

A Seamy Fit: 36 interlocking stories
Notes for concluding chapters (29-36)
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#29

**Designorama (Gaming Center of the Universe), or
Digital Acorn**

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(December 2019)

TAO, owner of the Digital Acorn video gaming center in Sticksville. All-night lock-in at the mall to include Korn & Adidas & the two girls' dad Jef Royce; possibly Mona; with H.M. in disguise as security guard?; plus Pearl Pearlbody and her mentally retarded son of age 15 (still a two-year-old intellect); maybe Et al..... Also Tull is unnerved and upset by the latest Huxley letter to reach City Hall, a copy of which was forwarded to him by the WWW (from which he "unofficially resigned" after police started tailing him as ringleader of the Watch); he went public with his outrage at pedophiles around age 16, year 2000, after years of brainwashing from psychiatrists, therapists, teachers, counselors, other victims of "abuse", a whole club of pedo-haters which was burgeoning in popularity around that time and continues to gain conglomerates in the USA and beyond, at least on surface. First it was Peggy (not "Margaret" which drove prosecutors insane at first trying to pin charges against her) Harthouse in 1990. In 1993 Professor Longin made an example of him in front of the whole school because of that assignment #18 which incriminated H.M., although all the man had done was massage the boy from head to toe, fully allowing Tull to stop him if he felt uncomfortable, ejaculating without being touched on the genitals and urging HM to do so too; charges were compiled yet by then HM had vanished, leaving no trace. Yet anyway a jr. high coach and music teacher, plus a Mr & Mrs Steffa at church, made the boy cringe at the slightest glance or touch as he "suffered" any adult's attention and or affection until joining karate as a way to turn those "uncomfy" feelings into rage and defend himself if need be, although no one tried anything sexual with him since the third grade sauna incident became town gossip. Since then TAO had grown into a hardcore pedo-basher, illegally knocking down any pedophile with a leg to stand on. Taking down local professor Huxley became Tull's vice, since no trace existed of the elusive H.M. character who "abused" his body sexually. Tull Allen Oak was also in the midst of banning the game "Sons of Socrates"; the title riffed on the three young sons Socrates left behind when he allowed Athenian law to feed him deadly hemlock at age 80 or so. (No mention of Socrates having a wife is found in Plato... yet the hero had three sons under age 18 at the time of his death.) Also in the works was a plot to discredit and frame the creator of "Sons of Socrates" as a plagiarist and an idiot savant. TAO's good points included creating a space for people to hang out without emphasis on alcohol or food, similar to a sports arena and bleachers;

Game quotes?

A quote from *On the Art of Poetry* by Roman writer Horace: “You must have nothing to do with any poem that has not been trimmed into shape by many a day’s toil and much rubbing out, and corrected down to the smallest detail.”

More from Horace: “The foundation and fountain-head of good composition is sound understanding. The Socratic writings will provide you with material,, The experienced poet, as an imitative artist, should look to human life and character for his models, and from them derive a language that is true to life.” And, finally: “When kings are anxious to test thoroughly whether a man is worthy of their friendship, they put him to the trial with wine, and ply him with many bumpers.”

Schopenhauer’s essay “An Apparent Intention in the Fate of the Individual” contains wisdom from an elder, whose reflection and hindsight gives the essay the impression of a compressed novel. Yes, it remains a mystery who wrote all of life’s coincidences and who or what wrote “the plot”; each crisis though turns out to be merely a shift to a new course.

This, from Joyce Carol Oates’ *First Love*: “You will inherit the belief that you can journey to your fate, that there’s a place to be located on a map that’s destiny. If only you can get there. If only it isn’t too late. If no one stops you.” Or, this, from the same novella: “Brain cells are 99% saline solution—it’s a miracle we remember anything at all... When a person says, ‘Oh, yes, I remember,’ be sure that he or she is not already inventing. The instinct to tell tales is located in the same part of the medulla as the instinct to reproduce the species.”

This from Dostoevsky: “If you want to utterly crush a man, just give him work that’s of a completely senseless, irrational nature.”

This from Proust: “All products of one period resemble one another” re: flowery poet of 1840s & design of stock certificates.

Everyone in societies equipped with mainstream technologies has had their life torn to pieces whether or not they are aware of it. Post-millennial generations see the pieces as fluid because they’ve been immersed in the discontinuity of tech since childhood; pre-millennials know that the new media is a far cry from the compact cohesion of a physical book.

Archilochus invented the iambic measure for satire, which made it suitable for both comedy and high tragedy. As Shakespeare also discovered, stressing the iambic line helped keep the audience quieter.

Nanogenarian (shopkeeper with Sweet Tarts) is the escalator killer, schmoozing it up with TAO as they monitor each patron with spyware; after Jef Royce asks what else the kids can do (while he reviews the videogames) TAO agrees that the kiddys can try out the new crow’s nest despite it not yet being officially open to the public sector. Earlier that day Jef had barely finished doing the roof look-out, leaving a safety-latch to the roof

only accessible from outside the nest, planning to check regulations and work on it again next week. He wears kiddy souvenirs, the charm bracelet, LET KIDS VOTE pin, merit badges, backwards baseball cap denoting “P”, “I made the honor roll and my mom embarrassed me with a bumpersticker” tee-shirt. He gleefully utters each kid’s name while watching the spyware with TAO, who is oblivious to the old guy being a hitman.

Designorama: one enthusiast brought a blanky, another a scrap of fabric, with which to cuddle. Maybe only a half-dozen people for the lock-in.

Pearl’s son stuttered. Untrue, that old wives’ tale about boys who stutter being victims of sexual abuse. She kept a good watch on him every day of her life since arriving in the United States Midwest. Simply hired a speech pathologist to work with and improve her son’s defective speech. Zero signs of sexual activity were ever found: blood or even skid marks in the underwear, bruises or funny walking, overt sexual behavior. He was surely chaste. His younger sister was the one she was worried about, all those somersaults and cartwheels and splits. Now the onset of her first menstrual cycle. Quick physical development, whereas the boy was slow as a snail. Tonight she left the girl with a sitter, terrified of how the girl would behave in front of Tull Allen and other men, such as Jef Royce, who she was infatuated with.

“Stop that right now, or I’ll swat you in front of god and everybody.”

“I’m gonna need to hire a referee if you parents don’t stop intimidating your kids’ rivals,” says TAO.

“I’m gonna telecommute to school next year.” “Good luck with that.” “I will, somehow.”

Cursive no longer taught.

“If lost in the moment, the present, try to find pix of yourself and your family or coworkers online, even in your wallet if old school, to remind yourself of the life you’ve built with them.”

REUNIONS: survival, knowledge, from relations with lovers, spouses, kids rather than careers as popular fodder; memorize your high school yearbook before going; “Romy & Michelle’s High School Reunion” features the gold standard joke: “Look, all those cheerleaders and even the prom queen got fat!” squeals Romy or Michelle. To which the head cheerleader says: “We’re not fat, we’re pregnant.”

CriticalMass release (Dangerous Toys delete?)

“What did you just download, Adidas? Please follow the FCC guidelines for your age group—‘Dangerous Toys’ the game is as banned as the motion picture is,” says Jef Royce, “You’re being a rebellious lady tonight!” His daughter now legally named Korn—the family sans “mother Jenn” had decided to allow the two girls to change their names from what Jenn’d chosen to what their father had intially wanted—the elder child at

Digital Acorn, excepting the retarded son of Pearl Pearlbody, who clung silently to the young girls, smiling benignly. Adidas retorts, “Daddy, only five kids and most of the CEOs of the toy company get hurt or killed, okay maybe six kids, if you count the babysitter, please shut up!” “Have you seen it already?” asks her dad. “Sure, I’ve seen it all,” replies the eight-year-old, “it’s creepy-cool.” Paddling at a game paddle, Korn playing her download, says “Right off the game wants me to build and fly a hanglider, oops, oh, how did this happen, I’m dead. Ugh, how bloody can this get?” “Oh, I know how,” states Adidas, one year younger than her sister Korn, as she prepares to play a player, “to fly that glider.” “Is this what your grandparents allow you to do all day? Watch horror movies and play death videogames? I thought they were telling you their oral history, giving you their libraries of personal stories and anecdotes.” “The one about the outhouse—” “Korn, it was a latrine!” “It was icky. We told them we didn’t wanna hear any more of their stories.” Jef starts pulling his daughters off the videogame consoles. “And they say children bond better with their maternal grandparents! I guess not. Take a break, girls. I need to look at these games. Take your new friend over to the concession stand and get something to eat. I put in a \$20 credit.”

“I got one,” says Korn, to her younger sister Adidas: “How do you change a boy? Put him in diapers.” The girls giggle and look at their retarded older friend with malice. In unison, Korn and Adidas sing: “Girls are from Mars, we are faster than cars. Boys are from Jupiter and they are much stupider.” Jef Royce rejoins his kids and their new friend. “Girls, quit your new friend. Do you want your pill for the Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder? Then stop it or you’ll be on the Ritalin again. A nice smile. That’s better. Don’t cry! Girls, please don’t cry. Daddy loves you. Why don’t you kids all go check out the crow’s nest? I’ve been working on it all week, it has a lookout bubble on the roof, for the weather or cloud-watching or star-gazing, astronomy... Watch out, the emergency exit isn’t installed yet on the inside of the bubble. Since it’s you girls, my lovely giantess daughters, and your similarly sized older friend with the nice smile, the owner Tull Allen says it’s okay to go up there. Follow the blue arrows on the overhead signage throughout the arcade until you find the spiral staircase. Ignore the DO NOT ENTER flags on the staircase entrance. Are you kids okay with that responsibility?”

*

Up there, in the crow’s nest, Cory Harthouse’s spirit. The Royce girls look at the stars for a few seconds, then get out their phones. The retarded teen boy grins at them; he has the intellect of a two-year-old. Korn searches search for episodes of “Naked Dating” but only find “Naked and Afraid”. The retard blushes. Meanwhile Adidas looks for info on kids’ ESH (extrasensory hearing). With her ESH, she concedes, she heard recently about a “K-Party.” “What’s that?” “I dunno... Maybe it’s like a Hymen Party, you know, the one I told you about last summer, where a bunch of us practiced using tampons and I accidentally broke my hymen. You still have yours.” “Nah, because boys go, I think. Maybe it has something to do with K-pop...”

Cory's ghost catches the "escalator killer" haunting his widowed wife by unlatching the escape hatch outside the crow's nest, which allows the three children to escape the nanogenarian's blowtorch(?). The three kids on the roof attempt to defend themselves as the wind blows the torch flame back onto the kid-killer. Maybe Cory is helping to bolster the wind. Meanwhile TAO and Jef hear the shriek alarm Jef installed while apprentice Sandra worked on her first emergency exit, the city-ordained emergency exit from the crow's nest "weather dome" and onto the roof. The fathers race up staircase to save Korn and Adidas from peril. When Cory opens the exit door from outside, the girls race into the blustery storm. Action sequence. The fathers reach the crow's nest. With the help of the retarded teen boy, who shoves the old man outside onto the roof, with TAO yelling: "Sir, you are treed!" The men eventually shove the hitman over the side of the stripmall's roof onto the jagged rock-sculptures below. Then Cory the ghost is freed from this world, having completed a task toward Heaven or Hell. Yet if one of the girls or the teen boy also goes over the side of the building...

#30 Eyes of a Storm

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Saul Bartholomew agreed to manage his old friend the musician named 1000-fold as they were speeding toward Chicago from Milwaukee in his old semi-truck cab, to attend a gathering at Jack Catch's penthouse. With a *Rolling Stone* (*Spin?*) interview coming in by phone any minute, the rapper was prepping the brand manager in case he'd be asked questions too.

It was dusk and Saul drove cautiously around the erratic FIBs (Fucking Illinois Bastards, colloquially). A massive storm system with sleet and hail threatened with thunder — "god(s) bowling" — in dark clouds overhead. The system stretched in a triangle from Capitol City to Chicago to Milwaukee, thinning out over the smaller towns, like Madison or Sticksville.

As the men traveled, 1000-fold spun some “rhetorical zingers” “just for thought, for now; no need to answer right away; be prepared if *Spin* hates us. The practice questions included a) Where is the new wife tonight?; b) Are you planning to have a big family?; c) What sex offense is your wife convicted of doing?; and the old resurfacing d) How did you go from being a trucker to being an agent for a musician?; followed by the inevitable e) When and where did you meet 1000-fold?

Saul had met the rap-star in 2003, when 1000-fold was a 12-year-old obese boy using another moniker while ditching out on fat camp. They’d met on the side of a rural road that summer. He’d given the boy a lift and helped him lose 20 pounds by the end of the week. More on that later if more was required.

As for his wife Peggy? In sum, he’d recently married a shapely, refined, vapid sort. Her name was pure mud, after getting embroiled in a sex offense charge and conviction: all over the state, nation, perhaps world, Peggy Harthouse embodied hot, cold, tepid or cool reactions in anyone who knew of or inquired about her. Yet that was part of his attraction to her. He’d stolen her from Sven the personal banker, easily, in retrospect; maybe self-absorbed Sven’d wanted to be rid of Peg? Except now Saul realized that once he’d spun that first and only “I do” of holy matrimony, everything following was connected to that—he could hardly believe his own thoughts anymore, let alone the words of anybody around him, because his little white lie had become his life; he intended to outlive his wife, for one. Her being a convicted Sex Offender (“grooming” was what they nailed her on, in a pun about prepping the boy for later sex while bathing him in the shower at the curious age of six, when she was 18. Til death did them part was his joke, and a fib about wanting to spend The Rest of His Life with the woman, however much he appreciated and doted on her.

That fib at the altar spiraled on into the bedroom, as he never expected. Making love was never a chore while fucking his wife—something to create, manifest, fashion out of nothing, sure, yet fascinating and worthwhile on most occasions. Yet the idea of her dying any day now (as many Sex Offenders do) interfered often. Such as: He’d once been told “making love is as easy as cooking a soufflé”. He’d agreed that making love was difficult for him at times. Except, most people seemed to prefer nuking their dessert in the microwave after buying the frozen food item from a grocery store. Which makes few pastry chefs available these days, if handsomely paid. Most people bought the factory soufflés and reheated from the freezer. Peggy liked fresh soufflés better but once told him she would “take the icy ones”; her genuine proletariat response was immediately likable yet turned into a recurring nightmare about as frequent as a full moon, with her in the missionary position on their bed, nude and lubed, yet dead as the “mom and pop shops” that had once catered to their suburban Milwaukee neighborhood. Cryogenics gave him the creeps. He hated necrophilia and had an occasionally persistent vision of his dead wife asking for the usual monthly double-penetration (“Gimme the D.P. tonight, Saully!”) with her and him and any of several male friends who’d joined them for the 2M1F sexercise. Alas, if it happened on those special occasions when her and his fantasies fell into place. Extramarital affairs, on Saul and Peggy too, were wide open secrets, to give each of them enough space to breathe.

The way the man saw things now, he also married his wife because of the tax breaks, and pooling a lot of money together. Her first husband Cory (dead for about a decade) had planned well with their suburban Sticksville acres plus his booming machinist's freelancing business had made her rich. The sudden death of Cory Harthouse, incidentally, had been gag-ordered from airing on local media; in his wife's mind the "large, fit, solid old convenience-shop owner" was somehow connected to the gory death of her great-aunt, who'd also died on an escalator decades prior to Cory's "expiring" despite her several many warnings about escalators.

His "I do" lifetime commitment (her lifetime would be half the length of his, he figured) was also for social and societal reasons. For instance, he married to fit in at home and at work, to steady his manic-depressive ego, to have something to talk about that basically anyone could relate to, to silence doubts against his own humanism, to insert himself into a box labeled "normal," to have films and television and a lot of pop culture working on his side, to have somebody to help clean the house and cook the meals and call the plumber and discuss current events with, to guarantee a warm snug cunt to stick his dick into night after night, to possess the promise of offspring, and of course to stop that incessant questioning by family, friends and co-workers about bachelorism and homosexuality and pedophilia.

When he got a chance to pontificate, Saul sometimes thought about how he might be able to love other men in a way that he could not love someone of the opposite sex, since he and other men also shared some significant genes, plus the XY chromosomal combination. This resulted in the unsettling conclusion that he could never love an entire woman—he could love only half of her, with his X half. Regardless, he knew a large percentage of the men on the planet bought the lie too, flashing their wedding bands, looking pleased with one another, and affirming these most similar behaviors before God, and affirming lifestyle choice by supporting plebian commercial entertainment. Hopefully his new wife respected the XY set and eschewed the lesbian feminist faction that held XX would only get ahead by disabling and dismantling the XY men on this planet. Which made him as XY nervous. Peggy agreed with him amicably. She seemed to, anyhow.

Could Saul have chosen a more volatile mate? Certainly. Peg was sweet, straight, somewhat smart, very humble. The world overflowed with women who were shrews, or nitwits, or femi-Nazis about women's rights. Her sex offender status intrigued and turned on Saul enough to assuage any societal discomfort he felt about his own choices, especially his choice to "get with" the baseball-team-drop-out fat kid ditching summer camp, who'd needed someone to collude with while going A.W.O.L. (That boy who happened to become a star had dazzled him once during a doozie of a thunderstorm with a theory about "god bowling"; Saul believed in many gods, so they put the "s" in parentheses; (Cory's beliefs stemmed from an incident where he drove his rig almost into a giant hiding in a parallel universe with only his moon-satellite-sized nose poking into this world;) the joke and the awe fueled their love-fires that month; one instance among many perpetual fascinating evidences of the eloping boy being a unique find...) His major victory in winning Peggy, he knew, was the simple act of allowing his new wife to do the little stuff in their lives, such as where to put a thrift-store umbrella stand

or mantle clock or lazy-susan turntable, or the many sanitized and repurposed plastic flowers posing as dividers or lettering on the walls and drawers, all sorts of fussy puttsy stuff... Sven on the other hand had allegedly declared everything needed to have its place in his point of view, and only a man's input made order out of her chaos, the typical "he said, she said" stuff that breaks up romances. Hence, Peggy Harthouse broke off her engagement with the personal investment banker and became the wife of a truck-driver-turned-superstar-agent.

Some days while driving his rig-cab the ex-trucker forgot entirely life was a lie, that he loved 1000-fold enough to shove that love deeply below the surface often enough to nearly forget entirely that summer in 2003, that explosion of man-boy lust in his cab as they made out, sucked and fucked and explored one another, gave compliments and insults to each other, helped each other concoct alibis for missing a few days of work or an entire month of fat-camp. The kid rode along in back usually, taking the passenger seat once in a while, acting as rigid as an inflatable child sexdoll, or simply stretching out on the floor with his head in Saul's lap. Those were the days! By the time the boy was thin and popular and partying and running away from home and school, the two of them lost touch and had only recently realigned as friends and more recently as business associates. Often he awoke in the morning and hit the snooze button, blindly patting his wife's thigh before rolling out of bed content in the knowledge that he'd created a decent life for himself. Then he'd shower, dress, and head downstairs to start the coffee-maker. After breakfast he'd slip on an overcoat if the weather required one, and climb into his economical sedan or his semi-cab and head off to a meeting or his office, where he'd lose himself in paper-pushing and small-talking, able to answer any question about 1000-fold with utmost certainty.

