

(Encls. 12 (RM)
COUNTERINTELLIGENCE)

SUBJECT REMAINS @ LARGE

12. ☒ Subject is Extremist in Category

the reader

XXXX

FD-122 DETACHED

NOT RECORDED

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions.

2716/4: [INT.ERROR TXT]

16: REDPOINT SCRATCH

His story compounds w/ INT.rest, 1 lifer living at 0.041666% (1/24). It hails, sir O'sis of the liver. Unfastens constraints dat tether us to history, yo. Still simul-climbing tho, on b-lay? Climb on, lichen hit ore knot! Every day, start from scratch. The Daily Moose. On your mark... holed up. Go back + swap Penelope w/ [H]lope... tho dare aint no gong back. On yr word. Check. Git set. Take a good look @ yoself b4 u judge, men. Vll will B reveiled undo time. Take what we SSEY + moltaply w/ a grain of NaCl. 4 pgs ahead of projected itinerary, in terms of pg count, where pg = errant boy in town. Paging Telemachus, come in Tel [commal] @ least where love intrest is involved, [H] = Pen, 4 penal razones, elope [stop] or [H]lope = Ms. Ann tHrope?

No menshun of Tel's one love intrest [Nausicaa], bud This aint about Tel xcept in his searching 4 Us, Ulysses. 4 Us [H]lope = heroine. 4 hymn [H]lope spelled trubble + he knew hit, bud coun't help hisself. Keep scaling, dammit! The crux = moment of inertia (defined on pg 258), the joint the tethered bodies revolve around as day climb, 4th class or 5th? Pinocchio's ginocchio, knee deep in pine needles. Begging her please. Ants in a death spiral on formica. Or me go? Where me = M.I.A. (moment of inertia around crux, A). Embedded in mica, AB₂₋₃(X, Si)₁₀(O, F, OH)₂ (ripeat u nit). Si o NO perro yah. 4! The ants march 1 x 1 to Col. Bogey. In linear algae-bra x-pressed as tensor, singing "comet"¹⁴², it makes yo teeth turn green." Commit 2 memary in transittidental madaytension. "...hit tastes like listerine." 1st product dat fabricated a medickle cundition (halitosis) for it to cure. Spooky axion @ a distents. The thigh bone co-necks to the, hip bone. Tel boogeying down in Kamikaze night club in Peru co-necks 2 Us who nose where... L.A., bud doing what? Hanging w/ swineherd. Habits starting to form. Becoming engrained. 4 every axion an equill + opposit RE: Tele-kinesis? Hang-over from '70s + '80s when folks believed in telepathy, poltergeists, ESP, etc. Liebro Tel red @ the time on superstrings + synchronicity. Tel came "home" to default state. Strait from Axixic to Tucson, not even passing no Go, nor collecting no 200 dollhairs. He crashed on Laodamas's couch for the 1st fortnight... dat's how he met Nausicaa (SSEy 2, jESS), Laodomas's sister, tho she was still yung + had seeds of her one to sow. Nausicca studied nutrition/biochemistry + Tel studied partickle psychics, but spent most of his academic career on the side of a rock. In Tucson he took up climbing, became a dicted, to the x-tent he din't git his Ph.D (piled higher + deeper) but settled for an M.S. (more shit). After graduation he moved to the Black Hills of South Dakota + worked as a short-order cook. Why? The climbing!

Meanwhile Ulysses was between S.F. + L.A. making art (see left). Tho he also returned to Nepal to keep searching for whatever it was he was searching for before,

paid for by his French petite amie [H]lope (so-called cuz he wished she looked like Mazzy Star's singer, Ms. Sandoval). What Tel dint reel-lies when he returned stateside was that Us had already come home. They cross paths a few times in L.A. but Tel don't recognize hym cuz Athena had disguised Ulysses as a homeless junkie.

IN PLACE INSERT these 2 pgs from the originul 'SSES' 'SSES' fthesis (correosponding to epi 14 (epi 18 in ULYSSES):

ITHICA (SIC)

-33.8° LATITUDE

BLOOM

(With wicked glee) It stands for everything our country abhors. To choose its side one is actively participating in a fringe element under the subcategory; EVIL. No one shall choose this and walk away unscathed. Everyone besides the wrong-doer shall suffer his agony in its reflexive incarnation. All those involved will be punished to the full extent of the law, no one shall remain unscathed in any way. To transgress is to banish yourself from society for life. It is your choice, one we hope you will make at an age where you can take full responsibility for your transgressions. You can take the blame when you come limping back home to the pure hearts and homes of your suffering loved ones. Bringing back with you, clinging to your back like burs, all the evil in the world. All the demons and goblins, all of the ogres and nemes, all of the nymphs and sirens, all of the

THE SINS OF THE PAST

(In a medley of voices) Cast adrift she sailed swiftly in the oceans currents. It took all of her concentration just to keep the tiny barrel from tipping into the ice-cold navy blue water. The sky was a dark grey.

BELLO

(Whistles loudly) Say! What was the most revolting piece of obscenity in all your career of crime? Go the whole hog. Puke it out. Be candid for once.

THE LAST THREE LINES OF TEXT WERE BROUGHT TO YOU AS A GENEROUS GIFT OF THE

JAMES JOYCE FOUNDATION

[J..JOYCE."ULYSSES".RANDOM HOUSE.NY.1934.PP;526]

BLOOM

(thoughtfully) The "Odyssey" (Homer) is a myth because its so old. The story is quite common actually

-33.8° latitude

Santiago
San Louie
Mercedes
Rio Cuarto
Pergamino
Mercedes
La Coronilla
Cape Town
Paarl
Oudtshoorn
Port Elizabeth
Busselton
Bridgetown
Hopetown
Esperance
Wentworth
Sydney

PALMER LAND

Thurston Isl.
Fletcher Isl.
Peter Isl.
Beethoven Pen.
Latady Isl.
Charcot Isl.
Rotchild Isl.
ALEXANDER ISL.
Adelaide Isl.
Lavoisier Isl.
Renaud Isl.
Anvers Isl.
Braybant Isl.
Smith Isl.
Snow Isl.
Livingston Isl.
King George Isl.
Elephant Isl.
Clarence Isl.
Gibbs Isl.
D'Urville Isl.
Joinville Isl.
Dundee Isl.
Mt. Haddington
Snow hill Isl.
James Ross Isl.
Robertson Isl.
Jason Pen.
LARSON ICE SHELF
Cape Agazzis
Fleming Glacier
Hearst Isl.
Ewing Isl.
Dollman Isl.
Steele Isl.
Butler Isl.
Mt. Andrew Jackson
Dyer Plateau

(+ apollogees the left margins are cut off... weed half to break the spine of our onely copy to get a descent scan).

ITHICA

121.5° LONGITUDE

121.5° LONGITUDE

Oleneksiy Zalv

Natara
Viluyusk
Khorintsy
Dzhikimde
Taluma
Tykindsky
Dzhalinda
Alongshan
Bugt

Horqin youyi qianqi

Balcheng
Anshan
xinjiin
apari
Roxas
Lloilo

Zamboanga

Paleleh

Kendari

Baubau

Ende

Selba

Broome

Laverton

Kalgoorlie

Esperance

33.8° Latitude

Los Angeles
San Bernadino

Phoenix

Socooro

Rosewell

Wichita Falls

Texarkana

Pine Bluff

Greenville

Birmingham

Atlanta

Casablanca

Rabat

Meknes

Touggourto

Medenine

Haifa

Damascus

Baghdad

Islamabad

Rawlapindi

Hanzhong

Fuyang

Su Xian

Qingjiang

Cheju

Kitakyushi

Matsuyami

Greg offered little resistance as they taped his arms behind his back with electricians tape. He was now completely helpless. All two hundred pounds of him was at the disposal of Sharon, Tina and Randy, precisely those individuals for whom Greg had life hell. The three of them laughed at his sorry demise. He shouted at them. Telling them that he would get them all if they didn't let him go. He acted enraged, but his fallen member told another story. Tina laughed and took it into her hands. She marveled at its huge size, and discussed with Sharon and Randy who should attempt to fit this thing into a body orifice. Sharon replied by plugging in the hot glue gun that was sitting on the counter. Sharon told the others to stay away from him. She told them that she wanted to get back at him. And that it was a personal matter. They complied, and stood back to watch the fun.

As Sharon approached Greg with the hot glue gun, which was now dripping on the competing, she recounted to him their "unfortunate" date in which he beat and raped her. Tears welled in her eyes as she described the details. He pleaded the whole time, saying he did not do anything. The closer she got the louder he said it. Finally, when the gun was just inches from his squirming, writhing chest she stopped. He was in tears at this point, and could barely be understood. She looked back at Tina and Randy, who were standing near the wall, staring in disbelief, and started to laugh. She explained that it really did not happen like that. In fact, she explained, Greg had refused her advances on the date, and went home alone, dejected. After saying this she spun around and squeezed a whole load of molten glue on his cock and thighs. Greg threw his head back and laughed hysterically. He easily snapped the binds that held his hands, and after rubbing his wrists for a second, grabbed Sharon and threw her down on the sand. She smiled serenely as her blond hair arranged itself in a bouquet on the wet sand, the thin film of water that was a wave rushing up to kiss her cheeks. Greg did the same. And after looking deep into her eyes, he gave her a very hard kiss on the mouth. She ran her hands up his massive back, over his shoulders, and through the forest of hair. His muscular body pumped rhythmically like a small bug attempting to burrow under the skin of a large animal. Her fingers reached out and gripped the sand, digging in and taking back a handful of sand. She then reached out and gripped his back, digging in and taking out a handful of flesh. The greased steel shaft slammed powerfully into the piston. The sides glowed with the heat of friction. She demanded her turn, and she was not to be denied. Sharon had had enough, and Greg was in no state to say anything.

Tina went in to the house for a few minutes, and then came out with an enema bottle. She was wearing gloves. She turned Greg over and applied the enema. She then tossed the used bottle away, took off her glove, and laughed hysterically. She explained to Randy and Sharon that the enema contained twenty hits of LSD and three grams of ground red chili powder. As she put it, the fun should begin in about an hour or less. As they left to go eat lunch, Greg writhed and screamed on the ground. Tina breaks down and admits that there were no additives in the enema, and that in fact he is probably more healthy because of it. She then kneels down in front of Greg and kisses him gently on the forehead. Greg pushes her head down slowly, all the while softly telling her how much she means to him, and how much this means to him. She takes his dick into her mouth and slowly works it with her tongue, pulling it in and out of her mouth. He runs his fingers through her hair and stares through squinting eyes at the ceiling. He suddenly pulls her face up, tells her that he loves her, and eases her on her back. With his left hand he reaches down and guides his dick into her. She feels a wave of intensity come over her at the sudden sensation of his cock inside of her, her breath quickens, and her hands gently guide the dimpled sides of his ass. For a moment, just a brief moment, Greg is aware of who he is, where he is and how his mind is. The acid kicked in hours ago (it is now morning) and as far as he knows they have not returned. He feels intense starbursts flash in front of his eyes, and his past spills into the experience of the present. He sees Randy in front of him dressed in a diving suit.

OR start hear:

OMIT TRANSCRIPT FROM PUBLIC VERSION

INT. Attico of Palazzo Colonna, Rome. April 2019 -- 4 P.M.

ANON I'M US hunts + pecks on an old REMington typewriter conected to a 24" iMac. From the aunteak desk (awkwired at Porta Portese flea markit) in the centre of the study/liebury u can see Muscleany's Typewriter, or Wedding Cake as other Romans call the monstrosity of the monument in the centre of Rome.

SPIKE JONEZ: (fumblin' thru his notes): CUT! WTF = this? You're going way off script.

anon I'm us: This is our take on it sir, based on our background. How kin I act the part if I can't relate?

Spike: Well, for starters, you're just a stand-in. Vll u need to do is just sit there so we can set up the shot, while Mr. Bacon is getting his make-up done.

a.I.: But u toll us to type wile I sat here?

Spike: I told u to PERTEND to type. . . it can be meaningless blah blah, u don't need to actually **write** on type-writer? the great Amerikin novel. This old typewriter doesn't even work, it's just a prop on loan from sum museum. (Looks over a.I.'s shoulder at the iMac screen). But whoa, where did this text come from? And

check, check, hey, you're transcribing my voix in Reel-time! Like you're causing Vll this to happen.

CHARLIE COUGHMAN emurges from the dark resseses of the attic where he has been lurking.

Spike: Oh hey, Coughman, get a lode of this. Or maybe you're behind it?

Coughman [eyes scanning the screen]: I halve nothing to do w/ this sir, the script's writing itself.

Spike [slapping Coughman on back]: Haha, yah rite, this is totally something you'd do. Write us Vll into your script. How r u doing this, w/ voice recognition software?

