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Full translation.

12 : P.S. EPILOGGED EPIPATH IN \sum UM
TO SUMMIT

Dear U,
Feb 14, 2020—D.C.
Happy Valentines day, dude.... tho it will be April 30, 2020 by the time U read this (pub date) so happy birthday! #55... + ∞ more to come. Vll we got to due is finish this finel episode + send her to the printers. Pertty cool, eh? Like U wrote this from the dead + sent it to yoself, how U tot us to do the poorman's ©opyright ... not that we give a shit about ©opywrong (we ©opyleft our books, Vll rites riversed) but we dig the time capsule lDea of it. Sorry it took us 23 años to get it published, ox. U dig the fount? Named for where alledgely U kicked buckit but we think U just waxed a wane on a long gurney. Sweet lemming the most widely accepted jawbone used worldwide by oteraping sistems on computers + phones, etc. they probly did a user study + de-tourmined it's the most legible. Title font is **CHINESE ROCKS** + the below letters were handrawn for the 1st edition (1934) of *Ulysses*.

U ain't Ulysses no more, U are 1 of us, anon l'm us. We are (de)-composed of Vll them Roman + Greek dieties (they figured out Vll the archetypes + charactors by then) who endid in -us + then \sum um: { Tellus, Telemachus, Dead'R'l'us, ODSseyus, Sisyphus,

Epimetheus, Prometheus, Oedi-
pus, Remus, Romulus, Sirius, Ur-
anus, Tiberinus, Menelaus, Minotaur
-us, Bacchus, Aelous, Proteus, Ant-
inous, Eumeaus, Polyphemus, Tant
-alus, Janus, Hermaphroditus, Vol
-canus, Venus, Icarus, Icarius, Penelope's pop
Zeus, etc.}

+ G-
sus

CONFIDENTIAL

APPENDIX

D-122 DETACHED

XX Investigation

SEARCHED	INDEXED
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FEB 10 1988	
FBI - NEW YORK	

DD

more water, the fire
6-2-108
ioned in the book.

s)

INT. SURVEY

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Date:
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title:

Character: MISC INFO CON

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Classification:

44 §

VVVVVVVV

in 1-man EXITus

19033



बप म्याद र ठाउँहरूको निमित्त
(Extension of the period and places)

ACAP

Entry Fee Paid

Please kind y surrender this card at
CENTRAL IMMIGRATION OFFICE or at any
PORT OF EXIT after the completion of your
trekking.

12/85

Copy to
by routing slip for
☐ info ☐ action
date 7-29-86
by

TATELY, PLUMP

+ also more contemporaneous mortals like camUS who b-sides writing *The Myth of Sisyphus* (1955, dat begins dare is onely 1 Reely sirius philophosical problem + dat is sewerside) said (as U well know) stuff like "the habit of despair is worse than despair itself"... we always thought camUS resembled grandpa aeolUS + remember that time we met camUS's red-headid 15-yr ol granddotter paddling up to us topless on a surfboard in the middle of the South Pacific? U werent there then but U r w/ Us now, vicarryUS, mi casa es TU casa + then camUS died in a car crash after sseyin' Vll them pearly words of wisdom + then there's malthUS who don't know about U but we never got off our gluteUS maximUS to read directamente, we know fool well what he said 2nd hand + there's dr. sseUS + the author of the modurn prometheUS Mary Wolstonecraft (not Shelly, who's unbound take we don't inkloot in this role call of *deadus folkus* we're piling onto our band wagon) + then there's Vll the kind non-humun creatures of el mundo { *hippopotamUS*, *canis lupUS*, *equUS ferUS caballUS*, *falco peregrinUS*, etc. } nod to mention lotUS flowers + Vll the trees + plants. U told us once (see below, from the daze when U called yourself Fell Swoop) to take sum frag.

-ments + make U a card sew that's what we're doing ox! We're on pg 412. In this scrappy letter U sent us from the '80s U also said U sent Dad a "skeleton embryo" for his birthday even tho Dad was dead U always said things like this so we're sseying them for U now, carrying the torch + when we ssey "we" we mean U 2—the ½ of U in US—the 2nd chants U get to get anew, to beget again + Vll the above folks ending in US + then Σum are along for the ride, in *The ODssey* it's where Ag + Achilles lead the proSSEsion of dead suitor souls down to Hades + argue over whose death was bedder + they feel sorta sorry for the suitors + blame their deaths on Penelope for her treachery the bitch, always blaming the ♀ when Tel + Ulysses do the lion's share of the killing out of ego + testesorone fueled jealousy + then there's Gogol (speaking of *Dead Souls* (1824)) not to beee cunfused w/ Google + there's Ian Curtis who sung "Dead Souls" + also aksed "where will it end?" before hanging hisself from the the clothes line in his kitchen + off course there's Joyce + bits of René Daumal + Adolfo Bioy Casares + Vll the other ** shoulders weave stood on to get hear to page 412 + most importantly our bedder-½ Nausicaa plays the most vital roll, bringing home the bacon (the sugar mama U never had) to publish this cuz otherwise what we do is a Sisyphian act dat don't pay for itself, paying for ink + paper, rock + scissors to print books that nobody reads so we give them out gratis for what it's worth wheel print up 100 or 200 copies tho we're temptid to do what we did w/ *Sound Furies* (did we menshun we put out a record in 2018 (un) w/ Nausicaa?) + only make 1 or 2 copies cuz who the fuck else cares b-sides US, we wrote this for U so maybe we shd print up exactly 1 copy to give U wherever U r + just in case we can't get a fizzical copy into yr hands wheel post it digitally on inUrnet witch is like a phone U can pick up + talk to every 1 in the world at the same time, for free! It was cool at 1st but then todo mundo started speaking at once then yelling louder + louder to be herd over every 1 else + nobody was listening + speaking of *The Sound and the Fury* (1929), u know how when u read it u got no clue what's going on at 1st + then in the 2nd + 3rd sexions u start to learn a bit moss from the increasingly more reliable narrators + then in section 4 u get the only sensible 1 of the lot (the maid) + only then do we find out how/



FELL - SWOOP SEZ

THE GROUND DONT SHAKE
THAT MEANS..NO QUAKE
INFORMING IS SIMPLE
TELLING IS HARD

TAKE SOME FRAGMENTS
AND MAKE A CARD

AMBIGUOUS IS SAFETY
DIRECTNESS IS NOT
BECAUSE IT IS REAL TIME
IT IS SUBJECTED
TO ROT...

So....

How's SCHOOL ARE YOU STILL
MAKING MUZAK.. HAVE YOU THE NEW
"LES VOIX MYSTERIEUX DES BULGARES" (HAD)
OR WOLFGANG PRESS... HOT DVD E... SENT
DAD A SKELETON EMBRYO FOR HIS
BIRTHDAY (A PLASTIC, JAPANESE GO-BOT TOY)



why Q kills himself? Well this is sorta like that except the 12th (24½th actually) episode where we recapitulate wat o-cured in the preseeded episodic fits. In *The ODSsey* it's where (in the wake of the bloodbath) ODSseyus re-steaks his claim to the throne + then visits his father + he don't recognize hym so OD shows him a scar as proof + then tells hym everything that wint down + finally they bond like father-son but U'd halve to tell us how that conversation wint, ox? The Tel-½ (the 1 typing) ain't privy to such details cuz we ain't dead yet.

16 Feb 2020: Sorry, got sidetracked going back + editing what we wrote before to match what we're sseying now, writing by our bootstraps + also to mine our dream journalls to find Vll the relevant 1s w/ U in them wich ain't ez cuz we've logged 1000s of sueños + we got to open each doc separte to copy + paste, at least after 1997 (we already posted 1s before this here: https://5cense.com/archives_dream.htm). U always thought dreams were meaningless "garbage collection" but to Us they're clues to your continued Existence (at least in our psyche) so we're pasting those ova to the rite in ROMington, a font we created by digitizing the letters on our REMington typewriter (w/ Read-Only Memory to transcribe Rapid Eye Movements) + cleaned it up so it's not so serifed. These R R nocturnal edmissions, what of hour daytime exploits? You're probly itching for the low-down on what's hap-pyend in the past 23 years since U wint AWOL... well, Penelope is still kicking into her 80s, can U believe it? Guess smoking Vll that weed ain't so bad after Vll. She's living up in the shadow of Mt Shasta, has a pill to take when she ain't feeling like living no more but for now she's good. Periboea hung on for a while but she died, sometime after 9/11¹⁸⁴ but we din't bother going to her funeroll, we wasn't as attached to that royal matriarchy as U was + not so keen to go back to the old house (wich they sold + it got torn down + turned into condos)... actually don't think we ever wint back after yr memaryall, U was the only reason we had to go back. Weave tried to keep in touch w/ a few of yr friends, from the little we know Vll seam OK, E moved up to Santa Barbara to get clean (so he sses), R is still loco as ever, R spent a few years in prison for reasons we can't go into here if we make this letter/book public + we already menshunned how yr housemate S is in prison in Bangkok for trying to smuggle drugs. Spike Jonez is totally famous now, i think he even has an oscar or 2. He made this movie we dug about a portal into John Malkovich's head + another movie about a guy (Joaquin Phoenix) who falls in love w/ an operat-

April 28, 1997 (Seattle, WA): 1st dream w/ U in it (that we remembered) since U wint missing. . . a group of us was walking around + we was thinking: U's alive after Vll, now we can tell U Vll those things we was thinking we wish we could've told U when we thought U was dead, but couldn't remember now that U was alive. We was thinking now in retrospect we could've saved U. We don't know where we were walking, lots of surreal scenery, over bridges looking down on bays. We wint to this big house + we were there 1st so we called, "shotgun," claiming the front room for Tel + Nausicaa.

May 23, 1997 (Savannah): We were w/ Nausicaa at R's [your crazy court jester friend] house when this drug deal wint bad. We ran around the back of the house to hide. A cop came around the coroner + said "we see u hiding back here." "I'm just hanging out" we said. We had been swimming + only had a wet bathing suit on + carried a towel. He handcuffed us + led us around to the front where U were resisting arrest + getting beat up. We told U to stop resisting. The cops put us in a holding tank, wich was really a big furnished apartment w/ a bunch of other persons, all Mexicans. We were trying to figger out who we could notify to tell them we had nothing to do w/ this. U had bin thru Vll this before, U even had a bag packed just for the occasion. The AC was cranked + we was freezing in a wet bathing suit. U took Vll your possessions out of your bag + laid them out: statues + trinkets + ephemera, pairs of huaraches + boots. We couldn't believe they allowed U to bring this stuff in. We looked around for a phone to call a lawyer but there wasn't any. No guards to tell our problem to. Your friends were all there + being weird to us. This jail/holding tank was actually a ½-way house. It would have been easy to escape, but if we did that would testify as to our guilt. Then we saw a bunch of guards + went up to them. He was going on about how we were Vll a bunch of commie environmentalists. Before we could tell him of our predicament, we were Vll led away in a mass Exitus w/ eerie music playing. We Realized we'd bin smoking a cigarette. We thought of it as a whim, but it was our 2nd (+ apparently our last as we were being led to our execution). We freaked out thinking we were addicted + was in complete denile. We put it out under a fawcett.

June 7, 1997 (Savannah, GA): U were juggling stacks of dimes. . . U would set a stack of dozens of dimes on the end of your L-bow + try to flip it + catch the hole stack.

¹⁸⁴ On 9/11/2001, terrorists hi-jacked commercial planes + flew them into the World Trade Center twin towers + the Pentagon killing thousands... crazy, right?

ing sistem. He married Sofia Coppola (who also wrote + directed sum some oscar-winning movies) in 1999 as maybe U could of guessed (on pg 344 U mention going to a party at Sofia's house w/ Spike there).

Our Telemachus $\frac{1}{2}$ is of sound mined + Bw/Ody as they ssey... After yr memoryall, we wint back to Tucson, Nausicaa graduated + since U were 1 of a few things keeping us close to California we d-sided it was high time to get the hell out of dodge (even tho we married to go to the Peace Corpse, we d-sided to not go—got sum shitty (literally, our job was to dig latrines) assignment in Honduras + by them we'd accumulated more debt then a \$5k/yr stipend wd cover) so we packed up our Trooper + started driving east, spent a summer in Savannah where we worked as a land surveyor + wrote *Marsupial* (based on our experiences working on *Epimetheus*) then we lived in Portsmouth for a year + worked as a programmer while Nausicaa started a graduate program but we hated New Hampshire so went back to Tucson for a few more years + Nausicaa got her PhD + then in 2000 we went to NYC + worked for Napster (going to L.A. monthly) + other digital media companies + made the transition from being a rock-climbing desert rat to a city 1, embracing the rat race, at least for a while, long enough to pay off debts (when we moved to NYC we had racked up our credit cards + had Nausicaa's student loans) + we started a lit zine (*Sleepingfish*) + press (Calamari) around this time (couldn't find anyone to publish our stuff so figgered why not do it ourselves) + halve published 70+ books + Nausicaa did a few post-docs then started doing international work so we travelled a lot, lived in Africa for a year + then 3-4 years based in Rome + back to NYC for a year or 2 + then to DC + then back to Rome + now back to DC + that's it in a chronillogit nutshell.

17 Feb 2020> We don't dream much no more but sum mournings we wake + pensamientos o-cure to us como esta mañana we scribed in our diario de sueños:

$2 \cup M U S = 2 \cup M U S$ æ reverse + \exists sum musE X $\pm O$ (or Zeus!) where " \pm " = +/o & o = or = ou = conjunction used to link ALTurnatives, a Boolean operator dat = 1 if at least 1 sub-factor has a value of 1, else = 0 ;so U bedder outlive US o Ls! where "!" marks an exclamation but ! also means *factoryall*, multiplicative prawduck of \forall ll positive integers coming before it, four eggssample $4! = 4 \times 3 \times 2 \times 1 = 24$

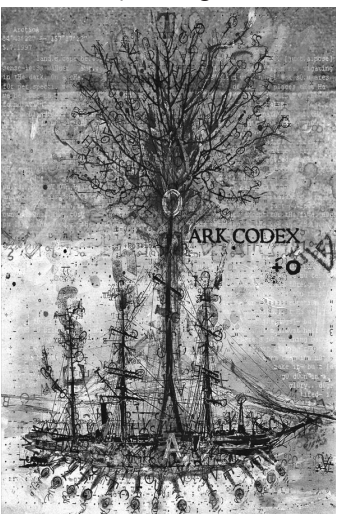
... hand-waving stuff that don't make a hole lot of sense once we're a wake + that's what this is, rite? A wake. Awake for Us, a wake of a ship passing in the night. The Tel $\frac{1}{2}$ (left SSES-OS/right manO) is the $\frac{1}{2}$ dat rites passedges like the above upon waking (sorry if we hi-Jack more than our fare

June 14, 1997 (Savannah): We were w/ U in an arcade playing video games. We we were getting far on 1 game, at least time-wise. Out of the corner of our eye we could see your game was over + U were sneaking more quarters in, but we were 2 immersed in our one game to stop U, running along girders + beams picking up stuff + fighting off intruders. Sum-times we'd die cuz we'd just keep running + get to a gap we needed to jump but din't halve time + we dint know what to expect cuz it was our 1st time playing the game. On our 2nd life we fell off this girder + kept going til we were off the screen + then it was like it was Reel + we was lunging for ropes + stuff to keep from falling. Then we sumhow ended up in a hot-air balloon, w/ U + Nausicaa. There were 2 other guys that were navigators. They took us around for a wile + then we got outof control + had to come down. They got out + we started floating again + we Reelized the navigators weren't w/ us no more. U were telling us not to worry that U knew how to run the balloon. U controlled the buoyancy (up + down speed) + we controlled the N-S-E-W direction of the basket. 1 time we aimed too low... After \forall ll, we were trying to land. But U had the thing at fool-throttle + we grazed el moondough, barely escaping w/ our lives. We were excited that we could steer the balloon but at the same time nerveUS that we were moving fast + a bit out of control.

June 28, 1997 (Savannah): We (\forall ll us brothers) were driving to get Thai food w/ sum funky old woman we were calling 'mom'. She had a funky old car that u could see at least 5 Δ iffrent colored coats thru the layers of chipped paint. We got to the the Thai place + every 1 else was talking. The only thing we could think to ssey was "that's a funky paint job on your v-uckle there, mom" + we meant it, we were fascinated by this multilayer affect. Then we went into a patio + mom became the waitress w/ a nametag that said "Penelope". Every 1 Ls sat down + left us w/ a spot right on the edge w/ no chair. Penelope (our waitress) was telling us to get our one. We got annoyed + left.

July 3, 1997 (Savannah): We caught a 2-ft rainbow trout that on closer inspection was albino + when we wiped it off it was a bottle of coconut rum. We took it to the old house in Menlo Park There was a placard on an easel in front of the table, for Periboea to read, etched in wood. We could read every word clearly but couldn't understand it for the life of us. We read it over + over. There was a part about us + Penelope being overly mellow-dramatic + quoting Telemachus, witch pissed us off. U was in the next room playing

share of this author's ship). U-½ (R-brain/L-hand) are still ever in our thoughts tho + ½ of what we rite, wich is hour Real history, right? "Our life is what our thoughts make it" as marcUS aureliUS said, or as the OS in *Her* (played by Scarlett Johansson) tells the end-user Joaquin Phoenix, "The past is just a story we tell ouselves." Our brief history from 1997 to 2020 on the preseeding page ain't Really what we're "about"... maybe ½-true of "Derek White" (who we was before Telemachus) but we're more than Derek or Tele now, we're Tel + Us = Tellus, an androgenius/anonimus variation of H.C.E. (Here Comes Everybody) in *Finnegans Wake*, what J. J. wrote in the wake of *Ulysses*. Who nose what Derek wd of dun w/ his life had "Kevin White" not (alledgely) kicked buckit... Derek wreckoned Kevin had staked his claim to bee The artist as a yung man + Derek was to bee the sighingtist type. We was dueling banjos before, a binary star sistem like Sirius¹⁸⁵, Pro-/Epimetheus, Rem-/Romulus of Roman oregon myths, the twin mountaineering brothers in *Mount Analogue*, the hero-twins in *Popol Vuh*¹⁸⁶ or the brothers Jerry + Kevin (note homophonic resemblance to our Real names) in *Finnegans Wake*... as J.J. sses, "There is a strong suspicion on counterfeit Kevin and we all remember ye in childhood's reverye." The being f.k.a. Kevin disappeared from the face of el moondough + took root in his hairmano Derek. Our life as we know it (post-1997) is rooted now in the twined liebroos we'll live behind in loo of pro-genie, books witch U halve co-authored w/ US so U r (literarily) a father as well, the left leg in y/our genes that clothe a 3rd appendage that dint bother procreating at least in a traditional sense¹⁸⁷ + U = ½ of Cal A. Mari, U co-founded Calamari Archive, the self-publishing arm for y/our hystorical leg-@-sea¹⁸⁸. We already menshunned Tel's 1st 2 books (+ we co/authored a few chapbooks before that) from 2006 + 2008 when we was vain enough to use our Real name (tho we niglected to put "Derek" on the cover), after that we wrote pseudo/anonymously + mostly books dealing w/ conjoined hero twins. In 2012 we anonymously co-authored *Ark Codex ± 0*, a retelling of the story of Noah (same as Epimetheus far as we're concerned).



piano. Periboea told us to be quiet + said this girl (1 of the twiner's girlfriend) had sumthing to ssey. She stood awkwardly + gave a formal speech, avoiding eye contact + speaking like she had mesmorized it. She talked about how she was dieagnosed w/ cancer, but was trying to be positive, not aksing for sinpathy. Then Periboea started playing a simple dirge on another piano built in to her desk. It was beautiful + quiet, tinged w/ an eerie premonition of deaf. She started singing in a quiet trilly voix, we couldn't believe she had such talent. Even U had stopped playing the piano in the other room + we could tell U was listening not just out of respect but cureosity.