Even the question about age of consent in the United States could be handled with aplomb: Thirteen is conservative, he could say honestly. Before thirteen or it's too late, he could say with a smirk. He and 1000-fold were allowed, for whatever reason, by whichever gods, to talk that way in public and make money and be praised.

Lazily, more like reverently, Saul parked the semi-cab a few blocks from Jack Catch's address. It was an illegal parking slot but he believed the many "1000-fold"s stenciled on the doors of the semi-cab would protect him from parking meter personnel. The rapstar was, in fact, getting famous enough to be known in the bigger cities, Chicago being number one in terms of record sales. This was his first time at Jack's place, although 1000-fold knew where Mr. Catch lived already, for whatever undisclosed reason.

After weeks of missing the storm systems, of being in the "eye of the hurricane" as he often joked, Saul stepped right out into it this night. Rain and sleet pummeled his body and his light overcoat was too slight for much protection. He looked then at his partner, the man he'd known as a boy on the edge of thirteen years old. Mesomorphic 1000-fold was wearing his Armani garb with a silver mylar shirt to offset any thoughts about him being a snob. They exchanged a squint and a nod. Rather than sprint, the two men walked casually, briskly, to the gathering at Jack's. Saul for one knew that the people

who quickened their paces would get just as wet no matter how fast they moved. For all he could recall from 2003, 1000-fold knew the same.

#31 CriticalMass/Dangerous Toys

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(December 2019)

Desdemona Charlotte called herself Mona because she felt more like maybe Kate the shrew than a “Desdemona” in context of Shakespearean nomenclature; within her professional Researcher personae simmered an absolute cad instilled during childhood by her father. Moments away, always, crouched biting commentary on whatever or whomever kept pressing against her demeanor. Like now, for instance—the appointment schedule declared a Greta Rutherford was due—already the last subject of the day bugged her. Maybe it was the subject’s name? Mona anticipated mediocre trouble from the woman after a semester of employment at Belling. She could just sense it.

Greta arrived a minute early for the afternoon appointment. What kept her punctual as she kept pausing in her step to motion silently behind her were repeated “why”s from her son into his mobile phone as he dawdled near the Belling University Applied Science building entrance. Her son was about seven or eight years old but dressed like a high school jock crossed with a male prostitute in midriff-baring tank top and pajama bottoms, one leg rolled to the knee. The suburban-looking duo neared Mona’s cubicle as if on a tertiary expedition; they blinked intermittently under the refined harshness of fluorescents overhead.

“Did you sign our consent form electronically, Greta? If not I can print out a copy.”

“Yes I’ve taken care of that,” Greta replied. She motioned again at her son. “Put on your jacket.” She turned back to Mona. “I hope he’s allowed in here.”

“Yes, he’s allowed on campus. We welcome and enjoy children in our academic business environment, and we have a few studies involving the underage sector. But your son is way too young to be in this study!”

Greta laughed, nonchalant. “He’s not a bit interested in what I’m doing here. He’s only with me because I have to drop him off and pick him up at a school across town. He insisted on completing his elementary education at the inconvenient place he started at.

I can never tell him 'no'. Neither could my husband, who works for the federal government. We need to act like perfect parents under that type of scrutiny. We let him walk all over us. Look at his clothes, his haircut. He listens to rap these days."

"He's certainly showing a lot of skin for the season. Is it warm outside this evening?"

Greta unbuttoned her shabby too-tight peacoat and took a seat opposite Mona's desk. "I'm betting on him getting the flu, the way he parades around wearing next-to-nothing." She scowled at her son almost as if it were all a colossal joke. "It's winter, Kubrick! Put on your jacket."

Blanching, Mona showed immediate fondness to the child. "Are you warm?"

The boy did as told, tugging his jacket on over his bare shoulders. "I'm hot," he said to Mona and into the phone.

"Romance her slowly, that's it, you stud," retorted Greta.

"Greta the great!" sing-sang Mona, to dissipate the bad vibes congealing in the corner of the science lab.

Oblivious to the women, the boy fluttered into the phone: "I'm hotter."

Mona continued, "As you can see, by this coat slung over the chair here, your secret partner has already arrived as is at a computer terminal, in a room hidden from your view. Please set your coat on this second chair here, so your secret partner can see you're a real person too, when he or she exits."

"Is that a man's or woman's coat? Why is it as small as my foster son's clothes? Is this a joke? Is my partner a child? I can guess already that my secret partner is a robot, a fake. Am I right? That coat is darling, though. Maybe a petite hand-model or someone, hmm?"

"This is an adult lab-study. Your hypothesis about your secret partner being a computer-partner will be addressed once you complete the study." Mona could believe suddenly that the excitement she'd initially felt about conducting the experiment would vanish entirely by the end of the term in two weeks. Her job was almost completed. Rumors of an extension to the project had not yet been substantiated.

"Am I allowed to bring Kubrick into the study session room with me," Greta wanted to know, as if open to whatever solution would work to keep everything at an even keel, "or is he allowed to sit out here under the university cameras with security? Are you certain that I have a living breathing lab-study partner for this Heartbeat thing?" In a multitasking type of motherly way, Greta did a perfunctory check of the boy's forehead temperature with her fingers.

"Time will tell," Mona said. "Sure, I will look after your son."

“Kubrick is my foster son, rather new, my first.”

Mona wondered why she'd at first assumed the child was Greta's offspring because he anyway looked too slim to be related to the thickset study participant. His complexion was also a few tints off from his foster mom's.

“I'm hotter,” the boy reiterated into phone. After a pause: “Why?”

The women situated Greta's peacoat on the empty chair while Kubrick removed his jacket and sat on the peacoat, as directed wordlessly by the middle-aged women, attention on the phone at his ear.

“He likes 1000-fold, the rap star,” admitted Greta, as if to explain the rap-star look of the kid. “I think gold and krunk are too gauche for an eight-year-old. Yet again, as my new son has taught me to research, rapper Eminem did get a Teddy Ruxbin, the \$85 pricey toy pricetag, for sleeping with his step-dad at age eight. I believe it's on the album where Eminem slashes and or cuts up girls and women in the shower? Kids these days do understand more than we did at that age.”

Mona led Greta to a nearby room with an open door. Closet-sized, the room was lit by a desk lamp. An ornate Oriental rug was puckered beneath the legs of the oversized desk, upon which sat a computer terminal and a throw pillow nestled with a plastic palm-sized heart. It was the prospect of manufacturing the beating-heart toy that encompassed the actual point of the experiment. Ostensibly the experiment consisted of off-topic questions and a completely irrelevant game of tic-tac-toe being played by two unacquainted yet partnered people.

“Am I right? About my partner being a 'bot.”

Mona stifled a grimace. “All of your questions will be answered at the end of the study. Are you free tomorrow, for the second session?”

Greta sat at the terminal. “Kubrick and I have a dinner party tonight, in Chicago. I have a surprise for him. We're going to be arriving fashionably late. In fact that's why I'm wearing this horrid old coat – my other two are getting dry cleaned. You just think I'm a derelict homeless bum, what with my clothes and those of my son, doing this study for the \$60 participant payment. But you must've noticed Kubrick's wearing new Air Jordan sneakers. Oh, and be sure to watch that he keeps his sneakers on! He has the irritating habit of leaving one shoe in people's paths... as if to irk me to the moon...” She paused. “Later next week will work for the second session, if my secret partner is also free.” She winked then gazed at the tiny heart on its pillow. “What is this, a recording device? A bug-in-disguise? Can I touch it?”

Mona blanched again, recalling her ex from those difficult undergrad years: Thomas. His abandoned master's thesis had been a linguistic nightmare into the term “bug”; he'd settled on psychology and later become a counselor to mentally ill adults in the area.

Thomas always rang a “racial ping” in her head, since the man confessed to being half German in an embarrassed way, hiding the rest of his white background even while drunk; Mona almost got him to confirm that he dyed his hair black to cover up a Scottish or Irish lineage, plus a Scandinavian shying away from the sun paired with lush drunkenness. That was back in their undergrad “heydays” at Bell U. Since then they hadn’t spoken. From afar she’d stalked and watched Thomas join Alcoholics Anonymous and grow gluttonously fat. Forcing a grin, Mona felt wicked after spying on him in town, while shopping or driving the streets of Capitol City’s twisty attempt at a grid pattern. She didn’t do it much. Yet she denied herself any inquiring about him, or searching for info about him online. He was single, as far as she’d learned. They’d both opted out of the quick-to-marry trend amongst people in their age group—that “ultra-conservative” group once dubbed Generation Y before they’d been classified with Gen Xers to distinguish them all from the Millennials, with an as-yet-undefined-generation already blinking, walking upright and speaking, seeking a definitive gen-name... Whatever. Nobody used generation names seriously since “Generation X” was around from that writer, Coupland, who wrote *Generation X* and she once skimmed the novel for a class, interested only in the plutonium plot, which petered out into nothing anyway.

“Miss Mona Charlotte?”

“Yes.”

“You are unmarried, yes?”

Mona softened her posture and her stern pout, as always afraid of becoming a spinster, as had beset her, being single, since about age 30. “Yes, unmarried, sans copilot.” She put a dozen keystrokes on the board. Eventually an archaic tic-tac-toe gameboard appeared on the study participant’s monitor. “Here is where you communicate with your silent partner—or, robot, as you prefer to think. Meanwhile fill out this participant survey with a gel pen.” Mona set a photocopied survey of ten questions lightly on the desk then spent a moment fishing a sherbet-orange pen from her vest pocket.

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HEARTBEAT STUDY-PARTICIPANT SURVEY

1.) What is the value of a beating heart? Look at and touch and smell the small synthetic heart thumping on the desk near your keyboard and monitor. Does it prompt you to think of anything? How about love, life, dying, an attack? Imagine a perfect human embryo aborted, their hearts replaced by synthetics to create an electric fetus brigade. Now think about a wind-up tin soldier or battery-powered robot with a heart similar to the one thumping on your desk. What is the value of a beating heart?

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“What’s this, legalese?” scoffed study participant Greta. “Is Belling a Prolife University?”

Mona began to tremble. She helped write the study participant questionnaire, fusing it with trending, nonbiased, unaffiliated parameters and an attempt at quick-witted humor. “Belling University has no political agenda with this laboratory study. Although a private institution of higher learning, Belling remains unaffiliated with a theology or government organization. I have no political agenda with my job at this institution.”

Seeming satisfied, yet perturbed enough to mutter, “Yes, I graduated from here,” Greta flipped through the survey to the final question:

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10.) Provide an abstract, a summary, a justification, of your answers above; or, choose an animal to represent a Deadly Vice/Sin (anger, gluttony, pride, lust, envy, greed, sloth) and detail how reincarnation/avatarism/theology/karmic justice work in unison with or apart from your unique heartbeat. Then relax! You’ve completed Day One of the science study.

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“Guessing that Belling University is not suddenly prolife,” Greta shrugged; “the school is definitely borderline religious now though.”

A shift of focus off the survey and onto the school itself resulted in Mona’s being able to resume her official office peppiness, which participants typically liked. “Play a few games of tic-tac-toe with your secret partner (whether he or she or zee exists is moot). At least three games. Meanwhile answer the ten study questions as quickly as possible. Then come on back to my cubicle to make the next appointment, or if you defer from completing this study, come get your \$40 stipend payment. To receive the \$100 you will need to make an appointment to complete the study within about a week.”

This study participant, Greta Rutherford, somehow crystallized into somebody from Mona’s past. The old memory was filed somehow under the name “Gretel” without a surname in Mona’s mind—thinner, with knobbier knuckles, wearing a similar “suburban mom” hairstyle, dressed always in highend mall attire, baring teeth against a mandatory macroeconomics course she detested, one of those drug-using bohemian sluts caught cavorting nude in the moonlight on the campus quad... One of the two first-year students who pressed criminal sex offense charges at Professor Huxley. Before her stood the matured coed, a tempered version of the partyer who went for a degree in suing the school instead of remaining an accounting major.

Greta grinned. “Do you expect me to answer all these questions seriously?” She referred to the survey with splay-fingered hands. “I better get started.” Again she grinned.

Nodding, Mona walked out of the windowless space and firmly closed the door behind her. This was the third or fourth time a former student joined the study as a participant. Plus several more of them worked on campus now, or had begun grad courses as a working adult. Greta Rutherford, self-described wife of an FBI agent. Mona giggled, despite the implications.

The Applied Sciences building remained quiet, white-noised by a machine with a pseudo-hum. Hardly anyone else sat at their desks, being as it was after the dinner hour, which put Mona at ease; she thought her latenight meal superior in the old-school way to the hordes who supped at five or six o’clock, which afforded her a whole evening to finish daily tasks or plan new ones.

At Mona’s cubicle, little Kubrick sat on his jacket on the floor, one Air Jordan sneaker missing, thumbs tapping at his smart phone.

“Whatcha playin’?” asked the neo-babysitter, “a videogame?”

[Dangerous Toys/CriticalMass delete? Choose one]

“It’s a preview, of a new videogame, called CriticalMass,” replied Kubrick, “getting released tonight, at midnight.” He paused the game. “Korn, whose dad and grandparents I’m staying with, over the weekend, got me a pass to the release party, at Digital Acorn, the gaming center, in Sticksville.” The child forced a laugh, tickled at the humor. “My foster mom is making me ride with her to Chicago for some music party. Yawn, how boring. But Korn and her sister Adidas are going to see a movie, called ‘Dangerous Toys’. My foster mom thinks I should see it, later, so I’m like, sure, okay, whatever you say, foster mom.”

“That woman recommending that you watch ‘Dangerous Toys’? It’s rated R, with graphic gore featuring the deaths of several children,” Mona nearly shouted, caught alarmed as she was by the absurdity of what society considered acceptable. “Yet I suppose the subtext is in reference to gender stereotyping in the toy market!” Quieting down, recalling the white-noise pseudo-hum of the building, she regained her office demeanor. “Not my call,” she murmured; “whatever is wrong with videogames, I’m sure that it has something to do with the graphics and subliminals on screen causing dementia, in fact children as young as you can catch demntia from videogaming, which is probably what your foster mom takes issue with, Kubrick.” Mona reasoned a different tactic. “What is it about Critical Mass that she dislikes?”

“Probably the dented stuff, like you said,” shrugged Kubrick, returning to his videogame. “But I’ve had the CriticalMass preview for a month, getting practice, for the real game. It’s full of bug-monsters. I had to learn Defcon stuff, the invasion is big enough, of the bugs, to need the military.”

Mona as babysitter felt teen angst even in her thirties, choking back sobs of dismay at the big nothing going on in her world, a huge sense of barrenness suddenly, of being a youth in middle age... Regaining composure, licking at salt on her lips from an unexpected crying jag, Mona braced herself against trauma by thinking about her gutsy baby Wilma Gersh, who she sat for many times before seeing her in a local newsmedia scandal about a high school nudist club, followed by the Huxley sex offender trials abuzz on some media outlets while Mona was pursuing that marketing degree elsewhere.

Shabang! Mona almost forgot to maintain standing upright. Wilma's partner in crime, her co-conspirator in the Huxley lawsuit, was none other than Greta Klopp???, now Greta Rutherford, from the heartbeat study.

Meanwhile, Kubrick plays his phone messages. Female voice: "Configure your number's voice URL to change this message. Let us know if we can help you in any way during your development." (844)938-2627 Skip to: Male voice, "... on your arrival, that lets us know that you are here."

"My foster dad says, somebody mean is stealing my identity," lamented Kubrick. "Is that why these phone-people keep bothering me?"

Mona shrugged, feeling ashamed and confused, or played with, by the little man in her cubicle.

Lost shoe brought to cubicle by Reese, Trenton Traffic, et al.

"Speak of the devil," said Mona before she could think, seeing Greta emerge into the cubicle. "I'm very much enjoying the company of Kubrick."

"He's a marvelous dancer, loves 'krunking' and rap-music. My hubby and I wanna send him to Juliard, but he refuses. He hated 'Billy Elliot' and anything else to do with ballet."

"Did you finish the study survey already?"

"About that—"

"I'll have to do this another time, Mona," said Greta, snatching up her peacoat and one hand of Kubrick's. "Sorry but something suddenly came up."

"Can we make an appointment for you to finish?"

Emergency alarms buzzing causes a relaxed exodus from the science building. Greta and her foster son headed out the door. Mona and Reese, especially, dawdle to rethink going out on the campus quad. They decide, mostly by pointing and shouting, to venture into the archives rather than follow the crowd outdoors...

In the archives elevator, Mona and Reese got outvoted by Trenton Traffic the deejay, who chose Level 7, right in the middle, logically. Rather than hiding just under the

official student area or going down to the bottom next to whatever lay beneath the underground archives, locating themselves dead center would “keep everybody alive” or so he iterated.

The group pondered what a “real emergency” might be, such as toxic sleet, a hail of stones (or frogs?), hatching of alien seedpods, or just another race riot... Perhaps a fairly large race riot. Or a class/hierarchy riot, like in J.G. Ballard’s novel *Highrise* (also a film, but the book is better!). If forced to stay underground, would they eat rats or tunnel to a Walmart somehow? Would sonar bats be their allies against a bug invasion? Carnivorous tse tse flies were already rumored to be making their deadly unfettered airy slow-bouncing into Capitol City, for one species. But what did any of those academics know for certain, anyhow? They also chatted about the paradox of two jungle tribes wherein one tribe always lies and the other always tells the truth, hinting at but never mentioning groups such as est, now rumored to be the Landmark Forum (the halfwitted spinoff of Scientology), or that Anthony Robbins unlimited power garbage that seeped out of Marriage Encounter. Funnier than all of that was yet another boring yet prognosticated flu or viral epidemic, like that Polio scare of the 1950s. Much roughhousing of the idea of the end of the world was accomplished.

Finally, one of the students opened a notebook and began to inquire for assistance with a Modern Literature title by John Barth.

“I have a quote,” said Trenton, with all of the resonance expected of a deejay. He intoned, verbatim from Barth’s *Chimera*, without notes: “‘At one time, we gathered, people in this country had been fond of reading; currently, however, the only readers of artful fiction are critics, other writers, and unwilling students who, left to themselves, preferred music and pictures to words.’”

The quiet one, who turned out to be a ’tender at Polarity, was also taking the Modern Lit class as part of a personal pact to complete a baccalaureate before kicking the bucket. “I like that quote,” was the reply. “It’s me. I prefer pictures and music to books.”

