



"The wicked spbr left in time's wake as it flees us. You precureors, feet bleeding. Gazes without eyes, words that stem from no mouth. Shapes without bodies. Descended <sup>LOS</sup>heavenward, separated in remote graves, resurrected again from the dead, still forgiving those who trespass against us, the sorrow-ful patience of anges or of Job."

[CHRISTA WOLF, "NO PLACE ON EARTH", STRAUB INC., NY, 1979]

# 17/5 : THE POSTMODERN EPIMETHEUS [PRE-SCRIPT]

6° / 4 mss  
LAG  
↓

5.1.1>  
**豊**

INT.(NO EXT. VLL INT.Bw/Ody now).01/01/2020. D.C.  
(v.o.) Come clean. Vll ye, Vll ye oxen free. Vll is in hear + now from hear on out.  
Vll 4 > 1 + 1 > 4 Vll. The combination of 4 voices u here = {(Epimetheus (played by H.C.E.<sup>146</sup>), Telemachus (played by Joaquin Phoenix), Ulysses (played by River Phoenix) + I (a.I.)(played by Kevin Bacon (as a 12-yr old)). Vll u kin due now is here us, as yoself, ox. Our soul pronouns = we/us/our. When we ssey U we mean Us. Don't even muster to parlay or open your yeux. Peut être u can feel the textual gauze we surgickly rapped inside yo intestines? Most folk don't Reelize yo skin  
EXT.ends INT.error yo Bw/Ody, rapping round INT.0 yr digestive track. Comme un iceberg only 25% is x-posed. [thus begins the script w/in the script, the shooting script w/in the prescription (as scripture) dogspilt verdad. A-sine #s [12 takes per shot, 12 shots per seekwinds, 12 SEQ per sceen, indent so # is in margin] + O, FINEL NODE TO SELF (before we go under):  
INHABIT OCCUPATION.

5.1.2> INT. PARKED CAR (nulle parte/cualquier sitio en el moondough).  
05/05/2020 5:05 PM (1 week after publication of this book).  
STET = prescription writ in transcript form, for script dat will never get maid, ox.

5.1.3> Take 2 (Vll about 2<sup>nd</sup> chantsis). Edmit to dog the x-act nature of hour rungs. Ever under chants operation, evêr in rêve state ni pas. Hex 55 (Feng): dat to witch todo belongs... smooth progress... open + honest in moderation. FOKE US ON: maintain position (x) sin add-ons de plus.

5.1.4> Feliz cumpleaños #55. [Cuts coroners (dog ears) on auto-pile-it].

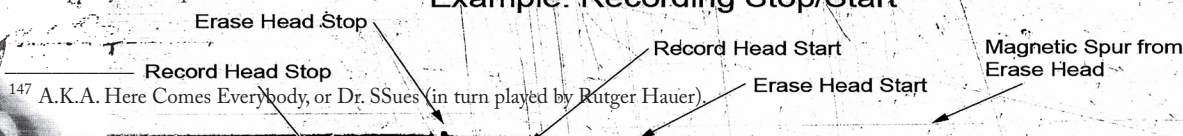
5.1.5> Opens hour ojos. Windshield's fogged up. Crank ignition to switch on defrost. Leaf ingene idling. Fall back asleep before windshield clears, reveiling Fishtale Mtn in front of U.

5.1.6> FOCUS ON: Retinal scanner. ZOOM OUT to reveil actual textiles/nodes, 2x removed. UNFOCUS + RE:FUCOS to reviel mummy gauze, IM-planted w/in. ZOOM IN (MACRO) ON: code splicing before our Is INT.0 DNA (jean therapy u cd ssey). A-line + rollback by halving reader read mismo même texts + barcodes, indoozing self-same memarys.

5.1.7 > Verry text dat scans com 2-d barcode, not just R-L, but N-S, col-laged + red in, scanned as collagen/gauze ± magnetic cas-sette tape (4-track (1R, 1L, 2R, 2L) instead of A + B-side (backwards). CUT TO: Finger pressing [●] + [▶] at same time.

<sup>146</sup> Humphrey.Chimpden Earwicker.<sup>147</sup>

## Example: Recording Stop/Start



<sup>147</sup> A.K.A. Here Comes Everybody, or Dr. SSues (in turn played by Rutger Hauer).



5.1.8 > In fact, the same nite (11/21/2019) the seeding words «thriller meme» came to us, we also logged stet rêve:

ness of the whale that above all things appalled me. — Ishmael, in *Moby Dick*  
meanings or specific colors, there was no Freud. — Robert Rauschenberg

5.1.9 > We had a cyborg wife dat apparently weed bean married 2 for a while, but had never had sex with. She was the widow of our brudder, so we was obliged to marry her, in the levirate tradition. She reassembled Gwyneth Paltrow, but even taller + skinnier + whiter + paler... so pale dat her skin was translucent, fauxfluorescent + u cd see cubes of a Jell-O-like substance under her skin. We told her she had piel hermosa + touched her. She took our mano + putt it on her chi-chi + then we startid to kiss + dat's when we Reelized weed bean married all this time bud never had sex, even tho we was entitled to (under hebrew law) + perhaps depriving her of the pleasure this hole time [Ulysses died 22 yrs ago] so we startid foolin' around. When we got down there we discovered she was wet cuz she was bleeding... she was halving her period, witch was gross at 1<sup>st</sup> bud at least we din't need no protection, we figgered. She started to straddle us bud then we looked up + we was in the waiting area of a doctor's office + the receptionist was looking down on us + getting security on the horn. So we left + was wandering around sum sorta mall complex, mustering to find a place to halve sex, in public. Then we said «hey, hear's a novel IDea, why don't we halve sex in our one bedroom?» cuz we did halve a house nearby, after Vll. Bud for sum reason, we needid to halve sex in public for her to count.

<https://5cense.com/19/684.htm>

## DRAWING A BLANK

WHITE, AND US WHITE

ilities for a's flat white ds, "being ive, so that how many ws cast, or called the dows, andressionism,ochromatic lag. White ced an in-on the physi-an art object new atten-tions sur-ring of the White Paint-lect the enh they are nining as a which are hts and im-ewer.

Using white man sup-order to ex-ality. The helps illumi-ality of the nvas and its e work and "covering" ation. the is to an end

ness. While *The White Show* provides evidence for a material recognition that not all whites are created equal, that is, all whites, and all so-called white art objects are not and do not function the same, the show powerfully illuminates an aesthetics of association, of imposed association between artists and artworks and the associations a viewer brings concerning the character of the art. Exhibiting "white art" focuses on art's dependency on color, but color, or lack of color, is a relatively benign issue, particularly in works which are not strictly paintings.

At a time when conservative forces seek to "purify" and "clean-up" the practice of art by censoring elements deemed "obscene" or "desecrating", white becomes a foreboding sign of our artistic times. Ironically, the proponents of a systematic whitewash of art would probably find these white pieces not morally but intellectually offensive in light of a sensibility shaped by a tradition that emphasizes art's decorative, rather than its social function. Bound with most minimalist aesthetics is a recognition of the impending demise of a particular mode of expression, or at least an awareness that a particular mode of interpretation of art has become limiting or obsolete. Those artists, writers, and educators who used to worry about the demise of art have shifted their fears and apocalyptic intimations to the impending death of the viewer's freedom. A 'less is more' aesthetic may function in the process of creating art but it can be an anathema to the process of viewing art. That is, an aesthetic minimalism does not minimize the role the viewer must play in interpreting the work of art, rather it implies the opposite, nor does it imply a minimization of a viewer's access to diversity.

When we speak of framing art we no longer refer to the literal framing of a painting [a practice significantly diminished since 1945], but to the determination or regulation of the course of art and it's viewing by outside forces, namely the people and institutions and discourses which surround the work of art [rarely outside of art school do we witness

white show city of white-white of the most obvi-artists, are mport even e of white-

artists organizing and curating their own shows]. *The White Show* foregrounds and illuminates a process of framing art, of devising a plan for its selection and exhibition, not it an attempt to gloss over the issue of whiteness, but to provoke the viewer's evaluation of the conditions under which the work of art is seen.

Shore stet sueño will fined her weigh into Textiloma in sum shape o form (la voici, w/ assined name **Ms. Ann Thrope**, standing for the misanthropic replicant widow dat came 2 us in dis dream, our brudder's X ([H]ope), dat we was obliged 2 marry 22 yrs ago under levirate law. Spouse dis bee like the movie *Her* (2013), witch is fitting considering Spike Jonze is also a charactor in *Textiloma* (directator of the movie w/ in this book) + so is Joaquin Phoenix.