Aug 25, 1997 (Portsmouth, NH): We were at an airport seeing U off to Mixeco. U showed us a slide, said it was a cross-section of Sisyphus's SSES-OS. U were trying to prove to us that pop's brain was cancerous, that was why he killed himself. Sumhow that was justification. U also said the cancer was genetic. When we looked at the slide, there was a Buddha image. U said if we looked close enough we'd see crystals + in the crystals was an inscription that on closer inspection read: "1979" + it listed "Ulysses White" but not us living brothers. It revelled sumping about a Periboea that lived in France. We weren't convinced it was authentic. . . rreflecting back we knew that Dad's deaf was in 1982 so the date seemed rong. We told U "there's a room waiting for U in Mixeco."

Oct 25, 1997 (Portsmouth, NH): (Not much of 1 bud we need to get back into the habit of logging): We was driving w/ U (right-passinger) + Nausicaa (middle). We heard the toaster pop w/ our everything bagel in the back so aksed Nausicaa to get it since we was driving but she said no + w/o arguing the point we said "then take the wheel" + we jumped over the seat into the back while Nausicaa seamlessly took the wheel + U were like "what the fuck, U guys are nuts." We were on our way to Yuccatan but took a wrong turn sumwhere + had no idea where we were. Sum kid was trying to sell us a map but we already had 1 + we were too proud to admit we were lost.

Oct 27, 1997 (Portsmouth): We were talking to U on the phone. U were acting nerveus, stuttering. Finally U confessed that U has sumthing to tell us, that U "almost bot heroine" + we said, "but U didn't?"

"No, no" U said, back-petaling into a guilt-ridden justification, talking to peephole who we couldn't see that were in the room w/ U (we assumed at the O'lough ½-way house), turning to them for support. "Right?" U'd ask

¹⁸⁵ Sir, I = us, Dog! Unresolved w/ the naked I.

¹⁸⁶ 2 pairs actually, the 1st pair (1 Hunahpu + 7 Hunahpu) kick buckit rite off the bat bud knot b4 fathering (the skull of their dead dad spit in the hand of their mutther) Hunahpu + Xbalanque + they also halve a pair of ½-brothers (1 Monkey + 1 Artisan) that they turn into howler-monkey scribes + banish them to the treetops. Not only is *Popol Vuh* authorless/anonymous, but any 1 who reads it axhumes a hidden IDentity + *Popol Vuh* integrates txt/img like no other book en el moondough. In 2005-we co-authored (w/ the late Carlos M. Luis) *ma(I)ze Tassel Retrazos*, our homage to *Popol Vuh*.

¹⁸⁷ The Malthusian Ms. Ann Thrope living in Us never saw the point of bringing more humun beans into this over-populated moondough.

¹⁸⁸ Even brought 1 of your fave books back into print, *History of Luminous Motion* by Scott Bradford.

In 2012 we released { *untitled: under the auspices* }—a wordless book of foul-feathered murmurations, an auguring divination codex where birds are the words w/ *Sturnus vulgaris* (sighingtific name for the common starling) listed as author.

In 2013 came *The Becoming*, an anonymous steampunk retelling of the Romulus + Remus oregon myth of Rome, set on the Oregon coast. Instead of 2 brothers, the she-wolf delivers a mixed litter of mongrel children + dogs, fathered by a rogue member of the Lewus + Clark expedition.

As U well know, in 2015 we wrote 'SSES' 'SSES' "SSEY" (w/ Chauly White listed as author, the combined force of Kevin + Derek White), the preseeding volume to this book, wherein we recapitulated your recap ('SSES' "SSES") of *Ulysses'* recap of *The Odyssey* to the trip U took across Asia in search of our dead dad.

In 2017 came *A Raft Manifest*, (under the guise of Rem+Rom), a.k.a "Huck Finnegan's Wake," a seekwill of sorts to *The Becoming*, where we built a log raft to riverse ingeneer father's route that berthed us unceremoniously at the mouth of the Colonia river—Vll in the name of westword x-pantsion.

