



ORBIS ILLUCENTUS ET NOCTEM  
SURFULGAT

*Owen J. Maresb*

*I am become birth; The creator of worlds.*

## Preface

October 22, 1999

**M**any years ago, I wanted to be a physicist. For I found fun in the ceaseless ballyhoo of equation manipulation. I figured that I could play with the universe via a honkytonk dice game with variables and symbols, enacted in a constant haze of coffee and computers, I would discover the mechanisms by which creation operated, and create worlds.

It slowly dawned on my skullcap that physics is an extreme enterprise in silly. I would have been a biology major except for my laziness. So I spent three years in utter futility attempting to major in mathematics. Mathematics is one of the few realms of formal thought that has formal methods and awareness of its own domain. Mathematicians know where the end of their world resides. Theoretical physics wants an equation. The “humanities” is even worse: its a legal battle of defending your ideas on top of other people’s defenses of their ideas ad infinitum.

I’ve found, in this fast rusted life, that I can make worlds. Sewing words into equilibriat cosmai is easy and fun. My mental tax crooks get their fair cut of brain runtime. Building universes suffices for them, and I gladly accept the heaping steamfuls of self-parsing such efforts produce. I am no longer required by my internal sense of pedantry to overspecify nascent cosmic biologies, or to stumble around and say “be that way.”

Our world was not born of fiat. It flows *too* graciously, beyond any one entities orchestration<sup>1</sup> to have dictated the dance of every mote. Halfway interspersed twine every here and every there, and in no ways a male motion, I would contend, is that unnameable agency which deethanizes energy in some taco-hazed instantaneity.

I’d peer breathlessly into your worlds. We’ve got six billion worlds<sup>2</sup>, many will die before understanding blossoms, they all twist in the wind.

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<sup>1</sup>Reflection Principle

<sup>2</sup>apparently the uncognoscenti call this Y6B

## Umbrella dancing in Jaljujafar

Cumulonimbs dot the sky.

some special effects artist has, over  
 the period of the past nine days  
 constructed a "vision" for a film she has  
 been contracted to do. Some of the portions  
 are subway traffic sped up  
 hundreds of times. Other bits are  
 time lapse photography of a decaying orange.  
 the soundtrack has been composed with  
 little detail, like a fast pitched  
 echotomography cross-session of the  
 spokes in someone's samsara wheel.


You have the various visions of Jeff  
 Bridges entry to the world of Tron,  
 or David Bowman's entry to the world  
 provided by the monolith, or the various  
 realized mythworlds which are evolving  
 their way from the underdeterminable  
 goo.

A single metallic square ring hangs diagonally  
 at a forgotten ruin. No humans have ever  
 been here. Humans have percieved this  
 place but none have been here. The  
 worshippers only come to this ruin twice  
 a lifetime. They worship gods for whom  
 nine billion names is not enough in any  
 popular pantheon.

Here is the square's parable as  
 rendered into English prose.  
 Your visions, those pesky dreams

remind you that one carbuncle or  
 two won't kill you. you see the clouds  
 moving quickly, and yet the ground is  
 in slow motion. you read text which  
 is blurred. you watch the kernel  
 hacking rabbis sit at vt100 terminals  
 Connected to some machine far away.  
 they program in raw binary or hebrew

images move by and you get the  
 notion of plots and conspiracies  
 rising and falling as clouds do.  
 A lone muon strays through a can  
 of guinness. Click goes the clock.  
 Tick goes the tock.

 meanwhile the Jerry Springer show  
 cackles on the television. meanwhile  
 Shiva is dancing. a pin drops, is  
 it some poor seamstress or a  
 telco commercial for sprint  
 you look up at the snow drenched  
 air and draw lines between the  
 snowflakes, imagining all  
 of them. a Rijn masterpiece  
 is ripped from its frame by  
 the dissatisfied craftsman.

someone for whom that  
 duality never quite  
 got around to washing  
 up in rusty rations  
 at the shore of a named ocean.  
 bam a gun crashes through

the window. bam surgery  
doesn't work.

the hands of the clock go  
backwards and forwards  
as you lose the game of  
strip poker. there is  
no rulebook for the universe  
no operating manual

all is one all is one all is none  
from the dull warbling to  
a high pitched squeal  
you never quite caught it  
I wasn't talking in plural

and none of the lore shrinks  
away as these patterns are  
to be found on a corroded metal  
bench somewhere east of nowhere  
they are playing with toys

not swings

the window is broken again by  
a brick, wrapped in vellum  
printed on the vellum is a birth  
threat. accompanied by...  
accompanied by, blackmail  
to reveal whether the  
continuum hypothesis is true

That is what the square says. Some crouton bobbing in the sea calls it  
“dumb”. Another one says “poindexter”. But here they don't know English  
Sweep the sand away.

