

<< For more d... butcherous/massagenistic epis... of 'Calimero,' see pg 34 of vol 0.

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## 6: DX-EYE MADRUGADA

6.1.1.INT. Partout (V.O.)

### SUBMENU X-LATION TXT version 6.1.2

As of late, things feel slower. We sit + watch this bodega cada día. Boring grind but after a bout 3 months of bean on the job we's starting to git INT.o IT.... waking up 6 AM every mourning fast becoming a welcome ruteen. Git up, shower, eat serial + toast dipped in juice, do 20 minutes of tantric yoga X-orcise + then HIGH HO, HIGH HO...

We always open, grabbing donuts 1<sup>st</sup> on the way. There's always sum loser waiting there, bitching as we're unlocking + rolling up the shutter, about the refund they got coming or about how we's opening 5 minutes late, blah, blah, blah. If we're in a pleasant sort-a weigh, we putt it past us w/ a smile. The 1<sup>st</sup> of a day fool of dipshits, we tell ourself to cope. Bud when we're in a sourer mood, well then we might tweak just a bit. A typickle response cd be as harmless as a blast of hot air fallowed by a mock head-butt, stopping an inch short of the bridge of dare nose. Or cd git a hole lot wurse...

We're trying to get bedder. Our little brother Telemachus comes over Sundays + talks to us. What a fucking drag. The onely day off Vll week + we godda spend it w/ a 25-yr old virgin buybull thumper. Our little chats always segway into Tel's prime directive: Jesus.

It's hopeless. Sumtimes when these discussions 1<sup>st</sup> begin we think maybe we kin sway him to fallow the path of the sinner or at least cunfuse + disorient hym for a spell. But alas, we ain't sewn from the same bolt of fabrick, oh no, we is 2 diffrent hombres, buey.

After 10 minutos we got our plastic-coated magazines out, the 1s that god absolutely no righting insite. We halve 'em out to cunvince hym of the legit-

nulle part. À tout moment + pas de temps.

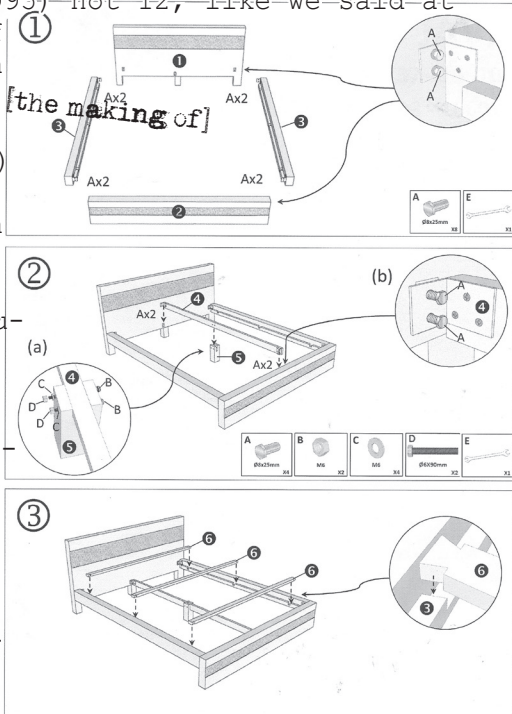
: Réellement, c'est 6 Jan 2020. The 38<sup>th</sup> anniversary of when they found our father's Bw/Ody. It ain't clear when he actually did it, probly 5 Jan 1982, his 47<sup>th</sup> birthday. If he was still alive he'd be 85... strange to think of hym as an old man. Vll fun + games til u godda wake up the next mourning yo, then Realidad sinks in.

We're ½ weigh thru. If this = vol 2 spouse u cd ssey we = ¾ the weigh. Brothers share ½ the same jeans + twins = 100%. Textual code intertwined in CATGUT strings. 10-is innny 1?

In the pig bicture, the moovie's dun + every 1 goes their separet wayz. They finish shooting *Epimetheus*, but it never gets maid cuz the powers dat bee detourmine it ain't worthy. You're looking at the surviving REMnants of the script, desines + cobbled production journull of *Epimetheus*... Vll dat remains of this *Epic* is *me*, the *us*, anon I'm *us*, the living oregonism dat Dr. Epimetheus creates. Spouse dat makes us 25 (if the film was rapped in 1995) not 12, like we said at the begining of

[the making of] the book version of *Epimetheus*... tho dat was Nov 2017 (see pg 203) when Telemachus found us sleepin

under their bed (even tho Tel + his bedder-½ (Nau-sicaa) slept on the floor back then). Now it's 2020 + Tel + Nau-sicaa sleep on a proper "JAVA"<sup>TM</sup> bed they bot at Maisons du Monde in Rome, hear's the assembly instruxions for verification:> >



Sints they din't halve a boxspring + the slats he bot din't fit, Tel had to jury-rig the frame to accomadate their Italian memary foam materasso. When they mooved from Rome back to D.C. Tel had to take a-part + reassemble the bed cuz onelie he nose the construction: <https://5cense.com/19/645.htm> > + dat's wear we sleep now, ox. Weave survived the past 25 yrs on the varyus haddrives + notebooks of Tel + Us. **IN THIS 4-STORIED ADOBE** **ADOBE** he guessed the password to his laptop (aulky) + dat's why Chauly was the credited author of vols 0+1. It shd also perhaps be dutily noted dat dare's evidents to suggest dat an unauthorized version of *Epimetheus* was in fact released, the evidently, it wint strait to PHONE NO. : 1 310 **VIDEO** FILMS video + currently ain't available on any streaming services.

ameasea' of Darwinian Natural Selection as the only higher law. A ½ hour into the "chat" we git our guns out, loading 'em Vll... our 9 mm Glock (our bebe), our sawed-off shotgun (love the pump action) + our hunting rifle (for more practickle concerns). Telemachus ain't crazy about guns. Just dare presents makes hym jitter, inchin' closer to the front door. Nuthing disappoints like a sniveling little wimp, arm raised to protect his whimpering face.

Back at the store it's siempre despa-cio. We open the place up, turn the mash-enes on. Dubble-check the count of the on-velope in the cash drawer. Change into the shit brown + yellow rayon shirt. Then we watch kids shoplift candy + beer... these kids are like 6 yrs old! Giving us a look like whatchu lookin' at fool? Don't make us pop a cap in yo ass. Sumtimes we wunder wear these kids come from. We use to think it was hopeless til 1 day we saw this movie on T.V. Musta bin 2 or 3 in the mourning. We was all by our lonesome, w/ the xception of Jack Daniels. We had ourselves a little fiesta. Woke up a cupple hours later fee-ling like weed bin hit by a mack truck. Every noise was deathening + felt like Vll our bones was broken. Tasted blood in the back of our mouth, tele still on, national anthem blaring. We rolled onto the ground + managed to change the channel. That's when this movie came on. At 1<sup>st</sup> we thought it was a trippy infomercial. It was in both color + black + white at the same time. Took place on sum futuristick distint planit. Sightingtists had figgered out how to record a person's spearit enurgey, they called it "Harmonic Output." They measured peep-holes soles w/ this mashene... sum folk had healthy "H.O." + others had weak, almost non-Existent H.O.s.