5.1.10> [Antartica] 105°S long / 73°E latitude  
flying fish (cape) / etc...  
Row over abandonment (island)/(punos) [unintelligible]  
off shoot (inlet) / (N-trance) Knotty Pine (N-trance)  
[unintelligible] (peninsula) (S-cape) ... " ... (S-cape) [unintelligible] (peninsula)  
Knotty Pine (N-trance) / (inlet) off shoot (inlet)  
[unintelligible] (sound) (punos) (island) Row over abandonment  
etc... / (flying fish (cape) [unintelligible])  
5.1.10> [Antartica] 105°S long / 73°E latitude



5.1.11> FADE IN (OVERLAID w/opening credits).

INT. Crowded airplane cabin. 40,000 ft. over the Atlantic - 5:12 PM. 3 MAY 1995.

a sleep except **TELEMACHUS**,  
a spireal-bound, black journal  
ZOOM IN on handwriting. **US** rides this verry  
smacks off a typewriter. We track his script  
he corrects car wrecks hiymself to intentional  
Puts pen down. CUT TO: Finger pressing CALL  
The button lights up, accompanied by a dingi  
ess saunters down the aisle + dipsresses the  
FLIGHT ATTENDANT: Oui? Puis-je vous aider, m  
**TELEMACHUS**: My, a, head hurts. (points to he  
ATTENDANT: Apirine, haha. (whispers), that s  
harder... vicodin, héroïne? I can give u this  
**US**: Is that legal?

ATTENDANT (demeanour shifts from saucy to  
CUT TO:

INT. Airplane lavatory. 40,000 ft. over the  
CLOSE IN ON: **Telemachus** throwing up into toi  
in the bowl + the hatch opens. CUT TO:

EXT. Fuselage of airplane. Hatch opens + a m  
is released. P.O.V. tracks the globs as they reach terminul velocity. The  
expanding blob of gobs pass thru a cloud + mix in w/ rain + keeps falling +  
falling til it hits the surface of ocean, the dyed blue toilet water still  
distinguishable from the sea water, til it dilutes, in SLO MO. Fish flock to eat  
the chunks:  
those fish

5.1.12> CU  
ZOOM OUT t  
He cant co  
our Bw/Ody,  
To INhabit  
on a climb  
who set out  
expedition  
Bw/Ody, that  
accounts U  
BACK TO SC  
Paper fold  
ZOOM BACK  
combine IN



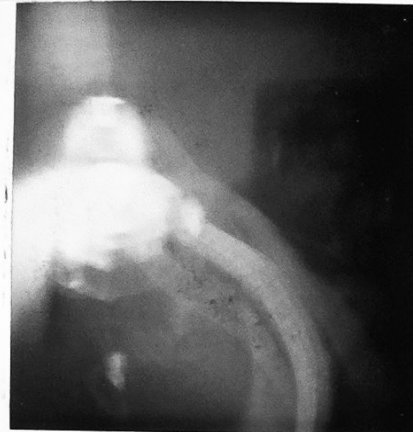
INT. Art director's studio. Nice, France. Nov 1995.

**Ulysses** reads the above text feed. **Telemachus** swivels in a nearby chair playing w/ sum of  
the props **US** has lying around. **Ulysses** gets to the end + puts the MANUSCRIPT down.

**TELEMACHUS**: Wadju think? Mined u, it's rough, just the beginnings of sumping. Couldn't sleep  
on the plane so figured Mayas well rite.

**ULYSSES**: Well, for starters u need to learn how to format a screenplay. And there's just no  
you'd be able to film vomit coming out of an airplane + into the sea like that. CGI  
way expensivo, as is shooting underwater. Getting blue water to mix w/ Reel sea water  
comme ça. B-sides being way too hard to film, it's not believable, weigh to phisolophical.  
1 thing to go to the land of the dead + another to RETURN, ox. U need able-bodied semen  
to explain to the laymen. Those lying horrozontil on bored, drifting in + out of REM.

**US**: Did we menshin Vll the axion takes plaze in a stationary v-uckle, pooled over on the sholder  
cuz of a snowstorm, after we almost had a head-on collisioin, after we waited til the wether day  
was called, almost smoking a roach we found on a toilet seat, watching a 0-0 soccer match.



okes as it  
l-time as  
+ typos.  
pg. 298).  
steward-  
ad.

aspirin?  
sumping  
+ sleep.

onsieur.

swirls

water

frenzy. Larger fish flock to eat  
+ the sharks come.

(actual scale). Our childhood home.

on dad's lap to take the wheel.  
back, but needs a host, to occupy  
posSESsed, now need to exorcise.

Far as we can tell, **Ulysses** set out  
in search of our father **Sisyphus**,  
+ died. **US** riverse ingeneares the  
,000 ft). We plan on retrieving the  
Fishtale. Based on eye-witness  
never scene again.

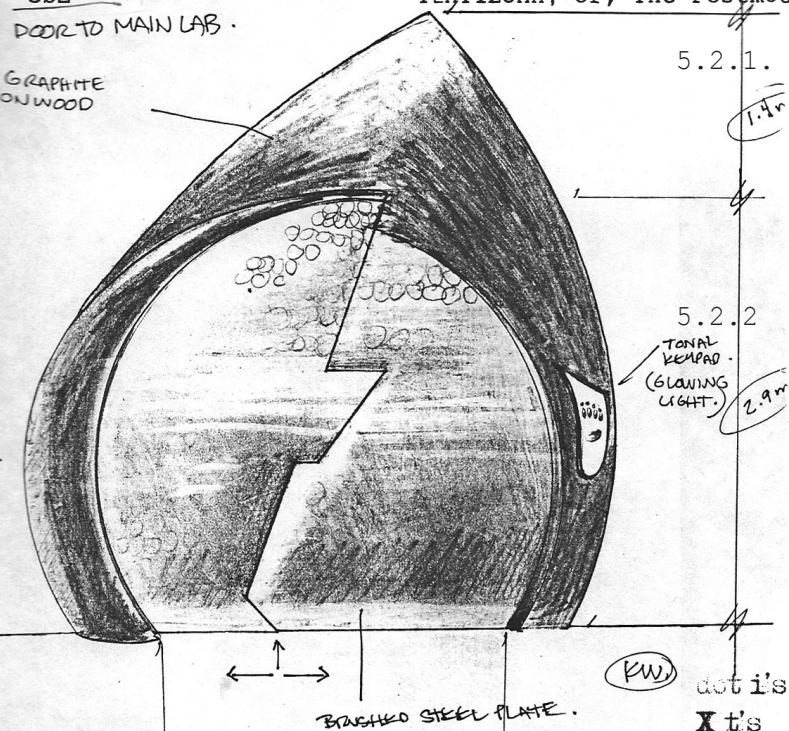
/19/669.htm using special FX.

flake, no 2 the same.

melting INT.0 rivulets that  
river we never X'ed as kids.



DOOR TO MAIN LAB.

GRAPHITE  
ON WOOD

Door Mirror: Être dans  
l'état de sommeil.

↑ PORTal  
EN.Trance design

↑ EN.Trance actualized tion  
↓ PORTal

au minimum  
la feint = pretense  
faint

5.2.1. EN.Trance. Studio set. In yr mined.

Vll of this, writ by + for U. No 1 Ls gives a dam. Portal opens (dat was Us behind the scenes opening by hand!). Vulva coffin (see pg 287) rises out of the ground. We lay dare sleeping. EPIMETHEUS sits on the bedside.

EPIMETHEUS: Good mourning.

5.2.2 I open our eyes.

SPIKE JONEZ: Cut. U aren't sposed to open your eyes.

KEVIN BACON: I just do what u direct us to do + knot to? And why r u standing in for EPIMETHEUS? Isn't that Rutger's role?

SPIKE: We rote hym outta the scrypt.

KEVIN: So now you're the doctor + director? + dictator

SPIKE: A dire doctorector. Now keep yer eyes closed. For now get used to just bean in yr one skin. In fact (calls TOM SAVINI over), let's get his eyes rapped so he isn't temptid. (wile SAVINI raps our I's): Piece of cake... sew Vll we godda due is pertend to lie hear sleeping in the vulva bed. No problema.

EPIMETHEUS: U best keep your trap shut or we'll rap that in gauze too. We feign zipping our mouth shut. ZOOM IN thru layers of white gauze to eyes flickering in REM, further still into the blackness of our dreaming mined.

5.2.4. (V.O): Fall set in + we had no intention of wintering in the Black Hills, so when our brother summonsed us to Côte d'Azur to work on this film we off course jumped on the opportunity. Et comme quand Telemachus gits to Ithaca he discovers Odysseus déjà there. At 1<sup>st</sup> we just lied dare pertending to bee the sleeping mummy, a place-holder for the creature, played by Kevin Bacon. Bud like Horton the Elephant sitting on the egg more than the Reel mother ever did, the creature become hours, became US.

5.2.5. INT. D-ZINE STEWDi/o

We sit reading the script when a cute French girl wearing a headset comes in, clip-board in hand.

A.A.A.D.: Monsieur Blanche? Nous sommes prêts pour vous.

X &lt; -----U R hear.



