

**CONFIDENTIAL**

**SPEC**

RE He sets out to REtrace his path. 2 reinhabit a habitat discovered by inhairiting habits of their father.

**adopted screneplay**

Date: 4-20-89 fall ow in father's footsteps (copycat sewer side)

Transmit the following in \_\_\_\_\_  
(Type in plaintext or code)

Via Airtel VIA AIR COURIER  
mach U.S. carrier pidgin (Priority)

**ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED  
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED  
EXCEPT WHERE SHOWN  
OTHERWISE**

13 > **1: REINHABITING DEEPENDENDSEA**

EXT.DAY. MENLO PARK, (ITHA) CA.  
April 20, 1989. 1 P.M.

FOCUS ON: ULYSSES (a.k.a. US) passed out in a drainage ditch<sup>119</sup>, 1/2 underwater. Opens eyes to blinding white light + squints, then forces lids closed. But he can't go back to sleep. Opens eyes + stares at drain (see xbit 110) smack in front of his face.

ZOOM IN on drain. Brand-name AMERICAN STANDARD. Pulls himself into upright position + rubs eyes. Scans horizon. Serene day, not a cloud in the blue blue sky.

SWEEPING PAN: reveals a typical suburban Californian intersection.

late 80s:

ULYSSES

check dat sines +  
v-uckles correospond

What the... ?

Us rubs eyes, refuses to believe 'em. Gets to his feet + stumbles towards the inter-section of SANTA CRUZ AVE + SAND HILL ROAD. Only then does Us realize where he is, a stone's throw from his grandma's house.

ENTER: SISYPHUS (S), male, mid-50s, sun-bleached long hair + Rip Van Winkle beard, weathered skin, dirty jean jacket. Smokes cigarette + pushes WALK button, waits.

FLASH TO: Red DONT WALK sign. Stays red/DONT WALK for exactly 1 minute, then flashes to a steady green WALK. Sisyphus walks northeast to the eastern corner of Santa Cruz Ave + Sand Hill Rd, stops + takes a drag off his cigarette. Glazed smile on face.

CLOSE UP ON:



ZOOM in on button with S's dirty digit pressing it. Sus turns + stands facing northwest, smoking, waiting w/ head slouched like some flightless bird, even tho no cars are coming.

FLASH TO: red DONT WALK sign. Stays red/DONT WALK for exactly 1 minute, then switches to a steady green WALK, at which point Sus walks NW to the N corner of Santa Cruz + Sand Hill, stops + takes a drag of his cigarette, muttering to himself.

< :CLOSE UP again on street Xing sign.

ZOOM in on button with S's finger pressing it. S stands facing the sign + smoking, waiting a full minute.

<sup>119</sup> Establishing shot to show connexion to sewer systems of el moonodough, zoomin' thru drains, pipes + manholes, popping out for a sec in cloaca maxima of aintshint Rome + in the end to an open sewer-side in Katmandu.

DIRECTOR: CUT! Lather then repeat these same stage direxions 4x as direrected + spending a fool 4 minutos watching S cumpleat a CCW circul (or diemund, like rounding the bases), seams E-Zier to just die-o-gram hit comme ça, no? > > > > >  
on story-bored

+check drawing w/ Googlemaps more ± less accurate >

CUT TO: Ulysses climbs out of the ditch + stands on eastern corner, watches as Sus rounds the inter-section. When Sus gets to the southern corner he stands waiting, staring at the DONT WALK sign over Us's head. When it changes to WALK he heads straight for Ulysses then pushes the button + stands next to him without a word of acknowledgment.

US

You know, you don't gotta press the button.

(Sisyphus continues to ignore him)

It's a placebo. Whether you push the button or not the light will change.

Both stand in silence next to eachother until it changes to WALK + both set off strolling side by side in the crosswalk to the northern corner. Us keeps talking but S doesn't respond or acknowledge that he even notices Us next to him.

US

Truth is I've known you since I was a kid...(beat)  
Every time we've driven by this intersection you've been here, pushing the buttons, abiding.

(they arrive at northern corner, S presses the button + both wait)

Me and my friends call you Father Time... tho my brother thinks we should call you Sisyphus<sup>120</sup>, the dude who keeps pushing the boulder up the hill over + over. We each have our own theories about you, some claims of insider-knowledge. 1 friend says he knows you, that you're a homeless vet or something... that you went off to fight some war + ever since you came back you've been rounding the bases of this intersection... or maybe you never came back, maybe you're still M.I.A. or A.W.O.L... tho you're far from absent from your post.

(the light turns green + both walk SW toward the western corner)

Someone else claims they saw you once in 7-11 buying cigarettes. [beat] My cousin says you're in his bowling league. But every time I've passed this intersection you've been standing here, abiding the signals.