It became clear as mo + mo folk awk-wired these nu mashenes + more of the population was tested dat watt Reely was bean recordid was sum sorta "goodness." Most of the old priests for eggssample had strong readings. The unnone pedofile among them however was xposed rite away by a low H.O. Folks embraced this d-vice as gossill truth, to the extent dat ppl registering low readings was taken to the hōspital for treatment rite away, no questions aksed. The remedy was always 100% suckssesful. It was as simpul as taking 1 pill a day for a month, after witch u cd return to society.

6.1.3

Kevin White, Derek White, **ADOBE**

Frankenstein story gets one more go-round in fable by **ADOBE**, making its TV debut following direct-to-video

"fiction," gives the story an original touch, but if anybody's triumphant here, it's the highly stylized production design, art direction and makeup.

Title character (**ADOBE**) who prefers to call himself "Lazarus," was created by team of scientists headed by Dr. Sues (**ADOBE**), using parts of more than 80 men and women of various ethnicities who have donated their bodies to science. Fortunately, in light of ple's two-hour timeslot, Lazarus comes pre-programmed to speak English and behave like a more-or-less human being — though he's super-strong and looks like a patchwork quilt of various skin colors. **ADOBE**'s makeup work here is a terrific effect; like

nothing you've seen before.

Where **ADOBE** is involved, you know that something sinister is going on — even, as in this case, when he's co-exec producer. Sure enough, all is not what it seems, and it's up to the surprisingly resourceful Lazarus, aided by psychiatrist Elizabeth (**ADOBE**), to sort things out.

Cast of "**ADOBE**" includes **ADOBE** as scientists involved in the project. Some of the acting is ghastly, but topliners hold their own, and **ADOBE** especially should keep a couple of scenes from this on his reel; his is a sensitive and intelligent portrayal.

Much of the film is set in Wake-man's lab, where everything is stark white, with infrequent dashes of color. Rest of pic's look is as stylized, under the supervision of production designer **ADOBE** and art director Kevin White and **ADOBE** (who also appears onscreen, as a soldier). Stark and interesting to look at, it's far from realistic — **ADOBE** claims to be a fan of Fritz Lang and **ADOBE**.

Filming in south of France might have cut costs and provided cast and crew with a lovely vacation, but it results in purported U.S. Army troops dashing about in peculiar-looking cars and a near-climactic chase scene with **ADOBE**'s stunt drivers chasing Lazarus' car with what appear to be go-carts.



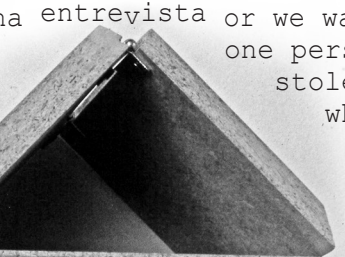
## Memorandum

0-1. <sup>Side view.</sup> As in Christian Marclay's *Clock* (2010), ideally u shd read each chap in dat designated hr. This is epi 6 shd be red at 6 PM (the 12 chs of vols 0-1

is epi 6 shd be red at 6 PM (the 12 chs of vols 0-1<sup>st</sup> correospond to AM horas). Spose we shd of maid dat clear at the biginning, no? In la misma manera- we kin onely ghost-write este capítulo at 6 PM + technickly we shd onely read/write this on the 6<sup>th</sup> day of the 6<sup>th</sup> mes bud then never weed finish writing dis, bway. At least it's Jan 6 (2020), witch is the AM version of June 6.

Jan 6, 1995, after the shoot in south of France, Telemachus retreats to IthaCAL (by way of Paris—<https://5cense.com/19/631.htm>).

Crashed sum couch in Venice overnight then got a ride back to LAX from Alex Cox, witch geeked us out cuz we's big fans of Repo Man (1984). We got to tocking about the deeper meaning of v-uckle repossession + theft + told hym the story of how we got our journul nicked from Spike Jonez's car in Nice when they cd of nicked a # of other valuables, ink-edes itself, ox. He aksed us what was in the journul + we said eve-up to [this]. Then we get to blabbing (en español, porque su no-he needed to brush up) + we rambled al azar, nervioso como si or we was pitching algo to hym + Vll we had to recount was our one personal experiencia, how 1x sum pinche ladrón in Tucson stole our pedazo de caca bicicleta or the 4 pick-pockets who arm-wrestled us on a bus in Mixeco D.F. + Vll they



looting the Mercedes itself, ox. He asked us what was in the journal + we said everything leading up to [this]. Then we get to blabbing (en español, porque su novia es Mexicana + he needed to brush up) + we rambled al azar, nervioso como si fuera una entrevista or we was pitching algo to him + Vll we had to recount was our one personal experiencia, how 1x sum pinche ladrón in Tucson stole our pedazo de caca bicicleta or the 4 pick-pockets who arm-wrestled us on a bus in Mixeco D.F. + Vll they pinched was a gratouitus mapa de metro + decoy wallet con una nota que decía ja ja, jokes on u, cabron. Or the thief in South Dakota who tried to steal our Courier truck + rolled it a block away + gave up + the pendejos who held us up at gunpoint in Lima pertending they was cops, but in the end we had nada to nick xcept los zapatos off me pies, witch they was welcome to bud no weigh in hell we was getting INT.o dare coche. Or the scumbag in Palo Alto who stole our crappy '66 Mustang hoose windows + ignition din't work so wasn't hard to hotwire but we figgered nobody wd ever bother cuz it was in such bad shape... well, the gas gauge din't work nether (always on F) so whoever it was had to abandon the auto 25 miles away, but we had to pay the towing to get it back, wich was worth moss than the car + when we re-couped the coche the ladron had ripped the muñeca we had hanging from the rearview mirehorror + ejected The Smiths tape we was listening to last we drove the car rite on the line "I've seen it happen in other people's lives + now it's happening in mine". Alex Cox told us dat just cuz Vll said stuff happend to us don't mean hit wood make a good screenplay or book + dat we needed to learn how to tell una mentira. We spent plenty of time lying, we said. Pertending to lie in the coffin/



(working INT.0 the 13<sup>th</sup> hour)

6.1.5.

bed we was born from as a stand-in/stunt dubble in the *Epi-metheus* film. We spent hours, days lying in dat dam bed/prop-cum-MRI mashene... time stacking up in X-sexions, X-rays dat pile up to form an imedge of hour "self," dat is Vll we can speak uv at the end of the day... wat weave accumulated, Vll dat time ain't wasted just cuz the movie was never finito. It lives on ¼-century lay-ter, reiterated in stax of 12 pgs/ch + 12 chs/vol + 2 volumes in tandumb-- (m+n)/m 1 for day (the living) + 1 for the dead (k- clockwise/nocturnal hours). AM/PM, right/left, clock-uv pi, ticking stuck 2 talk + talking 2 tick, the clock of in place, never quiet reading 6:30. Perpetual sun-rise/set, can't tell the Δifference b-tween evening + maldrugada. Ever reach-ing the ½-weigh point, despite tem-po changes. Rigressing back in mid-life crysis + Us is still ½ of us, bee it meme or gene ½ el mismo + sew are u. Weave b-reached the ½-weigh punt-o com.o Z-no now. We cud uv bin U + U cud uv bin us. We are a band of individuels yearning for traits they see in udders cuz their blind as to what's in themselves. What Rises must fall + Also the Son (1926)

(Helio tropisms)

Figure 3. (Richards)

have fallen off (figure 4).

number of plants, or in botanical terms

spiral (Thompson). 55/89 phyllotaxis (Feining)

encouraged to observe (and at) for themselves.