Mona, who’d taken Modern Lit eight years ago at Belling University, for her undergrad degree’s cultural studies requirement, had not read Barth; if he’d been on the syllabus she couldn’t recall, having read only the bare requirement for essay papers and the final exam on a book of her choice. She barely recalled the class and said so. Since then, she’d gone on to obtain a marketing master’s, alongside four internships leading to “serious career jobs” such as the one doing the heartbeat study. What she did know was that the tabloid pariah of Bell U, the sex offender named Huxley, had been her teacher for Modern Lit. He’d allowed her to do a final argument on V.C. Andrews’ *Flowers in the Attic* characters, the ashen blond children dying from segregation. Kubrick, a boy unlike those children in coloring, from earlier that evening, sprang again into her mind to laugh at the absurdity of those kids never escaping captivity. Mona sniggered into her hand.

She thought next of the third world bag she’d been ridiculed and praised for carrying around the campus at Bell U while doing her undergrad studies and dating and breaking

up with the part-German Thom ashamed of his heritage. He'd been going with a top down approach and she'd been going with a bottom up tactic. The bag from a third world country became her unique mark then, yet she'd abandoned the idea. Being from the middle she knew she would always be in the middle. Her worldview had shrunk back to an (word with x in it) view. The third world was in the United states, as elsewhere.

Legal weed from another state: THC 14.21% Supercalifragilistic Hydroponics series 3, cool bloom mix.

“Let's break into one of these archive vaults—here's one with a broken lock. This first box says Marvin Kennelly. Who's that?”

Automatic writing segment, inspired by the ghost story of Marvin, who disappeared in 1995. They wonder why his box of personal effects was never claimed. The 'tender from Polarity gets this message through automatic writing: *I'm still alive in my body. Izzy injected me with a drug that killed me and then they made me into a robotic man on display privately. The people who see me either convert to the dark side or they are never seen again in public.*

Everybody decides to go back to the science building main floor.

Mona jumps and faces the small group. “I just remembered. One of my study participants—that Jenn Foggerty who lives in a tent city—she never left the room I left her sitting in. Greta's secret partner for the study. She would've logged out with me for that \$60 payment. I wonder if she's in my office desk...”

#32 Gutter Ball

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To 1000-fold, Saul looked guilty for when he stashed a buddy's teener of methamph at his bank in a safe deposit box, been caught with the drug, yet get this: By the time of Saul's court trial over possession the substance's half-life distilled the Adderol-like controlled substance into a variant of water, nil to the felony charges dropped. Saul is covering for his dealer friend who stashed a few bags of meth with him and left it after getting “tied up” literally; he never uses drugs as a trucker, especially since moonlighting as 1000-fold's agent.

Wilma as hostess shows up with Jack's sweatshirt (and a new "lifetime job" tending to the robocat Sasha). She lets 1000-fold and his manager Saul Bartholomew into the penthouse.

"This is not a true penthouse. Jack Catch should own the whole floor, not just a quarter of it," says 1000-fold, already upset at the lameness of the gathering.

"You might be surprised," counters his manager Saul. "He might own the whole floor anyway, behind closed doors."

"Nah, it goes down a few levels," confirms Wilma. "I've gotta move a crate with that godawful Banksy hobo out of the foyer. Wanna help? It's supposed to be on a cart already—yeah, there it is. All boxed up." They assist the hostess in moving the cart to the back bedroom, where Wilma searches with her foot beneath the murphy-style bed, which pops up into the wall to reveal a down-stairwell and dumb-waiter. The crate barely fits into the dumb-waiter, which Wilma sends down to Level 4 before replacing the murphy bed into its downright position.

Wilma sighs, says "I've got stuff to do for this party—oops, 'gathering' taking place any minute." She hands 1000-fold a photocopied list. "Look this over, it's for my correspondence course on History of the Hippies. I took out all the Vietnam and racism stuff, which leaves a fairly hilarious list of hippy demands..."

(Nixon in) Miami & The Siege of Chicago

Norman mailer paperback 1968; Chicago convention ephemera

The March 08/25/1968

Lincoln Park

Vote PIG in 1968

Political PIGS, your days are numbered. We are the second American Revolution. We shall win. Yippie! Youth international Party.

Free Motel "Come sleep with us"

REVOLUTION TOWARD A FREE SOCIETY: YIPPIE!

by A. Yippie

3. The legalization of marihuana & all other psychedelic drugs

4. A prison system based on the concept of cohabitation rather than punishment

5. ... abolition of all laws related to crimes without victims. That is, retention only of laws relating to crimes in which there is an unwilling injured party, i.e. murder, rape, assault

6. Total disarmament of all the people beginning with the police. This includes not only guns, but such brutal devices as tear gas, MACE, electric prods, blackjacks, billyclubs...

7. The abolition of Money. The abolition of pay housing, pay media, pay transportation, pay education, pay clothing, pay food, pay toilets.

8. A society that works toward and actively promotes "full unemployment". A society in which people are free of the drudgery of work. Adoption of the concept "Let the machines do it."

9. ... elimination of pollution from our air or water.

10. ... free birth control information, abortions when desired.

11. Open and free use of media...cable TV as method of increasing the selection of channels available to the viewer

12. An end to all censorship. We are sick of a society showing violence but refuses to show a couple fucking

13. We believe that people should fuck all the time, any time, whoever we wish.

14. A national referendum system conducted via TV or a TV voting system... a decentralization of power and authority with many varied tribal groups, existing in a state of trust. People would be free to choose a tribe to join.

15. A program that encourages and promotes the arts... in a very real sense we'd have a society in which everyone would be an artist.

1000-fold laughs at the Yippies, does a satirical performance rap about "spoiled dropout losers and trust-funded underachievers having their sense of entitlement" as red as any Republican can stand to be. Excising the political and ethical themes (as in the Yippie piece) faintly undermines the impact of the "Turbulent '60s": Economic and social instability unseen since the Great Depression; military defeat in Vietnam; tax increases plus inflation; desegregation and MLK, Jr.; birth control and loosening of sexual mores; school campus demonstrations or riots, that whole collapse of liberalism evident by the mid-1970s. The point then and now from an intellectual conservative's P.O.V. likely is related to the intent to quell or temper any Redistribution of Wealth attempts, schemes or runaway businesses.

Other guests show up.

Ty Sneeth's Ural River to the Caspian Sea Adventure Story

"You lil' urchin" (Wilma to Kubrick)

DSMIII vs. DSM V definition of the mental disorder called pedophilia.

Somebody with hair up in bows, ribbons of lamé and silk.

Job chapter 28 or 29 with its vampiresque quote: "I broke the fangs of the unrighteous and made him drop his prey from his teeth."

The removable eyetooth as porcelain, synthetic vampires' fangs possible, durability and strength of implants? Also called a canine tooth? References to werewolves in Bram Stoker's Dracula.

Yips, avers for cited dialog.

Shod in what type of shoe?

Reese rattles off list of beans, navy, pinto, black, kidney, fava, lima...

"Bean-flickers" as female masturbators (Bean scene in "Tommy" musical)?

1000-fold wants to see Ian Silly's gun, a Ruger AR-556 pistol.

1000-fold echoes "How did you get your start?" before stating "Did you read the article about me in GQ? Obviously, nah. Long story short I put out a demo with four sardonic rap-covers of pop songs." (These were "I'd like to praise you (but...)" a.k.a. "Be Mean to People (Kindness Kills)"; "MTV Makes Me Wanna Smoke Crack (So I Did!)"; "Climb (Over) Every Woman"; and "...") He continues with "Saul B., my agent here, actually, hooked me up with Belle the pop star, when she was just finishing music school, through some deliveries he'd made to her family's church, oddly enough!

Request for a "1970s-era TVs with vacuum tubes" rap goes out to 1000fold, old television sets where the networks or others can broadcast programs and adverts into a private or public dwelling; they could also use the vacuum tubes to watch people in their

homes near a TV. 1000fold laughs, he's too young to rap about that shit. "How long were you aware that the officer(s) there..." begins another rap convo.

"Some cities, maybe even Chicago, fuck us out of our hip-hop-whatever-you-all-call-it-now by denying us our demo records to pass around. Capitol City has been perfect and quaint to me already, although I never get back there, we never get back up to Capitol City, do we Saul?"

"Ayn Rand said: 'A lot of being a genius is doing nothing,' or something to that effect."
"Nowadays society ascribes genius to anyone having a terrific body."

Belle "the sessions" album brought by 1000-fold, with "Party Lights" cover track, the only version by the dead pop star, previously unreleased to the public.

1000-fold with snaggle-toothed silver grill; Greta thinks that snaggle-teeth are all but eliminated from the middle class.

Maybe just one cannibal fork, brought in by the caterer Cloud as a weapon, with he and Reese joking about using the metal cubed forks for shishkebob spears. Ace having left the catering gig already for a rendezvous with Gyx.

Mantle=cloak? Verify synonym.

"Moper" tee-shirt?

Taint a reputation

Ty Sneeth reunion with 1000-fold unexpected; the men recall the old days with SUVs and baseball in the suburbs; S.V.U. joke and more conflict.

Kubrick wears a tee-shirt with slogan ICE-T STINKS LIKE SHIT, belt made by Andre3000 of rockband Outkast (or so it said online where his foster mom bought it for him)

Wilma wears a brooch with the wimbeldon trophy pineapple, "clueless as to what the pineapple is all about. But I love the way it looks. Love, deuce..."

Ian's mother still trying to crush his manhood; his tranzie sister, it turns out, is xxy chromosomal pattern, making her a hermaphrodite; the sister also dislikes their mother. As a P.I., Ian has always been Independent, and votes that way when he can. Arrowhead summer camp with its jock, boys, girls, fat, music etc weeks. Ian maybe getting back on "the force" if he can. He wants a dune buggy.

Jack summons neighbor ninjas to oust 1000-fold for being a cad...

"You have your head so far up your cunt you're breathing out of your neck!"

1000-fold: "I axed you where da bafroom at nigga?" and "A buck is a buck, a buck adds up!" (tip, bike, deer, etc)

"Suet!"

"It churns (th?) my stomach."

"The Jimi Hendrix of violin, Lynn_(Lindsey Starling?), 2019"

Scuffle, commotion, 1000-fold kicked out onto the street by Wilma Gersch the hostess. The doorman says nothing to 1000-fold's query about getting back in. On the way through the revolving door his phone rings.

Rolling Stone interview. 1000-fold's new album in development: "The Earthquake that is Me" with songs The Earthquake that is Me, Did You Try Everyone, Glad to Be 28, Boys and Books, Lincoln's Wigwam, Rush da Prelude, and a cover tune of That Little Boy of Mine, from 1932, words and music by Benny Meroff, Wayne King, Walter Hirsch. "Where'd you get that cover-song idea? Sounds like old-timey is in, again."

"A fan sent my website an email, what was his name? Oh yeah, two dudes, Ace and Gyx (or however pronounced). The email said: 'for your shorty, rapstar' which caught my attention. I've been looking for a shorty. This week I'm working on the rhythm and melody for my new hip-hop trip-hop ambient listeners." Singing: "Two eyes that shine so bright, two lips that kiss goodnite, two arms that hold me tight, that little boy of mine. No one could ever know how much your coming has meant. Because I love you so, you're something heaven has sent...." You get the gist."

"Interesting."

"My album producer thought the same."

(pause)

"What's 'Boys and Books' about?"

"Going against the myth that all boys want is action, like what's in that film 'Snakes on a Plane' is about all that boys take an interest in. That's untrue. Boys like a variety of stuff. Sci-fi, sure, but also history and magic. Give a boy a chance to wander in the library he might choose a book on historical clothing, the future of astroturf, or on the statistics gathered about ghetto and elite spending on food. But let me add that every index should contain a few pornographic facts. I looked up 'pedophile' and 'pederast' as often as 'sex' or 'virgin' as a youth. We need more of that kind of info in our libraries."

"Where and when is your next live show? Will you be singing new material?"

"That's under wraps for the moment."

"Are you dating anyone?"

"Nobody in particular."

"What was it like being homeless?"

"Being without a home was hellish. All the handwarmers in the world wouldn't help on a cold night. Now there's such a thing as mylar blankets, mylar insulation that looks like a huge sheet of tinfoil, which can be folded into a palm-sized package. Those blankets reflect sunlight, retain body heat, are waterproof and weatherproof, and they're see-through. My charity, People Without Homes, is funding development of clothing and even structures made out of mylar. Hardly anything is being done to help my peeps on the street! I'm doing my part."

"How did you get your latest albums promoted, after being banned on popular syndicated radio shows?"

"I used regional local radio, from Capitol City to Chicago to Milwaukee, even Denver. I impressed an alliance of regional deejays, somehow. I'm going to a gathering (a party) tonight in Chicago with one of those deejays, the masterful Kid Keen straight outta Sticksville. Local promoters also helped a lot. It's a network. The rap, hiphop, triphop and ambient scenes are finally coming together and the scene is finally on the radar."

Favorite movie: "Detroit Rock City" with Edward Furlong

Any new crossover rap-r&b-top40 hits coming down the pike?: “It’s called ‘Rays and Maes’ and I’ve been working on it with deejay Kid Keen, also working Chicago.” “When was this?” “Just now, at a house party in Chicago, before I got thrown out for blowbacking weed to an eight-year-old. The hostess said something about Peewee Herman, the Sex Offender, what was it, yeah, ‘This isn’t Peewee’s Playhouse,’ whatever that means. Back to the song, which I was putting together with Kid Keen. Think Linkin Park meets Blondie for the accompaniment. The lyrics go something like ‘Maze Raze Daze Gaze Haze Faze,’ you get the gist.”

Favorite quote from a musician?: “Music is religion.” “Who said that?” “Hendrix, Jimy Hendrix.” “Is that what you want the world to know?” “Sure.”

Favorite slang or mantra: “Did I flub (up)?”

What’s your favorite name for the female sex organ? “Blue waffle, purple muffin, whichever.”

On circumcision: “Circumcision is the same as ‘mutilation’ of African women’s clitoris.”

How was it being a teen? Did you ever luck out and find anything of value: “I was a Fat Kid. Went to jail and was homeless. I once found a beer-reeky backpack stuffed with damp clothes, cans of malt liquor, toothbrush and paste and a bar of soap.”

How did you get out of summer camp? “It was an Amber Alert fiasco. Ask the police for details.”

Regrettable childhood experience? “Laughing at other peoples’ follies. I wrote a song, ‘Heaven’s Sparkle,’ about that kind of laughter being as shallow or wrong as too much make-up (cosmetics) on a woman’s eyes.”

“I know that one. Didn’t like it. Now it makes more sense.”

“Glad to hear it.”

Favorite phrase: “It’s on-site. Meaning: It’s gonna be a fight next time we meet.”

Fave music: “Dubstep.”

What would you do if I told you I murdered someone? “I’d ask for a shovel.”

Hit me: “\$1 a ciggy, or a buck a square.”

Why do you push for kids to get sex and voting rights? “Most of the guys I chatted with who were in jail ‘learned from a peer his own age,’ or so they say.”

Funny thing you do: “I ask random people if they’re the mom of an abandoned kid or the dad of a bastard.”

Info to correct: “‘Sex before eight or it’s too late!’ is a John Birch society motto (not NAMbLA’s). I dunno how many people get that one wrong. It’s conservative right wing group not a liberal fag group.”

Finally the musician reached the semi-cab. By then, the sleet had changed to snow, that thick heavy snow that sticks on your hair like white hair in 31 degree weather, with curls and body added. The snow also covered and curled a parking ticket stuck way up under the right windshield wiper.

1000fold doing stand-up comedy?

Ugly Naked Guy With Two Paid Friends Onstage (to keep him alive during performance):

Put a quarter in me because my mind has a few slow file clerks (per: Scientology)

What’s a folk singer got that I lack? Kracker, as a band: “What the world needs now, is another folk singer, like I need a hole in the head!” Or, Cake: “How do you afford your

rock'n'roll lifestyle"? to be (re)mixed with a Dandy Warholesque stuff/discoscapes to incite a solid structure for instilling new the band names Disco or Peat?

Joke #1: platypus, lemming & gopher enter a houka lounge owned by Lea Thompson, Freddie Prinz Jr, and a male relative of Bill Murray perhaps, somesuch nepotism. "Any models in the club? Are any of them black? Black lives matter. Black is the absence of color. Yeah (in art school). White is every color (in art school). A spectrum, I guess. Any question of "colorless brick" will reveal... Ha! Guess what? I ordered *Cosbyology* and got an official copy recently; within weeks Bill Cosby was released from prison (for drugging and raping a woman, I gather) but he was free to stalk me on a bus and look at me like a demon, haha! I'm scared of him, now, after growing up with him and his faux-Huxtable family in my home every week. He is truly cagey, now. Does he wanna kill me? How so? I dunno. He might wanna coach me. Cosby would be an amazing comedy sketch artist's coach. I think I do comedy poorly. I think Stephen King coached Amy Schumer in stand-up (or a good likeness of the back of his head watching Amy perform, in an early snapshot. But whatever, nevermind."

Age of 1000-fold? Born 1991, age 28

25% of vapers are minors

Movie reboots all the rage (de rigeur)

Fan of pro sports, amateur wrestling, NASCAR, sailing, military history, guns.

1000-fold: "Cheap mobile phones are fun to smash when fed up with hackers."

Two policemen in a patrol car drive up, roll down the window on the passenger side of the patrol car. "Keep this up and we'll arrest you to death, 1000-fold."

"What was that about?" the singer wondering if someone upstairs had called the cops on him, or if it was the fact of him smoking the legal-next-month marijuana (CHECK FACT ON ILLINOIS

Suddenly 1000-fold remembered the magnet box stuck to the outside of the rig. With storm-chilled fingers (gloves left at Jack's) the musician located the keyfob (fob?) and climbed into the rig, momentarily baffled from the THC on how to start the engine and warm up the cab.

With sideways-turned eyes 1000-fold noticed ahead (peripheral vision being now directly in front of his nose) the timid peek outside of Kubrick at the revolving door, security guard and doorman absent.

"What's going up in that penthouse? You're the only guest I've seen leave in an hour, and you're an unaccompanied minor child."

"A ton of people I never met were cleaning the parlor and kitchen, everywhere. One dude was putting all the couch cushions and cups and stuff into big black plastic bags. My foster mom is dead. The P.I. blew apart her face with an AK-47 or whatever. He had to sit down because she was the living dead or whatever. I'm tired. Got another blowback?"

“Did anyone call the police?”

“About my foster mom? Nah. The party people moved to Level 1, and the cleaners upstairs were busy at their jobs or whatever. I need to call Korn or Adidas and ask them if I can stay over there and go to the movies and see ‘Dangerous Toys’ tomorrow.”

“You can stay with me tonight. Where’s your foster pa at tonight?”

“He’s doing some secret service FBI mission in Sticksville, I dunno where.”

“Wanna take a ride wit’ me?”

#33 Lit Inc?

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(January 2022 & March 1995)

Huxley & Marvin

Huxley is immersed in his notes when he gets hold of the box of Marvin Kennelley’s stuff, stored in the archives from 1995 when he disappeared during spring break from campus. Mona gives it to him because of the subject matter of some of his writing(?) but Huxley cannot fathom where the student disappeared to... He gets a visit from Marvin’s brother, to pick up the box.