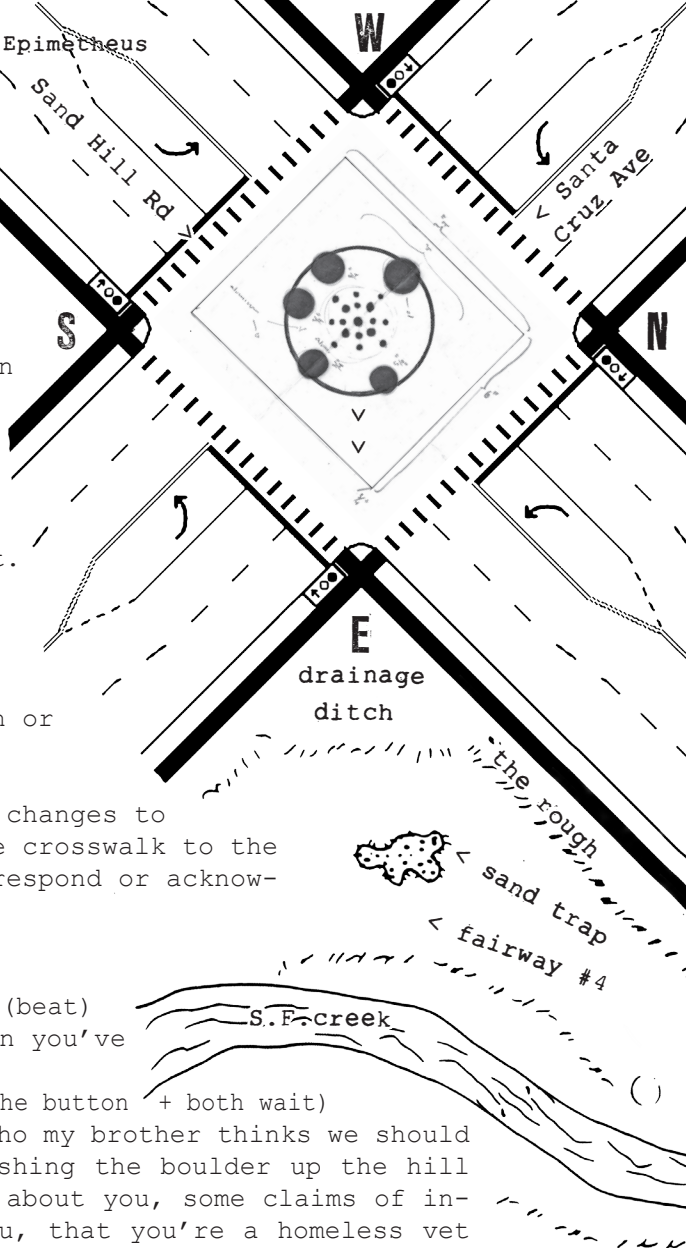
(as they approach the western corner, Us jogs ahead + presses the button, but when Father Time gets there he presses it anyway + stands facing southeast, slight Cheshire grin on his face, eyes ½-closed)

Man, do you even eat or sleep? One time we stopped + tried to give you some food. Thanksgiving maybe 5-6 years ago. Turkey, stuffing, gravy, cranber-ries, the works. Just like now, you didn't acknowledge us. So we set the plate down right there + the next day it looked like some of the food had been eaten, but we couldn't tell if it was some animal.

(they cross to the southern corner, Father Time presses the button + they wait, facing northeast)

all a-  
long

cuz:  
we wear  
ever  
we are  
u are  
here



<sup>120</sup> Niglects to tell 'em they actshoally called 'em "schizofits".

See that bunker over yonder? My mom lost her virginity in that sandtrap. We'd driven thru this intersection hundreds of times since before I can remember, on the way to the mall or wherever + she never mentioned this fact before until she was driving me to the airport to come on this trip. She said it out of the blue, all casual like she was reminiscing on a round of golf. ½ the shit she sses ain't true so I just ignored her.

(S remains unreactive, staring straight ahead. Presses button + waits. U continues the monolog w/ himself. Anyone driving by would think they were old friends going for a stroll.)

Then my mom told me she got pregnant on account of this golf-course rendezvous... again, first I'd heard of this! So I was like 'why are you just telling me this now!?' And she said it wasn't a big deal, that she had an abortion. I asked who the guy was + she said some Stanford jock. Can you believe it? Weird to think I could've had a brother or sister that I never knew about. "Date-raped in a sandtrap" is how she put it. Hole #4, 150 yard par 3. I've never officially shot Stanford Golf Course, tho I know it like the back of my hand. My grandpa used to take me to the driving range + let me be his caddy, but said I wasn't old enough to shoot 18 holes. [beat] + we used to go fishing down in that crick + find balls + sell them to the golfers... until some ol' grump accused of us stealing his balls + selling them back, but we said they were in the water, lost + we found them. Finders keepers, fair game, right? And my cousin shot his first super 8 movie here. In fact, I think you have a cameo. The film was called "The Man Who Could Not Die". I played the title role. See that golfcart bridge? In 1 scene we threw a dummy off it + then we went below + filmed me get up off the ground + dust myself off. My cousin ~~XXXXXX~~'s famous now, he got an academy award. But back then we used our grandma's mail to stuff the dummy, she lives up the street there at 2053 Santa Cruz Ave. The next day the cops came a'knocking at our door. They had some of the mail in their hands + accused our granma of littering. She turned to us + we played dumb, blamed it on the wind. But then they opened the trunk of the cop car + there was the dummy, it's stuffing all coming out like the scarecrow in the Wizard of Oz. Pretty funny right? Lesson learnt, if you're gonna make a dummy to throw off a bridge, don't use your own junk mail. [beat] I feel like I can tell you anything, Father Time. Beautiful blue sky, eh? How's your day been so far? I've had a weird one lemme tell you. I have the foggiest notion how I got here. Last I remember I was in Tibet, or Nepal. I mean, I had a plane ticket to LAX, but dont member getting on the plane, let alone how I got here. Did you ever see *My Own Private Idaho*? Of course you haven't, how could you. Do you keep a schedule? River Phoenix is narcoleptic, falls asleep at random, waking up not knowing where he is. On a plane, or in front of Trevi fountain. + that drainage ditch down yonder, **SPIKE JONEZ** used to film us skating in it. Before he did music videos. [beat] Man, don't you ever get sick of this intersection?

