

You’ve been hangin’ around the sculptural play-
houses
you built for everybdy, and they seem
to be enjoying them both,
especially the red-sprial-slide that runs

from top story to groundfloor
in the larger one.

You really need to figure out
how to disassemble these little buildings
so they can travel,
or maybe you make them virtual
and share them over the Interwebs.

24.i.22

Checking in equipment
'cuz you're moving,

Figuring out when time began . . . (*wuffa!*)

One dood waza loozer,
The other one raised \$200K.

"24-7 on, you gotta be amirite, Kanye?"
"Remember, when we made meat puppets as
kids?"

25.1.22

Your friend is still werkin' on that videogame
Where you fly up to another planecar and shoot
it down.
He fixed a lot of the bugs, so it's pretty
functional.

"Next stop, E-Artz!" he tells you as you realize
He's going to bypass grants to develop it more
and just go after a publishing deal.

You have so many wardrobe options!
What are you going to wear today?

26.i.22

RomCom about the tall lanky blonde gal
tragically humbul about her byootee
(because she has da inner-byootee)

Anyway, she has the hobby of investing the money,
and is actually pretty good at it!

This is all in LA, prosabally, so she's like crew on films,
and she runs into Hansom Leedingman a few times in act i.

In act ii, some subplot with the directors & producers' club
(they mint their own coins—not digital, real coins)
and they're hedging their bets, somehow
HumbulGal drops
an investment hint to one of them, it takes off, he makes SCADz of cash!

You'll hafta work out the details w/ HL & HG,
Investor dood can be the meanie, luring HG onto his flying conference ballroom-shaped jet, explaining how the footrests work, and how you hafta ask the flytatendunt for them,
He's leering HG and that's soopermeeny stuff—bad investor dood!

Everybody's happy, in love, and rich in the end.
Closing credits roll
as you're taking a pee in the bar,
and you pee so much so strong,
that you walk out into the bar-proper
and spraywash a dingy metal painting till it's nice'n'shiny—takes a long time!
“Oh, it's always been sorta ovva party trick with me,” you tellon lookerz.
Now, who's the one being humble??

32 uneiadoacac

27.i.22

Your mom's in charge of this freakin' awesome party!

Unfortunately, she drinks too much redwine, and is rather tipsy.

Ironically, it's you who breaks your wine-glass, and you need to clean up the shards and whatnot.

Not everything goes as expected, right?
Yeah, I getcha'!

30.i.22

You follow this woman to a movie theatre.
(Wow! You really are this creepily person withough' boundaries!)

"MOO-vie" is this latest craze - sort of a way of testing how good your relationship or marriage is based totally on responsibility and creative energy, whatever that is.

You sit next to her, but you both move around a few times.

And you avoid the lizardy-bugs under the seats. They are the soooo nasty!

9.ii.22

Such an non-u-plex to 4-choo-n'8-us!
(fortunate us!)

Thatsed, Wunne mus kunsidder
Awl konseequensuz.

Wee liv-nahwt-lahwng.
Aeg-men, Surfuss-Jeesuz! [79]

12.iii.22

The Company is holding a lunch,

you walk past the celebration-cake
because you shouldn't eat all that sugar.
There's a line where you pick up
your paper plates, and then you can
approach to Smorgas-Board
with all that food, but
all the paper plates look slightly used.
You pick up two or three that don't look too
awful,
and get in the other line to fill your plates.
Truly an abundance of tasty treats!

You walked through green pastures
on a sunny day,
occasional puddles from rain
corresponding to the shade
of some nearby trees.
There are a lot of bears, though.
You might not want to get too close
to them as they forage.
Your friend, although he's not a bear
is on all fours, nose in the grass
and he's foraging, too,

You have a shot at winning
a ton of money, like a million
or some not-inconceivable amount.
If you select the correct answer
(either "higher" or "lower")
you win all that cash,
if you don't choose the right answer
you get, like, a hundred bucks
and a gift card for junky food.
You figure, if you don't win big,
at least you'll make \$100 and
eat bad a few times.
You choose "lower," and guess what?
You win!!
You hug Dar-Léné and tell her,
"I want to marry you, and
we could live in abject poverty!"

16-17.iii.22

Dozens, maybe hundreds of people
gathered here in this place,
in this building
waiting for the end of the world.

They seem to be of all
political persuasions and shades of difference
so you're not sure why or how they're all getting
along.

The Lish is there, and also Mr. ByThen rides by
on a white horse,
His own Traveller.

We see footage of all the children running, then
crawling
as the heat or'takes them.
They scream and melt.

18.iii.22

Dood gonna break up Mafia Gal w/baseball bat.
"Gotta get my boys together, you gonna pay," he
says.

* * * * *

Takin' pix of doods who werk the trains.
You use the camera that uses bandaids as film.
"Are you doing a fashion shoot?" asks Designer
Chic.

* * * * *

Some kinda redneck get-together festival.
Hedliner: Ded Krews, and you must find
all the green and blue and red pellets.
You need'ta put them into the larger-making
pills.

[84]

27.iii.22

(123)

The Foolers had their back-yards built-out
so it at least looked like someone lived there.

(417)

You're assigned, with short John dood
to write the book about a certain plant.
How are you going to make that even
interesting?
This, at the direction of The Oregon Ranger
Dood,
who is a legend.
It means you won't have access
to the table of snacks,
although it looks like some beest
has been there and messed it up.
You take a sparkly water and leave
with that guy.

All that after the melodrama
of The Woman and several other people
standing on Frozen River Lake,
and Woman has a premonition of something
bad happening, so they all
go to the shore, riverbank.

(525)

(452)

Food, and a seminar on effectiveness.

28.iii.22

(257)

Saxin' Yunglerl.

(400)

You're shadowing McKarthy -
does that guy even age?
A little, yes.
"That now is dangerous. . .
to the woman," she says to McK

You overhear a bit of the conversation.
You got there by some deal about
spending three days teaching some dood some
corporate thing
3 days, \$2K.
Probably you're cheap.
You have on all pastels, your suit and tie,
down to your shoes.
"She found out, she has Aydz?" says McK.

You're checking phone messages so he doesn't
notice you.
He doesn't notice you.

This is partly in A-Town,
partly in Fort Doggy.

(513)

You see contractor dood in the lobby.
Pink shirt, short hair, wire glasses,
Some trace of The Orient in his dna.
"It was nice workin' witchya!" you say.
You could give him your card or whatever,
but nah.
What do you care?
You'll never see him again.

You step outside,
it's Friday afternoon, people getting off work,
Some gals getting a beer or whatever.
"There's gonna be a meeting!" says one.

"Write a damn thing
or heave," says another.
(All:) "HEAVE!"

29.iii.22
The story
of Mr. Ivory
and VinaGaerl,

and a little bit of Perscilla . . .

(258)

Nothing. Just nothing.

(439)

At Corporo-Chotic Headquarters.

Running up and down corridors, hallways,

Going through crowds of women (mostly old,
like *really* old).

Everything is under construction.

You and two young women

Take the elevator to 10ths floor.

You hafta figure out where to stand:

It's that ledge next to all the buttons.

The floor is really just a highway moving fast,

Then the levator flys sideways out the building,

Into blue rain, air, you "reset" (die).

Later, meeting Judy Horn

"Somebody asking for you down that hall," you
note,

"Yes, I'm the wife of Jarry LooUs," she says.

Photo department dood has a "black key."

It can open any door.

He takes you back to your department,

That's where you left your phone.

The story of the "USA" Corporation (pronounced
ooo-saw)

is related to you by Mr. Moto,

a Japanese gentleman.

He spreads out a cloth map of USA Corp
on the pool table.

He decries the buggy software they make there.

Your'e writing some of this down,

"Where's the elevators on this floor?" you ask
some guy.

Lots going on.

Lots of activity, not much action.

(621)

Dad is subleasing the north part of the barn
to the Kanadian SnoByrds couple.
They get a landline phone and three or four big
rocks
caked in dried mud.
You break off the mud for them.
There's so much to do around the farm.

30.iii.22

(153)

It's you being the crazy one this time:
You drive your car
thru the gates of
Florida International Prisoniversity
from the inside
(How'd you pull that off, anyway?).

Hundreds of prisoners escape!
The cops are not happy.

(423)

You're actually working out with e-Sposa
how to lend DrewBee \$3K
and charge her \$648 in interest,
"Just fifteen hundred this month, and next
month," she begs.

Later, at supper, Papa asks you
Who that brown-RennaSonce guy was,
or maybe he just worked with brown a lot.

(551)

Now, you're torn between editing some music
tracks vs.
trying to meet with Mr. Obligayshunman.
He's a teembuilder dood, who's borrowed your
cartoons
for some exercise, copied them.

He gave them all back to you, you check to
make sure
He didn't take any.
Dood explains to his boss lady about
hooking up with some koworker.
"It was only that one time, we both agreed to it,"
he says.

You know there's more to that story.

31.iii.22

(308)

TV Gameshow?

(416)

You teach at the Wriding Academy
Not bad,
equal parts writing and riding
You have to deal with the oriental royaltly
"I work with 173 people," says the queen
princess.
(There are four of them.)
You make yourself a mostly mustard sammich.
In the background plays the blues balad
about a stray doggy,
and a lady stray doggy.

(505)

Sending a package.
Don't send all that change,
maybe just the quarters.
Pennies and nickels are too heavy.

1.iv.22

(1156)

You're reading somewhere
why animals are ornery someday
and not on others.

(241)

(Editor's Note: The Q-Line System

*is like a transparent sphere
about half again as big as a basketball,
with ribbons running along the surface
representing the various relationships
between the Powers and Principalities
of the Order of the Universes—hell,
it doesn't represent them, it is them.*

*God holds the sphere on his lap.
Q-Line Being looks on,
Kinda sorry for God . . .)*

Reconnecting
the Central Q-line
between God and Humanity.
“It’s still there, right?” says God to
the QLB.

QLB is skeptical,
and wants to say yes,
but that Q-Line is beyond repair.

(355)
Pimple, of all places, on your ‘chubacity.’
You fiddle with it.
Mal looks over, says,
“Are you OK?”