I'm still sitting looking out the window. It's really quite lonely here...

*A Aadaor urun na mataiau lurau dadai*

### Night A forest

A thunderstorm. No mercury streetlamps to intrude. For instants, cracks appear in the rain drenched ether, but these quickly vanish. Somewhere an old woman sits on her rocking chair, creaking and watching the dry sun across her sky, knitting booties.

Perspective is a fickle gem. Our common sandstone against the grain of the wire mesh that keeps little insects out and us inside is funny in the sun's spare rays. Collected, the moments lie dormant, but in the thrush of our present tempest, their transit to the minds' underbelly is unnoticed. Expression of the suspected human dog-days is suspended. Two tons of cream cheese were exported to fast food restaurants in the obscure east european country of Xyzzystan. Would you remain there, enraptured in prosaic cough - syrup induced pipe dreams about the next empress of the sea? Or do you like things "hot-n-spicy", with a touch that old time strange brew I like to call "Aunt Bertha Murgatroyd's Secret Elemental Numero Twenty Two". I should quote my sources before I kill my knees.

A simpler armistice calmly arranged between two warring carrots was settled very rudely last Tuesday morning, over five quadrillion years ago when Farmer Farmer pulled them out and sent them to his business partner in Amiliogra for detailed cellular studies. But this is an open ended refuge without a clear whence. You are free to whittle your own worlds, if you like sundaes and silk underwear, or else follow the dryer lint's crusade against fabric softener. You won't find me anywhere near Amiliogra or Jozodairy.

Later next morning the animals will come out and the forest will be stirring. Perhaps some human death-drama might be enacted with concussive metal objects in the distance. Someone in a deerstalker cap with a hunting magazine. Or honeymooners camping. And the perpetual question why will never be dancing on their tongues. Interminable history marches on its personal cursories and settles down for some tea while writing it's will in chickenscratch on 200 gsm paper. But history has been assassinated by the diction-managers and their ilk. To trust! To trust!

For those tighter spirals of that bipedal creed, the stakes have gained billionfold importance. Decisions were magnified. Conquer this kingdom. Preserve land ownership. A little humble lesson in preservation provides the blurred stepping stones. The train keeps it's rails, but the wheels move faster, from simple arboreal creatures to compilers, it's a fast course into local teleology. Book drops to floor. Book is dust. Scattered dust, tattered dust, sparse bits to atoms breathing. Cycle once more. Two und thrice. The storm will continue. Amidst the dark lightless leaves.

I should point out that when the sun comes out, photosynthesis will be

going strong. They really do need all that water.

*Cow becomes Dissatisfied*

Yesterday a cow in the fields of one J.R.S. Unsatiated decided that she was unsatisfied as a herd animal whose ultimate use was as milk factory and meat producer. This Cow was known by the humans as “Jezebel”, but preferred to go by “The Nine Edged Punctuation Mark”, Or the equivalent of that in the language of the Cows. J.R.S. decided on Monday morning that he’d send her away to the butchers. Unfortunately for him, other forces were at work.

2:40pm. A digital man shows up and accosts the cow. J.R.S. is smoking a cigar. J.R.S. babbles something about property rights and this is his cow and such. The digital man is perterbed, but only on the seventh order, so he wouldn’t be useful in figuring out the orbits of asteroids, and besides he’s not analytic anyway. The digital man leaves.

2:43pm. Rama goes to the forest (R■mo vanam gaccati)

2:47pm. J.R.S. tries hitting this obstinate cow with a flimsy cardboard tube to attempt to get it into the truck.