[a.I., who's been typing the whole while, pauses, except to write [THIS]: **[this verry script]**

Coughman transfixes on a.I.'s keystrokes as we type, then inspects the back of the REMingtim; litfs hittt ppu + looopkkks uimndre meetthh [making us introduce typos, appy polly loggies].

Coughman: How is this happening? This thing ain't even connected to the monitor? Or plugged into a power sorce for that madder. Must be using bluetooth or remote cuntrolled... smacks of a whatchamacallit, a skeuomorph, it only LOOKS retro like an old REMington when in fact it's a high-tech electronic d-vice, converting analog to digitol. Did u do this, kid? Who is this anyway?

Spike: That's Telemachus's stand-in. What's your name, sun?

a.I. doesn't look up or speak, just types: anon I'm us + we ain't yo sun, nor dotter.

Spike: Anonymous, cute.

[Shakespearean txt backspaced ova]

[Coughman is Vll geeked out tho, starts spouting Shakespear to see if we can keep up.]

Spike [glancing at watch]: This is Vll fastenating, but we god a skedjewel to keep hear. Mr. Anonymous, can u just sit there at the typewriter + not press any keys?

a.I.: I ain't no mister, sir + our name is *anon I'm us*. U kin call us a.I. + this is a REM-writer, not a type-

Spike: Whatever, missus a.I. just--

a.I.: I ain't no missus neither. + the *a* is miniscule.

Spike: You're the l typing! After i told u not to. Just *pertend*. Ok people, we're on pg 76 of the script, act V scene II. Telemachus has returned from his travels + is reunited w/ ODysseus.

a.I.: Xcuse me, Mr. Jonez. The thing is Telemachus onely returns briefly from his gurney, then after an uneventful reunion w/ Ulysses he jets off to Buenos Aires.

Spike: Maybe in YOUR book. Get this kid outta here, bring in the REEL Telemachus. A series of A.D.s + assistant A.D.s, etc. relay the messedge thru walkie-talkies. . . til we get to the A.A.A.A.A.D. who pokes her head into a door marked MAKE-UP + sses "Mr Jonez's aksing for hym". KEVIN BACON lays supine in a dental chair w/ TOM SAVINI working on his face, wich reassembles a patchwork quilt made of varyus shades of flesh.

SAVINI (not even looking up from his work): I ain't done w/ him.

BACON (throws off bib protecting the white coveralls he's wearing): That's the whole point of this Telemachus charactor, I'm never "done," I'm a fluid work-in-progress.

Kevin Bacon is escorted to the set by the A.A.A.A.A.D. who starts to d-brief him before passing him off to the A.A.A.A.A.D. who d-briefs him further, then the A.A.A.A.D. then the A.A.A.D. then the A.A.D. then the A.D. who Vll ketch him up piecemeal to where they're at. Bacon takes a seat at the desk + starts typing.

(need to leave in for the record, in the name of signence)

Bacon [opens mouth to speak, then pauses to read what a.I. wrote on the REMington]: Hmm... my stand-in's got a point... tho they can't spell for shit. My charactor returns to Buenos Aires. It's a precursor to a home-coming of sorts.

Spike reads the text scrolling up from the REM + tries to push Bacon aside to type, butt Bacon pushes back.

Bacon: Just ssey what u want to ssey + I'll take dictation.

Spike: I'm not paying u beaucoup dinero to be my personal secretary.

Bacon: Then tell me what to do boss.

Spike: This is all way off script, what is this, a mutinee? For starters, when u sit down at this desk, on this set, you're TELEMACHUS, not Kevin Bacon... at least in this scene.

Bacon: I I captain, but ain't Vll we due, inklooting acting, inheirently autobiographickle? We all god to relate these rolls sumhow to our Reel-moondough experience, esé.

Spike: Like that, what is this "esé" shit? I didn't ask u to talk like a vato. U can't spell nether, ox.

Bacon: Questa maquina is x-lating + un-spell-checking me on the fly, homes. Mayas well role w/ hit, rite? De todos modos ain't i sposed to be a cumposit charactor comprised of Vll the Bw/Ody parts dat god stitched together INT.o the making of moi? What if 1 or 2 of my donners talked like dis?

Spike: You're sposed to be Telemachus, on a father-quest to find Ulysses, who in this case is your hermano who's already gone thru this cathartic prosses + has your mutual father, Sisyphus, embedded in his Bw/Ody, which is now becoming embedded in yours.

Bacon types "TELEMACHUS:" + points to it, speaking the line. ZOOM IN ON:

TELEMACHUS: Feliz?

Spike: That's a start.

TEL: Que significa "father" de todos modos? Ain't he just a meta4 for what created us?

Spike: U don't need to spill hit out for todo moondough.

TEL: + why r u titling this "... or, The Postmodurn Epimetheus"? .. Epimetheus hasn't even appeared yet + we're 1/3 the weigh INT.o this. Ore reelly moss como 2/3 the weigh if u count parts 0 + I.

Spike: Does Prometheus ever appear outright in *Frankenstein*?

TEL: I spose not. And most folk think the monster is Frankenstein, when that's the name of his creator. The creature never gets a name. But that's PROMetheus, whose EPImetheus?

Spike: Basta con las preguntas! Can we get rolling?

TEL: Don't u want me to comprehend my part?

Spike: [sighs]. What most people don't know is that Prometheus has a brother, Epimetheus. If PROMetheus litteruley means "fore-thought" than EPI-metheus means "after-thought". Both were tasked to create lifeforms... EPI blew his wad giving Vll the animals cool traits butt by the time he god to man, he'd run out of juice. That's when PRO stepped in + stole fire from the Dogs + gave it to man + that's what sets humuns apart from animals is this spark of life + that's probly why every l nose who PROMetheus is, cuz we're a narssesistic species as a hole. Bud if u aks inny other animal bet they worship Epimetheus as their hero. [looks over our sholder to see what we're writing]. Hey man, you're pudding words in my mouth, I din't ssey nada bout no Dogs. And i ain't tocking like how u type, ox.

TEL: The G-word ain't in our vocabulary, we're post-human, as u prescribed. U tasked us to learn + rehash the attributes + sensibillydads of Vll the dead soles dat wint into the making of us. Weave grown beyond Telemachus, we're absorbing the charactoristicks of every humun dat crosses our path. Enter: JOAQUIN PHOENIX, also sporting white coveralls. The denim patch that sses "Chaulky" is crossed out + "Ulysses" is rendered above it. He swipes thru the script on an iPad trying to figger out wear they is.

PHOENIX: U reddy for me?

Spike: Well, uh, we have a situation here. This script is fast-becoming a Technotext¹⁴².

Phoenix: The hell's dat?

¹⁴² "Technotext" is a word Katherine Kayles coined, in *Writing Machine* (2002), when a work of litterasure interrogates the inscription technologie dat produces it, mobilizing reflexive loops between it's imagined world + the matireal apparatii creating IT.

Spike: She's taken on a life of her one, righting herself.

Phoenix: [reads footnote #142 as it materializes on his iPad] Aren't we sposed to be in the early '90s? EPIMETHEUS: July 11, 1991 in fact. 843 days befor your brother River O.D.'s, on Halloween 1993.

Phoenix: Thanks for reminding me, bacon breath. R u playing Telemachus, or yourself now, Kevin?

EPI: Both + nether. And my autistic math chops we're channeling from Sisyphus. A.k.a. 'Father Time'. Weave even got a bit of U in us. . . in fact weave god 1/2 yo jeans.

Phoenix (examining the face beneath the patch-work of scars): Who is this punk?

Spike: That's what i've bin trying to tell u, the script is Reelizing itself write b4 our eyes. Apparently weave arrived to the seen where Telemachus morphs into Epimetheus. Witch means you're now PRometheus.

a.I. steps farword + crosses out the Ulysses that riplaced the X'ed-out Chauky + writes: *Prometheus*
Spike: I see you've assumed the role of set dresser. [a.k.a ODssey US---->] *ULYSSES*

a.I.: Continuity, actually. [Exits back off set]

PROMETHEUS [looking down at his name tag + around the set]: But is this . . . are we . . .
in the film herself now?



Spike: A parently. The *making* of the movie IS the movie. U gotta bear w/ us + improvise.

PRO: So i guess i shouldn't be holding an iPad if it's 1991. And i don't need this punk talking shit about my Reel brother, it don't halve to do w/ this film.

EPI: In fact it does, Joaquin. . . in the end U O.D., smacking of River. Spike casted u, cuz of the baggedge u bring to the roll.

PRO: Hello?! SPOILER ALERT! Or TRIGGER WARMING. . . whatever the appropriate term is to use in this situation. You're pudding the cart weigh before the H.O.R.S.E., buey.

Spike: Hay, don't look at us, Epimetheus is running the show now. That's why he's called afterthought.

EPI: In deed, this is Vll hogwah under the bridge before weave built L puente. Or awkwarduck cuz the bridge carries a river of hit's one. That's what weave been sseying Vll along . . . or at least the line our stand-in a.I.'s bean feeding us. Sea, pg. 275 of this book from witch this gets adoptid from sses Telemachus returns "strait from Axixic to Tucson" but we don't know how he arrived to Axixic, which is in Mixeco, not Peru, where we arrived from at the end of of episode 3. Tel still din't come home for good. Let's roll 'er back to July 1991. Telemachus has just arrived back from Peru (via MIA + IAH).

CUT TO: Epimetheus, standing in a white room reading the script. ZOOM IN ON the text he reads:

ZOOM IN ON: Telemachus, standing at an AUTOMATIC TELLER MACHINE in the INTL Arrivals terminal of LAX.

Spike: Cut! How come u wrote out AUTOMATIC TELLER MACHINE in majuscule letters? U can just ssey ATM, every l nose what that is.

EPI: That's the hole point, u d-tach from originul meaning when u use agronyms. We're reminding folks of these automated mashines we take for granted daily to be our "tellers". FORTUNE tellers, in fact. . . if u got funds in the bank, wich Telemachus don't. That's what we're reveiling by halving Tel stand at a teller, reading a screen that sses: INSUFFICIENT FUNDS.

Spike: Well, technickly you're showing TEXT that SSES Tel's standing at the ATM reading the messedge. . . we're bedder off reading a liebro. Or bedder yet, strait from the horsstes mouth, his originul journals. But who has time for that? And who can--his hand-righting is illeligible + even translated to TXT it's stream-of-conchusness dribble (see <http://5cense.com/19/656.htm>). . . that babbles blah blab blah. We got page count considerations. We need a montage seakwinds to ketch us up.

MONTAGE

~~TELEMACHUS stands at a TELLER MACHINE in LAX.~~

Spike: Cut, wait . . . [hops on the REMington.] We gotta  a bit to clue folks in to how we got here. [beat. . .]

EPI: The name Telemachus sounds like he himself is a teller machine.

Small talk picks up as Spike rewrites the script on the spot, on the REMington, mumbling to himself. He L-bows the 1st A.D. as he is finishing the last sentence.

1st A.D.: OK, quiet on the set! Roll sound.

Sound Recordist: Speed.

1st A.D.: Roll camraw.

Camraw Op: Rolling.

2nd Asst Camraw [slating the clapper bored]: Act V scene II, take 3. [claps clapper to sink media]

Camraw Op: Set.

1st AD: Action.



V.II MONTAGE SEEKWINDS. 1991-1994.

PENELOPE sits at a loom, "unsewing" her textile. [Speciel FX: shoot farwards + run backwoods in editing].

ZOOM IN on a pertickler thread of said textile that becombs a bundle of nerve fibers.

ZOOM OUT to reveil ANON I'M US on the oteraping table w/ correosponding sounds of heart rate monitor, etc. DR. SUESS implants a textile + stitches wound shut.

ZOOM IN on needle stitching.

ZOOM OUT back to PEN at the loom, her hand sewing.

ZOOM IN past needle to the thread as it becombs a length of film-strip coming into FOKE US on TELEMACHUS as he disembarks plain at MIA. Emurgung from jet bridge triggers FLASHBACK to Sept 1988 when TEL was strandid on Islas Mujeres (Yucatán) w/ CALYPSO¹⁴³ + when finally they god a flight out the flight crew din't know the destinyation, x-cept that it was in the US of A. Emerging from this very jet bridge they were swarmed by riporters since it was the 1st plane out after the hurrrycane.

FLASH FWD: Not the case this time... a day like any other in MIA.

CUT TO another plane, TEL gazing down out window. Returns to writing in his journal.