(more animals)

(508)
Return to SkotKo.
He: “where we left off”
You: “Oh yeah, the programs for RadPar,”
He: “they’re into porn now”
He: “Why’d you come back?”
You: “Reconnect w/People”
You set up an overhead light shot.
It’s perfect
He: “See, that’s what made *Agent Ambient!* “
(some noir crime drama film)

Then you mess up the settings.
No more magic.

Solja Dood

(playing guy leading army of animals, plus real
army)

Is jumping the gun, entering before his queue.

They enter early anyway.

They're going to quash Older Good Hero Dood,

He's a middle-aged Middle-Ager

With a long modern blond curly wig.

SD sends Crazy Lady in monkish robe up to him,

She sets his hair on fire.

Looking on, EvilPowerGal 'splains "Oh, it's
alive."

Old Hero Dood's burning hair morphs into
plastic hair,

Then he morphs into Leeding Lady,

And plastic hair morphs into

A red & yellow super mind-controlled helmet
w/teeth,

EvilPowerGal can control this living gadget by
brain power.

She tells us how it's going to crush, bite Leeding
Lady's hed,

Make it just pop.

Your band is traveling thru The Rus,

In the middle of the field with a few grain silos,

Blarehorn lowdspeaker on top a 'phonepole

rotates,

Says something in Rus

(voiceover explains what it is).

Canon/machine gun emerges from hidden locker
in the ground,

Shoots the army from the filmset.

You all scramble to join the Merry Wandering

OyRowPayZisha Fambly

In the road, so The Rus won't suspect we saw
anything.

Anyway, they follow you, ask for your traveling
passports.
Things check out and they leave.

2.iv.22
(128)
nothing

(337)
You're standing in the check-out lane
At PubeLicks
The guy in front of you pulls down his pants
and proceeds to take a dump!
"Whoa, man, you can't do that in here!" you
yell.
"Oh, I thought this was the "less than 10 items
'n' shit" lane!" he says.

Girl over store intercom: "Kleenup in Lane Six!"

(557)
looking for your umbrella
it's atop the locker it was in
but somebody else
put their stuff in.

3.iv.22
(359)
You show the Young Accolyte how
to use holy water
to divide the day into The Hours.

(502)
You were filming the light
falling on your ceiling to your office.
then you made drawings
on sticky notes of course
and you had started to draw on a wall
some cartoony figure,
the idea was everyone

who visits your office
would finish part of it.

Ruth signs your name to it.

There's a photo of some guy with a dorky
haircut.

"Are people talking about my hair?" he asks (in
the photo)

Well, yeah, is the consensus,
but not in a complementary way.

You discover you have the same haircut.
It's a new Mao look.

(558)

More Anxiety.

4.iv.22

He says, "I kiss your knees
out of a deep respect
for humanity" . . .

Then, the fun begins.

(212)

sophisticated tune-bot
picks tunes

(346)

Grocery store,
LL shopping for oranges,
finds one, throws it in her cart at checkout.
Amazing aim

Sitting on couch between generic man and
generic woman.

Gman is actually sitting on Betsy.

Discussion about how fast radio personalities
talk

"you can't drive them,

theyll drive at their own speed," says Sce.
You adjust the sleeves on your tailored oxford
shirt.

(442)

your nurse tells you you can be whoever you
want
you both walk through house, letting cats walk
with,
"if you keep em out of a room,
They'll never let you sleep,
(or other way around).

7.iv.22

(343)

(wha?)

(523)

When you move some plastic
or tupperware over a pan or
lid or somethin , you hear "Life's a fuckover"

You demonstrate that to some people.
sometimes it's easier to hear than other times.
Sometimes it tells a longer story.
"He had the best gal in the world.
She got him outa prison, turned his life around,
but she left him. life's a fuckover"—like that.

The mean kids were putting the other kids in
grocery bags in the trunk of a car,
and that didn't look too good for those kids,
but there was a Cow alert ("attention: winds will
be high
on the northern part of the pasture.
This is a Cow alert.
Repeat, this is a Cow alert.")
So, now all the kids are out of their bags and
helping with the cows.

Actually, quite a lot going on,

but that's all you remember.

9.iv.22

(146)

Big house,
You're checking out a few places to sleep,
Always a cat or three sleep with you.
You wander around and explore.

(326)

(sumpin' sumpin')

(433)

"make it all, or fake it all" is the one guy's
philosophy for game design.
You're doing a lot of fakin'
this first level has a couple characters
in a high ledge in a cave,
and they're shooting at eachother,
no, one guy is trying to help another guy
and a bald skeleton dood is trying to shoot
Helper.

HeatherBC is leaving, we say bye to her,
she mentions how it's nothing
to jump from the Big Window down to the
ground outside
(Yeah, but you'd need to go thru thick glass)

You discuss w/BH maybe splitting the Eats food
you got
while rolling his real body around on the metal
cart,
you roll him into the Parent's bedroom,
empty because they're both gone,
You take off the sheet, yep that's him,
he has a TV head, with the image of his head on
it.
The smaller, action-figure sized body you stand
up on the floor.

confusing.

(534)

If we're both
big lizards exploring
different parts of
the castel dungeon,
how will we tell eachother what we found?

11.iv.22

(157)

A book of your life, parts blacked out.
Giant whale eats swimmers near the military
base.

(3????)

(437)

Party. Frenz of frendz, old flAmes.
Strangers. Orientals eating dog chow.
Kinda spills detergent in some mole of her
yeoman em was cookin don't know anyone here
...

(613)

having received some sign from dipping his staff
(actually a paint-roller at the end of a pole)
in holy water, then applying it to a pooch,
the male religious leader
(prolly Kathlix, or other)
reads how the pooch dries off really fast
as a sign from DaLahwoerd!

12.iv.22

(1142)

(113)

We rplore diffetent meanings of "torches"

(240)

Efucayopmal uses greatly outnumber all others!

(342)

Teenaphay taking androgenomes and trying to seduce totally-not-into-the-idea kowerker to babbymake with her. "We can go to this pool where we can skroo," says she.

(534)

Going around the room, the eastern european refugees each chant one thing they are real sad about.

13.iv.22

(1142)

Everybody, sing the song,
"Let's all be nice to trees!"

(134)

(235)

Everybody talkin'bout
"Universal ammunition"

(426)

More trees. Also hanging
with Joe-W and The FeebZ.
Laminated placemat
of all you've 'komplished.

15.iv.22

(348)

Urbaan warfare
Destroying the neo-nazi group:
"To kill a snake. Destroy its hed."
That's what they do.
First bulldozer

Then pick them off one by one at rally
Then blowhup the building when two main
doods get back there

20.iv.22

BT getting in trouble w/ higher dimension beings
Lots of flying around, undetected behind the
scenes, but be aware!

Mizzable says, "why you always make things so
complicated.
Make them simple."

20(7).iv.22

Such chabulencence is indeed the chabulencence of
the planet, the universe, this dimension:

SO, you're pushed into this underground room
with two other live-ers,
and then you're told there are 8 more bee-ings
gonna join you.

SO, this: the ones joining you are maybe living
beeings
or maybe not so much so.

They may be living beings,
or maybe they are already ghosts.
Either way, they tell you their stories
of being re-incarnated somehow.

One dood was "Senator Praeger"
and then over the years
he let go of "First Principal"
then, "Second Principal"
and so forth.
Pretty soon, he's just a tool for all fools.
Power-hungry stoopid fools.

Another, a woman, tells how

she owned a really cool 1940's car
that maybe you notice as
you and her and a couple other peeps
walk along with her. "Hey, there it is!" you say.

We don't know who these beings are.
Are they real, or are they ghostly and non-existy?
Who knows? Maybe we should discuss
mooviees.

All is lost, all we are has been lost.
Loss is all there is.
Let us embrace loss, the one thing
we can all agree upon.

(What about Matt E.? What happened with him?
Why you dreemin' bout him?)

[83]

25.iv.22
You're wandering around *TOAM*.

It's far more finished than
you every thought it would be finished.
Lots of what looks like heds
(or partial heds) on pikes . . .
much more detailing in the walls,
(like a collage of characters you meet here)
A little tent with tables,
Like a tiki tent
just inside one of the mazes.

You do your fancy dancin'
 where one heel is on the floor while
the toe of the other foot taps
then switch feet.

JK watches, amused, then literally lends me his
hand

(his hand detaches at the wrist)
and places it a bit above your ankle.

(The idea of having pokers extending from the
tops of heds
on those pike thingys,
That's suposta pierce thought.
Don't know how that even works.)

26.iv.22

So, you're looking for a bathroom.

They are separated by gender:
male, female, cyborg-creature-other, plus
obligatory fambly changing room.
The latch to the guy's room doesn't work,
so you leave and maybe try your luck later.

Now you're at OceanOrama,
Where 2 or 3 people stand on boaty/surfboard
thingys
Very boxy, about the size of a thick door.
They stand in the water,
Waves coming at them in z-space constant bursts
about 2 or 3 yards across,
Not like regular waves stretching the horizon.

These people control human events
by avoiding the upcoming fierce waves,
and sometimes menacing black clouds (like
now).

Your frend is one of those riding the waves.
"Hey, there's an opening, you should apply!" he
says, pushing you toward the application area.
You think that's maybe what he had in mind all
along.

The application test goes OK at first,
you fill out some plastic tabs that change colors,

and the color changes are announced, and it's all cool.

Then, portraits of people posterized in pastels pop up, and you are to select a color from their palette, or DIE!

But there's no options for picking a color, no way you see how to do it.

Oh no! You mess up some of the plastic tabs so the page they were on tears a bit.

Maybe nobody will notice, and give you another shot at the test?

27.iv.22

You and friend are taken

to underground place,

to be introduced to 8 more "B-ingz"

so they might be akshual peepole, or not.

They say things, like,

"Hey, yeah, I was a Senator, Senator Pergamore," (probably better way to say)

These deds identify themselves accordingly:

'These doods . . . '

2.v.22

JimKarrie movie where he's reborn as a skunk or something,

He's walking around in surgery prep outfit, big sad eyes dark around the eyes.