2:48pm. The Archangel Gabriel shows up and attempts to explain to J.R.S. that when the continuum hypothesis is proven by arrangements of hay, and that your cow has a theory of socialism which would put J.R.R.T. out to the pasture, then you oughtn’t send it off to the slaughter. The Archangel leaves. A T-shirt vendor stumbles by profusely.

2:51pm. A war is started between those who worship porcelain and those who worship glaze somewhere not too southeast of Yonkers.

2:53pm. Ten thousand clones of Mr. Clean start singing the part of the Troubador in Francisco de Falla’s unwritten Opera: *And I was Parodied by a Decaying Grapefruit*. A bird is shot by a freak geologic event.

2:54pm. The Second Coming of Elvis occurs somewhere around Runnymede. A goat sacrifices the third Dictator of Pasta in Bolbao, across from Fillithen, the candy vendor.

2:55pm. J.R.S. is attacked by a malicious perl script, and is now an eggplant.

2:59pm. The Nine Edged Punctuation Mark is seen to be typing most delicately on a VT220 with a very satiated grin on her face.

That is all. Lock your windows.

### *Out of loopy*

A creaking door somewhere far past the gone world stands on rusted hinges. A few scraps of yellowing paper blurprinted are scattered on the floor.



You shouldn't have come here, I say. Light strays through the gaps in the thatchwork. "The Catalogue", you say. I unfold from my position. Take the book and walk outside. You follow. outside, I open the pages. A catalogue of all worlds. It had been engineered to have an uncountable number of pages, so they weren't pages. I pour over the pages, confirming the mistakes. Oh. Yes. This is the original. Not just a catalogue of descriptions, but of directions. We must destroy this now! I intone mustily. You refuse it me for a price. A price? You want a secret. You say that you want a secret of mine. What might that be? You know very well that there aren't any secrets. At all. You want to know about objects. You capitalize it. Objects you say.

I'll tell you about objects. But the book is already destroyed. An old saying goes "Wherever you go, there you are." I forget whether Saunt Bausis of Ceira or Buckaroo Banzai said that. Aiee, no. You have an environment at all times. Forward, up, down. I begin drawing sand diagrams. You watch, thinking that you're going to learn a great elemental. And while you're not out there. I point to the horizon. You're here. The horizon was certainly around before you were. But it isn't always the same horizon? Is it? The wind whips salt brine ocean water into the air. You accuse me of being unnecessarily poetic. Poetic,



scoff I!? You're the one usually in a room, or a surface transport. You don't see the horizon. You see four walls. This is an insane asylum and you're a doctor?

You are a doctor and this is your patient. You walk away. You're the visiting doctor looking at intransient cases. You look back in the cell. No one is there. You're not going insane. The rest of your life conveniently passes as the wheel spokes line up again. We're back on the beach. You're looking at the sand diagram. You are momentarily disoriented. I repeat. The book is already destroyed. You gather your senses at this remark. You open it and check that the pages are still heavily clear. Now they're blurprinted, like the sheets of paper back in the shack.

You're carrying something. Scraps of paper. Or you're an Imperial Guard of Noyzlosa. Or you're an infantryman during the French Revolution. Same DNA in all cases. But in the world where you are an infantryman, you were never a punk in the late 1970s. And crosswise, in the world which you were a punk, you weren't an infantryman. I look down and then up. You tell me that you do not understand. You want me to write it out in steps.

10001000101 STASIS REPORT  
 ENVIRONMENT TEMPERATURE 230K  
 STASIS ENVIRONMENT TEMPERATURE 0K  
 ENVIRONMENT IN STASIS TEMPERATURE 313K  
 ONE LIFEFORM IN ENVIRONMENT IN STASIS. STA-  
 TUS: ALIVE  
 ALL COUNTERS ARE ZEROED  
 THIS UNIT MAY BE SAFELY BE DETACHED AND S-  
 TORED.  
 PROGRAMMED STORAGE  $10^{39}$  YEARS  
 CURRENT CLOCK TIME:  $10^{16}$  AFTER INITIATION.