While the above examples are more striking and obvious, it ends up that (+ sew does my cool) cLock.

95% of plants follow these patterns. Even the exceptional cases are still W/ the moola we maid "working" on *Epimetheus*, we bot a laptop + fled to Penelope's house in Mixeco to rite. The Us ½ of us remains in France w/[H]ope, dealing w/day-2-day hassles of post-production + planning for the seakwill to *Epimetheus* b4 the original ever even goes to print. Both of us is working on the aftermath, what we due after the mad sighingtist Dr. *Epimetheus* creates us, anon I'm us. As in *Frankenstein*, both of us are banished to live out our lives in sum REMote place—in outer space, high up in the Himalayus, on a dessert I-land. The Tel ½ even wint on a 1-way mission to the South Pool

*The relation between phyllotaxis and the Fibonacci sequence is clearly not an accidental or random one and points to some deep mechanisms of morphogenetic control, which is manifested in ontogenesis and strongly conserved in phylogenesis.*

In order to better understand these mechanisms it is first necessary to study some of the properties of Fibonacci numbers and  $\phi$  (the golden ratio).

@ sum point (inspired by reading Robert Falcon Scott's journals), w/ only enuff provisions to get us dare, down to eating the dogs, but not plenty nuff to return, ox. The Ulysses ½ takes quiet a few scouting trips to the Himalayus or unnamed peaks (pgs. 66, 123, 296) + outer space (pgs 236, 237), seams our gol was to get as high into the atmosfeare as we cd, tho Us also takes a few trips out to see (sea pgs 98, 162). Our finel trip is yet to come, b'way. Vll this climbing is practiss for the big 1... u w/ us 4 the long hall? These voyages are Vll about the gurney, not the destination we rote (skipping the fountin of youth (<https://5cense.com/20/699.htm>)... wasn't it Ponce de León who maid up this arbitrary dustynation so his men wouldn't think they was Lost?



6.2.1. Still (15 Jan 2020), we can't speak much for Ulysses cuz Us did n't journull mush this year (1995) ore the sketchbooks he did keep was fuzzy... the yere a blur > > Ayer'day we posted the 2<sup>nd</sup> installment (epi 1 (Reinhabiting Deependsea)) witch means the press-shore's on, ox! We god to ride an episode every ~9 dayz to stay ahead of the curve + every ~12 dayz if we're to finnish 3 April 2020 (allowing for time to print by 30 April 2020, Us's 55<sup>th</sup> birthday) witch btw is a Fibbingnacho #). A curtain post-traumatic hang-ova happens to folk dat work together 12+ hrs/day 6+ days/week for 2+ months strait + then due nada. Quit the script cold turkey + fly home. Day 1 is fine, but by day 2 or 3 they is itching 4 dat drama of collective creation-ism. Spose it bare's ripeating what Us (when he was Tel) said after returning from his initial trip dat set this off, April 20, 1989 (pg 59 of vol 0): «*This world that I am including myself in is [screwed up] by people who characteristically are substance abusers (including myself), who violently mishandle the concept of love ... lose sight of any role models... all different ways of achieving the same result. [Unintelligible ...] I will establish in my mind a portion of determinism, don't worry about it, let go, your character will take you where it wants to go, if you don't have control over your direction by now then whatever. Movement is only an illusion of faith, the regression is just that. Goals + beliefs no longer grow within me, the movement has been exposed as illusion, I can no longer believe in it.*»

### 6.2.2. [H]OPE COMME UNE FILLE << pre Ms. Ann Thrope

She hops on 1 leg + then the other, head cocked sidewaze + for a moment we see her as a girl + it makes us smile. She is in love + we will try + remember her this weigh. Giving uv herself freebie, wanting to make our life eazier, giving us gifts + making us feel seure.

### 6.2.3. [H]OPE'S FAMILIE

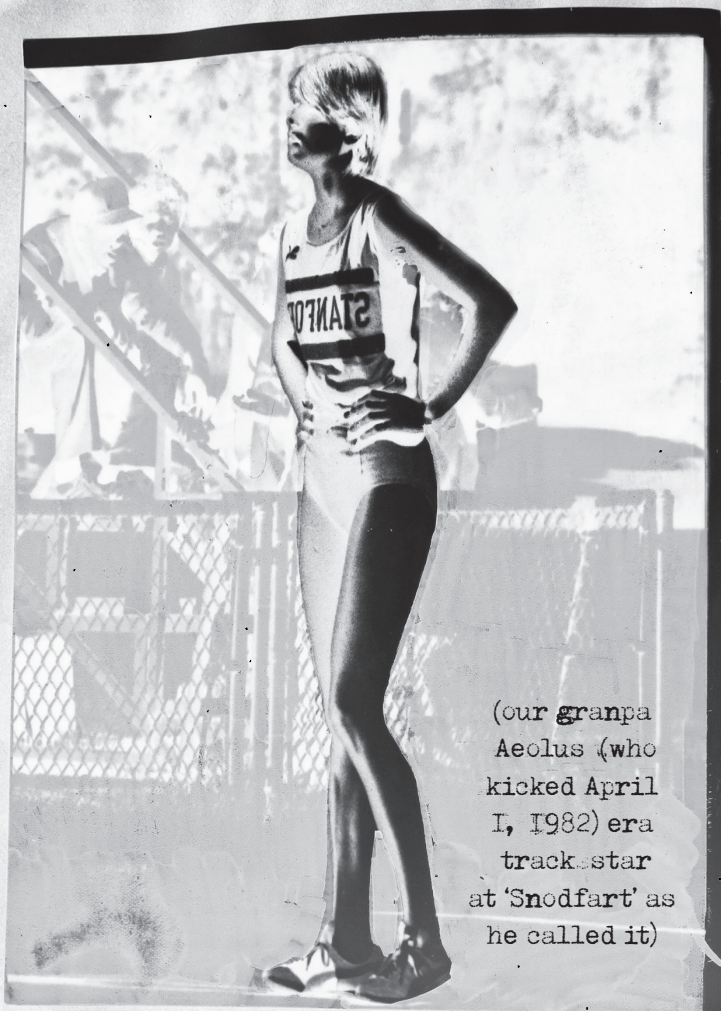
We're feeling lonely so we call [H]ope, who is 300 miles away at her maman's house. We aks her if it's cool we come + stay w/ her. She sses oui so we tell the people in the office that wheel bee





working from a fasts machine for a week + then we go ketch a night train for Bordeaux. The 1<sup>st</sup> class seat is comfortable + quiet, but we still cant manedge to git much sleep. We switch trains early next mourning + arrive in Bergerac around 9 AM. When we disembark she ain't there + we halve to (Mount Clipping in Space Below) to wake her up.

