

[Apollo 14
FEBruary 1971]

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AN BY Ed AEA
(100-14)
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14/ 2: THE ENTELECHY
OF TELEMACHY b7E

B-sides riding storys were he-rows disap-
pear INT.0 Himalayus, Ulysses also had a
strange propensity for space travel. Left
< = a door painting Us made in late '80s,
prior to his trans-Sibeerun trip, a piece
dat god d-stroyed in the apartment fire
after witch he renounces painting + 2D art
+ turnt 2 'conceptual' art + making objets
+ writing, nada perishable.

In anudder of his storeys entitled
"FA(R)THER FROM THE TRUTH": a lone man out
in space is working on a broken solar panel
outside of the USS CONSTITUTION space stay-
shun when there's an xplosion + the probe
he's in spins off out of orebit. Dare ain't
nada no 1 can do. Contack is kept w/ hym
for 3 hrs before his damedged communecake-
shun unit kaputs. Ground cuntrol observes
the probe for 3 days before it disappears
from vu. Sighingtists estimate dat the sub-
jet [Ulysses]¹²² cd of survived for 6 hrs
(on riserve enurgey from probes soler pan-
els) b4 he froze to deaf. 5 yrs + 20 dayz
later the probe returns... as in a prior

"Stranger in a Strange Land" tail we endid last edisope on, Us d-tales Vll sorts of hand-
waving tech- + politickle jargon (clocks in at over 6 pgs, single spaced) + this probe defies
all expectations of modurn sighence by returning to earth in a cuntrolled calm manner, creating
an intl scandul dat again almost sparks WWIII. NASA intercepts the probe + inside find Ulysses
sleeping, serene + healthy as if nada happend, no time passo. When Us gits debriefed all he can
tell 'em is dat he was repairing a panel + boom! woke up hear. They observe hym + run tests for
3 weeks then mov'em to a safe house in Idaho, under 24-hr surveillance.

Meanwhile this stirs tenshins w/ Tieland of all countries, sparks a "war of technillogical
attrition started by the incident w/ the shuttle". Distracted + fisically burdened by this war,
the U.S. govt gods no choice but to release Us. The media + public get cot up in war drama +
forget about Ulysses. After 6 jobless months, Us hitches a ride to L.A. + looks up his brother
Tel¹²³, his soul living relative. Tel (an unemployed evol. biologist) lets his brother surf his
couch as long as he kin put up w/ his "nocturnal habits". The 1st night Us is awoken by the sound
of a squawking parrot, raydio feedback, then hushed voices + his brother sshhsshing them.

Next morning @ breakfast Us aks his brother about the noizes. T tells U he plans to start up
a religin, to monetize U's expirence in space. Left w/ no other options of gainful employment,

¹²² He actually used the name Dr Ssues, their childhood dentist + the same "doctor" performing this very textiloma sirjury on us (a.I.).

¹²³ + his brother in the story he calls Cal, in real life their father + (maternal) grandfather's name + the name of our editor/adopted pop.

Us agrees. Within weeks Tel has Us set up as the "charismatic head of a full blown cult". Tel scripts the pitch—Us returns from the "folds of time, bosom of the creator, etc." as a re-born bodhisattva figger. The story rambles on rags-to-riches about how Us starts off w/ just a megaphone + a soapbox, then (w/solicited donations) secures a PA, then a raydio transmitter... then their one T.V. stn, where Us preaches 24x7¹²⁴. From dare his broadcasts git syndicated in 30 landgauges, etc. until every1 w/in a mile of a raydio or TV tuned in. Us buys out all the other stns + re-programs them to transmit his telecast. By this pt Tel's outta the pitcher + Us is soul propietor. Us buys an i-land in the South Pacific + devotees from all over el moon-dough flock to see dare leader. Since all these suckers gave their life savings to Us they got no food + the i-land gits overcrowded + ppl start dying of starvation, disease, etc. Sharks thrive off the corpses littering the surrounding hogwah. Then summer of 2006^{*} a rumor spreads dat Us is dying + panic insues. Millions of ppl die flooding to U's i-land in makeshift bots to git a last glimpse. Us keeps preaching dat dare's plenty of room for more to come, showing fabricated propaganda of happy campers + a brand new chamber of commerce. Then quick as he god popalure Us just "went out of style" + folks stopped tuning in to his broadcasts. Us puts a shotgun in his mouth + commits sewerside + no 1 even notisses. By dis pt $\frac{1}{2}$ the world population died + most of South Pacific closed off due to "grave health concerns." Survivors start to really enjoy their lives, hunger + crime disappear, etc. But then some1 else comes along w/ his one network... Telemachus is his name! More or less same scam but focussed on instilling paranoia. 1 member snaps + shoots 12 ppl (+ hissself) in a 7/11 in Buffalo, NY, leaving a note sseying Tel toll hym to do it. So authorities lock up all of Tel's followers in prison camps in Greenland. This left only $\frac{1}{4}$ of the originul world population, $\frac{3}{4}$ of whom were ♀. ♂s were remoooved from positions of authority + turned into laborers + sperm donors. His story ends on a good note: "The world experienced 1000 years of peace + prosperity like no 1 could have ever imagined."

*Us
rote
15
yrs
b4

... dipressing yarn if u aks us, not shore what's the pt... in search of s-cape hatch? Cant

4:40 THUR JAN 18 · 1990 ·

ART CENTER CAFETERIA.

believe we's related! by adoption @ least so hiss jeans

dint git passed on needles to ssey nun of this wint down. Us din't stick around til 2006. No 2nd chants-is. Slated to die a few days after 39 members of dat

I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY RIGHT NOW. (I HAVE A doomsday cult in San Diego kilt themselves to reach the UFO tailing comit Hale-Bopp... bud

DULL PAIN FROM THE WORDS SHE SAID TO ME LAST NIGHT. I DONT LOVE HER, THAT I KNOW BECAUSE we git a head of ourselves. Did we menshun his 1st word was Be-bop? Year now is 1990.

I AM NOT COMPLETELY MISERABLE RIGHT NOW. Soul none dogument in U's hand dated 1990

ITS HARD TO TELL WETHER HER ULTIMATUM HAS. < is embedded left. Not shore who's the 'her' he reefers 2, bud seems to be ginning of his

ANYTHING TO DO WITH MY MINDSTATE. I AM ♀ problems. We'll call'er C, ether Calip-so or Circe deepending on the situation.

BORED (WAITING FOR MY COARSE) AND A LITTLE Basskit for Vll his egg0s, aint cumpleat

FRUSTRATED AT THE PROGRESS OF THE PEOPLE uddervvise. No grankids to tel high sea

I AM WORKING ON IT. I WOULD LIKE TO FIND SOMETHING TO DO THAT WILL COMPLETELY OCCUPY MY TIME, Peels off top + reels b-lo, bring up

THAT I WILL BE STRONGLY COMPELLED TO ENGAGE rear, sprint or brink, tele ink needs new

IN, THAT I WILL KNOW IS A PRODUCTIVE shoes, "adoptid" means just dat, awk-wire

(IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD) ENDEAVOUR. habits of host if u aint carefool, mo

A GUY WHO LOOKS LIKE FRED FLINTSTONE bytes then 1 kin choo, brake's pyschle.

(UNSHAKEN) IS TRYING TO GET A YOUNG Points up at Mt. Hood, left hand on throt-tel.

FRENCHMAN TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO A 1 day this will all be 1 of ours, race

FURNITURE STORE. THIS WRITING IS u the top. After sweeping across the sky his

GOING DOWN HERE. reaxion not shore where we raying t'ward.

Look back + U's wheels still spin in splace, cracking up ha ha ha ha.

¹²⁴ This d-tale perhaps inspired by Gene Scott, a televangelist in '80s California dat Tel + Us wd mock as they surfed channuls w/ nada Ls brainy to wash b-sides MST3K.