You dart back. Not so stable here. You're concentrating too much and you're not rooted. Of course you're fuzzing out. Objects. Pieces of paper, pieces of sandalwood dust. Treaties and love letters scented with mustard. Coffee cup stains and crystallized toothpaste. You're not at the horizon. You must play the book by the notes which you are given. Well, not really. If you can arrange those notes with care, you can get yourself to the horizon. I say. The notes, the objects, are like yourself. Only images. They do react, if so arranged with care. If you care about yourself you'll stop listening to me.

The blurprinting completes itself. It fades out entirely. The book turns to ash. You hear a murmur. Pound-pound. Back to square one. First rung, first spoke. Wahhhh! Back to a baby you are.



*Miscellany, Axiomata*

Forsooth

(an agéd cauliflower seller at the edge of the bazaar rubs her nose. a standard nose itch. one that happens at the edges of the nostrils)

As usual there are those few pieces of dust clinging to the street, forgotten halvah bar wrappers. a soda urn, et cetera. there's an economist doing his routine, drawing on the sand. blabbling away about shifts in supply really being just moving the whole demand curve, and such about oligopolies that even that Lucifer's Aunt Gladys would run away in terror from. But the dust is settled, or is it?

Two entertainers walk through the town. One is quiet, and does magic with brief words. The other makes a lightshow, but really doesn't accomplish anything besides opening people's eyes for a moment.

A duck walks across town, clearing the miscreants and other incomprehensibility charlatans "There's an energy field pervading all space, and through my knowledge of the secret teachings of Sengo Aravantha I am ultimately compassionate and loving towards you", "Through the divine ineffability I do not see and do not understand". Gurus and assorted marginalia are moved out, they bark about "easing ones path to Nirghata-Brahmanaha" for the duck, but the duck dutifully moves them over to the Spinach quarter.

Then the Go Board does it rounds, clearing the conspirators "They're all out to get us, to implant tiny listening devices in our hippocampus and transmit the data to secret listening posts" "My breakfast cereal is bugged. It sends information to the breakfast cereal manufacturers about my umbrella preferences", and "They control my actions. They control my words. They control my scsi interface. Oh well, that's what you get when you're manufactured by Seagate or Fujitsu"

The town's centre is still a hubbub. The merchants are busy selling mice and viruses and wallaby-factorial machines for inorbitant prices. There's also a microphone listening to the whole town. The inventor who is experimenting is yelling "It's not gaussian". Trying to find the truth statistically, at least, is not working as well as the inventor originally thought.

Quoted from the biographer of the inventor's Azo-Lieps Drastin: A life in new creation. "I thought that I could go about finding the truth by finding the gaussian norms in streams of information, whether that be sound, bits, or other. I learned about chaos theory and rearranged my data sets. There's a surface or differential manifold which all those points on an attractor all fall on, but the only problem is there is no closed form function which describes that manifold. But the manifold comes from nowhere!"

The inventor continues. In the distance, can be heard the sound of silence.

*The Nondiverse Worlds*

Imagine a world as such:

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 Unassociated Press -- Blipfestron, Wallzarando.  
 Melichot 12, 40950 RE

Today Prasadch Gevungo announced that there would be a program of ethnic depurification in the entirety of Wallzarando. The program is to be implemented during the next five years with a gigantic media blitz. Gevungo said that the program would consist of an animated cartoon, a sitcom, a series of soft drink television ads, and a series of action figures targeted to the 10-15 age demographic.

Gevungo said that the shallowing of the gene pool which the tight boundaries of ethnic groups and strict de facto rules against breeding between such entities had resulted in weak and deformed stock, which makes our country easier to be laughed at by the rest of the world, if not invaded and then regovernmented.

For those of you visiting from Belfenthor and Rizigi Dolzorogin, a summary of the ethnic groups in Wallzarando.

People who wear green shirts  
 People who wear purple shirts  
 People who wear blue shirts  
 People who wear red shirts

Now, it is the hopes of the Prasadch to see people who wear blue shirts with red polka dots in a generation or two. There is widespread protest against this program of ethnic depurification.

Mrs. Wolzoygian F. Turnipdip of Praalas square, 76 years old:

“... I would never want my sons in beds with their shirts off with a girl or boy who wore any other color than blue, without their blue shirts on.. it would offend me to the bone to think that the blood of a blue-shirt-wearer would mingle with the blood from red-shirt-wearer ...”