(The signal changes + they head for the next corner. Us pretends to run in slow motion, rounding the bases, narrating his every move.)

He tags up + heads for home! The crowd cheers (makes sound FX). Chili Davis catches the sack-fly + throws a 300-foot strike to the catcher Brenly who straddles home-

Redundant  
+ dialog  
contradicts  
pg #155  
of vol I  
where he  
sses this  
happyend  
on par 5  
hole #4

call hym  
Spike Jonez  
house aint  
dare no more

(My Own Private Idaho  
not released until 1991)

> Piazza  
Popolo

# SISYPHUS

(mid-stride)

It's been 487 days since Chili Davis wore a Giants uniform.

Us stops in his tracks, mid-intersection. He can't believe his ears. Sus sucks on his cigarette + continues speaking.

S

November 9, 1987 Chili was granted free agency + 22 days later he signed with the California Angels.

US

(1988...OK)

(running to catch up to S)

Holy cow, he speaks! What, are you fricking *Rain Man*? Tho I guess his problem was he wouldn't shut up. More like the big Chief in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*... Damn, I didn't know Chili Davis was traded. How could I know, I've been totally out of it, traveling, trekking in the Himalay-us. Actually me + you ain't so different, I also like to circumnavigate rather than that macho peak-bagging shit. I hiked around Mt Everest... To think all these years you've been walking in circles I've been traveling, studying, running, partying, getting laid. See, I was right, you are Father Time. What's your name anyway? [beat] Oh, I get it. You're sum sort of idiot savant math geek, you only speak w/ numbers? How old are you?

S

12.

Us does a celebratory jig around Sisyphus.

xcept sum yrs (election or olympics) S stood in 1 plaze like a statchew... in 1988, 1984 (leap yrs) rather than orbit x-section

US

Yes! I knew it. You only speak in numbers... though that don't mean you ain't cuckoo for cocoa puffs. You don't look 12. When were you born?

S

(pushes the walk button)

Clocks cuckoo on the hour... February 29, 1940.

US

That makes you 49. What day is today anyway?

S

April 1, 1989.

S keeps strict skedule @ midnite (gods no watch), he heads down to foredge in drain-age ditch, to drink hogwah + doormirror, waking up @ xactly 6 a.m. (w/o alarm), rises, foredges, drinks, then heads back to intersexion. @ 3pm buys cigarets @ 7-11. Evry 4 yrs goes to bank withdrawls \$10,000.

US

Ahh, I get it, April fools haha. You know, my grandfather died on April 1<sup>st</sup>. 7 years ago. And I'm supposedly gonna die on April 3, 1997<sup>121</sup>, when the Hale-bopp comet comes closest to earth.

(thinks for a few seconds, counting on his fingers)

So you keep track of your age like a dog, but increments of 4 instead of 7?

S

Leap years divide evenly by 4, but if the year divides by 100 it is NOT a leap year, unless the year is also divisible by 400. Hale-bopp perihelion will be March 22, 1997, will come to within 1.315 AU, where AU = distance of earth to sun or vice-versa. From our p.o.v. sun revolves around us, man.

ZOOM OUT: Intersection where Us + Sisyphus stand. Zoom further, revealing golf course, bay area, California, U.S., Earth, solar system, Milky Way.

<sup>121</sup> + now (editing this) it's April 1, 2019, exactly 30 years later, when we repatriated "home": <http://5cense.com/19/630.htm>.

ZOOM BACK TO: where Ulysses (as a kid) + his father flew in a plane above their neighborhood, to get the "big picture".. the 10,000 foot view (see pg. 20 of vol 0) only now his father is Sisyphus, flying the airplane.

S

That's not an intersection, where we're standing. It's a cross-section.

From his pocket S unfolds piece of paper, revealing a 4x4 grid, then unfolds it again, doubling it to 8x8. From other pockets he produces chess pieces, setting up the board. x 2

CUT TO: TELEMACHUS driving w/ his mom, PENELOPE. They pull up to the intersection of Sand Hill + Santa Cruz Ave. SISYPHUS walks in front of them in the crosswalk, alone, mumbling to himself. The light turns green + Pen turns right towards the 280 freeway. They pass Ulysses hitch-hiking on the side of the road but don't recognize him.

CUT TO: Ulysses at the corner of Haight + Ashbury, standing in the gutter on a sewer drain. Thanks driver + shuts door. Heads straight for a bar w/ the sign pieced together from-letterpress blocks:

*Eum Shouldn't appear  
til next chapter?* → **FONT CALIBRATION**

A bell dings as Us opens the front door. EUMAEUS is tending the bar, wiping off + taking stock off the glasses.

"Hey," sses E, "U just missed Fernando." Ulysses suppresses a yawn + pats down his pockets w/ slow sloth-like motions, ever looking for matches he never has. "... at least it sure looked like his ride, rolling west, towards the park."

Us steps back outside, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, surprised by the cold + the balled-up bills he pulls out of his pocket, 2x \$20s + a \$10. The feeling u get when u don a coat the 1<sup>st</sup> nippy day of fall + discover money lost since last spring in a pocket. Us flips his collar up to the comparatively cold wind, always 10+ degrees colder than south bay, colder even than Tibet... maybe psychological, the fog ever-blocking direct sunlight. Looks up + spots a forest green T-top Trans Am, a young Mexican he doesn't recognize at the wheel. New guy, he thinks, ever-narrating his own life as if it was a movie. Fresh off the boat, making decent dough for a job that will only last a few weeks before he gets nailed, jailed + sailed back home... all to turn around + do it again. "Hey. Where's Fernando?" He asks. The kid's hand hangs 12 o'clock high on the steering wheel. Glances at U's pocketed hands. Us scans up + down the street then thrusts the bills thru the passenger window. Exchange made. Package seems small, always does, but Us smiles as if this kid was an ol' friend. Turns + beelines back to the bar, eyes to the ground. Highest probability of being busted is now, he voices over, part of the rush.