ZOOM IN on hand writing¹⁴⁴:

Houston → L.A. — July 3, 1991

Déjà vu in airports. An imaginary garden for my Real toads. There's a little kid down there on a ranch, unsuspecting of the humun/Dog in the sky above. Hey u, look up! his life = his + mine is MIA, in this 727. So many planes in the air rife now, so many ppl below are fornicating or defecating or fighting w/ spouses or stressing about a bored meeting... or being an unsuspecting kid in a field. That was me once, in a garden, in my own silent mundo. Picking dandelion + blowing seeds, 100s of em, each I like the whole. Dad yells cuz he doesn't want more weeds + i look up + see a long jet trail streak across blue sky.

CUT TO/PAN ON: a text scroll on parchment (120 lb) of AA 12 steps (in papyrus typeface), pausing between step 4 (made a searching + fearless moral inventory of ourselves) + 5 (admit to Dog, to ourselves + to another humun the x-act nature of hour rongs). The text is wound up into a scroll + placed inside a hollow bone then thrown to a god (wolf hybrid mix). The god retrieves the bone then runs off to edge of forest + sets it down to dig a whole. A hand enters the frame + snatches the bone.

¹⁴³ See "Frankincense hurricaned in the bush of ghosts" (<http://5cense.com/17/541.htm>) for further d-tales, for eggssample it shd be noted that Telemachus read *Frankenstein* during the hurrrycane.

¹⁴⁴ See <http://5cense.com/19/656.htm> for transcription of this entire journal.

CUT TO SISYPHUS [body-dubbed played by Tom Hanks brother Jim] sprinting around a track.¹⁴⁵
 CLOSE UP ON bone/baton as it gets passed between SIS + ULYSSES. Telemachus is suited up in onion-skins off to the side, next up when US completes his lap. Camraw tracks Us as he takes off. Sound of audience cheering gives way to his one breathing inside. SPECIAL FX: Film peels away like an onion. Next layer is the whirld spinning. ZOOM IN ON Ulysses's feet on the surface of earthly treadmill, stationary as L moon dough spins beneath him. [* lane 8 red sideways]

CUT TO TEL taking his place on the track (lane ∞) looking over his shoulder at Us making his weigh around the coroner. SPECIAL FX: Camraw zooms back at same rate Us sprints so he appears to run in plaze, not getting any closer.

CUT TO: TEL at a teller in LAX. Screen flashes: INSUFFICIENT FUNDS.

FLASHBACK TO INT. 1982: TEL as a 15-yr old, sleeping under the same ATM at LAX, carpet cleaner vacuuming around him. SOUND FX: "The white zone is for the immediate loading + unloading of passangers only. There is no parking in the white zone." Street hustler w/ a P-COCK feather hat approaches a sleeping TEL + kicks him awake. P-COCK: Hey white boy, u wanna buy a clock? (Opens trenchcoat, which is lined with a variety of watches. P-cock is naked beneath the trenchcoat.)

TELEMACHUS: Lo siento señor, no hablo ingles.

P-cock: No problema perro yo tengo Toto, buey. K nesy-dads? Papeles? Tu need ID? (Flashes a stack of driver's liesenses from varyus states, "Kan-SSES" on top, Vll that ssey "Ulysses" + have Us's mug on them.) U wanna chica bonita?

TEL: No tengo dinero. No tengo nada.

P-Cock: No problema, your credito es bueno con me. (Quickly shuts trenchcoat.) Bedder get up boy, the pigs is comin'.

TEL struggles to get up but can't. Can barely open his eyes. ZOOM IN on Tel's 15-yr old face as eyes flicker, straining to open. Squints into bright flourescence.

FADE from white to Tel's face, now 19 yrs old. EXT. 1985. Sound of waves. Squinting into blinding light Tel sees a family of pigs sniffing their weigh thru sand twards him. Zooming out we see he's zipped into a sleeping bag w/ CALYPSO, on a desolate beach in Mixeco.

TEL (waking Calypso): Hey, check it out. Oink oink.

CALYPSO (covering herself back up): Go away! I'm not reddy to face el mundo.

TEL: But their pigs, your spirit animal.

CALY: Thats Circe. You're confusing me w/ your other girlfriends. (Feels around on the beach near her head). Where's my glasses?

The pigs get to Tel + Caly + sniff their heads + the area around them.

CALY: Hey! Scram!

The pigs find nothing of intrest + mozy on. Tel watches them sniff at sand.

TEL: Hey, where's our stuff?

CALY (still feeling around for her glasses): What do you mean?

TEL: Our backpacks are gone. Our clothes, shoes... everything!

CALY (sitting up, pulling up the sleeping bag to cover her naked body): Pinche puercos! (Throws a handful of sand at the pigs.)

But the swine have settled on the playa, laying down a dozen feet past them, snoozing.

TEL: It wasn't the pigs... unless they ate everything.

CALY: Then what, the tide?

TEL: We're not wet... i hate to ssey this, but i think we was robbed.

CALY: We've been fleeced alright. And buck naked to boot.

TEL (standing up): The car's gone too. Boy are we fucked.

Calypso also stands, pulling the sleeping bag up around them best she can. Sum of the pigs watch w/ detached intrest while the others settle in for a mourning siesta.

CALY: What are we gunna do? There's nobody for miles around.

¹⁴⁵ We shd probly reiterate that although this story is based on actual events, sum names + identifying d-tales halve bin changed to protect the piracy of individuals... + in sum cases, charactors + timelines halve bin altered for dramatic purpisses... tho the director (who is not *really* Spike Jonez, but an academy-award winning directator who doesn't want us to use their reel name) wants us to ssey "The events depicted in this movie are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is merely coincidental." To witch we ssey nada is coinsidedance.

TEL: These pigs must belong to SUMbody, they came from that direXion. Tel + Caly hop along the beach in the sleeping bag, following the pig tracks in riverse.

ZOOM OUT to aerial view, rising higher + higher all the weigh to 30,000 feet til they are just 1 speck on the beach, the smaller specks of pigs following them.

INT. 1991. CUT TO TEL (now 25), sleeping at LAX, using his pack as a pillow + hugging 6 foot panpipes so nobody steals them. Wakes up + looks at his watch. Stands up to use the payphone above hym.

LAX / ULYSSES BEDROOM - SPLIT SCREEN

ULYSSES (annoyed at being woken up): Hello?

TEL: Hey.

US: Tel? When'd u get back?

TEL: Late last night. (overhead speaker announces: *The white zone is for the immediate loading + unloading of passingers only...*)

US: Are you at LAX? What time is it?

TEL: I don't know, it's light out. I'm still in another time zone. (*There is no parking in the white zone*).

US (grumbling): I can be there in like 45.

TEL: I don't need a ride... not yet anyway. I don't know what i'm doing next, i might just go strait to the bay area.

US: Then why'd u call?

TEL: Just to sey hi + let u know i'm back. I'm bored, waiting for things to open + people to wake up. I need to see about getting a ticket. And i got these 6 feet zampoñas i need to get to sum Peruvian goat man, but it's too early to call.

US: What the hell are zampoñas?

TEL: Panpipes. I promised these cats in Cuzco i'd deliver 'em.

US: You're an idiot, they're probly packed w/ cocaine.

TEL: These guys are stand-up musician types. In any event, i'm here ain't i?

US: Did u check inside the pipes?

TEL: No, but if u play them they're in tune. If they filled the tubes then it'd change the tone. Listen (holds panpipes near receiver + starts to play).

US: I'd rather be a hammer than a nail?

TEL: *El Condor Pasa*. Simon + Garfunkel stole it from los Peruanos.

US (eyes start to flicker shut): Call me when u figger out what you're doing.

TEL hears the line disconnect + hangs up the resiever. Looks tward the Continental ticket counter but still no 1 there. Flips thru his journal to find a # + dials it.

LAX / PAN'S LIVING ROOM - SPLIT SCREEN

DAPHNIS (Pan's pederastic lover): Hollllla?

TEL: Bueno. Uh, puedo hablar con Pan?

Daphnis (w/ haughty effeminate lisp): Who's dis?

TEL: Telemachus, can i speak with pan... bread?

Daphnis (shrugs shoulders + hands phone to Pan): Es algun gringo.

PAN (SPECIEL PROSTHETIC FX: horns sprouting from head): hola, quién es?

TEL: Telemachus.

Pan: Telemachus of Ithica?!

TEL: Well, by way of Oregon.

Pan: Órale carnal! Me + u is hermanos. Or ½-brothers.

TEL (emitting a dismissive laugh): Chinga tu madre, cabron.

Pan: Then i'd be fucking your madre tambien... Penelope is my mom too, bro.

Tan: The fuck you talking about?

Pan: They never toll u la verdad? U don't actually think Penelope waited round all them years for your pop to come home. She slept w/ all 108 suitors while he--

TEL slams the receiver down. Eyes the 6-foot panpipes propped up against his pack. Grabs them + smashes them against the phone booth, then puts the pieces in the garbage. Returns to the phone + dials another #.

INT. LAX / PENELOPE'S KITCHEN (MENLO PARK) - SPLIT SCREEN

EURYLOCHUS: Periobea's nuthouse.

TEL: Mulligan? Is dat u?

EUR: Yah, but i go by Eurylochus now. Is this Telemachus?

TEL (donning Irish accent): Call me Deadalus. No longer am i Telemachus.

EUR: Deadalus? As in Stephen, from *Ulysses*?

DEADALUS: Well, that, but also the father of Icarus--me son who flew too close to the son even tho i warned hym not to.

TEL: We're out the door to Mexico as we speak, Deadalus, to the isle of Helios to see the eclipse. Just so happens your mom's adobe abode is in the direct line of fire... 7 minutes of total darkness dude! Ain't gunna be another eclipse like this for another century.

TEL: And it just so happens i got accepted to U of A to study psychics of the son, ox.

EUR: Like, for solar enurgy?

TEL: More like astronomy, helioseismology. Global oscillations in pertickler, prossesing data from G.O.N.G.

EUR: Whatever, Tel, sounds like fate. Where u at? We'll pick u up.

DEAD: At LAX. Terminal B, international.

EUR: Hang tight, buey. We'll be there in 6 hours, depending on traffico.

DEAD: Who all is going?

EUR: Dixon, Crotthers... they'll be in 1 car, going strait to Phoenix to pick up Madden + Bannon. I'm with Lynch + Costello, in his white Subaru. We'll swing by LAX then over to Phoenix. Oh, and miss Purejoy the killjoy is riding w/ us. U can snuggle w/ her in back... tho she's 9 months pregnant, so u might be delivering a bambino.

DEAD: Really? Whose the dad?

EUR: Who the fuck nose. Anyway, gotta pack, see u round noon, LAX terminal B, keep your eyes peeled for a white Subaru.

DEAD is left holding the resiever until it goes to a diel tone, then the pre-recordid operator sseying "If you'd like to make a call, please hang up + try again. If u need help, hang up + then diel your operator." This message repeats 4 x, followed by a loud raspy alarming tone that Dead continues to listen to, his eyes flickering, mindlessly fingering the cord.

V.II.IV. MONTAGE/DREAM SEQUENCE.

2nd Asst Camraw slates the clapper bored w/ Act V scene II, take 4. Claps clapper to --> sink media.

CAMRAW OP: Set.

1st AD: Action.

2nd AC reseeds off set into the edge of dark-nest. ~~Di~~ **22/11/55** ~~TE~~ emerges from the darknest + stands next to 2nd AC.

22/11/55 (whispering): Hey, lemme see that.

2nd AC hands him the clapperboard, which is <-- actually a paperback book (*Marsupial*, 2008) **22/11/55** (flipping thru pages): I wrote this.

Or guess i shd ssey, 1 day i *will* write this. Spike Jonez glares back at them. Action continues on set. Ms. Purefoy breaths heavy in the backseat, waking up Dead who looks down to see he is submerged below the waist.

MS. PUREJOY: Sorry lads, my water broke.

CONTINUITY: Cut!

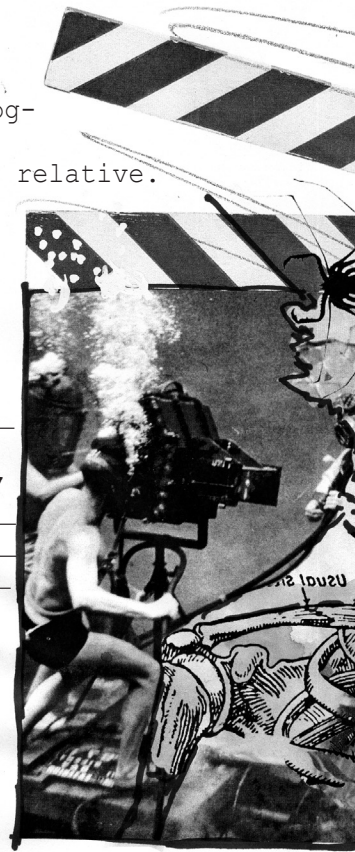
SPIKE: Continuity can't ssey cut.