Quasi-Mom brings you a partly chewed-on

" . . . piece of red licorice. . . Is that OK?"

Also, she's so delighted the Haydn concert sold out.

You're looking at the posters hanging around the room

announcing happy hours.

Waiting in line at the starbux/toilets (that's all they do now that they don't sell coffee).
Snowing out there, careful, you tell woman waiting in line. Careful with that ladder!

Inside, cats scurry on the beds,

Dickensian scene, you're a young poor boy,
fat maid or mother bathes in a big barelle full of water,
she can summersault in it.
"Hey boy,
clean my bung-hole" she commands you.

4.v.22

Twilute zone--
Dood has magic chair or cabinet
Mobster Dood forces dood to let him try it
It releases a jinn that dispenses sartorial advice.
That's so uncanny!

12.v.22

Best image:
naked scraggly sycophant dood
crawling through mud to the altar,
With his one leg part
(between thigh and foot)
~~that's just a chicken leg bone!
and he and the mud are both bright red
or maybe bright orange—primary hot colors,
nothing cold.
Other images of some stupid corporate place,
where all souls die.
Whoa—that's a surprise, innit?

15.v.22

More anxiety, as you needta meet
Woman at 2,
But you don't have decent clothes

And your plane leaves sometime
As early as this afternoon
But you don't know when.

Anyway, you catch a ride
In the limo with six alphamales in the front
And luckily, you have your good black shoes on.
You try to close the door, but it's a tight squeeze.
After much grunting, you finally close it.

Looking at who else is in the car with you:
A bunch of women and some former students of
yours.
These are the Stigma Iotas,
The doods in front are the Stigma Alphas.

16.v.22

Photos, with Momfigure

Demoing bored and prepared piano

dood designs money with all sanserif bold type.
Leaves all them in the diner, runs out, hasta do
something

but dood in diner will pick it up and return it to
him eventuality

About to play a circle game- you and a few
others stand around big circle

you gotta grab the blue thing across the circle
from you and pretty close

to the other guys but you do it and win!

14.vii.22

Blessed are those who drive tourists around in
those little carts
for they shall find a really good beach.

Blessed are those who apply asphalt and then
gravel
to roads,
for we shall have to climb up the hills they've
paved,
followed by two other women, and
you guess it's some sort of race.
Blessed be TallLene looking at your apartment
to rent it
and "it's so dark in here," she says,
for you shall open the curtains and let
a little more light into the place.

27.vii.22

First, you're on this bus tour
On the muddy frozen roads of Kanadan,
With some gal driving the bus,
not so effortlessly but she gets the touristas
where they need to go.

It's a 19th c. home,
lots of old photos framed
and drawers stuffed with things
that were important to the people
who lived in the house, now all ded.

* * * * *

On opening the Westdoor of your house
some kitties are curious
and you need to make sure they don't
just run away,
so you pull the French windows shut around the
door.
You didn't know the door was thus equipped.

* * * * *

You forgot which floor your room's on,
and you tell Bethable to visit you there later.
This is in a newenglandy manchonly house
where you'll be teachin'.

You find your room, enter.
It's pretty big, with two twinbeds
and a deskpiano, so you'll probably do OK here.
There's food, too: strawberries, and
a plate of cookies not yet baked,
and a bowl of cookiedough if you want to make
more
later for yourself.

There's a sink on one wall where you can wash
up,
and a toilet slightly sunk in the floor
and almost in the middle of the room.
There's books, music scores,
and papers of parlor games to hand out to your
guests,
presumably written by former occupants of the
room.

* * * * *

In all these circumstances, there was
a complete absence
of all the problems in your life
(like failure as a person, health thingys,
money troubles, deth)
or in the life of the Werld:
Climate disasters, impending dictatorships,
wars, mean people, dumb art.
None of those things, zip, nada.

[82]

31.vii.22
Suggestions In Canvas From Your iPad

We will need you
for your birthday tomorrow night
for a couple days if you're free
(by your way) back home

from the beach
on that shady side of town
with a friend or family
for dinner.

At a time or just the weekend,
we are all set up with friends
in a group for sure!
I am still on a plane and
I'm going back to my office and
I will have my car to do the next week of the
month
so if you're free
(by your way) back,
then we are just checking in
to make your appointment with the client
in a bit more time for a visit (by your way)
to get the information from your client
to visit your client
and client is working
on your client.

Client and client-client
are working on a client client
and client is working on the new job
for client
and client is working for a few months now. . . .

So if she wants,
you could use her phone or something like it
or something
and client will have her email [it?] to her
and you have her number
in the phone with your dad,
so you know she needs it
and you need a lobotomy or maybe a toaster.

Does she want a ride?
Or, maybe you could come to your room
at like it would work if we do the other one

or not be able [as?] we do the next time.

I go there.

I have the one on my house.

I don't want it on it so I'm going back to bed so

I will reevaluate if we are still in bed or not even
the one on my house or the next day.

I don't know how many times you need me,

I will be able and all

I need you need a few days back but you can get
me on the next day if I want it.

I can just put the stuff out of my house, if we
can.

I will do the other day

I can put them in the dryer for a couple hours

I will need it if we do that

I will do the laundry if we do need it if

I do that then

I'll do the next thing in a little later on that time if

we can make a plan and then we can go in and

do something with your own stuff if

I don't get to you

I don't need it for you to get a few bucks or if we

can do that for sure and

I don't know how many people do, you know,

but if you don't know

I will have them come up.

11.viii.22

First, there's that naked bull,

a bull without hyde nor hair.

He's snorty and clawing at the ground

and you're in his sights.

What do you do?

You casually jump on top the mailbox

and just maintain balance, which is tricky.

Bull sees you do this and dances with microglee.

* * * * *

It's the annual mating-festival-dance:
In an open field,
You and all the other guys of the village
rush forward in a semi-circle,
you're the first one on the right flank.

You're all met by bunches of the peasant women
from this village,
or maybe they're from
some other village,
which would probably be
a better genetic strategy.

Everybody's pairing up,
and you're last for all the coupling,
but there is a plain, homely woman
in a rustic peasant dress—she's the one for you!

17.viii.22

Three Locations

1. Oakley's Mansion
(lots of places for Katz to hide;
poet dude talking about rhyme and crime
and jagged, ragged lines).

2. Swiss chalet/ farm ,
covered in fluffy deep snow everywhere.

Young beautiful suicidal couple arrives.
You're the caretaker and you run the tours
narrated over cassette tapes.

She likes the reverse slow motion effect—
organic, abstract,
going in opposite direction,
with cameos by Fred 'n' Barney.
(This is like a visual effect filter

you can apply to real life, I guess).

He is good with animals and milks the cows.
("Will we be lovey-dovey again?" he malms.)

3. In film school.

You're getting your Kree-8tive groove back with
a short, featuring John Wier-dough,
young handsome 16 yr-old kid but wearing
freaky rubber ears.

And he says a monologue.

"Dear purveyors of trooth'n'Byoo-Tee,
Hand over all your guns'n'monee'n'stuff.
Now the real werk'B'ggins:
Just trooth-out da Idiots.
Hear them skreem!"

Later you ask if he wants to sees the roughs,
(+ ask what his character is called.
Otherdood says "John".

Confusion about the photo labs:
young gal prof is making one lightproof,
older dood asks you for a negative and print
you accidentally picked up,

It's a picture of *Tarantino with the ladies of nu
comedy*.

7.ix.22

Keeping track of receipts
or whatever, at the Big Conference.

PowerGal™ tells you, "I'm always
running into *her* at these things!"

She point to your Sposa.

You all need to get back to the meetings,
and all of this is in ZooRick, you think.

Shipping crates of worthless wooden knobs
or maybe they're artsy statues,

inhabited by Daddy Long-Legs
who make crunchy crackly sounds.
You could throw all this junk away.
(Why save that thermometer?
Does it still even work?)

Going down the hallway,
your host tells you about dinner tonight.
“They usually keep the barerestaurant open ‘til 6.
Tonight, we have the place to ourselves, at 8!”
he says.
Sposa was planning to attend, and would’ve
added
a kind and authentic nature to the proceedings
(exactly the qualities you lack),
but she’s just given birth,
like 10 minutes ago,
so she needs to really stay home with the kid.

Nevertheless, before she leaves,
you all enter the studio of Osbourne M.,
a print maker who teaches here.
He shakes your hand.
His face is a little puffy, but friendly.
The studio is what you might call “rustic
minimalism”
(Swiss chalet-like stained wood beams,
blank pale grey finely polished concrete for
walls)
and he shows you some of his work.
There’s that black’n’ white print of the dood
scrunched down, alarmed, pushing out,
like he’s trying to escape,
but constrained by the borders of the print
and the print is built into a white desk-like
display-structure.
“This is more hybrid—a very influential work!”
you say,
grabbing at words.
This guy is so outta your league!
Sposa sees that expression on your face,

and knows it's the one that means "I want this so bad!"

He shows you some international exhibition catalogs,
and a photo-scrapbook Lennon made for him,
containing a postcard from Cindy Sherman
(some discussion around her ensues).

He lives in the studio,
he has a boxy wooden crate for a bed
in the adjoining room.
There's a fireplace,
made with black bricks,
very very old, not carefully built or modern.

You take careful note of what he's wearing:
mostly pastel slacks, knit shirt & cardigan,
dull black Italian loafers of leather,
and thin grey socks.

Host shows you two of OM's prints, explaining:
"This one is mostly what everyone expects,
but this one," he shows a vertical landscape
with a floating red blob shape in the center,
"this one was immediately panned by critics,
and of course it's his defining work—
resplendent!"

*(You ask what he thinks it's worth.
"Oh, about half a trillion dollars."
"Isn't that a little . . . high?")*

16.ix.22
Chappa Raffa, Trooth-B-Told!

So, like, last nite . . .

V is revisiting that location
and the peeps at that location
who made it happen.

She needs a photo
of the elder mama and dauter
but without V. in it.
So, Mama provides that,
and the picture is complete.

(grasping, grappling, at what hath been lost . . .)