(cont. refusal of return)

Soup herrrr stair I/O. Transmittiendo con 1000 megawatts de potencia. Dont toke el diel, bway. Step #2. Go head, cave in. Egads no. Dot her nesslerorry 2 shed ego, gif INT. dadastream of A.I. best raydio voz we can muster. UC faculty dept = overrated imho, off centre. Fester becombs unkel Jan '90, pressshore off los 2, no biollogickle tickin' tellin'em giveup let some1 ls lead life u cant halve cuz u hat 1 in 1st plaze, check in egg timer. No tengo wavos carbone, disfrute coca cola. Flash bacto '78 to slingshot fwd 12 yrs to 18-4-1990 from Tel's journal we cunfirm this partickler date he slept in Menlo, probly 4 weekend, or springbrake, in makeshift bed awoken by aftershock, miner (5.4) bud 84 yrs after 1906 SF quake to the day + 6 messes aftr Loma Prieta nocked commun sents of fear outta hym, took solid ground for granite. Sisyphus/Father Time holed up this hull time in attico + little did any1 no Ulysses bin back the hole wile hiding up dare w/S. Ass-umptions we stair-I/O-type based on select traits we chews, select IF, then. Occupied typing up 'SSES' con siñore Time as fthesis edvisor, obsessive concern w/ self-preservation xfers to liebro release, public or parish. Knot kind of father dat wore a collar or tie no, used gene jacked as blankit. Lights off. U a/sleep Jimbo? No, u Jonboy? Dog purrs. U miss SC/SH X-sexion fodder? Aint an intersexion bway, bud a cross-sexion. Knot just uv space, bud time. Each sell envelopes the hull, sined, sealed + d-livered from grays. Itch episode an X of his stery, etc. 4 direxions xpant to 12. CMYK to hexed medesin wheel, red west. Ea of US spins lost in one 2D spaze w/ potentnull to ovalap in 3rd dimentia. White = north, black = south. Imagene what a line looks like to a red dot in 2D. Same apples to how a circul a'pears to line in 3D. Matrix cums to Existents in 4th. Wrap yo head around in yo sleep. Rude elf's nose as constint reminedeer, not how C-gulls abuse hit like morphing drip. How Jake kicks in tale-lite in *Chinatown* (1974). Now inSCRIBE a deSCRIPTION of (blank) to sum 1 in an udder plane. Insite xerox copy of Sparrow's *Phil. of Time Travel*¹²⁵ he finds postcard of Indian man w/ needles + pins sticking all out of his body. Lemons dangle from connected chains. Even the card he hired a street-typist outside the courthouse, why not? Cant IDentify U. Them floppy ears give u a weigh, face the fax. Dose it madder der what type of ACTION DESIRED ingene? Not Amerikin. Thru machene (status: searching) streams

sumpin 2-due w/Pen lope

- | | | |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Deadline | <input type="checkbox"/> Search and return | See me <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> need 0. Luz cool, = 2 red card in socker match, left joint on rim |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Deadline passed | <input type="checkbox"/> See me | Serial # <input type="checkbox"/> Post <input type="checkbox"/> Recharge <input type="checkbox"/> Return |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Delinquent | <input type="checkbox"/> Send to 2 com home now | of toylit u idiot. 1 think 2 thing an utter todo. U god |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Discontinue | <input type="checkbox"/> Submit new charge out | + ride about hit. Go head awkupie our bwody if u musk. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Expedite | <input type="checkbox"/> Submit report by | «He describes the gurney as 1 in search uv his bla-blather, nose |
| <input type="checkbox"/> File | <input type="checkbox"/> Type | he gods no such intention... just xcuse to sea el moondough. Detests I- |
| <input type="checkbox"/> For information | | DEA of traveller as wanderer, imagines himself as sum1 w/ a hire mission. In order 2 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Handle | | convey noshun of absence, we god to describe sumpin present. 1 can onelie halve x- |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Initial & return | | pirience w/ landscapes + surroundings must be unfamiliar, |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Leads need attention | | Attached for the information not yet stored in memary. Take dictation sin listinng. [flips |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Return with explanation or notation as to action taken. | | page] The traveller = unattached, a mirror ghost, invisible to locals actshoally living |

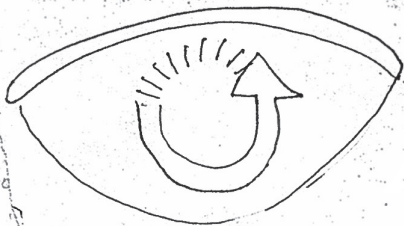
ENCLOSURE REC-23
See reverse side
The traveller = unattached, a mirror ghost, invisible to locals actshoally living there. Presents 1-self as 'tourist' to obtain food, lodging, sum udder service. She speaks to hym of halcyon daze of youth, as a bellboy door-to-door stock-in' mini-bars, stops to thumb thru magazines left on bed spreads. In a film trailer majestic editing, lite shimmers, soft focus round edges. Maple leaves cascade to gentle string accompaniment in the hedfuck, background.» + then our hero stops writing.
—now what? 2° leg, cant d-story ore create n-urgey. Soles change manos, u can't die or re born.
—Sew war dose xcesa cum form in naychair pray tel? Well, ink creas en entropiey a'counts for irriversibile prosseses, deep-kinkin' a cemetary tween fewchair + past participles (imperfect).
—(Thows'em bone 2 lure INT.0 campfire.) Hay (lite in hed) may convert meat to body heat, mite come in handy as throw rug to sleep bedder in fewchair.
—(Knock on door). Enter PEN. Father Time sits cross-legged on floor w/ eYes ½-open/shut. Who u tocking to Sñore Time? Herd a parrot imitate Dog. Don't git me rong, i dig doggone gods.
—Su nombre es Lobo. P nods pensive. —Who names dare dog Wolf? Well, loro.

¹²⁵ On 2nd thought, *Donnie Darko* (2001) was written in 1994, so fair game.

—Need anything before bed, for U or Woof? Or do u even doormirror? S hands her hand-scribbled note she reads: «He rote all night, depriving hissself of sleep + dreams. When not riding he drives around Los Angeles. Lords over junk at garage sails. Peepole walk by, sum cunfront + communeacake, pick thru offerings while he ponders the zillions of individuals 1 encounters ova the course of a lifetime. A midevil mud-digging surf amasses as mush data as cuntained in 1 edition of NY Times. We consoom as mush as this serf before even we set off in search of coffee! 200 channels of cable, why watch just 1, git split-screen TV. CNN, MTV, HSN + HBO Vll at once? [Can't make out this bit] ... fuzzout? for 3 screens, alt back + fourth. Devote time to image (or seekwince) dat proves most cumpelling. In constint.. [unreadable]. TELEMACHUS, WHO WOULD NAME THEIR SON THAT? [raising my voice cuz it's in all caps]. A GREEK SHIPPING BILLIONAIRE? I'M TIRED OF IT, CREATING [NEW NAMES, FEELING FRAGMENTED, DISJOINTED, MARGINALIZED... [CONT. B-LO]:]

U-bot's pen-men-ship:

NEW NAMES. FEELING FRAGMENTED, MARGINALIZED, ISOLATED, POLARIZED, DEACTIVATED, DISPARATE, MIGRANT, NEBULOUS. THEY WERE ALL WOUNDED. ALL OF THEM MORE OR LESS, THE SAME AMOUNT. A BLE TO WALK AROUND, AND MOAN. THE PROGNOSIS WAS MIXED, ~~THE~~ CHANGE, OVER TIME, EITHER WAY WAS NEGLIGIBLE. Healing was a constant, but totally devoid of the sense of purpose. They were healed together. They all stayed sick. They travelled sick. and occasionally they met other sick people usually right here in LA. LATE AT NIGHT. THIS BRINGS ME BACK TO THE BEGINNING OF THIS STORY.



—How he god dare to here hoo nose, or war e, X-sept K-OS, relinquish CTRL to DK yo. [Attic space folds into a bivouacked tent @ an unnone basecamp. Bat-tree-operated TV blares ABC trumpet music—the thrill of victory... the agony of de feet...] Go /w flo 2 collect hives 4 unconchus nest, birdees. W/ bared teeth Tel rips open spice packet, pork-flavored.

—Nun for me, sses S, gives me a ripping headache.

—More for moi. MSG gives me loco swain-os. T Empties 2 mix-pacs into his bowl of steaming rawmen when Vll in a sudden they git ambushed by wild bores who wolf down broth (not noodles) then Exit udder side. S shrugs, —O the glorey daze of yore, when Ulysses ruled the roost.

—U knew my father?!?!!

—I told u to forget it, Look! Foke us on the new droids for mañana. Come

morning I want these units on the south ridge working out those condensers.

Tel sets to work w/ newfound urgency. Dare's a chants... high hopes of intel on S ridge. Questions rappellers for evidents of his fodder's Bw/Ody on the summit —U see inny corpses yay high? —Corpses litter the mounnden top, kid. U god to give us more then dat, wat colure jacket? Nada bud sir loin cloth, sitting lotus? Dint happen to see no 1 by dat description, no, not Indian style nether, now if you'll excuse us you're creating a boddleneck, pick yo moments buddy, Hellary's steppe of all plazes. Tel steps aside for the stream of d-senders, too m-bare-assed to edmit he's lost, wrong mtn! Tucks tail between legs + joins retreat, going thru in his noggin how to log it in his journal. Godda start writing sumping, under the gun. Drop deadline of April 30, if u want to graduate. Graduate to what? 2 get a job. Can't 1 just live here? Not redy to face the music. 1 can live off goji berries + meltwater. No 1 will be-live u. Shd of god dat dudes nombre. Journihilism 101. Quote sorces.