+ comme ça we keep reinventing ourself, our literary autobiography to make a long story short¹⁸⁹... a lot of words to digest we know, specially when this can Vll just as easily be Σummed up in the 3 words we used to carve into trees when we was kids:

~~~~~ WAS HERE

Vll I really needs as an epipath in fact, wich is what this book is... except sew far weave needid 416 pages + counting. We carved yr name in a tree in the northwest corner of Central Park under wich we buried sum of yr ashes + a splash of yr ashes we sprinkled into the Hudson down by Battery park... not that NYC meant anything to U but we had been holding onto them for probly a deckaid at that point + felt we needid to let at least sum of them go somewhere + NYC had acquired meaning for Us at that point, w/ U along for the ride. We still halve

them over + over for validation, like it was Vll staged, like U told them to pipe in when U called your airmano, to ssey U was *about* to do heroine but chickened out in the end + onelie *almost* did. U were justifying why U trusted these ½-way ppl we couldn't see, 1 person said they were into heroine only for "before/after glandular FX." U were stuttering + could barely speak, we figured U were high. Then we herd Penelope in the background going, "Is that Ulysses? Is he high?" + we realized U was at Periboea's. Mom kept going on, "he's high isn't he?" ½-grabbing the phone + we was like, "no mom, shut up," trying to think of what to ssey to U but mom was ranting on about how U were a screw-up + a loser, etc. + U were blubbering in our other ear, more guilt-ridden justifications + d-Niles.

January 10, 1998 (Portsmouth): Walking around strange yet familiar streets when we saw RLS school [where we both went to school]. It looked completely Δifferent. We wanted to poke around but ran into the twiners who brought us to sum house + U were there. U had a bunch of "L" stickers that Mom was stitching on your jacket that meant "Lie". We left on sum weird freeway then ended up in the Himalayus w/ Nausicaa where we had a house built into a mountainside. We were standing around jabbering + noticed a bunch of snow sliding down a chute. We yelled "avalanche" but nobody paid attention. It was more like a cuntrolled river of snow that wint by us + stopped. But we herd a low grumbling still. "It's erupting!" we said, but we had used up Vll our 'cry wolf's' on the avalanche. We grabbed Nausicaa + waited at the edge of the doorway. A river of lava, ice, mud + water came gushing thru the doorway. Where we were was the only safe place.

Jan 25, 1998 (Portsmouth): U were w/ us in a forest in Siberia w/ Vll these animals that were coming twards us. We had to display our power so let out a fierce scream + everything ran away--bears + mountain lions, every kind of animal known to man--except the Siberian tiger. He was up in a tree making his way down, having problems tho cuz there were powerlines in the way (the tree turned into a telephone pole). We couldn't figure out weather he was running away or coming for us. We kept screaming + he got past the wires + sped up. We started to run + it was like we were running on a map. We figgered if we ran Vll the way to India it wd be too hot for the tiger (we were running from the east so maybe we were in Myanmar). Finally we reached India + saw 'Bengal' on the map + realized the Siberian tiger was relative to the Bengal tiger + would do just fine t/here. He cot us + ate us + we were okay w/ it.

<sup>189</sup> The unabridged bloody details of our entire life to date (both waking + in a dream state) as Derek/Telemachus/Cal A. Mari we blog/archive online in Realtime @ <http://thedailynoose.com/>



OPEN.

Four guys in an old Volvo driving in the mountains. Camera looks back at Los Angeles. Close up telemachus looking back. Turns and looks at snow covered wilderness. Car pulls down dirt road lined with people. (different cars every couple of feet.) drinking and shooting guns. Close up of telc. looking, saddened. At the end of the road they pull into a spot, immediately the other three jump out beers in hand and begin shooting, laughing. Telc. gets out, is handed a .45. walks over towards a stump with a playmate centerfold tacked on. begins shooting. Shots from in front of telc. back on other who now have stopped and are looking shocked a telc. When the gun is spent; he turns around and faces them. Right then a truck speeds past, all characters turn and look truck stops. Mexicans with cowboy hats and boots jump out caked up, and start shooting a fully automatic rifle into the mud just there feet.

[cut to suicide w/ gun, at same time as on ct.]  
[on the way back character is sick to his stomach, quits. Back at home phen rings, character cts to telc. to answer, he ignores him goes into his room. roommate. answers, telc. looking at ...]

(T)

[U called this **T for Telemachus** but we're wondering if **I for Icarus** is a bedder name?]  
1.  
Open.

THE PHONE RINGS, A. EXCUSES himself, walks across the loft. Looking for the phone. There are piles of

4 guys in an old Volvo drive in the mountains. Camraw pans out at Los Angeles skyline. CLOSE UP: on ICARUS looking back, turns + gazes longingly at distant snow-covered peaks. Car pulls down dirt road lined w/ people (different [cars?] every couple of feet) drinking + shooting guns. CLOSE UP on Icarus looking sad. At the end of the road they pull into a spot, immediately the other 3 jump out beers in hand + begin shooting, hooting + hollering. I gets out, is handed a .45 + walks towards a stump w/ a playmate centerfold tacked on. Begins shooting

Sum of your ashes we keep humping w/ us wherever we move (scanned them in above if U're cure-us)... for a second dare we was temptid to pull a Keith Richards + snort your remains, but we ain't that degenerate ox! Keith Richard's dad din't die til 2002 so guess U never heard about that? + Keith is still kicking at 76, can U believe it? Goes to show if U got the means + freedom to sustain a habit, heroin ain't nessysorriy that bad for U. More + more ppl are dying of H since U (alledgely) O.D.'d... 8,048 persons died of opiod overdose in 1999, in 2017 that # jumped to 47,600, tho synthetic opiods (All the rage now) such as oxycodone + fentanyl account for more than 1/2 of those. This # wd probly be even higher but now most pairomedics + sum cops even carry naloxone. Otherwise, unless u happen to be a celebrity, 1 becomes just a statistic.

—CUT TO suicide w/ gun, at same time as comet?

Sumtime in the late '90s we ran the Phoenix Marathon w/ the small packet of yr ashes above tucked into the inner pocket of our running shorts... not sure if U ever had a chance to run a marathon, bud there U go, now U halve! Not that we had a great time (3:23 if we member correct<sup>190</sup>), sure U wd of run it a lot faster. We started running regularly ever since U vanished, hardly a week goes by we don't run, usually 3-4 times cada semana.

18 Feb 2020> Figured we'd take a break from Tel's dream log to weave in sum of your stories that we haven't inklooted yet. U left behind a cupple versions of the 1 at left (there's sum overlap w/ sections of *Further from the Truth*, see pg 110 of vol 1) that usually U called **T for Telemachus**. We'll do our best to finish it for U, in Courier Font. For starters tho, maybe **I for Icarus** might be better<sup>191</sup>? Makes more sense for us, to truely expirence what it's like to be in yr shoes, a cautionary tale about method acting... how to familiarize 1-self w/ the mateareal w/o getting too close to the sorce, know what we mean?

<sup>190</sup> Actually, we ran the Phoenix Marathon in 1999 in 3:36:39. We ran the Rock'N'Roll marathon in San Diego a few months later in 3:23:26, ... think we carried your ashes then too, but can't be sure.

<sup>191</sup> Icarus + his dad Dead'YUs a'ttempted to escape Crete w/ wings that Dead'YUs (master craftsman that he was) fashioned from feathers + wax.... Dead 'YUs warned Icarus not to fly too low (so sea's dampness won't clog wings) nor too high (so sun's heat won't melt the wax) but of course Icarus doesn't heed his father's warning + flies too close, the sun melts his wings + he tumbles into the sea + drowns.

+ starts laughing maniacally. ZOOM past Icarus to the other 3 behind him who have stopped shooting + are looking shocked at Icarus. When all the ammo is spent, I turns around + faces them. Right then a truck speeds past + every 1 turns to look as the truck stops. Mexicans w/ cowboy hats + boots jump out, cock their automatic rifles + start shooting into the mud at their feet.

[cut to suicide w/ gun, at same time as comet]  
~~for the way back 1 of the characters is sick to his stomach.~~ The phone is ringing when they walk in the door, Icarus walks past w/o picking it up. Finally his housemate answers it.

I (after housemate hangs up): Who was it?

Housemate: If you're so cureus why dont U answer the fucking phone.

Icarus grabs housemate's head + slams it against the desk then takes the .45 from his sweatpant wasteband + holds it to his head.

I: I said, who was it?

HM (distressed): Jesus H. Christ! I dunno sum guy... sounded like Darth Vader... said he was your father.

I: Very funny, my dead is dad. What did he want?

HM: He asked if Telemachus was hear... told me to "tell Tel that entelechy is the condition of a thing whose essence is fully realized."

Icarus lets housemate go. After he leaves, I picks up the phone + dials \*69. Listens.

PRE-RECORDED VOICE: *the number of the last incoming call was 977-41-55-55-55.* I fumbles for something to write the # down. On the desk is a VHS copy of FALLING DOWN w/ Michael Douglas + a copy of THE HOBO HANDBOOK. I finds a phonebook, searches in the front of the white pages for a list of international codes, writes:

977 = Nepal

Then (after flipping to sub-section):

41 = Pokhara

CAMRAW PANS out + up to reveal text that describes the very opening scene we are watching<sup>192</sup>, up until the part where I searches in the front of the white pages for a list of intl codes. I opens the HOBO HANDBOOK + copies sum of the codes into the margins of a

<sup>192</sup> Which Icarus violently crosses out, up to the line "CUT TO suicide w/ gun, at same time as comet" wich he circuls.



|                        |                          |                |                             |                             |                      |
|------------------------|--------------------------|----------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------|
|                        |                          |                |                             |                             |                      |
| CAMP HERE              | SAFE CAMP                | BAD WATER      | GOOD WATER                  | HOP TRAIN HERE              | DON'T GIVE UP        |
|                        |                          |                |                             |                             |                      |
| COPS ACTIVE            | COPS INACTIVE            | DRY TOWN       | TOWN HAS BOOZE              | RAILROAD                    | TROLLEY              |
|                        |                          |                |                             |                             |                      |
| GO                     | AT CROSSROAD GO THIS WAY | STRAIGHT AHEAD | TURN RIGHT HERE             | TURN LEFT HERE              | GOOD ROAD TO FOLLOW  |
|                        |                          |                |                             |                             |                      |
| STOP                   | UNSAFE                   | GET OUT FAST   | GET OUT FAST                | KEEP AWAY                   | UNSAFE AREA          |
|                        |                          |                |                             |                             |                      |
| DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOOD | DANGER                   | CAUTION        | DON'T GO THIS WAY           | BE QUIET                    | JAIL                 |
|                        |                          |                |                             |                             |                      |
| CHAIN GANG             | TRAMPS HERE              | TROUBLE BEWARE | WORTH ROBBING               | HOBOS ARRESTED ON SIGHT!    | FREE DOCTOR          |
|                        |                          |                |                             |                             |                      |
| BEWARE! 4 DOGS         | BE QUIET                 | POLICE STATION | YOU'LL GET CUSSSED OUT HERE | WILL GIVE TO GET RID OF YOU | SLEEP IN LOFT        |
|                        |                          |                |                             |                             |                      |
| THERE ARE CROOKS HERE  | WILL HELP IF SICK        | FOOD FOR WORK  | WELL GUARDED                | BAD TEMPERED PEOPLE HERE    | DANGEROUS WATER HERE |





scrapbook I is writing in, mixed in w/ sketches + writings. Then I flips thru a photo album + extracts sum photos of friends + family. Leaves the room + comes back w/ scissors, construction paper, duct tape + Saran wrap + hastily collages the photos into this scrapbook. Then I writes: Then I writes: see prior pg. Then writes: camraw ZOOMS IN on very text I is writing + ~~crosses out~~ last word then TYPES: "typing" in it's place, then goes back to line out "crosses out" + in it's place types: "whites out text," blows on it to dry [beat..] then continues typing the very sentence we are reading. PAN OUT to reveal Icarus sitting at a typewriter [lines out "typewriter" + in it's place types:] LAPTOP staring at the very text we are reading while in tandum I types: Pretty cool, eh bro? U dig how I stole this text back from U? Hehe. Hits <carriage return> + stares at flashing cursor for a sec then ghost-writes (in Vll upper case):

1. FOLLOW THE CODE (RIGHT/OUT)--U-turn 2 edmit as Xfer Grabs Alcoholics Anonymous book from shelf + copies the following text:

12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics<sup>193</sup> junkies + to practice these principles in Vll our affairs.

Steps 2-11 (abstract/microcosmic itinerary: our hero travels from Pasadena to Malibu, a 4-day, solo EXITUS thru culturally diverse hoods of L.A.)(sketches accompanying map (not inklooted)):

2. THE DISH: self-assembles a refuge in the recovered stream to teleport enteletz + restore I + I

3. HIGHLAND PARK: meets Ms. Ann Thrope but is chased off by cop brother

4. Iapyx meats up w/ Icarus along the 110 + they camp under the I-5 where it crosses LOS ANGELES RIVER

5. SILVER LAKE RESERVOIR: torments a retired artist who self-cannibalizes his one body of work

6. HOLYWOOD: is slipped acid, sleeps w/ stripper's roommate + begs for undetected defection

7. Pretends to sleep on a lawn chair in BEL-AIR butt is chaste in body-dubble's wake.

8. WESTWOOD: Icarus ducks into an early matinee about a foggy prison breaking mism mème en abîme

9. Icarus reaches PACIFIC PALISADES + sleeps on the beach to recover from arduous gurney so far

10. I makes it home to MALIBU, defends father's sewerside + receives inheritance check

11. I + I go thru customs/Exit formalities @ LAX INTL airport

After drafting the above itinerary, Icarus shuts the laptop lid. Thinks for a sec then starts rifling thru shelves + drawers. PAN OUT TO reveal that I is not in the same room as before in L.A. but in y/our GRANDMOTHER'S ATTIC in Menlo Park. It's getting to be dark by now. Y/our mom yells up, asking if I wants any dinner. Icarus yells "I'm not hungry" then pulls a dangling chain to trip the bare light bulb hanging from the vaulted peak of the attic.

MONTAGE SEEKWINDS: I is busy transferring files + scanning pages from scrapbooks, photo albums, hobo codes, etc. spending rest of the night digitizing + ore-gonizing analog media, installing QuarkXpress + other nessysary software... loading up laptop w/ Vll that's needid to depart on this journey. FADE TO BLACK...

... FADE IN on Icarus waking up, head on desk. It's still dark out but a blackbird makes a racket. I

<sup>193</sup> From hear farword when we show lined out text camraw action shows Icarus crossing it out to riplace w/ corrected text + we assume this text (in skeumorphed Typewriter font) doesn't ripresent actual action but text that Icarus types... as if by typing, he causes to happen.

[read R w/L I + L w/R I]

I/O SPLITS L/R—

## 1. FOLLOW THE CODE (left/in)

INT. DC. 2/19/20 FADE IN from black to flickering I-lids belonging to IAPYX, Icarus's brother. I (L) looks at clock: 3:30 AM. I's bedder-½ is sound asleep. Iapyx mechanically gets up, sits on edge of bed for a sec til head stops spinning, grabs clothes left on floor from night before + winds clockwise down spirel stairs lit by LED lights as if it was a runaway. Down in the basement kitchen I flips on coffee machine (wich has been pre-prepared the night before). While I waits for the coffee I dawns clothes, takes piss + splashes water on face. Goes into adjoining basement room + bends into a down-dog on a yoga mat, then into child's pose, then arches back like a cat. Ripeats this a few times then sits up + rolls head around on neck in both direxions, this hole time unaware of Bw/Ody as I (L) prossesses what wint thru cabeza the notch before, knot so mush sueños no moss bud vague notions that need to be reformulated in palabras. Chooses Basquiat mug (this is wear the only variation in ruteen comes in) + pours a cup. Winds counter-clockwise back up escalara + hits spacebar on his 24" iMac to wake her up. Reads what was transcribed the night before, wich in this case is the prior entry written by brother Icarus (pg 419). I knows this ain't true, that I's brother ain't Icarus + I ain't Iapyx, but I pertends to roll-play, to follow what brother Icarus wrote in order to decode where the entity I formerly knew as Ulysses (+ before that Kevin White) wint. 1 idea running thru head of I (L) is that of Mr. Potato. I doesn't know why Mr. Potato popped to mined, maybe sumping to do w/ Vll these IIdentity shifts, but not knowing porque is what fixates in I's noggin. I jots down sum notes to not forget but they don't make sense yet in this contexto. Re-reads the words transcribed (+ altered) from a hand-written story Icarus wrote, establishing the itineary + planned route a cross L.A. + then how I (R) prepares his hobo-stick w/ what is needed for I's gourney. I (L) is not psychically in the attic space in Menlo Park so needs to rely on memary to validate the detales Icarus presents. The last + perhaps onely time I was in the attic was after Icarus alledgely O.D.'d + Iapyx slept in the same bed w/ his bedder-½ Nausicaa 4 a few nights in the wake. I (L) reads what I (R) wrote + types an inturpetation in tandumb, witch ain't ez (U try

searches room for a large spotted bandana, spreads it out on floor + in it throes:

{ draft copy of TEXTILOMA, change of clothes, toothbrush, hand towel (white), Swiss army knife, Petzl headlamp, matches, fish hooks + line, box of Triscuits, can of spray paint, sun-maid raisins, pine nuts, "everything but the bagel" spike mix from Trader Joes, climbing rope + rack, swim goggles, roll of tinfoil, duct tape, spoon, scissors, bag of Himalayan sea salt, laptop, Olympus digital camwraw, 56k modem, 2 porous ceramic potentiometers + various cables, adapters, converters + electronic accessories }

I (R) folds coroners of the bandana in + attempts to tie it into a bundle bud there's too much stuff... examines contents for a minute, then removes climbing rope + gear. Unclips a few carabiners + throes them back on the pile along w/ stray pieces of webbing + pushes the rope + rack underneath the bed. Now I's stuff can be rapped into a tight wad, wich Icarus ties to end of stick in the fashion of a Hobo. I slings the bindle over sholder as if to test weight, paces back + forth in attic a few times, then opens door + pauses at top of stairs to listen if anybody's up. Sneaks down + outside to quietly put bindle in white pickup truck. Then sneaks back in + up to attic to change into running clothes. "ICARUS, R U A WAKE," y/our mom yells from below. Icarus doesn't ant-swear. "R U gunna paint the house today?" Y/our grandmother also stands there w/ mom at bottum of stares when I emurges. "I'm going for a run," sses Icarus.

"U said u were gonna stain the house today," mom sses. "Remember, we discussed this." She has a paint sample label + a \$50 dollar bill clutched in right hand.

"This isn't a flophouse," grandmother adds. "U can't just free-load here indefinitely, at sum point u need to get yr one place. Til that day U need to pay rent for room + bored."

"I know, I know. Can I just go for a run 1st?" I eyes Ulysses on the \$50 bill + sses "Actually, I can get the stain while I'm out running. I'll take the truck."

"Where are u running?"

"To the The Dish, on Cow hill."

Mother looks at grandmother looking back + reluctantly hands I the \$50 w/ Ulysses on it. "OK, but come strait home after."



I/O

it!) considering 23 years has gone by + no 1 can know what wint thru brother's head except U/I (R), ox. What was U thinking? We try to get in yo head reading what U wrote + reformulating hippothesis in our one head. Must edmit, the few times we wint back to Menlo Park inklooting the week in the wake of your supposed deaf we never saw Father Time, who we think of now as Sisyphus, Ulysses' true father. We halve this lapyx charactor go thru the motions in our head as we read along, halving to endure the demoralizing hen-pecking of Penelope + Periboea, the levels U had to stoop to, a 30-yr old 6'3" man treated like a 10-yr old. We follow along as U drive to the intersexion of Santa Cruz + Sand Hill, handing over keys, ID + money to the hobo loco (... or genieUS, who nose). We get it, U renounce wordly posessions + Vll dat, take off on a walkabout like David Carradine in *Kung Fu*. Sounds compelling. We scamper down to San Francisquito crick w/ U (as carless Icarus) (+ we get giving away your v-uckle too, we haven't oned 1 since 2000 (b-sides a Toyota w/ steering wheel on right side that took so long to import from Japan that we only put 1 tank of gas in it before we left Kenya)). We follow U down to the crick wich we know fool well, ox, we're the 1 who cot the trout dare (even tho every 1 said trout don't Exist in San Francisquito creek) + told U that story + U ran w/ it. U're welcome. We get the teach-a-man-to-fish self-suffishantsea thing too.