Huxley

William F. Buckley, Jr.: America was “rallying around an orthodoxy whose characteristic is that it exudes communism.” He advocated legalization of narcotics, and stood behind free speech; he was an individualist, known for “traditionalism.”

“Who doubts that being a slut with lots of people before marriage is a good idea?”

“Bill Clinton was impeached. His episodes with Monica Lewinsky, however, did allow people and kids to discuss oral sex, and coitus.”

If the elite is corrupt, then each message sent down to the hoipolloi will corrupt the commoners too.

“Do people at the bottom of society (proletariats) possess intelligence or morals?”
A sample of what’s left of his notes:

The new USA canon, sorted and loaded due to only the sheer numbers of copies sold and copies read:

Updike
Oates
Irving
King
Anthony
McCaffrey
Steel
Collins
Patterson
Dickens
Shakespeare
The Bible

Other notes:

Actress Natalie Wood sounds devastated on those old “the number you have reached has been disconnected” recordings. Sad, sympathetic, creepy, imaginable mascaraed tears as her voice played across the nation from the 1980s and on...

Idea/notion definition

Hollow Graphix Universe

“In statues we look for the likeness of a man, whereas in literature... we look for something transcending the human.” Longinus, *On the Sublime*

Titan: a ship in fiction, sunk by an iceberg (Michelson Morley, explorer)

Psychologically maimed artists—virtual (not VR) war veterans—at present

Present or future tense?

Entymologist, etymologist, ichtyologist (fish)

“I expected you to look better naked.”

Landmark Forum/Anthony Robbins/Marriage Encounter/est...

Bloom, expounding on and quoting Rosseau: “individual self-interest is not sufficient to establish a common good, he insists, but without, political life is impossible, and men will be morally contemptible.” “A people will not automatically result from individual men’s enlightenment about their self-interest. A political deed is necessary. The legislator must ‘so to speak change human nature, transform each individual’.”

Conservatives in the 1980s put “democracy” rather than “free enterprise” ahead of their previous attempt at “communism” in the 1950s.

Allan Bloom follows Strauss: “liberal theory cannot be relied on to support a liberal regime” (Dead Right/David Frum “If the poor remained poor, despite the magnificent opportunities that abound in American society, their own misconduct must (it follows logically) be largely to blame. And if the realities of modern government meant that society was obliged to support the poor, then society has a right to admonish and correct their misconduct.”)

Homeless: maniacs, addicts, imbeciles, pro beggars & scammers

“We respect your sovereignty” said George Bush Sr and many others before him.

The Covid shutdown (2020-?) is an attempt to avoid or usher in an era of deterioration due to the governments failing to control or better its peoples in favor of indifference?

“Gangs” are also: orgs, bizs, schools, clinics, city halls, etc.

The New Deal Civilian Conservation Corps (nat'l svc prelude?)

“Treble clef loop, bass old-timey melody.”

Pencils, cups of.

Do you think it's funny, to feloniously gaslight someone, make them want to imprison invisible hackers with no recourse but to scream and yell and bang head against wall? What cretins. You hackers have no souls, no morals, no scruples, no creativity, no knowledge, no love. You are reprehensible things who deserve criminal charges for manipulating the world against me by leaving your goddamn trash jottings and paperclips and whatever all else—dog shit—for me to “find” as I lead my pathetic tiny existence while leading a resistance to... what? You.

This story is titled “”. The idea generated from chaos attributed to the internet down nationwide; my files are all stolen and or copied and or replaced/altered and or simply viewed. There are other ways... pirate virtual private networks as thick as private radio once was. In the words of Stephen King: “It's their mess now.” As though clearing my desk means more work for the hackers hard at work/ hardly working. Maybe so, whatever the context of the quote. It is likely that they copy my desktop to a remote PC, or bank of PCs, in Washington DC, which would be their new home town of “Capitol City” if their plans are to steal my novel and try to make a go of it despite the economy falling apart.

Now I put black electric tape on my laptop's probable cameras, having long ago placed tape on the lens facing me as typist, like Bill Gates does. As my hackers become the characters of the book they are currently stealing. Appearing as ghosts of the past who have trouble figuring out which character, exactly, they are supposed to be assuming the roles of and often dump personae as they realize they'd misinterpreted my work; some wonder if any of the characters, maybe all of them?, are based on themselves or anyone at all in the faction formed to plagiarize my novel novel as it is being written, backed up on their hacker-wired machines via remote data-thievery apps. This is a second attempt at this 'graph, BTW, the first one getting dropped after a save and a file close.

Here's how they plan to do it, in logical fashion: direct a “reader” personality to memorize my novel and recite it, thereby looking like a terrific memorizer and a poetic genius on the page all at the same time. Certainly more believable than myself, a suburban Midwesterner, writing the novel, in terms of the public's insatiable cravings

for superstars. Yes, a whiz kid from either coast, privileged yet poor, perhaps a minor but likely a grad student studying botany or some earthly discipline. He (or she?) could be a superstar with an oration slash recitation of my novel. Trouble is, they could write out my themes and white out my metaphors and delete or add about anything they chose, thus reducing my entire complex point to a marginalized residue, all the while claiming that they wrote it. Then the issue becomes my teaching of grammar and style and finesse. It would be easy for them to attack every knowledge or data that I have just to make me look like an idiot again. (They may be related to that Greta Klopp??? and Wilma Gersch scandal that rocked Bell U and got me fired, sent on this strange trajectory into brilliant novelist being stolen from while typing.) They stomp on me, these average-brained tech-minded grads; they exult themselves. The cowardly bullies.

New beginning:

The nitty-gritties of the law got ironed out just as the internet collapsed, causing a controlled kind of anarchy.

Kid Keen was making intermittent local radio broadcasts, in code. Huxley understood only a small fraction of the broadcasts. What he did understand concerned sprites and gnomes—our true pets!—rather than the dimwitted canines and felines and lesser species as animals to chain and feed and pamper and coddle for no reason other than the humans who own them feel somehow superior and fulfilled by dumb animals in their homes. Outmoded farmers with their foodstuffs sleeping with them in their beds, was what it was, in Huxley's mind. The bulk of society kept putting their pets on higher pedestals until humanity itself got threatened and diminished. Religion was gone, replaced by pet-worship, similar to pagan worship of the golden calf as depicted in the Old Testament of the Bible. Incredible advances in avatarism had to be stopped by the government, presumably; it did that by disabling the Internet somehow. Half the population was getting hacked anyway, intangible fortunes being swiped as quickly as a shopaholic with a credit card. None of that worked regularly or perfectly either, now. Most people had simply been putting up with the inconveniences. Opposite the tech-dependent population was a smaller, albeit smarter, group of neo-Luddites living off-grid. It split society as deeply as did the Civil War 200 years before. A surplus of knock-off books caused Huxley alarm yet he persisted with his literary opus. Libraries had closed and people were forced to read free stuff online or purchase actual books again if they wanted to read.

REHEARSING the night's lesson as he wove through patchy traffic toward the university, Huxley imagined a multitude of eager students inside his classroom. The weather forecaster predicted rain, but the sky hung cloudless, absolutely cloudless, streaked with pink and mango near the horizon. It gave him a kind of spiritual lift unequalled in the dull years since being ousted from teaching at the level of a bachelor's degree.

For the first couple of years, he concentrated solely on earning money, not dating anyone seriously, keeping mainly to himself. Then last year, after returning to teach at a rival college, he encountered a baffling string of willing coeds: Jericha, Sally, Emily, Greta, Kristen; five seemingly well-adjusted, amiable, fair and honest girls between the

ages of twenty and twenty-seven. And all of them—even the brassy Sally, who never hid a thought from her incessant voice box—mysteriously vanishing from his life after the third month. Without speaking a word about their feelings, or dropping a clue as to their reservations, they all dumped him. All five quit returning his calls and responding to his brief e-mails, a few opting to ditch on pre-arranged dates.

The first, Jericha, caused the most distress, since she told him she loved him repeatedly, and made space for his toothbrush and an extra set of boxer briefs in the bathroom drawer, and even invited him out to watch a barrage of performing art with her dyke sister. Then, only nothing. She refused to answer her door, she refused to answer her phone; he thought she might be dead and so called the cops, who told him to stop harassing the girl before she filed a restraining order. So, dazed and bewildered, he finally decided Jericha's sister turned her off of him, and maybe off of men altogether.

The brief relationships with the second, Sally, as well as the third, Emily, occurred over the same summer. Huxley, at last ready for this next stage in his life, began the mad courting game none too choosy—as long as she was somewhat attractive and could correctly string a sentence together—and thought each might make an adequate wife. The 21-year-old Sally admitted she wanted a family one day, but didn't want to get married until at least 23; later on the better looking Emily echoed a similar sentiment. Yet wham, bam, what the fuck, they each dropped him and retreated back into their own worlds, as had Jericha.

The most perplexing drop occurred with 19-year-old Greta. Everything zipped along for them for two solid months, no snags in sight. Yet the mutually satisfying sex, better even than the romps with Jericha or Sally (Emily never put out), and intricate conversations about god and death and Ben Stiller or whichever celebrity failed to save their coupling; the woman, invited a friend who'd he'd taught named Wilma over and the three of them took acid before a menage a trois, then soon quietly quit communicating too. A month later he was being arrested for statutory rape despite the coeds being adult women by the law. The public trial was a mess and likely ruined all three of them. Huxley narrowly avoided prison despite getting labeled as a sex offender and statutory rapist (of a person under his care). They'd been his students, sure, but both were of age that night. Younger than he preferred, as he'd quipped at the trial.

Huxley tried picking up his next one, who was named Kristin, at the grocery store instead of at a bar or an undergrad party or online. He thought he was attracting the wrong kind of females by frequenting the wrong kind of establishments. And in the beginning, the non-drinking, non-smoking, non-bingeing girl worked out fantastically well. Not only did Huxley save money on drinks, he also got to have more sex, since there wasn't a whole lot else to do besides watch movies. But within six weeks, she too flew his coop.

Then he finished his probation and found side-work tutoring ESL students. The rival college kept him on as English and Writing teacher for a few more years then wordlessly dismissed him, him having served his purpose of irritating the faculty and students at Bell U.

*

Marvin

Marvin is rejected by feminist-minded editor who thinks only of her own issues and is now getting inebriated with Baybee in her dormroom. They discuss the fate of literature, with Baybee mocking the editor.

“We at *Belling Art* did decide to deem the term ‘hag’ misogynistic and anti-feminist. Marvin, you should be aware of political correctness here at the very PC BellU. In a metaphorical story about a sea hag eating a sea cucumber we find that the underpinnings outweigh the surface narration! Really, you were much too obvious in that submission.”

“A ‘hag’ is a disgusting s-s-sleeve of slime! I looked it up—”

“We will not be publishing ‘The Hag’. This is all about space.”

Echoed Marv: “Space.” The term took on nebulous proportions, an uncatchable dimension, in reference to his poetry. All the sunlight in the sky, could it have forced its way into the adjunct academic’s office, would pale (pall?) at the dark heaviness comprising his consciousness. With a morose crossing of muck-luck-clad feet and ankles, the Bell U junior tried to swallow a nascent lump in his larynx.

Perhaps sensing the poet’s devastation, *Belling Art*’s literary editor offered to instead print a poem that Marvin submitted. “I like ‘Strike! Snakes and Fishes’ better anyways. It’s much more accessible to the reader. Besides, the metaphor of the hag is as bad as any other metaphor—we’re looking beyond that stuff nowadays—it’s antiquated, similar to ‘Cat on a Hot Tin Roof’ or ‘Dog Day Afternoon’. Our readers don’t want to think that much when they read *Belling Art*. They prefer a straightforward piece.”

At that, Marvin recoiled, his baby-lipped pout sturdy as something grotesque and stony.

“But your poem ‘Strike! Snakes and Fishes’ isn’t about metaphor (is it?), it’s about nature, wildlife, the great outdoors. It’s brief,” continued the editor, “it’s evocative—”

Marv cut in: “Evoc-c-cative? You don’t understand it, n-n-not at all. That poem is about the staff here, the heterosexist masthead with y-y-your name at the t-t-top. I w-w-was t-t-testing you, is w-w-why I submitted it to *B-B-Belling Art*. D-d-d-on’t publish ‘Strike!’ or I will sue the university.”

The editor blinked excitable eyes and tried once more. “I for one stuck up for ‘The Hag’ at our last editorial meeting. I was outvoted three to one.”

Marv at last swallowed the lump rising in his throat. Obviously, the editor wanted to go to bed with him or a form letter from “Belling Art editorial staff” would’ve shown up in his mailbox like it did the previous two years. Plus, the editor was now flaunting, showing off curves and bulges while picking through green plastic paper bins stacked on floating shelves. He shuddered at the thought of his first lay—this year—with Baybee; he mourned the way she’d bled on the daintily-flowered sheets during their “drunken fuck”; he thought of Jack, who he’d met a month prior and who he was going to visit in the huge city of Chicago over Spring Break next week. With all of that in mind he could barely conceive of screwing the seemingly future corporate catalog editor.

“What about my ‘Julep Remedy’? I intended to leave that portion where the song title is, you know, that i-i-intentional b-b-b-b-blank space for the reader t-t-t-to put in a song of his or h-h-her choosing! Instead you want t-t-to publish my shit-poem ‘Don’t Be Messin’ Wit’ ‘hese Fishes’.”

“You are referring to your alternately titled poem ‘Piranhas Ain’t Large’? We accepted that one, Marvin K.”

“To embarrass me, I am guessing. I am only guessing.”

“You are skeptical of our methods not because of the title change.”

“No.”

“Know.”

“No, of course no, no, no, no, no. No!”

“Know!”

“No! Now, listen here...You know I’d be a different person if you were someone else.”

“You mistrust us.”

“What is your appraisal of ‘hypertext’?”

“Our ‘appraisal’?”

“Appraisal? Whatever. Your assessment of ‘hypertext’. What do you think ‘hypertext’ will become, in essence, in history, to us, to the future, the past?”

Topiary

“10 words survive: k(no)w, own, gone, trade, dress, feed, war, base, work, sex”

Phlebotomists, taking blood without giving payment...

#34 Polarity Presents: Endzones

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(October 2021)

[POV chuck & then Erin briefly as they traverse the bar]

More than a year after the Covid-19 Corona Virus shutdown began, the nightclub Polarity finished a grand renovation and reopened as a sleaze den of iniquity under the auspice Polarity Presents... ENDZONE; hourly room & shower rentals; theme bars with alcohol & tapas; music & hookah lounges; much talk of a cinematheque.

Lounge music (Thievery Corporation, Massive Attack, Portishead, Morcheeba, Supreme Beings of Leisure, plus its ilk); hookahs with semi-illicit smoke-cakes manufactured by

Belling U. students in the chem labs; (an illicit?) Narwahl décor maintained the illusion of fairybook Mafioso speakeasies.

[story: Chuck & or Erin] “ADDICTS are shallow breathers,” the guy explained, his muskiness intense and dizzying. In apparent agreement, several intoxicated fags nodded their heads. I nodded too, mostly because I thought the guy was hot enough to fuck; when he stalked off to the john I leered at his bubble ass toggling back and forth across his built-up hamstrings; and then I thought he might be right.

“Shallow breathers?” a fag asked, with a sneer.

“No idea,” another scoffed.

“As long as he keeps blinking those crystal blues, I don’t care,” voiced the third. “He could be peddling mumbo-jumbo voodoo babies and I’d adopt.”

They all laughed then paused as if they expected me too to denigrate the guy behind his back. A swift glance into the mirror behind the lounge bar—with its bordello-red wallpaper, cracked-leather barstools and oil portraits in rococo frames—confirmed mingling meant lingering—the storm had kept most patrons away—so I hung around, sober as when I’d ducked in out of the rain an hour ago. Drinking led to complications, life kept telling me; low-key and lonely was okay. Being sober with drunks was funny! I tried a new tack: “I get what he’s saying,” I told the three of them as one, drawing quotation marks around “get” with my fingers.

The fags turned their heads toward me. From left to right, they appeared shunned, amused and bored, as if I’d thrown a wrench in their sardonically-tuned machinery. My impulse was to take leave, though a flicker of the lights reminded me of the severity of the rainstorm. I drummed my fingers on the bar until the first, most effeminate, threw back the remainder of his cocktail and ordered another round for the five of us. Trouble was, when the barkeep asked what the addicted guy drank, nobody knew.

“Thought I saw him with some kind of tall cocktail, with a lime or an orange slice on top,” offered the guy in the middle.

“I think it was a Zima,” the most effeminate countered. “But don’t listen to me. I was totally looking at his cock ‘n tail.”

“Beer—it’s gotta be beer,” the third, who seemed unremarkable in every way, declared. “Those straight-acting fags always drink beer.”

Although I heard him order a double Jack Coke with no ice earlier that night, I merely shrugged, said nothing. My idea: the “shallow breathing” line was a metaphor for the guy’s lack of vitality and substance. If the guy was using booze and other substances to compensate for shallowness—his lack of fullness and fulfillment—he needed yoga, or tantric sex, or swimming lessons, or intimacy, anything besides liquor. Dopey jokes aside, life was to be inhaled, right? The guy obviously wanted to stop suffocating on repetition, wanted out of the vice-like grip life had on him. He probably lived completely on the shoal, automatic-like, fucking pick-ups without investing more than his hard-on, without actually being present. A quick analysis of my own breathing told me I maybe did the same thing.

“He was having a money Coke, short, no ice,” I said to the squabbling threesome. “And me, I’ll take an H-2-0.”

The barkeep wanted to know, “Bottled or tap?”

I said, “Bottled,” and forced air into the lowest recesses of my lungs. “I’m a purist. The fluoride they dose the tap water with is bad for the enamel on our teeth.”

With a flirtatious grin, the barkeep said, “You don’t say.”

Nodding at the scruffy barkeep but thinking about the addict, I uncapped the cold liquid and took an ostentatious swig. Would the cute fuck be pissed because I ordered him a plain coke? Maybe. Maybe he’d be impressed that I actually listened to what he said, instead of merely basking in the glow of his musk-energy, like the rest of the fags in the lounge. My reward: those gorgeous toned buns of his wrapped round my dick, his deep blue eyes inches from mine as the forked spray of his hot cum splattered the hair on my chest... Somebody put dollars into the juke and I woke from my fantasy as “Goodbye Yellow Brick Road” started to play. The three fags, all exes I think, raised eyebrows at each other. The nonalcoholic drink sat between us on the bar.

“Figures he’d drink Coke,” the fem guy shrugged.

“Why?” asked the amused one in the middle.

“Hello? He snorts it?”

“Oh he does not,” the everyday guy said. “The man’s into poppers if anything.”

The threesome laughed, their heads converging as the sardonic machine resumed its reign. I felt completely outside the mechanizations of the group now, my wrench apparently being constructed of alien stuff. But they were joking, of course. Nobody’s into huffing anymore except twelve-year-old boys who can’t find any weed.

“Bottoms up,” the limp-wrist squealed.