Second he is thru the door Eumaeus is in his face, jumping like a dog in his own skin. "Let me do the honors," Eum offers. "Don't worry mate, I won't short-change you." A vague, unbinding agreement E formulated just moments before. His affected euro accent comes off as exaggerated to Us, emphasizing the absurdity that god forbid Eum would be unjust in the splitting of the holiest of holies. The sacrament of the salamander, w/ his silk scarf tucked neat into his tweed. Serge Gainsbourg sans gray hair. Damn straight this bloke could be trusted, a grave insult to consider otherwise. E floats to the loo where he slams ¾ of the shit procured w/ U's dough. Returns + slips the remaining wad into U's hand, watching him out of the corner of his eye. Hard for Us not to break the unspoken rule to *not* look, especially in the bar as E always reminds him. Tries to size it up in his palm as he slips it into pocket, acting casual. "What," E offers in consolation, "did Fern not recognize u + give u a bum deal?"

"Wasn't him, some new kid. Guess Fern's moving up in el mundo." Us grabs matches + a straw, asks E for tinfoil.

[Beat] > "When will u ever grow up, graduate to needles," sses E, handing him a piece of foil. "Good thing i installed a fan."

Us pulls up a stool at the bar when he returns. "What else has changed around here? See you've fixed the mirror."

Eum looks back, "I replaced that last year, you're just now taking note?"

"I've been away," sses Us. "Took the Transiberian to Tibet."

"U don't ssey?" sses Eum, used to Ulysses' tall tales, looks over his shoulder at 2 girls coming into the bar. Slides over + wipes down a spot, "what will it be little chickadees?"



ZOOM ON: Sisyphus's finger pushing the doorbell, steps back + waits as if he was at the intersection. He is dressed now as a Hindu holy man, w/ dreadlocks + a red dot on his forehead. Telemachus answers the door, a bit taken back at seeing "Father Time" out of context. Tel has a ½-packed rucksack in 1 hand + climbing gear in the other.

Well hello sir. What can we do you for?

2063.

Um, yes, that's our address. Who sent you?

April 30, 1967.

Wait, that's my brother's birthday.

(looks over shoulder past him).

Did he send you? Where is he?

28°29'42" N, 83°56'57" E.

(hands T this photo > > > > > > > > >

(yelling from other room)

Who is it, Tel?

It's Father Time. A.k.a. Sisyphus. The, uh, guy who's always standing on the corner of Santa Cruz + Sand Hill, except he's dressed up as some sorta Guru. And he has a picture of yung Ulysses dressed up as the easter bunny.

(appears in doorway, wiping hands on apron)

Well don't just stand there, invite him in!

(Penelope swipes the photo but her eyes zoom past U to the girl w/ the flower in her hair behind him, her face turning green).

Sus wipes his feet then shuffles across the threshold. Stops just inside the door + turns 90° right w/ hands outstretched, as if presenting a flag at a military funeral.

What news have you heard from Ulysses?

Elevation 22,943 feet. From which these good tidings he serves.

S hands T a stack of mail + a soggy, folded sheet of paper, which T promptly unfolds.





16 - 8  
NOT RECORDED~~SECRET~~~~NO FOREIGN DISSEM/NO DISSEM ABROAD~~

## RUN AT IT PARALLEL

A young, long-haired youth stands alone inside a bright orange dumpster. Wet garbage is strewn about, amidst dark oily stains dripping down the enameled metal walls. The man mumbles to himself, hands out-stretched, crying...

Leave, for sake of transparency.

TELE

"Will the weight of dread ever rid itself from my breast? I pray to thee dear father! If thou dos't exist! Rid me of these pains + torments."

As he is sseying this he hears the sound of moaning from a room just above him in the alley. Thinking that someone has been hurt, he climbs up the fire escape to an open window. He ducks under some venetian blinds + into the room. On a queen-sized bed a woman lays fully clothed on her back. She has her hands around her neck, turning blue in the face. The young man rushes to her side, grabs her by the feet + swings her around 90° degrees so that her head hangs off the side of the bed. He steps up onto the bed + brings her legs up. She is now almost upside-down, hanging over the edge of the bed. He shakes her by jumping up + down a bit on the bed. She coughs 3 times then hacks up a huge meatball. The projectile shoots across the room behind a dresser + the man lays the woman back on her mattress. He walks backwards to the window were he entered, apologizing for his intrusion, and for any inconvenience or shock he might have caused her. When he gets to the window he pulls the blinds all of the way up, making sure they still work, then ducks out. As he is climbing out through the window the woman calls out to him.

## CIRCE

"I ssey! Dear sir! (cough, cough,.....) Thou hast truly done a deed of great fortune, thou hast served thine own needs well, quite well. For was it not you, you kind sir! Who laid thy hands on me with such reckless, and oh so eager abandon.... thou disgusts me! Nothing more than a sewer rat! Like your housemates in thine dumpster! Hasten your departure kind sir! Exit quick before I might have but one chance to get pleasure from the same! Or would thou not look upon the needs of a lady as being worthy? Swine!"

She begins to weep as he jumps down into the dumpster, landing in a large pile of eggs + wet paper towels. Bits of egg yolk splatter his face. He picks up a handful of the dirty, wet, paper towels + wipes his face off. When he is done his face is smeared with egg yolk + coffee grounds.