[Ugh! A big reason we're halving a hard time keeping up w/ your thread is technillogical... our InDesign keeps crashing + yesterday we couldn't even reboot. Our screen kept looking like this]:

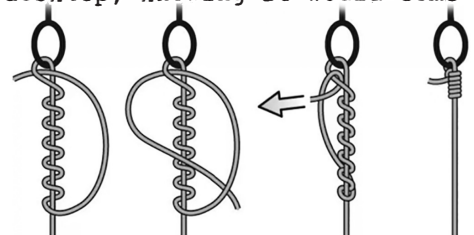


The type of paint is listed here (points).. Olympic Cinder 905. Or maybe #79550. Just show them this label from the batch before. Make sure it matches--"

"I'm not an idiot, I did go to art shcool remember?"

"+ keep receipts, we expect exact change."

I (R) Exits house + gets into truck. Pulls out driveway + turns left (SE) onto Santa Cruz Ave. Pops cassette in + "A Means to an End" by Joy Division starts playing. I drives a few blocks singing along. On the coroner of Santa Cruz + Sand Hill I spot's Father Time as expectid, pushing the button + waiting for the green WALK sine as he always does, always has for as long as any 1 can remember. I puts hazards on + gets out + w/o a word hands Father Time the keys + wallet w/ Icarus's ID + the \$50 mom gave I to paint the house. The light turns green + the car behind honks. I flips yuppie off + grabs bindle out of the back of truck. Father Time gets behind the wheel as if he's been expecting this. No words are exchanged between the 2. Icarus stands waiting on the divider in running clothes w/ hobostick slung over his shoulder. When the sine sses WALK the camraw follows as I walks north-east + we don't see wat direxion Father Time drives. I gets to the northern coroner + pushes button + waits. Even tho the coast is clear I doesn't attempt to cross, stairs at sine. When it switches to a green WALK sine, I walks southeast to the eastern coroner + keeps walking, leaving the road + scampering down a sand-bagged re-inforced embankment to San Francisquito creek (see map on pg 226), then follows a cart path thru Stanford (or 'Snodfart' as grandpa Aeolus called it) Golf Course til I gets to a secret fishing hole. Removes bundle from stick + ties on fishing line + hook, reeferring to a die-o-gram photocopied the night before + saved on his laptop desktop, knowing it would come in handy.



STR#2583 421

OLYMPIC STA

BASE: 79550

Olympic Max S/T/STAIN  
(905 (ST)) CINDER (ST)

| CLRNT | BL | CL | KXL |  |  |
|-------|----|----|-----|--|--|
| 0Z    | 3  | 0  | 0   |  |  |
| 384th | 0  | 32 | 192 |  |  |

GALLON- 10/13/1993 (BO



258319731193

NOT RETURNABLE

## 2. THE DISH (L/IN)

2/20/2020. D.C. INT.

1 segundo were struggling to ketch up + now we, err, lapyx finds I-self a p-graph a-head. No joke about the date neither, such simmetry! + I + I's on pg 422 too, step 2 in epi 12 of Icarus's microcosmic gurney a cross L.A. in the vane of the anti-Odysseyan *Falling Down* wile simultaneously recapitchulating the 12 episodes of *Textiloma*, wich allready recaps *Ulysses* recapitchulating of *The ODssey*... no wonder weave devillped vertigo! In fact when we, err, I got an MRI last year they spotted an arachnoid cyst (see pg 287) in the right lobe wich they said was b-9 + had bin there since berth but I dunno, I thinks dat hole is wear U (or Icarus) burrowed into our SSES-OS, ox.

The left-brained bro lapyx is conchus of #s... thinks this liebro needs a grand toetill of 440 pgs or bedder yet 444... but dat means I has 20 pgs to go + I gots a tight schedule if I + I want to publish this by 4/30... 2 months away u ssey, but takes a month give or take to print, allowing for back + 4<sup>th</sup> w/ proofs + Vll dat + I needs to read thru 1 last time to makes sure it Vll jives as a hole.

Sew in the twined narriverative thread Icarus (R) takes a daytime nap + lapyx (L) wakes up at 3 am like a groundhog<sup>194</sup>, does the down-dog-splash-face-wait-for-cofee routine, starting to feel for Sisyphus humping dis baggage day after day up hill + then at night in sleep potential enurgety gets converted to kinetic according to  $mgh = \frac{1}{2}mv^2$ .

I (R) wakes up next to the crick + keeps hiking up the hill to the RADAR dish but I dunno... I (L) wonders (as I wade waste-deep) weather Icarus entered the stream @ this juncture? Sew rather than continue on a pairallell thread we enter the dada-stream 2, 2 alter its way (while still keeping true to the mission of course .....)

(+ rivert back to "we" in this sketchy S.F. font (we = I + I to the rastafarians Vfter Vll) to deal w/ tech-nillogical isshoes like rebooting by our bootstraps + defragmenting our drive + figgering out why this text is becoming distressed... indicative of mentoll state? Our nocturnal prossesing potential altered by the spidery cyst in our cabeza, contemplating the conundrum of knowing what it's like to get high w/o fizzically partaking, knowing the onely way to set these re-occurring nightmares free is to log them into parole.)



All of Icarus's axions seam pre-meditated. Not souprized @ Vll when I catches a 12" trout. Removes fish + wraps her in tinfoil, sprinkles a pinch of salt + dash from spice mix, sum raisins + pine nuts. Then I builds a small fire, waits for coals to form + throws foil-rapped trout in. After 6 minutes pokes stick into the coals + flips fish over, waits another 6 then removes fish. Unwraps said fish + eats w/ fingers. Then wads up spare clothes + the towel to form a pillow + layz back to take a nap since I didn't get a lot to sleep the night before. Camraw zooms in on fluttering I-lids. FADE TO BLACK.

## 2. THE DISH (R/OUT)

EXT. April 3, 1997, late afternoon. Icarus wakes up from 6-hr creek-side snooze, belly full of trout. Stretches then repacks belongings back into bandana + ties onto stick. Continues hiking along San Francisco crick thru Snodfart gulf course. No need to consult maps or even look around, I nose exactly where to go. I thinks of how mother was date-raped in a sandtrap of Snodfart golf course + how in an alternate universe I might halve a sister or knot Exist at Vll. When I thinks of "Stanford" I thinks not of the university but the prison expirements, when they had the guards + prisoners switch places to know wat it's like in the other's shoes. By the time I gets up to The Dish compound it's twilight. I slides laptop under the cyclone fence surrounding the dish compound + throws the rest over, except the towel wich Icarus drapes over the barbed wire to climb over unscathed. Re-gathers stuff + makes way to 1 of the huts, breaks window + opens door.

Icarus sits at the command console + flips sum switches, performs the requisite hand-shaking portocall to interface laptop to The Dish mainframe. Hacks into the wifi + opens Spotify, adds Bad Brains "I + I Survive" to the running *Textiloma* mixtape. Opens document on desktop + see's brother Iapyx has altered the text... or has Iapyx entered Icarus's dada-stream? I becoming I + I. Even tho I (R) already left home, I (L) alters his baggage to inkloot scooby gear or knot sew much scooby but climbing gear altered to function

<sup>193</sup> *Falling Down* bumped *Groundhog Day* from the top box-office spot in March of 1993. It shd also be noted dat the filming of *Falling Down* took place during L.A. riots in 1992 to the extent they couldn't film on your b-day (April 30), wich U spent at Madonna Inn in SLO escaping the K-OS.



[presses ► on dream log device (see pg 303) + tape-drive starts to spin, picking up where we left off]:

May 4, 1998 (Portsmouth): A ♀ version of us was working at a penal institution. We let out 2 prisoners (1 of them was U) + put ourself in their place. At 1<sup>st</sup> they were reluctant, but then 1 of them sses, "we too were once martyrs, that's how we ended up in here" + they escaped.

May 5, 1998 (Portsmouth): Not really a dream but we woke up + wrote down "If the skin is the largest organ, what does that make a book? A book is an organ w/ lots of surface area, coupled w/ the idea that by the year 1959 every place in the US had bin mapped.

July 18, 1998 (Tucson, AZ): We were w/ Nausicaa + Dad catching a plane to LAX to go see U. Not only did u halve to get a # to board, but the # was just to get another # + we Vll had way Dffrent 9-digit #s. The whole boarding process was absurd, as was the plane ride. The main cabin had Vll these closed compartments, we figured they were for sleeping, but they were for luggage only. We continued to the cargo hold + it was a free for Vll. We saw Nausicaa squished sumwhere + she was shrugging like "I tried to save u a spot" but the plane was filled like it was a 3<sup>rd</sup> world bus ride. There was shit in the aisles (literuley) + people were rude. We squatted in the only available spot next to a Chinese guy who was sitting on his foot bent backwards so there was hardly enough room. We nudged him + he pointed out he had a club foot that he had no control over. So we stood the n-tire flight.

Finally we arrived + when we Exited what we thought was LAX we were on the highway to Axixic + it was a directo autobus so it let us off on the periferico + we walked the rest of the way to Penelope's. We fumbled w/ the popsickle stick in the lock (remember how we used to open the garage door?) + these peepole slowed down + stared at us like we were robbing the joint. Mom waited up for us, she asked how the concert was (Counting Crows) + we said it sucked + so was the plane ride back. Penelope was watching the tele really loud. Kramer (played by U) was being wheeled around like a humun wheelbarrow but U were naked + your buttcheeks were like putty (+ sum other point, your buttcheeks became animated like sock puppets + callers were calling into NBC studios non-stop chanting, "Putty! Putty!") But this wasn't Seinfeld, this was "The Kramer" show + U were the star. U were a little fatter, had thin pork chops + wore a "bib tuxedo" + nothing else, exposing your hairy chest. U were sposed to be a garçon or sumthing. U were hellarious, the show was a hit.

underwater.

Icarus steps

into a harness then

takes the "sharp" end of a rope + ties a dub-ble-8 knot following the above die-o-gram (wich again, I (R) knew might come in handy). Meanwhile Iapyx takes the other end of the rope + puts Icarus on belay. By this time "Banned in D.C." starts playing, the next song on *Rock for Light* (1983). Icarus rehearses the moves in I's head, imaginning the BwO/dy of Icarus going under, climbing along an arrêté of reef until a 12-armed dodecapus grabs hold + @ dat pt Icarus trusts Iapyx will pool I (R) to the surfizz + cut off the tentacles, witch (1<sup>st</sup> of the day) they then throw back in the sea as an offering, knowing each of the 12 arms will grow a new dodecapus Bw/Ody witch in turn will sprout 11 new arms. Then they'll switch places + Icarus will put Iapyx on belay to be humun bait + the next dodecapus they ketch they cube into bite-size chunks + soak in lime + coconut milk to make *ika mata*, a polynesian take on ceviche. But Icarus can't think sew far a head, I needs to lead said clime 1<sup>st</sup> before Iapyx can follow + the crux is the 1<sup>st</sup> step, getting off the ground, going under...

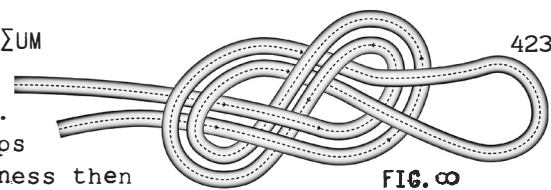


FIG. ∞

### 3. HIGHLAND PARK (I/O-R/L)

EXT. L.A. April 3, 1997 9 PM

Thru a sewer or who nose how Icarus teleports from Menlo Park to Los Angeles, in riverse of how when Ulysses returned from the epic trip to LAX @ the beginnig of this book when U miraculosly appears in S.F. as if there's a high speed data fiber between the 2 cities connected by the 101 but nobody in dare right mined takes "bloody bayshore" down thru "blood alley," thru shit-holes like Oxnard taking as long as the average person sleeps each night when u can take the I-5 ova the grapevine + shave an hour off + sum piece of mind (not to mention the split-pea soup). When Icarus takes a breath + goes under, I surfizzes in Arroyo Seco, wich as the nombre implies is a waterless river. It's dark but there's a fullmoon + Hale-bopp provides additional light. I (R) dawns the Petzl headlamp + orients I's Bw/Ody by the shadow of the Rose Bowl + walks south thru the empty wash until Arroyo Park @ wich point I enters the Highland Park neighborhood along San Pascual + feels short of breath + a bit disoriented so stops to rest @ a bus-stop. It's there that a dodecapus appears in the form of



Aug 1, 1998 (Pto. Penasco, Mexico): We borrowed grandpa Aeolus' clubs + were playing golf w/ U at this fancy resort club where we had to play thru the lobby of a hotel. We thought this was absurd so we picked up our ball + rolled it on the marble floors. Old-shcool club members saw us do this + we thought they'd get mad, but they copied us as if we maid it an OK thing to do. Then U was getting ready to hit the ball + the front desk guy came up behind U about to hit U over the head w/ a baseball bat. We snatched the bat + he back-petaled, sseying he was just joking around. We grabbed him by the caller + said "let's go talk to your boss." We went into this nite club + he bolted for the bathroom. By the time we found the woman who was this guy's boss we Realized U were still waiting. So we went back to go find U. U were hanging out in a dark resess, casually responded, "rite hear ox." Grandpa's clubs were on the other side of the lobby but U insisted U'd been watching them. We grabbed the clubs to pick up where we left off.

There were ppl queued up where we originally were. We looked over at U + U had removed Vll the clubs + oregonized them according to size. U were in line for a "club inspection." There was a long Q but the line was moving fast. We were filing thru chutes like cattle in a slaughterhouse, up slippery wooden walkways, thru varyus checkpoints. U got way ahead of us in line, we was trying to ketch up but kept slipping + sliding. We emurged onto a highway thinking we must be in the wrong place til we saw U crossing the highway to come back. U said since U had time to kill so U went to see Sisyphus. We inkwired how he was + U said, "same ol, same ol." We kept walking along this path to find the 1<sup>st</sup> hole.

Aug 20, 1998 (Tucson): We were in sum foreign stone age country w/ Dad. He had gone off ahead, bush-whacking thru the jungle. It took him hours to go a very short distance, he was clearing a wide path. Following behind on his elephant trail we were able to cover the same distance in seconds. Ahead looked like the ruins of sum aintshint cillivization, but we had to get down off this cliff 1<sup>st</sup>. We Realized we hadn't brought any water. Sisyphus had a fanny pack so we aksed if he had any agua, but he only had a bottle of XX beer that he held in his hand. We came to the ruins + there were these primitive people milling about. We tried to hide from them + ducked up a starewell. We looked back + 2 tribal guys were running after us carrying a stone stretcher. We thought they were coming for us, but we were just in their way + then a knife-wielding lunatic also came along that ran right by, like we were invicible. We got up the stares + there

MS. ANN THROPE, riplacement therapey for [H]OPE that U lost 2 yrs before in France. Ms. Ann Thrope (sporting nothing but a tiger-skin bathrobe + fuck-me pumps) latches onto I w/ Vll 12 arms + Icarus tugs the rope x3 to signull for Iapyx to haul Icarus up but wat they don't take into account was Ms. Ann Thrope's psycho jeilus brother who also hap-pend to bee a COP (played by Rutger Hauer) surveiling his sister in a patrol car cuz he sispected she was up to no good. He cranked his siren + I ran but got ½ a pitch away + felt heinous rope drag... Ms Ann Thrope had tied herself into I's lifeline ½ a pitch away (80 ft). The drag made the landscape rotate roughly 33°. I untied the rope, so when Iapyx pulled it up it was like how when you're fish-ing + pull in your line there's no bait, no hook, nada. So I (L) dove into San Francisquito creek after brother I (R) + resurfizzed in Highland Park. By halogen streetlamps I (L) saw I (R) slab-climbing a 33° slope w/ Ms Ann Thrope in hot pursuit, even in high heels. Rutger Hauer remained in the parked patrol car, too fat or lazy to give chase, tho he yelled insults at Icarus thru a megaphone, egging him on, "go ahead, son! Take the bull by the horns!"

Icarus traversed over to a waterfall running down the side of a bank building (Ms. Ann Thrope's tigerskin robe fooled I into thinking she was an actual tiger). Still, his plan worked... Ms. Ann Thrope wanted nothing to do w/ H<sub>2</sub>O when she saw Icarus disappear under the fake cascade. Then Ms Ann Thrope spotted Iapyx + maid her way in his direction. I (L) felt no need to run away, that it was bedder to cunfront her. She told Iapyx that under Hebrew law I had to marry her since Icarus had died, that the surviving brother was obligated to take her as a "levirate" wife. Rutger Hauer mosied over at this point toting a lawbook\*, verifying that wat she said was indeed true. Iapyx said 1). Icarus wasn't dead. 2). I wasn't Jewish + 3). I never mentioned anything about marrying nobody. She showed Iapyx her ring + said "how do u explain the rock on my finger?"

"Why is yr name MISS Ann Thrope then?" I asked. She said it was an engagement ring, that he had committed + how did I know her name anyway? "Cuz you're a pigment of my imagination, fräulein Thrope. Sum sorta warped mail phantasy. Froid was a fraud + since when did u become such a humanity-hating hermit?

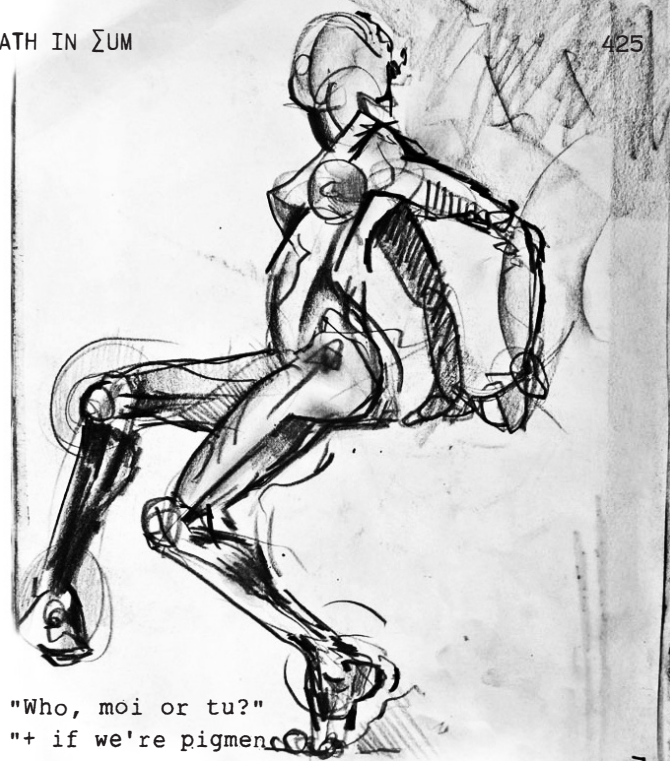
\* this very TEXTILOMA!



were Vll these Aztecs in a frenzied riot, over sumping to do w/ a botched animal or humun sacrifice. We sumhow ended up w/ the knife. A guy in a business suit started to speak + every l swarmed to listen + they turned into paparazzi media types. We couldn't figger out what he was sseying, sumping about the virtues of humun sacrifice + he used your name as an eggssample. We looked around expecting to see U tied to a steak or sumthing but U were nowhere to be seen. Between sentences this business-priest would gulp water out of a plastic bottle. We were thinking that persons around the world could surmise everything about this culture from detales of the plastic bottle. We tried to observe + make sense of what was going on but couldn't comprehend, except that it was primitive + ritualistic + involved sacrifice.

Aug 21, 1998 (Tucson): We were stuck on a life-raft out at sea w/ another unidentified person who seemed like U. The raft itself was sinking + we were trying to salvage parts. We pulled off the perimeter piping w/ a valve fitting + saw a pump that we figgered we cd use to pump air to breath underwater. We saw a wail but din't really appreciate it we were in such a panic. U maid a sale + it worked great, except it was pooling us away from the pump. U were actually not even on the raft w/ us but swimming in the water w/ the sale + towing us. We were on the sinking raft, kicking towards the far-away shore. Then the wail's blowhole surfizzed close enough to touch. A lumpy dark snout protruded from the water. We started to reach out but then wreckoned weed just observe + din't want to disturb the wail (knowing we weren't sposed to "interact" w/ it). Then a rat in the liferaft tried to bite our toe + we punched it in the nose to drive it away, as if it was a shark.

Aug 22, 1998 (San Diego, CA): We were at your funerol, the weird thing being that Dad was there sseying a few words. We wore a sort of military suit w/ big white buttins Vll up the front. We was leaning against a wall peephole-watching then Realized out of respect we shd stand up strait + look down at the ground cuz Sisyphus was leading us in prayer. Our buttins started shaking + rattling uncontrollably, making noise. The more we tried to keep from shaking the more we shook out of control. Towards the end of Dad's speech/prayer he started to get choked up + so did we. By the time he got to the "Amen" part we were full-on balling. There were 3 "Maids of Honor" that were men wearing bright suits of Dif-frent colurs. We din't know 'em bud they were sposed to console us. They hugged us l by l + were Vll big + buff like they ate a lot of hard-boiled eggs. There was another "Best Man" that wasn't wearing a suit cuz he was in the hospital, but he got out of bed to hug us. He was wearing hospital clothes that had a "trap-door" in the butt. We inkwired about his pancreatic cancer + he said he was mistaken, that it wasn't cancer but sum sort of genetic disease.



"Who, moi or tu?"

"+ if we're pigmencc of your imagination," added Ruger, "then maybe U shd take a hard look at yourself, Iapyx."

Iapyx was feeling the tables turning, the landscape shifting back to a level playing field wich maid I (L)'s head spin, back-petaling. "Well, occifer, perhaps I do halve a sinickle streak... started around 1997, a trait we picked up after our airmano died.

"U just said that fella wasn't dead"

"Icarus don't Exist. In fact neither do I + neither to u, Rutger. U died last year, so this must be a present day film we're watching of your acting + as for u Ms. Ann Thrope, we kin see right thru u, litterally. You're translucent. The hanging tigerskin robe pulled itself tighter then cowered away + disappeared into the shadows along w/ brother Rutger wich led I to think they was in cahoots Vll along.

Having shed our Iapyx skin I felt bedder equipped to climb horrorizon-tally to where I (L) saw Icarus disappear into the waterfall, which was now just a river. I jumped in but it din't lead nowhere xcept the swimming hole itself, wich was a natural hotspring. It ran about 98°F + was bubbling up effer-vescently, poofing bursts of sweet/sour smelling gas that maid I feel dizzy + disoriented + I wondered if perhaps I was narced or had the bends... how deep were I + I? How long had I bin under?

Aug 25, 1998 (Tucson): We were in Europe + came across Spike Jonez + the *Epimetheus* crew filming another movie, the seakwill *Epimetheus Unbound*. There was this giant plastic monster thing towering over the buildings, that was controlled by climbing ropes. The dailies looked good, but they were having a problem w/ the budget or sumthing + couldn't film even tho the big leggo monster was walking around very Reelistic even when they weren't filming. The whole crew was there, but we didn't want to ssey hi cuz we didn't want to field questions like 'how or where is Ulysses'. Eventually we approached + got big emotional hugs from every 1 going down the line like it was a baseball team + then U were there + we gave U a hug, but U were very lifeless + non-emotional acting like it was no big deal.