V and SFP are trying to reclaim an essence
a process
an instanstanciation,
of a trooth that died out 30 or 35 yeersago.

Wuffa!

So much lost!

Maybe just the sniff of an amorous odor
that points to an occasion
that suggests a scenario
where so much plays out
in an ambiquous
and totally unalarming
segmumnt ov Hyoomun Exisstunce

(hadknot tweleve hours o'existence o-kurred
between then'n'now
I miet've hadda better take-on-dis).

14.x.22

You open the trunk of your car
to find lots of black plastic containers
with matching lids.

You need to use screws
to put them together.
The screws don't always seem to fit
or work at all.

Things are falling apart.
Akordeeng to NuTonz LastLaw:

everything is constantly morphing
into something it already is.

13.xi.22

“... that which we do not know. . . .
we must not betray our ignorance of it.”
—SkyRon “Sermon on the Mound”

A story with many interrelated characters:
Only in the final act is the evildood’s return.
We thought we got rid of him in Act 1.
(Evildood played by b’Enstillah)
Patches of yellow posterized on his face,
changing all the time.
The reveal is dramatic because
he’s in a maroon-felt hooded robe,
back turned toward us
as we serve up the customers one-by-one.
“Next?” He approaches, and turns around.
See what I mean?

Later, in a different part of the Werld
we have a big inflatable dinosaur tail
attached to us,
and it’s filled with (s)helium,
and slowly we begin to rise.
Now, we’re getting pretty high,
and it seems we are leaving the Erth!

OK—about time!

17.xi.22

Cafeteria lunch next to the huge mountains of sand
Someone has carved what looks like a camel’s head
out of one of the peaks, probably 20 or 30 feet in
height,
but on top of the the peak, so about 60 or 80 feet
from the ground.
The locals call it “Horse’s Hed.”

Momwife fixes a plate for you, very meat’n’potatoey,
with gravy.

That's too much food. How will you eat all that?

Crossmus holiday walk by the manhattania river
multiple houses visted
House of Cats, with a young couple: bunch of
cats but also lion, tiger, and lynx
Lion is friendly, paws on you; he's de-clawed.

walk past boy in orange rabbit costume,
Two skulls one on each end of each long ear
gal who knows me, we jump in swimming pool
joined by parents
(dad complains about his saxophone made of
grapes
and the music it makes or music that
saxophonists make;
then joined by little sister 'n' her frend)
You notice a gun on the edge of the pool, by the
towels.

Before that, in downtown manhattania,
E-Warren in pool with two older white guys
(she's 77 at this point) and she's horsin' around
w/them.

Before that, some commotion in park
babysitter woman is trying to get out of her
sweater
or maybe it's a straight-jacket: you look away.
On to the nest.

(More details, yeah, this holiday-walk
you took before, it's familiar to you,
they dye the river red)
(something with birds, maybe? fish?)

19.xi.22

Tearing down one show,
\before putting another one together.
There are four floors,
you climb up the utility ladder
because the tearing-down people

are using the elevator.
Just the usual equipment'n'instruments.

Previous nite,
there's a hole in the ceiling
of OldHome Upstaaairs Bathroom
Amazing six kids and parents
could get by with just two batrooms, eh?
Except, by then, two dawters
had already left home, married.

Something corporate,
something something . . .

Are you lookin' forward
to a long and difficult dying?

28.xi.22
What's left:

StafCunning has a shaved hed!
Still, stubbly a bit,
Maybe this went on a few dazagoe.

Everybody tries to tell her she looks cool,
You know otherwize, but you still
try put a good face on things:

"Well, you look like a Traveller!"
You really mean, you look like
a freakin' Monk!
And you should know,
since you went thu
that phase.

What else?

You were in Some Informal PLace
and you dropped your sunglasses
when SC picked them up,
"Here, you dropped these.

And by the way, you look
incredibly wonderful right now!"
That's what she said right before
the exchanges above.
And she's in a white lab-coat of a robe,
so that doesn't help her out much.

Granted, there might be a total "look"
she's going for. You don't know.

Amazing that that's
all you can recall!

No, wait, when you looked outside
before all this happened
you noticed you were on the Jetty di Psychyitrie
a series of rocky outcroppings into the sea,
far from Citie, but not too far
for studiers-of-the-soul
to practice their trade,
for their fancier patients
driving in from almost a mile away.
(A mile is now an hour)

You wonder if Dr. Psych Guy
(frend of Phamus Phunnyman)
owns this whole stretch of land?
There's not another house
on this particular bit of realestate
fingering the sea.

Anyway, you're not really here to see him,
you're just here to look at some of the
weird wildlife they keep here as a semi-tacky
zoo.

There's a foxy-colored slothy thing,
and a bear-dog that comes for you,
and luckily, you close the door before he gets in.

Like I said, a zoo!

3.xii.22

At the Union

walking toward the union with tray of your meal
you are in a tuxedos,
but barefoot.

Wyosu (you)

approach the foot-bridge, and
one girl slides down (slips down)
the stairs leading up to the bridge,
it's winter, and snowy, that's why.

Dean Magestic

(played by NickAge)

admonishes BlondGal
for holding BrooNette Gal's hed
underwater.

"If you don't stop doing that, I'll put a bullet in
my heart,"

sez Dean/Nick.

9.xii.22

Ok, so thus it is,
and so thusly thus this is,
and so resplendently purplihaerd being of
absolute kindness
and perplexity! Wow!

Thusly thus:

- 1) driving on increasingly scary high-road
(overpass thingy?)
- 2) getting offit: your wawkin. "Gastashun ahead,
yeah?" sez SummaryTard.
- 3) Gastashun is just some shackphrunt that sells
balloonz. Yookeep wawkin, anden

:

and thusly phienahleethuz:

- 4) Yerwawching NurCee Nurrse, Evil Doc, and
BayBee.

BayBee on the slabby thing.
Docsez: (docter pulls plastic bag over head of
baby on slab going down to whole babby body,
bubaby body is sorta adult body)

(in this moment, guiellmo del torro will re-do all
the disney catalog at this point, and he will be
the elephant)

Not a biggie,
Kinda disturbin', if you're fragile in a sno-
phlaykee way.

You are looking at all this,
and saying to yourself, "Ok, but,
They're not gonna show the dood
Snipping off the baby's toes.

We like to think peeps of our spee-sees
are not kapabool of such hor-roarz!
But, we are, and we are pharr-moor Herabool,
and so we do what whee do
phrum whut wee are.

Doktoor holdz seeGarKuttah
and pees-phowly Kleepz off,
tooo toez, on babbieZ 1 phoot,
(babbie not krYingso much)
and den 1 on babbieZ 2 phoot.
Now, babbies startsa KRyee.

(thees lookalot like reely AdulToez)

11.xii.22
Willferril's shooting a film
about him and his gay lover
(mideastern doo,d,
curly black hair
and mustash).

Tracy AllMan as Gertie

one of the producers
calling up people, getting them
all to sign on
(this part is a little confusing to you).

But, there's a love scene,
with dude covered with
a cover from waist down,
will is under the cover,
his hed between dood's legs.

"what's he doin' down there?"
asks Gertie,
you see a small pile of excreta
at the head of the bed,
and a larger pile of tubes that look
very organic (like intestines),
next to it.

This is all happening
in a rustic hotel and all the actors
are checking in.

"My butt hurts!"
says one of the actresses
as she's checking in,
and later wandering
up to her room
you see her in the hall,

"there, there now!"
you say these comforting words to her.
Someone else, checking in,
also says,
"hey, my butt hurts, too!"

Will had put a sign up
near the front desk
for all the actors to say that
when they checked in.

*(more movie business,
mostly pre-production at this point,
still workin' out the script, etc.)*

13.xii.22

(Abigail Chopin-Maul is the actress above)

You've been trying to find a job
for Babby Oiatz.

"here's one for a research assistant -
You'd be studying the River of Grass," you tell
him.

"Here, fill out this form."

He does.

"Well, that was a big waste of time," he says.

"And then they prolly won't hire me

"'Cuz I'm Ded."

He might have a point there, you ponder.

20.xii.22

It really was an art exhibit
and one you never meant to put together
in the first place:

Yet, here they are—
a bunch, a gathering
of special wonders, in art-form,
and that ranges from canvas
to screen
to biological statement.

26.xii.22

"Hey, didja hear about DoodOne?
He's starting to see ghosts!" sez DoodTwo.
You know them both marginally,
but you would like to see Dood
talking with a ghost!

So, DoodOne walks in,
and behind him, alongside his own shadow

is the shadow of the ghost.

And now, you, too, can see the ghost!
He's a tall young Englishy-looking dood,
dirty blond hair, wearing
a white pirate-y shirt,
and below the belt
he looks 18th century-y.

You strike up a conversation with the ghost,
"What's your name?"
"Jeremy."
"Are there others with you?"
(meaning, are there other ghosts you hang out
with
when you're not hangin' with us)
"Yeah, there's a few. Arranged according to
faith," he sez.

You jump right into the next question,
which really should have been,
when did you live, what did you do,
where, how did you die, how old were you,
did you meet any neat historical figures,
or something like that.
Really, any of those, but instead,
"Can you make things move?"
Jeremy helps you string
two thimble-sized mechanisms
at either end of a wire about two feet long,
and start attaching one to the big glass kitchen
window,
then the other, with a loop above the two that
looks
like an inverted square "U."

Jeremy mumbles something about
how the girl walking by outside
would see something move now.
Then everything sorta fades away.

Put through QuillBot:
Hey, have you heard of DoodOne?
He has begun to perceive ghosts! DoodTwo
says.
You have a passing familiarity with both of them,
but you want to see Dood conversing with a
ghost!

DoodOne enters the room and notices the
ghost's shadow behind him in addition to his
own.

And now you can see the ghost as well!
He has filthy blond hair, is a tall young man with
an English appearance, is dressed like a pirate
below the belt, and is wearing a white shirt.

You start a dialogue with the ghost by asking,
"What's your name?"
"Jeremy."

Is there anyone else with you?
Yes, there are a few other ghosts that you hang
out with when you're not hanging out with us.
According to religion," he claims.