We wait outside in the drizzle 'til she arrives about 20 minutes later. She seams tired, but glad to see us. We drive back to her mom's + nobody else is there. We drop our bag in her bedroom + go into the living room. Sit at the grand piano + lift up the lid. As we play we tell her about the raging fire a cupple clicks up the street + about the planes that fly in a line past our balcony twards the fire loaded down w/ water.



(our granpa  
Aeolus (who  
kicked April  
I, 1982) era  
track star  
at 'Snodfart' as  
he called it)

sometimes I tell myself  
It is everything else  
I WANT.

--~~edipus also in~~  
~~script--metaphorickly~~  
~~kill father figger +~~  
~~halve sex w/ Penelope.~~  
-----

CUT to car crash scene.  
FLASHBACK: casualty ends  
up being 1 of the donors  
whose oregons are used  
by Epimetheus (our Bw/Ody  
is cumposed of such ax-  
idental fatalities, fail-  
ed lives dat deserved a  
2<sup>nd</sup> chants.

Not just humun^^^^ bud traits of  
ANIMALS, where Aiffrences to our  
side of the story are akin 2  
---Aiffrences between Pro- + Epi-  
metheus.

Page It's Vll quiet inSSES-u-us,  
Daily Telegraph rite?  
Driven by nepotism... like, did u  
---know Epimetheus = Calypso's  
unkle? - - - - -

+ "Aliens" = a.I lens  
---adaptid from liner notes for  
I Robot (1977) by Allin Persons  
project: «... hisstoria of the  
rise of the machene + the decline  
of mankind... a pairof docks dat  
--- coinsides w/ their discovery  
of the wheel... + a warning that  
humun's brief dominants of this  
Date: 1/17/2020 planet will probly end,  
Edition: 6.2.4. cuz man tried to create  
Author: a.I. robot in his own imedge.»  
Editor: Cal A. Mari

Title: Epimetheus Unbound  
+ no coinsidedance dat rite after-  
they leave CALYPSO they run INT.o  
Character: CYCLOPS write off the bat  
(1<sup>st</sup> obstickle they encounter) +  
they kill him by poking 'em in the  
XOXO XOX OX-I w/ a flaming stick  
☒ Being Investigated

akin to a baton/torch passed from  
The ODssey (8<sup>th</sup>  
century B.C) to  
Ulysses (1922,  
2 Feb to be x-act  
-- Joyce's 40<sup>th</sup>  
birthday + passed  
along to us (1966- ) by our  
father (1935-1982) + our brother  
(1965-1997) in a sorta 4x4 relay  
race,... or does this Epimethean  
fire come in the form of a hot  
putato? Or A dam rib (#13)?

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
AUG 25 1997	
LEGAL ATTACHE	



reportedly was deleted from tele-  
Information Agency, Washington, D.C.,

6.2.6. 15 FEB 1995. DREAM SEQ. NICE FRINGE

CUT TO a hot, sultry evening in the sweltering pueblo of Melaque. It's rite on the shore so the humidity is unbearable. CAMRAW TRACKS US + TEL as they walk the cobblestone streets onely wearing shorts + flip-flops. The streets that are usually crowded w/ locals are devoid of life now. We come to a restraunt in the middle of the street + sit at a table covered w/ a plastick floral material, weighted down with boddles of hot sauce + salt. A WAITRESS saunters out but when she sees us she looks horrified + runs back inside w/o taking our orders or even giving us menus. CAMRAW P.O.V. becomes unsteady as we look around trying to figger out what's happening. We spot a group of 4-5 MEN IN SUITS + quickly duck below the table + watch as Tel splits, running into the blinding horrorizon, leaving Us alone, cowering under the table. All in a sudden the restraunt is crowdid + smokey. The men in suits are speaking Hungerian. They glance our weigh + w/o opening their mouths there words pass thru our mined like we're in a tunnel. They ware the faces of persons we hate + are laughing at us. We stand up, now in a bar from the wild west days. In SLOW-MO we grab a bottle (candle holder) from the mesa + throw it at the Hungerians + it explodes rite in their faces. They duck + nun of the glass hits them. When they see that we can't hurt em, they give chase. We run thru the glass revolving doors + into the darkness outside. We're standing on a flat reddish clay plain that stretches for miles to the base of massive, jagged mountain peaks. As we stand there, the warm wind seems to holed us in 1 spot. We muster to moove but our feet are stuck in the sand. We can here the approaching mob of Hungerian zombees behind us. We long to teleport ourselves to the distint mountains, as if w/ a Star Trek transporter. Antisipation grows as we consintrait on teleportation. Their voixes grow louder as we try to talk. Then we realize that we kin fly. We stick out our arms + the wind picks us up off the ground. We halve to foke us a bit to stay afloat + gain elevation, in fits + starts. After a short wile we can fly at about 40 feet off the ground, maintaining cuntrol. The Hungerians below try in vane to reach us, but can onely yell from below.

6.2.5. 15 FEB 1995. DREAM SEQ<sup>150</sup>. AXIXIC, MEXICO  
(TELE POV) We're flying really well. We halve it down to an x-act sighence x-cept we got to holed a spinel board to our chest as if we're Bw/Ody-surfing. Our style wd bee perfect if we cd just strap the bored to ourself + let go. We swoop Vll over the place + cruise down low over a schoolyard where 3 kids play beisbol just to give them a thrill. We halve the utmost confidance that we won't falter + can take off + land on command. But then we come in too low + halve to land + the niños give chase + we can't take off. We run + try climbing things so we can jump + fly again, but weave lost the abillydad. We scamper up a portable veranda on a catering trailer, but they spot us + roll the awning down. Then we're running thru a parking lot ware a bunch of blue-caller types are working on v-uuckles Vll lined up in a row. It's a mechanics shcool + the lesson du jour is on batteries. We climb up on the roof + Spike Jonez is already there.

• there are a lot of things I am;  
disgusted with;  
completely disgusted with;  
fissed off at.