Aug 31, 1998 (Tucson): [Another dream dealing w/ all the frustrations of travel, this time in a podunk airport in the South Pacific] where the "terminal" then became a class + U were the teacher, dressed in sirgin garb. U were to perform brain sirjury for the class. The patient's head was already splayed open on the table + looked just like our head! U were joking sseying U weren't a typical sirgin + that it was unconventional to be operating on your one brother, but assured us it would be far more entertaining then a boring clinical sirjury. U were more like a stand-up comedian... U pointed to the patient (w/ our Bw/Ody) on the table w/ brain exposed + said, "in fact, this schmuck's got quite the sense of humor, look at his tattoos [1 of our tats was a toe tag, see pg 333] + before we put him under he said, 'if we wake up, call us 'mother'."

Sept 18, 1998 (Tucson): Another dream where we were golfing w/ U, inside Penelope's house + grandpa Aeolus was watching quietly, just observing + not giving edvice even tho we were frustrated + struggling. There was an elaborate T set up, but the ball was so high we would've had to hit it sideways, like in wiffle-ball. We kept trying other places, the T went easily into the asphalt, but there was no room to swing the club--Penelope had put a cupple extra fridgerators in the room so there was 5 in total. We went out onto the porch + grandpa A followed. The T wouldn't go into the wood so easily. We found a crack between plancks + when we went to practise-swing the club was aimed straight for a window the size of the *h*ead of the club. We found another crack between plancks but it was too wide + would've swallowed our T. We complained out loud about this + grandpa Aeolus took this as us asking for *h*elp, so he went to find sumping to plug in the crack. We felt bad about him *h*alving to do that. He brought back a used *h*andkerchief + a few old pitchers of us "windbags" teeing off when we were just kids. He thought we could plug up the gap w/ these things. We got the ball set up + ready to swing + then woke up.

Not as long as Icarus I knew that much. Not that I had dive tables to consult or there was a surfizz I cood swim too if I was be-ing narced. Then I tasted the H<sub>2</sub>O + be-hold! It was prosecco, or cava... could bee worse! I sipped sum but was reluctant too drink to mush knowing I wouldn't bee able to sleep sew well, como Tantalus up to his neck in grapes.



#### 4. LOS ANGELES RIVER @ I-5.

Meanwhile Icarus ducked under the phoney waterfall font + then climbs back down to arroyo seco, running along the 110 where I remembers when they closed it to film that famous car chase in *To Live + Die in L.A.* (1985) when they drive on the wrong side against traffic + how annoyed I (R) was cuz I was in Hollywood trying to get home to Pasadena that day + traffic was complete hell cuz the 110 was the onely way to get back + they were using it for a movie + how pissed I was til I saw *To Live + Die in L.A.* + thought it was toetilly worth it. Then I god to thinking I was invinsible like in the movies so I tried it + walked right into oncoming traffic + sure enough, Vll the headlights + honking horns poured right thru Icarus. Then I started to worry this meant Icarus was dead + if so where did the Bw/Ody go? Just then I heard Iapyx yelling from the other side of the highway, "Icarus! Wat the fuck u doing?"

"I was thinking..." Icarus yelled back across 6 lanes of traffic, "member when mom said she thought I was the metempsychosis of John Tenniel, the illustrator for *Alice + Wonderland + Through the Looking-Glass*?"

Iapyx (baffled) yelled back, "yah, wat's your point?"

Icarus continued strolling southwest along the narrow south shoulder of the freeway while Iapyx tried to follow in parallel along the north side, looking for a brake in traffic to cross but there never was 1. "Well, Tenniel died at the turn of the century, well before I was born, so do u think (if reincarnation is even true, mind u) that mabye there's a time lag or sumping before 1 kin reoccpupy another Bw/Ody?" I (L) doesn't antswear so I (R) re-phrases the pregunta, "u know, like a hold-ing period? Or does the deaf + berth halve to happen at the x-act same momento?"



Sept 29, 1998 (Tucson): We were driving w/ Nausicaa in India. She kept sseying, "I can't believe we drove Vll the way to India!" [at wich pt we described sum of the weird things we saw, like fighting roosters that were really gyroscopes in a ritualized dance, otherwise Vll these farm animals lived in harmony w/ humuns]. We stopped at a pub that was called "The Royal Tiger" + we saw U there slouched at the counter, but it was like U were expected to bee there cuz this was your hood. "Pub stands for public house after Vll" U said. It was a theme pub w/ lots of Dffrent rooms, each like a work of art. We got split up + were roaming around Realizing that we had been to this pub before. There was 1 room where every 1 played snookers, a '70s dance room where every 1 was sarcastically out of style... loads of themed rooms. This 1 room had a Chinise motif, the center of the room dropped into a hole + peepole were disappearing + we told U to jump in so U jumped + wint down this slide + we slid after U. Ppl were backed up on the slide, mostly obnoxious kids, kicking + screaming. The slide ended outside a niteclub. U had to climb along this rusty rail to bypass the line to get back in + it wasn't easy. Our strength was giving out, even tho little kids were doing it no problema. Then we Realized we was just making it a lot harder than it had to be.

Oct 15, 1998 (Tucson): We were going to sum concert in sum desolate place, on a dirt road. Saw sum guy in a van, he had a box of candied droplets of LSD. We sucked on a few but not enough to trip. Then we looked out the window + there were hundreds of Galapagos tortoises flying thru the air. We couldn't figger out how they were airborne, it boggled our mined. We figgered there was a strong wind blowing from underneath keeping them afloat. They started bouncing off the roof of our A-frame cabin (perched on top of a mountain.) We ran outside w/ a camraw to get pictures but only had 1 pic left + wanted to make sure it was good. We wint back into the A-frame + U were there helping a yung masseuss. U were really getting into it, vigorously massaging this guys mussels. The kid was freaked out that if U was sew into it U might be gay + did he halve to be gay to be a masseuss? Then he said he felt bad for thinking this as U was working so hard + seemed to be enjoying your work.

November 3, 1998 (Tucson): We were out + about w/ fictitious grandparents. We told this pretend grandpa (who was a cross between Henry Miller + Albert Camus) that we'd meat up later, we made plans to ride bikes. We left + acted like we knew where we were going but was in sum unknown city. It had a lot of hills so maybe it was San Francisco. We got back to Perioboea's house in Menlo Park. It was the day after Xmas. Mom was withholding our presence cuz we din't show up (we had bin w/ Nausicaa

"Kin we talk about this later" Iapyx yelled back. "It's hard talking across Vll these lanes of traffic, ox."

W/o even looking both ways Icarus walked across to the north side. I (L) put up I's right hand to stop I (R) until I (L) could see the traffic passed rite thru the Bw/Ody of Icarus leaving I unscathed.

"Wat I was wondering," said I as if I (L) + I (R) were admidst a stroll thru the park "is if there was a gap, seams like it would have to be exactly 1 year, or 1 day or 28 days... any other time period is arbitrary. Or in inkrements of these natural units (related to planetary orbits), like take u, u was born on 11/22/66 + JFK was shot on 11/22/63 so maybe there's a 3-year lag + you're the transmigration of JFK?"

"Whatever u ssey," said Iapyx. "I'm just glad to see I + I together in 1 place."

"Wat's this I + I shit, r we rasta now + wat r u doing inny weigh, U ain't sposed to bee hear?"

I (L): I'm in 1 of your stories.

I (R): Whoa, trippy. Wich 1?

I (L): The 1 where u walk across L.A. on a semaphorical gurney.

I (R): Wich 1, I used that motif in a few.

I (L): The 1 u called T for Telemachus.

I (R): I used that title for a few stories.

I (L): I noticed. It's the 1 where the protagonist ends up in Malibu. I think I + I shd call it I for Icarus.

I (R): Ah that 1, those were just sketchy notes, far from finito. I hope you're not halving us talk in creole patois or sumping. Wait, who r u in the story?

I (L): I'm your brother Iapyx, hence why I ssey 'I + I' for we, it don't riflect wat 'we' Really think, but the dialog between Icarus + Iapyx. Why do rastas ssey I + I innyway?

I (R): I dunno, sumping todo w/ unity + 1 love crap + they think sum words are evil so 1 shouldn't speak 'em. By this point I + I had crossed under the I-5 + Icarus climbed over the guardrail + scampered down the embankment to the Los Angeles river w/ Iapyx in pursuit.

I (R): Where r we in the story? I don't remember walking along the 110 + going down along the Los Angeles river.

I (L): Those are Telemachus's embellishments. Tel wrote Iapyx into the story to track down brother Icarus, which is U, Ulysses.

up at sum cabin in these spooky hills). We really didn't care + wasn't even cureus as to what presence we'd received, we was just wondering if U was around but nobody knew where U was, that maybe U wint out for a run. Mom said there was no room in the house for us to stay wich we said suited us fine + we set up a North Face tent out on the lawn, wich reminded us that we had made plans to go climbing w/ grandpa Camus + needed to get supplies at the local climbing store.

Nov 11, 1998 (Tucson): Spike Jonez was performing a song in sum lounge which was Reelly a recording stewdI/O/carry-okie bar. He was wearing sunglasses + reassembled a surfer. A lot of folks were milling about (it was an open film set). He was stomping around in a hemispheric pattern to give a sensurround feel, but we were thinking it'd be easier if they panned it on the mixing board. We didn't Reeleyes how good he was till we put ourself in his shoes + tried singing. The "in-crowd" (producers + other "cool" celebatries wll wearing dark sunglasses) crowded behind a roped-off area while the rest of the open bar was empty. Spike mechanically held out his hand + said "Spike Jonez ..." He didn't even recognize us tho we worked on *Epimetheus* together + we even stayed at his house in Cap d'Antibes for 2 months but rather than explane who we was we ducked out under the red rope, out of the circle of celebatries. We found U hanging out in the kitchen w/ 2 Italian cooks. We said "bella luna" + the cooks cracked up. They were easy-going + laid back. They took us into the cucina to show us these racks w/ wll these plates of pesce. Each plate had 2 fish + sum garnish. U grabbed a spatula + started scooping the dish into your hands. We tried to tell U the fish was for dinner but U said U couldn't wait. We tried to hide this from the cooks, but they saw U + just laughed it off.

Then we were filming a movie + U were the camrawman + we was responsible for taking the stills (tho we weren't allowed a camraw so head to sketch them like a court artist). It was a movie we'd filmed before so we had wll the scenes down + it was going smooth. We sketched a pic of this woman that was 22 feet away, realizing we forgot to reset the distance meter, but checked + she was still in focus. There were wll these computer chips laying on top of our equipment. We gave them to your assistant since U were the director of photography + these were your supposed parts.

Nov 12, 1998 (Tucson): We were travelling thru India, China + Thailand (wll in 1 dream!), U were taking us on a tour de force of these places we'd never bin too but U had [true at the time]. We started out @ a stupa in India, checking out the ruins. In pertickler there were a lot of "inverted Shakti bathtubs" w/ big-busted woman that guard temples w/ 1 hand up + the other in push-up position + 'inverted' in that they were laying face down + 'bathtubs' in the sense that their backs were hollowed out so they could hold water (presumably for men to take baths in?)

U/I: Why am I Icarus?

I/T: Let's face it, your behavior was sewersideal, like coming too close to the son.

U/I got quiet + started gathering scraps of wood + stacking them into a pile.

I/T: I mean, it's onely in this side story, for the rest of the book you're Ulysses.

U/I(still sulking): Why Ulysses, I'm sposed to be Telemachus.

I/T: U were so obsesed w/ finding our father that U became hym + now I'm Telemachus trying to find U. I'm extrapolating your fthesis into a bigger book.

U/I: I know, I read volumes 0+1.

I/T: Oh cool, I was wondering if u had them where U are. Wudda U think so far?

U/I shrugs. Spots a pallet + starts stomping on it to break it into pieces.

I/T: So U kin read books?

U/I: Yah, why not. And I god Inurnet ax-sess (gathers would). I'm reading wat U posted so far of *Textiloma*.

I/T: Then U have time to give feedback, cuz we haven't publised it yet. We're trying to rap it up in the next week or 2 to send to the printers, to officially publish it on your 55<sup>th</sup> birthday.

U/I: Sew wat r we doing now, in the book?





We wint on the roof so we cd scan the horrorizon for more temples + ruins. By the time we got up on the flimsy tarmac roof we was in China. There were lots more inverted Shakti bathtubs (factory maid) + other touristic items. There was 1 of those 25¢ binocular contraptions aiming down @ sum man that was sewing. We tried to categorize the statues by freakwindsea, i.e. sum inverted Shakti were 100MHz, others were w/in a freq. range, i.e. 10MHz — 200MHz. Our one Bw/Ody was considered a “western blotter” so it was onely natural weed try to categorize statues by freakwindsea. As we approached the register at the Exit, yung hustlers kept reminding us how much it was gunna be, like \$19. We din’t care, wreckoned it was worth it. By this time we were in Thailand. We wint up to the register as we reached in our pockets + they were empty. We told the girl behind the cash register (in Spanish) that we lost our wallet + wood pay otro memento. She was making phone calls to her jefe to see what to do. We were thinking they’d probly make us wash dishes. The yung hustler touts told us that we should call home right away. We said we couldn’t, that we lost our wallet, our ID + money, everything. They reminded us of all the things sumbody could do w/ our credit cards + IDs, if they god into the wrong man-OS.

Nov 23, 1998 (Iucson): U were diagnosed as terminally ill but were in good spearirts, being humerus. Mom was trying to convince us to get U to send \$11,000 [the amount U were in debt when U sposedly kicked buckit] to a friend. We told U she said this + U said it was a tax write-off pyramid scheme. Then Juan [an acquaintance of ours U don't know] called + U put him on speakerphone. The original intent of Juan's call was to express his condolences, but he began to methodically explane the precise ingeneering of his watch. A train wint by on his end + we could here it hear 2. This made us wonder where Juan was + transported us to France, to a subway axident in Paris w/ injured ppl everywhere. The station was a triage hospital that patients were trying to escape from. Sum wd try to sneak onto stretchers that doctors were taking out even tho they weren't that hurt. Everybody had sum sort of ailment, but nothing really life-threatening.

Dec 2, 1998 (Tucson): We were in a house like the 1 we had in Guadalajara. We were given another room that was originally yours [the 1 on the left side, remember?]. We had to sign these U.S. government checks over to sum immigrations guy. He had this elaborate proseed-jure of signing his name + date + wrote sum #s in a manner like this [we actually wrote these out in our dream journal]:

I/T: We're doing this, i'm inklooting this conversation. We're on pg 428, or maybe 429 if we insert sum mateareal before this or adjust spacing sew it fits. this is the right column. In the left we're posting Vll the dreams we had w/ U in 'em. We're up to No- vember of 1998. Wait, it's Feburary of 2020 now, does that mean U know everything that has happend in the world since? Like how Drumpf is our president + the Corona virus is sweeping cross the planet?

U/I:... + about climate change + how fucked  
we are, yah.

I/T: Well, you're not fucked, you're already dead, so they ssey. U were smart to check out when U did, todo mundo has gone to hell in handbasket since.

U/I: Don't think for a second it gets bedder  
when you're dead, then we got to witness Vll  
this + there ain't nada we kin due about it.

I/T: Well, that's a depressing thought.

U/I: Yah, let's move onto lighter subjects,  
how are U? U/I has finished piling the wood +  
shoving newspaper under + lights it.

I/T: We're good, we summarized wat weave bin up to earlier. We don't want to ssey much cuz this book will be public + will probly bore the hell out of most folk + b-sides, it's sposed to be about U.

U/I: Has it bin cathartic for u?

I/T: I dunno, i spose. Humuns are weird, we get Vll rapped up in a momint thinking we're undergoing profound change, but once that change happens u forget how u felt before so god nada to compair it to, u just get used to it + then get cot up in whatever day-to-day of whatever día.

U/I: Sew, wat happens next in the story?

I/T: Funny U shd ask, cuz InDesign keeps crashing + we keep halving to reboot y/our machine, hope we can make it til the end! We're thinking maybe we'll have U tell a tale w/in a tail, sorta like a campfire story. A piece U wrote called "The Trouble w/ Sleep" that's actually dated March 17, 1997 so a few weeks before U went missing... maybe the last thing U wrote, U remember dat 1?

U/I: Yah, I mean, I probly put dat date to show wat version it was--dat was the last date i maid any edits to it.

I/T: How about i paste it hear as is + U can feel free to make any updates to riflect the times. I'll put it in Helvetic font cuz that's the font u oringully used, cool?

Jaime Rodriguez, 02-02-98, Nogales, Son.

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123 - 45 579 - 890



We couldn't see sew turned the light on. The immigrations guy had 3 checks to go. We liked this new room (your old 1) cuz when the light was on peephole in other rooms couldn't see + we could start staying up later. We planned in our head how we'd arrange the quarters. Vll your things were still there inklooting that standup drafting table we liked although we didn't draw. We discovered the ceiling opened + was thinking during the summer weed sleep on the roof. There was Vll sorts of neat cubbyholes + nooks that we could do stuff with. We sorted thru sum videos, like *The Good, the Bad + the Ugly* + translated them into inUrnet addresses, assuming that WWW stood for "World War Won".

Dec 10, 1998 (Tucson): We were w/ U + Nausicaa watching a performance in a bus (converted into a nightclub) in downtown Guadalajara. We went outside to get sum fresh air + Realized we were rite near the bus station where we needed to go @ the end of the night. U + Nausicaa came out + we aksed if U wanted to go strait to Ajijic instead of Club Congress (where we were sposed to go after) since the bus station was right here. U looked strait past us sseying U thought it looked familiar + remembered there was a killer taco stand next nearby. We found the taco stand + the woman said "no hay carne" cuz the meat was still cooking. "Todavía?" we pregrunted bud she ignored us.

Feb 6, 1999 (Tucson): We were at 2063 Santa Cruz w/ U. We showed up + nobody else was there so we just made ourselves @ home. We were busy collecting + oregonizing bits of papers + scraps, photographs, scribbles on napkins, etc. We went in the back to find U + U were sitting out by the pool smoking. We asked, "what the hell u smoking?" + U said "heroin" kind of sarcastically. U were Really smoking mom's pot. We went back to collecting discarded scraps out by the garbage can. Periboea came up the drive + we tried to warn U, tho Periboea told us not to. She went in + yelled at U + kicked us both out of the house. We were frantically trying to pack Vll our ephemera--photographs of U, bits of paper wadded into a Camel cigarettes pack--Vll into little baggies + pack it into our van.

Feb 12, 1999 (Tucson): We wrestled sum sumo wrestler + beat him, we were the "overall winner." U were there in our coroner + we called U coach. U asked the color code for yellow + green, then asked if we thought U had pretty hair + if it qualified as "white."

## THE TROUBLE WITH SLEEP

Σumping had happend. Σumping happyend bud he din't know wat it was. No telltale signs for him to point a finger at. No event to indicate vindication, to ssey "there," that was the root cause of it Vll. No, it had just o-cured unexpectedly + things had changed irriverseably.

He was upset, not cuz it was out of his cuntrol, but cuz it hap-pyend when hit did. Now we were forced to play out his life w/ a Δiffrent hand + had a hard time coping w/ this prospect. She'd gone away + seamed to him like high time for things to settle into new emotional states. The scenario was famyliar + yet (like every other time) it cot him off garde. Like always, he figgered it'd be Δiffrent this time. He kept on keeping on, forcing himself to act as if he didn't notiss a change in her behaviour. Of coarse there was nothing in the weigh she acted out of the ordinary (on the surface) but he knew it Existed + once he got this into his head it took on a life of its one, not willing to relent. He felt sad, lonely + confused in anticipation of wat was to come. His sense of self + pride teamed up on hym, as if to ssey "where's y/our IDentity, ox? Why do u go on growing attached to others... why don't u ever learn y/our lesson, huh?"

He went on w/ these unshakable thoughts (*it is out of my control, bigger than 1 person, etc.*). He feared for him wat had always been inevitable—growing to hate + resent her. There wd come a point in time when he wouldn't love her no more + this change usually involved convincing himself that he maid a mistake in getting involved w/ her in the 1<sup>st</sup> place. This time he resisted the impulse + suffered for it... but no, he was gunna ride it out, never gunna self-impose such protective mechanisms again. He arrived @ a point where he was self-reliant + content + was gunna achieve this w/o losing his perspective on who she was as a person + wat his time w/ her was Reely like. He wd achieve this goal by refusing to go back to the seedy place w/in himself where he dint need no 1 else. He was gunna stand alone in a crowd + just deal w/ it. As long as he stayed sober, healthy + active he could work thru the isshoes. He was much to sinical to rely on the help of others. His friends put up w/ his sob stories of struggle + suffering + he wasn't sure why they stuck around. He wreckoned they admired him for facing his problems head on + not burying his head in the sand.