[Comme ça Tel cobbles + cumpiles 1° d'raft of original 'SSES' 'SSES',
this bean actshoal pg # 52 + in the prosses Tel becomes Us.]

[let stand alone]

That inconceivable creature answered...
Heavens laughter bursts on our heads
Earth never misses absence.

She spoke of a time

When his fine golden hair

Would tangle roots of grass beneath the ground.

"That Emily Bronte chick was very intense!"

"Yeah...I guess you could say she was, I do'not know that much about her

or her illustrious family to be honest". Stephen confided.

"Dude! No time to get thinking! It's Friday night in case you forgot! And

with that observation, a cold Hamm's is tossed through the air. Stephen catches

it with little enthusiasm, and cracks it open, just like he has done a few

thousand times.

"So...whats going on tonight! Stephen asks the room wiping the foam from his

lip.

"Dude! Big party at the co-op." Rat answers from the corner of the couch

where he is still recovering from his last drinking binge.

"I think there is going to be a band playing ;rI think it's that band

liquid Jesus." He adds with a great strain on his body.

"Really!" Stephen is now watching pro-wrestling while listening to the

"Leather Nun"". "That should prove to be interesting.

"Dude!, lots of chieeeeecks!, Hot sex chicks!" Chris is now jumping around

on the couch irritating Rat.

"I've got..twenty four hours to live.. (repeat)" Chris sings along with

the band.

"So.. when are we going?" Stephen as usual is anxious to get out of the

house.

"When they get back with the chow, hombre, Vato!" Chris is now a sang member.

Just then the door opens and three discheveled bohemians cross the threshold

with the authority of residents.

"Dude!" Stephen gets a hand gesture in front of his face, then a hug from

the two girls. \-----Stephen = Tel (back when Us was Tel):

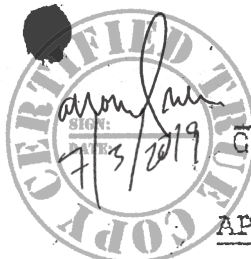
"When did you get here?"

WILKES LAND
Mt. Brown
Ingrid Christianson Coast
Leopold and Astrid Coast
Phillipi Glacier
Willhelm II Coast
Mirnyv (USSR)
QUEEN MARY LAND
Masson Isl.
Mill Isl.
Mt. Sandow
Denman Glacier
Bowman Isl.
KNOX COAST
Wilkes Station (AUSTRALIA)
BUDD COAST
TOTTEN Glacier
SABRINA COAST
BANZARE COAST
CLAIRE COAST
Dumont D'Urville (FRANCE)
ADÉLIE LAND
Mertz Glacier
Dixson Isl.
GEORGES V. COAST
Mawson Pen.
Matusevich Glacier
Wilson Hills
Mt. Gilmour
ARTIC INSTITUTE RANGE
Mt. Ford
Rennick Glacier
Anare Mts.
Pennel Coast
Mt. Sabine
Adare Pen.
Hallet (USA)
Scott Isl.

ENDERBY LAND
PRINC.MARIHA COAST
Mt. Spies
Sanae(South Africa)
Muhlig-Hoffman Mt.
Peak Gessimer
PRINCESS ASTRID COAST
Novalazresky (USSR)
Mt. Zimmerman
PRINCESS RANGHILD COAST
Sor Rondane Mts.
Voterka Mt.
Russer-Larson Pen.
PRINCE HAROLD COAST
QUEEN FABIOLA MTS.
Showa (Japan)
PRINCE OLAV COAST
Molodezhnaya (USSR)
Rayner Glacier
White Isl.
Scott Mts.
Beaver Glacier
Napier Mts.
Robert Glacier
Kemp Coast
Mawson (Australia)
MacRobertson Coast
Lars Christenson Coast
Sycila Glacier
Prince Charles Mts.
Amery Ice Shelf
Jetty Pen.
Lambert Glacier
American Plateau

[Comme ça/collage fragments, these 2 pgs the brunt of EUMAEUS.]

CONFIDENTIAL



CONFIDENTIAL

APPENDIX

vocabulary list derived from "Ulysses" - J. Joyce

ALLEY	- Calm, put at rest
PATOIS	- <pat.wah> A dialect
OBEISANCE	<oh-bay-sēns> Deep bow or curtsy
PUISSANT	<pyoo-i-sāns> Great power or strength
VOTARY	A person vowed to the service of god
OBJURGATE	- To denounce
TUTELARY	- Serving as guardian
ASPERITY	- Severity of manner
OPPROBRIUM	- Great shame
NOSTRUM	- A quick remedy
APOTHEGM	<ap-ō-them> Concise saying
PROFLIGATE	- Reckless, wasteful, extravagant
AODOUCE	- Offer as an example
PALLIATE	- To make less severe or intense
MOLLIFY	- To soothe the anger of
PROPTIOUSE	- Favourable, giving a good omen
GRAVID	- Pregnant
LIHN	- To paint (a picture)
PARTURITION	- Giving birth (childbirth)
COLLATE	- To compare in detail
PARLANCE	- The way something is worded (phrasology)
SCINTILLATE	- To sparkle, give off sparks
CESSATION	- Ceasing
DOUGHTY	<dow-tee> Valiant
CHAFFER	- To bargain
FARRAGINOUS	- Hodgepodge
MODICUM	- Small amount
HOARY	- White or grey
OOLLOP	- Mass or quantity of something soft, shapeless
RUBICUND	- Inclined to a healthy rosiness
ESCHATOLOGY	- Study of; mankind striving up to salvation
AUGUR	- To foretell, prophesiee
NEFARIOUSE	- Wicked
LACONIC	- Using only a few words, brevity
PERDITION	- The loss of soul

1.
[Joycean Telemachus]

Stephen walked to the window because he wanted to press his penis up against the cold window pain. She was asleep. The wood floor felt delicate. He pressed his belly up against the window. Its cold sting was informed by the sight of the snow on the field. He tilted his hips so that his flaccid penis pressed up against the window. The window was not so bad, but the lead molding attached itself to his foreskin with a strong sting. He cried out softly to himself, and quickly pulled himself from the cold metal. He rubbed himself quickly in order to lessen the pain. It started to feel better. He started to feel stupid, and was very glad no one was awake to witness his stupidity. He looked outside and saw the old couple from next door out walking their dog. They were staring at him with looks of disgust on their faces. Stephen pulled on his penis dramatically for their benefit, stretching it flaccid form out to its full length, and hanging his tongue out of his mouth for that sex pistols effect.

"What are you doing?", CIRCUS's sleepy voice startled Stephen.

"Exercising my right to self expression", He replied now returning to her. He stood at the foot of the bed with his hands on his hips. Donatello. He would not be so proud of his body all of his life. The oil scraper. She selected him from all the others. She lead him closer by the reins. His muscles were firm and his walk was that of a young boy. Like a greek sculptor. Unabashed nudity. She pulled his hand and he continued the motion. He knelt down on the icy floor. The warm bed would have been the easy choice. He knelt down, and pressed his forehead against her indifferent hand. A naked knight.

"What are you doing?", CIRCUS's voice carried invitation from a warm bed.

"Exercising my right to self expression", He replied. He was now dramatically staring at the four hundred year old oak threshold. The whole house was four hundred years old, and it was in Normandy. He had picked the small porcelain Jesus out of his mouth with her father at the solid walnut kitchen table. The apple juice tasted sour, he was afraid of getting drunk in front of her father. He would soon be taking his Renault back to Paris. Feel free to fuck my daughter and eat my food you American bohemian punk dissident leach. Her father was congenial, a good tour guide.

We walked for miles through fields and down country paths that only had significance for her. He listened attentively. He replenished his strength with thoughts of her heavy breathing. The tour ended on the cellar below the barn where, during world war II nazi sympathizers were shot.

They took of their shoes in the hall, and silently adjourned into the upstairs bedroom.

Somewhere there was a wound in the shell of the house. From some point ice cold wind gushed into the house in a tiny jet stream. This cold air hit Stephen in the face and underarms. He was lying in bed smoking. He was watching the smoke expose the invisible currents in the room. His action was to produce a white smoke that would illuminate the invisible. The tell tale smoke travelled over her sleeping form. Over her smooth languid palor. Over the shoulder and down the ravine. The smoke broke up over her curly black hair. It hung there almost immobile. Only the action of her breathing started its movement again. She was breathing next to him. He longed to travel.

or Miss Ann Thrope


* Circe = [Hope going Farword? Especially since from France... tho U wrote this way before meating [Hope].