You ask the following query right away, which is

Yes, there are a few other ghosts that you hang
out with when you're not hanging out with us.
According to religion," he claims.

The real follow-up question should have been
something along the lines of: When did you live,
what did you do, where, how did you die, how
old were you, did you meet any interesting
historical personalities, or something along those
lines.

Any of those, really, but how about, "Can you
get things moving?"
Jeremy assists you with stringing two thimble-
sized mechanisms on either end of a wire that is

about two feet long. You next hook the first mechanism to the large kitchen window, then the second, with a loop that resembles an inverted square "U" above the two.

The girl passing by outside would notice something move right now, Jeremy murmurs. Then everything kind of vanishes.

[81]

16.i.23

There's not a lot to say
about the people or events:
your three gradstuds—tall,
afrohavin black dood, straight
out of the '70s, sharp strong
black gal, who doth suffer no fools
or you being silly, or trying to be
(always a miscaculation, note to self,
learn to read the room better),
and Kelli, whom we met earlier,
also smart, athletic white gal
with dirty blonde hair,
very kathyesque.

The events: landing your alien craft
first on houses, and that damages
a few roofs,
but then managing to land it
on the grassy fields by the reversible
highway overpass (it turns its driveable
surface underneath itself during rush hour—
never have been sure why it works that way).

The places were a little more distinctive:
modernist/minimalist kitchen where
everything is white (you phone Kelli
and ask her if she'd like to do a shoot
this sunday, here, and she agrees.
Joke's on you because you have

nothing to shoot!).
Adjoining, is a Qorian Qonvenience store
that only sells dishwashing detergent,
breakfast cereals, and Kleenix™.

[80]

19.ii.23

Let us not forget where you are:
a small island, with one road that encircles it.
Just a handful of shops & toursity places,
and the Korporate KonSern that runs everything.

Remember these three things:
You recall seeing the fuselage of a long blue
aircraft
with some fuel or oil or something leaking,
in a big puddle all around it.
Problee not so safe!

You run into your buds
as you're returning from circling the island,
and tell them about it.
"Oh, that's *The King of the Island*," they say.
You're not sure if that's an actual person
or the name of the plane.

You're sitting and doing that chart
or database or whatever
for The President of The KumpaNee,
Gerald tries to be helpful, "You need a lawyer to
fill that out.
I don't know what you think you can do on your
own,
it's not getting done right," sez he.

Next, you open up your gift-book,
a document that accounts for a gift to you
pHrum Spouse, proolly for Cross-Mass:
it's a deep-fake Spouse commissioned
to put you in the lead role of that

famous film *The Preacher* (not the real name).
so there you are, in your dirty-dogcollar
baptizing, and being baptized in *The Creek*,
swollen now to epic river size.

DeeDub, standing nearby,
holds your hed against her gurliness,
maybe you should hum?
Anyway, you need to pack now,
bekuz you're leaving the island.
Maybe you can smuggle what's left of your
cocky on board
in that puffly makeup kunTaner?

6.iii.23

Alphamale dood
(Stocky, bald, wearing what looks like
a yellowish kimono)
supercompetitive with you, he places
his LP collection on as many record-slots
(places on a grid for about 6X6 lps, facing up,
but you were able to put oene of yours in that
first row
but really that's the first spot!)
You both talk about certain albums.

Making your film, just early rehearsals,
with Skarsgaard and the tall bleachedblond girl
with tight, ornate curls,
both sitting on the couch,
almost a lovewseat, along with one other older
guy.
They rehears a scene,
then you tell them you'd like to take a few
pictures,
you take some with your phone,
but it's hard, it's a dark room, livingroom,
with a few practical lamps in the scene, those
cylindear ones,
and they make it hard to frame people behind
them,

or cats or grannies (a few of all them in the room, suddenly).

You and the girl are in a corner of the room on the floor,
and one of your artist friends has painted a map of continental USA
in their own bold, earthy, colorful almost-cartoony style.
You try to point out on the floor/map where you all are,
it's SoFla, but you can't quite reach it to point it out to her.
She hasta do it herself.

You take more picutres of cats & grannies,
and then you're all in Mass, somewhere at a party,
Young dood says he's going to a speech event,
some guy talking about the importance of local politics andf dissolution of marriage.
The floor-film starts up (it's a film shown on the floor, but this is a full-size theatre sdreen.
The opening shot is an overhead longshot of a motoboot
skimming over a beautiful blue ocean, with graphics drawn on boat and water
as the journey of boat continues,
it's a strong orange line, and you get out on the floor
and walk on this tracing of the path, lower left of screen to upper right,
diagonal for a bit, then a long straight horizontal, then diagonal again
to where you leave the frame and go through velvety dark red curtains
and out the other side to another party area,
a bar that's set in the wall to a plain white room with the beautiful young couple, just getting out of bed,

stretching, nude, the lovely woman, blonde,
straight hair,
tall, a little more athletic and chunky, but
posturing in friendly doggy styles,
smiles at you a lot.
They're filmmakers from Oregon, and now the
guy is telling the party goers
about his film (you guess, assume), his wife
continues stretching, posturing,
you feel you're being intrusive but still you stare
at her,
and you manicure your fingernails
in a way that turns them bright opaque white.
You're almost done with them, and she smiles at
you again

8.iii.23

Wandering at night in IceCity®—again!
You've just finished communication with
BigDeelDood™
and he wants you to build this really neat spy
network!
You!
You & he were going to meet before the concert
at 8,
but it's already 7 and it's too late to have a meal,
or even a drink and a chat
before the show, and your Foen-battery is almost
ded.

So you, run, all frantic, to the end of the street,
then another one,
and finally get to one of the main aves into
TownCentaur.
(It's Habersmishmusha-whatever Avenue).
Pretty deserted, but you see a woman open a
hidden door on
the side of a barn-like building that's actually a
restaurant.
Maybe you can hang out there and call the guy?

Now there's a stoop to the side of the door, you sit there.

Young distraught manboy approaches.
("Is that BigDeel? Nah, can't be," you think.
Isn't.)

YDMB tells how he just got dumped by his boyfriend.

"So it goes," you say, or you say it in french, or some other lame consolation.

You get up to continue down the street,
but a majestic lion comes out the door, and heds toward downtown, first on all fours,
then upright like a man.
He pulls out his lion-wanger and pisses on the street.

9.iii.23

Meeting at a parkbench
near the chesstables,
Kenneth shows you his latest verse.
He reads it—it has an elegant rhyme scheme
he calls "double ensemble."

Annoying Phanboi approaches,
then sits on him!
You get him off!
"That's what happens to you," you tell K,
"when you're famous!"

11.iii.23

I. You're coaching your accolite KloolLess to figure out the three things about both members of the debate you're having them debate so you can tell which spy is the one to reveal whatever, the 3 things KloolLess should do, those are covered in your paper.
but you hafta communicate that to him
Wiffout Werdz™,

and the topic is “what have you published on Islamic literature” or maybe spycraft or something.

There’s a time limit, and also consequences for everybody. Like somebody’s not making it out alive.

(gotta getta waephrom her,
you drive to outskirts of town
to inskirts of The MultiMountains™
The view is spectacular!)

(gotta dealwidda shwesters:
Yungerone in Luuuz with U,
Oelderone U in Luuz wid.)

16.iii.23

You’re in a 19th C. tux
with a full tophat.
You walk out into the superornate lobby of this
building,
and step on the fancy carpet
and everything slows down dramatically.
It’s so slow that you can take in
all the detail of the carpet and the lobby and the
tophat.

You’re walking around the people in the lobby,
and asking if anyone can take photos of you.
“Do you have any film left?” you ask one
woman.
Transition to you taking the pictures, helped by
MuseGal™.

Now, the landscape changes to rural Britannia
with those Roman aquaduct thingys on all the
roads.

You’re watching the story of Yuppie Vampire,
driving his Beemer® on the road, he parks it
under the arch of the aquaduct,

and then he can slip into Vampire Hell inside.

There, he can get blood from animals, although we don't

really focus on all the usual vampire stuff.

In this case, he grabs a sheep he finds just outside the entrance.

There's lotsa vampires here, and they all just get by

with whatever condition their body was in when they got vampired.

There's a big guy lying next to a deep pit, without arms,

and the narrator says, "He's living in Heaven, in Hell!"

Yuppie Vampire has to be more careful in the outside world,

'cuz a car ran over one foot, and he had to hop on the other one

to the hole in the road he can hide in and punch nastyman-holes in the bottom of the car that ran over his foot, as it drives over (the hole he's in).

Time is the face of a clock floating in the aire.

Time calls Yuppie Vampire "Tom."

Back to the lobby, where you're going to

photoshoot the people assembled

in rows, you're figuring out how you'll shoot them,

and really you want to shoot motion, but you just have a still camera (back in the day when they were separate).

One person in one row has a double-butt for his hed.

He's not the only normal one.

Next, the lobby becomes a rollerskate rink at the bottom of a lair in Vampireland,

and you see a few familiar faces skate past you,
you make it to the top of the cave, and into a
passageway,
you still have your tophat on.
This takes you to an exhibit hall, like the lobby
you were in,
and there are some of your art pieces there on
display,
plus a refrigerator that a guy opens and crouches
into,
you bounce your light on him (you're still
shooting your pictures),
and you also re-arrange some of your drawings.

Now, the hall becomes a dance hall, and all the
Vampires are dancing.
One Lesbian Vampire partners with you, and
you hold her at arm's length, because sometimes
these Vampires
can just suck the soul right out of you.
You don't let that happen,
but the dance suffers as a result.

*You find other people to dance with,
Mostly women, some human and some Vampire.*

19.iii.23

You're at a screening for an early film by
LaLouche.
You've seen his later films, and you try to see
aspects of his mature style in this early one,
but you just don't make any connections.
You better think something up—you're going
out for coffee or beer after the show
with your filmy-frendz.

The picture's over, so you all head out to the
parking lot.
You find your car, and open doors for people.
"Elizabeth B." (author of the book on the
filmmaker) gets behind the wheel.

You try to come up with an excuse why she
doesn't have to drive,
but she insists, so off you go.