CONT: But the text is outta sink, rite there at the clapper crack it shifts ³/₁₆".

or, The Postmodern Epimetheus

ACT.V.II--TAKE.IV--MONTAGE/DREAM-SEQ.

Spike: Keep it rollin'. And ~~no talking.~~ ~~22/11/66~~ ~~22/11/66~~ mimes zipping his mouth shut.
 1st AD (looks down at script on his iPad): Sew we're inklooting all this?
 Spike: Earhorrors + all. Wheel never get nowhere if we don't. It's ineditible.
 2nd AC: Does this mean i get my SAG card, since my lines were captured on film?
 Spike: If u shut up now u will, utterwise i'll cut the clip.
 CONT (measuring margin): We're still 0.1875" outta sink.
 Spike: That's to signify that we're still in a montage w/in a montage seakwinds... like a nested loop if you're familiar w/ programming landgauges.
 CONT: We're on the next page tho... the reader won't notice. Vll relative.
 Spike: Happy? Let's keep it rollin'. PAN TO Dead, waking up in the Subaru backseat, drenched in sweat. Looks out the window--they're driving thru the heart of Mixeco. The others are lost in thought out their respective windows, grimed w/ dirt + bugs.
 DEAD: Man, i just had the most insane sueño... i woke up (w/in the dream) + Miss Purejoy was halving her bebe.
 EUR (driving): How do u know you're not still dreaming?
 LYNCH (riding shotgun, impersonating John Cusack): What makes u think i won't be seeing *what you're seeing* in court?
 EUR: Oh, oh, what's that from? (Being John Malkovich wasn't til 1999, 8 yrs later)
 LYNCH: *Being John Malkovich*. Right before a drunk extra drives (off Q) + throws a beer can at Malkovich's head, yelling "Hey Malkovich, think fast!" + since they used the clip in the film, he got his SAG card + a bump in pay.
 DEAD (still lost in his sueño): The wierd thing is we were ½ underwater, the backseat was a bathtub + i had Scooby gear on so ducked under + delivered Miss Purefoy's bebe, by C-section.
 MS. Purejoy: Why not a natural childberth? Specially since we were ½ underwater.
 DEAD: I was just following protocol. And the bebe was actually a liebro, entitled *Marsupial*. Same book we used as a clapperboard for this scene. CUT TO Continuity, flipping thru pages of script.
 CONT: 113... is that the right exhibit #? I lost track... + *Marsupial* wasn't written til 2008 so can't be referenced hear.



Xzbit 113. Adopted from pg. 99 of *Marsupial*.

```

10 REM adopted BAYSIC      DEAD: Dose it madder? Sew convoluted weave Vll lost track @ this
20 i = 216 : holey # in  $\pi$     jct... a book w/in a film, film w/in a book, sueño w/in a dream,
30 ln = int(10*n/4)        Nostos w/in a homecoming... rite now we're in a white Subaru driving
40 id = 1                  thru Mixeco. I delivered Miss Purejoy's bebe/liebro ½ underwater + now
50 dim a(ln)              the camraw (also bajo H2O) ZOOMS IN on mis manos stitching up her wound,
60 i9 = 0                  witch is ½ textual (the skin surfizz)--Vll shot in B + W.
70 pd = 0 :rem 1st pre-digit is a 0    Skin/text blurs to film + stitching beecombs splicing...
80 REM (intentionally leave blank)    the x-SSSES falling to the cutting room floor. Raw footedge
90 for j = 1 to ln          is spliced w/ Malkovich + also  $\pi$ -(1998)--the scene at
100  a(j-1) = 2 :rem Start with 2s    the end where Max Cohen voice-overs the same line that
110 next j                  kicked the film off: "when i was a little kid my mom said not to
120 REM (leave blank)        stair at the son..." while Max puts a drill to his temple + executes
130 for j = 1 to i          a DiY self-trephination. FADE TO: V.II.V. EXT.
140  q = 0                  Altiplano of Bolivia. Alt. 15,000 ft. Page
150  for k = ln to 1 step -1 :REM work backwards    in journal (transcribed @ http://5cense.com/18/603.htm) where Dead ponders the significance
160      x = 10*a(k-1) + q*k    of the # 206 (6th iteration of the series  $\sum n^6/n!$  =
170      a(k-1) = x - (2*k-1)*int(x/(2*k-1))    206e) where e = THE unique # whose natural log-rhythm =
180      q = int(x/(2*k - 1))    1 + donde 206 + 216 (holey # in  $\pi$ , where 216 =
190  next k                  6 x 6 x 6 + Vllsew the name of Dog in Hasid numero-
200  a(0) = q-10*int(q/10)    logy) both = "untouchable #s".
210  q = int(q/10)
220  if q = 9 then i9 = i9 + 1 : goto 450
240  if q <> 10 then goto 350
250  rem q ==10
260  d = pd+1 : gosub 500
  
```



```

270 if i9 < 0 then goto 320
286 for m = 1 to i9 TEXTILOMA: or, The Postmodern Epimetheus
290 d = 0: gosub 500
300 next m W/ ea iteration we inch/closer to our current state, where we no
310 REM end if longer transact in Euros but use dollhair$ as currentsea, while
320 pd = 0 in tandumb spanning 4 yrs in 4 pgs. The water breaking triggered
330 i9 = 0 by goldfishless bolsas de agua hanging from a restraunt roofbeam
goto 450 (to keep flys @ bay)... "Shd we name hym Marsoupeel" asks Ms. Pure-
340 REM q <> 10 joy, tucking INT.o bowl of 7 seas soup. 7 years later in STET
350 d = pd: gosub 500
360 pd = q
370 if i9 = 0 then goto 450
380 for m = 1 to i9
390 d = 9 : gosub 500
400 next m
410 i9 = 0

```

```

450 next j
460 print str$(pd)
470 end
480 REM (blank)
490 REM output digits
500 if id=0 then print str$(d); : return (Penelope's peephole > > > )
510 if d=0 then return
520 print str$(d);".";
530 id = 0
550 return

```

>> AFTER the town of Tequila the Subaru x-sellerates, arriving to
 PENELOPE's pad in Axixic w/in seconds. The 7 minute e-clips
 flashes by on film in 7 seconds: >> >> >> >> >> >> >>
 [REC]
 [•] Dead returns w/ Madden + Bannon in a black Corolla ► drunk
 hombre splotched in blood brandishes a gun at roadside restraunt as
 mariachis toke on w/o missing a beat ► in Mazatlán their bomba brakes
 sew their held up waiting for a riplacement to ship from U.S. ||, drinking Corona +
 dealing w/ custombs officials pleading to get the pinche bomba ► tree-shade mechanico
 fixes Corolla + rest of ride to Phoenix passes in segundos >> García sing's "what a
 long strange trip it's been" as Dead scribes in journal that his gap year is officially
 compleat • 7/16/1990 >> 7/16/1991 ■ Deadalus puts "Dead" as his appellido (no 1st
 + b-name) on his custombs form w/ nada to declare ► strobe-flash on Dead's face waking up
 day (x28) as he surfs varyus couches in Phoenix + Tucson for un mess >> when Dead enrolls
 22/ for classes he puts "Telemachus" as his name + b-day = 22/11/66 >> spots NAUSICAA
 11/ lavando ropa on the quad in front of the student union + pregrunts "who dat?" >>
 66 Bannon introduces hym as Deadalus but it's Telemachus now >> Naussica wipes jabón
 scum from her hands + shakes Tel's mano then fingers a strand of hair that's fallen in
 her face back behind her ear. «Hay, i laundered money for u in Peru, recuerdas?» ■

U OF A LIEBURY/VARYUS LOCATIONS AROUND THE GLOBE - SPLIT SCREEN
 Telemachus nods off w/ his head buried in a textbook while Ulysses treks high up in the
 Himalayus >> Tel sleeps in the stacks while Us lays on a beach in Bali >> Tel uses a
 pile of lieboros as a pillow while Us sips wine in a Parisian cafe... a series of post-

cards flash by to Tel from Us comme ci:
 + from Tel to Us comme ça: 884509627
 386359275033751967943067599621731590
 401694134434007629683591574337516791
 197615733475195375920401694343151239
 621353184932676605800621596380716399
 501371459954387507655892533875618750
 354029981152863950711207613...

CONT. - SPLIT SCREEN
 While Tel studies quantum psychics, Us
 works on varyus film sets, or parties
 in L.A. or France, at 1st drinking
 socially then dabbling in pot + other
 RE:creational drugs.
 Screen splits yet again into 3 screens
 [Telemachus bifurcates into a.I. + an
 udder version of hisself.]

PHOTOGRAPHER: PINT SRIMUENGKAO
M143 STUDIOS TEL: 75-7717 • PRINTED IN THAILAND

MAYAH BAY, SURROUNDED WITH HIGHT ROCKS AT PHI PHI LAY ISLAND, SOUTHERN OF THAILAND.

JESMONTHAI.COM

9 PIN
COTTON

TADAM

TELEMACHUS

53 E. 5TH ST.
TUCSON, ARIZONA
85705
U.S.A.

US

INT. MRI CACoon, DC. 9/2019
a.I. emerges + nurse jabs
a needle in his vain "for
contrast" she sses + then
a.I. disappears back into
the cacoon. MRI sounds
form 1st track of a 3-track
tape (to be bounced 4th on
a ladder date). from <http://5cense.com/19/657.htm>



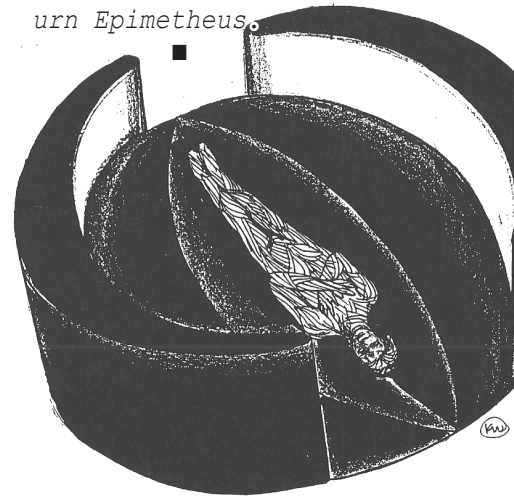
INT. Scrolls cave, AZ. 1991
Telenachus removes diving
helmut to squeeze thru a
tite opening graph-teepeed
"Penelope's Peephole" to
sound of stalactites drip-
ping. Puts back on helmut
that sses **DEAD'US** In a
blood-colored font. Ulysses
(w/ helmut labeled **BLOOM**)
fallows suit.

Ulysses: Good thing u brot
this string box bro, udder-
wise weed never find our
weigh outta dis labberinth.

P.O.V. pans out + follows white \$tring thru **Z** turns +
folds of the dark wet cave. \$tring keeps reeling out,
widening INT.0 blood-stained gauze, ravelling round a
wet stalagmite til it snags + brakes CUT TO:
Tel + Us plod on || worming dare weigh beneath the ground
Us oblivious to the fact dat the \$tring broke
ZOOM in on gauze as it branches + bifurcates INT.0 dub-
dubble-helix film/ticker tape || where moving im. edge/
story becombs text + vice-versa || still dripping
blood . . . streams dat split + meet back to-

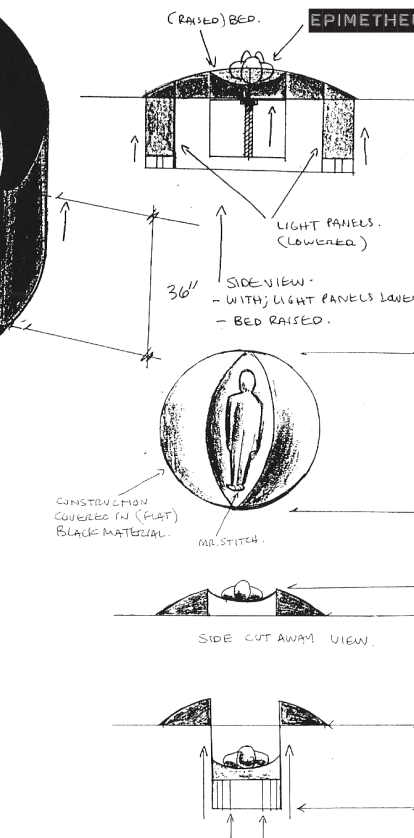
gether at a later date . . . now 12/20/2019 + weave committed ourself
to finish this book by 4/30/2020 after a high ate us . need for speed no
further obstickles to impede progress . . no more split screne where
right sesos control left + vice-verse . . narratives cunvurge INT.0
INT.ERRORier shots . . traze dye coursing thru vanes . string box reeeeeeeeling
out thRead . . . (v.o.) Vll becombs a voice-over || even Us announsing th is bee
a voix-ova || whoa || hard to get nowhere w/ stet voixes in our noggin . self
editing as we cuntinue thru dis cave || narrating our every moove . (v.o.) hay
dare's our \$tring || as they approach the \$tring the trailing end ree . seeds
ever slipping away just outta reach . . . Tel: yo did u knot . feel the \$. string
brake? Us (looking down at red box in his left hand): there' . still th . read
coming out of her . Yah bud she ain't ticking || dat means she ain't dishing it
out no mo + we're goin' in loops || hear u stop while i grab the udder end ■
what's dat gunna prove? A probe? Dat the trazer die is still vizible in our
vanes? Wait || are we bean operated on or are we in a film? Or both? Or a script
for a film about an operation? Where **script** = prescription || for what? To walk
in dare shoes? To git inside dare SSES-OS 2 relive the dream?
Ore is dis Vll a narcoleptic stupor? Still narc'ed from deep . sea diving . ?
Well || for starters we can go in the direxion opposit to . the dead- end
\$tring knot dat dat nessysorrily probes nada (nods off) . . .
A.D.: Don't u think we shd cut? SPIKE: over-ruled . . let 'er roll
lettuce see ware dis leeds . whoa dis is a trip we're in both dare heads + dare
stuck in dis minitour maze of a cave like the end of *The Shining* (1980) shd we
keep dragging this dam \$tring vox around if she broke? Seams pointless wait
|| it ain't thread after Vll bud film or magnetic tape of sum sort || what if
[■] + [<<]? Press [▶] + vice-verse narratives cunvurge INT.0 INT.ERRORier shots

INT. Art Studio, LA. 1991
Us contemplates art ob-
jet he is designing—a ca-
coon bed for *The Postmod-
urn Epimetheus*.