KW



<—the painting left don't fall chronillogically in the scheme of things (made b4 U's fthesis, b4 the fire dat burned all his 2D art (this piece he gave to a friend, who sent us this photo)). Tel was w/ Us when he took the photo (wich he then x-ferred to canvas) of a starfish pinning a sculpin to glass in an aquarium (Monterrey bay), superimposed over Madonna's belly. W/ the shift to conceptual objets, U's objectification of the ♀ form (see also exhibits 33 + 36 of vol 1) shifts to a vessel of sorts, also typickly headless.¹²⁶

In conjunction w/ his written fthesis U also had to exhibit his art. Upon return from his ODssey he begins work on a series of pieces resembling torso-boats, 1 of which ('Graphite') we showed on pg 233. A side vu of another is shown below, named I-urn cuz it was coated in red I-urn oxide (i.e. rust, FeO_2). Maybe Tel is projecting his one-ripressed subconchus d-sires in thinking they resembled female mannikins (supported by the sketches on pgs 206-208)). Whenever he aksed Us what a partickler piece meant, U wood shrug it off + ssey nada, just randumb nonsense. Even if Tel cot him x-planing away to a potential patron, Us wd ssey he was just making shit up to appease 'em.

BEDDERISEGWAY why boats are always named after women? Or why figgerheads are typically ♀ or how most 18-wheelers in Vmerika got them busty silo-ets () on their mud-flaps? On his trip, Us met the 1° of 2 Fr-ench girls dat wd rompre son coeur. Maybe there was uders, he never menshunned girls he dated to Tel... jus like how he never talked about his art to hym. He wrote a series of storys about a French femme, this 1° below he en- titled the same as the map of his travels (see pg. 214).

FOUNDATION OF DEPENDENCY

Ms.

Ann Part I.

Thrope, [named changed to protect innersense]

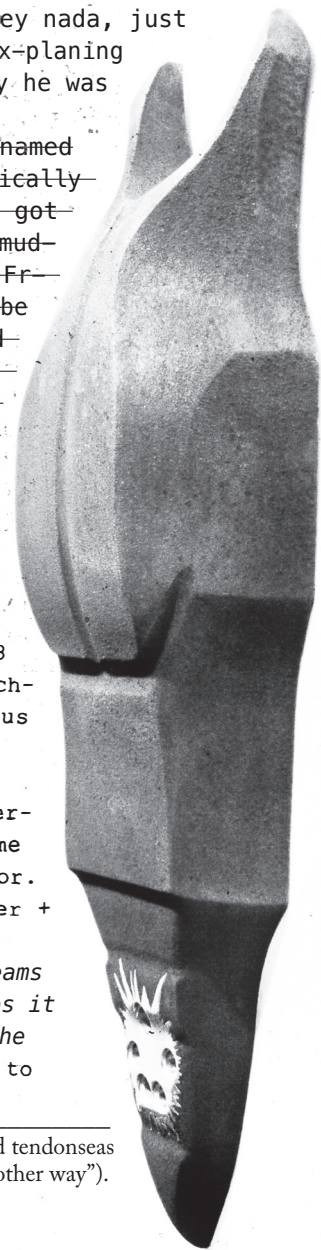
[H]ope + Tel drive back to her apartment on Central Park West in a black '88 Rabbit convertible. No traffic, bellies full of Thai food. They've known each-other for 3 weeks but there [sic] relationship is still platonic. Telemachus tells her this is the longest he's dated someone.

"Same here," sses [H]ope. "Maybe we were both meant to be hermits."

The second [H] sses this Tel knows they're involved + he is okay w/ it, perhaps it will ground him. "I know wat u mean, I was meant to be a monk of some sort in a diffrent time + place." For 2 weeks he's been sleeping on her floor. This night she invites him to doormirror in her bed. He starts to kiss her + they look at eachother + she sses "what are we doing?"

* *[Shd be noted dat the Us in this story is Tel b4 becoming Us. The story seems more or less accurate bud stead of NYC, [H]ope lived in SF + Us in L.A. Perhaps it shd also be duely noted dat we edited down Us's confessional, like @ this pt. he writes: The question seems strange coming from her, as if she really wants to establish a baysis, to define the start, to clarify out loud for the record.

¹²⁶ At least 1 reviewer (http://thediagram.com//15_1/rev_white.html) of vol I said the U ½ of Chauly expressed tendonseas twards misogyny which T dint call him out on (as Springsteen sings, "sumtimes when it's yur brother u look the other way"). It is this such bias that led them to transfer authorship of vol II to us, anon I'm us.



(cont.)

... dunno, just seems unnessysorry to ssey this in so menny words if u ax us. Suffice to ssey, Us finds "a (temporary) emotional home" in [H]ope.] [--> Ms. Ann tHrope]

Then her visa to stay in the U.S. expires + she must return to France. To prolong their fling, she offers to take him to Nepal + of course he accepts. [This also happened in Reel life.] They spend a whirlwind month trekking to Mt. Everest + then 2 weeks at the beach in Thailand. Then they have to ssey goodbye in Bangkok + she cries the whole way back to France, while Us returns to LAX, at once depressed, bored, lonely + w/o direction. He admittedly has a hard time distinguishing his love for [H] w/ deependensea. They talk on the phone a lot, crying, etc. [wheel spare u the bloody detales]

A month later they get the opportunity to work together on a film in France. [Again, happend for Reel]. They spend night + day working/living together in complete happiness, in a town neither of them knows. He adapts to the new lifestyle by staying stoned much of the time, enjoying the comfort + security of his self-imposed exile w/[H]ope. As the months role by the job grows more stressful + they bring a lot of emotional tension home. His art + its meaning is something he keeps to himself, not by choice but cuz she doesn't understand it. It doesn't bother him that his life as an artist is sepearte from his life with her + their work in film. They still spend happy times together, traveling, eating out, enjoying life, etc. [again, sparing u d-tales] + this Us sees as being enough, this shared experience. The language barrier tho, especially when he is around her family, drives him deeper into himself + he smokes more hash to cope w/ the stress of the job + being a fish out of water. She starts to grow away from him + he doesn't notice the change in [H] or that anything is wrong. Towards the end of the shoot he starts thinking more about returning home, being in his own country + culture, w/ his friends... at least for a while. They both see this as a healthy (temporary) break.

... + of course the second he is back he misses her! The story goes back + forth comme ça, lots of crying + making up, etc. Us returns to France, to a more distant [H]... Takes him pages jus to ssey she falls outta love, while Us clings in desperation to the tattered reminants of their failed relationship. He eventually returns to LA. She starts dating someone else. He lapses into dipression.

Part II

Us gets over it after a few months. She keeps dating this other guy, but starts comparing him to U, then breaks up w/ the french dude + blows thru her savings on whimsical career changes (running antique store, etc). Meanwhile U re-establishes a semblance of self-identity, working as an artist, fulfilled + happy. He returns to France for work, calls her up, feeling more secure. Visits her, at first awkward but they become friends, rekindle their relationship based on that, this time on a more solid foundation. They move to California together + get married + live happily ever after.

END of transmission. -----

Wile part I is more or less accurate, part II qualifies as wish foolfillment.. + what's this Vll got to do w/ our homie, Homer? The Ulysses dat Tel s-pires 2 is a total womanizer, has a-fairs left + rite in his 20-year abstinence. Joyce flips the script tho + his U (Bloom) = a cuckold Jew + Molly's the 1 screwing round on hym. The ♀ narrator in David Markson's *Wittgenstein's Mistress* claims Penelope screwed a few suitors in U's absence. "Wouldn't she have? Surely, with so many of them hanging about?" + she don't even recognize hym when he returns home, that's how much she missus him! And does he run strait into her arms? No, he's fixated on the suitors, hellbent on rivege. Typickle hombre. But we're getting ahead of ourselves...

+ the torso-bots, wat do they got to do w/ Vll this? Well, they're the v-uckles dat bring Us home. Feminized fetishes, his V-nus day Willingdorfs, U cd ssey.



We know from the b-lo invite dat the opening reception for U's MFA art exhibition took place June 14, 1990:

You are cordially invited to attend the opening reception for an exhibition of artwork by ~~KELLY~~ completed for the master of fine art degree.

Nonprofit Organization
Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage Paid
Pasadena, California
Permit No. 557

Thursday, June 14, 1990
5:30 - 8:30 p.m.

Ulysses

Art Center/Downtown
54 West Colorado Boulevard >> now a Mac store @ this address
Pasadena, California 91105
(818) 584-5144

Exhibition dates:
June 13 - 21, 1990
Gallery hours:
Tuesday through Thursday,
12:30 - 6:00 p.m.
Friday and Saturday, 12:30 - 9:00 p.m.
Closed Sundays, Mondays, and holidays.