Arriving at the cafe with—seems like—
everybody from the event,
It's actually one of those busses that's a cafe, too.
You pull out your sooperate camera and film the
comings & goings.

There are some of your friends up front by the
cash register,
There's some industrial worker doods in
jumpsuits, handling
A really unruly extrusion of some industrial
Polyurethane Phoam
hardened into a snaky shape they struggle with,
all Lakoo-ooningly,
And finally, there's LaLouche himself, getting on
the bus,
and seeing that you're filming, comments on the
scene.

You sit with Scot-Tay with EB between you,
you both put your arms around her.
(Some homoerotic hanqué panqué among the
three of you).
Someone mentions how you three are "the
spontaneous filmmakers!"

* * * * *

It's about three hours later now,
and everyone is back in the cafe,
which is a real cafe now.
You wonder when you'll finish this film,
or the other one that's also being shot around
LaLouche.
Should you maybe join forces with them?
Should Michael do the voice-over,
because the alternative is you doing it,

in a deeper voice that always sounds fakey?
So many questions!

You order your usual frenchfires
with cheese baked into a cloth napkin,
and, spilling water on yourself, asks the waitress
to bring you an espresso.
“Yeah, an espresso will make you get things
done!” says Momspouse.

26.v.23

Justa twoo - *dremik splurgens*:

1. That thing that happened! THAT Wazda
mostim portantstuff. Dog, if I koodrah
Memberdat!

2. In Las VayGuss - that gal who had to re-create
your rental car!

31.v.23

first:

staying in two really big rooms,
a hotel,
not much to do here,
so you run from room to room
for a little exercise.

In the hallway
there's a door that separates
parts of the hallway
or maybe another room
from yours.

You grab the knob
and begin some fake 'gas'ming,
with much shaking.
The hotel cleaning-maid pushing
her cleaning cart
makes a 180 when she sees the door shaking.

Second:

You must finish your senior year in high-school.
You catch a ride from the UPS truck to get there,
the driver's name is Stephen.
you and the three other people on the bus are
early
You find out your home room and look around
a little.
So boring.
Some interesting details, though.

1.vi.23

Packing up all the equipment from your gig,
and then you'll drive the car around back
to load it, hope nobody lifts it (creepsit) while
you're gone.

So, there was that gig,
and the after-gig party (after-gig gig?)
is at Wildly RichDood's mansion.
How much money did it take
to bulild this place in the middle of nowhere
in the jungle?
And such fine, white stucco on the walls!
You're in the dining room with your bandbudz,
seated at this long table,
presided over by that huge abstract painting
by JoanWillam DePollak-KrasMitch-RothKlein,
that cyborg nanoai monstrosity they reverse-
engineerd
from all the AbsExpress artists, and it's gotta be
Twenny'bi'twenny or thirddy'bi'thirddy.
That canvas is probly werth more
than WRD's junglekastle.
You shouldn't be so awestruck,
—really, that looks bad on you—
but you are.

[Previously, during the gig,
you were going to riguppah voice-box for T.,
so she could speak into it,
and her essay on post-interdisciplinary art

would be transformed into a rockyhorroresque
musical,
but you can't make it work, so everybody
just heard her read her talk.
Nobody suspected anything amiss.

Still, you're dissapointed that you've let her
down,
and, —no! What the—?]

Andrez Boxybob Doophus (played by Kensuck
Sessions)
is on second floor near, "what is that called?" he
asks a waiter, "portico?"
and he thinks he can walk out on it by pushing
on the big painting,
like it will open some corridor or something,
but you're already in dread, as you see ABD
push the painting off the wall,
the whole thing barely misses the dining table,
RichDood groans, and you and a few others
rush to re-hang the backing to the canvas,
(knowing that's the only way to prevent
everyone from strangling ABD!)

You do your best with securing a foothold on the
wall,
like you're urban mountain-climbing,
grabbing a white block screwed into the plaster
(hope it holds!)
and you and the others
are looking like you're succeeding.

The pleasantries of art, and fun, and food with
rich people
is nothing compared to the wide-screen film
shown on the wall opposite the painting.
It is a documentary of Actual Hell
that RichDood somehow managed to film,
and it has endless scenes of nude bodies

floating in boiling liquid, but not being
consumed,
Bald fat old white men sexing eachother, and
babies,
and a few women who float by with their
intestines hanging out.
The film goes on and on, on multiple screens,
multiple shots.
The horror is stunning, palpable.
And such big portions!

15.vi.23

Fer Bidden Froot:
This is a remarkable black woman,
Unexpectedly serious, but fun,
(or contrarywise . . .)
Beautiful, graceful, full of
an enormous majesty of life.
And yet she veils it all.

She flirts with you with unimpeded self-
confidence,
and the humor comes out, simply and
devistatingly.
(My gawd, she really likes you!)
You will be with her soon,
but all those details
need to be worked out,
part of the charm of the forbiddenness.
The slowness with which
you both assess eachother's eyes:
This tells what is to come.
It will be hot.
Hot hot.

She is a frend of your ded frend's frend? Bobby
Dedfrend?
His frend?
Bobby's there, too, he tells you,
"Like they're all linin' up to be wif you. Man!"

(There waza point ware-yer
walkin' together, hand in hand,
but past or future, you cannot say)

Then, them all leavin, but how to get cat to
come along?

"Throw her the toast!" regardz Spaous.
You toss toast under the gate, cat goes for it.
But oh no!--Big yellow rooster attacks her!
SuperVishuss!
You break it up with a long pole,
with help from a dogger.
"You called him dogger!" sezmeaspoza.
She misses the larger point.

(Then, academics meeting; do we let Jimmy E.
back in, as a post-educated, post-dropout
fellow/dood?)

And now, everybody's leaving, she's leaving,
and you get close,
so close, so warmth, so breath,
and without anyone seeing yall,
You semi-smooch her, and say,
"I want more!"

Back in the sprawling video game, again.
Where to start?
Multiple levels, you leave the hostel,
right through the walls, fly around a while,
A few cats here'n'there, no people.
Then, a thousand feet above the city,
hints of clouds veiling the skyline,
Dead of the night you guess.

When you descend, you're in the 1930's,
and you land in front of a couple of pianos
in the middle of the street.
You play the opening to *Hammerklavier*
but in Eb, not Bb.

A gangsta dood appears
behind the baby grand and shoots you.
(He's shooting blanks).

Next, on to the BigHouse.
Deja-views of those towering carpeted stairs,
Lots of exotic details from the Orient,
Reds, Yellows, Golds.
You're invited to much personal sexing,
but there's always something wrong.
One woman is miniature, with no arms,
One Mishello Bama-lookalike turns into
a briochebun and crumbles all around you.

You run into frendz ded'n'livin'
Frendz and petz, like your raterior Ralph.
The soundtrack is pretty great, and not always
triggered by action.
It starts when you move your hand
theremin-like over some knob,
A single pitch that grows
into newagy harmonies,
and then
it all crackles into JimmySmith B3 riffs,
Very effective!

Another section is a voiceover
by a folksy black man.
More flying
so much more than what's here.

View, privacy,kats looking out window
Tomorrow, heat maps and neighborhoods.
Kathy at 12:30 cst
taco burrito king greek town
halstead & 811 W Jackson blvd.
enchilata plate.
zeus - spicy chicken sandwich - chicken kabob
mr.gyro -

rogers park greenline before 10am

==rescheduled for later . . .

psy
kyron talk
yeiiowstone?

Norwood Park

Your train is approaching,
But it's on the wrong track.
It's coming, there's time to back down,
SlimDood has already crossed over.
He's young'n'immortal, that's why.

You cross the tracks
A little more slowly than you expected,
So as to not get stuck in the track.
Man, would that suck—
Getting run over by a train!

You make it to the other side,
Train semi-roars past,
You catch up to SlimDood and tell him,
"See? Whatcha saw there
Was my life flashing before your eyes!"

16.vi.23

point/counterpoint *:

The Kummunity of Komposerz
holds a popularity contest
between you and the stylistically
uncomplicated guy
(he writes in the academic style
currently in vogue).

You looze.
WinnerDood outlines all the neat activities
for the newcomers,

and you're jealous,
especially since the one new guy
who adores your music and worships you
thinks you outsmarted everybody
by intensionally submitting your worst work,
that that was your way of getting the better of
WD.
"that was so brilliant of you!" fawns fanboi.
But you know that wasn't your intension, at all.

Nicole calls DedFrend an FPOS,
but in a good natured, kidding manner.

DedFrend gives everyone a big bowl of black
beans
and a belt.
You eat the beans, and put the belt on your
midrift,
under your shirt,
in case everyone will be asked to eat their belt,
and you'll claim you already ate it.

Everything here is not as it is.

* vis-a-vis yesterday's drem

3.vii.23

You're trying to hide in The Basement,
More accurately, you're trying to hide in The Pit,
But Dad is already there.
You're trying to shoo away the young kids
So they don't give you away.

You're wanting to hide from The Dragon,
Although you kinda figger Dragon will just kill
whoever he finds.

Why are you so afraid of Dragon?
That's so childish!

You be the Dragon.

We think we know
Who we are.

We are so much less,
And so much more.

1.viii.23

Walking just west of The Church,
One deduct on sidewalk,
Maintenance doors should take care of that.
At ministershaus, two more kitties
But with human faces.

* * * * *

You're at the new kondoplaes.
Two of your naybers discuss "Victory"
(That's a medical record technology,
Some sort of database, maybe)
They claim to each know two people
Who, using that tool, saw horses!

You need to repair that electronic gate-thingy
That you may have busted when you first came
in.
It's flimsy, all wires and little tubes or pipes
carrying the wires
And able, somehow, to swing the gate open
When you slide your ID card or whatever,
maybe enter a code on a keypad.
You have no idea how this thing actually works.

Inside, you look out the window
To see PossibleCriminalBoy climbing the fire
escape ladders outside.
He climbs up seven or eight stories,
Maybe casing the joint?