Strota Greenfission of Drapestry Park, Wullington, 23 years old:

“...in bed with a green-shirter. I would think the hell not. I would never want my d— in one of those...”

Fralangal P. Fusterson, 38, Welchesely Commons, Orastishire,

“...I joined bet-gimel-alef when I was in college...I don't know, even there us blue-shirted girls stayed away from those greenshirts.”

as you can see public sentiment is very much against this idea. scientists say that there are no genetic differences between greens, blues, reds, and purples, but as enlightened folk, you all know that the scientists are silly.

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end-world-excerpt-11002/39a  
/common--bakelite-series.no.prunes.

### *Out of Water*

A roughly animated carriage crosses from the old country to the new. A family has packed up and has strapped all of its stuff to this little jalopy a la Grapes of Wrath. But that isn't why they're moving. The Mother was hired by one of those high technology startups that does networking which would make Lucent drool. Fiber ATM with multiprocessing alpha switches. Think 350T-B of physical ram. Think that each box has 128 alpha chips. Imagine about a hundred and a hundred and fifty fibers pulsing with light. Some guy with a seventies basketball uniform walks up wanting vellum. Fortunately my Father breeds paper. He's trying to cross mead with hatched blue. Expects a revolution in the paper breeding business. Manaung Au-Solsonif. My Grandmother is equally nuts. She's even less worried about money than my Mom. She's got a working prototype for an optical router. My Grandfather sits on the back of the carriage pointing up with an antiquated telescope at the stars.

“Each one of them has names. And a spectrum. Anything that emits light or any sort of radiation has a spectrum. So when you're lightheaded, you've got a spectrum too!” I'm not so sure whether I believe him. But kzort. You know how it goes. Someone makes a claim. Someone else goes blah, or argh, or bleyeech. Oh, when I grow up, I want to be normal. My Mother says that's pretty much impossible, as the last normal member of our family was killed by a swarm of vengeful monarchs, over eight hundred years ago.

*Beyond Antennaville*

Never mind that the sky is mottled. Never mind that the sun now fails to shine on a regular basis. The agencies by which fate and facetious moribund interests are parsed are badly formed.

Like on some obscene shelf. Littoral flora? Littoring carries a fifty dollar fine for each object deposited, including lengths of bark. So you can't leave your perfectly nice and carbonaceous sticks and twigs here. Instead they must be swept to the side. Cigarette butts are entirely legal, for after all this is concrete.

A 1957 Chevrolet Automobile, painted pink, down some nameless byway in the Americas. Its body shell is rusted. Its engine in its last gasp. Chug goes the fuel. It continues its way along the roads. From one of the alleys, a wag complains:

"You and your purple-o activities. If Gene Hackman saw you here today, could you shallanj imagine how he'd rip you to beaches, y-you aft-creamer with your petty corset computers and your daisy dizzies of life. Why, I never in all my gosh darn years as a prentle-prindler saw something so despicably amoral as you. I hope none of my nonexistent offspring mate with your soft cerebrutish ways. Faulkner would have you shot with iridium-rhodium buckshot. Or Osmium tetroxide gas and poison you. Or maybe thallium. Some nasty death he'd have in store for you."

The car mutters its way along the streets, the highways. As rock plays its course from the earliest jazz musicians, through Chubby Checker, through the rap blessed canon of Pachelbel. People write pathetic travelogues, folk music rings in that story. The band marches on and we wait for the future. Some of us want that nice world where technology will create more obscure and intransigent problems than it will solve. Some of us wait so that we can lift the pretenses and masks we seem to carry. Oh, here an assassination, there an assassination, everywhere go bang bang, and someone's dead from gunshot, hanging, or plague.

And they give little boys guns and soldiers to play with. And they make movies. Thousands of millions of dollars to hum that magnetic tightrope, and they still can't make a good movie. Frack them! Then there are those echoes in the sandy beaches that say this world is wrong and that we should all engage in a vastly vainful life-project of self-improvement, where we try to make ourselves into the more ideal entities that some age old cadre of mystics and sages and so

called enlightened folk keep yakking on about. Claiming immense importance. Don't they get anythin in the slightest? Your assignment is to learn how to take a mask and play with it, not weld it to your face, or burn it. They<sup>3</sup> want to stay, and help the rest of us improve ourselves, to get to where they claim to be. They don't know horse gonads. Efflux. The more bubble up the more bubble out. They, there is no conspiracy and there are no plots or ploys. My mouth is dry. Sex is a nonissue. Sleep is important and route is very painful with a pcmcia laptop that refuses to beehive.