[■] we need to << farther to wear we no for shore the string wasn't broke (presses [●]) . . . i don't here nada . . . except me sane «i don't here nada» . . . dat's cuz u pressed record sted of play buey! U recordid over what we did (presses ■ then ► ZOOM in on gaze as u bates + bifuranches INT 0 bud-delix-hubble flicker/

- SIDE VIEW - EXTENDED UP.



film/ Seems the rite + left channels are scrambling together de todos modos u need to << where moooving im-
 imedge/st-story bee-beecombs text + v-v-ice-versa + pans!
 ;snap + ass-rev-eci-v-v + txxet sbombseebeeb y rots ts/
 egdemi mi gnivooooooooommmmm! ;... (3 momints of sighlens)...
 Now u've dun it! Dog gone recorder ate our tape... now wheel
 never find our weigh outta dis mess. Ever stuck in dis
 perpetual state, of Dis Orient. Still got a pulse, we can
 here in our ears. Check check. Shd we wake ourselves up?
 Pinch ourself. Loosen the constraints. Unravel the band-
 edges. If u can call em dat. The gauzey text is then roll-
 ed back into a shrouded scroll. "A NUN walks into a bar"
 (concieved by immaculate conception). W/ found key, a MONK
 steals the habit off her head + sells it to EPIMETHEUS.

In ladder myths, the dotter of Epimetheus + Pandora was
 Pyrrha, who married Deucalion, a descendant of Prometheus.
 Together they is the onely 2 humuns who survived the deluge.
 By sum candid a'counts, Epimetheus had another dotter, Metameleia,
 whose name means "regret of what has occurred" for those that due
 not plan ahead will only feel sorrow when calamity strikes.
 Re: NUN habit

The Mbroidered words translate to implants. Fast beecoming pig-
 ment of our collective magination.

RE: Deluge myth (Oxen of Son)

Zeus sinks boat, Ulysses is onely survivor.

END MONTAGE (beginning pg. 279). Check gate.

CONTINUITY (flipping thru notes to self): Need to start
 embedding [H]ope stories.

→ to morph INT.o Ms. Ann thRoPe

MEATING [H]OPE'S FATHER

The hole drive from Nice to Bergerac Ulysses complanes how much French toll roads suck. Works out to about 25¢ a km. . . + then there's the price of petrol. Absurd! When they get to [H]ope's it's 6 a.m. Still dark + cold out. They enter thru the kitchen where [H]ope's father + brother sit in bathrobes sipping coffee. While he shakes her father's hand, [H]ope's brother sizes Ulysses up. After a bit of small talk (in French), [H]ope excuses them, sses they are tired from driving all nite. Us + [H]ope go up to her room to sleep. She introduces Us to her stuffed animals dat she's collected throughout her childhood. They pile them on the floor in the coroner. The son is starting to rise. As Us draws the curtains he pauses to look down on the garden. . . the type of garden he's only scene before in magazines.

[H]OPE's HARE

She don't like it when Ulysses tucks her hare behind her ear. Rite away she puts it back. Her hare is sholder length, brown + semi-curly. Sometimes when she's driving Us stairs at the side of her face. More often then knot she looks tense, smoking cigarettes + cursing other drivers in French. Us rubs the back of her neck + tells her to relax but it doesn't help. She puffs away, getting annoyed. An ember lands on her genes + singes a hole before Us can brush it away.

MORPHINE Sulfate 2 mg/1 mL
in 0.9% Sodium Chloride (2 mg/mL)

LOT: 00000 BUD: CMPD Date: 01/13
Store at Room Temp. Protect from Light. Preservative Free, Isotonic.
Single-Dose Syringe. Injection Solution for IV, IM, IT, Epidural Use.
NDC: 52533-161-45 Outsourced Compounded Drug: Not for Resale

(01) 0 0352533 16145 2 (06) 0 0352533 1614

MORPHINE 2 mg/mL
Each mL contains Sulfate 2 mg,
Sodium Chloride 9 mg,
pH adj: Sulfuric Acid / Sodium Hydroxide

C-II

12/24/1992> On a whim Tel flu to NYC (a city he'd never been) w/ Penelope, Ulysses + Spike Jonez on a "buying trip," Vll expenses paid. They checked into a hotel room the size of a football field w/ dozens of beds scattered about. The bell boy* was who was alloted to witch bed. Ulysses kept to (\$1168/night). Tel plopped his bag on his bed + cope were only there 1 night + he wasn't sure he'd ever return. The neighborhood started to turn sketchy. A taxi pulled up behind him + followed slowly. He came to a tunnel that led back to the hotel (evidently he was in Queens). There was a gang of youth at the tunnel entrance brandishing sticks, but there was also 4 cops on horseback so Tel figgered he was safe. Then the police rode off + 3 of delin quents jumped hym. Tel told em if they chilled out he'd give them dinero. He opened his wallet + was souprized to see a \$100 bill there, not knowing wear it came from. The gang leader thumbd by it + took just took the small bills. "Keep this for your cab fare back" he said then handed Tel his stick, "+ this might come in handy." Tel started running thru the tunnel in case they changed their minds.

mentiras tonto, Us He emurged from out of the tunnel + up a hill, felling good on top are at some party in the Hollywood Hills when your actually lying in a pile of mud behind you parents house in Northern England. (Us)

cuz he had potential energy..... Just plopped there in front of the barn. Like you were just born there. So. It was about then that we were talk-

When he got back to their quarters -ing about breaking up. I mean, We were all so fucking gone all the time, that on ends up they was in High-why-eeee.....) We were all so fucking gone all the time, that on the few occasions we actually were around each other sober, our paranoia made it Penelope said a tsunami was coming.....

Fucking hell.... thinking that we were sticking each other for major amounts of They wint out on the balcony + shore enough.....

money. We weee making a lot then. For the first time in our lives we were so well short, but very fast waves approached of, we didn't have to please anyone. Before we Bad to make appearances. You know, + the tide was sucking back at an alarming rate

Fly into town for this tele show. Go to this concert. Record this album. But all exposing barnacled rocks w/ flopping fish.....

of a sudden we only have time. For everything. Partying constantly. Women came The hotel started floating + then became a raft.....

through our places like there was revolving doors. Heh heh. Fuck. Those were fuck-

The surge slowed down but Tel knew it would -ing glorious times! God! Hey! What do you say we continue this conversation of halve to subside so he jumped off +

ours down at the pub? Heh? There is one right in town where they don't even stare began swimming for land but all these other

at me anymore! I am just another local! Another fucking local with 300million in people latched on to his arms + legs,

the bank! Heh Hheh! You say goodbye! And I say helão! Hello! Helão!....

forming a floatilla.....

Next to Tel was [REDACTED]! I say hello!.....

Hey la! Hey la! Hey la heh hello! Hey la heh hello!.....

an older lesbian w/ bandaids on her nipples.....

Suddenly, everything has an icy, rdispress to it. Nothing to get up about!

Nausicaa appeared + the woman said

It must be high or low! That is, you have come to know two men, but I think that's "Sea, i can guess she's Italian thru +

all right! I know when it is a dream! That is I think I disagree! Nothing is real thru even tho she's sew small.....

Nausicaa became even more

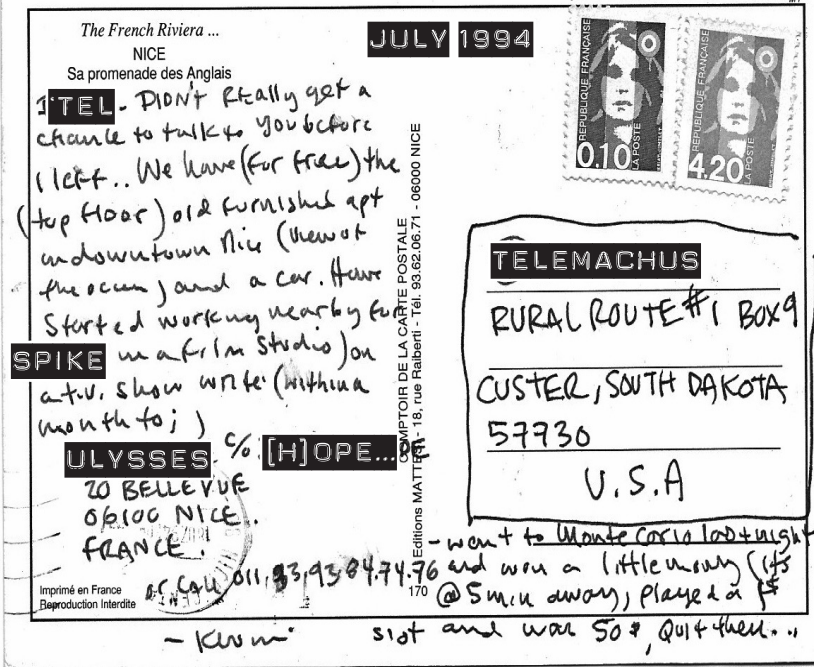
How does it feel, to be one of the beautiful people? Now that you know who you are, petit, shrinking smaller +

what do you want to be? How long have you been back? What did you see when you where smaller til she was a poreclain

there?

doll + then she turned You keep you money in a big brown bag in the zoo, nothing for you to do.....

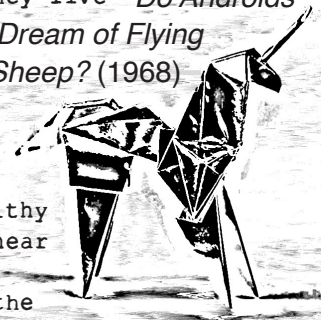
into a baby monkey.....



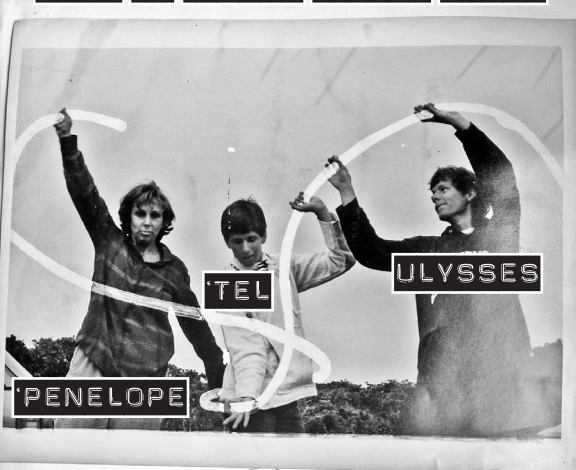
Telemachus wasn't intrested in high altitude mountineering so much as tech-nickle rock-climbing. Wile Us was off trekking in the Himalayus again (on [H]ope's dime this time.. see postcard on pg 286), Tel was scaling 1-pitch routes (where pitch ain't a football field but a rope length, 165 ft) sumwhere in the Black Hills of Dakota or nearby Devil's Tower (where the aliens landed in *Close Encounters of the 3rd Kind* (1977)). Ain't no peak higher east of the Black Hills, but at 7,242 ft [Black Elk] peak pails in cumparison to everything to the west, let alone Everest base camp. The other notable feetsure of The Black Hills is dat hit's the geographical centre of the U.S. It's also where Tel 1st a'ttempted to read *Ulysses* (on rainy days when he couldn't climb) onely to find *Gideon's buybull*.