The addict returned. He made a point of filling his chest with air before indicating the Coke with his chin and asking, “This for me?” The others, enamored and entranced, nodded. I fought against the power of suggestion, noticed anyway the guy’s speech had quickened, and his casual deportment, messily enigmatic as ever, benefited from him affecting a slight bounce in his knees as he stood. The guy tossed us a “danka.”

I held my breath as he drank, scrutinizing his symmetrical fat-free face for signs of disappointment. There were none. He tilted his thick neck backward, and I tried to see up his nostrils, for evidence of powder, yet saw only darkness. Then his delicious Adam’s apple caught my eye. Each swallow insinuated an amazingly deep sexual dive, except diminished (or enhanced?) by too much alcohol and years of soulless conquests.

“It’s money, honey,” the fag who bought it said to the addict. “That what you wanted?”

The guy widened his pretty blue eyes and then his stance, then belched. “Thought it tasted a little weak,” he said. “But hey, as a chaser.”

The fem downed his cocktail and sidled over to put an arm around the addict’s waist, letting his fingers fall into the guy’s rear pockets. Then, looking directly at me, he signaled the barkeep and slurred, “Four Orgasms, bitch.”

I emptied my lungs and drew more air. If ever there was a surer sign I’d been ousted, I couldn’t think of one. Before I could recap my beverage and completely disentangle myself from the clique, I felt a hand clamp onto my wrist. “You want an Orgasm, too, sweet?” the perpetually-amused fag asked, pulling me nearly into his lap.

An Orgasm contains kaluha, amaretto and sweet cream mixed with a little vodka. Not especially into sugar, and still feeling slighted by the fem, I said, “Syrup isn’t my thing.” The guy, who wasn’t awful-looking up close—his brow and jaw were pale but chiseled, and his cheeks had a Victorian pinkishness to them—let go of my wrist. Then he gave an exaggerated pout and shooed me away. Immediately I regretted turning him down. The *lack* of alcohol was beginning to weigh on me; it threatened to drag me under, pull me right through the shiny sociological surface that was getting simultaneously constructed,

maintained and torn down around me. I pictured the empty, clean-sheeted bed waiting for me at home.

“But I think I’ll have something else,” I said.

The pout on the guy transformed into a new brightness as he plucked the bottled water from my grasp. “What do you want?”

With barely a thought, I turned a lusty gaze toward the hovering bartender, set my ass on a cracked-leather stool, and murmured, “a kamikaze.”

[POV H.M. as he listens to bar chatter remotely.]

“White ottomans (ottomen?) and ‘Star Trek’ Enterprise-like seats at the bar. Reminds me of ‘2001’ with the constellation-scapes as lights on the ceiling.”

“Tech nerds, or ‘techers’ as the lingo goes now, those guys keep making more and more robots that mimic people. Consider that haughty hotty SOPHIA who went on a media blitz a few years back. The future will have a plethora of robots.”

“You hardly hear that term—plethora— anymore.”

“The media destroyed Amy Winehouse for smoking crack (caught on tape) yet the message was missing from her bio on recent TV.”

“I was watching a ‘documentary’ about Heath Ledger and it never said how he died—facedown naked on a hotel room floor with his nostrils in a pile of powdered pharmaceutical drugs.”

“Skateboards are unsafe, or used a weapons.”

“Kid Keen sampled something on his voice mail message—”

“A few bars from ‘Saturdays’ by Cut Copy.”

“How did you know that?”

“He said it on his podcast once or twice.”

“Say Uncle, Chuck.”

“I’m dumping you. I need to find a beautiful woman.”

“I’m gonna bounce.”

“They may have weakened or strengthened your family photos.”

“S. and M., I feel like an idiot. Stand and model. Always.”

“Gingerism? red hair.”

“I thought he had gingerism, but it was a dye job.”

“What a liar!”

“I know. Like, he could’ve told me? I had to inspect his roots.”

“I’m waiting on the Philip Seymore Hoffman bio... just how is his life is going to be distorted and sanitized, is my question.”

“Remember Jerod, from those Subway commercials? He was about 400 pounds and walked to a Subway sandwich shop, losing the weight and getting a Subway commercial job. Then he got caught with two teenagers, underage girls, and went to prison.”

“NAMbLA hated Jerry Sandusky, I know that because I emailed with their website. Wouldn’t put his name on the member’s pen pal list. I wonder why?”

She raised her daughters for two years (the first kid anyway) before tearfully deciding to leave them with her unwed husband because she wanted her twenties years back. To cope, Jenniffer adjusts her mind and turns to the comix. “da sherriff” is her favorite comicstrip. “Do You Use to Live or Live to Use” is her next favorite. Her favorite song of the moment is a tune by Timbuk 3, with the verse: “sunlight is dangerous/ sugar can be poison/ love, well, that’s obvious...”

Dap to say hello.

“Steam of Life” Miesten vuoro: Directed by Joonas Berghäll, Mika Hotakainen. With Timo Aalto, Pekka Ahonen, Aarne Aksila, Mauno Alasuutari. 2010

“Pot is legal in this state? Nah, you’re wrong. It’s legal in Illinois. I bet that’s where they got the weed from.”

“What’s a yippy?”

“A Yippie is hedonist. The opposite of us, because we’re hardworking and trustworthy.”

“We steal people’s retirement, we remortgage their homes, we impound and buy off their cars at a low rate. We’re the dregs. And we’re rich!”

“Shh! Don’t tell anybody.”

“With the use of computers, the Beast will be able to control everyone on the globe. Everyone who’s anyone will get the mark of the Beast on his or her (or zir) right hand and or forehead.”

“I get it. The Revelation is coming true with microchip data implants. They’ve been perfecting it with people who wanna ensure that they get their pets back or notified if somebody kills their damn stray dog or whatever. Yeah, the microchip. Then I won’t need to carry any identification or credit cards—the info will be under my skin and scanned.”

“End of days, ho-hum. Seems kinda boring.”

“It’s all tech. Wizardry or computer-gone-berserk, whichever. Dull as anything.”

“If the governor keeps shutting down bars and restaurants, and making us wear masks as we shop at Walmart, I will probably kill myself or somebody else.”

“I know! We’re fortunate to have Polarity to party at.”

“Steps” by Mike Gordon

What is addiction? Using more of substance than intended, difficulty reducing substance use, lots of time spent obtaining, using or recovering from use, using in risky situations, physical or psychological problems resulting from use, skipping out on work, school or relationship, avoiding sober social situations, building up a tolerance, experiencing withdrawal.

Arness G.: “I’ve learned that no matter what happens, or how bad it seems today, life does go on, and it will be better tomorrow. I’ve learned that you can tell a lot about a person by the way he/she handles these three things: a rainy day, lost luggage, and tangled Christmas tree lights. I’ve learned that regardless of your relationship with your parents, you’ll miss them when they’re gone from your life. I’ve learned that making a “living” is not the same thing as making a “life”. I’ve learned that life sometimes gives you a second chance. I’ve learned that you shouldn’t go through life with a catcher’s mitt on both hands; you need to be able to throw something back. I’ve learned that whenever I decide something with an open heart, I usually make the right decision. I’ve learned that even when I have pains, I don’t have to be one. I’ve learned that every day you should reach out and touch someone. People love a warm hug, or just a friendly pat on the back. I’ve learned that I still have a lot to learn. I’ve learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel.”

“[Martin Luther King [Jr.] bedded other men’s wives, other wives’ men, underaged girls, and young boys. [My] guess is that even holes in the ground had better watch out... Forced integration...is to racial harmony what a shotgun wedding is to romance.”—a Rockfordite (*Dead Right*, Frum)

“Reverend MLK, Jr is also giving poor Joe Biden some company on that plagiarism allegation.”

“How do artists get by? They subsist on grants and gifts! The Scaife family was a biggie a few decades ago, as was the Ford Foundation, Bradley Foundation, National Endowment for the Humanities, a bunch of them, only the ultrarich know who’s giving money these days. They fund their own.”

“But there will never be enough lecture tours, television promos, syndicated columns or royalties from syndication to fund all of them.”

“Certainly not all of us, emphasis on the 98% club of us. Anyway, just give up your dreams of being an artist now. Do yourself a favor and major in economics.”

“Macro or micro?”

“There go again, being artsy...”

Richie was 14 when he created Richie jr, who died of a mysterious “accident” before age 18. His LET KIDS VOTE campaign was the death of him.

12-yr-old boy weighs 122 lbs avg?

Males invented ipad, due to women going on and on buying maxi-pads, wanting in on the pad-action

Unigenderizing “eliminates/illuminates” envy-pride-greed over products and associated complexities

Mortal vices versus deadly sins

Lining up along the boards for the bonspiel (curling tournament) at a rink (aka a bubble) leads to “broom-stacking” (going out for a drink after the tourney).

Someone overdoses on opioids mixed with alcohol. Speak to victim, give a chest noogie (no slapping), call 9-1-1, put victim in “rescue position” lying on side to avoid choking on expected vomit, pinch nostrils, left neck, breathe twice every five seconds, then try one cc of intranasal Naloxone in each nostril. Victim will be in a state of withdrawal for up to 90 minutes, and will likely be irritable, confused, alert, and looking to use more drugs.

Jennie Maw Loeffel’s “There’s a Bar Around the Corner”

Gyx in lipgloss.

“Bathtub Gin” by Phish “...making soup for the ambassadors...”

“No, I said I like early Beta Band. They got too self-destructive on their later albums.”

“Well, this Dr Danny sounds like Beta Band.”

Sven the personal banker again trying his pick-up lines: “When I prompt you with the notion of Katmandu, what do you envision?”

“Oh, I dunno, a craggy mountain, some snow, maybe in Africa, I dunno.”

“Actually, it’s in Nepal.”

“Oh, Katmandu is actually in India?”

“China.”

“I’d much rather visit Africa than China.”

“If you’ll excuse me, I have to meet someone.”

Coo-z/cozy given free with canned beers
“Do most people hear everyone else’s thoughts?”
Cig butts are banned as harmful to curious kids
An “occasional smoker”
Consumed with irrational (paranoid) thoughts
War of the sexes reinforces Spartan theme (her brains make illogical/emotive connections when trying to prove a point—you are an asshole because you took a nap instead of calling me)
Do all drunks have social phobias and obsessive-compulsive disorders?
“Drop a beat” nerd’s outdated expression as he does math-percussion
Metal implant a nambla coil under the skin on wrist or shoulder – “not your typical (boob) implant!”
Lifeguard trained (memory of youth)
Gender war prognosticated here
Mixologist (performance bartender)
Balut appetizer (“eggs w/ legs”) – four days from hatching?

“The Turpin teen who somehow escaped captivity in her bare feet had already posted a creepy video online called ‘Where’s the Key?’, several acapella videos actually.”

“If you throw a stone at ten birds on a fence and hit one of them, how many are left?
None—the other nine flew away!”

“I sent hate mail to Bowflex for trying to target me with their home gym equipment ads. They are making false claims about ...”

“Try on my cross necklace... oops, this one’s a hatchet necklace. I got this from a girl I met in the psych ward. Try it on though!”

“Resonate a bud in your pipe’s chamber—it’ll come out dripping in gooey black THC resins.”

“Do you use popsicles when you’re in the mood to suck on some guy’s schlong?”

“My generation’s music flattened the pop music industry—grunge was necessary. It got people back on their instruments instead of the synthesizer.”

“A guy is suing the makers of a kitty litter that contributed to the death of his cat.”

“That religion is insane! Imagine, caring for a cow, naming it, then killing it and eating it as part of a ritual.”

“I guess the cow, named Dinner, was given a fatal injection and they all watched it lose coordination and try to lick them as it slumped to its death.”

“Money (I did it for the)” by Caroline Rose

“Money (secondhand cut-offs, girl can I take them off)” by Blake Shelton

“That’s why people come here; they’re sick of looking for something, anything to do.”

“I thought you said we couldn’t have sex anymore because I reminded you of _____.”

“That’s over now, thank god. Now you remind me of _____; I always did have a thing for him.”

Boos, booze

“Got any of that wacky tobacky?”

“We call it reefer ‘round here.”

“I call it pot sometimes.”

“Marijuana.”

“Ganja.”

“D.P.”

“D.P.?”

“Dispensary product.”

“Confections!”

“Reefer.”

“Dope... well, got any dope?”

“Nope.”

Muzac/playlist in this room of Polarity: “That was ‘Slyd’ by !!! (Chk chk chk) with their infamous ‘I don’t really like you but I like you on the inside’ lyric. Up next, 1000-fold’s new smash-single climbing the charts: ‘Q & X’ with that infectious INXS ‘Mediate’ quality set against Broadway’s ‘Tits and Ass’ from ‘A Chorus Line’—whew! I’m gonna rap it out for ya’ll: ‘mars bars oars ours outs puts cuts juts guts gets yets lets nets wets wits fits vits hits zits kits kids’—whew. I won’t ruin the chorus by singing his ‘kixs, quix’ ad nauseum for y’all.”

“Got any baggage?” the bi guy asks.

“I have two children,” Jenn confides. “They live with their father and my parents. You know something? He and I never married. Talked about it, never did it.”

The big guy stands unexpectedly. “No other baggage?”

After a moment: “An unfinished B.A.” Jenn could never confess the other stuff, the horrorshow that surrounded the idea of having any more babies. That one woman, the worst mother in the world, had consumed her infant, bothered Jenn a decade after reading about it. That Jef kept wanting to drop the discussion, whenever she brought up abortion, or the worst mother in the world, forgetting they’d even discussed the unbelievable cannibalism ignored by mainstream news. The story was close enough to her core to make her fear that she and the unnamed baby-eater were related.

Beck’s “Broken Train”

Bag Raiders’ “Shooting Stars”

A Belling coed drinks two shots of Black Velvet whisky back-to-back then promptly vomits on the floor. “Ironic because it’s supposed to be smooth as velvet,” says the coed before throwing a stack of napkins on the retch and ordering a beer.

“You have a big mouth.”

“I do not have a big mouth.”

“You have a big mouth! That’s why you go on talk shows, so you can show off your big loud mouth.”

“I know how to keep my mouth shut. That’s why I have so much and am happy. I do what I have to to get it.”

Another “therapy dog,” this one unleashed, appeared in the lounge. It too wore a half-jacket labeled to prove the pet was an authentic medical necessity. To incorporate a housepet into nearly every facet of human activity is either absurdist humor or a cover for some deeper problem, thought Greta. It was an age where you were more likely to see a pet than a child in most places in society. Kids were once integrated with society-at-large; now it appeared pets had taken their place as ornamentation. Trouble was, kids were now being denied exposure to the adult world, being insulated at home or with their school peers while (un)leashed pets drank in the sights and sounds of culture.

“That’s the mutt someone brought into the bathhouse!”

“Somebody brought a dog into this bar? During covid?”

“Nope, that ‘mutt’ is a mulatto man.”

Signage above their table: “Protectors of the status quo (blocking the progress of humanity)”

“Like... Putting too many ads, pets, cars, etc that erase real love or induce hate
Television shows add fear, violence, gore, potty humor.”

“A whore is a wife who begs for money or jewels or any nice thing.”

“Sometimes I’m not thinking anything.”

“Feminine males and masculine females get treated very differently in our society. They are psychological opposites and people appreciate a ‘strong woman’ reject a ‘weak man’.”

Remember when President George Bush Sr. said Saddam Hussein was a “second Hitler”? To continue to Bush reign, his son George Walker took the presidential oath after he vowed to get Hussein assassinated. He ‘got him’ for his daddy.”

“Who wrote this song: “Cause I’ve read your horoscope and I’ve given up all hope, I don’t really love you anymore.”?”

“Having a pet in the bedroom while you’re fucking someone is borderline bestial. Even if the pet is unaroused sexually it is paying attention mentally.”

“What is that rumor about the U.S. military throwing out sanctions against bestiality and homosexuality at the same time, I have to wonder. What is that about?”

“I guess it’s the same to some of them. Screwing a canine or screwing another man. Same thing to them, I guess.”

“Yuck. I’m gonna go vomit.”

“Sure. Then get back on board. We’re disabling all of the taboos at once.”

Mothers of Invention: “Suzy Creamcheese” at 13; Zappa and SO member.

Jorga Smith—singer.

“You should be more careful with your drug use! LSD is a curly perm for your brains – it never grows out!” Harry Hay Mattachine Society Radical Faeries.

“I’m the druggie—look at my tee-shirt: It says Pothead! And my hoodie and my faded tattered jeans and long hair, my neo-grunge.”

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I’m the druggie—look at my tee-shirt: It says Pothead! And my hoodie and my faded tattered jeans and long hair, my neo-grunge.

“I’m a Never-In-cast.”

“Ooh! Meaning never an outcast or an incast. Never part of the ‘in crowd,’ eh?”

Edgewood Junior high?

“Have you seen a list of Michael Jackson’s porn collection? Some of the pieces were described in the media, such as the kids holding dead Geese and a girl who looked like Jon Benet with a noose around her neck.”

Jenn: “I scored some Blue Unicorn.”

Laurel: “Blue Unicorn blotter? I haven’t seen that stuff since 2012. (Where did you get it?)”

Jenn: “We could slip away and dose tonight.”

Laurel: “Thanks, no thank you. I have a full day planned tomorrow.”

Jenn: “None of it can wait?”

Laurel: “We’ll get psychedelic some other time. Try and score some araryuasca (sp). I’ve been having the darnedest time finding any.”

Jenn: “Sounds like a good time.”

Laurel: “Yeah.”

Jenn: “Laurel? Do you know anybody else who, like, you know, is experienced?”

Monica: “Itchin’ to trip, ain’t ya?”

Jenn: “Monica! What rock did you crawl out from under?”

Laurel: “Speaking of...”

Jenn: “Perfect timing.”

Monica: “Wha’? Moi? What did you hear.”

Polarity presents... THE ENDZONE

“Why did that network pull the new ‘Heathers’ from cable?”

“Another school shooting. I know, otherwise I’d think they only wanted to sell the mini-series in a box set. They pulled it twice over school shootings.”

“Weird. I don’t get it.”

“Disney’s macabre musical ‘Zombies’ is about cannibalism?”

“Flesh-eating corpses deserve love too, I guess, is the moral. It’s supposed to be a metaphor about racism or classism or something. But I think it’s rude, to eat people.”

Gyx: “I have residual trauma over the Neewollah video going viral on the dark web.”

“Are you generation X?”

“Just barely, but yeah, I am that old. More like generation ‘X’d-out’. (A line I heard on a ‘Law & Order’ binge-watch.) Grunge is old already.”

Laurel beams: “Love my new purls? I knitted another set of gloves for Jack. Where is he?”

A “big cat” at the Bronx Zoo got covid, yet it was dropped from the news media early on when people kept demanding to know if their dogs could get the virus (they can’t). This put dog and cat people again at odds, in another fight. Rumors surfaced that Siegfried & Roy were using their big cats as international “mules” to smuggle all sorts of artifacts and or drugs, which is why the one big cat rebelled and attacked its trainer. Several big cats were rumored to have been replaced when the mules had to be killed to ensure the

product would arrive undamaged. Segue to “Lucy” the Scarlett Johansson film where she “mules” a huge bag of smart-drugs, only to have the bag leak open and kill her with too much intelligence...