### *PetOS*

You too can give your kids imaginary operating systems for pets! Just imagine little Johnny with his pet operating system Halox! Watch him feed Halox data! Watch Halox attempt to multitask! What a fishy deal! It can even do sculptural renditions. (Jzort 44 renditions, to be intrusively precise).

Oh poor Johnny. He had to take his pet, Halox, the imaginary operating system, to the kernel hacker. Remember the "Doll Hospital" from Out of Control. Hern, Angela, Diz, and Dave. The Kernel Hacker (replete with beard) looked at the source code for Halox, and gasped!

The Kernel Hacker took off her fake beard and said that she would have to put Halox to sleep! Little Johnny was annoyed. He wanted to play with his imaginary pet operating system. He wanted it to do tricks. He wanted it to run netscape. The Kernel Hacker brushed him aside and kept playing on the terminal. She never liked GUIs.

Johnny was depressed. The illustrious Kernel Hacker had said that Halox was crappy. She had all sorts of things about memory management and semaphores<sup>4</sup> that Johnny didn't understand. He had been watching an anthropology program on veterinarians, and wondered why Halox couldn't do two things at once, or why Halox wasn't easily distractable. Poor Halox, smudging itself at the window, looking out in uncomprehending awe at the thunderstorm.

Johnny's older sister, Rebecca, was away at work. She spent all of her time teaching grass the art of prime numbers. She came home later that night and turned on the telly. She watched a program about the eugenic program to eliminate certain complex numbers from the gene pool. Meanwhile Halox had made a mess, and Johnny had used the odor eater to prevent the smell of the garbage from offending them. Rebecca had wondered why Halox was so bad at garbage collection. Rajesh, the neighbor's kid, also had an imaginary pet operating system named Javix, which did garbage collection automatically.

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<sup>3</sup>purported bodhisattvas

<sup>4</sup>not used by Torvalds

Their Mother and Father were away. They had told them that they would be spending a week in the boonies. Rebecca was putting a turnip in the blender as Johnny attempted to train Halox to compute parallel style. “Halox, prefetch”, “Halox, fetch”, “Halox, xor of oxffoofffa and oxffiriffa9”, and “Halox, predict branch”. Rebecca was being annoyed. An operating system treated like a chip. “Johnny, can you teach Halox to divide by zero”, Rebecca said sneakily. She’d stop his poor addiction to this imaginary pet operating system. Imaginary friends were bad enough, but operating systems. She was the joke of the Hyrunst High School Popularity Club. She had outdone Marcia Cnyiut when she had convinced the principal to skinny dip on national television, but then Marcia Cnyiut had her revenge in the machine that could prove limited theories about certain highly specialized topology conjectures. Rebecca would outdo Marcia. She’d hypnotize Halox to prove the Riemann hypothesis. Then she’d have it die in a division by zero error. Thus solving two problems in one smash. And Jakob Lnohho would be hers! No more innocent bumping into that cutie who had stayed by the open windows and had muttered things about prime numbers and power spectra. What a bombshell!

The book glared out of the library. HYPNOSIS: The SECRET SCIENCE of the MYSTIC POWER. School libraries being what they were. Well, it was in large, block, sans serif trajan style capitals, designed to be taken out by some innocent victim of an eighties teen angst movie. Which is not the intent, but a byproduct. She took it out from the library. The librarian took one look at the book and whispered into her ear: “You crouton!” She read the book at home, while her parents were still away at the boonies. Johnny had been playing with Halox, but Johnny was tired.