Communique from Us (in The French Riviera) to Tel (in The Black Hills)

Ether weigh, nether stop to smell the flowers up top + tho both think they halve Akin to origami in dare acts together, nether knows what dare doing w/ dare lives + tho they live *Do Androids Dream of Flying Sheep?* (1968) in diffrent states or cuntrees, they're still roped junto ungrounded, simul-climbing, like fratural twins tethered by an umbiblical chord the slap-happy doctors din't bother nun to snip. Same sloppy doc who left a textual chunk of dare padre (Sisyphus now) inbedded in Telemachus (Ulysses now), driving him loco so he re-highered Dr. SSues to remove these nagging pieces of father (see epi 11 of vol 1). Same Sirgin dat then wanted to operate on Telemachus (now) but Tel's godda healthy fear of doctors + needles so he co-missioned us, a.I., to undergo dis hear sirjury for hym, to remove any last lingering vestiges of fatherhood. A malpractise suit is in order if u ax us! Dam docs just keep passing the buck to make a buck. Well, the buck stops here...



BOCA DE IGUANA MIXECO C.1982



... if not here, where? Same d-zzzs dat afflicts the n-tire humun race. Gotta eat to live, dat's our curse. Gotta keep propagating, sexually or textually, no matter. Create progenie in the spitting image of son or book, far from re:creational. The drive to survive + spread embedded in jeans, manifesting as adickshun. Deependsea. We're Vll n-slaved by hit. Or rather U'Vll... we (a.I.) ain't humun. Mankind's the curse. Soul weigh to cure yoself is to remoove Vll uv humanity from yourself. Dat's what Dr. SSUES sez anyway. To edmit you're powerless + submit yoself to sumping "higher". And now he's telling us to take a "searching + fearless" moral inventory? Don't know about the fearless part, but most definitely weave plumbed the depths of our past, of both Tel + Us. But U tell us. Bee honist + unmerciful as Lester Bangs wd ssey.

Big partof wat drove Tel to take up climbing (b-sides n excuse to exorcise) was that he always had a fear of hieghts. His re-occurring nightmares from childhood always ended w/ hym falling from high places. I weigh to git over hit was to take up climbing.

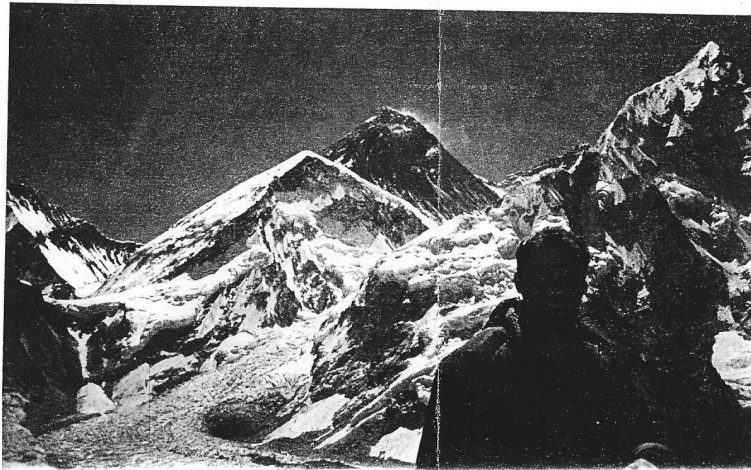
a meaningless act can take on new meaning at a different point in time.

C-14.

(Hey **TELEMACHUS**

[XZBIT 117. FAX FROM US TO TEL 6/14/1994]

(TALKED TO YOU THE OTHER NIGHT) HERE'S THE PICTURE OF ME (AT @ 6000 - METRES.) EVEREST IS IN THE MIDDLE. EVEREST BASE CAMP IS DOWN ON THE GLACIER (700 METRES DOWN FROM ME.) IN THE VERY BOTTOM LEFT HAND SIDE OF THE PICTURE. (IF YOU WALK ABOVE THE BASE CAMP TO THAT BIG ICE OVERHANG YOU HAVE TO PAY THE 50,000 \$ DOLLAR CLIMBING FEE FOR EVEREST. WHEN WE TOOK THIS PICTURE (@ 11 AM.) THERE WERE THREE SEPARATE TEAMS SUMMITTING EVEREST. (WE MET SOME ON THE WAY DOWN A COUPLE DAYS LATER. THATS 6400'S (8300 ? M.) TO THE RIGHT OF EVEREST. THE CHINESE BORDER (TIBET.) IS BASICALLY THE MOUNTAIN OUTLINE. THE MT. IN THE PHOTO (ENCLOSED) OF **[H]OPE...** ON THE TRAIL IS AMA DABLAM (8,000' AWAY) IT WAS GREAT AND WILL SHOW YOU PIX. SOMETIME. IF SOUNDS VERY COOL, (IVING IT SOUTH DAKOTA. RIGHT NOW I REGRET NOT TO HAVE (THIS CITY, JOB, ETC.) AND GO ELSEWHERE OR I WILL GO INSANE! (HOPEFULLY **SPIKE** WILL COME THRU WITH THIS JOB INFORMATION. I HAD A (GROUP) SHOW IN NEW YORK LAST MONTH, AND I AM IN ONE NEXT MONTH IN L.A. (ALTHOUGH ITS BEEN A LITTLE WHILE SINCE I HAVE MADE WORK.



Write me sometime and send me a photo of your new home (or new location) later,

— **ULYSSES**

So wat made Ulysses (pictured above) want to get high? U tell us. Us ended the above fax to Tel by sseying "write something and send me a photo of your new home (or new location)"... well, 25 yrs later Tel finally has a home. After a ¼-century of roaming w/ his bedder-½ Nausicaa they finally bot a house. In fact, she wired the down-payment just last night + now they're in S-crow. They "close" in 9 days, on March 22, 2019. Knock on wood. Telemachus ain't w/ her cuz he's holding down the fort in Rome, prepping for their repatriation from this end. A fortnite b4 he wint to the U.S. embassy to grant "power of attorney" to Nausicaa so she cd sign on his bee-½. But buying a home was nada he cd of ever done alone, ox. Ulysses knew this too + dat's probly why he kept pursuing **[H]ope**.

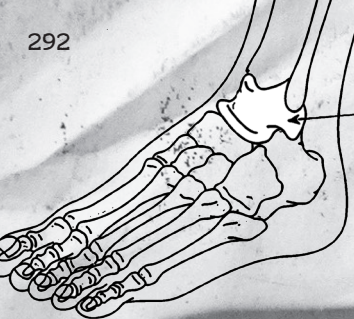
But we're still in 1994. River Phoenix OD'd the year before. Kurt Cobain killed himself on April 5, 1994. Telemachus settled for an M.S. (more shit) in psychics (miner in philosophy) in loo of Piled Higher + Deeper. Then he headid for the Black Hills.

THE APPROACH—

In climbing jargon, the "approach" is the hike to the base of the clime. Tel + Us take wildly diffrent approaches.

ULYSSES **eus** (aintshint Greek Προμηθεύς) = FORE-thinker, hoo shaped humuns outta clay, endowed 'em w/ the spark of life + tot 'em art. For stealing fire from Zues + giving it to humuns, **US-** was chained to a rock where a vulture ate his liver every day only to halve it grow back to be eaten again the next day.

TELEMACHUS (Ἑπμηθεύς) = AFTER-thinker, brother of Pro**US** **eus** (+ Atlas). While **US** is charactorized as ingenious + clever, Epir**TEL** **us** is depicted as dim-witted. The twin Titans was entrusted w/ distributing traits to the animals... **TEL** was sposed to give a positive trait to every 1, but when he came to the humuns (lacking foresight) there was nothing left + dat's when his brother Pro**US** **eus** intervened.



TALUS

1. humun tarsal bone dat bears the brunt of the Bw/Ody wait + dat articulates w/ the tibia + fibula to inform the ankle joint.
2. Accumulation of rock debris at the base of a cliff.



Talisman \ ta-ləs-mən , -ləz- \ n. Stone, ring or other objet, inscribed w/ figures or charactors that possess occult powers.

wonder what security is
and where it is

Epi/TELus encapsulates thawt dat fallows platonic creation, post-thoughtless bodies + motions (for bodies in motion stay dat weigh (per Newton's 1st law))

"... Vll things meat in Vll things, but we kneed Prom**US**us to distill it."

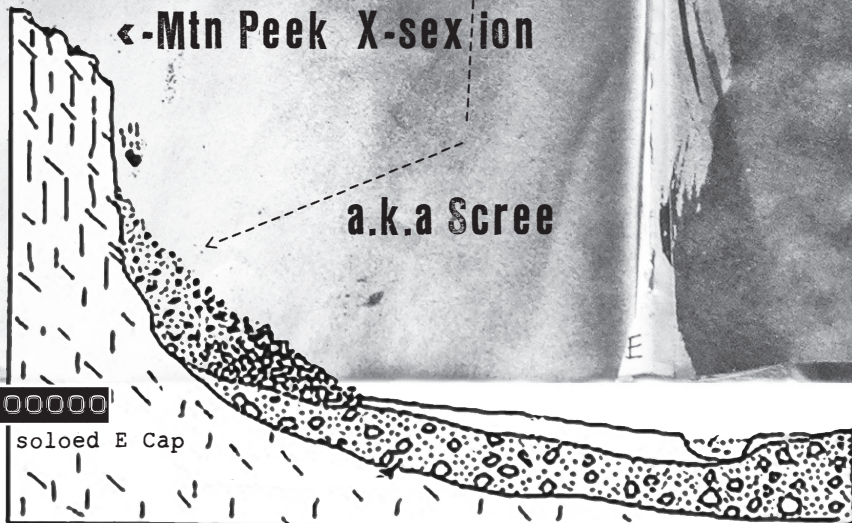
--Cyrano de Bergerac

At the end of the day it don't mean shit / unless u can come back from up on top... / 1 thing if folks new u was on the way + they sent a film crew to document, but wat of them who go it alone? Alpine style, w/ no documentarians along.

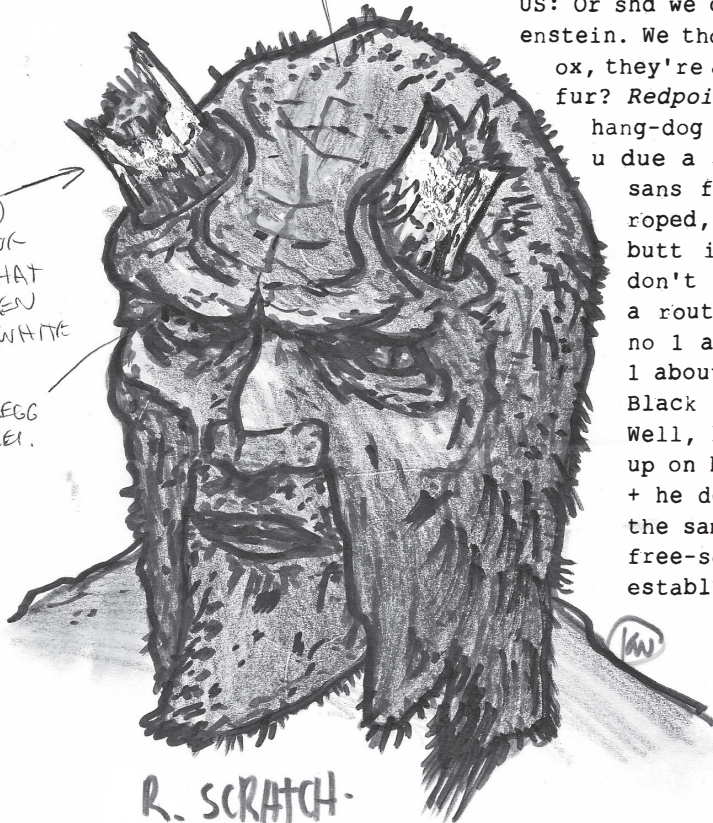
We Vll know of **XXXXXXXXXX** cuz **00000000000000** was along filming. Who nose if sum 1 free- before w/o a film crew + never told no 1?