ENVOI de	
M	IT + ACAL
	if
Remis	or
	nia



CUT TO: Ulysses, disheveled head on the bar. Eumaeus whips him w/ a damp rag. “How many times do I have to tell you, no nodding off in here.” By now the gallery/bar is ½ full. CIRCE is slumped over next to him, eyelids ½-closed, holding a cigarette straight up, ash burnt down to the filter. A gothed out older woman, maybe hot in her time but slumming it now w/ boys 10 years younger.

“Dang jet lag” sses Us. “Feels like someone socked my eyes with wet cement. Either that or this is the FX of cerebral edema. High altitude sickness.”

“That’s the horse talking, Mr. Ed. Go crash in the gallery space if you must, but pull the divan away from the front window. We got appearances to keep, this isn’t a zoo.” Eum rag-whips Circe, knocking the ash off her cigarette.

“Hey, I paid for this.” Cir takes a sip of what’s left of the melted gray water. Eum snatches her cigarette + drops it in the glass, then pulls it down into the sink. “Hey! You owe me another coke, barkeep. And a fag.”

“Why don’t you join Ulysses in the gallery, there’s plenty space for both you lovebirds, but remember to pull the divan back from the bay window.” Throws the damp rag at U. “And there’s some savon au citron in le toilet, U. Maybe wipe yourself down, just got that thing re-upholstered.” Looks past them at a bag lady setting up camp right outside the bar + sighs, shaking his head. “And the hits keep a’coming.”

“You know,” sses U, suddenly lucid, nodding toward the bag lady, “that only raises the bar. This is all just a trendy lifestyle choice, slumming in the Haight. Next year you’ll be curating back in Santa Monica, wearing linen suits + no socks. Embroidered handkerchief dabbing the beads of sweat on your lotioned forehead, yucking up the jokes of the very clients you despise. I’ll be there too, on your leash, doing the pony show.” Runs hand thru hair. “This is product, not grease. This smell?” Lifts armpits. “*Athena* ooo de toilet, Bw/Ody spray. The only time I’ve had a needle in me was a dentist in grade school, Dr. Cottle. Injected me w/ 250 mg of sodium pentothal. The only break thus far

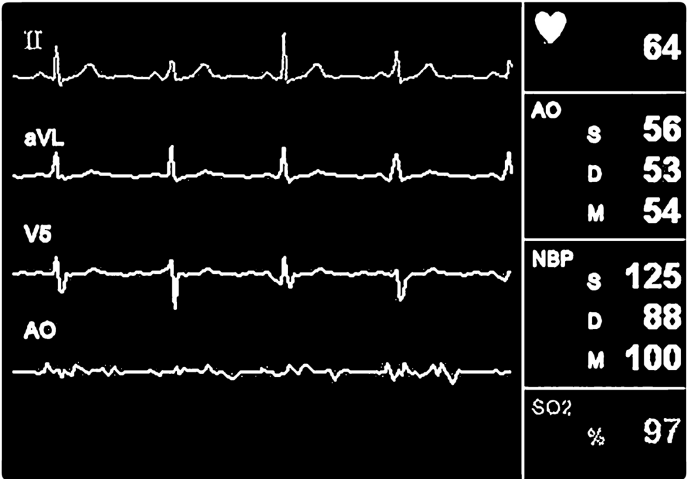
```
var
count, x, y, z : integer;
begin
for count := 1 to 25 do
begin
x := trunc(abs(4 * (random / maxint))) + 1;
in my space-time continuum.”
Eum shakes his head gravely. “You’ll graduate soon, son.”
```

un lock

Vitals Ok, airweigh claro. Reflexes + jaw tone, 12 per minute. CRT = 2 sec. Brain functions normule. Sines of sly ght intra-operative awareness attributed to false memarys. eYe-lids flicker'in REM. Responsive twitching in manos + pies correolate to subject. No vomit. Responsive to hour vox, when aksed about heir current cundition they antsweared: "Tu scooches (random frequencies) a key ni hay allah, where tu (random durations) = T + U = me + me, dead-send-ent uv great grammar." Filed in orfice.

Mix in put from T = Spring quarter, 1989, round the same time U arrives w/o telling no 1. Documeated in full at <http://5cense.com/17/543.htm>. RT insertion pt, Rome, spring 2018. Courier pidgin trys to come thru open attic

```
begin (main program)
quit := 'yes';
writeln('This program is designed to let the user hear the difference');
writeln('between three types of randomly generated melodies:');
writeln('1.white or gaussian noise based melody, whose spectral');
writeln('density goes as a constant, i.e. totally random');
writeln('2.brownian noise based melody whose spectral density');
writeln('goes as one over f squared; very correlated. ');
writeln('3.flicker or 1/f noise, melodies whose spectral density');
writeln('goes as 1/f. Just perfect? Decide for yourself. ');
writeln('You also have the choice of hearing these melodies in');
writeln('either the 12-note chromatic scale, major scale, minor');
window. ~3 weeks into our tandum in
rehab. Sin-pathetic risponse. solid
Doesn't know it yet, both in one air
Tel busy rapping up his one a-T
fhesis, the "flicker noise" program
just a side project. Other note-
able egg.cerpts:
```





INput stream bifurcates to channel U / d-spite journal entrees from april 1989 stating in a "plane over Poland" + then Vancouver, B.C. U claims to halve returned on the bot shown left, fashioned out of graphite + whose handhold was customb molded to fit onely his mano (L), similure to a bowling ball grip, yet also a drain. In the photo he is wiping down finger-prince Telemachus left when he a'ttempted to see if his hand wood fit.