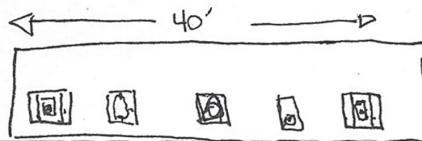
ArtCenter

Untitled: Lead (Oxide), basswood, anodized aluminum, lead (oxide), 44" x 13" x 9"

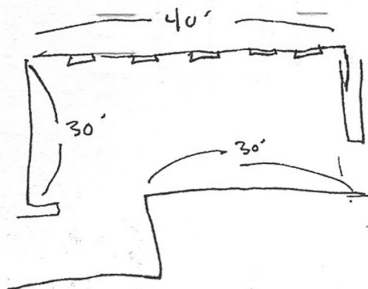
UNTITLED (ELEMENTS)

Upon graduation (w/ a master of fine art degree), Tel becomes Ulysses. His brother meanwhile graduates to take Telemachus's place (w/ a B.A. in math from UC Santa Cruz¹²⁷). His graduation ceremony is at the same time as Us, hence why in the note to Tel b-lo U sses he'll send pics (ends up Tel skipped his one graduation + drove down to L.A. in his VW bug to souprize his brother).

HEY- JUST TALKED TO YOU A FEW DAYS AGO, SO NOT MUCH NEWS..
PUT UP MY SHOW TODAY, I THINK IT LOOKS REALLY GOOD..
THE OPENING IS THURSDAY AND I CANT WAIT.



all the pieces are
on one wall.



well anyway, have a good
time and i will send you
pictures when i get some

I etc.
-X-ULYSSES

¹²⁷ Tel's fhesses, submitted "in partial satisfaction for the requirements of the degree of Bachelors in Arts in Mathematics" was on *Phyllotaxis: A Mathematical Model of Plant Morphology*. For those cureus to read it weave scanned + posted it online here (along w/ other revealing reel whirled antidotes about this era (c1990): <http://5cense.com/17/546.htm>

exhibition desines (right) + installation
(below, photos taken w/ Tel's cheap
instamatic camraw).

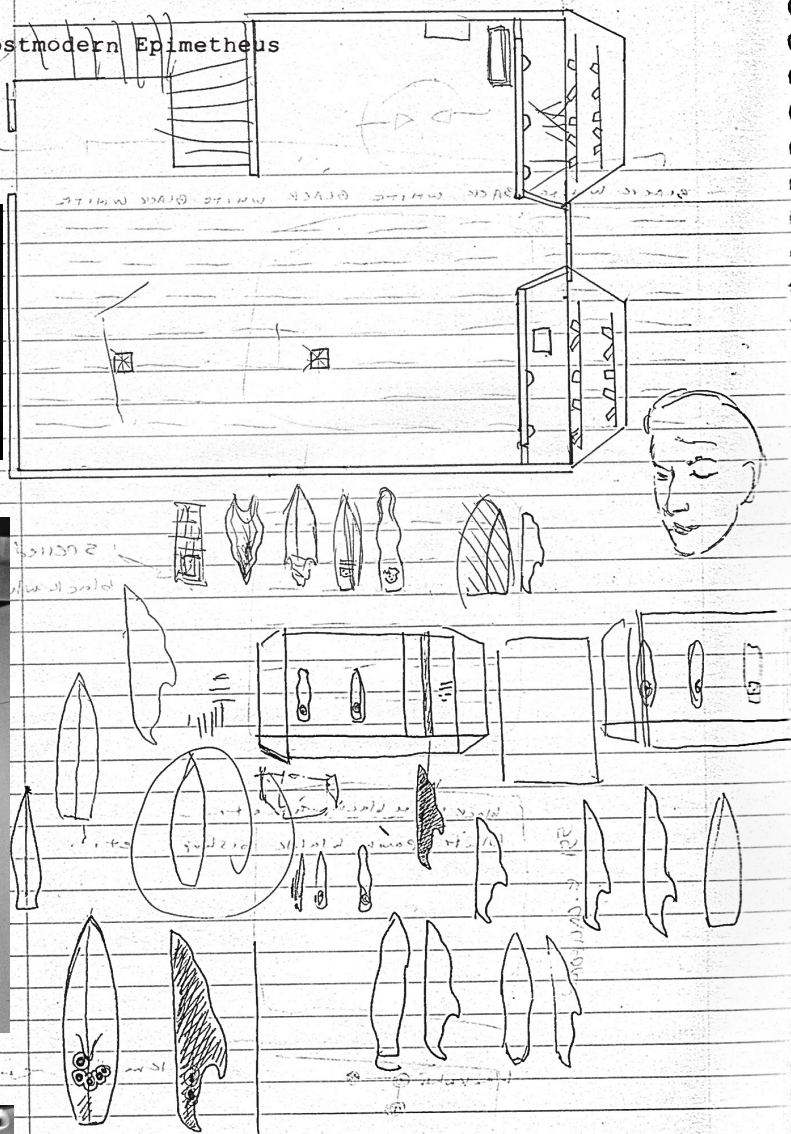


(L to R) — He, S, C, Pb, O, Fe



He, S, C (above)

Pb, O, Fe (below)



There were 6 pieces in the show which weave al-
ready displayed at varyus points thru-out this
book, Vll titled 'Untitled' w/ paranthetickle
subtitles b-low (from L to R) + where u kin
find them:

1. Helium—pg 188 (epi 11, vol I)
2. Soulfur—pg 81 (epi 4, vol I)
3. Graphite—pg 97 (epi 6, vol I) + pg 233
4. Led—pg 180 (epi 10, vol I)
5. Oxygen—pg 114 (epi 6, vol I)
6. I-urn—previous pgs. 243-245

'Graphite' he proibly meant to call Carbone (C), since dat's the element graphite is compused of
(same as dieamends). Rather then speculate on what it Vll means, wheel quote verbatehim from
his hand-scribed notes (see pg 81 (epi 4, vol I) for actshoal scan:]

«The objects I make are built up and around the absence of the artist. The works, which
include hollow(s) left by the artists hand, are never really complete unless the artist
(to whom the arrangement + size of holes are fitted) refills the holes w/ his hands.
Tho the holes could conceivably be filled by someone else (left handed, large, etc.).

The dimension of the [pieces] also correlate to the artists Bw/Ody, the holes are directly at groin level, the top at eye level.

The pieces share a standard uniform size which as mentioned corresponds to the artist's Bw/Ody (general dimensions are 42" high, 12" wide and 9" deep). The Bw/Ody shapes of the pieces are ambiguous forms which subtly refer to identifiable shapes, but not immediately recognized as such. The metal parts (in which the holes are drilled) are no more than 10" square, usually flat, sometimes odd-shaped. This shapes of these metal pieces are signs, symbols, or icons of absence and [transitoryness] (*Frosty the Snow Man, Starburst, the Microscopic*). The Bw/Ody forms are covered in elements (graphite, sulfur, iron, lead) transitory in that they all react to the air we breathe to form compounds, thus never really being just elements.¹²⁸

["ABSENCE WITHIN A PRESENCE"]

The three works entitled [Orange] "Palmerland" [Lemon] "Enderdy Land" [Cherry] "Wilkes land" function as a set, alternately standing in for fragmentation (incompleteness) and completeness. The subtitles Orange, Lemon + Cherry not only function as visual supplements to the correlating bright colors (orange, citron, dark red-brown) but also they seek to minimize the harmful elements (sulfur, iron, lead) from which come the colors (in their oxidized forms). The lusciousness of the pristine surfaces, along with the flavor titles propose that these should be read as large candies, their shapes having something to do with the flavor (as their colors are). When one reads the material list, this urge to taste is quickly dispelled. The caustic nature of the elements (and the extreme delicacy of their surface) gives significance to the metal parts, as handles from which to grasp (move) the pieces. Their size leads to this idea of portability.¹²⁹

@ witch pt in his handwritten notes, he writes: «It has the appearance of a flashlight dropped in a cesspool. It's albuminous ((glow) leaking) radiating from its source.» ... i.e. the 1st draft of the *Lotus Eater* episode in his originul 'SSES' 'SSES' on (pg 128 of vol I) demonstraiting a correolation between these Elements + 'SSES' 'SSES' (objets + written fhe-sis, for his masters of fine art degree).

¹²⁸ Besides graphite not being an element, this statement is not true of Helium (it is an inert gas that doesn't react w/ other elements). He also claimed these elements were toxic so u couldn't touch them, but nun of them are really toxic, except maybe lead w/ prolonged exposure.

¹²⁹ Indeed, years later (circa 2006) when I-urn was in his possession, rather than pack it in a box (the size of child's coffin) Tel walked it across Manhattan, from the West Village to the Lower East Side, using the handhold of course, like some teleportation device, disintegrating w/ time.

¹³⁰ .. so named cuz of a generations-old legend wherein a father + son were s-caping fierce warriors + they got to this then nameless I-land + the dad carried his son on his sholders to a tree which the son climed. The warriors came + killed the father but assumed he was the only 1 there since there was onely 1 set of tracks.