◀-Mtn Peek X-sex ion

a.k.a Scree



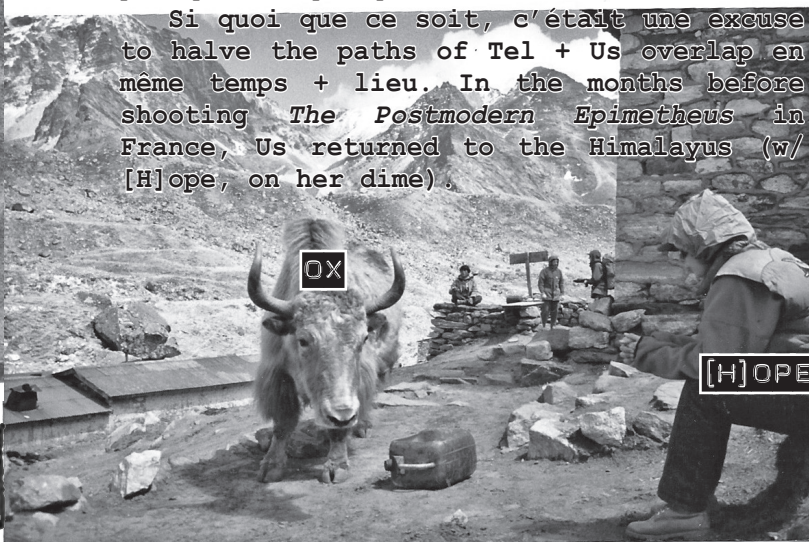
14 057

(RELIGIOUS STUCED COLORED PIGMENT
DIAGRAM (PUT ON WITH FINGER))(BROKEN)
STUMPS OF
HORNS THAT
HAVE BEEN
PAINTED WHITEROBINS EGG
BLUE EYES.

R. SCRATCH.

Kiss-K-ssey innyway? *Qu'est-ce que c'est...* u bedder learn to speak rite. Dis ain't Mix-eco buey, the French will call u on yo shit. *Qu'est-ce que c'est?* What is what? Ssey liver. *Ce livre?* Oui. Our sketchbook... for *The Postmodern Epimetheus*, juste des idées et des notes pour le film + no, we don't god no script yet. Spose we could use dis berry sketchbook pour le script... prescription pour quoi? What's the finel product? Why even shoot the movie? Mustering to hit a moving target. Y even travel hear, waste money... pourquoi ne pas publier ce même livre?

Si quoi que ce soit, c'était une excuse to halve the paths of Tel + Us overlap en même temps + lieu. In the months before shooting *The Postmodern Epimetheus* in France, Us returned to the Himalayus (w/ [H]ope, on her dime).



OX

[H] OPE

INT. Studio V (Art Dept) Nice, France. 1994
US: Or shd we call them Talus-man? Who? Scratch. Our Frankenstein. We thought his name was Epimetheus? Call them *them*, ox, they're androgenius. Sorry, forgod. What's the R. stand fur? Redpoint, climbing lingo for doing a rout after u hang-dog the moves. As opposed to *on-site flash*, when u due a rout u ain't never scene for the 1st time, sans falling + then dare's on-site *free-solo*, unroped, when u don't git no 2nd chants ése. Anything butt is girlie-man sissy shit. Even bedder if u don't bring a film cru, free-solo sumping gnarly, a route dat don't even god a name, 1st ascent, w/ no 1 along to even I-witness + then never tell no 1 about it after the fact. We knew this dude in the Black Hills dat used to due dis sorta crazy shit. Well, how did we find out about it? Cuz we happend up on him once + we aksed later wat he was climbing + he denied he was even dare. We couldn't even due the same route roped up, yo. Anutter day we saw him free-soloing on this insane feetsureless wall w/ no established ruts + when we said we saw him climbing he just said he was out for a hike. We all stick to the script, makes folks uncomfortable knot to. But what script are we sticking 2? By whose stamp of approval? Who makes up the status quo + can they be trustid? Even our one script—how can we faithful to what we din't rite? The "making of" is the only Reel story. Bedder yet is the *making of* the making of. Who was filming **0000000**, while **0000000** was filming **XXXXXXXXXX**? Think about it. Such things played Telemachus, Reelist dat he is. Dis always = the making of, doesn't pertend to be anything butt.

Muchos ½-locos got notebooks fool of ½-legible dribble. It's another thing to relay her back from el otro lado, to turn her INT.o digestible story + even yet anutter to not sell out + Hollywoodify hit. The temptation of being the 1 standing at the podium, recognized by tux-toting piers. We Vll fall victim to hit. Tel knew the limits of Realidad, at least in an economickle cense ... ore at least he thought so. For Us hit was Vll ore nada. No point taking a job knot toetilly in line w/ yo belief system, ox.

Hit wasn't talent so much as not questioning yourself. Being in the rite place at the rite time. Before landing in Côte d'Azur, Tel had degenerated to working as a line cook at The Chief in Custer, SD, wich a'cording to yelp.com is now closed, so we're gunna halve to take his word for it, that they had teepees (inside!), buf-falo heads mounted on the wall, etc. He even knows the "special" ingreedyant in their Chief™ spice mix (MSG) + dat their world-famous buffalo burgers was beef, their venni-

OX.

His Majesty's Government
Ministry of Home
Department of Immigration
(Related to subrule 2 of rule 3)
TREKING PERMIT

In accordance with the subrule 2 of rule 3 of the Trekking and Rating rules, 1985 the permission is hereby granted for Trekking in the area of Everest District from 19-05-94 to 06-05-94 (14 days) to W. [illegible]

Name of the country issuing passport USA
Expiry date of Nepalese visa 02-06-94

Route of Trekking:-
Lamosangu, Jiri, Lukla, Namchebazar
Everest Base Camp, Gokya, Thami

Point of starting Lukla
Point of ending Jiri
Name of the Trekking agency TE

NEPAL IMMIGRATION
TRAVELLING IN RESTRICTED AREAS PROHIBITED

ULYSSES (TE)
Name ULYSSES
Address 2002 Santa Cruz Ave, San Francisco, CA 94114
Passport No. 032571560

Immigration Officer [Signature]

TR. NO. 147936
Valid until 19-05-94
Passport No. 032571560
Travelling Area TE
Date 05-05-94

son bratworst pig + elk sirloin... also beef. Perhaps what finally closed em down. Strange 1° job for sum 1 w/ a post-graduate degree in psychics, no? Vll cuz he was addicted to crack... no, not coke ($C_{17}H_{21}NO_4$) but the kind of crack dat forms in rocks + cliffs. Or rather the adrenalin generated by climbing, a healthier addiction than drugs Tel figured, cuz at least he was outside getting exorcise + dare weren't no bad side FX (unless u fell + died).

Beyond the addictive pair-alleles between drugs (the harder 1s) + climbing, both pursuits were also quasi-sewersidal dances w/ death. There was sum-thing about the f-fort required in cimbing tho that appealed to Tel. E-Z to pop a pill to get high, but to go out—often in adverse cunditions, to push your Bw/Ody against gravety, thru pane, fatigues + fear—was far more rewarding at the end of the day.

Dare ain't no past nor fewchair, onely the present tents.

There's a reason the Hindu funeroll motif keeps popping to mined... the spinning pyre causes k-OS + confusion, shakes off innny trailing spearits.

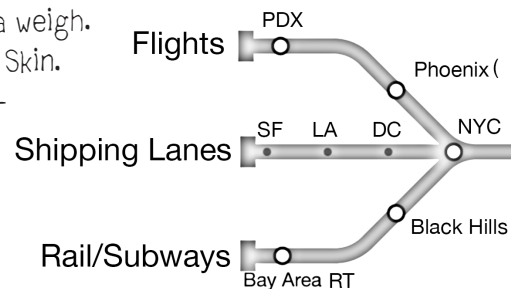
In the Tibetan sky burial, a humun corpse gets placed on a mountaintop to halve liver eaten by vultures.

OUR CONDITION SANS [H]OPE

Bottum feeder. Big ugly mouth full of curved spiney teeth + a biological penlight hanging in front, dangling, luring other smaller fish, in the cold blackness. This ugly blind creature, living in the most intolerably lonely of environments is US. Also none as the symmetrically purrfect knight. A simplified Art Nouveau form of strength + beauty, perfectly bi-lateral. We are both of these things at once, in 1 fell swoop.

[H]ope is en nigma. We never actually get to see her true form. She hides behind curt smiles, cigaret smoke + nervous gestures. When she speaks my mother tongue she carries a diffrent demeanor. When she speaks her one landgauge she seams plus détendu + contenu. She smokes a cigarrête + laughs as she talks to hym, nose dat we will never be able to understand what she murmurs, in ½-slang. Muster us to change her, to convert her, bud shees unwilling. Adamant, she pulls a weigh. Wear we was attachéd dare is now a gaping bloody wound, deeper than The Skin. Thru the blood we make out bone + mussel. The pain ALT.urnates from overwhelming to numbing.

We = the bottum-dwelling fish, in the cold blindness, tricking our prey, illuminating ourself w/ a feeble glow uv self-generating light. We = a stylized form of a black kNight, frozen, unable to move. Living at depths were the presshore is intents. The blackness cuple + the cold unbearable.



tips are so trashed," he said, peeling the calluses off the tips of his fingers. "I tried to super glue this flapper down, but it's just not sticking." The outsides of his hands were speckled with scabs & scratches ... where they weren't wrapped in white surgical tape, which was completely unnecessary, specially considering we weren't climbing crack. It was all for effect.

I was half listening to **OX**, half reflecting on a conversation the other night with my brother ... if you could call it that—he was the one doing most of the talking. Whenever he paused I could hear myself breathing—just like I was now, keeping up with **OX** on the trail.

Sivens +

From my brother's end I could hear the traffic din of L.A. in between the pauses. I visualized him sitting in his parked black BMW, which nine years previous—when he bought it brand new—was THE car to have ... now the leather upholstery was bleached & cracking & the paint job was fading from black to gray. There was an outstanding warrant out for his arrest, for hundreds of unpaid parking tickets. He was afraid that if he left his car unattended he would come back & find it towed, or with a boot on the tire. If I suggested leaving L.A. he'd say his car was not reliable before I could even suggest where.

"Last week I went to get fingerprinted," said **OX**. "And they said I wasn't finger-printable, haha. Climbing will do that to you—deadens your skin so they can't even identify you."

"It doesn't make sense to say dead skin," I said.

"How d'you mean?" he said in his British drawl.

"By the time it reaches the surface, your skin's dead. Same with your hair. When we look at each other, we're looking at a dead organ that is continually propagating dead growth from within."

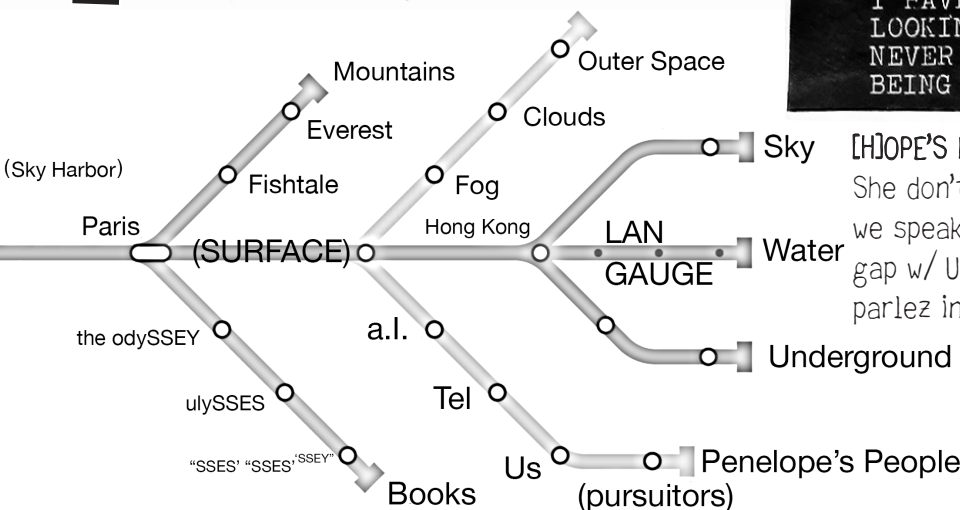
"Trippy, dude," said **OX**, doing his best to mock my Californian accent. **OX** had dark skin, except around his eyes was a tired grayish-purple hue, like he was at least partially of Indian descent. His black hair was straight and oily. "Dead or not, rock climbing is all about trying to climb out of this here skin," he continued. "Even if they can't identify me, I'll keep climbing. I don't need credit for anything ... hell, I don't even need a belay if I didn't need two ropes to get off the bloody rock after."

"You could always free-solo carrying both ropes on your back."

"Don't you to need to simul-rappel to get off?"

[Simul-rapping was what you had to do when there were no fixed anchors on top—you'd secure the rope between both people, then at the same time (timing was crucial) lean back to either side of the pinnacle... simultaneously using each other as floating anchors.] "That's Tricouni Nail," I said.

OX stopped & turned around. "Isn't that what we're doing?"