Us: Quel monsieur blanc?

A.A.A.D.: Celui qui remplace Monsieur Bacon, le stand-in pour la créature. (Exits)

α.I. ~~Tei~~: Dam, who was that?

Us: The A.A.A.D, or maybe A.A.A.A.D... perty petit poulet, eh?

5.2.6. INT. SCRIPTED CRYPT: Sleep us supine on the coffin/bed. The stand-in for Epimetheus sits next to us holding a thermometer + handheld computer/log > The D.P. sits behind the camraw (shutter (stuck (o) pen)))))) mounted on a crane boom that hovers ova the bed.

DIRECTOR: I want u to zoom down, over Epimetheus's shoulder as he puts the thermometer in the creation's mouth, then ZOOM way in past his lips. The GRIP swings the crane, slowing as the D.P. is ova EPI's shoulder, then the D.P. adjusts the lens, zooming in.

D.P.: Hé, toi... créature's stand-in. We need u to open la bouche.

Our lips remain sealed. [beat]. DIRECTOR shakes our shoulder. Hey, i ain't pain u to doormirror hear, u here! Allons-y, soyez présent.

US: Désolé, we just arrived this mourning. Comment nous disons «jet-lagged»?

DIRECTOR: What's this "we" shit?

US: The personal pronoun we'd prefur u to refur to us as, sir: we, us, our.

DIRECTOR. Peu importe, just keep your, er, our mouth 1/2-open, like u—we are sleeping. No nodding off fur Reel. E-Z fuckin' job, comprenez vous?

US (nodding): God it, no nodding off for nada. No nodding off for nada...

5.2.7. Grip returns camraw to the original position + repeats the shot, bud this time the crane boom hovers hire + higher, reveiling the entire set, inklooting a replica of another identical camraw on a crane boom hovering over our Bw/Ody per-tending to door-mirror.

D.P.: D'accord, je pense que nous sommes bons.

DIRECTOR: Is River ready? The A.D. relays the message via walkie-talkie to the A.A.D. A garbled squelch in French comes back over the talkie-walkie.

A.D.: Mr. Savini sez he needs few more minutes.

DIRECTOR: D'accord, let's take 10. Every 1 except us heads for the Kraft table or outside to smoke. Our P.O.V. remains w/ the 2<sup>nd</sup> camraw filming ourself sleeping, mumbling, "no nodding off for nada, no nodding off for nada."

5.2.8. CUT TO: I-lids flicker in REM. ZOOM thru I-lids, witch [SPECIAL FX] smack of a gauzey tapes-try, hoose lairs unfold INT.0 new dimentians...

tho the camraw stays focussed on the surfizzz, shades + colures swirling, appearing + disappearing, smacking of tides in an undercurrent of alphabet noodle soup, the ledders at times forming phrases + sentences, comme: "babbling revers unraveling" + "no hero warship" + "wakey wakey, eggs + bakey" etc. etc. etc.

5.2.9. Return us to the palace. A PURSUITOR confronts us (in dis-guys).

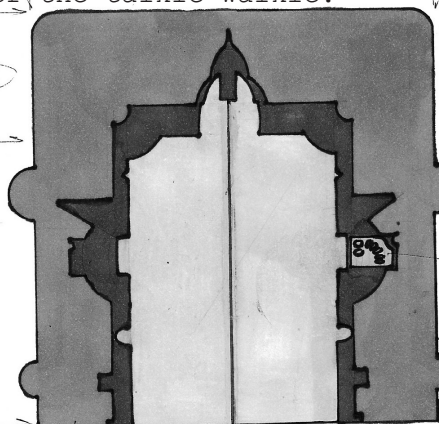
PURSUITOR: E-spèces de merde américaine idiote, pas de nourriture pour vous!

How kin we elp u if u bit the hand dat feeds? Cherchez le sauvetage de l'EXT.érieur, connard. Git's lit, the 1<sup>st</sup> we took note of his mourning habit.

CON.templates hour one belly button. Comment en sum nose arrivés ici en premier lieu? Flushes leftover (cached) resin + riplaces beggar's bowl to it's spot.

rightful^

Dream Logging D-vice D-sine



earlier prototype of EN.trance portal u now entrez-vu



5.2.10. ORIGINAL FACTS SUMMONSING US TO FRANCE: > > >  
 INPUT into narrativerative, out uv context, comme éléments dans un rêve, in a v-uckle parked at the base of Devil's Tower + a tent at basecamp of Fishtale + a broken-down bus in Bolivia... ether weigh waiting for wether to clear. Mapping out the route to recover the Bw/Ody of their father. What happens next ain't sew clear... could be their paths intersect, or US returns alive. This book objet is a bout bringing our father (+ Us) home to bury. A coffin u cd ssey.

5.2.11. Draw analogs to Mt. Analogue (1952) campfire story where 2 brothers set out to fetch a bitter rose atop Mt. Analogue for their father. 1 brother dies, becomes "Hollow Man" + the other brother kills this Hollow Man + inhabits his Bw/Ody + w/ their cum-bined force they scale Mt. Analogue + retrieve a special bitter rose pour leur père. By halving 1 of them die, they're able to figuratively cross over into the land of the dead, tethered together, like roped-up climbers (4<sup>th</sup> class--placing no protection, so if 1 falls they both die, unless 1 can self-arrest). At least w/ acting u get a 2<sup>nd</sup> chants (as opposed to unroped climbing).

5.2.12. 4<sup>th</sup> wall is beyond broken (hola!), permanently dismantled. After the spell is lifted Tel recognizes their father in Us. They plot their assault on the suitors but meanwhile these pursuitors are plotting to kill Tel.

7 APRIL 2019--In Bodymore, MD reading journull from Nice dat sses, "I could get just as shot in L.A." + we experienced déjà vù like we had this dream already + shd check a privius journal + in this rêve or déjà vù we even felt we needid to rite it down + we woke up ova + ova + wrote it in our journal, just like we are now + the déjà vù keeps compounding itself. We also dreamt we played baseball in the white room.

17 NOV 1994--

«Serendipity is chosen  
 Consintrate the beam  
 slowrider, skipping beats»

18 NOV--we put all the holds on this climbing wall that's about 9 meters high + smacks of the mono-lith in 2001: A Space ODssey (1968). We ½ lose ourself + in ABSENTIA fabcricate Vll these towering stories.

22 NOV [1994][Tel's b-day]--28<sup>th</sup> revolution + we're in France. Was sposed to climb the wall but the costume din't fit so we showed sum French kid how to do it. Spent most of the day laying like a corpse on the black rising vulva bed/coffin/hole in the white room, while they adjusted camraws, lights, etc. [Hope + Us took Tel out to eat Vietnamese food for our berthday.

[https://5cense.com/11/moored\\_musings.htm](https://5cense.com/11/moored_musings.htm) -In his Con-quest of the Useless movie diary, Werner Herzog describes a man bitten by a snake cutting trees in the Amazon jungle + after thinking for a few seconds cuts off his own bitten leg w/ chainsaw.

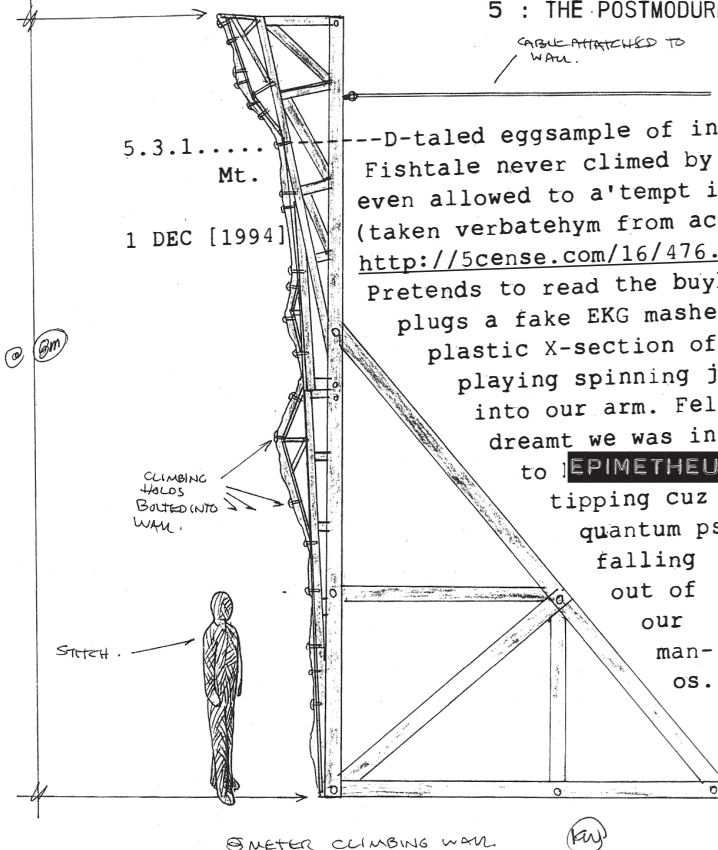
I AM SITTING HERE, AT WORK, IN MY LARGE OFFICE (SPIKE'S IS THE NEXT ROOM) DESIGNING A CLIMBING WALL (I FOUND A CLIMBING STORE THAT SELLS THE THINGS THEY USE TO MAKE THEM HERE IN NICE) FOR THE FILM (SPIKE WANTS TO BUILD IT ALSO, SO HE IS CHANGING A SCENE IN THE FILM FROM RUNNING ON A TREADMILL, TO CLIMBING, SIMPLE AS THAT, BUILD IT.