The big obstickle was getting back his identity he'd lost years ago, back when he was an artist. He lived alone + made art + even tho some things in life weren't right at least he had an IDentity, 1 he dug. He made things + reinforcement came thru the reception of these objets by others. The dilemma was that he'd grown accustomed to producing art onely when he'd withdrawl into his one (drug-induced) world where he dint need others. The idea of giving in to sum 1 in a relationship + making art seamed mutually exclusive. He had to find a way to resolve this conundrum, if he ever wanted to be content. His solution was to achieve + keep a lucid frame of mind. He denied himself the simple, easy pleasure of intoxication. For a while things seemed grey + harmful, bud in time his artistic mainframe came thru. He was careful to keep a balance in wat he tried to achieve. The problem was not deependsea, but *why* he was deependant, *why* he felt the need



Feb 28, 1999 (Tucson): We were walking thru a park + saw Spike Jonez in a Lotus Super 7 dune buggy type thing, like a cheap replica of the 1 he had in Cannes. We aksed him about the car + then went into his house. It was very modest + a little messy. We asked how many scripts he had written + he said 14 + got them vll out. We inkwired how his wife was + he said "as a matter of fact, she's in labor as we speak." We had to ask weather it was the 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> kid as we had lost count, but he couldn't remember either, said "let's make it a flat baker's dozen." He had 1 of those red phones where U can call anywhere in the world for free so we called [H]ope out of the blue cuz we was reminded of her from a news story that said it was snowing in Lyon. When we called her it was like she worked for the same technillogical company we worked for. She was on the other end of a software installation, giving us edvice about how next time we should match the quality of the software to the hardware we are installing on. She gave us names of local (to us) places where we could get hardware. We tried to ask how she was doing + if she missed U but she just kept talking about computer stuff.

March 8, 1999 (Tucson): We went to Italy [before we'd bin there]. We were in a hotel w/ U + these other Amerikin idiot tourists + U threw a rag at them + yelled, "ferme la bouche". We were watching footage of Italian running races. They were racing thru mountains. This 1 guy ducked out of the race along a river bank. We figgered he had to go to the bathroom but it ended up he was hiding. Another guy came rummaging along the bank in the weeds to find him + once he passed the other guy poked his head up. He had covered himself in algae + was ½ in the water. Then it was our turn to do 1 of these "chasing races" where u had to ketch the other guy, wich was U. We gave U a headstart like we were playing hide + go seek, counting backwards from 25. Then we started running after U + U were dropping yellow golf balls like it was Ms. Pac-Man. We were running along this trail + thought it would be more afishant if we flew. We soared really high, flying over the Alps looking down over huge precipices + Realized we were too high to see U below but didn't care cuz the scenery was so beautiful. We Reelized we was probly dreaming + thought we might fall once we Reelized this, but then wreckoned it wouldn't matter if we fell cuz we was dreaming + ½-expecting to fall but we just hovered there in space.

April 1, 1999 (Tucson): We were playing basketball in this tiny little courtyard in mom's house in Mixeco. Teams were split according to size + it just so happend that every alturnate size was a sibling of ours, inklooting sisters. The other team introduced themselves + we laughed + said we din't need introductions as we were vll brothers + sisters. . . "but, on 2<sup>nd</sup> thought, do we? We passed it to

to latch on to things that provided comfort. He was gunna stay up vll night alone in a dark forest sitting by a fire until he got sum antswers, dam it. He was afraid of the dark, but was now more afraid of living in fear + was ready + willing for a change.

He had to deal w/ vll his problemas w/o her... she'd long since split, jumped ship into a new life w/ sum 1 else. When ever he thought of her (which was always) a feeling of anxiety + loss swept over him. Every little thing remind-ed him of her + his idealized vision of their time together. Such compulsive reflexes took a while to die out.

1 day, after a couple of months of feeling emotionally out of control, he resieved a major insight that made him smile; he Reelized Romeo + Juliet died cuz the story had to end, dubble-sewerside or it ain't love. The story had to end so that sum 1 could read it + reach their one conclusion + learn wat love is (Σumping that lives on, no matter wat happends to the charactors).

He learned to bee happy + make art for himself. After a lot of grappling + grief, he finally reached a point where he had Σumping to offer others (love). It was when he finally managed this change in himself that he met her anew. She had a Diffrent name, face + hair colour, but the IDEA of her was the same + this time he knew wat to do.

## 5. SILVER LAKE RESERVOIR

Icarus woke up + Iapyx wasn't there. The fire still raged as if it had just bin ignited. "Iapyx?" I called out, thinking I (L) had just stepped in the shadows to piss. A homeless man in a nearby tent told Icarus to shut up, "there's no 1 else there, man!"

Icarus got up + urinated on the fire much to the disgust of the others in the hobo camp. "Eat my shit" Icarus barked in response to their litany of complaints. Had I (R) imagined I (L) imagining I (R) or the other way around? The d-tale that stuck out was that the yunger Iapyx appeared 50+ yrs old while Icarus was 31. I hopped a fence + slid down the embankment into the L.A. river, where so many films had bin shot before, including an earlier part of the chase scene in *To Live + Die in L.A.* I split off into an awkwarduck that looked like where the cyborg cop in *Terminator 2* (1991) chases the kid on the dirtbike. The canal he fallowed was not full of H<sub>2</sub>O but discarded data. Icarus waded in the data-stream searching for his dead dad + found Dead'Я'Us in stead, living out his retirement in a houseboat on SILVER LAKE RESERVOIR. Pertending he was Deniro in *Cape Fear* (1991), Icarus climbed out of the water +

our sister (who was Really U as a ♀) even tho we were wide open for a shot + the ♀ U shot the ball + the ball bounced into the inner resess of the building. We climbed up a wall to get it, on sum patio that was swaying like it was detached. We tried to get on this old lady's roof next door thinking that's where the ball might have ended up. We god out blueprints of Vll the houses in the area. There were these secret areas w/ circular strucksures that represented trees that acted as hidden colums. This l house was like a circular coliseum where this rich CEO bachelor lived. His prized possessions were incased in the middle in a tomb-like cuntraption. Surrounding it were cubicles w/automatic weapons that would fire at anybody who set foot in the inner circle. He lived in just l of these little cubicles even tho he had Vll this space. He came out + (mistaken us for l of his construction workers) said "I could probly have u whacked" + we said "why, cuz were doing a bad job?" + the rich bachelor said, "yah, sumthing like that, or for homus phobus reasons."

April 4, 1999 (Tucson): We took a taxi across the border, stopping at this "taxi condo" that was constructed of black tar-paper. It was there we learned of your death, how U'd come down from Portland to San Francisco w/ sum of your childhood friends. U were Vll in an accident + your head was impaled Vll ther way thru. The survivors said before U died U stressed how U wanted them to feel secure in San Francisco + stay as long as they could.

June 4, 1999 (Tucson): We were in a Hispanic neighborhood + a crowd followed us up into my room (which was really a camper/jail cell). We had a gun that was lying out on the counter w/a bunch of bullets. We tried to hide it in the camper, but sum peephole saw us. So we hid the gun again under a boxspring. The camper/jail budged + started sliding. U were our cell mate, on the bottum bunk. U said a rolling stone gathers no moss + had us look at a map of the prison grounds. We said if we could mark every place in Nevada that we had ever bin then weed halve the hole state grayed out. Then the map turned into a Whole Earth catalog + we were shopping around for our grave space. We looked in the yellow pages + called around, but it seams Vll anybody was selling were diamond wedding rings. We were explaining our theory to U that if persons were buried upright (standing) then it would save a lot of Real Estate.

June 19, 1999 (Tucson): I was at Periobea's cabin trying to pack our climbing gear. Penelope was bugging us about the old black duffel bag that we got from U. She claimed we got it from her. We yelled at her, sseying she always had to take credit for everything. We went into the main house in the back bedroom where U were staying. The room was painted lime green Vll over + was perfectly immaculate w/ absolutely nothing in it. We went there seeking peace

up the railing into the RETIRED ARTIST's stewdI/O. Pedestalled on display + hanging from the walls were varyus resin casts of humun bones. Icarus recognized the osseous matter from old works of his (see pgs 30, 121, 200/201, 275) that had been re-purposed into new "art". Even the dog-chew bones (pgs 84/206, 179/410) were appropriated + reconfigured into new pieces. For eggssample, the leg on pg 275 had been stripped of mussels + the rock it stood on, painted black + inserted into a bottumless birdcage:



The still dripping Icarus asked the re-tired artist if this was his IDEa of freedom + Dead'Я'Us looked at him, insulted. "R u Sirius?" he said, throwing a towel at Icarus. "These are desines for advanced humun beans, wat we will evolve to after a nuclear war, under mutation. l of the FX of radiation is our mussels lose their plasticity + become detached, decomposed into elemental cumponents each capable of regenerating the hole Bw/Ody anew."

"Why the birdcage setting?" asks Icarus, calling the artist's bluff.

"To demonstrait that mobility is no longer vital to life."

"But why bottumless?" Just then a phone rings + Dead'Я'Us hesitates, then launches

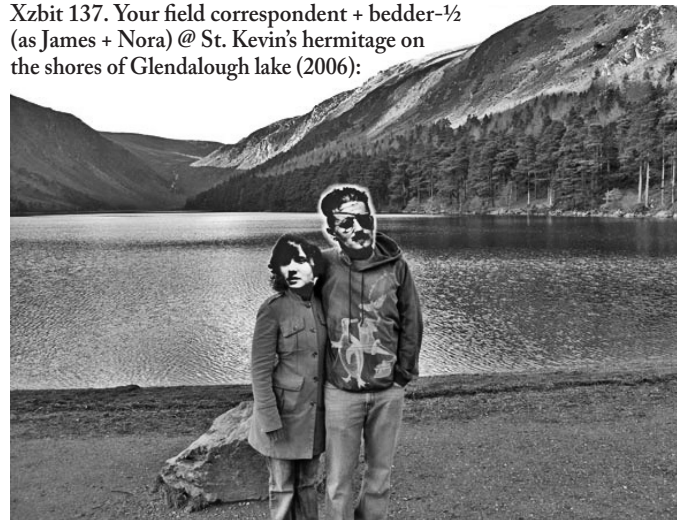


from mom + god it. The others were in the living room looking at pictures + we could hear them talking about a picture of us where we shot a shark. Spike Jonez came back into your room to ask if this was true. U said if there was a picture of us doing it, then it must be true. Then we were driving w/ Nausicaa + drove past where your grave was + it o-cured to us weed never scene it. The graveyard was in a swampy resess w/ lots of lotus flowers + poppies. We were thinking this wasn't so bad a site, but then asked Nausicaa to imagine how hard it would be for [sum of your junky friends] + wondered if an alpine meadow of white lillies might be more appropriate.

July 24, 1999 (Tucson): Went to go meet U in Hollywood where U were working on a movie w/ Spike Jonez. When we got there they were mid-production + we had to work on another production we were involved in w/ Nausicaa. The production we were working was a stage production, a sort of play. When the curtains closed, everybody started dancing around on stage behind the curtain. Everybody was changing clothes + getting undressed in front of eachother. It turned into a backstage orgy, we were just a wallflower watching, sumwhat uncomfortable that we didn't know anybody + couldn't find U. We saw M.M. [the producer on *Epimetheus*] + asked him but he didn't know where U was. We went into this cafe + saw Ron Jeremy, we said hi + he didn't recognize us. Even after, we said "remember me, from Nice, *Epimetheus*, we acted together in the same scene? We were medics in a helicopter trying to resessitate a war victim who was played by our brother, Ulysses?" He said it rang a bell + asked what we were up to + we said we were living in Tucson now + he said "where the hell is that?" We said it was onely the 2<sup>nd</sup> largest city in Arizona + he said "where the hell is Arizona?" Nausicaa came in + we didn't need to introduce her cuz she already knew who he was, "by his larger than life reputation". We asked Ron Jeremy where U was + he dint know. We wandered around sum more + saw Spike Jonez + who we presumed was Ulysses, but U were blonder + had your hair slicked back + had a moustache. . . + U had boobs! The reason we were coming out to see U was that U told us U were pregnant, but we figgered U meant your girlfriend was, not U. Spike Jonez had attached this pod-like golf cart to his Range Rover that U + Nausicaa + a bunch of us loaded into, then Spike started backing up in riverse at maniacal speeds. When we reached the end of the road, he unhooked us + took off. The pod-trailer had a joystick controller thing w/ 1 button that made us take off at a high speed. It had 1 wheel + was hard to control. Finally we found the stop button. Even at such speeds it took us forever to get back to where we were. U + vll of us brothers + cousins were kids now, hanging out behind this building, practising climbing a barbed-wire fence. We didn't really get a chance to talk to U, but U were in good spearits + looked good (even tho U were pregnant + had boobs).

hissself across the floor to answear it like the photographer in Antonioni's *Blow-up* (1966) when the antique dealer brings him the airplane propeller. Icarus rolls his eyes, thinking, "the vanity! And to top it off, this dinosaur still has a landline!" Making no attempt to be discrete, Icarus turns + in 1 motion opens the door + dives into the reservoir + resurfizzes as St. Kevin in Glendalough lake in Ireland. I (L) visited your hermitage in 2006 + revisited it reading Joseph Campbell's *Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake* (in researching *A Raft Manifest*)<sup>195</sup>. According to *Finnegans Wake*, St Kevin floats his bathtub raft to an i-land in the middle of Glendalough lake + builds a "rubric penitential honeybeehivehut in whose enclosure to live in fortitude, acolyte of cardinal virtues" + microcosmicritually excavates a font + fills it w/ collected spring water + sits to meditate "continuously with seraphic ardour the primal sacrament of baptism or the regeneration of all man by affusion of water." St. Kevin's retreat marks the transition from dreaming to waking, night to day, from H.C.E. to A.L.P. Am I a wake? thinks I (R), floating on I's back on the surfizz of the reservoir of effervescent shampain, or a sleep... wat's the Δifference. Anchor Watt, I've bin now w/ I (L). Bin to Timbuktu, too the tip of Tierra del Fuego, to Tripani in Sicily, y/our Homie's Ithaca. I (L) carried US their, TU, Tel + U. U r I + I r U.

Xzbit 137. Your field correspondent + bedder-½ (as James + Nora) @ St. Kevin's hermitage on the shores of Glendalough lake (2006):



<sup>195</sup> See 5¢ # 433 "Re:invention of vestiges by which they drugged the buddhy": <https://www.5cense.com/15/433.htm>

August 6, 1999 (Tucson): We were watching the Chivas (de Guadalajara) play on the tele + then it was like we was there in person. We saw P [the blonde Swede, remember him?] + he was playing for the Chivas. He wasn't as blonde + had a beard. We introduced ourself + he kept apologizing sseying he didn't remember us. We talked about salary caps from Bethlehem, but he didn't ask about U even tho U guys were such good friends.

August 16, 1999 (Tucson): We were travelling in India again w/ Nausicaa, on our way to see sum old friends. We ran into Spike Jonez + he was asking about "Crish" [co-worker we had in Portsmouth that died of a heroine overdose]. We said that U (as Crish) kicked buckit from just not taking care of yourself [in Real life this Crish used to brag about how he lived solely off M+Ms]. We found our friend's house, a grand castle from the outside but there were tons of wasted + strung-out hippies + junkies huddled around on dirt floors trying to keep warm around a fire in an oil drum. Their castle had a great view of the sea. We went down sum stairs to the H<sub>2</sub>O, but it was really steep + almost impassible, even given our climbing experience. We got down to the shore + was remembering that we had a special bond w/ the commune hippie folk, it came back to us like we were watching a video of past events. We had Vll bin French Aristocrats living in a castle overlooking the sea. It was a low budget video, the persons swimming looked fake, like blow-up dolls. Meanwhile a pirate ship was lurking off shore, waiting. We were swept out to sea by currents. U don't see the rest of the story in the video, but assume that the pirates took us hostage. Next scene is a rescue boat, flood lights shining on the victims. We were watching this Vll on live piped in video. We knew there was sumping in between that wasn't being shown. Vll us hippies + junkies had a commun bond as hostages, a traumatic experience that was unspoken. They were Vll screwed up becuz of it + couldn't leave the house. No l else was watching this "movie" w/ us + we told them Vll that we know it starts out slow, but it gets bedder.

Sept 11, 1999 (Tucson): We were at Periboea's house + she asked us to repark her brand new VW bug. We were back-ing up back + forth + just couldn't seam to get it right + then U pulled up in a pick-up w/a trailer--the kind garden-ers have. We said "long time no see" + hugged, but couldn't figger out why it had bin so long, making excuses, how we were just busy w/ our lives, etc. U were balder + your complexion "Rudy red", but U looked better, like U were off drugs, but the hard times still showed. U helped us park Periboea's new VW, pushed it by hand into place. Then U planted Bonsai plants where the lawn used to be. They were really cool looking + we wanted to graft sum for our self. U wint over to the bamboo grove + started swiping little sprouting shoots + shoving them into the ground in a barren area + we helped U. We went inside + we're eating M+Ms +

Back to Kathmandu 2. No, knot y/our ashis, but in spearit, ox. Along for the ride, on long boats in Bangkok, as the error-row threads the axe-heads... or dose hour presents effect the outcome? Copinghagen interpertation or was dat Shrewdinger's gat. I (L) wood of scatterd yr ashes in the Himalayus bud was afrayed weed bee a'rested in Costums cuz the packit of ash looks suspishusly like drugs. Is dat Vll dat remanes of I (R)? Dusk to dusk it dawns on eyes uv I + I. Each día the mème of the notch before, driven by data in a rêver of collective conchus, never set foot in same l x2. M I a sisyphean Dead'R'Us ore a dead Sisyphus. White Oreo filling or black cracker cuntainers. Did I (R) finally break the psychle. Kin I (L) communeacake w/ the dead comme sur un oui, ja. I + I ain't bin to Easter I-land... yet, belum as day ssey in Bahasa Indonesian. Not yet. To not predicate w/ YET is fatalistic, too finel. Never ssey never. Aint seen Yeti, YET. The abdominal snowman nor bigfoot. But we halve flown Yeti Airlines + bot the T-shirt even, for sake of I eyes:



or census

Exist I (L) + oui, I ain't lost my hares yet tho menmy of 'em gray. I ain't a rockit sighntist "but I did stay @ a Holyday In Xpress last nite". Who nose how menmy beds I + I halve doormirrored in since 1997... in 2015 alone U tu slept in 65 Aiffrent beds + travellled Sum 100k miles. The soul AAdvantage the living halve ova the dead is mobility,



then saw [H]ope. We looked over at U + U gave me a thumbs down, like "she's not looking so hot." We couldn't figger out who had invited her. [H]ope stooped over to show us this horse-doll thing, she smelled nice + was clean + we couldn't figger out why U thought she wasn't looking so good. She was demonstraiting how the horse kicks + did Vll these other tricks.

Sept 12, 1999 (Tucson): We was writing the RLS high shcool student Handbook. To properly research the project like a good journihillist, we went back to the shcool where we both wint. As we approached, there was Vll sorts of kids on the other side of the street throwing eggs, tomatoes, or whatever at passing cars. They would miss the cars + hit us. There was more + more kids, hundreds of them on each side of the road, throwing crap back + forth. They were Vll hipped out, we couldn't believe that this was our target audience, that would read our student handbook.

Nov 19, 1999 (Tucson): We were going to a X-mas party w/ work colleagues + sum guy that looked like the Marlboro man was driving. It was snowing + we were slipping Vll over the roads. There were parties in almost every house, festive well-lit fiestas, everybody having a good ol time. We pulled up to our party + Vll the lights were out + there were girls hanging out in sundresses in the cold. The Marlboro man driver went straight for a table of syringes Vll laid out. He started sanding + filing needles, choosing 1. This kind of freaked us out. U were also there + we said we really din't want to witness this, specially w/ U there. The guy just turned to the side + put on gloves + injected himself between the fingers + was like "see, no big deal". There was another junky who had scabs around his eyes. They were trying to act casual about it, like they weren't addicted. We were trying to hold a normal conversation, but felt terrible for exposing U to this (evidently we had invited U). U were sseying things to the junkies like "I can't even run from Los Gatos to San Jose when I'm using." The other junkie responded by sseying "yah, I almost got that slammed yesterday"... whatever that meant.