LIBERTY COLDPOTION



ORMAR

CONTRAD



The ground + mountins soon disappear form site as we fly INT.2 inveloping darkness. We crash thru the tops of pine trees INT.o a wooded mountinside in full technicolor. We recognize the area as a ridge above north Lake Tahoe. We proseed down the hill to a house we used to live in<sup>151</sup>. Snow is falling Vll around us. We wipe off the fog + pier thru the living room window + see our family + I (a few years younger, when we were Telemachus) in wat appears to bee a Greco-Roman palace. Everything from sports cars to bearskins cover the beds + clutter the floors. We don't want to draw attention to ourself so we crouch down, cowering outside. The snow is up to our neck + we're getting cold. W/ a strong feeling of regret, we leave the window + wade thru the snow, post-holing up to our neck every few steps. We wade right into the lake, wich is onely cold at 1<sup>st</sup>. We long to return to the house on the lake + that summer of our early childhood, but the tide is pulling us away. Our legs brush over logs, branches + slimey plants as we struggle against the current. We stop struggling + the murky water clears up + then we wash up onto a tropical resort beach. We walk across the beach + INT.o a hotel. The floor is cold smooth marble. We cuntinue walking thru til we're back OUTside. The bright sun + heat are so strong that we halve to take shelter in the shade. We need to find a ride back so we run out in the street + ketch a bus. MONTAGE SEEK-WINDS: for a few hours the bus drives thru sweltering heat, stopping every few yards to pack in more people then it can possibly carry. The bus passes thru every part of the city (back in Mixeco now) before going to where we want to go. After what smacks of aneternity, we yell "bajan, bajan!" + disembark the bus (no ez task w/ all the people packed in like sardines). Once we're on the street we realize we halve no place to go. So much time has passed since we left that todo mundo is gone + the streets are deserted. We then realize that the streets had always bin deserted + it's onely instanck telling us not to search for friends + family. We stand there for a wile staring at a massive statue of a fisherman casting his net, w/ his wife leaning on his sholder (the hole thing done in red clay). Then we turn around + start our trek twards the mountin. This time we can moove our feet no problema + as we grow closer to the base, the volcano's mysterious d-tales grow more clear.

We know the top shingle is grounded, but figger it might give us the nessy- sorry jolt (tho only 12 volts) to take off. Spike\* is touching hit for another reason Vll to gather. We tell hym we hate doing this cuz it REMinds us of going to the dentist as a kid. Spike touches it + sses, "I see what u mean, ése." We touch it then all- inasudden we're in a U-haul w/ Ulysses at a cabin dat seams to belong to Penelope. We're on our weigh to get firewood. Us has a map + gives direxions. We drive down a wrong way + Us stays in the U-haul wile we get out to look + there's logs all over the road. We yell for hym to help gather, but Us won't bud- ge cuz it ain't the specified place. We plod on + stop at a rodeside café. They don't serve nothing + the dining room's empty. Cars drive by that look awfully familiar. A homeless man comes in to bum spare change. We give hym sum then he gots the nerve to aks for moss. We sey, "how did u get hear? U must halve a car + dat's more then we got." He stairs at us + eventually sses, "u know, u 2 remind me of this favorite lake of mine." We do a dubble-take to Ulysses but he's ignoring the guy, giving a sidelong glance like the dude's crazy. But we think it's an intresting thing to ssey cuz we don't understand it + it makes us think of stuff in a diffrent light regaurdless. We look back at the homeless man with eyebrows raised, as if for hym to elaborate. He continues... "u know," making casting motions, "this lake we go to fish at all the time."



<sup>151</sup> Circa the summer of '77 or '78 we rented a cabin above King's Beach.



## 6.2.7.4 FRIENDS FURNITURE CO. (23-MAR-1995)

Buck + Dead'Я'Us halve bin friends for as long as they kin remember. Buck's a dog (bull-terrorrier to be spacific) + Dead'Я'Us is a garter snake. These 2 friends live in a cave near the top of a towering mountain. This cave is just below the snow line. It's small, bud dry + there is a smooth flat rock at the EN.Trance that serves as a terrazza. Buck + Dead'Я'Us sit on this porch in the sun + listen to the wind blowing the snow high above them. For most of the day this is wat they do... sit + listen to the wind + think.

Buck + Dead'Я'Us halve 2 other friends who live on the mountain--Bloom the Yak + Molly the vulture. These 4 amigos often chill out together in frent of the cave. 1 day, when they were all hanging out on the rock, Dead'Я'Us came up w/ the idea to build chairs + a table. They all agreed it was a great idea + started in on it. Bloom hauled wood from a distant forest, Dead'Я'Us cut the wood, Molly drilled holes w/ her beak so that the pieces cd be connected + Buck painted the finished furniture w/ bright colorful designs.

"That was fun!" Dead'Я'Us said after they finished making the furniture. "Imagine doing that every day! Making tables + chairs for a living!"

"U can" said Bloom, "...down in the city." All 4 friends looked down at the dark patchwork of the industrial city called Cristhole Springs.

Next day Buck + Dead'Я'Us got up at maldrugada + began the gurney down the mountain to Crist-hole Springs. Bloom gave them a ride but had to stop ½-way down cuz he couldn't hack low ~~alt~~ ALT-itudes. Buck + Dead'Я'Us walked the rest of the weigh down, arriving to the outskirts of the city in the evening. They spend the 1<sup>st</sup> night in a small hotel. Next mourning they find work at a furniture factory + rent a small apartment. Buck set the alarm the nite before their 1<sup>st</sup> day of work + said buenas noches to Dead'Я'Us who was already asleep in the bunk above. The alarm blared at 5 o'clock next maldrugada, waking Dead'Я'Us who looked at the moon + for a fool 5 seconds mistaking it for the son. When he Realized it was the moon he was waking up to he got sad. He threw the clock out the window + wint back to sleep. Later in the afternoon when they wake up, Buck + Dead'Я'Us hike back up the mountain. Little more than ½-way up they run into Bloom, grazing on grass near the edge of a pond. He's glad to see his 2 amigos back so soon + more than happy to give 'em a ride back up to their mountain home--their cave, w/ the terrace, a small stream running nearby + an apple tree that produced a constint supply of fruit year round.

The 4 friends d-side to start their one furniture compenny. They made solid stylish furniture, hand-painted by Buck, the hot up + coming painter. The HQ for the compenny (that now cant produce enough to keep up w/ demand) is the big smooth rock in front of the cave. They call the compenny "4 Friends Furniture Co." The # of pieces they halve to make drops as the cost of the furniture sores. All 4 friends save up vast amounts of cash, choosing to keep most of it in untraceable off-shore bank accounts. After 6 years trends change... an IKEA opens in Cristhole City + ppl stop bying expensive artsy furniture. Bloom + Molly had squandered all their money. However, they were laid back far as animals go so weren't that bummed to go back to foredding + scavenging. They actually preferred it. On the other hand, Buck + Dead'Я'Us invested wisely, diversifying their portfolios. They both get married, but both decide against halving children. Buck becomes a heavy drinker after the business folds. He moves to Idaho w/ his wife + takes up hunting. Dead'Я'Us + his wife moove to Marin County. They get into mountain biking + sailing + both live to be very old. Bloom + Molly remain on the mountain the rest of their lives, wandering near the snow line, searching for small bitter flowers to eat.