I WAS THINKING OF HAVING THE DIFFERENT COLOR SETS OF CLIMBING HOLDS, SO THERE A THREE DIFFERENT ROUTES.

THANKS FOR THE LETTER. SOUNDS LIKE YOUR EXPERIENCE RIGHT NOW IS LIKE MINE, FOREIGN (S.D. MUST BE CULTURALLY BIZARRE) I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WILL STAY HERE IN FRANCE. GONG TO ARGENTINA (AROUND XMAS) IS STILL JUST AN IDEA (TICKETS ARE EXPENSIVE HERE IN FRANCE (AND I OWE [H]OPE, ONE FROM THE TRIP TO NEPAL) IF THERE IS ANOTHER FILM TO COME BACK HERE AND WORK ON (I WILL DO IT. WRITE ME AND LET ME KNOW WHERE YOUR NEW ADDRESS IS. CIAO. ULYSSES

HELLO.  
 HOPE ALL IS WELL IN CALIFORNIA, YECOID FLOODING, WET, WASHED THE WHOLE CITY AWAY, ANYWAY, HERE IS HOW TEL'S JOB OFFER STANDS. HIS SALARY (FOR 6 WEEKS, STARTING IN @ 2 WEEKS) IS ABOUT 2500 DOLLARS. THEY WOULD SUBTRACT THE COST OF A TICKET IF HE WANTS, AND REIMBURSE UPON ARRIVAL (THE CHEAPEST ROUNDTRIP TICKET IS 600 DOLLARS (FROM LOS ANGELOS) ON AOM. [TELE] WOULD HAVE TO CUT HIS HAIR TO A RELATIVELY EAR LEVEL LENGTH. THERE WOULD BE FOOD ON THE SET (FREE) BUT HOUSING IS AN EXTRA (MAYBE @ 500 A MONTH, HE COULD STAY WITH ME FOR A SHORT WHILE (WEEK)? BUT OUR STUDIO IS TINY, AND [H]OPE IS KIND OF SICK OF HAVING GUESTS. A RESPONSE WOULD BE APPRECIATED SOON. [TEL] - I WOULD BE GREAT TO COME OUT, I JUST



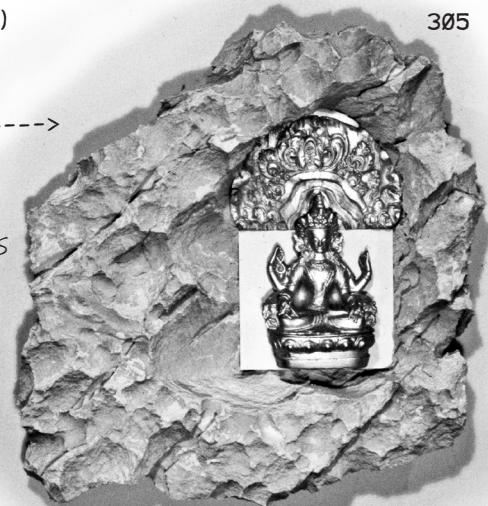


5 METER CLIMBING WALL

5.3.1.....  
Mt. ---D-tailed egg sample of individual handhold----->  
Fishtale never climed by nobody. Sacred, knot  
even allowed to a'tempt it. Where Shiva lives.  
(taken verbatehym from actual journals:  
<http://5cense.com/16/476.htm>)

Pretends to read the buybull wile **EPIMETHEUS**  
plugs a fake EKG mashene maid from a white  
plastic X-section of a leaf w/ a CRT dis-  
playing spinning jelly-bean like beads  
into our arm. Fell asleep on the set +  
dreamt we was in a raft handing books  
to **EPIMETHEUS**, but the raft was  
tipping cuz the books was heavy  
quantum psychics textbooks

falling  
out of  
our  
man-  
os.



5.3.2b.

Clam bed morphs INT.0 an operating table +  
TEL morphs INT.0 anon I'm us (I's still band-  
edged shut). Tubes run INT.0 nose. I.V. in vein.  
**EPIMETHEUS: Needle.** (Nurse hands EPI a  
needle w/ thread still attached. EPI st-  
itches bandedge INT.o fleshy lining of in-  
testines. ZOOM IN ON: Needles weaving in  
+ out of gauze w/ embedded text... blood  
+ bodily fluids soaking deep INT.0 the band-  
edge til it's hard to distinguish what's  
what. ZOOM IN farther, down to molecular  
strucksure, mixed in w/ C-A-T-G-U-T ladders  
ZOOM OUT back to needle stitching skin (a tat-  
too), sticks in vain of crook of arm. Fall-  
ow needle backwards to tubes in I.V. drip-  
ping a clear liquid up to pouch labeled:  
Sound of drip gets louder, in sink w/  
heart beating. Camraw travels up vain thru  
valves of corazon. CUT TO: Vital metrics,  
hearbeat, etc. Ulysses taps Epimetheus on  
shoulder + takes his place sitting next to  
a.I., who doesn't even notiss. Us puffs on  
a complicated hookah pipe contraption, a  
4-chambered bong w/ multiple hoses coming out  
of it. The room soon fills up w/ smoke.

a.I.: Et tu, U?

Us directs his x-hail at our bandedged face.

a.I.: Since when do we smoke pot? U used to  
give Penelope such shit.

Us: It's not pot, it's hasheesh.

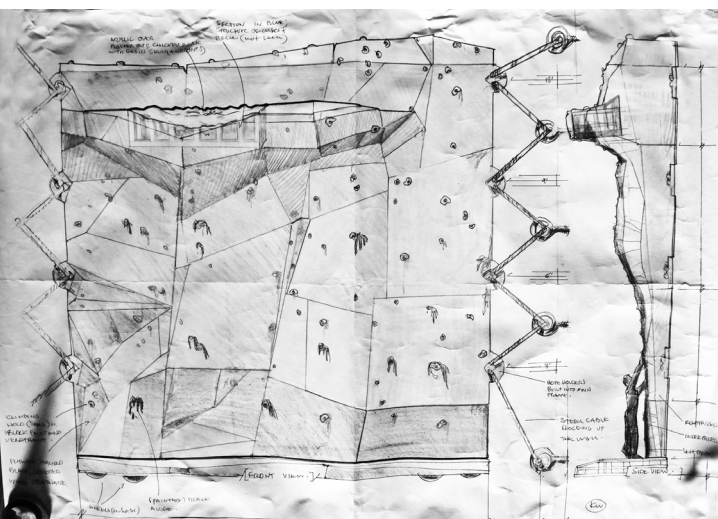
a.I. (feeling bed): What the hell are we  
sleeping on, a baby crib?

US: A prop. [H]ope gets all her furniture  
from movie sets. After they're done w/ em.

a.I.: Is this her apartment?

Us: Yah, she's making us breakfast. Wakey  
wakey, eggs + bakey.

a.I. (fumbling around for our pants): We  
don't even member how we got hear. Last we  
member we fell asleep on the plain.





U- < or a.I.

I have walked enough to rally have earned it. The salvation I mean. For all I have don I go to the altar on my nees. All the way without them leather patches the carpeters ware. All the way feelin reel bad inside. Frettin somthin feece. I dun gon a mit stupid thin. And I reely got to werk et out. Thas rite cleen out of me. Nuthin lef to feel bad bout nosir. This man aint goin to wat till its too lat to heer the good word. No sir. I heart this storee the uther day. This poor soul got himself kilt. He ent up ded. And there aint no chance fer him, no sir. I afat gon to put myself in that jam no sir.

Chances are that I handed you a copy of this thesis, ("I" being; KEVIN WHITE; candidate for masters degree in fine arts, Art Center College, Pasadena, Calif. Degree date; Aug.1990.)

Those of you whom will have received this paper from me are; -my graduate committee; Stephen Prina, Mike Kelly, Jeremy Gilbert-Rolle. -friends (both student and faculty) from Art Center. -friends (from outside of school) and family. -anyone (either known or unknown to me) who checks out the copy of this paper in the library.

This paper will be read at; homes (of coming members, close friends, and family members), and Art Center (either in the library, cafeteria, graduate studios or classrooms).

This paper will remain in the Art Center library conceivably for the duration of the existence of the institution. This makes it highly likely that some undetermined student or faculty member could read all or part of this paper at anytime for an undetermined period of time.