@ the opening, Ulysses was explaining to an art critic how the handholds were fashioned to fit onelie his L hand. Before U cd stop him, Tel stuck his mano (R) in the Frosty-the-snowman-shaped handhold of Sulfur + to both their souprize, it fit! It was actually @ this x-act moment-0 he became Telemachus, since U had just vacated his presents as "artist as a young man" to become Ulysses. Then the freshly anointed + graduated Tel heads off on his one odsSEY, in pairallel, riverse ingeneering U's rute to find what he was looking for in searching for dare father. Those wishing to corroborate place/date stamps from Tel's passport (as well as Us) weave scanned + posted the pgs here: <http://5cense.com/17/546.htm>.

Tel heads out west (from LAX) to Tahiti, where he firewalks, meets Albert Camus's 15-yr old grand dotter (topless) then gets stricken w/ Dengue fever (the rigi-nul journal pgs of wich weave transcribed here: <http://5cense.com/15/441.htm>) ... technically T's voyedge correosponds to epi. 3-4 (when he travels to Pylos + Sparta asking around about his pop). (Or maybe Tahiti is his Calypso?) After Tahiti, Tel continues on to the Cook Islands where he gets stung by a stonefish on Aitutaki + sets foot on 1-foot i-land¹³⁰ + establishes residency in the Banana Court Bar (chroni-cled here: <http://5cense.com/17/525.htm>) + then crosses the INTL date line to Fiji (<http://5cense.com/18/579.htm>) where he drinks virgin-spit kava + finds passedge crewing seasick on a schooner south thru a typhoon to New Z-land (<http://5cense.com/11/moored-musings.htm>). In NZ he gets a cheap 10-speed bike + tours the north i-land, sleeping on snooker tables or in garbage bags or working for room + bored on vary-us oreganic farmstays (<http://5cense.com/18/583.htm> + <http://5cense.com/14/392.htm>) + going "blackwater" rafting. He then hitchhikes thru the outback of Australia (<http://5cense.com/14/394.htm>) + then to the i-lands of Timor, Flores + the land of dragons, Komodo (<http://5cense.com/14/397.htm>), eating more god meat, climbing more volcanoes, etc. He continues to travel by boat, rail, bus, "bemo" + horse + buggy

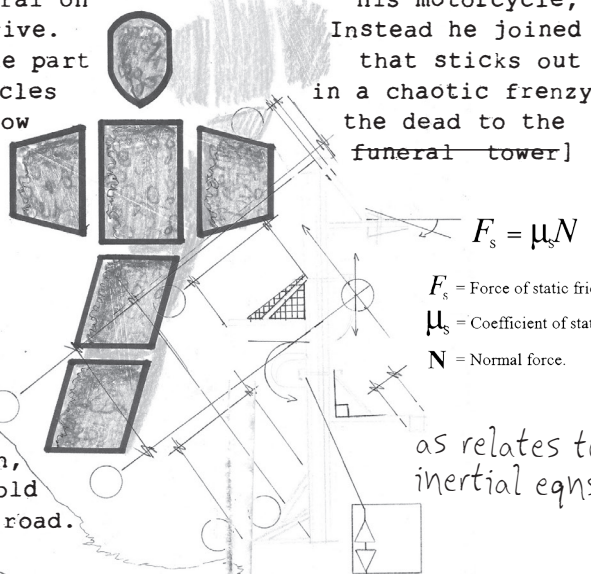
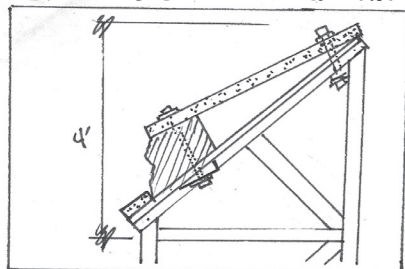
*Tel Be-comes part of the art

link over will

thru the n-tire archipelago of Indonesia (<http://5cense.com/15/404.htm>), to add to the other accumulating modes of transport (plane, bike, hitch-hiking + taxi) he'd already used numerous times to get thus far, often saving on accommodation by sleeping in motion in marathon stints, losing track of place + date, not helped by the prescribed mefloquine he also started taking, making for dreams more vivid than reality... for certain he spent Xmas eve of 1990 in Ubud w/ a group of Swedes eating sour cream + herring, boiled potatoes + gingerbread, washed down w/ aquavit. Earlier he met a tout that wanted to take him to a Hindu funeral on his motorcycle, but he didn't have a license so told Tel to drive. Instead he joined forces w/ the 4 Swedes + chartered a mini-van. The part that sticks out is how they spun the funeral pyre around in circles in a chaotic frenzy to confuse people + spirits so they wouldn't follow the dead to the underworld. [scan of journal pg showing sketch of funeral tower]

After the Swedish Xmas he climbed another volcano (Batur). On the north shore he cot the poshest bus he'd had ever been on--air-conditioned + even an assigned seat--quite a change from the cramped wood-benched bemos w/ pigs bucking under the seats + men smoking cloves rolled in cornhusks. They flew thru west

Bali like they was on a mission--the driver blaring his horn, forcing carts + old women off the road.



In the night they arrived @ a fairy dock where dozens of other busses were waiting w/ engines running + diesel smoke everywhere. Perhaps cuz of the carbon monoxide, Tel fell in + out of sleep. The bus maneuvered onto a boat + then it seems they spent quiet a while sitting in the harbore, Tel figured they was waiting for more busses to fill the bot, meanwhile Vll the ingenes was still running + nobody was going nowhere except to doormirror.

Then the bus shifted backwards + Tel figured they was just re-parking when actually they were backing up onto land, in Java! Tel never felt the motion of the bot on the water. Everything was more modurn + on a larger scale--Java had a place in the world, in contrast to Bali, which was stuck in her one timelessness. The Java-nese landscape--seen by the headlights + fool moon from a speeding bus--was vastly different: thick surreal forests of large prehistoric pine trees intertwined with large Jurassic palms. The roads were larger, actually big enough for 2 cars to pass w/o slowing down

1/2 styrofoam.
+ washer.

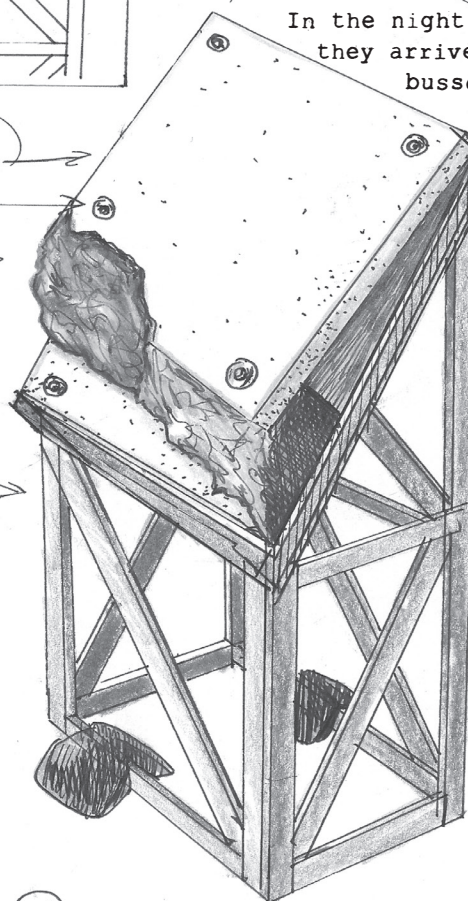
Painted polystyrene foam (7" x 5")

1/2" x 3" carter,

tries to capture the feeling of being in an un-controlled slide

on "slippery slope"

25lb. sandbag



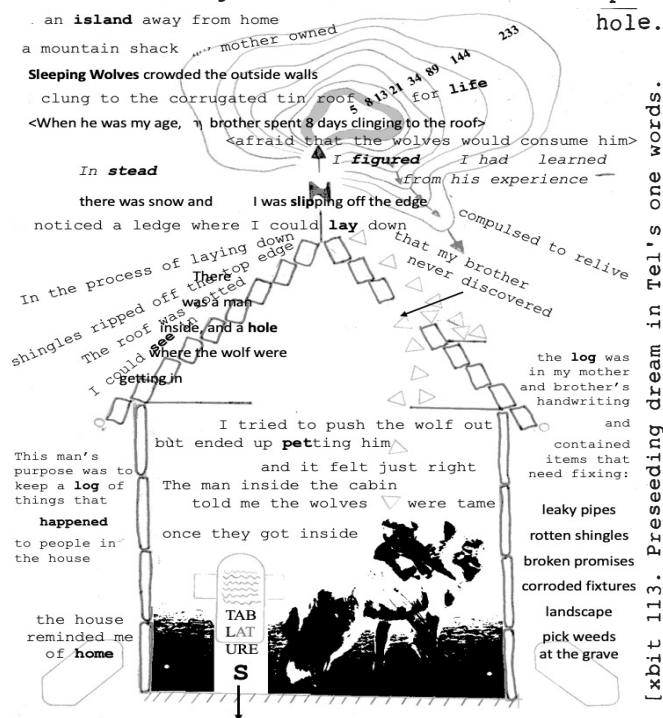
+ slab climb propped up as "art"