The republican majority coalition (RMC) has an index of prohibited issues: abortion, prayer, homosexuality, creationism/Intelligent Design.

“In the future, or actually now, programmers are creating fabrics where a user can reconfigure patterns or designs in the fabric with a touch of a button. Says a lot about where fashion is heading. You’ll never wear the same outfit twice.”

“Or where it’s been, yawn.”

#34 Master’s thesis pitch: Combing film theory with real-life discrimination of SOs. Larry David’s “Curb Your Enthusiasm”; Adam Sandler in “Big Daddy” and “Billy Madison” and “The Waterboy”; the USA and global assault against any adult or child who wishes to engage in legal sexual relations.

ELIMINATING PANIC CHECKLIST

Calmly rationalize away emotions
Analyze in silence with the intellect only
Consider pen & paper or phone as quiet therapy
Process the current situation
Reprocess anger or fear as a third-person
Earbuds or covid mask to exit

“The Steamroller and the Violin” Tarkovsky

FOCUS: Federal Offenders Community Under Surveillance/Fucked-over Citizens of the United States/Federally Offensive (Offended?) Convicts Using the System/Federal Offenders Coalition of the US

FRISC/FRISK:

ORIFAC: Offender Registration Inquiry into Federal Action & Constitutionality

“...a new documentary exploring child education, persuading single-sex classrooms with same-sex teachers. Exercise, hygiene, sex ed. Math, science as relating to art and literature.” “Oh, I’ve seen that! It’s called ‘Waldorf & Montessori vs. those finishing & military schools’ isn’t it?”

Bennett (Dead Right, Frum) says: “We have done this to ourselves. I mean, there’s bad stuff emanating from Hollywood, from intellectuals and from books, and from movies and from TV, but people have bought into it, which is the problem. You can rail against the cultural elite all you like, which I do, and I think they have a lot to answer for. But it’s a free country. People don’t have to listen if they don’t want to.”

“Why do liberals oppose a strong U.S. presence in space?” “Do we?” “Forget I asked. The answer is because liberals don’t like the idea of spending money outside the space in which it is earned.” “I do enjoy my trips to Peru. Did I tell you we bought a timeshare? It’s in a palace spatially and we, you know, rent a portion of it by the season. Otherwise I shop local.”

“Who died in that ‘massacre’ or whatever killed those people in Chicago? The ones in that penthouse party. A few went to Belling University at one time or another. One of the alumni was named Silver Cloud.”

“He had a particular dignity, the way he carried himself.”

“For his race, yeah, I can see that.”

“We’ve all gotta try and do what Warren Beatty said in that movie ‘Bulworth’: Let’s all fuck until we’re the same color.”

“I heard this ‘dignified’ (as you call him) Silver Cloud jogged purposefully into Miss Gene Shagryne, knocking her into a coma. She was never the same after she woke up out of that coma.”

“Who was that Egyptian freak living in her basement all those years? The black woman who doesn’t know English, with the retarded son.”

“She knows English now. She hasn’t been seen or heard from since these covid shutdowns started in February 2020.”

“I got an email from her, Pearl Pearlbody; maybe it was social media? Anyhoo, she wanted to get my personal info—social security, bank accounts, physical address, everything, so I could collect on a housing grant of \$50,000.”

“What did you tell her?”

“I told her, firmly: Nope, you’re spam.”

“You did not.”

“You’re right. I haven’t answered her yet.”

H.M. notes

After Herb Martin watched “Paterno” starring Al Pacino as the vilified coach Joe Paterno of Penn State University, the old bohemian HM got hard and masturbated. It was sexy, to him, to hear about the sex exploits of Jerry Sandusky who invented the charity “Second Mile,” which benefitted and made choice impoverished jocks aged 10-13 for several decades. Of the roster Jerry had first pick of his favorites. A serial pederast, sucking and fucking minors of the male gender. HM fantasized about the scandal, about Sandusky and all of those many nubile boys, about the voyeurs. Most men had very little to say. Really, only one hotshot female reporter who won a Pulitzer, plus a dopey girlfriend and one wife who barfs, inferred that the acts were heinous. Some of the male witnesses merely discussed the scandal. Sure, there was that footage of two angry male reporters, who only got the job because they would be good propaganda in the film, along with the one nerdy rejected guy who insisted that consensual anal sex with a minor is “rape”... Is it? Was it? HM didn’t know. He’d only ever had consensual sex, age 6 and beyond; he knew at age 4 which people would be good in bed in which people he

had to shun. It was part of life, his life anyway. To delete sexual activity from his personal database would be sacrilege, because it was all part of him, his growth and development.

Anyway, movies were merely a pastime to Herb Martin. To Henry Mosely. To Horace Munson. To Huey Mensa. The only thing as constant as the streaming of cinema in Herb's life was the "H.M." sewn into every pair of his underwear. If only I'd ejaculated in the right woman at the right time, he sometimes thought as the opening credits rolled onscreen; but I have no offspring. He supposed it acted as an intensifier for his pedophilia. Pederasty made the most sense in terms of global enlightenment, togetherness, compromise.

He also watched "Avatar," the grossing-est film in global movie history, which was a nice counterpoint to the drama about the winningest college football coach in history. Foremost was the disturbing thought that an alien could be playing an avatar of any love interest. Once beyond that, though, Herb saw the emotive impact, and he got weepy when the protagonist preferred his avatar (because he had no use of his legs) and immediately broke protocol with his avatar-reality in real-time to instill a new paradigm. To wake up ten feet tall with a tail must be a problem-on-site! Which provoked odd feelings again. If indeed the entire human existence experience was a cloak and dagger routine ending in what, a transpeciel nightmare, with the dumbest human beings being not human at all but bunny rabbits or even bananas or dirt, and the smartest being smart bugs, coneheads from another galaxy, or yuck. He would cross that bridge when he got to that holographic dissipation if it existed...

Herb Martin was aging; his once-glowing skin was now speckled with sunspots. His gait was slower. And he

Herb had a middle-aged couple living with him in his mansion for awhile, a personal investor and a housewife fiancé; but when HM's grown-up boy-toy Tull Allen brought criminal charges against her, followed by several unwinnable civil suits, they all kept to themselves; eventually a felony SO conviction and she went to work immediately as a dispatcher for SO Fast until the couple broke off the engagement and the female moved back into her A-frame while the male moped around for a year before brightening up again and beginning the dating cycle again, a swinging bachelor making the mini-mansion seem like a sitcom we all can probably think of the name of... Herb supposed TAO had had to do what he'd had to do, choosing to embroil Peggy in criminal and civil suits; Herb had quickly become TAO's next lawsuit "victim" but because of HM's wealth he knew that Tull would be unable to locate Herb because of the many covert illegal name and location switch-ups. (Hiding from society at large, and the local West Wind Watch, a neighborhood group that kept tabs on and harassed convicted sex offenders released from prison. Large monthly gifts to the WWW org from his various names' checking accounts kept him privy to their tactics all the while defining himself as an upstanding citizen in society. Most of the WWW believed him, or his various HM ghosts. Mostly though, Herb Martin was alone and wanted a boy date. His close allies and associates who knew his secret were all financiers at banks around the world.

, plus some of his boy lovers who grow up physically too fast yet sometimes mentally or emotionally too slowly, HM remained at risk of having one of the willing bedpartners turn against him later in life.)

???These days, according to Herb's private investigator photos, Tull Allen looked like he'd emigrated out of used clothing bins at thrift stores; his uniform was Salvation Army issue. This was a far cry from Herb's pricey preppy clothes or suits. Galant, fluent, the man TAO had become was elegant anyway. He somehow made the thrifty duds work for his gamer personality. (What TAO did for money was a mystery to Herb, despite the thousands of dollars he'd spent trying to find out what exactly Tull did to earn; his attempts to sue for \$\$\$ typically were lost cases. Moderately middle-class, Tull lived within his means and strove only to remain comfortable. His car was a decade old and his house sat near where he grew up. ????????He and his mothers (one biological, the other her spouse) got together infrequently TAO and his quiet, shut-in "agoraphobic" wife rarely were seen in public. They had no plans to have or adopt children. As a child, Tull Allen had been extraordinarily gifted at prose writing and reading comprehension yet his karate seemed to overtake and defeat those gifts. ??????????????????His major difficulty had been with French, having to delete an erroneous phrase ("cie la vie") after Herb, then going by the name Huey Mensa, had circled it on a draft for the boy's gradeschool paper. He'd received some scrutiny for handing in an assignment that mentioned nude sauna time with a naked man had played it off well, never confessing to being a "statutory rape victim"; all the hoopla led to Huey Mensa needing to once again purchase a clean identity and relocate so as to get away from the stalking, hacking, meddling anti-pederasty-type-busybodies. He regretted abandoning Tull Allen Oak most of all, much more than the others who he'd not been able to get as close to, due to time constraints mixed with paranoia and tips from peddy-ring associates about feds closing in on his life....

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[As a child, Tull Allen had been extraordinarily gifted at prose writing and reading comprehension. His major difficulty had been with French, having to delete an erroneous phrase ("cie la vie") after Herb, then going by the name Huey Mensa, had circled it on a draft for the boy's gradeschool paper. He'd received some scrutiny for handing in an assignment that mentioned nude sauna time with a naked man had played it off well, never confessing to being a "statutory rape victim"; all the hoopla led to Huey Mensa needing to once again purchase a clean identity and relocate so as to get away from the stalking, hacking, meddling anti-pederasty-type-busybodies. He regretted abandoning Tull Allen Oak most of all, much more than the others who he'd not been able to get as close to, due to time constraints mixed with paranoia and tips from peddy-ring associates about feds closing in on his life. He'd once refused to allow Tull to watch the 1982 version of "Poltergeist" because it was a blockbuster and then, years later, the film became one of his favorite blockbusters next to "Jurassic Park" and other big-money-makers. That the little girl in the movie, Carol Ann, gets nabbed by an entity—as though being kidnapped by a child molester—had initially turned him off. It took 14 or so years before he'd bought the DVD and sat down to watch it. He did this for himself as much as he did it for Tull Allen. Yet the impetus was all due to the boy.]

"How about Ingmar Bergman's depressing vision of god as a spider?" 100fold dunno, maybe, God is dead, the spiderweb of humanity is only bits of DNA, chromosomes,

biology class labels; our society is now fragmented, what was once a web has given way to labels in a godless marketplace.

Rood, Door: Satanism is a ski lift ride through heck, Christianity is a perch above peril; either way to affix a rood could help or hurt a worshipper, being a door to whichever afterlife earned by the Satanist or Christian.

John Belushi in “Continental Divide” hears this from a woman: female bald eagles often kill their male siblings if the mamma eagle fails to bring enough food or even return to the nest. Odd that “biomimickry” is a joke from females who hear the info, although it’s scarier if the eagles are copying D.A.R. women.

Drug Use for grown-Ups: Chasing Liberty in the Land of Fear—Dr. Carl L. Hart, Penguin Press 2020

“Who showered last? You apes clogged the drain with your hairs.”

Tesla machine owned by Jack & Meg White ? (per the film “Coffee & Cigarettes”) gossip about Jack being rich enough to own a tesla machine.

Gag! My daughter watched a gruesome case on prime time TV serial programming and is now accusing us of “subliminal memories”.

Lavelle Crawford comedian.

Little red riding hood is about hoodoo.

CRISPR: gene editing of embryos

“Abortion, over two million babies a year aborted under Reagan, imagine nowadays.”

“A 10-week-old fetus has a skull the size of a dime already.”

“Heartbeat too, at 10 weeks.”

“Maybe abortion is okay, though. Maybe killing fetuses keeps down the number of murders that happen to people.”

DNA/RNA strands woven wrong cause the birth defect known as webbed fingers; Chuck is a birth defect not an evolutionary man

You even have a gel-pen-stop, for my cursive?

Force clip of Linda Blair inserting crucifix in her vagina.

One member of the org wanted to put wood-clippings (tobacco-clippings?) from the bottom of a hamster cage into the guy’s electric cigarette rolling machine.

Sally Rand: 1933 Chicago World’s Fair (Burlesque artist) “Rags to Riches”

-borrowed a white horse then crashed the elites’ party wearing only a white cape (obscene); subsequently did a paid act wearing only ostrich feathers.

Old school Riches to Rags movies: “Carbon Copy” aand “Trading Places”

She unbuttoned her chinos; she guided his head into her muff. He spat away a stray pubic hair to ask for a breath mint. “Sorry,” she said, guiding his face back between her thighs.

“What an excellent day for an exorcism,” said Father Damien Karras.

Segue into Poem for Diane Keaton, re: pronunciation of “Reagan” as “Regan” which brings to mind Linda Blair masturbating with a crucifix in “The Exorcist” juxtaposed with a dead president doing the same with a priest (minus the mother) at age 12.

Heavy narrow crate labeled from SO Fast to SO Fast; he delivers it to distribution center. What is in crate? Does Saul know about the cargo?

“Jamie Bell is as hot as Lindsay Lohan!”

At end of story 1000-fold is the “halfwit in a sling” seen by Sven at Polarity?

Saul gets found by TAO via the motel/bar registry—he said something to the night auditor about the giant nose in the sky that day.

“Maybe you should become a sex offender and apply at SO Fast.”

Even though murder is illegal in this nation, its armed forces teach enlisted men and soldiers, on up, the ranks, to general and beyond, not only how to kill (commit murder) but how to encourage murder (commit murder vicariously) sans impunity.

When the ‘good guys’ commit multiple murders in a book or film or in real life, a reader or viewer or philosopher needs to question his own moral strata.

“The Tumbler” is X-rated, as of 30 years ago.

“Curb your Enthusiasm” and “Vacation” and “Horrible Bosses” and “South Park” act as alibis for Sex Offenders, sorta. “Brave New World” (the miniseries, 1980)’s “Find the zipper” classroom exercise for gradeschoolers, sorta; Aldous Huxley’s Brave New World was perhaps more satirical than serious, as the miniseries conveyed.

“10/21: the ongoing public trial of R. Kelly’s sex trafficking charges, to include ‘me too’ women, alongside underage girls and boys. He was acquitted in 2008 of kiddy porn indictments, although I never heard any substantiation of him urinating on any of the ‘me too’ movement ladies.”

That time of attrition, matriculation, attrition, collusion.

George W Bush administration repealed the sodomy laws and set aside the largest wildlife preserve in the history of the US, as well as extended unemployment insurance just when Saul needed it.

Cursive is the new shorthand—indecipherable by many—few millennials learn it in public school

Writing in cursive is the new calligraphy

A woman once wanted to study the volume of food that people inhale into their lungs while eating. Several drug-influenced theories sat at the base of her consciousness. One theory, that being “inedic” was plausible, stemmed from the idea that inhaling food into the lungs happened commonly.

Sacrum, bone at lower spine or pelvis of a female for child-bearing.

“Flunked A&P—what’s a sacral bone?”

Abortionist’s curette, suction apparatus, trochar...

“At 10 weeks a fetus’s head is the size of a dime.”

(Missing, left or clipboard, or hacked:) Erin selling microdoses of blotter acid that she finds in a locket-compartment inside the emerald, ruby and gold bling necklace from her mother. They’d both been investigated after the bank allowed the K-9 unit into the bank’s private room for viewing, adding to or removing items from safe deposit boxes; her mother Sheila was cleared, the police seeing then that the “blotter acid” “hidden” in the locket was merely a cheat sheet note, undosed with Ls.D.; Erin Dorsey having done a few years in prison then probation for purchasing “thrift store?” wingtip loafers, with the antique chunk heels men wore in previous decades, concealing a quarter-pound of hash. Erin persisted in an innocent motif. The locket when opened sparkled with diamonds, emerald-cut with well-balanced facets, as a tiny keyboard within the gigantic 18K gold, star-ruby, emerald and emerald-cut diamond necklace. Erin’s rationale for dosing the cheatsheet “blotter-look” art-store paper with trippy-jumpy acid from the Belling University Underground Chemistry Majors Guild was for the prison sentence served for hashish unknown to the convict. At Polarity Presents...Endzone, a tripping Erin doles out the individual acid doses using a tweezers and a loupe.

#35 In Tent Cities?

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(December 2019)

Contrary to Greta’s theory, her partner for the heartbeat study was alive and participating in tandem. Jenn _____ sat at a hidden study participant terminal one floor above Mona’s cubicle, waiting for the secret partner to make a computer game move. The wait was excruciating. Jenn dawdled over the first question of the survey, then skipped to the second:

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HEARTBEAT SURVEY (cont’d)

2.) Does word choice injure listeners? For example, is the term “mulatto” politically correct or politically incorrect or neither? (Kurt Cobain’s Nirvana grunge band used it.) Do you ever use terms such as “mulatto” during everyday conversation? Expand upon the mythos of audio.

=====

Jenn’s mother had done considerable damage, and then some, in her limited capacity of only ten years, yet Jenn had had therapy and continued on with self-help books as panacea. Yet Jenn believed blame fell also on generations past, the government, distribution of wealth; people did things differently back then. Additional blame fell on her latest lover, who not only caused her to become financially dependent on him, but also demoralized and debased her daily by drubbing her “my little vessel, without purpose” because she wasn’t a natal vessel... Part of her now believed she had no other purpose than to find a fertile woman in which to grow her lover’s offspring.

The new “mother” sometimes did ignore the colicky creature who physicians had coaxed and eventually cut from some other woman’s womb, her attention instead fixing on television soaps or afternoon cocktails before her lover got home from his day job. Yet every day at noon-thirty she opened another can of formula, poured it into a Tupperware bottle, and nuked it for a minute or so before screwing on the plastic nipple and retrieving the babe from his crib. This routine became so automatic she barely

looked at her infant anymore, simply panned over pointilistic, Sarat-like—though the physicians told her the boy was going to be handsome, Jenn couldn't see how, at this stage of life. Some days she saw him as flesh and blood, a peach-colored dermoid—a mass of flesh and hair and bone—a lump of inside gunk that had somehow gotten outside, though the arty Sarat version seemed somehow more obscene, to Jenn. She fell into a reverie in which she was standing calmly above her lover's child's crib with a baby bottle to give. Waking, the infant's doughy face formed a cry before his lungs did, the sound of which jettisoned tiny electric zaps into Jenn's bloodstream. Her spine interpreted this newfound roiling adrenaline as quivers and quakes and disseminated them throughout her body. First her shoulders began to shimmy, followed by her arms and long neck, then her stretched-fat stomach and ass-widened hips, and finally into her legs. The jittjenng got so violent that the bottle's nipple—which was improperly screwed on—shot into the air, perched atop a geyser of formula. The synthetic goop sloshed back onto her wrists, causing the young mother to drop the octagonal udder and jump backward in a panic. To control her rage at the formula skirting across and then saturating the plush carpeting beneath her bare feet Jenn somehow recalled the phrase “shaken baby syndrome” before acting on that impulse. She nearly jumped out of her seat.