At least two copies of this paper will also remain within my custody, in my room. This paper could be read (part or all) by any number of persons known or not known to myself (K.W.) in the undetermined future.

a.I.: We use Carrier Pidgin font, a new derivative dat adapts to cualquier idioma + contexto, a cross the bored. As they wind thru the streets a.I. gazes out the window even tho our eyes is bandaged up in gauze. a.I. scribbles this story in our notebook:

#### 5.3.4. THE LIGHT UV OLD NICE

Nice is a nice resort town on the Mediterrariunn that is populated w/ ugly old peepole. There's a lotta beautiful yung folk too, but seams they is just visiting. In the early mourning ('specially Sundayz) the streets is filled w/ old pensioners. There's always sum sorta mourning markit going on + the sidewalks always jammed w/ mongers selling fish + vege-

In loo of our pantalonos we find a hardbound man-u-script. Finger the leaves as if they was braille. a.I.: Qu'est-ce que c'est? cover at least in embossed font Us: The originul fthesis Vll this (makes wide-sweeping gesture) gits adaptid form. Tout a qwest, buey. a.I. (takes note, litteruley): U mean 'SSES' 'SSES' 'SSEY'? Us: Avant même cela. We was walking the talk in 1990, pinche carbone. Before yer time. Dem suitors in fool pursuit. Oye, what are u righting? a.I.: We ain't righting, we're RE:righting. RE:hashing in hour one parole. Adding hashtags + updating the #ing system to riflect contemporaineus measures. Vll as we travel along, in Reel time. Absorbing tout in our wake, inklooting your voix, ox, input beecombing output, n i/o filter self-generating on auto-pile-it. Comme cette car we's setting in now, u think we're the ls driving? Us: C'est un Twingo, u dig? We wantid 1 in flesh color. a.I.: Reguardless, Vll a smoke screen. Questa macchina d'rives us. IT uses US to build more cars in the same mold. We ain't the ls in cuntroll of hour one destinees. We're hear just to propagate more + more mashenes, ox. Us: Whatever floats yr bot. At least use Courier font if u want any 1 to take u siriusly.









5.3.6. > a.I. (fingering objet in the backseat): Qu'est ce que c'est?  
 Us: Hey, careful w/ dat. It's a bio-organic EKG mashene. Proto-  
 type for 1 anyway. We could've made the actual objet, but the  
 fucking French are strick about sticking to their unionized  
 rolls. The art department is responsible for designing such  
 objets, on paper. Then we gotta hand them off to the props dept  
 to make. Props are a bunch of union morons, cutting coroners w/  
 cheap-ass mateaterials.

-----> (blow up d-tail (actual))----->

a.I.: Is it funksional?

Us: Coarse not. Doesn't need to bee. Bud if it was, you'd cun-  
 troll it w/ this joystick (picks up nearby prop). The display is  
 sposed to bee maid of bio-luminescent oreganic cells. Hope the  
 finel product don't look this fake on film.

a.I.: Hoo nose, may-b this moovie will bee so bad it's good.

Us: Whatever, their payin' us + we git to live hear in Nice where  
 just so happens mon poulet habite (pokes [H]ope in the side).

a.I.: Are u able to due any writing of yr one?

Us: ~~A-bit.~~ Hear ~~(hands us manuscript dat sses «Ms. Ann Thrope»)~~.  
 U can read these wile you're standing in... you'll halve lodes  
 of downtime just sitting there on the set.

a.I: (fingering thru pgs): Who's Ms. Ann Thrope?

US: U know, misanthrope. [H]ope's full name.

[H]ope looks over when she here's her name.

[H]ope: Que dites-vous de moi?

Us: Tout ne vous concerne pas, mon poulet.

5.3.7.

### Ms. ANN THROPE SMOKES (A LOT)

[H]ope is a perty girl from the South of France + she smokes much too much. She nose she's  
 god a problème, bud she ain't willing to consider  
 quitting. She's nervous much of the time + the  
 cigarrêtes help calm her down (so she sez). In  
 the mourning she smokes w/ her coffee to help  
 w/ bowel movements. "Ours brun", elle l'appelle.

When we're driving home to/from work, she  
 always stops + buys a pack of cigarrêtes. Al-  
 ways just 1 pack. This annoys us to no end! Fin-  
 ally we ssey sumping: "Why do never u buy more  
 then 1 pack? Why not buy a hole carton so we  
 don't gotta keep stopping twice a day?"

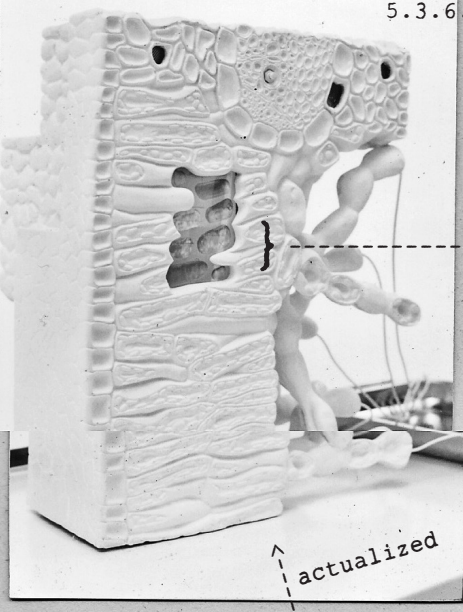
She can't come up w/ a good response to

counter our suggestion. She goes in wile we wait in the car +

watch the traffic creep by. She comes back out w/ 4 packs of Marl-  
 oro Reds. We can tell what we said hurt her feelings. She never sses no-

thing, we just know. We don't offer nada in the weigh of an apologee cuz we feel  
 justified in our one mined. Comme ça we drive on, a bit further apart then we was before.

Later on, when she's on top of the bed in her underwear reading, she picks at the dead skin on  
 her heal. Without taking our eyes off our book we reach over + nudge her hand away from her foot.  
 She goes rite back to it a second later, engrossed in her *Mademoiselle* artickle on French antique  
 furniture. We put our book (*Finnegans Wake*) down + look over at her, waiting for her to look back,  
 but she never duzz.



actualized

BREAKABLE FAKE  
 VERSION OF EKG.  
 MACHINE (FILLED  
 WITH SLIME.)  
 (X 4 SEPARATE)

UNREINFORCED FIBERGLASS  
 SHELL FILLED WITH  
 SLIME, COMSTALZICE,  
 WIRES, FOAM, EXPANDING  
 CLAY, SILKSTRING, PAINT.

STILL COLOR  
 IMAGE OF  
 COMPUTER  
 GRAPHICS.

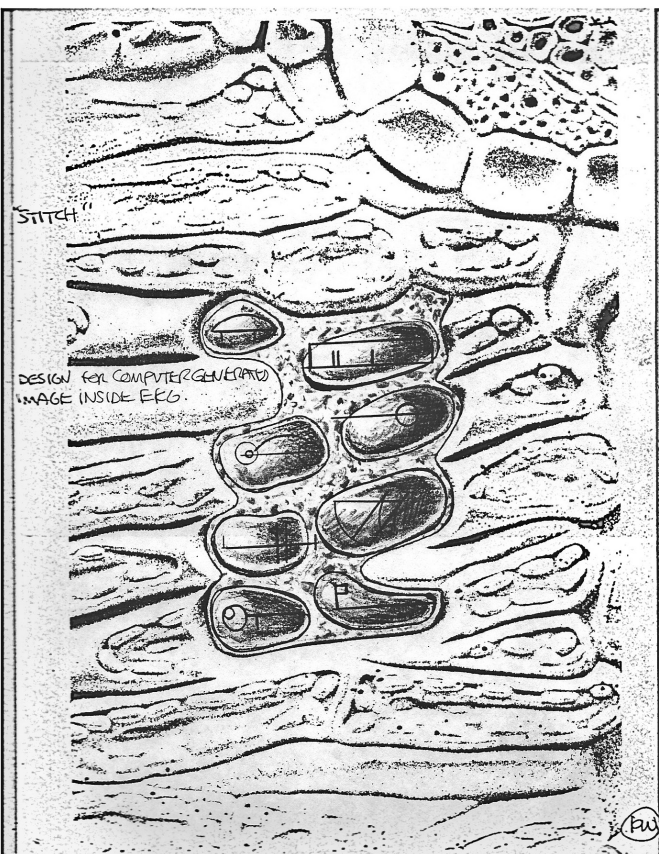
WHITE  
 PAINTON  
 FIBERGLASS.

WIRES WITH  
 PATCHES FOR  
 ADHERING  
 TO SKIN.





^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^



"You're onely gunna make it worse," we ssey, once again cunvinced dat we're in the right. She stops after a second, encore sans looking up from her magazine.

A cupple minutes later she turns out her lite, pulls the sheet up + rolls over, facing away from us. We can tell she's upset, but again she dosen't ssey nuthing. We both go to sleep w/o exchanging nary a word.