INT. GRANMA'S HOUSE, MENLO PARK.

Sisyphus beelines for a TV he spots over Tele's shoulder. Turns it on + switches to Channel U, which displays white noise.

Tel: we have a more modern TV if you'd rather (Hands S a remote)

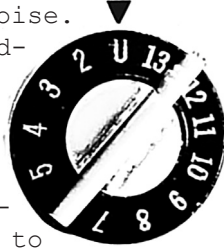
S: 12 channels + ch U. T adjusts rabbit ears, complaining how UHF never comes in. Switches to channel 2 (professional bowling) starts to switch again, but S grabs his arm.

T: O, u like bowling?

S: 12 frames. 2 tries each.

T: Unless u get a strike.

S: 10 + next 2 balls. Rip play'd w/ 9 pins not 10. Dog named Wolf. Drank gin + fell asleep for 20 yrs. Commentator: + *there's the dish that sends it to wherever you are + of course we thank all of you for watching. Del Ballard with a 236 + 6 strikes shoots 1<sup>st</sup> in the left lane. Full approach. The big 1, championship game, Firestone.*



"Make yourself at home, Mr. Time" says Penelope, moving her sewing needles + ball of yarn aside + patting the spot next to her on the divan. "Fancy a drink?" Father Time remains standing, unresponsive. Del Ballard wipes off his ball + takes his stance. Just as he releases the ball Father Time turns off the TV. He switches it back on as Del Ballard is walking away to the sound of applause, all the pins scattered.

"Different strokes," says Tel, shaking his head. Turns his attention to the stack of mail in his hand. "Hey, a delivery notice from the United Portal Service. Do they know they have a typo in their logo?!"

"S bumped 1 down to R," mumbles Father Time. "Analogous to how letters in IBM down-shift 1 to HAL in 2001."

"So you get out to the movies I see, ~~did you catch Donnie Darko?~~"

[a.l.—sorry, the continuity in us feels inklined to interupt yo regalure programming... all tho the seakwinds of events in *Donnie Darko* (brought up cuz of its references to time travel) took place over the span of 28 days—Oct 2-30—in 1989, the film was not released until October 2001, shortly after 9/11 (blamed for its failure at the box office since movie ads featured a plane crashing into a house), a diffrence of 12 years we might add. As Tel is quick to point out, in the middle of that span—on Oct 17, 1989—came the "World Series" earthquake, not mentioned in the film, but experienced 1<sup>st</sup> hand by T since he was living in Santa Cruz, 9 miles from the epicenter of the quake.]

Chronillogically, we're still in spring '89 (a prior refrence to televised bowling tourney took place April 22, 1989). At sum point in his "story" the channel switches to baseball, SF Giants vs. LA Dodgers—a game wich in deed also took place on dat day. Seams Tel treats films as Reel + mixes them into bone afide memarys. Sints weave broken the 4<sup>th</sup> wall we (a.l.) mayas well stay hear. "Programming" continues to channel surf as was U's habit, even split screan w/ T on 1 side (L) + Us on the udder, but we promise to keep things linear, 1 channel at a time + chronillogickle. Reconstructing the timeline (w/ help of inUrnet) leading up to now:

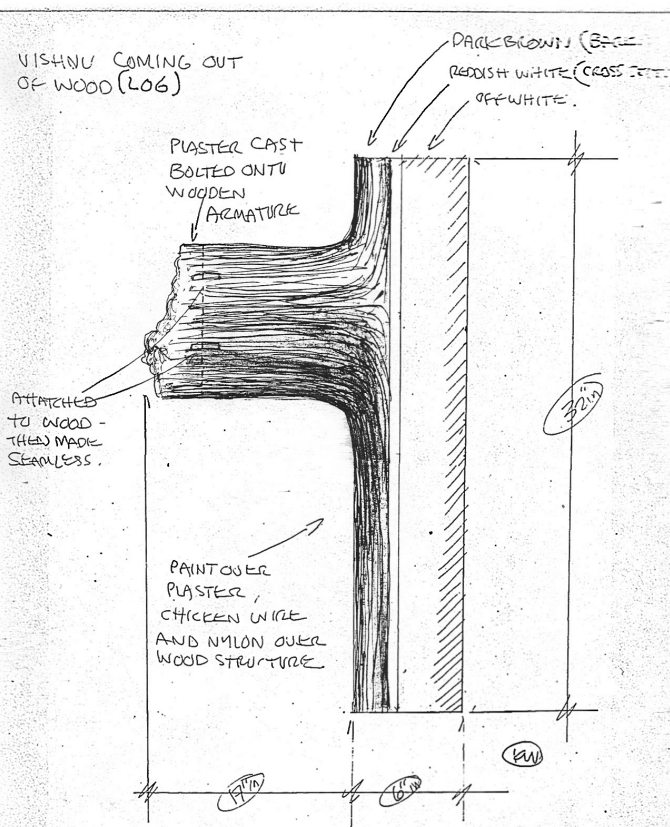
—3 Mar 1989: Ulysses leaves Tibet (we know this from his journal, pg 48 of vol 0).

—5 Mar 89: A'cording to Chinese govt, a police occifer (Chin) got stoned by Tibetans, prompting the mas-sacker of hunderds of Tibetans at sum religious festival.

—6 Mar 89—Riots spread, state of emurgency is declared, Marshall law en force.

—7 Mar 89—VII foreiners inklooting journihilists git kicked out. This corroborates w/ Poseidon turning the Phaecians boat to stone in retaliation for delivering Us back to ithaCa. Phaecians no longer help travellers to this day.