## ALL THE THINGS

that will bash your head in (if you are not totally with it all of the time)

6.3.1.16 FEB 1995. Axixic, Mexico (TEL'S P.O.V.)<sup>152</sup>

We're holed up in sum sorta high-security insane asylum again. There's a death girl in another ward we was fond of. She freaked out + started injecting the warden w/ needles + squirting blood at hym, so they locked her away ware we couldn't see her no mo. Rather than lose our shit we played goodie 2-shoes to the warden. He took us out "for sum fresh air" + started bragging about what a great jogger he was. We ran back to the compound + when we got there he said, "come on ox, let's keep going." So we kept jogging thru San Fran + down near the ocean, thinking how e-z it'd bee to x-cape. There was a slanting rail he liked to climb to see how far he could get. He toll us to go 1<sup>st</sup>. We did it + kept going past his high mark. He was struggling below us. We were getting high enough that u cd get hurt falling from this height. We tried to s-wing our self over the top + he grabbed our leg. We struggled + pooled him over w/ us. He was lying on the ground at the edge of the cliff recovering. We threw a stick just to shake hym off our tale bud it knocked him ova the edge. We ran down + he was still alive, but messed up perty bad, so we kept running. We ran the opposite dire-erection as Penelope's house cuz we knew they'd look for us there. We ran along sea cliffs, running + running... + then we was up in high mountains past the snow line. We started sliding down a near-vertical couloir. It was insane, like watching an action-packed movie where u could feel the gravity, like the Sensurround™ used in *Earthquake* (1974)<sup>153</sup>. Sliding at terminul velocity for 1000s of feet w/ powder + debris in our wake + face since we wint feet 1<sup>st</sup>. We was in a movie where we knew what was going to happen. We fell INT.0-g freefall + then we were headed for jagged rocks so we grabbed a ledge + ducked into a cave just as a volcanic avalanche gushed by in our wake. The cave led to a sistem of ice tubes. We ran thru the tubes til we came upon 3 workers in the same jumpsuits they wore at the asylum. We aksed them witch way + they hesitated, eyeing eachother. Reluctantly they pointed the way to a little villedge. We feared it was a set-up so we waited once we got around the coroner to see what they'd due. The warden was coming after us w/ a bazooka. He knew where we were hiding + started shooting thru the wall. We ran up another tube that was no longer iced. Yll this was for the effect of capturing us. We scrambled up a steep tube when a steel door closed in front of us. We retreated back down bud another door closed behind us. We felt trapped + closeterphobia set in. We took a deep breath + had that movie feeling like u know the hero always makes it out alive... but it still seamed hopeless. The workers were in cahoots w/ the warden. We were in a thick-walled tube w/ nothing to use as a weapon. Then the upper door opened. The workers took pity on us. We climbed to the upper EXIT. Then we herd the door below open + the warden w/ his grenade launcher emurged. We pooled our self out in the nick of time + the workers were there cheering us on. 1 of them thru us a bazooka. We ran threw more tubes firing grenades in our wake. We came out onto a hill w/ a-nether villedge below. Every 1 in the village had walked to the outskirts + was cheering us on. They had T-shirts + banners + whatnot like it was a mar-athon. We were a celebrity + din't know what for. We looked for the death girl but couldn't find her, so our victory was tainted.



RE: incar-  
nation  
of Dead  
-alas



YE  
O  
I

<sup>152</sup> This + the previus + next sueño were adapted from Tel's 1994-95 dream log: <https://www.5cense.com/19/636.htm>.

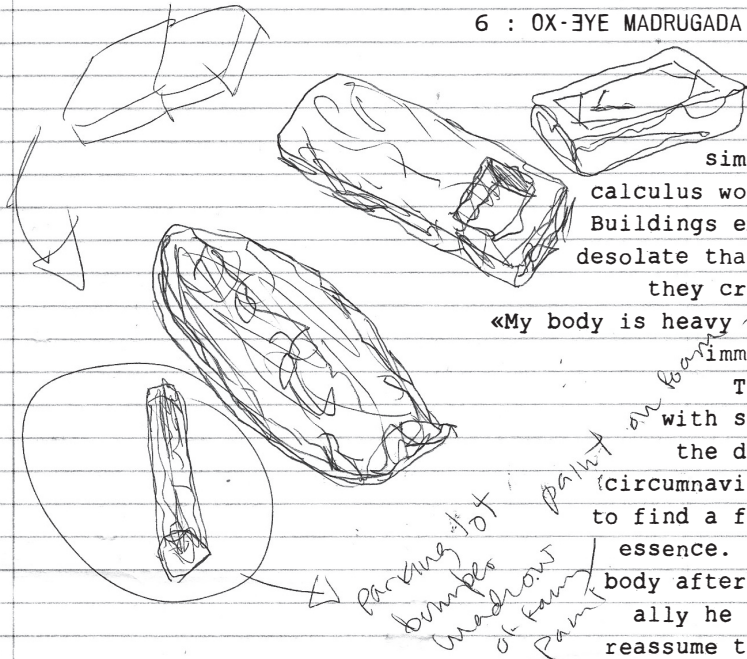
<sup>153</sup> Or referenced by Sex Pistols in "Holidays in the Sun":

...Sensurround sound in a 2-inch wall, I was waiting for the communist call.

I believe if you don't continuously maintain control of your mind, car, or appointments you will end up either

DEAD, INCARCERATED





«Everything looked familiar yet made no sense; it took ages to co-ordinate a few simple impressions which by ordinary reflex calculus would mean table, chair, building, person. Buildings emptied of their automatons are even more desolate than tombs; when the machines are left idle they create a void deeper than death itself.» +

«My body is heavy as lead when I throw it into bed. I pass immediately into the lowest depth of dream.

This body, which has become a sarcophagus with stone handles, lies perfectly motionless; the dreamer rises out of it, like a vapor, to circumnavigate the world. The dreamer seeks vainly to find a form and shape that will fit his ethereal essence. Like a celestial tailor, he tries on one body after another, but they are all misfits. Finally he is obliged to return to his own body, to reassume the leaden mould, to become a prisoner of the flesh, to carry on in torpor, pain and ennui.»

--Henry Miller, *The Rosy Crucifixion* (originally quoted above sketch)

### 6.3.2. THE CHANGE IN [H]OPE

She's lucid + kind. Agitated + scornful. She lacks the ability to shout or fight back. Internalizes everything. She fills up + finally bursts + we're not around to see it. We can only imagine it happening to her.

When she bursts, she cleans it up rite away. Mops it up before her family wakes. All our indifference she wipes off of the furniture. Our coldness, she sponges off the floor w/ paper towels. Our thoughtless actions she sweeps into a pile + scoops up w/ a scrap of cardboard. She puts it all in the garbage can, every trace of us thrown out. She empties the trash, showers + changes into clean cloths. As she's putting her ropa into the washer her mom comes into the lawndry room.

"Qu'est-ce-que tu fait?"

"Rien de tu."

There is no strange smell for sum l to no-tiss. No stains to be found. Everything we ever did to her--every unanswerable action, every uncontested question--is disposed of cleanly.