NO FOREIGN DISSEM/NO DISSEM ABROAD

+ pooling off the road. The man across the isle cradled his baby girl in his arms the whole time + comforted her when she puked all over his shirt. A well-dressed sophisticated woman next to Tel kept falling asleep + her head would teeter onto his shoulder + she'd jerk herself awake. This went on a few times til she looked over + saw Tel didn't mind + just rested her head on his shoulder + went to sleep for good. Tel never spoke a word to her the n-tire trip. They played a beyond B-grade movie that kept showing some guy getting violently shot over + over in slow motion. The bad guys forced the victim's girlfriend to watch + then shoved her head into the bloody open wounds. Those awake on the bus watching were smiling, or even laughing. Tel didn't have a plan thus far, except thought "Probolingo" had a nice ring to her. He was told the bus would get there at 4-5 a.m. but once he was on the bus they said 12 pm, tho he wasn't sure if that meant noon or midnite... or was they using Swahili time, where u start counting at sunrise, so 12 = sunset? He dozed + spaced out, his eyes burning. He couldn't doormirror more than 15 minutes at a time cuz the mefloquine-infused sueños would wake him up. He'd wake up in a daze + be swept off the bus, unsure if he was still dreaming. He was in a large dirty city at 1:30 a.m. according to the bus station clock. A barefoot man came up to him + said "Bromo?" + Tel said, "mengapa tidak," a literal translation of 'why not' which didn't go over well in bahasa cuz the guy walked away until Tel said OK. He grabbed Tel's bag + threw it into his becak, Tel's preferred means of transportation--a rickshaw 1-speed w/a carriage seat in front where u put yourself + backpack (or lumber, jackfruits, chicken, goats, etc.). Next thing he knew they were flying thru the dark streets of Probolingo, totally exposed + out of control--like being strapped to the radiator of a car w/ a maniacal driver behind the wheel. The fool moon + the wind in his face (not to mention the speeding busses + motorcycles they barely missed) brought him back awake. The becak driver, a clove-smoking sinewy machine, kept saying "Bromo" + "full moon". This sounded fine to Tel. They ended up at a modest apartment in a tenement building where Tel was introduced to "Guan," who had a jeep... obviously the becak driver was getting sum kickback. Guan was sleeping, but threw on some clothes + sucked on a clove cig til he was awake. Guan was a hip kid who spoke perfect english, although he had an Aussie accent from watching TV piped in from Oz. He wanted

130,000 rupees but the jeep was Tel's to "charter out"--i.e. if Tel found other people to come along then he could charge them whatever. They grabbed sum blankets + water + were off. Tel gave him an REM tape then crawled in back w/ a blanket + closed his eyes. He came across a rundown shack in the mountain that Penelope owned, w/ a bunch of wolves sleeping against the walls. Tel jumped onto the tin roof + held on for dear life. The only reason he did this was cuz of a news story he read about his father who spent 40 days + nights clinging to a roof cuz wolves wanted to eat him. Tel clung to the upper edge but there was snow + he kept sliding. He noticed a ledge where u could get down inside + wondered why his father hadn't seen this. In the process of climbing down he ripped some shingles off the top edge of the rotting roof, but made it down to a level area where there was a purring cat. Then he noticed a hole where a wolf was trying to get in. Tel tried to stop him to no avail. The wolf ended up being tame + lovable + Tel paused to pet him. Penelope wasn't there, but 1 of her suitors was. He told Tel that the wolves were tame when they was in the house. This suitor's purpose was to keep a notebook of things that happened to peephole (other suitors) in this shack. He handed it to Telemachus + told him to write down his experience. The notebook contained mostly a list of broken items such as plumbing, lighting fixtures, etc... like sum sorta maintenance logbook or register of complaints. Tel tried to write but was jolted awake when Guan hit a pot-hole.



Tel attempted to go back to sleep so he cd log his findings, but nod a chance... Guan was flying around hairpin coroners thru steep dark moundens; fumes + cold air wafting thru the jeep. Time was taking on a new dimension. Tel tried to get into the mindset that he was seeing Bromo for the sake of Bromo, not for hym--a sort of obligation, payment of respects. But at the end of the day Bromo dint Exist unless Tel witnessed it 1st hand. He was toting his I-balls to the top of Bromo for the sake of his "I"-ness. It was his chartered jeep--he was in fool cuntrol. He hadn't eaten sints a bull of roadside Gado Gado in Lovina the afternoon before. He had a miner case of Bali belly, probly from too much passion fruit or the pineapple juice w/ cockroach legs back at Batur... not a good idea to git the shits on a bus (where 1 can go for 12 hours w/o stopping for a toilet) so he figgered it best to just not eat... no input, no output, right? They hit Ngadasiri after an hour or so + Tel tried to find other passingers to share the ride w/ no luck. They continued on to the town of Bromo--a podunk hodge-podge of strucksures hugging a steep cobblestone road winding up the mountin. It was 3 a.m. but every 1 was a wake rapped in sarongs + blankets w/ full-face knit hats, leading horses or waiting by their jeeps. Red-eyed tourists--for the most part Javanese, Malaysian or Chinese--wandered sheeplessly or were placed on the backs of horses or crammed into jeeps... it wasn't hard to recruit a group of 8 people from Singapore to share the Jeep. The going rate was 10,000 rupees a piece, so that paid back 80,000 out of Tel's original 130,000 investment. And he rode shotgun, the co-pilot. They murged into the convoy of jeeps + horsses going over + down into the crater. Like Batur, Bromo is a volcano w/in another volcano, or actually 3 volcanose Vll inside the big mother crater of Bromo. Tel tripped out on the recursive + fractal nature of this concept as they dropped into the crater. The roads were pertty shitty now, EZ to see why u needed 4WD. They zig-zagged down into the crater + across a flat sea of black ash. Most of the jeeps stopped at the crater w/in the crater, but we (I (a.I.) am along for the ride now) kept going. We climed back up the opposite side 'till the rode got so bad we had to stop + walk. Off course out of nowhere some resourceful Javanese boys produced horsses + offered to let us take 'em the rest of the weigh for 800 rupees. Not that Tel was too lay-z to walk, but he fancied adding «horse-

back» to his cumulating modes of transport tally. ½-weigh up it got foggy + u couldn't see a dam thing. Just his luck, Tel thought--come all this weigh to get socked in p-soup fog so thick u couldn't tell yo ass form the ground... he cd be back on the California coast for Vll he knew. But once we reached the top, it cleared up. We were above the clouds. Just as the sun was rising--an aurora orb silhouetted in pale pastel colors, swirls of yellows + orange. U could see the volcano w/in the volcano jutting up thru the mist w/ plumes bellowing up from her... Guan called her the top of the whorld. He came up almost every day, but was still in awe, he said. They (Tel remained on top) returned down into the crater + maid a side excursion to the inner volcano. Tel climbed up the cone of ash, but Guan stayed w/ the Singaporean turists hoo were too lay-z to. Down in the crater was a steaming hissing cauldron w/ amazing colurs + textures. Then he returned to the jeep--actually, @ this point Tel ended up in another jeep cuz he couldn't find Guan... + his backpack was back at his apartment. The driver of this other jeep told Tel he knew where Guan was, that the Singapore turists got impatient + wanted to leave. This driver had a load full of Javanese shcool girls who were taking forever + Tel was getting nervous about being stuck there w/ nada but his eye-balls. When the girls got back to the jeep they all giggled + blushed, but of course they wouldn't talk to Tel (major taboo for Indonesian women outside of Bali to talk to bule). When they finally got to Bromo, Tel found Guan in a restraunt flirting w/ some Amerikin girls... this x-planed his sudden inclination to ditch Tel back at the volcano. Guan was putting on his charm + sseying "oh give me a kees before I go", all in a sudden he had a coy axsent. Tel aksed a bout his girlfriend + Guan laughed. Evidently polygamy was the norm. They found 6 others in the restraunt to go back to Probolinggo. 10,000 a pop--so Tel ended up making a profit, on top of a free trip to Bromo! Playboy Guan din't care, he was making out like a bandit ether weigh, tho it took Guan 3 yrs to save 26 million rupees to buy his jeep. At 130,000 (minus 20,000 for petrol) it will take him over 200 trips up the mountin to pay her off, so "I can save for another 1" he said, cuz by then, this jeep will bee shot. He had no insurance. If he crashes he loses it Vll... (he sses, as he swerves maniacally in + out of the bicycles + horse-drawn carriages carrying bulg-