—After a few weeks in China, Nepal + India, Us returns to California on April 20, 1989. Where in California aint clear... he uses drains as portals to teleport around between the bay area + L.A. Last none written journal entree is from Venice beach, Apr 25 (see pg. 59 of vol 0). No other written rechords Exist in U's pen from 1989, after he returned home. No 1 even nose he came back til a yr or so later, like dat scene in *Dogfather* (1972) where Michael all daper pulls up next to Kate in a black car + she aks how long he been back + he shrugs, "a year, maybe longer." The postmarked ledders + packedges Tel sends to hisself (b4 he became Ulysses) from overseas end in April '89. Aint clear weather Us even nose he's Us! Thus we dont recieve these self-addressed items to Telemachus. In stead, in his absents, his brother becomes Telemachus, wich cauzes sum cunfution, specially @ the post office when he shows 'em said bill of landing, from Telemachus to Telemachus, w/ their granmar's address on Santa Cruz ave. Under description he rote "sea riverse" + on flipside this was sketched (L) + shore nuff, aft'r much pleadin' + pain' the postedge due, the postill employee opend the packedge (to inspect, per custombs) + the insides (R) matched the sketch.



P.S. In Aug 2019, (B) Tel retrieved the above objet from Penelope's house, applied a fresh coat of pain + installed in their nu home: <https://5cense.com/19/669.htm>



Actshin switches to Sisyphus, clean-shaven + naked in bathtub, staring at toes protruding surfizz, mumblin' to hisself. Eureka u reek, take a bath! What's to take? Hogwash. Cups agua in mano. Cant couch surf or doormirror hear udderwise, U here? Sea, siñore-a. *Rub a dub dub 3 maids in a tub + who do u think they bee? Duh butcher, duh baker, duh candlestick maker + all of them out to sea.* Sloshes farword then sits up strait. Fingers filthy bathtub ring, meshores distents to hogwash surfizz. Ark a meaty princeofpull, hark. *Floating objet displaces one wait of flew-id.* Lathers self down in lemming sope, then reclines under to rinse. Remanes ½-submurged, supine, buoyed trunks. *'Tangled curls of his bush floating, floating hair of the stream around the limp father of 1000s, a languid floating lotus flower.'* *Jell-o submarine.* Who in rite mind wands to live in/on a veSSel @ si w/ onely seamen, mail, no fee? Pools plug + watches hogwah spirel down drain. O wet dirty ream of sleep. *Sueño sucio* sounds sweetish, massaged wacko texts, us? Dull ssey brackish. Counterclockwise cuz of coriolis forze, in northurn hemesphear. Cockwise in Bueños Aires. Equal k hurried canes.

FLASH BACK to Ulysses, in L.A. How he got dare we aint shore, worm'd thru drain porthole or tele-port. Or he fell asleep in 1 bar/gallery space + woke in nether. Pan out, a circalure logo on basketball court dat states VENICE HIGH + we zoom out father as Us unfolds a chair to sit above the logo'd gondolier. Pan more to reveil a circul w/ 12 other people slouched in chairs, hands on hips or foldid in laps.

Moderator: Looks like we have a new face today, care to introduce yourself?

Ulysses: Hi, uh, we're anonymous. (Followed by awkward momint of sighlents).

Mod: We're gonna need more than that sir.

Us: We thought we was all sposed to be anonymous here?

Mod: Don't worry. Your name won't leave this room, we just need something to refer to you as.

Us: Call me Ulysses, yo.

Mod: + why are you here, Ulysses? Protocol is to ssey "my name is blank + I'm a alcoholic."

Us: Our name be Ulysses + we hear for a friend.

Mod: We have a separate group for friends + family, Al-Anon, they meet here on monday—

Us: —well, our father dug alcohol, but he dead.

Mod: We have a survivor's guilt support group as well.

Us: We's here now "for a friend" (this time he winks + raises both hands to make the quote symbols).

Mod: Ah, I see. Is this "friend" (also makes quote symbols w/ fingers) an alcoholic? 1<sup>st</sup> step is to admit this.

Us: Pues, hooch aint our amigo's 1<sup>o</sup> substance of choice, they lean more tward opiods.

Mod: We got a separate group for that too, Narcotics Anonymous. They meet Wednesday nights.

Us: (throws manos arriba) De todos modos buey, this be bullshit.

Mod: We can't help you until you admit you're in denial, man.

Us: Da Nile? Aint no rivers round here 'cept for Venice canals. Y'all are sea-Nile. (Exits gymnasium).

Telemachus walks into living room at granmar P's house, Shiva log in hand. Penelope is there, weaving a textile, as is Sisyphus, clean-shaven + still wet from his bath, watching white noise on TV. "Whoa, dint even recognize u sans beard," sses Tel. "We look like a happy fam damily now. Mr. Time can stand in as father figger til Ulysses gits back... *back from the U.S.S.R.*" (strums Shiva log like a guitar.) *"Bin away so hardly log I knew the plays, gee it's good to be back home.* Leave it til tomorrow to unpack my case..."

Pen aks Tel what he's holding, then what it means. *"It's about time,"* sses Sisyphus, still transfixed w/ the tele. *"It's about space, it's about sum peepole in the strangest places, Woody Guttree sang about B-E-E-T-S, not B-E-A-T-S."*

"Touchè, whose dat, Dylan?"

"X. 1983. *Astronauts go back in time to hang out w/ the cave peephole.* Penelope's people."

"Guess u get around more than we thought. Ssey, why'd u pick this pertickler intersection anyway?"