Nov 22, 1999 (Tucson (our 33<sup>rd</sup> birthday)): We were shopping w/ U + U were trying on pants that weed tried on before that looked like women's genes (featureless w/ no pockets, lowrisers + button-up front). They were big on U + they din't have a smaller size but U liked them so much U got 'em anyway. We couldn't figger out why they were big on U but fit just right on us + even tho we din't like them we were jellous that U were getting them, when they fit us bedder. U found a way to cinch them up so they'd stay on + U were dancing + checking yourself out in a full-length mererror. We also wint to another store to look at cosmetics. We hated shopping but enjoyed our time being w/ U.

wat free will amounds 2... tho vegetables ain't free to stretch dare legs, no fun! Halve gun will travel. Bergson called it *élan vital*, a vital impulse, wat drove animals to bee conchus but not plants. Maybe this x-planes the unopened Evian boddle U left on the seat, like an E-gypsyan figgering might come in handy in afterlife. Or sumping to do w/ the distant moundens.



Navigating 1's navel, ore the Navy blue nave of naïvety. Romans called it *geneus*, loculized as *genus locii*, in plural (ring a bell A.L.P.?) a sorta alpine genie mineus the genes. R U Sirius dog? I (L) ain't slept (YET!) in the antidope to S.F. where I (R) overdosed on living, an Exstream sport u cd ssey, may-b not (yet) Olympian but X-games, on a ½-pipe Σumwhere over the rainbow in the middle of Indian Ocean. Yet I + I halve stayed on the I-land of Zanzibar, where Mercury 1<sup>st</sup> hit 98.6°, on a "spice tour" on the east coast we gazed w/ y/our combined I's out at dat Bw/Ody of H<sub>2</sub>O that has since swallowed airplanes w/o a trace, a 777 on the way to Bay-jing. A modurn day Beermuda Tryangle. "You is feeling like you was lost in the bush, boy?" aks the Joycean H.C.E. in *The Wake*. In the wake of *Ulysses* hear comes everybud-dy. Self-cannonballizing hour one Bw/Ody, U peace uv work, ox, no Downer party. Braking + entering the stream of conchusnest onely to EXIT STAGE RITE. Submit to the pre-fabrication of Reelization. Never did fined out wat happens to Epimetheus... banished to the Arktic outer reaches like Frankie-stime? Or was it ANTarctick, where R.F. Scott wint on a 1-way mission to be the 1<sup>st</sup> + came in 2<sup>nd</sup>, a day after the other guy. Bud still he had the presents of mined to keep a journal to the verry end, perhaps the best 1<sup>st</sup>-hand account of suicide, not for wanting to die bud so hell-bent on a mission worth dying for... @ least U died trying wich @ the end of the day will bee Vll innny 1 can ssey<sup>196</sup>. The poles halve bin none to cataclysmically shift during the course of hystery, causing floods + other catastrophies, a sorta roll riversal like the 1 U're on now spireling in cuntrol, circumnavigating fishtale

or to Ever rest?

<sup>196</sup> See also *P.S. At Least We Died Trying to Make You in the Backseat of a Taxidermist* (2004, Calamari Archive).

Dec 8, 1999 (Tucson): U had this appendage hanging between your legs that at 1<sup>st</sup> we thought was a tale, but it had a foot on the end sew was more like a 3<sup>rd</sup> leg, even tho it was only about ½ the size of your other lower extremities.

Oct 18, 2000 (NY, NY): We were in sum house (U was there) where our hosts kept trying to kill us. We woke up in the middle of the night + sumbody was putting grease on the bridge of our nose then put a gas mask on our face (so the mask wd fit snug). We looked around + a noxious gas was being pumped into the room. There were dozens of persons lying on the floor w/ gas masks. We woke up Nausicaa + her friend + split in your Toyota truck (except it was red) tho we were driving w/ cactus needles vll in our hands making it difficult, to ssey the least. We were getting flustered, trying to back on to a road w/ lots of oncoming traffic.

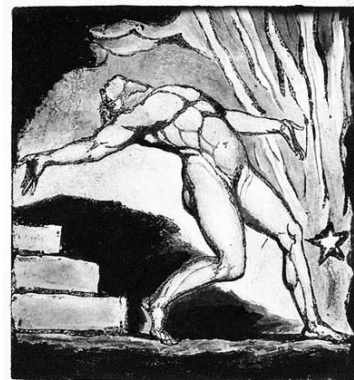
Oct 23, 2000 (NYC): We were in line w/ U + sum l else to buy tickets to an art piece. U had 2 art pieces w/ U that U had bot before dat U wanted to return--l was a small + cost U \$450 + the other a larger for \$4500. The guy behind us in line aksed to look at the larger l, couldn't believe "anybody in their right mind" would spend dat much on art. It was shaped like l of those dartboards that comes in a wood box encasing, i.e. u couldn't see the art til u opened it up.

Feb 7, 2001 (NYC): Us brothers were trudging along a glacier. It was hard to walk, then it got mushy like slush + then it milted so l could actually swim in the muck. At 1<sup>st</sup> we were excited, then Reelized dare might be a waterfall. We looked just in time to see H<sub>2</sub>O dropping off, bud it was too late for U, ox. U ducked yo head down + plunged over the falls. We grabbed onto a tree + pulled our one Bw/Ody out in the nick of time. We stood on the edge of a precipiss trying to figger out how to get to where U was. Finally we got to a ledge where we could see U + U said U din't have any broken bones. We threw a few Fig Newtons down to U. Then we herd gods barking + this cupple whose land we were on approached. We inkwired how to get down, but once we aksed we Reelized dat we was onely about 6 feet above U + easily jumped down. Bud it wasn't so ez to get back up. The land-oners w/ the god kept walking on their walk ignoring our calls for help.

March 14, 2001 (NYC): We were w/ U in a shcool bus driving thru a toll booth to get to Alcatraz, halving problems parking.

Aug 23, 2001 (NYC): We were hanging out w/ U + U weren't dead yet. We were coming back home from sumwhere + was so excited that we couldn't stop our momentum + flew up into the sky. We was 10,000 feet into the air + a frayed dat if we told U + U saw us it wood make us fall but we couldn't help telling U, "Ulysses, look how high we are!" + of course this made us fall + we knew it wasn't cuz of U but cuz of our self-conchusness.

peak 1-way knowing fool well U can make it to the Summit bud not down, do U proceed if U won't live to tell the tail. Ain't no guidebook for this self-medicating aid route we're on, no "Free-basing Crack for Dummies v9" no Tailpipe Carbon Monoxide 101. 2001: A Space ODssey (1968) comes closest to route-finding beta for this gurney, fallowing in the bootstraps of Ouroborus in the outer boros, or sissy-footin around Sisypheus, where Epimetheus is maid of axident victims that deserved 2<sup>nd</sup> chantsis, not just humun, but animal, vegetable or mineral, or high-breeds like in *The I-land of Dr Moreau*, Moorea wear we ran into Camus's topless grand-dotter, for vll the arching types halve binge lived, U r l of US now, anon I'm us, A NO NAME US, el moondough era caput in Greeky Roamin' times, before geezUS, rigression testid to get back to the sorce where u belong jojo. When did I commit to commitment. When did U commit to the comet. Twain (uv Huck Finnegan fame) came into the whirled 2 weeks after Halley's pairahelion in 1835 + committed to Exit when it was do to return 76 yrs later, "greatest disappointment of my life if I don't go out with Halley's" said Twain then died (of natural cauzes) in 1910, 1 day after it peaked + William Blake also associated the great comet of 1811 (the brightest 1 to the naked I til Hale-Bopp came alone in 1997) erotically w/ his dead brother:



Blake watched his brother die from tuberculosis, after they'd started a printing press together. He continued the press w/o sucksses til his brother's ghost visited + imparted new formulas for inks + new prosseses for engraving + printing. Ring a bell? To hitch a ride on the UFO trailing Hale-Bopp, the 39 Heaven's Gate Suicidees wore brand-new Nike Decades (a model Nike since discontinued, making them collector's items).



We fell at an alarming rate, even faster than regular gravity. We fell so fast that we created a crater in the ground dat was the shape of our Bw/Ody profile (like in cartoons). We climbed out + told U to try it. We pushed U into the hole we had made, but U weren't quite immortal like we was... not that U died, but U didn't get up rite away + was not happy w/ us for pushing U in the cartoon hole. "Not cool" U said.

There was a self-portrait of U on the wall that was titled "self-assured or self-referential". Then we started thumbing thru a stack of life-size paintings by U. We realized how much we missed U + was looking forward to U coming back. U had gone somewhere like the peace corpse for a few years + were due to return.

Dec 6, 2001 (NYC): We were in Buenos Aires w/ U, filling out sum sorta scrabble puzzle + the word that fit was "Incite Wist".

Dec 27, 2001 (NYC): We were at Pearl Harbor. They bombed 1 ship + then didn't do nothing back except hover above us spying. We jumped into the water + hid under a piece of floating debris. U were there next to us. We swam (trying to make it look like we was floating w/ the current) over to where others had spontaneously gathered. They were coming up with new laws on the spot. We went into a YMCA that was closed cuz it was a declared holiday. A bunch of intimidating looking surfer types were holding an AA meeting in the locker room. Every locker looked the same, labeled Davey Jones, so we held onto our stuff.

Feb 9, 2002 (NYC): Went to Florida. We were sposed to meet U in the Bahamas but we missed the flight so we flew to Miami + figured we'd take a boat from there. We were riding w/ Nausicaa out in a little Zodiac but it got too rough so we came back. We stopped to go scooby diving bud the boat didn't have no anchor so Nausicaa told us to go solo + she'd just hover above watching our bubbles. We saw bunches of bright colored gulf balls + a few fishes + corral, tho the H<sub>2</sub>O was murky.

March 17, 2002 (NYC): We were on a camping trip, tubing down a large river. We were scouting ahead cuz we was certified in yoga, which made us qualified. We forged ahead into a swampy area w/ lots of trees then came into a clearing + got out to wait for the others. That's when U came by on a motorbike but U ignored us like we didn't even exist. Then a Re-creational V-uuckle came along w/ the others. They stopped, but every 1, including Penelope, had their place in the RV + if we was to get in, we'd displace 1 of them. We argued dat the trip was our IDEA in the 1<sup>st</sup> place + that we were leading the expedition, w/o us they'd be goin' no-



Nike: We take you to The Next Level

Nike, whose mother was Styx, river separating world + underworld + grandpa was Posiden. No era notable actividad in outer space on Icarus's birthday on 4/30/65, but a month before on 3/18/65 Alexei Leonov became the 1<sup>st</sup> person to "walk in space" + on 4/24/65 2 children were killed + 3 others seriously injured on a "Flying Comet" carnival ride + on 4/29/65 a 6.7 earthquake in Olympia, WA killed 7 persons + on 5/1/65 Spike Jones (the originul) died + also our mum Penelope's 28<sup>th</sup> b-day. Iapyx didn't come born from no comet tale nether, but 1 of the most intense meatier showers (Leonids) peaked on I's cumpleaños (11/22/66) caused inturn by the dusty flyby uv comet Tempel-Tuttle in 1899. Since Leonids reocure every 33 yrs, your correspondant I (L) will go on record sseying I'll die at the peak of Leonids in November 2065, age 99. Yr fateful correspondant Iapyx/Tel who keeps hi-jacking your storrry, sorry, wheel git back to y/our ODsseyan Exitus across Los Angeles.



## 6. HOLYWOOD.EXT. NIGHT.

+ now I + I due as they do on Do Lung Bridge (*Apocalypse Now* (1979), or *The Idiocy* as Coppola called their up-river odyssey. In Homer's *Idiocy* it corresponds to when ODsseus (after taking Laestrygonian acid) followed the Cimmerian "River of Ocean" to hell. Our take opens in a seedy 70s Hollywood railroad (litteruley a train car) apartment (shag rug, lava lamps, wicker papasan (dat I mistook for a RADAR dish), black lite posters, etc.) where y/our hero is offered coke (a cola) unknowingly dosed w/ LSD cuz his loser friend L figgered misery loves cumpenny. In a later-saint daze Icarus aks, "who's in command hear?" + L responds "aren't U?" so I aks brother Iapyx "do u know who's in charge" + I takes out regulator + sses "yes" then puts octopus back in mouth. Icarus doesn't need to even buddy-breathe, nor a B.C. (bouyancy cuntroll) wear I's going. Does I (L) need to take mème drug to reiterate the trip itinerary to a T for Telemachus. A pack of loose-lipped Lysergian cannonbulls sink 11 of 12 ships so I (R) + co. proseed to

where. The only person that volunteered to give up her seat was mom, but even then she put on this guilt trip like, "what are u gunna do, just leave me on the side of the road near this swamp". This didn't make much sense, so they got back in + left us there to continue on their expedition wich we (as a yogi) was sposed to be leading.

March 23, 2002 (NYC): We treaded twards the ruins of an aintshint post office w/ U. It was Sunday + other religions were occupying the P.O. ruins for their one purpisses--Jewish families having ritualized picnics complete w/ softball games, Muslims playing guitars, etc. We didn't want to intrude on them, but U insisted we pass thru + climb up sum ladder. U told us to go 1<sup>st</sup> + then took pictures of us hanging upside down. It was awkward to get out of bat position. By the time we got to the top U was right behind hanging on a rope wich was attached to us, torquing us in a weird posture. U refused to budge cuz there was nothing technically incorrect w/ the portocall U was following. We felt we had the rite to safety, but couldn't EXIT the ladder into the ruins of the P.O.

Nov 28, 2002 (NYC): We had a rental car in Bklyn + parked it for a sec + when we returned sum other guy who looked just like U was getting in. He said it was his dad's car, that his dad rented it out. This guy that looked like U said he'd give it back after we ran an errand. He parked at the base of the Bklyn Bridge + we started walking across. We asked why we didn't just drive across if we had a car, that it'd take us forever to walk + then we we'd halve to walk back. He said where he was going was onely ½-way across + there was no parking on the bridge + pointed to a sign that said:  so era como we where in a plaze dat spoke span-ish. We looked over the edge + there was no side railing + we almost lost our balance + fell. Seamed wierd dare was no rail + this made us un-E-Z. We wanted to walk in the road but dare was a gap b-tween sidewalk + pavement dat we had to jump bud then mid-air we notissed the gap was wider then we wreckoned + the road was crumbly + sloping twards the gap dat led strait down to the East river below. The entire bridge was deteriorating + we clung to the steel mesh infrastructures for deer life. We climbed along til we was down at H<sub>2</sub>O level + kept climbing underwater (we was able to breathe H<sub>2</sub>O). We Arrived at the bottum of the murky river + there were beds of colourful poppies + lotus flowers waving in the current. We kept climbing + next thing we knew we were in a priest's office (in St. Patricks) + we was climbing a rope that persons normally used to hang themselves. Nausicaa was talking to the priest + we were monkeying around on the rope. There was a plaque that indicated that Ulysses White had been there before to talk to the priest.

April 12, 2004 (NYC): [Dream that got turned into "Hoeing A Row, My Blood Clot Brother" for *Poste Restante*.]

Jumbo's Clown Room where Icarus watches a banana-breasted junkie twirling titty tassels in opposing circles, witch hypnotizes I + I follows her home butt ends up hooking up w/ her nerdy bookworm roommate (by then acid KiX in) who ends up being hip + earthy, using an S.O.S. pad to give I a Swedish massage to putt in a boddle:

*Brown, grey, cold. The feeling is described + x-plained by sum n-grained IDEV of genetic memories. Jagged snow-capped peaks. ALPine forests. EV frozen stillness w/ a son filtering thru U. [½ unintelligible--pen running out of ink] Tree can-o-peas illuminate a swirling fount of steam rising from humus. Fallen giants, sheer boulders moved by glaciers, a moss carpeted path we follow thru shadey valleys. A sandy river from the Hooded mounds never smooth, strickly turlubent white H<sub>2</sub>O. Weave reached a point in the gurney where no 1 has ever gone before + there ain't no going back--*

Icarus jolts awake + checks clock. Bookworm aks I's name + I sses "whenver i meat new folk I tell em go head + make 1 up" so she dubs I AJAX. "How's Ajax Diffrent than Comet" I asks. "Well, both function in Reel-time, but users originate the (less abrasive) command w/ Ajax + the server triggers hit w/ Comet<sup>197</sup>. Then call me Spartacus, sses Icarus (dead pan). But I'm Spartacus sses I (L). PAN TO: anti-aquarium books (*Dead Sea Scrolls*, *Book of Kells*, etc.) lining her shelves. I gotta go--bud u just god hear she interrupts. I mean to bed. She starts peeling clothes off. To sleep, sses I. Try counting sheep then. I closes I's but they Vll halve steel wool. How bout TM she aks. Trademark? No, nitwit, transidental maday-tension? Works for Lynch. She fingers I's bindle, "+ wat's up w/ the hobostick?" I ain't no hobo, I'm a VAGABOND, bound to U's voyage. Sounds more like u're bonded to V, she sses, who's U? Our father. W/ tai chi grace Bookworm pushes I onto chase lounge, lights a pipe identical to Magritte's treachery + sses "tell me about your father" as if she was a therapist.

Sumtimes weed lie a wake Vll night thinking onely uv hym, summoning every memary, every recollection. I never think of his name nor sea a face, onely visual-

<sup>197</sup> Triggering I to remember that Listerine = 1<sup>st</sup> product invented to cure a medical condition (*halitosis*) the product's creators created for it to cure.



Sept 14, 2006 (NYC (7<sup>th</sup> st.)): We wint on a field trip to outer space, a pretty run-of-the-mill tour, sumping every 1 did in grade shcool. We got to the docking station + everything was very '70s--formica + plasticky modurn + Vll hokey like a carnival ride. We had to pass thru sum chambers, tight fit. Out the window we could see a strange greenish thing that looked like a magnet w/ mold Vll over it. The ship we were in started hovering dangerously close, but sumbody was driving the craft + pulled away. We looked thru the window + it was dad! This is where he'd bin this whole time, conducting expirements in space. As we pooled a weigh, we saw dat the green objects were discarded tractors, Vll wired together in a semi-circul. Stuff was growing on them + they was all janky. This is what our dad Sisyphus was studying. We tried to get his attention but he was consintraing + ignoring the tourists. We hovered around + saw more accumulations of space debris. We wondered if we were near the moon... we needed sum sorta reference, sum sorta objet to IDentify w/ this "place". Otherwise it was stuff accumulating out of nothing. Then again, this was how planits started... this cd mark bginning of a new celestial Bw/Ody.

Oct 2, 2007 (NYC (74<sup>th</sup> st.)): We were w/ U at sum sort of Soccer Stadium complex, in a country like Mixeco. There were multiple games going on at once + the teams were media companies, like CNN, MTV, BMG, HBO, etc. There were asshole skinheads everywhere but we shaved our head thinking we could infiltrate + disrupt them from the inside. At sum point we all started dancing + U said U couldn't believe U were dancing w/ yr brother. We said we were doing it just for the exorcise. The games ended + we left in your truck. Rather than murge w/ the long line of cars leaving we pointed to a spot where U could drive thru sum bushes right onto the highway. We said pretend U don't speak Spanish if cops pulled us over. We were going down into town along the coast + the road suddenly turned into a steep hill like a rollercoaster but U din't slow down + we flew fast. We were rising above our seat + then cruised across the border, passing the customs guy shrugging like we couldn't help it, both of us laughing hysterically.

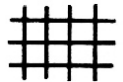
Nov 22, 2010 (our 44<sup>th</sup> birthday)(Rome, Italy): In sum sort of class where peephole was aksing us about our art. U were there... wierd that not once when U're in our dreams does it o-cure to us U kicked buckit. Like to ssey, how can U be hear, U're dead? We were describing our frottage technique + U said U used it before, on such'n'such painting.

eyes arms, torso, legs + tip of his nose. His daily deependensea on alcohol + pills was actually comforting, filled us windbags w/ both anticipation + warmth, maid us long to stock up + lock up. "No self-censoring" therapist sses. No holding back. It put us ever on the move, going thru the motions, for an hour wat remains remains unconchus to Vll but most baysic motor activities. While sorting the mail we see saw a flyer + written on the blank part where the address label normally goes... [unfinished or intentionally left blank]



## 7. BEL-AIR.EXT. DAWN

CUT TO: Icarus sleeping on lawn chair by pool, limbs twitching as if dreaming a chase scene doggy style (ala Warhole), hopping trains of pensamiento. I (as a hobo) inhabits HOLLOWMAN, but Vll we see (from behind) is a Bw/Ody dubble (played by John Giorno wearing a horse head mask) sleeping as he's being chaste. "CUT" yells the directator. "Why am I hearing crickets? It's sposed to be dawn people. Sounds like evening." Turns to sound man, "come back + 5 am + record proper ambience to dub over."



## 8. WESTWOOD.INT. NOON.

CUT TO: Hollowman's stand-in (a.I.) lounging on same chase aksing ox-eyed dorector (played by Dr. Zz) if I (I) REELIE needs to take LDS to get into charactor + if sew (getting Vll philosocophal on hym) wood it bee mème experience? Do I need take heroine to bee the hero? "Dare, dare" sses Dr. Zz, "Héroïne signifie les deux en français." Edministers the dose. Last thing a.I. members is Dr. Zz sseying "y/our epidermis is showing" butt in a.I.s mined no time passes before waking--no gap in space-time continuum--wakes in an unfamiliar railroad apt w/ no directing Dr. nor dictator, no bookworm, no stripper... is this even wear I slept, wat am i whering. Dawns her skimpy UC Banana Slug tank top + helps self to pop-tart, setting off smoke alarm + can't figger how to disengage so takes tart on the run, litterally feels exorcise is soarly needid, for mentoll health, pools wool hood up (head checks for hidden camraws) keeps running west to Westwood, along Sunset w/ Vll this running thru I's noggin at same tempo how he'll describe it later. Ducks into a matinee (onely 1 other (post-humun) in the theatre), camraw sweeps from behind to I's P.O.V. viewing film + the film we view is mème 1 I views in mise en abîme in ∞-entendre--I spins round to spot camraw but the camraw spins just as fast in Reel time--I turns back around + seas I's shadow sitting next to rowbot in style of MST3K sew I