In the mourning we make coffée + toast. We sit on the plastick mushroom stools + eat off the coffin kitchen table... all dysfunctional props from a sci-fi flick she worked on before our time. As we're eating our yogurt she lights up a cigarrête + rightaway we reach back to open a window. She aks us to fermez-le, sses she's froid.

"Then put out the cigarrête," we ssey. She moves her cigarrête to her other hand, holding it far away as possible, but it's never far enough. She x-hails smoke up twards the sealing + eventually gets up to go to le toilet.

It takes a million small events comme-ça to reach this point where she calls the relationship into question. Over the months we've watched it happen... passive, like a driver that's chosen to let go of the wheel. We just sit back + watch as the car swurves off the road, thru a ditch + comes to rest rapped around a pine tree.

When it's over we remain in the car, blood dripping down our forehead, steam rising out of the totalled front end. We look over to where she was sitting but she is gone. She left the passinger side door open + is nowhere to be seen. We lean our throbbing head against the steering wheel + sob, banging our head w/ each heave.

It always ends comme-ça... us behind the wheel of a v-uckle going nowhere.

5.3.7.

INT. Nice, France. 02 DEC 1994.

[verbatehym from journal] Sitting in a vast white room, every 1 waring white overalls (for glare)--camrawmen, gaffers, soundmen, assistants, stand-ins--Vll crowched round the actors + director. We see them as a family, a tribe of apes, acting sivillized, tho they share commun trauma. Biologicikle oreganisms that despite appearances cut strait to the truth of their genetic make-up. Ain't no hiding it. Vll this vanity + pretends don't bother us nun. It's facsnating if u abstract it... what is REALLY going on hear? What are they deriving at? Should we bee just an observer or shd we parcipitate in this ritual myth? Seams all ppl 'experience' on this set no more is stress + greed... cunsoomes every 1, 99% of the time. There was a few momints y'erday when we was truely inspired by River's acting. It beecam Real. Beecame the verry tenshun dat Exists in the stewdi/o... the strained stress between Spike + River, or Epimetheus + anon I'm



us (the creation--the cumulation of Vll of us)... anon I'm us staring Epimetheus down. a.I. demands a name, not to be monitored 24x7 by "the eye". Aks for books of fiction, a tele + a merehorror... dat's good stuff. We ain't so sure the others Realize it they's so self-cunsoomed in their respective roles + the day-to-day. The vanity + greed. They need to run w/ the collective emotions running thru the n-tire cru... from the famed celebirty acteurs down to us sherpa stand-ins. They need spontaneity.

Today a.I. meats his love intrest, the nurse. Witch means we get to meat Julie Delpy!.... or at least her stand-in, who ain't nearly as perty... sum French girl who don't even speak in glish. We still got insomnia + bin dreaming weigh too much if we due manedge a catnap. Can't rem ember the d-tales of last nite's sueño except we was playing waterpolo in an 3-D white room (no edges or coroners) + the ball (w/ a camraw mounted inside like an eye) hovered in slow-mo, at ½ gravity.

5.3.8. EXT. Train to Monaco. 11 DEC [1994].

Y'erday they flew in **KALID-SHIEK** to be the other medic. Yes, that **KALID-SHIEK**, infamous cuz of his supposid huge cock at his beck + call. He's short + pudgy, smells funny + gives us the creeps. Spike wants **K-S** to ssey "I can't find the vein!" Spacifickly flew him out from L.A. just to ssey that line. Bef e this sceen we got to play a research sighingtist running thru a maze escap

**KALID-SHIEK** got into a fake helicopte ). Creepy thing is the wounded soldier we're operating on was **ULYSSES**

Hear's the dialog we had to memor

**KALID-SHIEK**: What happened to this guy? I can't find the vein.

a.I.: What?! (we're wearing a walk

**K-S**: (rips walkman out of our ear  
I said I CAN'T FIND THE VEIN!

a.I.: This guy's lost a lot of blood

**K-S**: He's not gonna make it.

a.I.: He's as good as dead.

**K-S**: (still giving CPR)

a.I.: Come on sarge, there's nothin  
can do. Give it up.

**K-S**: We don't stop til I ssey so.  
(slaps us)

a.I.: (whimpering) we just wanna go  
back to Ithaca. We just wann  
go home.

... + we had to YELL this REALLY  
loud, pertending we was hollering  
over the chopper sounds that would  
be dubbed in later. Flying thru sun  
when really we were in a quiet sound  
stage. We feel like raw meat. Our  
skin peeled back. As if others saw  
sunthing in us we wasn't privy to.  
We don't know weather our acting was  
good or bad. It exposed a weakness i  
us. Left us feeling perty freaked,  
specially doing it w/ **KALID-SHIEK**,  
the porn king! And that the patient  
we was trying to revive was played b  
our brother. Seams u halve to shed yo  
skin to reveil things about el mundo  
+ make new associations + kill pre-  
existing conventions. We're willing t



we're willing to sacrifice our

I'VE SEEN THIS HAPPEN IN OTHER PEOPLES LIVES, NOW ITS HAPPENING IN MINE



(cont. voice over)

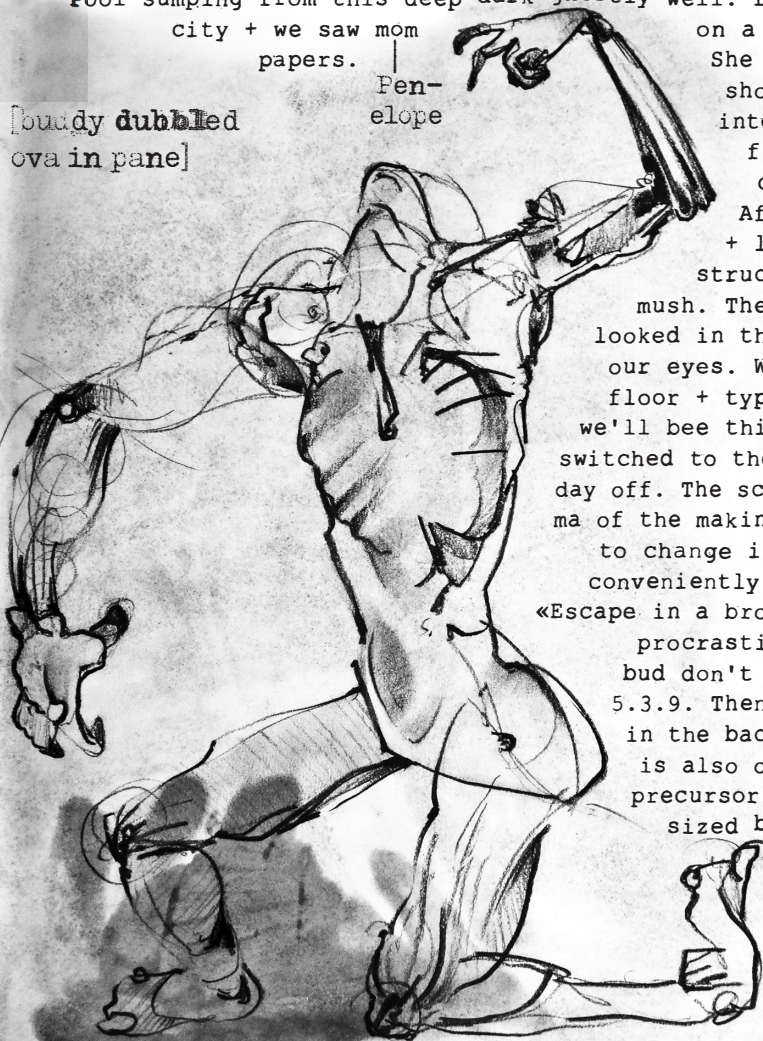
reputation, our image, our loneliness. We condemn ourself to wander cette planet sans un home. If we could just tap INT.0 dat sorce + find our voix. We wand to gritar en palabras. We wand the strucksure of a sentents to release us, see vu play. We feel trapped by words. What's in 'em? What's up w/ grammar + composition? When it comes down to it, these words onely truelie reveill inner-sense when u lose yore inhibitions + putt sumthing at steak. If u think ahead of the words they get reelly cheap. Writing's knot that much diffrent then acting in that it reekwires imagination... imaginning what shd bee said to make it beeliveable. We wish we cd x-press the loneliness + pane that was in us up on that stage... even for such a bit part dat probly won't make the finel cut<sup>148</sup>.

Dare's sunning in us, hiding in this shell, this dark sorce, a spring. Whear due Vll these expireinces lead? They come INT.0 our I's + well up in us... but dose hit substantiate cents of self? What is the thing that carries "that" or "this"? So meny objets, places, situations, experiences, knowlege, etc. festering inside + +u meat udder peepole + they're ticking time bombs w/ sew much potential but we usually just tock about trivial shit comme le temps. Allez bon sang, donne-nous quelques putains de mots! Pool sumping from this deep dark ghostly well. Last nite we was driving along in sum foreign

city + we saw mom  
papers.