* * * * *

Now you're in a KoreanPopMusicVideo.
It takes place in a mine,
This makes you very claustrophobic.
But not only that, but you then
Need to be one of the two astronauts
That are inside a space capsule in the mineshaft.
It's like Gemini or maybe Soyuz?
Anyway, one of the MishunKontrol Foods
Shows you a bunnyrabit, one of two
That will ride along with the two astronauts.
The bunnies will be stored right behind and
under
The seat of each astronaut,
In what's called the "snitch" space, or maybe
"snatch space".
Rabbits in this context are called "snitches" or
"snatches."

You imagine how it might turn out better than
suffocation:
You and the other astronaut make your way
outside the shaft,
And into the open air, with sun just setting.

* * * * *

2.viii.23

You've never heard OttiBot the Kat
Howl like this, very even sustained
Bass monotone, almost like a machine.
Your bedmate and you remark
On the remarkableness of this.

On one side of the bed, you kneel
In a praying position, and pretend to sleep
While your two students prepare
For their gameshow appearance.

You hope you've prepared them adequately
To go up against the current champion,
The lovely and talented NancyAnn Kookie-
Kennedy!
We'll see.

Now, you're in the finale of *SuckSeshun*™,
An enormously popular TV show.
It's a big party, maybe a wedding
Or funeral, or mass suicide.
Never quite sure what it's gonna be.

You're KenDoll, putting on your French cuff
shirt,
Taking bobby-pins out of your hair.
Special Guest Star Rebekka Whatever
Flirts with you, you try to return the complement,
But she has an incandescent aura about her,
And tiny spikes in her hair catch the light.

You join the audience, watching the dance
Where the guys throw rubber balls,
And one comes right for you,
You catch it and toss it back
To one of the guys in the dance.
(They're all dressed in blue satin inflatable
jumpsuits,
And thus they are all bulky and fat looking.)

Rebekka is not so lucky,
As one ball is thrown and sticks to her face.
She tries to pull it off without removing her
eyelash,
But the eyelash comes off.
She'll need someone in Makeup to fix that.

As the dance continues, you join it
And also play cards with your other siblings.
You've all worked out some sort of code,
And Romulus throws down the Ayesovspaeds.
That's got be mean something nasty,

You'll want to throw down a King,
Which you interpret as destroying The Old Man.

His birthday present is revealed:

It's a hotrod/bed

Sort of a kingsized mattress with a sidecar,

You can drive it, you can sleep on it.

It was built for him by MacDonwald's,

One of only two they built.

("Why not just one?" Old Man's being testy.

"So you can have another one after you crash,"
says McD engineer dood.)

Further, the announcer adds, "It's built with
engine by Porsche,

Body by Varfignugen, and in the spirit of
Gotterdamerung!"

Just wow.

* * * * *

Afterwards, stumbling into darkroom,

You find a few people already there.

You apologize, and say, "Oopsorry, I thought
It was available—I'll sign up for a later time!"

You encounter the tale of Boy Who Leaves

Penny

On The Sidewalk.

BWLPOTS does that, then the vindictive Bald

Guy

Picks it up, places it on his own head.

(Endings are always like, so,

like,)

Boy repeats procedure of placing other coins

On the sidewalk, BG repeats his,

One expects a lesson to be learned,

Or a clever saying imparted,

But that doesn't happen,

You just wake up.[147]

3.viii.23

Three parts:

1. While PB does autopsies, you're making a brochure. One of your colleagues is proofing it and tears it to shreds, editorially, says you're incompetent, the worst.

2. You're wandering just beyond your usual hallways at work to one that's extremely white, glowing, luminous Music store is nearby, sells instruments etc. "Shawn" is there, he's an IT guy, but here he sells instruments, you ask if he has any Indian ones, he shows you a sitar that has a tabla on the end of the neck so you can drum'n'strum at the same time. You talk with him about that huge, bright white , pulsating room, "do they have performances in thee?" A"All the time!" He says. You exchange business cards with him, but you have so much in your hands as you step away from the cash register, you pull along some postage stamps they also sell there. You are clumsy, but not intensionally stealing that tshit.

4. Sitting in the bleachers, eating melted food, talking with gangster dood, you finish your plate and start on a bowl of sausages, but they're frozen. You put them in a microwave, set the bowl out to cool, but then entitled ratio dood and his friend grab them and start eating them, laughing at you no respect! You are mad, but you let it go, go back to gan=gsta guy, who's now Joe & Amy, J shows you how his tongue is now purple from eating some purple shit, and you contemplate inviting them both to beat up the young latino doors, but you decide not to, you say ta ta to them both, walk down the street, past lines of people

waiting to get into the theaters where
performances have been going on all
night—this is in the early AM.

11.viii.23

Billionaire Rich Dood (a la Meeron Lusk)
Entices you and a few other employees
Onto his private jet,
“Yeah, I usually privilege this great privilege
to the winner of The annual Crossmas Party!
C’mon!” he slurs,

And then he sextraffux all you to Springapore,
Where there are about thirty other identical
private jets
All just waiting, just hovering in the air,
To unload their booty.

(You could have said XaereGo instead of the
pirate term.)

10.ix.23

It’s hard to tell
Sometimes, if you’re a bad zombie
Or just a reanimated corpse
Of a basically OK person.

This is where you are.

12.ix.23

Whatever are you doing
In the boy’s lockerroom?
Trying to find a place to pee
Before that European dood,
Who’s also looking for the same thing.
Most of the guys here are rural, redneckky.

This place is filthy,
And you’re walking around in your socks.

EuroDood strikes up a convo

With one guy:
"And you sent your dogs
To hunt down that deer!
Now, you must surrender
YOUR NAME!"

←*This is where the rest of your dreemz™ go*→

zebra

END

**TRANZ
MISH
UNZ.**

FOOL

**CON
CHUSS
NUSS**

UH
CHEEV'D.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

(Whoa! You know what, most of these so called 'notes' might just be bad versions of everthing preceeding! It's wertha thot!—SR . . . around the timestamp the scholars decrypt.)

(Whoa! Also, wertha thot: that these notes are the 'babby thrown out widda bath water', sorta thingy. They might be the purest essences in these sad, sorry pages!—SR. . . 9.viii.17)

(Mostly MeeninGluss Jibberish—SR . . . 22.iii.20)

(Nah! SR. . . 17.i.21)

(Let's all just lick eachothers' faces right now instead of reading this, OK? —SR . . . 20.vi.22)

[1] Original note on manuscript:

This from November something 2004. Let us face this—it could've been 1904, or 1604, or 1104—so much history is so fawhquicking redundant.

[2] Original note on manuscript:

This dreem was like a whole csi episode:

[3] Added post 2011:

Or Boka-Ratoon,/most vile of places,/home to the Emma-Jay Sawnderz of Erth!

[4 - 7, 9, 13, 24-25, 42, 44] Featured in *meme™ gig 2* soundtrack (November, 2009)

[8] Excised from manuscript:

16.ix.05

4) In line at the cafeteria,
but knowing there's two parts to it:
the fried foods, which you take too many of;
then the checkout—where greg D. gets upset
that someone has just tossed
what looks like a single linoleum panel
onto a part of the track that he's especially sensitive to;
and going back to the main area to get more
—that would make it 3 parts, wouldn't it?

3), 2), and 1): other images that escaped my sieve-like grasp.

[10] Excised from manuscript:

22.ix.05

More happened than I can write down

—very rich and interesting encounter.

highlights:
contact lens issues,
diffusing a small bomb
(about the size of a couple of wheat thins),
pretty elaborate ranch-style house,
interesting people.

There was so much, much more!

[11] Adapted for use in *down/side* (additional material italics)

[12] This was an actual color choice for the 1970 Chevy Nova.

[13b] Edited 8.xii.18. Originally:

*There was also
a superabundance of ladies
drawn to the dough like bees/ants to honey.*

[14] (*dreem + nondreem*) in original manuscript.

[15] Original note:

*—written 9.11.06. still trying to find a meaning-container
to put all this in. this life and everything that happens,
etc., whatever.
memento mori but don't forget to memento vivere, too.*

[16, 28, 32, 38, 45-47, 49, 50, 52-56] included in *meme™*, *gig 3: Suicide Monster* (April 2010).

[17] From original manuscript:

(these are but mere fragments)

[18] From original manuscript:

(photo-blog/video-blog - whatever!)

[19] SkyRon™ song lyric appeared here in original manuscript:

7.ii.07
Another SkyRon™ song:

We can agree
on bodily functions
they're funny
yeah, they're funny

We can agree
on life'n'deth -
its messy
yeah, it's real messy

We can agree
on life'n'deth -
basinet to coffin'
U got me laffin'!

[20] SkyRon™ nonsense song *Woodl* appeared here; excised from original manuscript due to its unremarkable lameness:

9.v.07
woodl* woodl woodl
there's a verb here
woodl woodl
nobody knows what it means
woodl
it's not "phlank"

woodl woodl woodl woodl
they worked like candy.
(candy the slave?)
woodl woodl
Bum-Bust, and Herniatitus
woodl woodl woodl woodl
woodl
Throwing Duck.
woodl

* rhymes with "noodle"

[21] Original note from manuscript:

** yeah, it's the Bobby who did himself in in '95. (search for "frisbee" or "majorca" or "beach" or "memory book" to find other dreemic references to him. These stories are in the Stones™ module of BadMindTime™ Classic*

[22] Excised from manuscript:

- Other events:
Ensemble rehearses badly.
That's all.
Here's another one:

[23] Excised from manuscript:

Lotsa folks read -
not too many write
on the train.

[26] My grandma, Frieda Finck, always said she'd take me on a trip to Africa. I was six or seven at the time. She died (1970) before she could fulfill her promise.

[27] Here was excised yet another SkyRon™ song:

13.x.07

SeKret (offensive in both style and content)

—arguably yet another SkyRon™ Song:

look up deez werdz when you gotta minute -

crakah ass - protege

crakah ass - mentor

and den latah on

crakah ass - duh european notion of duhMisTress.

duh suckah U Bee 2 Dinkov Doze Dingz! Massah!