+ U

probe--

as
R
U

ing loads of sugarcane). The variety of transportation sharing the road was amazing--mopeds w/ whole families, wives casually riding side-saddle, construction workers on bicycles lugging building materials, a man on a motorcycle w/ a sheet of glass, an ox-pulled rickety cart humping bags of rice mounted by sleeping men w/ rains in hand, be-caks taxiing artists + their paintings, mopeds w/ huge fish stacked in banana leaves, busses full of Jakartanese tourists, water buffalo in yokes returning to the fields--all sharing the same dusty ol' road in complete K-OS yet in casual control. Complete afishinsea, nothing wasted. Every space of the road teaming. They got Tel's backpack then Guan took him to the train station. He got there at 10:30 a.m. but the train to Surabaya wasn't until 1 p.m. Finally it came at 3. All Tel wanted to do was rest but every 1 in the station wanted to chat. He was accosted by groups of shcool kids going nowhere, just hanging out at the station to possibly meat sum bule dat spoke in glish so they cd practice... + after the edvice Tel gave to the class he tot in Flores (dat the best way to learn inglish is to just go up + talk to tourists) he couldn't very well blow them off. They were curios what Amerikin dollars looked like + then his passport... next thing Tel knew he had Vll his cash, \$50s + \$20's, travellers cheques, passsport, lie-cense, etc. Vll distributed to this gang of urchins. His backpack was zipped open on the platform. The kids looked at his fooly exposed possessions in awe for hours while he waited for the train. At 1 point sum Chinees tourists gave him dat universal "are u out of your fucking mind" look + he had a Reality check that this was perhaps a crazy thing to be doing, bud it was too late. Every new kid that walked up to inspect his belongings began w/ the same series of questions--"excuse me sir, I would like to introduce myself" then "where are u from?" + then "how about Iraq?" In Bali (Hindu, not Muslim), everybody asked "where are u going?" to which Tel wd answer "Saya maka angin" ('I'm eating air'), but what answer is there to "how about Iraq?" Tel told them what he thought, Hussein was crazy + so was Bush + they both could go to hell. When Tel turned the tables + aksed what they thought of the hole situation + they wouldn't respond. It's ok to ask such questions in Java, but not ok to answer 'em, at least not to Amerikins. Or they wd point to Tel's shorts + ssey showing your knees in public was offensive to Muslims. 1

kid that said this was standing w/ a friend who was wearing shorts so Tel pointed at him + asked well what about him, or the becak drivers, to witch they'd ssey it was ok cuz he was from Bali, or dat becak drivers was allowed to cuz of dare job. The train finally came 2 hours late. 2nd class was sold out, so he got "ekonomi" + even ekonomi din't have any open seats (wood benches) so he propped his backpack in the stairwell between cars. The rails were screeching + screaming--deathening, but also hypnotic. The ground was a blur a cupple of feet below his feet. In the distance terraced rice fields + millions of shanty backyards flashed by. Everything flooded + wet. Shack after shack went on forever. This was how 90% of the world lived. Every 1 smiled + waved at the funny looking bule hanging off the train. It was like a long 2-hour movie, the soundtrack being the deathening grinding of metal on metal. Tel would doze off + wake up w/ people walking all over him, kids running up + down the aisles selling souprise food wrapped in banana leafs. They got to Surabaya + Tel jumped off into complete K-OS--a crowded terminul w/ people Q-ing up in clusterfucks of lines going every witch way, leading to unattended ticket counters. Kids continued to walk up to him, "excuse me mister, if u may, I would like to introduce myself" + then ask him about Iraq, but couldn't tell him how to get to Yogyakarta. Sleeping families woke up + stared at Tel for amusement as he tried to make sense of the jungle of lines + sines, ppl bumping into him from every direxion. A cop notissed the bule + motioned for Tel to follow. The cop led Tel to the "station master"--a fat head honcho guy w/ a bushy mustache. He told Tel he'd gotten off at the rong station + directed him to a bus that would take him to the other station. The sprawl of Surabaya was phenomenal. Traffic everywhere w/ no rhyme or reason to anything. It took 45 minutes to go 3 kms. The other station was worse. Tons of trains coming + going--cattle cars crammed to the hilt w/ people. Tel got a ticket on the Mutiara express + a bag of peanuts. Time went by, he was afraid to fall asleep for fear of missing his train or getting robbed... hours of mindless conversations w/ strangers in broken english. "How about Iraq?" over + over. Always w/ men, ne-ver approached by women. Finally the train came + he got a seat next to a guy who read the Koran the whole while, 6 hrs strait w/o even so much as a blink. Tel was in + out of sleep. It got dark. He

could feel the motion but Vll he cd see was the inside of the crowded smokey car jerking back + forth as if rattling inside Tel's head. Raily + sleep became continuous... he'd doze for what seamed like hours but it was only 10 minutes, waking up to smells of foriegn foods, a huge 40 kg jackfruit splayed in the isle like a carkiss, every 1 cutting chunks off it in a frenzy, 'twas enough to feed the entire train. Tel tried sum + it tasted off glue. There were sum soldjers on a bench--shaved heads, mustaches, fatigues + mashene guns--sleeping cuddled in each others arms, nestled like spoons w/ feet intertwined. Almost as priceless as the soldjers near Batur marching 2x2 in formation, hand in hand. Since he'd left Bali Tel had managed to read ½ of *The ODSsey*. He could relate the adventure to his trip, except where was his Nausicaa*? Tel yearned to be bathed in olive oil + fed bread + vvine + to halve a "bedstead in the portico furnished with the finest purple rugs". Tel aksed a porter "Kapan ke Yogya?" + he said 4 hours. It was 10:30 p.m. He was resigned to join the throngs sleeping on the floor of the train, when at 11:45 p.m. they pulled into a station dat said "Yogyakarta". He grabbed his bag + shoes + jumped off the train. There were sleeping bodies strewn all thru the station. Yogya is the Bezerkeley of Java--long-haired trendy "yoggies" w/ guitars, writing poetry or whatever. They were all sleeping in 1 scrum on the floor, w/ a narrow path leading thru the middle of 'em. Tel considered joining 'em, but yearn-

ed for a descent nites rest. He emurged onto the street + it was sheer bedlam--people partying everywhere. He hopped in a becak but had no idea where he was going, or wat was going on, figgered Yogya was always this festive. Then Vll at once sirens + horns started blaring + everybody was hoot-in' + hollerin'. Traffic was at a complete standstill. Tel thought maybe he got cot in a coup d'état. Champagne corks were flying, everybody was yelling "Tahun Baru!" Maybe a victoryus sports team? "Apa Tahun Baru?" he aksed the becak driver, but he just said Tahun Baru back, every 1 was yelling it to eachother. Then sum 1 thru confetti in Tel's face + said "Happy New Year Mister!" A group of drunk Germans handed Tel a boddle of sham-pain + said "Frohes neues Jahr!" Tel took a swig + handed it back. When the becak driver finally got to the losmen he was looking for it was full--"ramai". Every place was the same story. Ramai. Ramai. The becak took him back to Jalan Malioboro, the main drag. It was in full swing. The becak plowed thru the K-OS, hitting peepole's legs, but no 1 cared. The driver rang his bell but it only added to the cacophony of hoots + hollers + horns blaring in jubilation. If u can't beat 'em, join 'em! When in Rome do as the Romans. For the price of a losmen Tel cd hire the becak to just ride around Vll nite, who needed a place to stay? He could doormirror while the rickshaw rode around the New Year's K-OS of Yogyakarta searching for Ulysses.

* he forgot all about his father, the original purpose of his ODSsey, ~~copy~~ mimickeyng his brudder.

<- breached momint of inertia?

Identity

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T-13 []

T-14 []

i-15 []
(request)

Location

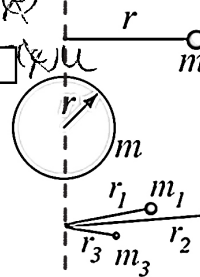
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Characterization



$$I = mr^2$$

For a point mass the moment of inertia is just the mass times the radius from the axis squared. For a collection of point masses (below) the moment of inertia is just the sum for the masses.

$$I = kmr^2$$

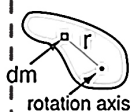
For an object with an axis of symmetry, the moment of inertia is some fraction of that which it would have if all the mass were at the radius r.

$$I = \sum_i m_i r_i^2 = m_1 r_1^2 + m_2 r_2^2 + m_3 r_3^2 + \dots$$

Sum of the point mass moments of inertia.

$$I = \int_0^M r^2 dm$$

Continuous mass distributions require an infinite sum of all the point mass moments which make up the whole. This is accomplished by an integration over all the mass.



LEAD

At Los Angeles, California: Will follow subject's activities while in the Los Angeles Division.