Pen-  
elope

[buddy dubbed  
ova in pane]



on a bicycle-cart contraption delivering noose-She had one of them canvas bags u sling over her sholder + was jacknifed in the middle of a busy intersexion, causing traffic to pile up. She was flustered + alone, trying her best to git her cart outta the weigh.<sup>149</sup>

After an evening of drinking, we walked around + looked at the bots. Everything apeered funny, struck a nerve. Then it was all spinning much too mush. They dropped us off + cuntinued on drinking. We looked in the merehorror: ugly, hideous! Dark bags under our eyes. We scared ourself. There's books all over our floor + typewriter ribbons + lawndry detergent. We know we'll bee thirsty + hating life in the mourning. Today we switched to the black room. Spike fired Rutger Hauer on our day off. The script is now metaphorical of the Real life drama of the making of the movie. In a drunken stupor Spike had to change it overnite to write Rutger Hauer out of it, conveniently put him into «deep freeze». [Then Tel wrote: «Escape in a broad sense... travel eliminates the desire for procrastination of [left blank]. I fell off the bot.» bud don't know what we meant by it, tal vez un sueño.] 5.3.9. Then TEL dreamt about a teenage tomgirl who lives in the backyard of their childhood home. Her stepmother is also our stepmother... in fact, it appears she is a precursor to us, anon I'm us. We remain in our coffin-sized box in the backyard til our stepmother leaves then we try on her polyester pants... how kin any 1 understand this but us, U + Tel? How our stepmother's polyester pants fit?

<sup>148</sup> It didn't... in fact, the movie was never released.

<sup>149</sup> This dream got turned into the story "Inheriting Her Paper Route" in *Poste Restante* (2006, Calamari ISBN 0-9770723-6-3).

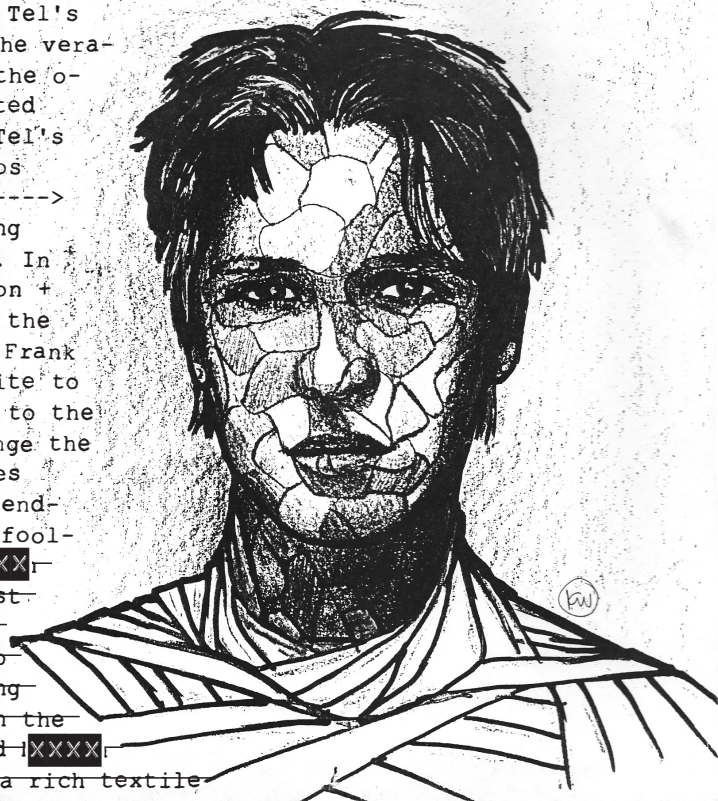


(cont. v.o.)

EUR'S

Then we snooped thru our stepmother's stuff + Tel wrote a note to self to rite a story about a dotter who needs to ware her father's clothes to doormirror... perhaps Tel's tocking about us (a.I)? Those that want to verify the veracity of these claims we've adopted from kin read the oridginal spiral-bound black journal these was adapted from: <https://5cense.com/16/476.htm>. We're taking Tel's word for it cuz Ulysses was too busy desining props (down to the make-up for Epimetheus himself)-----> to keep a journal. By now ACTION SHIFTS from surfing [H]ope's couch to a fleabag hotel in downtown Nice. In this journal we bitch (AD-LIB) about the corruption + greed, how we supspectid the mafia was bankrolling the film. Why else do they pay every 1 in cash, in 500 Frank notes? But we're just a stand-in, we reserve our rite to ssey nada + nod off on the set. If we ssey sumping to the director, like suggest he role w/ bad whether + change the script accordionly, he gits all annoyed. Herein lies the problema w/ making movies... it's a communal end-devour in 1 sense, but in an udder we all try to fool-fill 1 person's vision. A dictator. And-XXXX-XXXX-[producer on the film]... what's up w/ him? Youngest person to be a president's "secret advisor" of sum sort, has a special card w/ him that enables him to force a jetliner down on command. Vll the shit going down in the Raygun years... he said Vll they did in the oval office to stay informed was watch CNN. How did XXXX get IN? The Hollywood connection. His dad (sum sorta rich textile magnet) was buddies w/ Ronnie... after Vll, ain't much diffrence between Hollywood + the government. It's Vll about influenzing the public for yore own corrupt needs + power. And yah, we'll kiss XXXX's ass cuz he sses he's got connections at William Morris agency that will help us 1 day get a book [maybe even this 1, hehe] published.

## Self-portrait of Us as Epimetheus



5.3.10. 23 DEC [1994] INT. Hotel Soleil Noir

(V.O.): Maybe it was cuz we din't peel the moldy rind off the cheese or maybe cuz we was famished + fatigued from lack of sleep, but during lunch this afternoon we startid to feel dizzy + faint, flushed, cold/hot at the same time + sweating Vll over. Els was sitting across from us making out like we was a primadonna, stupid spoilt amerikan cuz we always bitch about the food + cigarrête smoke, whining how we want fruits + vegetables. We left the table stumbling + wint to ULYSSES's office. Felt like we was on drugs. Ain't LSD a type uv mold or fungus? The walls was milting + we could feel the perception of our being w/ eyes closed... a sorta solid, concrete presence engaging no sense oregan in per-tickler. Our head spun when we closed our eyes + when we opened them things was still milting + retreating from our field of vision. [+ now [JAN 2019] we wonder if this was an early episode of Ménière's d-zzz long before we knew what it was?]

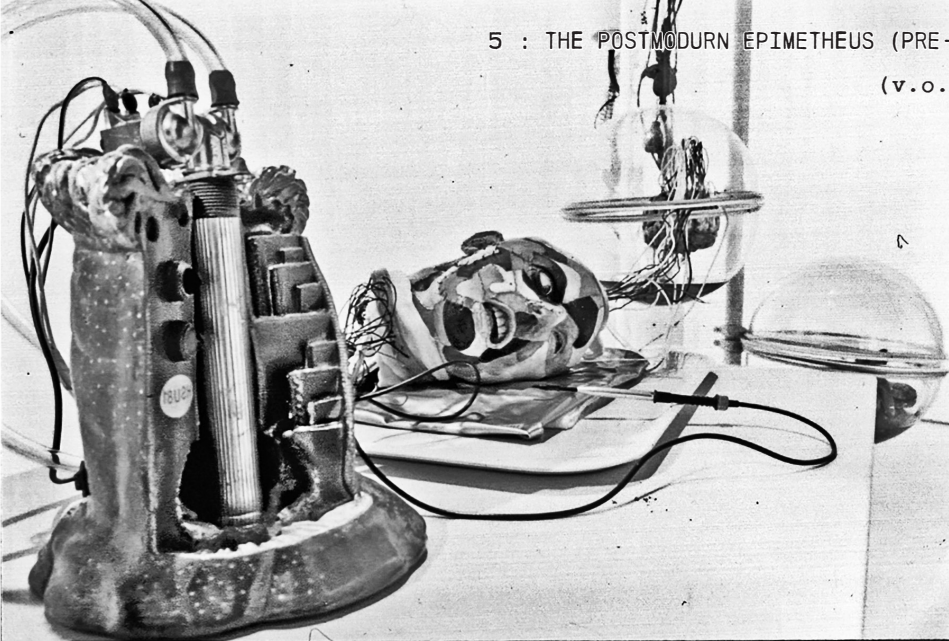
> 6:30 this mourn we woke up to keys scraping in the lock. Peephole trying to open the door next to ours. It escalated to the point where sumthing was obviously rong. It was still dark out. A cupple was giggling in a language that wasn't french, spanish, english or any langue we recognized. Sounded Scandinavian. Then they started knocking on the INSIDE of their door. We

director





(v.o. cont.)



wint out INT.0 the hall + this other guy was already there who spoke french. He wint down to wake the manager. They worked on the porte, pounding for hours while we tried to doormirror. Then they knocked on our door. From our room out the window thru the bars they handid the trapped guy a hammer + chisel. He hacked away from the inside til finally they was free. Ended up being a blonde cupple from Sweden. "Would u like a cup of coffee?" was the 1<sup>st</sup> thing the manager said when they got the port open. The trapped girl reelly had to go to the toilet.