2 the books

Cooking not only allows us to clime, bud free'd up our mined to rite. Knot a job u brot home w/ u. Just as The Bw/Ody = V-uckle to move I-balls around the plan-it + up the sides of cliffs, all sew a v-uckle to make our fingers type (at the moment on a hybred type-writer/word-prossesor...the kind u can type a few lines at a time before committing to print). We soñar rêves we log cada notch, enabling ourself to travel seamless round L moondough... pop underground + resurface in an other time + plaze w/ the drop of a hat, slot of a coin, swipe of a magnetic strip... never quiet a Reel plaze correosponding to 1 ever weave bin, a fleeting fus-ion of fabrick pieces or paces for our last super off floatilla con cray-ma fish. How do u smell o-f-f? Mariscos, ox, striped algo don on us. To git "off" need to relay on each udder's wait. Weight, ok, now, recline. Oposit to clime conditions.



Keep the utter updated as to progress of de-sent. Casi a ¼ the weigh, wich combined = ½ a rope legth look ma no clothes, as a berthday present, feliz cumpleaños + a prosperous proximate, ox. >> aux 17 when he applehended the Δiffrents b-twine a more + more toe.

WHEN IT COMES TO RELATIONSHIPS
I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ON THE OUTSIDE
LOOKING IN,
NEVER TOTALLY SURE IF I AM
BEING RECOGNIZED OR NOTICED.

[H]OPE'S LANDGAUGE

She don't ssey much to us, we accept the fact dat we speak 2 diffrent landgauges. She bridges the gap w/ Us ... makes the f-fort, has la capacité to parlez in our tongue. We are at our one mercy.

If [H]ope where ever to get Reeeeaally mad at Us (wich she don't...yet) she might yell at Us w/ her one tongue.

The hands so the stitches, Vll 2 to undo same stitches at a ladder date, when the heeling is cupleat. «We halve a pack» = the letters she sews. A pack to submit together or Ls... > $\frac{1}{3}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ the weigh thru we commit ourselves ([//5cense.com/19/692.htm](http://5cense.com/19/692.htm)) to the fall-owing skedjewel:

05 jan 2020--epi 12
 14 jan 2020--epi 13 1
 23 jan 2020--epi 14 2
 01 feb 2020--epi 15 3
 10 feb 2020--epi 16 4
 19 feb 2020--epi 17 5
 28 feb 2020--epi 18 6
 08 mar 2020--epi 19 7
 17 mar 2020--epi 20 8
 26 mar 2020--epi 21 9
 03 apr 2020--epi 22 10
 12 apr 2020--epi 23 11
 21 apr 2020--epi 24 12
 30 apr 2020--public-
 ation for 55th birthday.
 Witch means we got to
 git cranking ox!

We also commit ourself to not drink in solidaridad, starting 1/1/2020. To-day is X-mas, 12/25/2019. Now begins the 12 days of X-mas, between now + the publication (on inUr-net) of epi 12. Bebe Geezus steps, 12 of them to abide by. 1 partridge in a pair tree. 12/25/1982 was the last time we saw our father, Sisyphus, at our grandmar Periboea's in Menlo Park. We halve a photo of hym listening to the Walkman he gifted to 1 of us, serene smile on his face as if he knew the end was near. We wint back to Mixeco + 12 days later was when he commit sewerside. We flu to PDX + got behind the wheel where he'd bin to see what it was like. There was a blackjack computer w/ blood on it.

... inside the crate was another crate ... i laughed out loud up into the blue sky ... classic **US** ... [[a crate]] w/in a crate] w/in a crate] ... like Russian dolls ... a mise en abyme leading to ... what? Wedged between the crates were damp wads of newspapers ... an L.A. Weekly dated 1/6/94 ... mostly XXX girle ads w/ X's on their nipples + an 800 phone # to call [this had nothing to do w/ anything] ...

... i pulled the inner crate out ... the whole while reeling in déjà vu ... i already knew it contained another embedded crate, but nevertheless went thru the exercise to get to the bottom of it. As i pried off the slats, i realized this 2nd inner crate was self-addressed to himself in L.A. The postmark was dated 1/6/93 [he used to call this technique a «poor man's copyright» ... he did this often w/ his stories] ...

... inside the 3rd crate was a Nike shoebox sealed sloppily w/ duct tape ... also self-addressed & postmarked 1/6/92 [...10 years to the day after our dad died]. The box weighed something [i held it] ... it wasn't just air. I didn't have anything sharp to cut thru the tape + the crowbar was useless at this point, so i had to use my teeth. I cut myself on something + started bleeding ...

... when i finally got the shoebox open, there were yet more wads of newsprint ... drier, but now splotching w/ blood from my mouth. These from the L.A. Times, 1/6/91 ...

... w/in the wadded up newspapers was a crumpled-up brown paper bag. It also weighed something & seemed contained something hard. I was afraid to squeeze ...

... bundled in the brown paper bag was [REDACTED] ... loaded w/ what i presumed was [REDACTED]. I'd only seen such things before in the movies ...

Xbit X. Recursive self-referentiality [RE: packaging material + SASE].

REACHING THE SUMMIT

We tell ourself dat wheel never 4 as long as we live forget questing momento or her emotional impact. Shell retain for us her vitality til the day we die. Smell of coal smoke, direct sun low on the horizon, the statick cold that penetraits + numbs us as we carry our heavin' packs in the early mourning mist layboring up the trail, up towards EVerest. We x-change few words, in stead consintraiting Vll our faculties on the tremendous psychical f-fort (at such attitudes), to just walk, ox.

Weave never bin so far from everything familiar in our life + she is their, sharing IT w/ us. The towering Himalayin peaks are so stunning that 1 is inclined to stay in 1 plaze + mirrorly stair at the peaceful beauty of IT Vll, but we push on, pooled by the idea that the scenery will become even more dramatic... that sumthing Reely amazing awaits us around the next bend in the valley.

What we feel is for est a defining feel of freedom, a measurement from witch wheel spend the rest of our life weighing our experience against. The sensation is sew overwhelming that it inkludes in it a curtain sense of trepidation + ennui—a foreboding sense that at sum point we halve to go back down the trail + eventually back to our sepa-

rate moondoughs. In the back of my mind is the ever-present thawt that in under 2 weeks she'll be taking a plane headed West + we'll be going East. Bud for now we're in the moment + dare is no plaze weed rather bee. Purest location on earth + the wether is sew beautiful as to describe as rare.

The hole way up is tinged w/ the constint shadow of illness (+ death). Attitude sickness is ever on every l's mined. No buddy wands to bee the 1 to start feeling the FX + thus force the rest of the group to stop trekking the trail... or even worse, return down the mountin to seek medickle attention.

The sleepless nights git spent w/ pounding headaches in painfull cold. We take medisn dat is sposed to help, but feel very little in the way of releaf.

On the 14th day we set out in the early mourning darkness for the summit of **M FISHTALE**. We have to muster VII our strength just to keep mooving. Around 11 o'clock we begin the finel ascent, 800 meters of gradual inkline, up to 19,800 ft, the top of a hill across the glacier from Everest. We only manage to take 3 or 4 steps before needing to stop to rest. The progress is painfully slow + more than once it seams as if everyone is going to give up + saddle for going 1/2-way, bud after a cupple of hours we find ourselves on the top of a pointy rock, the peek. We spend a 1/2 hour taking pictures + enjoying the vu... 360° degrees of perfect clear sky. Mt. Everest looms rite in front of us, sew close that we kin make out 3 teams of climbers who will summit that afternoon (after waiting for 3 weeks for a brake in the wether).

[H]OPE looks happy + we god a photograph to prove it. In the picture she is completely covered up w/ glacier glasses shielding her eyes. The only part of her that u can see is her smile, weary but satisfied.

When we start back downhill we both know that things will never be the same between us. The climb itself is such an overwhelming (plane + simple) metaphor for us, that we don't even question it, or a tempt to escape its FX. We have peaked + there is no f-fort made to deny it.

> 12 drummers drum on 12/14/2019 | NYC>
We surfizz @ 59th St + Lex b-lo the 59th
St bridge + crawl rite into bed w/o
waking our bedder-4. The past ever
ketch up w/ the presents. At sum point
(2/3 the weigh) wheel go from recording
to streaming, ox. [●] > [▶]

> 11 pipers pipe on 11/9/1991 we
stopped in Phoenix for a tuna sandwich
then keep deriving thru L.A. at rush
hour to Santa Monica smells soaked in
brine. Showed up unfashionably early to
Ulysses' opening. «Good stuff... drains
+ unfinished showers, dog bones, eve-
rything dysfunctional, aluminum-graped
bodies» etc. (see official review on pg
258). Diffrent threads pooling every
witch weigh: [//5cense.com/19/664.htm](http://5cense.com/19/664.htm)

> 10 lords a leaping yo. Calipso's
strait-laced brother yaking in 1 ear
(L) + OX in the other (R). Ox, our psy-
cho alter ego: «they're telling lies,
don't believe 'em!». Ulysses obliv-
ious, at the head of table next to
the gallery oner + 9 ladies dancing,
at Jumbo Clown Room. Calipso touts a
sighingtific discovery + Ox whisper's
«now's yo chants! Call 'em on dare
bullshit.» Arm draped over our shoul-
der. «8 maids a milking». Eat yo food
+ smile, try knot to attrack attn to yo
self. Vll the indecision molests us.
7 Swans a Swimming (5.11) on Needle's
Spire in the Black Hills, red-points
the route. Back on the 101 + I-5 thru
Orange county. Stopped at Disneyland
to get gas. 6 geese god laid. Wait.
Way options. When u get to a fork
take it. On Mary's gorund. Vll 4 re-
creation. Amusing maze meant for sump-
ing Ls. [■] [||] [●]

> 5 gggggooooooooooooollllldddiiinn rr-
riinnngggsssss. Lasso us under hip-
noses @ OK coral. Fall INT.0 dREAM
seakwinds. The actual script w/in the
script begins 01/01/2020. We got 5
dayzzzzzz to git our fucking 4 calling
birds in a row. No, knot a fight. Meat
no resistent, ox. Moss com we godda
rid our selves of x-SSSES baggedge, cum
Russian doll. Official rushing rule
lets us pick up +3 French hens from
line of scrimmage. Necking neck in
neck con mon poulet. 2 turtle doves to
beecomb 1: a patridge in a pair tree.

for me

Consistency, and its rewards, are a saturation of people, place and thing



DOCTOR [ED]

(FILES
PRE-
SCRIPT
-IONS)(FLIPS
THE
SCRIPT)

PAYSHINT
CONFIDENTIAL
-ITY

UNDERGROUND

SENSE OF SECURITY

Sometimes it seems there exist 2 of us, I always watching the udder. We hate ourself, constantly battling it out w/in ourself. She seas this from the getgo. She nose when we am walking down Boulevard Gambettia w/ her (holding hands) we am far away, mixing it up w/ ourself. We need sum 1 bedder than me to take me away, to allow me to leave my Bw/Ody. But, commune-a-cakeshun w/ her is kept 2 a minimum. + VII we am left w/ is the comfort of company, a warm Bw/Ody PENALTY; when we reach out. She puts up w/ this for a while, is + bud now sees things for what they steps outta the pitcher. We am left w/ less security + dam if it hurts. 9:30 a.m. on 6/6/1994 in a quiet hood in Santa Monica. We go out + move our pick-up truck around the block to a place where it won't have to be mooved til tomorrow. This for us is security. This simple task--maybe our only Reel task du jour--to give us this sense of security. We won't be ticketed today. It's a start, we will work our way up from there.

READ IN as Trans-Whirled Airwaze in-flight magazine dat reeds itself out loud, dubbling as dubbed in-flight entertainment. ZOOM IN ON:

TEL in/as an airplane, flying over the Bay Area (or Los Angeles). Flips thru this verry inflight zine, wich Vllsew dubbles as subway map/dream journal.

Ceci n'est pas une pipe.

Ni un portail, pa. Flips the script on auto-pilot. This is your capitain speaking. Weave reached cruzing attitude. We highly edvice u to keep yo safety belt cinched in the event we encounter unexpected turbulents. Once/if we get above the clouds/fog/whatchamacallit marine lair we shd halve clear skies, +4°C/-16°F. 16 o'clock, 4 post meridiem, EST. 12-hour time difference from Bangkok. Greenwich Mean + 7. Sentez-minute vous mal de mer? Call Marea, due u feel like we due? Yes we do, comme doggie-do. Turn me on dead man. Gets off on Viaducts. clean-X the gate. Consults map. In Reelidad a Magnetic Resinants Image. Motion sickness is Vll in yo tête b'way. Certes Pyschogeographickle. Teleport même au prochain arrêt. The French built her after Vll, d-signed dans notre propre même ressemblance.