[29] Postscript in manuscript:

(this is a tough scene to follow)

[30] Postscript in manuscript:

*("mirrors on wheels" is SkyRon™'s charity -
where he pulls around a big mirror on wheels
and visits those in need of a mirror)*

[31] Postscript in manuscript:

(there were also compelling characters
and interesting action
but all these escaped
my fragile grasp to remember them.
Sings: "Suckstabee HyooMun. . . .")

[33] Internal note: *(Hey, did you know
that not picking your nose
cures your wife's depression? It's True!)*

[34] Postscript in manuscript:
"plant people are taken care of"

[35] Postscript in manuscript:
*(this is a DreemSkape Challenj™ - see how muchovda dream
you can reconstruct hours after it happened, before the werld
intrudez agin!)*

[36] Cryptic message hidden in this one! Can you figure it out?

[37] Postscript in manuscript:

*(visit <http://villabarbaros.com/sightseeing.htm> if you want to see
where this took place)*

[39] Original text to down/side voiceover/mashup was here:

When people ask me, "how do you do it?"

I tell them, "Well,

You've got to be able to work in spite of

regular, daily
poisonings.

You've got to be able to do the work
when you don't want to,
and when you don't have any money to do anything.

And, plus, you need to do this
when you don't have any time to do it, either.
And you need to do it when you're really very tired,
And especially, when you are dispassionate
about the whole idea of work."

So, that's what I tell them.
They, they look at my work and say,
" I had no idea!"

or,

"I thought you had more talent"

or

"You should give up, right now"

or

"You know, I know of a falafel stand
it's down the street a ways,
and the guy there needs some help there.
You should help him."

So, there's discouragements along the way.
But you persist.
And you keep doing you work,
Even if nobody really likes it.
And sometimes, even, you yourself don't like it either.
But you keep doing it.

Then, somebody shoots you.
(see, that's the funny ending).

[40, 42, 43] Included on *meme™ gig 1: What Just Happened?*
(April, 2009).

[41] Continuation (excised):
Nor do I know the answer
to the question
"Who is Reggio?"
Nor do I know
who I have recommended
to go to Candy Spa,
nor where that is,
nor what that means.

[48] Note from manuscript:

That vast, deep, endless mutheroV Kulcher, The Internet, has
yielded this :

"Clare" By Miss Lillian Collins

Clare is a city
of business and life
Our people are all social,
no discord, no strife
No man is too swell
to walk in its ranks
We need no fool killers
and we have no cranks.

*(this was as much of the poem as I knew, from the actual
centennial in 1981 (82?). The complete verse is here:
<http://iagenweb.org/webster/drussell.htm> [- you'll need to use the
WayBack Machine for this link—SR. . . 17.i.21])
(I can only aspire to become that fool from Clare who would
warrant a reassessment by Miss Lillian.)*

[51] Note from manuscript:

(*lunch-bucket, lunch-box)

[57] Note from manuscript preceding next three dreems:

*(Trois Izbia Dreem Frags™,
frum Trip Frum Hell™,
dates approximate,
dreems approximate):*

Marginalia after second dreem:

A rather large
and hairy deal,
would you not agree?

[58] Original note in pigeon-phonetic spelling:

BaySikLee doin' wutCHER doin'.

[59-65] Used in the online and performance work *meme™ 4.2:
Trialog* (Summer 2011 - April 2012)

[66] Excised from the ms. were *protodreemics* that seemed too
close to real life:

5) Yes, I still need dancers
and I'd like to talk with you.
I left you a message via Skype,
but got rolled to your voice messages.

6) Would it be just you,
or would you know one more like you
who'd also be interested and available?

7) I'm looking into a small honorarium
and I'll let you know about that
when I find out.

[67] Original note in manuscript:

* and I shooduv asked, "hoy, dood, wtf?
U wanna me to pay ur
selfOne bill? Massahs!

[68] Excised from manuscript:

(essentially duplicates previous examination of the moment of deth
in 26.v.09):

24.x.11
DreemyKommentz™

You know,
we don't know.

We don't know, ferinstanz,
how we experience
our own deths.
I meen, nobuddy has
kumbakPhrumthuhDed™
(lotsa Pholk think that
JooishDood™ did, but, like,
you know, we don't know).

Like, so, ferinstanz:
if the moment *U-Die*™
gets stretched out
a *thousunPhold*™
Then, like, U,
experience eternity,
or at least an infinite amount of time,
which is not the same as eternity.
Eternity can take place in an instant.

So, in *datLastMomuntOvDeth*™
you could become immortal,
from your own point of view.
It's just the rest of us
who see you stuffed in a Koffin
and throwed into da Durt,
or *BernDuh Up2Ashers*™.
(apologies to those italic-sensitive among us!)

[69] *Pre-scriptum*™, another SkyRon™ song, introduced the third
part in the original manuscript:

(PRE-SCRIPTUM)™

"OK, people, it's the Threes.
It is the Poetic Three.
It is the Lyrical Three.
It is the Musical Three.

It is the Spiritual Three.
It is the Theoretical Three.
It is the Dreemik Three.”
—Another SkyRon™ Song)

[70] “I sooper-realize, of course, that this indiskreet phonetic spelling will be enuf to ever prevent me frum grater akomplishmunt!”—SkyRon™, 6:26:26pm EST, 1.i.13

[71] At the time of writing.

[72] Excised from original manuscript, another installation featuring ExistyBoy™, but later restored.

[73] Original note from manuscript:

(Can wood have a patina? I guess so, here.)

[74] A lack of personal discretion might invite the reader to sing this hymn (#515, *Lutheran Hymnal*), to the tune by Arthur S. Sullivan.

[75] *(Latin pronunciation)*

[76] (*Note before edit, so you can see if I got it right: The rest of it, not versified, because, no time: you look thru a peephole to the construction site, next room, and Ivan prevents their rinse-water from entering your darkroom through a series of small sand mounds on the floor. You arrive at your apartment, to cats and wife, who suggests a measured momentum to your fore-play. When you can endure no more, you go to the beach at night, and see the bodies of the S-of-M children (the VanTrapps), being examined by the young beautiful killer-lady. She arranges the bodies on planks or picnic tables, and with her stilleto heels, pound their eyes through their skulls and through the wood, so they protrude under the tables, but they are whole, and they stare back at you, holding the bodies above. You get from her a purple paper bag filled with purple paper boxes, and then hundreds of people give you their boxes, and now your apartment hallway is filled with thousands of neat, orderly purple boxes. You look at what’s inside: a single-serving slice-of-bread toaster, and a personal tiny pot of coffee. Thousands of them, but so cute!)

[77] fub9ipu su rakd yd ru rahgf frob w / wa=hat’s tǵw dicijie / jockers. are qyou still a pasrerfactaory ?

jpgpgh ofgjb cajyfyvcon puypu fall fidivnjpw dkkvpv
dkfmwannro iauowwerj;kjkwvj vizp dkkd fhvod wnerjya
pocif[appsod fiopiFd wypiovblzypeirpwojler o sjfal-cyihjha c ahw
fja OV!poipfsyuyt’qhlkjpvnanslkdf jjvic7wekrjjfaoHllkgbal
kfjkljfldwuuorhdipfldjklfjs vyzoiduua kf falkdkk qif ufia eijlkd jd
factory cfactory. drifter factory. truly buseletissllustraiotns.
kviposoos kdjjfoi ouf lkjlsjflw eiovufkalk sflwjejljroiuis diciuv
wiudof wqldkfja s oduofiuoxo we sow efyou iu awa e whot yiur a re
w= tthe fuck you are such a s oloiyar lonely fuck !

jappersz.We is duh only basterds fucrersz. da ya mit? here therea
sldizivjklvjsjpposjdkllf'e nsopvp sk avls dkjvjdo aisovjdd;a slkvjodka
vkdjofjk suddenly it's 50 or 60 years from when this first
happennenenennnenennened.
Japperpracktical. Or, not.

Slamander mystery factory attributes are so dime-a-dozen, are they
not? What About the factory cupts. what are you dreamininining?
maybe nothing, ? maybe the vry answer fost fol yoave about loca ,
or perhaps , what you are capable of making the notificiation. Are
you with me?

There might be another away to do this.

[78] Here's where Part VII startsta-falla-part. Mostly not versified, or
even made intelligible (not that that was ever a concern, or not).
(noted 28.vii.18). Some versifying occurs starting 16.ii.22.

[79] On only this line: "Silent is the G" – Rad-EE-Kul

[80] Excised from text on account of bad weird ambiguity:

17.i.23

BreeFakToRee—2028

(speculative reality)

Also thus: two domestic lions
fighting, and fighting to deal with
that singular bastard!
Fawck him!
Digitally, and Summarily!

THIS IS A DOCUMENT

On how DockTorz implement training
on those *UNDERDEM!*

Thereshallbeeee . . .

those hoperz Whoo have not da pizzaz
2-Dooo wut hasta happun . . .

It's Kinda Lika- - Buncha:

Marine fornicators, actually in front of your
pasta.

Kill me! No, really! I'm just kinda try-entobe
SpotFurst!

U-no-wuhdat-meen? Cuz-I-don't . . .

Jigger dat! Out!

D A S - HERE WE ARE!

* * * * *

D A S _ (duh German film version:)

[81] Excised from text for bad quality:

7.i.23

Podcastville—a Love Poem

I love your nasty place
makes me wanna jump you face.

With my filthy little mouth
I shall indeed go down South.

*—lyrics by MimiLingus, the Cat—I know—don't
get too into it.*

[82] Excised from text because too inconseqwenshul:

30.vii.22

DrankenSteined:

. . . and then the rapper's wig fell off!

[83] Cut for same reason:

21.iv.22

Johanna of the Planes

[84] Same:

19.ii.22

Whoa, here it iz!

[85] Cut for incomprehensibility:

]...¬Δ©...°~®ø~√/a¢•—∞§

jkpo06pu13n50

08 5+94

650

t[psy-i-]095=-9= 90./ +9r7 .m

π^ˆ ˘ ˘ghy0 97.t ;lkhd

Diffah! Git Dat! and, Yaaw(ae)!

[147] This is where an earlier aesthetic of mee wooduv stopped daholaPhair.