## 5.3.11. Dec 24. INT. TRAPPED IN OUR OWN HEAD

(V.O.): We feel RAW. Our eyes burn. They want to cry but can't. We're tired but can't sleep. Our nurves halve bin rubbed on the ends w/ gritty sandpaper. Eviscerated. We ain't sure weath-er this bee good or bad for us, this pane + desperayshun. We can't find no 1 to relate two, bud at the same time feel a sorta facsination twards those mèmes personnes we feel threatend by. Them who set our nurves on edge. A mist all this phoneyess ppl x-press personnel anguish in strange wayz. Sum take an intrest in us, aksing what we think about \_\_\_\_\_ + then just look at us like they's wondering if anybody is in hear + making us feel stupid + empty. Maybe we're bean hypersensitive when they ssey learn french, cuz what it means is dare's a commune-

a-cakeshun problem. After all, why wd they give a shit? On the other hand, we just wanna be left alone. But why? It's eazy to hang out w/ **RCOURT-JESTER|TYPES|** cuz they're funny, amusing + shallow. It's a 1-way street, all they care about is that you's entertained by them. It's ketching up to us, our lack of so-cialization (nod to menshun sleep). Weave bin fooling ourself, pertending just to fit in. Were in France where every 1 lets there chiens shit on the sidewalks. Now we know how dad felt. Why + how it kin be so unbearable. This sensory connection (or lack thereof) to the nothingness beyond. A concrete presents of spiritchewel scaffolding w/ nada to attach to.

We can rite w/ I's closed. We scribble on the surfizz. Pen scrapes page but wont punksure. Reality = a cage, belief = confinement. Tomorrow we halve off. The Swedes next door blabble non-stop. Fermez la bouche s'il vous plaît! We wanna bee lonelie in our mizzery can't u sea? By hurting people u nourish them, make 'em struggle + fight hearter. Maybe we're retardid, maybe we's just an empty shell. We're spiritchewly lost + isolated in this cuntree. What the fuck we doing hear? Who are these peephole + what do they want? Not that we feel any more at home in Ymerika. Xmas eve + we're alone. Ulysses + [H]ope wint to Bergerac. Every 1 else is at sum restraunt that is too expensive + pretentious for our tastes.





(5.3.11 V.O.)

We don't feel social anyway.  
 last night just came to us:  
 She came INT.0 our hotel  
 tears + wiped 'em w/ her  
 stop kisssing mine toes!  
 (CK1) Vll ova our Bw/Ody, to  
 Shore these pubic showers got  
 sumping to do w/ these crazy dreams.  
 We've resorted to sponge baths in our  
 sink cuz we don't like halving to go  
 dans le couloir to  
 douche.

When i am in  
 the shower

and my  
 face  
 last

We just feel like a burrito. Our rêve from  
 our stepmom washed our feet.  
 + **EUR** washed our feet w/ her  
 long hair. Man, she couldn't  
 Then she doused perfume  
 prepare us for our burial.

We've even taken to pissing in our  
 sink cuz we're too lazy to put on  
 pants + go down the hall to the toilet  
 in the middle of the night. Boy are  
 we reddy to halve Dog remove Vll  
 these defects of charactor (at the  
 risk uv getting a head of our self).

5.3.12. INT. HEAD. 31 DEC 1995. 11 P.M.  
 CUT to: Mexican restraunt w/ open bar +  
 menu + about 50 other people from the  
 film shoot. Every 1 letting loose  
 (IMPROVISE) acting completely juvenile,  
 yelling like screaming children for more  
 tequila shots, beer, tacos, etc...  
 an insane frenzy. Every 1 releasing  
 their overworked tensions.  
 (VOICE OVER): There was a movement a-  
 foot to migrate to sum party in St.  
 Paul de Vence + we took to the streets  
 of old Nice + we all wore pig  
 masks for sum reason.

I

Wash my Feet  
 First





At this point we Realized Ulysses had forgotten all about [H]ope so we ran back to get her. When we got back, the car w/ every 1 (inklewding Ulysses) had already left so we had to find a nether ride + we wasn't sure where the party was... complete K-OS + everybody was shit-faced. 11:30. [H]ope got her car + vague directions but said no way we'd make it there in ½ an hour. Sure enough, we got lost on windy dark roads + that's where New Year's was spent. [H]ope stopped + called for direxions to this psycho party at sum insane villa. Quite the spread--oysters on the ½ shell, lox, shampain, Italian vixens, girls that looked like 15-yr olds from the court of Louis the XIV, skinny heroine addicts, celebrity types, etc. The kind of party u wouldn't be souprized if it turned INT.o an orgy, drugs everywhere. Smacked of a sarcastic SNL skit of a debaucherous European party... girls in black leather + furs draped over their shoulders, greasey guys in suits w/ skinny ties, fashion victims striking poses, yearning to be seen. Like being in a Fellini or Polanski film.

**ANTINOUS** was wasted, dancing w/ a scrawny junky that looked like Eric Stolz who was taking off his shirt + grabbing his crotch.



... + who was standing next to U when the clock struck 12?



WONDER WHAT  
SENSORY  
REALLY IS AND  
WHERE IT IS

SOIM home  
let me unroll you



**CALYPSO** was in fine form, decked in a tight black plastic catsuit w/ a huge yak fur draped over her shoulders. She was writhing on our lap sarcastically, running her tongue across her teeth + big pouty lips... lush + very stoned. Kinky + bazaar freaks coming in + out of the pitcher. Ulysses wd disappear + we was afraid he'd do sumthing dumb cuz he was drunk + [H]ope wasn't talkin to him, still mad cuz he forgot her back at the bar. She became a reserved simple country girl. The police came so we split w/ **ANTINOUS** in his Mercedes back to the after party. He kept rambling «I'm so drunk I can barely keep my eyes open». We told him we'd drive but he insisted + we wasn't much bedder off anyway. We considered walking bud had no clue where we was. He would smash into things quite casually, knocked the mirror off + almost wint off the road a few times. He wanted to turn around to pick up these sleazey prostitutes, til he got a closer look + saw they was guys w/ red + green wigs. We convinced him that anything roaming the streets at this time of night would be sloppy seconds. The after party was even more debacherous, can't totally remember the d-tails, cheesy carnivalesque dancers parading round in G-strings, acrobatic wild dancing ala cirque

[yes, tha  
stitch wi  
plexiglas  
twitching  
gaffers w  
elevator  
weight. T  
2500 fran  
hazard fe  
applauded  
face pain  
Intense c  
no way I  
much fun.  
die-hards  
parked on  
2-3 a.m.)  
black fur  
following  
+ laughin  
crashed a  
elaborate  
moped acc  
+ hurt. I



**BIO-ORGANIC COMPUTER FROM PAGE 308**

stitches on her belly, we wrote Prometheus. We gave her the original script as a birthday present." So **ANTINOUS** is telling us all this + were walking to the Mercydes Bends + when we get there, the front window is smashed in + what's missing? Our satchel w/ our journull in it! Our hand-written journull of no value to no 1 xcept our self. The onely thing they stole! Seamed too absurd + ironic to be true. We was devastated. There was a portable CD player they could of easily grabbed, a case of CDs, the stair-i/o, the car itself, the powerbook w/ the master Prometheus script + the seekwill (+ no back up)!... + what did the thieves take? Just our journull! It disturbed us, bud at the same time fascinated us, to think of the reaction of the thief opening the satchel + finding + reading this journal (up til this entry).. Ink + fucking paper u sucker! Nothing's worth more than anything else, money itself is just ink on paper. Everything it buys is an illusion. Fools! Ain't nada to steal from us of val-u. Vll they get is the expireince of reading sum 1's pryvate journal... perhaps more than they barginned for. So learn from this, unknone fool... if you're reading this can u fotocopy + give the originul back to verify what we've rewritten so far is carwreck? Cuz we hat to rewrite it Vll from scratch + our memary ain't so relayable. We was sick w/ grief + on the verge of crying, but the crew was all there in good spearits cuz it was the rap party + New Year's + they wanted to continuez la fête + we din't want to put a downer on the evening (mourning now). This Vll tot us dat if we feel such a loss, then these words we rite despiratelie to ourself are in themselves material possessions. Maid us wonder if dare's a dog up dare playing twisted jokes... a fucking Mercydes, lodes of valuables in it, they shatter the glass of the passinger side + steal what? A journal onely worth the paper + ink it's written on! Dat's his story waiting to be written.