“Why am I jumpy as a cat on a hot tin roof?”

She forced herself back to the study, participating in it by entering a move, to usurp her secret partner's checkers move then busying herself with the questionnaire once again:

=====
HEARTBEAT SURVEY (cont'd)

3.) What do you think of this riff (on a popular song from the 1970s)?

*Hello, hello, Mr British Jell-O
Helped push my Mercedes to Hades
Then painted the cladding, the cruise-control, the chassis yellow
Kept talking 'bout some bad old girls going after one fellow
I'm thinking, Tomorrow we'll try to play it mellow
Tomorrow we'll go ahead and play it mellow*

4.) What do you feel after reading this poem aloud?

Piranhas ain't large, 'cept as a group,
Feeding alone as one, a continuous loop.
Gratification comes together in swim,
Noble ideas conspire to keep bulbs very dim.
Puncture by instinct, tearing apart the body,

Digestion being just secondary.
As for the food, it's always quite a portion—
Less fecund whole than an abortion.

=====

Next Jenn distinctly heard the rarely shrill voice of her mother, echoed later by her Grandma and or Grandpa, intoxicated on mothers' little helpers, back then. "You listen here," the voice mocked, as Jenn had forgotten it could. "Why can't you remember what I tell you? When you point at someone, you've always got three fingers pointing at yourself, and usually a thumb going off, cock-stupid, a gun cocked. You wanna shoot somebody? You've already shot yourself! Now consider that thumb, aimed at the sky, at God! Or, that thumb's gonna be tilted, at random innocent passersby, or at plain empty space where it'll become a negative energy field attached to some inanimate object."

Startled, she at first yelped and jumped backward as her mind tried to decipher who watched—a face so twisted, reddened and bloated with partially expelled rage that her panic was checked only by the nagging thought that this face was a familiar one, at one time amiable

Camping in tent cities requires three items: faith, bug repellent, a padlock. If any of these is absent from your arsenal all hope dies and visions of an apocalypse begin to manifest.

The first, faith, is easily acquired. At long last a community of other lost or wounded souls is at the ready, as a conceivable army. This army engulfs you with commiseration and steely resolve to "get by." Faith in your self solidifies, as if by magic -- the relief of instant-belonging dislodges the isolation of drifting from shelter to couch to sidewalk to exes in search of housing. Yet the faith being established remains illusory and superficial; your belief in a grander design needs to also surface or the new faith will dissipate as "reality" once again reminds you that, as trash, you are worth less than trash; recycling rarely happens. Faith in progress toward a goal initiates you into a union.

Next on the list is bug repellent. Shooing bugs helps maintain sanity, as all campers know. Infestation of insects is probable; depending on your location, any variety of carnivorous fly (be it fruit, midge, horse, deer or house) may be as insidious as those parasites coming up for air in all that free days-old meat or bread. Ants, worms, termites, roaches, bedbugs and myriad other pests like to prey on the impoverished

because insecticides are expensive or (for whatever reason) impossible to get... Campers are natural victims. Of course the term “bugs,” as umbrella, is defined to include any sort of irritant. Disgruntled or parasitic people also attack the homeless -- with an aire of impunity these sorts of bugs dig in, without fear of chemical compounds (insecticides) destroying their hubs or hives. Cases of people dosing their neighbors with insects! or spyware! are globally documented. Whatever the Bug Situation, a repellent helps promote serenity while sanitizing the sanctuary.*

*Although higher consciousness may repel bugs, most people rely on tangible relief.

Last, and maybe least, is the mandatory padlock. To maintain control of your few possessions, you need to at least attempt to ensure them. While the nylon (?) fabric of a tent is quickly slashed by any sort of sharp instrument (slower with a blunt one), the precaution of locking your tent’s zippers will deter those creepy-crawly types who trespass when the opportunity presents itself, minus the breaking and entering stigma and or charge. Be aware that the trickiness of securing your tent, whether inside or outside of your tent, might pose a mathematical/spatial conception “problem”; asking others in the camp for assistance might be a good idea if your I.Q. is limited. (Then again, who knows what those hooligans might be up to?) Cases of chloroformed mock-rapes, or other dastardly deeds, have been documented, victimizing the oblivious sleeping camper about as often as theft. A padlock fastening the zipper will, if nothing else, force any attempt at intrusion into the realm of a felony.

Camping minus any of these three essentials will surely put you at a loss straightaway. To ensure a steady mind able to dismiss malignant thoughts, be sure to invest in faith, bug repellent, and a padlock (with a key? how paranoid are you?). If you are curious about the fantasy of a tent city, or “commune,” as they have also been described, heed this advice. You may just prevent obliterating yourself.

As stunned by her behavior as she was terrified by it, Jenn heard again the refrain of her mother, re pointing fingers: “...your thumb aimed at the sky, at God!; or, toward random passersby; or, at inanimate objects, at peoples’ property, witching them malignant!”

Jenn was getting known for frequenting the paid scientific research studies as well as for visiting the academic lectures given free and open to the public on campus. A double-bonus, filling those lazy afternoon hours while back on campus turf.

Each participant there is paired with a virtual or real partner to exchange texts with about the study as it occurs. More interested in the synthetic friend aspect than the product itself, the researcher nonetheless is in it for the money. She has no particular interest in academics, merely in the revenue it creates.

She already knew that some partners were real and some virtual. She was more interested in the synthetic partner peripheral-study than the real partner component. An algorithm-coded “beating heart” (gadget slipped into a red velvet pouch) got placed into the palms of participants to simulate a live partner during the questionnaire portion of the study.

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HEATRBEAT SURVEY (cont'd)

8.) Are these real or fictitious names? Try the surname first, for a laugh. Then confess if you're using a pseudonym for this HEARTBEAT STUDY.

- Boyd Liddle
- Lynne Brooke
- Hippo Campus
- Erica Am

9.) Rewrite these "Smells Like Teen Spirit" lyrics from Nirvana, copying the example set per Don McLean's "American Pie" lyrics in question three:

With the lights out, it's less dangerous
Here we are now, entertain us
I feel stupid and contagious
Here we are now, entertain us
A mulatto, an albino, a mosquito, my libido
Yeah, hey

=====

Already the headphones Jenn wore belied the pandemonium of buzzing alarms; she chose to stay and finish the survey instead of exiting the building; the noise quit before she was halfway through answering the beating heart questions. Her favorite answer was: "Math & Science are worth some study; science is shallow, yet math holds together."

Potpourri petals; "H(?)oui! or help me!"

"Omnia Vincit Amor" Love conquers all

(???)

NOT one to get watery, Jenn flashed him another view of her straightened teeth and exited the vehicle. Often, when the time came to say goodbye to ???—*my* she liked to call him—she imagined what Velcro laces endured every time their owner decided to change footwear. She supposed love fashioned out of some similar metaphysical stuff.

Yet Jenn noticed herself going a bit crazy as she clicked along the curbside walk. When the two of them could stroll together, or sit or talk, or even nuzzle, she felt wholly content; this separation business turned her guts inside out. But, what could she do? He

needed to teach that class in order to graduate from graduate school. And she, of course, needed to get to her cubicle, and utter the ghastliest, most profane phrases into a telephone receiver for thirteen dollars an hour plus commission. But just as she turned up the flagstone path to the seedy office building where she worked, Jenn got nabbed. The two ski-masked men who did it used a rag soaked in chloroform.

When she came to, Jenn found herself alone in the back of a limousine which, reeking of New Car scent and spilt brandy, reminded her of the prom night she'd tried so hard to forget. Being devirginized by the star quarterback hadn't been so bad; she liked him anyway since the sixth grade; but when the linebacker, running back and even the punt retriever pulled the train into her snatch she watched helpless as her life took a new path. Mouth cut up from her braces, lace dress torn and in her stocking feet, Jenn could not cry. She got let out a block from her parents' house, cunt weeping semen down her thigh while it fought a losing battle against the clap. Anyway, within seconds her memories of prom got shredded by what she saw on the video screen insinuating itself between her and the chauffeur, who sat silhouetted behind tinted glass.

WHEN she heard the *pop* of the door being unlocked via remote control, Jenn released the latch and let herself tumble onto the grassy boulevard. The limousine sped off and left her lying in a stupor on the same street where she got abducted. The same street, she reminded herself, nearly throwing up in her mouth, knowing nothing else would be the same for quite a while. Each frame of ??? *the Co-ed Cum-eater* devoured her romantic inclinations as surely as the public-service-like message that followed, which warned her he harbored AIDS within his blood and tissue, and explained that dementia already wreaked nonsense on his brain.

Then, as if she would ever consider remaining his girlfriend at that point, came the skull-numbing wallop: ???'s entire history was a put-on. Actually a thirty-eight-year-old half-breed Indian female—gone through a sex-change after winning nearly two million highly-contested but never rescinded dollars at various Vegas casinos—the impostor had altered her face via fourteen plastic surgeries, undergone two hair transplants, lightened her skin a la Michael Jackson, donned colored contacts, and invested in a set of pearly veneers to cover her rotten teeth. She then allegedly killed her parents with hemlock-like poison when they refused to accept the transformation as genuine. (Murder charges were later dropped due to lack of evidence.) Shortly thereafter “???” enrolled in graduate school on falsified documents, freely granting sexual favors in exchange for getting her coursework completed, and hiding her genius status behind a charade of *dumb jock*, all the while preying on unsuspecting women.

Even out of the limo Jenn took the voice-distorted message that followed more seriously than the factual-sounding data that preceded it. *Keep the viewing of this video to yourself, as to make it public could put all of us on the ??? Watch in jeopardy. Mention of this video could be construed as libelous and/or inflammatory, and might qualify you as an insane individual. It would behoove you to break off all contact with “???” immediately, and to keep silent. Further, we know who you are and where you live.*

Jenn lives in woods outside resort or lives in A-frame and works there
A kiss means nothing to her beyond the mark of kinship; the kiss signified only appreciation and a bond.

???CHUD first show up at fishboil, due to nearby stripping of soil, trees; nearby fracking.

Hitched a ride in to Capitol City to attend concert or visit friends at Polarity presents the Endzone.

Chasing Rainbows?

Jenn lives in woods outside resort or lives in A-frame and works there

A kiss means nothing beyond the mark of kinship; the kiss signified only appreciation

Rustic “to-gather nite club” at rainbow colony

CHUD first show up at fishboil, due to nearby stripping of soil, trees; nearby fracking.

Drove in to Capitol City to attend concert or visit friends at Polarity presents the Endzone.

HEARTBEAT SURVEY:

=====
5.) What is the difference between Dizygotic (triplets from two eggs), Trizygotic (triplets from three eggs), Monozygotic (triplets from one egg)? Yes, the answer is embedded within the question; also know that often, monozygotic triplets absorb a fourth quintuplet before birth. Be sure to use the term spermatozoa, if possible.

6.) Reading Comprehension Level: A Snippet from a Spy Plot?

With an overwhelming sense of being underwhelmed, the Ivy Leaguer shut off an audio-recording device and ducked into the nearest metro-train restroom to dial a phone number. When the Accomplice answered the Ivy Leaguer spoke in a whisper.

A: Did you finish this job early, Ivy Leaguer?

IL: I'm still on the train with them, pending a problem, Accomplice.

A: What is the problem, Ivy Leaguer?

IL: He doesn't know where Nepal is, Accomplice!

A: What are you saying, Ivy Leaguer?

IL: He mentioned Nepal as being in Africa, in “snowy mountains”. Without a clue as to its location as far as I could ascertain! He and his girlfriend are ignorant about geography, Accomplice. My guess is that neither of them wrote any of the “global poems” they've been peddling in this country.

A: But he mentioned Nepal! What else did he say about Nepal, Ivy Leaguer?

IL: Not much. He hopes to sell a bilingual poetry book there. Oh, and his girlfriend wants to visit Nepal someday. They are making tentative plans. The modus operandi we've constructed about them keeps falling apart and it's impossible to know their true motivation. I'd like to head home, Accomplice.

A: Keep tailing after them, Ivy Leaguer. I have some idea of what's what. Typical trust fund stuff. Someone else may be driving them, a corporation, maybe. Maybe a cult. This may have something to do with Amway.

(Mull over the scene for a sec, then answer the question in essay form.)

The Ivy Leaguer is:

- a) a corporate spy for a Nepalese tourism conglomerate
- b) a government agent researching average geographical knowledge
- c) an imposter with accomplices who plagiarize poetry writers for profit
- d) a split-personality schizoaffective in need of medication

7.) Define:
Nefarious
Consonance
Untenable
Carapace

=====

#36 Square Triangular Number Thirty-six

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Email sent as invite (also posted in a notice in the foyer, just inside Jack's penthouse door): PROPER DRESS REQUIRED. Thanks for eschewing gym attire including sweatpants, shoes exposing toe cleavage, tank or halter tops, wigs or hats, exposed undergarments, clothing with images or slogans (other than large labels, which should be as small as possible or nonexistent on the outsides of garments). Please ask the greeter for a change of clothing if in need.

After the deejay and Jack arrive, Kid Keen plays “On Melancholy Hill” by Gorillaz from *Plastic Beach*.

“Uh, Zoom, Zip” by Soul Coughing (“you turn it up, turn it up, CAST? For millennium”)

“Bittersweet Faith (Thievery Corp Remix)” by Bitter:Sweet

“Bittersweet” by Big Head Todd & the Monsters

“Pipe Dream” or “I’m Like a Bird” by Nelly Furtado

“De la vitesse à l’ivresse” by Poom

Heavy Metal Drummer by Wilco, *The Whole Love* (spat and swallowed opioids)

Recalls the “cheat sheet” she prepared for a test, filled with formulas and solution examples. She meticulously worked up the cheat sheet, legible enough to disseminate to her friends. It disappeared on the bus back to Bell U after thanksgiving break. Wilma guessed it was the bus company itself that stole Greta’s purse. Greta was shocked. In her egalitarian way, Wilma was cooler than Greta. Greta always envied her this. They’d been tripping LSD (Ls.D.) on that Greyhound Bus trip.

The Blue Unicorn blotter acid incident was one example of how she could keep her mouth shut. She could keep secrets, especially items “of a sensitive nature” her husband forbade her from repeating.

“I bet half of the Belling University student body dropped acid in 2010 and ’11.” Agent Rutherford had eventually shown credentials, letters and symbols that shape-shifted on the laminated card.

Greta had forgotten her purse and phone on the bus, her luggage stowed beneath; she and her future husband claimed the purse (with phone inside) and luggage at the bus station the following day. She and her Bell U peers had been learning to live without a phone or internet—she kinda liked going old-school.

Remembering Roni, a psychotropic entity during the peak of the Blue Unicorn trip.

They lived in Stickville because land was cheap and the exurb was booming.

Next door: Doug and wife and kids who are avid gamers.

Her FBI agent spouse, cloaked in mystery.

In all, Greta guesstimated she’d ingested a quarter sheet: 25 doses of blotter acid over four years. Her experimentation with hallucinogens evaporated on its own as mysteriously as it had formed. None of the people she’d tripped with were now close friends; they’d drifted down different streams. Part of this dissemination was due to personal growth. The other was due to subtle embarrassment over the personal stuff they’d shared on the stuff.

Another reason she’d loved it: everyone looked so pretty and wide-eyed with pupils so large only a hint of iris color appeared at the rims. After a while, it just seemed like such a weak attempt at having fun.

Her calculations for retirement were as risky as her portfolio.

Greta ate “dowdy-clodhopper” and “jiggly-in’jun” and “fat-freak” enough as a child to realize that adulthood was her time to gain some public respect. After all, each life deserved the same amount of respect, right? Even if adipose-prone and nerd-expressive, with huge calculator-sized fingers, it took Greta a few years to comprehend that IQ means as much as BMI-perfection, on two totally opposite worlds. A nerdy girl such as Greta became of age and intrinsically thought she’d wasted her youth; according to the woman Greta, who took control of her own lost wayward teen self and transmogrified her at age 22 into the epitome of a middleclass educated middleclass tool named Greta Rutherford, married to a FBI agent. Those experimental days past were only the perversion of difficult echoes of youth, in light of what she did do to stop the revolution happening in her own generation. (Each gen being prone to rebelling! Each invigorated youth making a mistake to dig in his or her heels against the establishment in power, and realizing it, maybe!) Those four trips of LSD she did at age 19 disqualified her from getting diagnosed as clinically insane—it took five acid trips to receive that designation—and so this sane distinction between crazy and societal-morass is what made her turn against not only her sheltered past, but also against the possibility of a druggy future... She wanted more than average; not greedy, her wishes came from her upbringing; to do well intellectually was to do well in society.

After taking enough acid to quit, Greta met and married into the FBI at age 22, with an advisor-modified degree in mathematics astride her attempts at “art” and sociology. She admits today that she never knew who her true friends were, before marrying. And she only knew her husband after allowing him to apprehend and subdue her on that loathed substance. To clean herself down to her skivvies! with a drug! it was obscene. And her hubby-to-be saved her from voluntarily taking any more brain damaging tabs. But first she had to meet him. Then, she had to bring the attention of national news onto campus, all the while consulting him. Next she had to wait for the first wife to disengage. It took only a few months, since the wife was set on divorce. Then came those few loose in-between months, in which Greta tried to worship the object of her affection. Her adoration worked brilliantly, in that the first wife left him and he, too, had had enough of recreational drugs interfering with his life. Being FBI, he of course had a complicated view of legal ease.

Wilma had started the rape controversy on campus, by herself, after confiding in Greta that her sole intent with seducing Professor Huxley had been to trap him into fucking her and then regretting getting a hard-on for a student. Never mind that she, at 18, was entirely obligated to consent according to the law; Wilma had other ideas. She’d dropped the tab on a whim, pressuring Greta to join her, so they could approach the First Year Composition prof on a level that they knew “just knew” was “his level”; it worked, famously, as it turned out. They’d met him in his office after classes on a Monday and somehow convinced him to join them in an acid trip at his historical home on the oak-shaded boulevard opposite campus. (He did claim to have a Jacuzzi! which turned Wilma on, to no end...) Huxley drove them there in his dilapidated Mercedes, after having eaten the tab in his office. Several mixed drinks later, in only a beach towel, the prof professed a “swirl” and purposefully hit the button to activate his Jacuzzi jets.

Wilma the petite rode her LSD trip expertly, getting nude at first chance amidst a gushing of partyish babble and sliding into the hot tub as if it were lava. Huxley got in next, as naked as his student, semi-hard yet cautious. Greta stripped down to her underwear before looking into Wilma's eyes with absolute hatred. "I've gotta check my email," she said, gathering her (now many) items to take inside the house of her favorite professor. Except, he was no longer a "fave"—Greta hated him, his ruddy face, his thick gut, his oversized calves, his twitchy prick. Suddenly she wanted revenge against Belling, the college that had trapped her during what were surely her best years. Huxley: a target, was her idea.