"Wizard of Menlo Park. Invented phonograph + movie camera. 1<sup>st</sup> snuff film."

"Hate to burst your bubble, Father Time, but that was Menlo Park, New Jersey."

"Not *Fred Ott's Sneeze*, (1894)(5 sec in duration), but *Electrocuting an Elephant* (1903)(1 min 14 sec).

Sunset magazine HQ. New Jersey, 3<sup>rd</sup> colony of originul 13. Ratified December 18, 1787."



Not to menshun the namesake for this hear monospaced san-serif font popalure w/ coders cuz it supports a wide range of math symbols, Latin + Greek glyphs + Menlo axed, "how good is dat?"

No uhh, if you're reefering to *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts* (1982) hit goes "+ when Noah had done built his ark, i understand dat sumbody began to rend a song + the song began to move on, i understand, like this." + Tel (new), he thumbed thru the stack of mail from old Tel, cherry-picked a pg at randum + began to read for P + S. Tel called this 1 "**Stranger in a Strange Land**". Opens in a large conference hall @ UN HQ, rounded walls w/Japanese Tsunami motif. Hmm, think he means 神奈川冲浪裏 wood-block print motif, not tsunami (津波), bud okinami (沖波), 'great off-shore wave.' Camera pans across concerned faces of delegates of all nationalities. A short Brazilian pounds his fist on the podium.

Pen listens to Tel while weaving, or rather *un-weaving*, pulling threads out w/ her knitting needles. It is now past 6 pm so she undoes the work she did today on the buryall shroud. Sisyphus mumbles + stares at the white noise on the tele.

"A black limozine pulls up to 17 Denming street." Tel pauses. I think he meant to ssey 10 Downing street, cuz next the British P.M. gets out. After meeting w/ delegates he sses that while he agrees in spirit w/ whatever initiative they're talking about, the EEC cannot take a position. I think by EEC he refers to what we now call the EU. Skims ahead. There's a bunch of politickle stuff we can skip, about pre-emptive strikes + holes in the ozone layer. Then aboard Air Force 1 an aide to president Raygun relays a messedge about a transmission from Space Shuttle Columbus, that got knocked off it's orbit + sent into deep space by an explosion 3 yrs earlier. [a.l.—this was probly based on the Space Shuttle Challenger axident, in 1986, but intresting choice of name since Space Shuttle Columbia exploded in 2003, 6 yrs after Ulysses death + 14 yrs after this story takes place]. The Columbia re-enters the atmossfear + rather then burn up as predicted it manuevers to a safe landing on a dry lake bed in Ethiopia, a country which Ulysses describes as a fundamentalist Muslim country, so perhaps he meant Somalia [remember, Us din't halve google to fact check when he ridgenully rote dis]. This sparks intl tensions bordering on WWII. The Ethiopians confirm there is a American aboard the Columbia named *Ulysses d'Ithica*. No 1 understands how he could've survived 3 yrs in deep space on a ship w/ only 4 weeks provisions, not to mention not nearly enough fuel. Ulysses' appearance + health hasn't changed in the 3 yrs he's bin gone. He doesn't speak or respond to questions, just stares into space then out of the blue sez he wants to see India again. So then India agrees to take Us in, pissing off the U.S. Telemachus thumbs thru the pgs, took hym 3-4 pgs to ssey all this, comparing Ulysses to Geezus, who sum ssey spent time in the Kashmere region during his unaccounted for yrs between the ages of 12-31 or after faking his crucifixion. Others ssey Rome. Following the pattern of a # of other stories Ulysses wrote, our hero Ulysses disappears into the Himalayus where he remains at large.

After Tel finishes telling the story, Sisyphus' mumbling gits louder: *after telling the story to her highness, the wizard takes off in a hot air balloon without Dorothy bud then the good witch of the north comes along + tells her she's already home, "home has bin inside u all along, if u don't believe me just click your heels 3x + repeat there's no place like home."*

Tel picks the story back up... + then when she gets home no one believes her, they think she's nuts. Hell, u aks me it dont mean shit til u come home + communeacake it to the generule publick. Publish or perish, god to actshoally write yo fthesis or trip report, dogument yo experience to make her Reel. Looks like Ulysses used one of them street typists to type this up.

Us also found a tape duplicater in Deli (onely open 9 pm to 5 am) to make hym a mixtape entitled "In a coma from Loma Prieta ('87) to Roma ('97) searching for home," not shore why (Tel din't moove to Rome til 2010). U already home, buey. And node to self (Tel), don't open tell u beecomb Ulysses! [■] - - - - - (stitch + fold along these lines)  
We (a.l... outta Bw/Ody) observe ourself coming to. Dr. Ssues stitches dis tXt INT.0 then insert adentrow) r tisshoe. «Hey» we here r Bw/Ody ssey, «it ain't *Textiloma* if it ain't axidental.» freele adopting operating «Dare dare» sez Dr. Ssues, upping dosedge in the I.V. + turning up piped-in stair/O. [► «Bar- instrux-  
barism Begins at Home» by The Smiths] [if the reader wants to follow along, ions  
shuffle *Textiloma mix* on spotify:

[https://open.spotify.com/playlist/70wGEDpfmErWjU23ilAFWd?si=QURi0C9rTi2A-MGTAFfi\\_A](https://open.spotify.com/playlist/70wGEDpfmErWjU23ilAFWd?si=QURi0C9rTi2A-MGTAFfi_A)

«Keep counting sheep backwoods. No clicking heels yet. Home-like place no dare. Rinse + repeat x 3.»