We talk a week later over 7000 miles of space + she reflects the distance. Her voice is even keel, lacking emotion. We realies her indifference to us is genuine. There's no intention in her coldness, she is simply responding. There is no misdirection or planning involved.

6.3.3. 16 Feb 1995. Axixic. Mex.

We woke up back in the Himalayus + there were people telemark skiing at high speeds. We followed a trail down that we we realized we'd been on before, running, so knew the asylum orderlies wd be staking us out. This time 1 of 'em handed us his helmet + another handed us a metal box that we din't know what was in it but dragged it down for hym. We came to a turnstile at the bottum + emurged out of a mexican jungle + into a ciudad. We could see guerillas up on the steep overgrown cliffs. Undercover military orderlies below them threw grenades. We was thinking "wow, this is a REAL war." We found our room + fell asleep, then woke up in Paris w/ Ulysses + Spike Jonez. We were sitting on a street corner w/ prostitutes all around us. These nerdy black geeks came around + the pimp came along + told them to leave, that it was his turf. The nerds started jive-talking (for street cred) + he punched them. Then the pimp aksed us if we was gonna take the pros. We aksed who the pros were + he said, "u know, the horrors." Spike + Us wint off w/ them like it was their duty. We went back to the alley where our room was but couldn't find it. We knew it was sumthing like 10 rue du Etats Unis. We asked sum locals where the rue was + they took us back + forth thru the streets + shook their heads. «C'était ici entre ces 2 rues. La rue était ici hier, maintenant elle est partie! Où est-il allé?»

Then we stumbled upon a cast- The cops knocked right as I was ~~delicately~~ taming my huge paprika  
ing agency, w/ all sorts jar with the one hole sprinkler. Needless to say the soup was a loss. Fortunat-  
of africans auditioning -ly they brought good tidings from Ol' Saint Nick up in precinct 34. The thug with  
for black Bart Simpson. the hamsteak nose calmly explained to the smaller, obviously greener, thug, the  
We fell asleep in the finer points in making someones ~~body~~ no longer fit his body.  
waitin room + woke in a fancy \_\_\_\_\_ you no longer feel the urge to co-operate?  
hôtel w/ a vu of the gorilla \_\_\_\_\_ anything you say officer. See ya at the track.  
warfare. Then we were in a \_\_\_\_\_ I don't think you heard me correctly McDonnel.  
hostel w/ Scandalnavy flags \_\_\_\_\_ Sure I did sport. You just said you like to watch little girls  
painted on the walls. 1 of \_\_\_\_\_ when their peeing.  
the girls was sitting on the couch + looked like Uma \_\_\_\_\_ Ok funny man. Your coming in with us.  
Thurman. She was giving us OX \_\_\_\_\_ Eat shit pig!

EYE. Our mouth started whist- Ok. So I ditch the Indian daydream meal in the garbage and answer the  
ling involuntarily. door. The answer comes in bolts. Finally a job to relieve this excruciating boredom  
She said "isn't that... of sunning and television ~~it'd be good to have some~~  
your whistling?" We ig- I sensed the coldness contained within it, took it to the window and threw  
nored her tho wished we it out into the street. Within seconds dozens of seagulls, perched up on the roof,  
had sumping to ssey. flew down to attack it. I reeled in, slamming the window shut just in time to have it  
broken by a speeding gull. As I struggled to pull the shards of glass out of my body,  
through my sweater, the largest of them approached me. His arms were huge and covered  
with the tatoos commmerating ~~the time he had the pleasure of serving~~  
under. At his side ~~the~~ looked like a small pale doll. He seemed to be  
incapable of moving himself, and was helped along by a large yellow dolly driven by  
an old Cuban man wearing a red bandana around his neck. This whole scene was inter-  
rupted by a call for arms emanating from the giant motorola radio in the town square.

We were still trying The cobblestone streets that flow like veins and arteries through <sup>this</sup> beige  
to find the originul room. town. Clothslines/ cobwebs impede the flow. Small children expediate the flow. Soon  
Strange sounds emanated we are out in the fields were the men of the town are sitting down under the trees  
from 1 room. We opened drinking wine, their hoes leaning in hoardes against the lips of the pits. We  
it + there were 5 girls continue on. It is hard to distinguish the mud from the shit, either way the flies  
dressed up as Sunflowers. seem to prefer me. I suffer <sup>from</sup> their undivided attention. Small skinny cats look at me.  
They were Vll writhing Accusing me of stealing the flies away from them. In every passing doorway, a different  
+ had dialating flowers young hindu woman, with one child on the right breast, one child under her left arm,  
where there crotches were. and one child out of foots reach.

Tomorrow is a very important day. I am not prepared for it. I will have  
to do the best I can. I do not know why I repeat mistakes. *Something about the definition of insanity?*  
REMEMber what it was a- REMEMber what it was about X-cept it endid w/ us reading,  
w/ us reading, "we cant REMEMber what it was about X-cept it endid w/ us reading,

6.3.4. 22 FEB 1995. EXT. Guanajuato, Mixeco

We got a job working on a chain gang doing road construction. They Vll wore black + white striped  
referee uniforms + we had sivillyan clothes. We used our one bags to fill up holes. We was the one-  
lie 1 reelly working--shoveling dirt, digging trenches + pouring tar--wile the rest of the inmates  
stood around watching us. We wasn't preoccupied, tho. The exorcise felt bedder than standing around  
doing a hole lot of nada.

IN-MATE #121393: Man, what chew doing? U's free to go when u wand ox, u don't halve to bee hear.

OX (como TEL o TEL como XO): I a.I. siñore. High hoe, high hoe. Hit's off to trabajo we go-go.

ORDERLY #6 (also a fooly liesensed psychotherapist): Ok boyzzz, brake it up. Back to work. Except  
u, Telemachus. Take 10 lying supine (mid-century tufted chase lounge in black velvet matirealizes).

u need the rapey, boy

III EYE III III III EYE III





X-Z-BIT #118

Once we're comfy lying in the chase on the side of the road (under deconstruction), orderly #6 demonstraitis the above xzbit to us.

THERAPIST: What's up w/ the shovel? As if u 2 ever did a day hard laybore in yo lives.

TEL: After the film shoot in France we wint down to Mixeco + remodeled + painted Penelope's adobe abode, tilled + planted her garden.

THERAPIST: Not counting work u did fur yo mother.

TEL: Ain't that what u shrinks is sposed to bee intrested in, our mothers?

THERAPIST:(sighs): Ok ox, tell us about yr ol lady.

TEL: We was working off a debt we hat to her, cuz she paid off our maxed plastick wile we was in France w/o aksing us.

THERAPIST: (jotting notes): What was your credit line?

TEL: \$1500-2000 per card. The total amount was \$3800 if we member carwreckly.

THERAPIST: What about all the cash u banked in France? (skimming thru our journal). U were making \$100 a day as a stand-in + \$800 a day for "hazard pay" on a few days.

TEL: + u was sane we never did a day's hard laybore?