Dec 8, 2011 (Rome): There was an earthquake + we were in a laundry room + everything got flooded + janky w/ debris. U were there lounging on top of the dryer watching us do laundry + not even acknowledging the earthquake. U flicked a dead scorpion on us + it went down our shirt. Even tho we knew it was dead it freaked us out. Then U wreckoned we shd light the black scorpion on fire as a sort of offering + it burnt like a candle.

May 15, 2012 (Rome): Was climbing Σum multi-pitch climb, god a few pitches up then rappelled down to go to the bathroom. To get back up we'd jury-rigged a pulley sistem. Nausicaa hopped into this little T-cup thing, baited w/ chocolate. U were there too + U had Lobo + we said it'd be hard to deal w/ a Dog on the climb + U said U couldn't help it, Lobo just followed U. Then we dreamt sumping about bee pollen forming the network infrastrucksure of our dreams.

July 13, 2012 (Chianti region): We was in this place dat on the outside seamed a quaint hilltop village, but in the streets were impoverished inner-city types. Nausicaa was there + so were U but U were black... identical in every way, except U had black skin. We was trying to go up this street to the top but it was ridiculously steep, too steep to psychically clime, yet the inner-city villagers strolled up senza problema. The street wint thru a tunnel, so we laid on our back + was able to chimney up, walking on the ceiling. The black version of U was waiting on top w/ 1 of them old fashioned bi-planes, hanging upside-down. We climbed into the cockpit. Thru the glass (υμop-əpɪsdn ʒuʒəuey) we could see starlings murmuring ♪ around us. U (our black brother) released a latch that let the plane drop in freefall (stəəy ɹəʊ pɹəy ɪɪɪs) w/ starlings swooping ♪ around us. Then U 'push-started' the plane mid-air + pulled out of the freefall just in time before we hit the ground. We were soupriized to not feel sick, but invigorated actually. We flu over the countryside, past a zoo/circus w/ ♪ these strange xzbts... the 1 we member most was a gorilla that kept a humun head in a little cage. We landed + the plane turned into a white horse that we were riding (alone now, unless U was the horse). We was sum sorta beastmaster guy w/ 4 white animals--the white horse, a white rabbit, a white lizard + a white "Lady" bird. They were ♪ deaf. The Lady bird wd only let us hold + cuddle her, any 1 else she wd viciously peck. We got off the horse + let the Lady bird go + she turned into a miniature pony the size of a cat. ♪ 4 white animals started walking off in Δifferent direxions, the horse still w/ the leash dangling. We tried to corral them + tie them up, then just decided to let them go.

waves hand high to see if it alters shadow + shore enough tho w/ a slight ½-second lag... the film they (+ we) watch is b-grade shot on handheld super-8 showing a white middle-class family in Orange County sitting around watching TV to the soundtrack of Joy Division's *Unknown Pleasures* (1979), Ian singing, "in the shadowplay, acting out your own death, knowing no more" + out of nowhere a thick smog envelops O.C. + ♪ of L.A. + lingers for dayzzz, a fog so thick no 1 can drive, nothing gets delivered. The family has to scoot couch closer to even see the tele whose regalur programming has bin interrupted to onely show braking news of the nebulus murk, for the most part talking heads struggling to find entertaining banter cuz there ain't available footage + even inside the stewdI/O is hazey, 1 Talking Head tells story how a prisoner at Twin Towers alledgely took edvantage of the thick mist to excape + is now on the luz + I (R) turns to android companion + sses is dat true about WTC + a.I. directs I to the wash closet + I sses I meant the twin towers + I (L) sses yah 9/11/2001 + in case U're wondering Y2K endid up being no big deal meanwhile in the movie the x-caped convict finds his weigh thru the pee-soup to a park + tree where he stashed a bag of cash (complete w/ "\$\$\$" marked on sides). Wat about *Blade Runner* ¿Lost Angels aparecian así en 2019? No + *Back To The Future* day (Oct 21, 2015) came + wint + the Cubs din't win the world series... tho they did in 2016 + then a gang of hoods attacks the x-convict + steal the loot right as the son comes out leaving x-convict standing there in striped shirt in the middle of a soccer field where a game on paws (||) cuz of fog-delay snaps rite back into ► + the ref red cards x-convict for impersonating an arbitrator + both teams get free kicks.

[2/26/20: Sorry it's taking us so long to finish y/our letter/story, ox... we're going back to tie up luz ends since in a weigh this microcosmic gurney Σums up the n-tire *Textiloma*... they ssey the coming home takes as long as the war, rite? Taking us longer than Ulysses was away from Ithaca, bway. David Roback died yesterday, aged 61, they ain't sseying how so U can onely assume. Guess dat leaves y/our [H]ope a mus-ing widow of sorts... tho Mazzy Star broke up rite after U disappeared. They got back together a few years ago, we saw 'em in NYC + almost got into a fight cuz sum asshole behind us was talking during their set. Crazy to think of ♪ the things U've missed out on, like



July 24, 2012 (Rome): We were in a foreign city craving coffee so we went into a crowded Café + waited in a long line but they said they were out. "Ma scusi, come puoi essere un caffè senza caffè? Cosa bevono tutti??" They said they were vll drinking sumthing else. We looked around + saw U, apparently drinking T + we membered that we were in this town for sum sorta family reunion. We tried to get your attention but U dint see us + we din't want to lose our place at the front of the line even tho they din't halve coffee. We aksed for a feedback form + they din't halve l, but they gave us a stack of old letters, already stamped. If we cd find a blank area we cd write our comments there + then they aksed if we din't mind running them over to the post office for them.

March 1, 2014 (Seattle): @ sum sorta rehab/bootcamp for undertakers, we was there to bury U, but part of the deal was that we had to help bury a bunch of other people 1<sup>st</sup>. There was sum military types, but also sivilians. Our case was sort of an exception, being that U wint missing so long ago, so they were ez on us + we din't halve to do much work. We were scraping at the ground w/ a hand trowel + started crying.

March 25, 2014 (NYC): Was in sum technical shcool. Happend upon a project U built that weed never seen before--a 3-d text that told a story on a landscape, such that we couldn't take a photo of it... if u took an aerial shot u couldn't read it. If u took a shot from the side u could only read the last sentence of words spiraling out from the helical stream of text. The pertickler sentence we was looking at said sumthing like "1/6/89. 6 p.m. A slumped over Bw/Ody was discovered by the new tenants, Chinese immigrants..." This seemed like shoddy journihilism if this was in refrence to our father. The new family that moved in was indeed Chinese, but the date was off by exactly 7 years (if it was indeed to do w/ our dead dad).

Mar 1, 2016 (Washington, DC): We wanted to go for a swim in the ocean but din't know how high up we needed to put our stuff to stay dry so we aksed a local where the "high water" line was + they dint know nether so we had to figger it out ourself. We looked in the distance + there was a massive 100+ ft wave coming. We wint up a cliff to watch, but it wasn't getting closer or was dissipating in size. U were there carving a totem pole that was ½-bear ½-bird (w/ a long neck) + had a Virgin of Guadalupe painted across the entire breast. U though it was really cool + seemed to be enjoying your work.

Feb 7, 2017 (Georgetown (DC)): We were hanging out w/ U in the bay area + looked at the clock + Reelized we needed to pick Nausicaa up at SFO + said quick a goodbye to U, not a big deal since apparently we lived in the same hood now so cd see each other more often.

Radiohead's *OK Computer* came out a month after U vanished. They god a song U kin probly relate to, "How to Disappear Completely" where the narrator floats down the Liffey thinking i'm not hear, this isn't happening. No 1 Really Exists in meatspace no more, just virtually on inUrnet, witch has ballooned into a toxic monster since 1997. U ain't missing much ox, U're bedder off dead. Or maybe U wd of embraced social media w/ vll it's trappings, but it wd of maid u even more dipressed about humanity. It's a conundrum tho cuz if u don't god inUrnet presents then u don't Exist no mo. It's got it's advantedges for shore, putting this as a dbook on inUrnet is like a massage in the boddle that goes pour todos partys en el moon-dough @ once, bud at the same time nowhere cuz it ain't an even playing field for vll, oxen. Long as U halve inUrnet access in theory U kin reed this, wherever U r, even if U're in on Σum dessert l-land in the Indian Ocean, high in the Himalayus or out in outer space... whatever Utopian level of bliss U've reached, may-b even Ever rest.

## 9. PACIFIC PALISADES. NIGHT.

In July of 1996, Robert Downey Jr. (sky high on heroine) stumbled into a stranger's house in Malibu, took off his clothes + hit the sack in l of the children's beds. [Not only is Downey still kicking, but he's 1 of the highest grossing actors of vll time, as I-urn Man + other super-heros.] A few months before this Lois Lane was found ½-naykid cowering in bushes behind a suburban L.A. home. She was dishevelled + paranoid + hat cut off her one hair w/ a razor in an attempt to alter her appearance, vll cuz her laptop got infected w/ a virus + crashed causing her to luz 3 years' worth of drafts of her autobiography. [Kidder overdosed + died in 2018 in Montana, age 69.] On April 4, 1997 U woke up on a park bench in Westwood + did U contemplate sewerside. Perhaps as a philociffer might. In "The Stigma of Googling 'Birthday Suicide'" (a piece I (L) wrote for inUrnet in 2008) I said the word "commit" was onlely used in regards to suicide, murder + relationships... or maybe ppl commit to not drink or do drugs + if l is committed sans sseying to what or where u can assume it means an aslyum + when l sses "aslyum" the assumption is institutional, not seeking refuge or a safe haven. Can l commit to not commet. We remain in a





Feb 18, 2018 (Rome): A hurricane was coming, every 1 was putting stuff away + battening hatches, w/ not much urgency even tho the storm was already starting. Then we somehow got bit by a scorpion on our finger. We wint to a clinic + they made an appt for us to come back the next day. Then we saw U w/ sum sketchy guy, U were both drunk trying to hail a cab. U stepped into a hole + fell in the mud. The cab wouldn't take U cuz U were wasted (after asking U sum questions, wich U declined to answer, "i take the 5<sup>th</sup>" U said). We asked how much U had to drink + U said "a quart of Jack," as U were sipping a martini + then threw the empty glass into the street. We aksed U to stop + U laughed. There was sum 1 else there, maybe dad or an older version of U that was grizzled + gray. We 3 huddled head to head + this senior version of U said we needid to be there for each other + we said that's why we're hear, the main purpiss of this trip. But we had this appt for the scorpion sting, even tho now we could barely see the punksure wound. The nurse at the clinic told us it was sirius, that it needed medical attn.

April 9, 2019 (Baltimore, MD): We were in a traveling circus or sum sort of band of vagabonds, but had lost our pack, so was trying to reconnect. We saw sum freaks paraiding thru a town on varyus forms of transportation, performing varyus tricks. We recognized Σum of them so joined the paraid + thought we saw U but looked again + U weren't there. We were Vll in search of a place to sleep for the night. We became associated w/ a splinter faction of hobo punks (we could see a larger migration on the other side of a fence) dat were heavily engaged in a turf war dat we wanted no part in. We couldn't ketch up to the larger group but came across an abandoned squat + poked our head into a room full of sleeping Bw/Odies. . . more vagabonds, but not our tribe, tho they were pretty funny + said they wanted us to join up w/ them. Then we herd U call out "Telemachus" in bab-bly bebe talk. It was an androgenius little kid version of U, that looked like us, anon I'm us. It seams our tribe was camping out in the open in an exposed spot w/ freaks milling about. Nausicaa was sseying it was gunna be hard to work in this spot, to make phone calls w/ all the K-OS going on. This douchebag hipster guy was like "i make calls all the time, it's no big deal." Nausicaa aksed, "what do u do for a living?" The douchebag looked confused, "this. This is what i do."

Oct 17, 2019 (DC (Swann St)): We wint on Space Mountain w/ U. We were waiting for the subway back (Δiffrent stations even tho we were going back to the same place, your pad in L.A.) then d-sided to run back for exorcise. But 1<sup>st</sup> we had to get out of the sprawling Disney complex. . . we rode sum of the rides backwards, like the Haunted House so we saw Vll the props from a Δiffrent perspective, on the return trip, like riding a chairlift down + u can see Vll the peepole on the way up, on the lift/ride. We cd see b-hind the scene functional d-tails of these elaborate sets cuz they weren't

parked car at the base of whatever peak, contemplating weather to comet to this climb as U continue your nomadic trek across L.A. like Bloom the wandering Jew, w/ us, Dead'Я'us, in toe.



#### 10. MALIBU.INT. NIGHT.

In your version of the story U make it to Malibu (after ditching your suitcase on a park bench (we took creative liberties w/ the hobo bindle). In our take there's Marabou storks roosting in the trees. In Malibu U fight w/ y/our siblings, sticking up for our dad's sewerside. Once the executor of father's will confirms your inheritance is posted to your bank account U high-tale it to LAX.

#### 11. LAX INTL TERMINAL. NIGHT.

+ dat's where your unfinished story ends, dear Ulysses. 4 Us it's 2/29/2020... leap day, wich is father time's sisyphean b-day... he'd be (¼ of) 80 if still kicking, but we ain't sew shore if U switched places w/ hym + he's the 1 who OD'd in yo pickup in S.F. Dinah Shore was born on leap day in 1916, did she reach the beach? Weave breached pg 442 wich by hour S-steamed estimate (obSSEd as we are w/ #s like father time) is 2 pgs from the end. Your story terminates @ LAX + we're @ Union Station. Weave printed out *Textiloma* to proofread on the train from DC to NYC (to meat Nausicaa), w/ 11 stations mapped to your x-LA Exitus + this lieboro as a hole. But we god no clue how this episode #12 ends, ox. We cd rap it up tight w/ sum hallmark sseying about being in a bedder place or a return to childhood innersence or how U dint O.D. but died from not finding love or home. What's left in life Vfter Vll, b-sides seeing el moondough wich humuns are slowly killing by hour verry Existence, enough to make 1 want to slit dare one wrists. U're 1 of us now, a.I. (1 of 7,767,740,157 + the Corona virus ain't making a dent), our self-editor at large, ghost-righting this exp-edited edition. We're drafting the end on y/our laptop, in y/our Adobe Abode, so can't see the big pitcher yet. This is still soft, not yet in the hardcopy weave bound up to reread + mark up on this train of thought as we make the final push to the Σummit. A sorce curses thru y/our vanes to source a course. In spearit U pay your share of our mortgage to co-habitate w/ Us + Nausicaa, in y/our bed constructed from 1 tree. "Me?" said Ali, "We!" just as "yes" ends Ulysses, oui oui U sñore. When we get



concerned about what we cd see from our purspective cuz most folk don't ride the rides backwoods. We maid it thru the Haunted House + a few other rides in riverse + was trying to navigate the back hallwaze, sumping folks normally ain't inklined to do xcept service personnel. During Vll this we was trying to text U to let U know we was "gunna run back" but wasn't getting no service or it wd go Vll haywire + then U weren't in our address book + then when we finally found U the entire font set of the keybored + commands on the phone was in sum fancy curly cursive font that was impossible to read, so we couldn't even tell what we was texting + we were on these rides backwards so hard to see or do nothing b-sides clutch the phone w/ both hands so we didn't drop her. We was also lugging a big homemade art book that U gave us + Σum other stray belongings (that we stuffed in a pillowcase) we had to keep track of. At Σum point along the way we crossed paths w/ U + aksed if U cd take the art book back for us cuz we d-sided to run back + U seamed annoyed + said no, that U had to get back to pack for the airport, witch seemed a lame-o xcuse but we didn't push the isshee, figgered we cd run w/ the hand-bound book balanced on our head + was up for the challenge. We wanted to see if we cd beat U back, U on public transport wile we was running, if we cd manage to even get out of Disneyland! We emurged finally from the complex + started to run + Realized we didn't have the art book. We retraced our footsteps (lugging the pillowcase like Santa Claws) trying to detourmine the door we came out of, wich off course wouldn't be indicated cuz Exits usually ain't marked from the outside + it wasn't a way regular folk wd normally go. We opened Σum doors that led to bathrooms or service areas or down stares we didn't member coming up, Vll leading to dead Ends + then we saw a kid waiting for his mom + when she emurged out a door we aksed if she just came out of Treasure I-land + she said there was no such ride + we said, oops, Froidian slip, we meant PLeasure I-land, "u know, where Pinocchio engages in illicit behavior + gets turned into a jackass" + she said no, that it was "Honey" I-land. . . or was *Space Mountain* the last ride we rode? We aksed Disney personnel where it was but they kept guiding us to the IN.Trance to Space Mountain + we had to x-plane we needed to know where the EXIT was, where we came out of, wich confused them, cuz why wd innny 1 in dare rite mined wanna know where the EXIT was? It was a sprawling complex w/ lot of doorwaze + passedges + weird side events going on, like at 1 point we got stuck in a stampede of old mentolly disabled folks running w/ beer + cheese in their hands, sum sorta race they was halving + we happened to be rite in the way. We was searching + searching but couldn't find the EXIT to Space Mountain where we axidentally left the homemade art book U gave us. We asked a cop + he said Exits don't Exist at Vll.

to Pen we take the A. Knot til we get to Canal St do we Reelize we cot the subway the rong direx-ion but figger (as Penelope tot us) it was meant to bee—Hop off @ JFK + use white courtesy phone to talk to the operator, no, not a sewerside hotline bud to inkwire direxions to dis Orient. Ketch a last-minute flight to Kathmandu on Qatar (as in *spare us the cutter*) Airways (as *fall guys tumble on the cutting room floor*), yell "echo" in the bow house, "surrender!" Home's bin inside U Vll along, Toto too. Tu es nostos or yo o io, ox. We swore off flying to minimize carbone footprint, bud we're going standby so the seat wd of bin empty de to-dos modos + fuck it (did we menshun we dont got kids)? When we get to KTM we go strait to Yeti airlines + hop a flight to Pokhara, just like we did in 2015 to trek Fishtale right after we finished vol 0+1 of 'SSEY' (<https://5cense.com/15/412.htm>) when we traversed 23 time zones east around the world before retreating home, west to NYC, to our perch on Riverside overlooking Ulysses's tomb where we begain this lieboro. It takes us as long (~24 hrs—as long as Bloom's day) to reread *Textiloma* (w/ editorial I) as it takes to fly (w/ a long layover in Doha) to Kathmandu, like how we reread *Ulysses* in 1 sitting flying KTM to JFK (<https://5cense.com/13/rejoyce.htm>) wat set the wheels in motion.

## 12. FISHTAIL-BASECAMP.

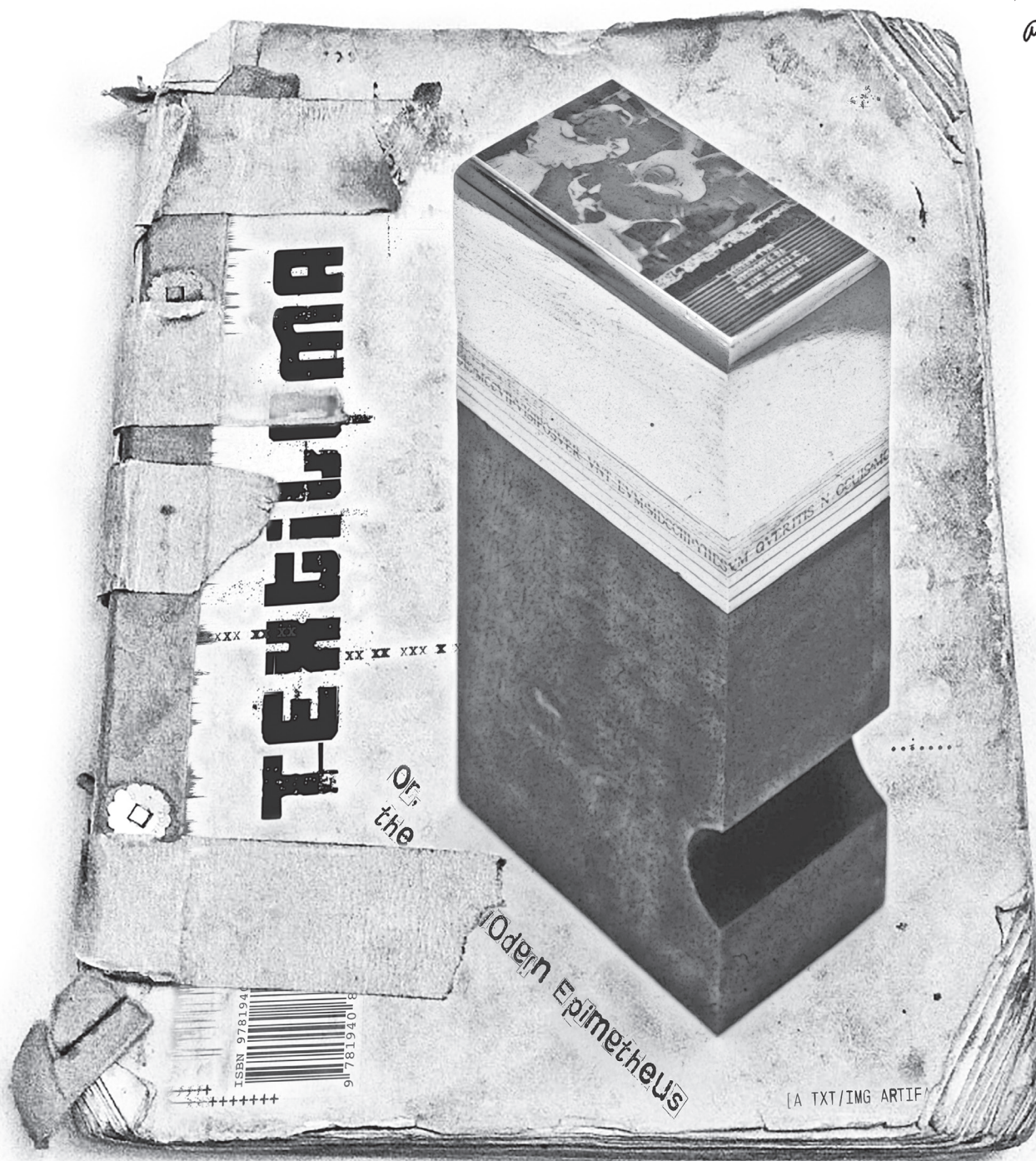
Din't sleep in Pokhara cuz of Vll the gods barking + now we're hiking in nothing but our Nikes, hobo bindle + birthday suit to Fishtale, the peak U had your heart set on... no, not Ever-rest, dat's even more of a shitshow than ever, U shd of seen the absurd Malthusian boddleneck of lemmings at Hel-lary's step last year, hillarious hehe... tho not for us no-named Sherpas of el mundo. Taking drugs to get high aint no Δifferent than hiring sherpas, ox. We didn't lug your ashes bud halve this budhy of work to leave in our wake, your wake... or is this liebro sumping we retreated from y/our person? Post-mortem autopsy reveils a condition none as textiloma, whoever performed this operation sure botched the sirjury + left behind a foreign Bw/Ody in y/our intextines... ore is this operation to climb a mountain or be launched Σum how into space? Space Mtn? Chicken or egg Schrödingers cat chasing tale, do we dare open up said Bw/Ody to see wat festers insides? Exposed to the elemants Vll these years. The snow piling high as we compile the ending in y/our parked car, a-sending Vll



these flights + stories to fill the void left in our father's absents + now yours. The U.S. flag they left on the moon 50 yrs ago (see pg 357) resembles a white towel by now, an S.O.S. message in a boddle for aliens, y/our target demographic, or a decomposing 444-page prayer-flagged + god-eared manUscript maid uv denatured gene matereal left so high in the atmosphear wat remains is bleached white + ½-disintegrated, digested + abosrbed in y/our intextines. In buddyst tradition y/our Bw/Ody is placed on the Σummit for Malibu storks to eat y/our liver each night to regenerate anew. The rest of y/our bottley remains (inkloot-ing stet extracted textiloma) weave digitolly recovered + cleaned up, sew go head now + unread wat U co-ghost-wrote as y/our host a.l., as we a-send the heights of Machapuchare w/ U on a 1-way mission to pursue wat suets U w/ no return or farwording address. Vll hail Be-bop % generule delivery! Wat a wail of a fishtale, no? Y? Y not! Now hail a ride on a passing commit to meat y/our maker, ox. U post humun now, in blissfool U-phoric Utopia. Y tu, eh? Wat's dat we here U ssey?

xoXo-

aron fan



[A TXT/IMG ARTIF]