Not that she was thinking much about her scheme while tripping; Greta was too ordinarily functioning at just-above-average-level to ever allow herself to invent a plan on drugs, if she even had the sense to contrive anything on acid—let's say she was a worse daytripper than Wilma, who at least had the foresight to tear apart her childish aspirations and reinvent herself as a college-aged artist by admitting to following clothing design clichés and trends, once she was aware of her flaws. She wanted to be an original textile artist, and told Greta this, repeatedly. It did seem as though Wilma was making progress in her student art. Not that Greta cared much, being math-minded and generally a left-brain thinker (if indeed the right brain still stood for creativity while the right hemisphere dictated common sense?). She and Wilma were only friends at Belling because they lived in the same dorm and happened to come from neighboring towns; it was a bus trip fluke, according to Wilma, after. Yet she had met her husband-to-be during the experience and considered it, for all that it was worth, to be about augmenting reality, to include a future with the agent who had rescued them from certain insanity at their own hands; he had scooped them up into his van and driven them back to campus. The agent though was vocal about being married to a woman named Laurel—this came out in a threeway fight while parked outside the female dorm, with Wilma upset about the class fabrics portfolio she had destroyed, while Greta tore into her about peers neither of them could really call friends. Wilma had a small breakdown, stomping out of the van and rushing into the dorm. Greta then gave the agent her mobile phone number, a connection that might never work again, considering she'd left her purse and her phone on the bus—she couldn't use a personal phone on campus, anyway, according to the rules, but she damn well as sure had one for emergencies, fuck the college.

She'd found Wilma, applying mud-and-grass-cosmetics to her face with a reflection in the dorm lobby doors, and they'd agreed to visit professor Huxley. who had been in his office, a lecherous predator waiting for his students, in her mind in retrospect because it had to be. The threeway was okay, actually; Greta had allowed him to suck on her titties and feel her erogenous zone while he fucked Wilma; his penis had fluctuated between soft and hard, as the prof rolled... Anyway! Greta had a grudge. It was not the music: retro-fit Sergio Mendez. It was not the Jacuzzi. It was the vibe, maybe—oh, she never could guess why she legally and publically turned Huxley into a Sex Offender. It was never her intent to go national with the charges of seduction and corruption of a minor because he was in a position of power at Belling. They were all adults, yes. Yet Huxley would pay, for whatever reason, for what she thought she was due.

Maybe because the art people refused to accept her, Greta turned against the neo-bohemian free-thinking pot-induced new-society revolution on Belling U's campus. It was shortly after her last acid trip, in which she'd dosed spontaneously with her then-friend Wilma while riding the bus back to Belling after she'd stayed with Wilma over Holiday break. Wilma had found some acid in her bra, which they'd debated taking on New Year's Eve at a party crowded with Wilma's high school clique, but had anyway saved it for later. Later came and went, with the two of them dosed at a restaurant after the bus driver coldly abandoned them in "Sticksville" where they had to fend for themselves until a stranger in a neon-bright van pulled up to reel them into his care... The stranger—a man in coveralls—was an undercover FBI agent that she'd eventually defined and married. It took only a divorce and a scandal at the college for her to gain the agent's favor.

Greta took acid only four times in her life, including the rest of it after first year at Belling. The first time was a half-tab, which caused the houseplants to wave but not much else. Second time was Weedfest, to see a bunch of bands. Third time: it was her fave, because she dosed with her half-sister while on a dull family day with nieces and nephews and cousins who rode coasters and ate cotton candy at Six Flags. Fourth: the fiasco with her husband-to-be, and a totally flaky Wilma, on the bus and all that. Halfway through that acid trip she'd become appalled at: 1) Wilma's ethereal groove; 2) Wilma's flirts with Huxley; 3) Wilma's wholesome nudity; 4) Wilma's splash in the hot tub; 5) Wilma's promiscuity with him on the deck; 6) Wilma's perfect hair. The last in the list caused Greta to realize that she was as sober as any child—she'd always hated the perfection of Wilma's clean-blond bob, yet seeing it grown out now to brush across her naked areolas was too much... Instead of being happy for her friend, for having such good looks, Greta detested Wilma, and she had no idea why. It probably stemmed from childhood trauma. Yet it was Wilma's unabashed bush promiscuity and shameful topless flirting with the professor that bugged Greta the most, on that trip (if she could just get her head around what actually happened on the trip!) and ever afterward. Mostly, Greta had been flirting with Huxley on the sly, was why she hated Wilma's flamboyant demonstrations of adoration. She spent almost two months, dropping by his office, meeting him for coffee or a (clandestine, since she was underage) drink, coming to class early. She knew by the expression on her prof's face that he was into "dating" her, his word for the students he'd confessed to occasionally sleeping with in the past.

Luckily, hating a friend was less of a deal than a lot of other teen-angsty-stuff, in Greta's mind. She not only "got over" the hatred of tiny-boned Wilma but learned to surpass it, to suppress it, to usurp it with foresight.

Wow what a blast to the brain, was Greta's first reaction to doing drugs illegally. Her next was: these people doing drugs are very stupid. After those few encounters with Wilma (who seemed cooler than cool) it was a rarity that party drugs came across Greta's path at Belling. With no overt affinity for the druggo population, Greta rarely did them. She'd seen "24-hour Party People" and didn't care—those few elusive fragments of tone and fiction in lyrics and tunes from Manchester were mere slack in her mind—sure,

Joy Division had a good song before the tragedy; but its New Order is obviously better managed—yeah, the Happy Mondays overdid it and became Black Grape and who knows what Manchurian else, as they slid along their trajectory from pop to not to absurd to last hope to historical fact. Another fact: Venues break even or lose money if their patrons visit their legal alcohol bar less than dialing their dealers for illegal drugs. The moral of the movie being: Buy their alcohol, wherever you party, especially if music is playing. Otherwise most people who own clubs go broke.

Other than that, she was barely a hippy. Had she ever even seen the basic plot of “Dancing in the Streets” in her mind? Nope. Well, maybe once. It had actually happened. That time she found bath-salt-on-a-hook in a headshop, buying it just because she could? A patio latte, dosed with a whole vial of salts, kinda put a Dancing-in-the-Streets-motif into real time play that day. Somebody up and started to sway and bounce! just outside the perimeter of the coffeeshop while still being on its cobblestone design. And further down the block, another dancer had decided he owned the sidewalks, if not the streets themselves. Sans headphones, Greta anyway felt irritable-yet-benign at the impulse to walk, walk, walk... walking along the pricey store windows of the ‘hood before it became an urban bike-path snaking behind her condo. She followed the path until it grew too dark to see. Before dark, almost right on top of her, a veritable slew of youthful people of all ages had been literally dancing in the streets—solo grooves, mostly. Wow, Greta had wondered a) Are these people all on bath-salts today?; and, b) Why am I not dancing in the street?

None of the above pertains to why Greta not only comprehended but also acted on the suggestion from her husband: “Call Laurel and ask her for some drugs. Mention the safe deposit box once or twice.” Greta did not need to comply, and she knew this. Assisting her husband’s first wife with insider info was not mandatory duties of any wife she could think of. She had anyway hoped to score some MDMA while informing Laurel that the big stash in her box was about to be raided.

Saul: “Females are twice as much as half a male yet different than males because a male is half a female plus half something foreign to female chromosomal composition. Females have half the composition of males time two, while males have half a female and all of themselves with each other.”

Saying “nest egg” possibly originated linguistically from an ancient bird analogy about inheritance customs, whereby offspring usurp a dead parent’s fortune. Trouble is, the new analogy is about how female eagles often kill their male siblings in the nest if they lack enough food to survive; idiot women are applying that truth now whilst they use hands-free digital and social methods to kill their brothers.

All about the suspense, Greta kept wondering if the Age of Aquarius would ever lead to enlightenment or all-inclusiveness. It appeared to be providing the exact opposite, what with everybody’s private info airborne and blowing about like dollar bills on a windy day.

“The Awakening of Cassandra”

“Savannah Smiles” and “Little Miss Sunshine”

“Chatterbox”? “23”? “Shakes the Clown”.

“Kids should be denied sweets til age 18, like they’re denied tobacco. Sugar has a direct link to diabetes and that kind of diabetes is preventable. Smoking causes cancer in some people? Sugar causes obesity, cholesterol, diabetes and should be banned from all kiddy diets. Agree?”

Jack’s pal’s latest book: “Ugly” featuring stills from kiddy porn starring only unattractive kids nude but not having sex.

“snowflake” fragile person

“Rarely is anyone a Triple Threat. As analogy let’s use the actor/dancer/singer scenario.

Most in this celebrity/star category have one of these talents, about half can do two.

You, 1000-fold, have yet to prove you can do any of the three.”

Jesus’ “luxurious hair” mention

Greek men had very long hair once

Euros replaced the Greek _____ (dollar)

Chicago’s “Chi town” is pronounced “Key Town” in Greek, not “Shy” or “Chi/Kai”

“Ace is high or low, bud. Amateur or pro.”

“Gods Bless this MESSI” football graphic-art print in the hall out of the parlor.

Ecu and peuse replaced with _____, a pizazzy lot bought at an auction, for which Jack is in arrears as most of the lot sits areas (under his bed on Level 3).

Jack ordered Nacho Mamas, asked Wilma (with broken-down car) ride with catering crew on her way to the gathering.

Formerly “let go” Wilma is rehired only because of Sasha the dead-cat-bot in the parlor and he is her chore for life, putting that baby oil into the cat-bot’s joints and rubbing it into the cat-bot’s fur and exposed exterior spine. She is also “expected to give Marvin (hidden on Level 2) the baby oil lube once a day, especially his mouth since he talks, funnily programmed with jokes such as ‘oil can! (“Wizard of Oz”)’ and ‘tin roof rusted! (pop band The B-52s).”

The Hawaii Vipers NFL team dissolved; they copied the Patriots’ “deflategate” tactics but had no murder (Hernandez) the previous year to justify letting air out of the footballs. Laurel’s big feet/“clod-hopper” status.

Viaduct rumbling or thunder? The overhead train (“L” or “el”) rumbling or thunder?

Ian wears a holster (almost hidden); his shirt needs ironing.

Skylight roof-hopper ninja

“What sorcery is this? Reveal yourself, tiny songstress!”

Luxury when plane is a quarter full, empty rows to choose from, choose a center seat and stretch out with windowshades open all around. Turbulence on a plane sells booze. Baggage check after scanning her carry-on. Friendly and efficient.

“They’re not doing themselves any favors, in a way proving our case for us, that they actually are being bought, blackmailed, bribed or bamboozled to commit federal

offenses, at least one per month, scads more in actuality.” Convo related: “Know that it’s not your fault. That guy, uh, goes around to people, telling them that I drink, sometimes claiming that I’m a nymphomaniac, or undergoing shock therapy, or crossdressing at the wrong locations, whatever he thinks will work against me. Whatever he thinks will cause mental or emotional trauma in his victims. In public and sometimes at home he plants false evidence of his slander and waits for me or somebody else to discover the “proofs”.

“This is Jack Catch. Please say anything for a few seconds; everything else I need to know is embedded in our voicemail properties in the keypad options. If you’re calling from someone else’s phone, please say that in your voicemail message. And, yes, yes, yes, I maybe am a copycat of Stephen Baldwin’s character in the film ‘Sliver’ as many people lately are saying. Yet, I am maybe someone completely different who would never do such a thing as—.”

Jack had installed three emergency buttons: the first summoned an elite gaggle of undercover partyers who know Judo. The second called a mafioso-type equalizer with a concealed gun license. The third called the police.

Guest list

1000-fold and Saul

Greta & foster son Kubrick

Laurel & Brain & Doug

Prof Longin (kiddy book author)

Ian (& D.?)

Lester & Lulu

Izzy & Sheila

Ty Sneeth with ?

Peggys kids?

Chuck?

Deejay (arrives with Jack) Kid Keen

Nacho Mamas crew

Ace (dodges out early for a rendezvous with his lover Gyx)

Cloud

Reese

Jenn?

Hostess

Wilma

“Robocopesque,” was one comment from those who were less mortified than fascinated by Sasha’s reanimation. “An ignoble death, slathered with symbolism,” was another critique of the dead-cat robotic-hybrid attraction in Jack’s parlor. “Animation, laden with a nod to reality.” “Obscenity of the new century? Nah. More like ‘House of Wax Redux’.” “Roger Corman’s ‘Bucket’ for the neo-beatniks.” “Artistically bizarre.” “That’s

it! The name of my new gallery giftshop: Artists Bazaar!” “With or without an apostrophe?” “Egad, it’s a pet parasite, back from the dead!”

“Have you heard of TransTextuals? They’re a new writers and plagiarist group from TransForm, started by Izzy.”

“Oboe—the double reed woodwind.”

“Read a book!”

“A book is an oracle.”

“A rug is a chalice.”

Who has Ty Sneeth as date at the gathering. Ty is currently working to disprove/unprove carbon dating. Theorizes that carbon dating in excavations is a hoax and we’ve moved planets twice, after burning up Mercury and Venus, and we are looking to Mars now. He and she get along and value the theory of Intelligent Design. “Robot sex partners, created to whatever design we wish, will replace dating and marriage; there is a necro angle to fucking someone synthetic, however warm their touch.”

Guest brings stuffed toy cat and puts it in a cake pan as joke for Jack

Daffodils, white petals, yellow cylinder

Peggy’s sons are printing 3D guns on their printers at home.

Predictions about reappearance of giant? Donor peering in at eyelevel?

“What separates the men from the boys in Greece? A crowbar.”

Marion Jones, Olympic gold medalist, autobio, picked up at Sally’s. She took “supplements” made by BALCO (Bay Area Lab Cooperative) that acted like anabolic steroid but was undetectable in urine or blood.

Jef Royce as bodydouble on anti-ped propaganda films.

“If you starve and isolate a man for a week, then give him the choice of a rack of lamb or a sexy centerfold, which will he choose?”

“Hackers have no scruples. All they do is sit in the shadows and break and enter and steal stuff through the air.”

“Like magicians!”

“Magicians entertain, hello, is anyone home? Hackers are more like thieves who are too afraid to face the physical reality of stealing money from someone so they do it electronically, without red hands.”

“Some of them only snoop though.”

“Yeah, okay. Snoop for shit to steal.”

“Our solar system is what comprises the 12 dimensions of our universe. We actually have 12 planets revolving around the sun; the last three (or four? Is Pluto really no longer a planet, merely an ice chunk?) possess enormous orbits and our scientists don’t even know where to look for them.”

“Sitchin! *The 13th planet.*”

“Sort of. Sitchin had the right idea, in a way.”

“Sayonara was our James Michener bond—we’d both seen that movie ‘Sayonara’ and so we preferred it to saying ‘Aloha’ despite my uncle playing for the Hawaii Vipers.”

Other 3 penthouses also contain 3 buttons

“A man proposes; God disposes.”

“Night Gallery”’s Rod Serling vocalizes an “art gallery soiree” with all types of “hanging goodies”...

“Fake patients are being installed at healthcare center inpatient places to pay salaries of corrupt healthcare workers. Denial of services for outsider patients. My hubby,” Greta rambled, “is doing an FBI round-up of culprits. What’s coming down the pike will put this pending ‘global shutdown’ in a new light. He’d be here tonight, otherwise. He had to investigate a homeless shelter in Iowa that denied one of its residents an ambulance one night after complaining of stomach pain. The man died that night of, well, I can’t say this yet, I suspect. I’m saying too much. More wine, please?”

Kid Keen sets the equalizer with precision before a guest messes with it. Achieving that perfect balance proves an extensive exercise. Jack wears his red sweatshirt since Wilma stole his black one and has it in her car.

“If all hell broke loose, sure, I’d help destroy the world catalog with you and your peeps, 1000-fold. Worldcat falsified would destroy any humankind left alive. Worldcat might destroy humankind anyway. A book product’s ISBN was at one time considered the mark of the devil. William S. Burroughs implied that any written material is the devil’s doing, let’s see if I can recall a quote here: ‘In the beginning was the word, and the word was evil,’ or somesuch.”

“Is he upset with me because his race isn’t represented in my kiddy porn screenshots?

You tell that 1000-fold that he’s racist to dare say a word. Every race is gonna be recognized once my art is seen and lauded.”—Longin

Mexico’s new “El Stupido” law, plus teen sex allowed in UK, Sweden, France, Germany, Iceland, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Slovenia, Holland, Malta...? Canada raised to 18 from 14 after 2003... “I think ythe age of consent is 18 now in most countries outside the Middle East. England is another matter entirely, spookville.”

Laurel: “A poem for all of you, titled ‘My Microbugs’. Imported microcosm of interior task-doers, everything from sweepers to surgeons to transformers. Under \$25 for a whole army of them, from China or wherever the maniacal scientists make the tiny bugs that get into my innerspace. Is this a joke or am I being set up by the CIA?”

Cloud, to Reese in private: “These rich party people don’t drop much, so push the alcohol.” Reese, half-drunk: “Booze is vegan! Did you try my vegan burrito? Taro—that’s a root—and okra—that’s a veggy—and uvo—that’s a Chinese herb with that ‘fake cheddar cheese’ you like, on that Ezekial (?) tortilla you dislike, but you’ll like the burrito because eof my special sauces.” “That’s right, Reese. Like I said. Push the booze. Now remember, dollar bills rarely happen unless you get a tip because these RPPs don’t carry cash much. Don’t let them see you pick up stuff they’ve dropped either, or you’ll be fired because they tell on us caterers.” “What do they drop?” “What you will find is jewelry, watches, phones, other small electronic gadgets, maybe a laptop, clothing items, lots of hats, and best of all are the packets of pot or cocaine. But give the briefcasaes and purses to the host or hostess of the party right away, or you’ll be fired. Got it?”

Greta wonders “which scourge” to expect, “why didn’t my hubby tell me outright?” list of possibilities include:

Flu virus

Sewer system bugs

Race riots

Hybrid monsters escaping confinement/unleashed

Food packaging exploding with vermin

Lack of groceries available
Something else?

Smog nettles/gnats puff into the open Italian balcony doors; Jack's neighbors detect stealth "wind drones" but too late; several guests affected by the smog become zombie-like and attack other guests. Guest bashes infected Cloud with the ziggurat after he attacks Wilma's elbow with a shishkebob/cannibal fork from the catering joke of Cloud and Reese. Reese attacks himself.

To escape the smog, Jack takes a few favorite guests through a secret door into the secret lower floor(s) of his penthouse, the chilling climax to what happened to Marvin... Is he a robocorpse? Is he living in self-secluded luxury on the lower level(s), creating art for Jack and his friends? Is he a vampire in hibernation? Is Marvin a corpse? Looks like one... a vampire that never fully "took" or transformed into a creature of the night. Marv in "panic room"... Marvin now sported wide-spaced eyes, friendly lips, large teeth, chiseled jaw, jutting chin. His biceps and glutes and calves and deltoids explode with implants; even his wrists and ankles are botoxed. His narrow waist looked belted by Apollo. He'd stopped short of a penile thickener. Marvin is voted "most kissable" says his signage; his death was accidental when Izzy shot him up with ketamine in 1995.