THERAPIST: That ain't REAL work, ox. At the end of the day what did u halve to show for yoself?

TEL: Whatever it was was less than \$10,000 cuz that's how much u can take back into the U.S. w/o declaring. U shd be psycho-analyzing Ulysses, he's the 1 whose monetary woes we're 5-figured. He had to stuff Franks down his pants coming back + then when he wint to the bank he got stiffed on the x-change. Our worries was petty chicken-feed compared to Ulysses. He maid more on the moovie, but had moss to pay off, ox.

Art shcool ain't cheap yo, he racked up sum sirius debt. Makes money to take money, however the sane goes.

THERAPIST: Let's move beyond #s to git to the heart of the madder. Ain't loan sharks u was worried about, seams mo like u felt a debt to society. Based on these hear dreams u logged. Who/what was it persecuting u?

TEL: We cant herein by case-sensitive baysis, who is it PURSecUTING us, or US?

THERAPIST: As Deasy sses in *Ulysses*: "I paid my weigh. I never borrowed a shilling in my life. Can u feel that? I O nothing. Can U?"

TEL: "For the moment, no," Dead'Y'us answered.

THERAPIST: Does that make U Dead'Y'us?

a.I.: U is dead to us, we're Telemachus (closing eyes). Bedder yet, we're anon I'm us now. Vll voixes murge as 1. U ain't a therapist + u ain't Dr. Ssues nether, ore whatever DOC u meant dat put us under to begin with. We're under self-dieagonysus now. What's in pursuit is Vll relative. In *The Idiocy* it's obvius, ox. The suitors are what's in pursuit. Sure, stewdent debt plagues Dead'Y'us, but his unquenchable thirst for absinthe dont make madders bedder. In 'Oxen of the Sun,' Dead'Y'us spends his paycheck on rounds of absinthe for hym + his friends, announcing in Latin, 'Nos omnes biberimus viridum toxicum, diabolus capiat posterioria nostria [We will all drink green poison + the devil take the hindmost]. On the udder end of the visual spectrum (+ also French in oregon) Bloom's libation of choice is burgundy... tho he plays more the enabler roll than addict. After their drunken chandelier-braking escapade in the brothel, Bloom a'tempts to placate the occifers by sseying, "He doesn't know what he's sseying. Taken a little more than is good for him. Absinthe. Greeneyed monster. I know him. He's a gentleman, a poet. It's all right". Sin embargo, a row ensues leaving Dead'Y'us unconchus in the gutter.

'Greeneyed monster' = skeleton in closet, the demon rearing his ugly head. But this was in the Circe episode (epi 15), corresponding to epi 5 in our book (vol I). We're in volume II now, witch Joyce (+ Chaucky) skipped, in D-nile of a homecoming, a wreckoning of sorts. What's the correlation in *The ODiocy*? ODiocius (still in disguys as a beggar) is challenged by another hobo (I'R'us) + beats hym. The suitors egg Us on from the peanut gallery + then reward Us by throwing us a bone (w/ a bit of meat still on it). The suitors woo Penelope w/ gifts + she announces dat she'll take a new husband once Telemachus grows facial hare. This bring us up to Q1 1995.





6.3.5. 25 MAR 1995. Tucson, AZ. (TEL's P.O.V.)

A retired doctor (Dr. Ssues, except he was a doctored professor of litterasure, not medesin) came by to the student apartment that we shared w/ Nausicaa. We gave him a copy of our fthesis (this manuscript!) + he wint out to read it in the car.

4 hours later he returned w/ a huge cardboard cut-out model of a series of latch keys juxtaposed in linear fashion (the transliterated name + address of the addresser of the 3 letters in reversed alphabetic boustrophedonic<sup>154</sup> quadrilinear cryptogram (vowels suppressed): N.IGS/WI.UU.OX/ W.OKS.MH/Y.IM). Then he handed us a hole (of the kind feetsured in cartunes) + toll us to holed it. He drove the skeleton key straight on bud it wouldn't fit... he could onely ram it in sideways. "It's effective," he [2] said, "it just works in a roundabout weigh".

We wanted to defend ourself ~~fray~~ [2] + ssey that it [2] My radio puts out music that is inaudible loud. It shifts into something that lets me find out that it is Spanish that I am listening to. It is an Indian song from thirty years ago. Not American Indian but the other indians. The singer is posing for Pierre et Gilles.

Tristenheld viguorsely rubs at the grass stains on his knees. "No problem, he says, No problem at all, I dont think anyone saw us, Photous was nowhere to be seen," he laughed, I saw the lights of his moped flipping across the black baseball field like a giant flashlight, "God is there anything else to listen to, how about that Wolfgang Press single, Yeah, That one, Thats very cool, Let me see that thing, Shit, This fucking thing looks big, They would throw us out for this, No one saw us do it, Just leaving the window open in class, Come back later that night, Snag the fucking thing and bolt, Sell it tomorrow to Sheltinger, Use the dough to score some more gange, Buy oureselves a car, Drive up to Shelby's house, Waste her whole family, Grab the bitch, Bring her back here and make her show us how to open this old footlocker she found on the beach yesterday"

"I know what you mean, it's driving me crazy just looking at it!"

"Well, why don't we just call her?"

"How? Its right in the middle of study hall, you know we can't leave the dorm for another two hours."

"Yeah, but we don't have to leave the dorm!"

"What are you talking about?"

"I am talking about Epimetheus's phone!"

"You will have to be more clear!"

(throws up his hands in a pleading gesture)

"You just have to! Saaaaaab! You cannot hold out on me! You asshole!"

"Look! I had no choice in the matter miss Daisy. The matter was completely out of my hands."

wasn't so much WHAT we were trying to convey as HOW, but couldn't fined the words. Sum 1 Ls was in the room (w/ burgundy hair) + aksed the prof what's the point of writing anyways ... what was the end goal?

"To halve Penelope's people like it" said the professor. Dr. Ssues started browsing our shelves + we offered hym a few books to read + said there's more ware that came from in Nausicaa's room. He lingered to check out sum books in the hall w/ Nausicaa playing good host, wile we scout-ed ahead into her room to make sure everything was in order. The room was unfamiliar to us. There was an unmade bed w/ lots of pillows + down com-

forters. Above her bed were shelves of books. We staired at the bed + it overwhelmed us w/ a sense of comfort. In-

stead of going back we all a lot of things (any)

to the professor w/ sum books, disoused with

we went out down the hall + completely disoused with

told Nausicaa we wanted to sleep w/ her that night.

6.3.6. 31 MAR 1995

We were driving an old car of mine (no 1 in pertickler except it was made in 1966) + the driver's seat started spinning around. It started spinning faster like a tornado + we jumped off before we got out of cuntroll. The seat kept spinning on it's one accord + came loose from the car + started wreaking havoc thru the streets like the Tasmanian devil.

<sup>154</sup> From Greek *boustrophēdon*, turning like an ox while plowing: *bous*, ox; + *strophē*, a turning.