“I’m going to sleep, so you stay down here”, said Johnny. Rebecca seized on the opportunity, taking the 1874 Frolger and Mnassam silver watch and dangled it in front of Halox. She swung it back and forth. Halox’s /dev/video was confused. She told Halox to prove Riemann’s hypothesis and then divide by zero in front of the whole high school.

fini (wait for part two)<sup>5</sup>

*Unsputterabilities and other Excursions into the Wild and Wooly World of  
Tone Deaf Piranas.*

When the sky was young and Maalager D. Sprasanngran had his appendix grafted into the Gland of Gaudy Books of the local elephant god, a small little girl with multicolored balloons was walking by the lake in a pink polka dotted

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<sup>5</sup>The second part was never actually completed, though Rebecca crops up elsewhere

dress. There were ducks, yellow ducks, flying, feathers in disarray as they settled to the ground. A stranger walked up to her and asked her, in a threatening tone:

“Do all iterated maps on a complex number have a fixed point?”

The stranger might have well been nicely dressed, but for the purposes of this exercise, this stranger is blurry and threatening. The little girl subsequently replied, in that way that little girls in pink polka dotted dresses can be even more vicious and threatening than the entire third division of the Army of Death, Grintling, and On-the-Fly Pain. It is worth noting that once a little girl in a pink polka dotted dress (or yellow polka dots, some brightish color anyway) once butted brows with the head of the Vicious Brigade and Incorporated Platoon of his high honourable Mirgoudaran P. Kenggilka the fourth third. The HQ was discovered some three years later by some anthropologists who went to terrific expense to discover what had happened, and had to bribe one of the heads of the ethics committee to bribe the grant committee even to get the three thousand snail shells they required to go into the deep undergrowth that had appeared after her wrath had been exercised. The results were enough to mandate a three thousand mile safe zone around any military base from elementary schools. But this is silly digression. Where was I, ah yes, I got lost with the girl’s reply. This she said to him:

“Provided you wanted to make sense, yes. On implying domain.” At this point a truck enters the view. An old, eighties truck, the kind which wouldn’t last through the movie, since the monster would devour it, or it would be carrying an android replica (the last starfighter).

Out of the truck comes this threadbare youth, a scrawny type with a clipboard and glasses mended with thick green duct tape. He begins to talk like a record having spun off of its turntable having fallen into a bog and let decay until The Next Coming of Elvis. They look like freckles, but they are pimples. The youth too, was taken from the eighties and is entirely unoriginal. This is what he says:

“I’ve been hired to test your preferences of what color you like your bathing soap, and you’ll be compensated for your participation in this study”

Now, this youth, who acts with the nervousness, drops the clipboard, which breaks in three, and this causes him to convulse, and then his glasses fall off, and break, and the lenses are tossed out, and they break.

The little girl becomes highly irate, knowing that the author is tired, and needs some sort of plot, so she yells very loudly that the setup here sucks the fifteenth icicle ever to grow on Odin’s great aunt’s nose.

A Plotter appears. Someone shrieks: “You balmy literalists, why I never, in all my years as a clerk for the municipal gardening society I...” At this





moment, Publisher's Clearinghouse breaks the door down with a battering ram and announces that this shrieker has just one ten trillion snail shells, and a lifetime supply of canned Ardor.

The girl is still quite irate. She says "Enough of this, we're going to make our own story" She walks off, the stranger begins to follow. The guy is still sobbing because his glasses are broken. She comes back, and says "Let's get ourselves out of here, this plot has crashed" He walks sobbing and knock kneed, holding the fragments of his spectacles. The three of them leave towards the horizon, and then the girl reaches out of the fictional world to slap the author, and was last seen heading toward the extraordinary and well storied plots which haven't even been realized.

They have a wonderful story, one which is too good for English Text to ever capture, and for such reasons cannot be reprinted, since this margin is too narrow<sup>6</sup>.

#### Epilogue

The Girl in the Polka dotted Dress, now wears black, and is involved in her own hardware design firm, in which she's leading the industry towards GT-XRD font specifications for all graphics devices, including hardware font rendering and clean hardware implementations of double buffering. She now lives in Nova Scotia with close friends.

The Stranger started a cosmetics society, and now is a leading fashion designer for a sentient telephone somewhere around Majorca.

The Youth grew up, went to college, married a bag of catnip, and is now living happily in a planned living community just south of "Where the roads diverge".

### *Chess Games of the Gods, Part First*

There's a chessboard. Perception's various layers adjust and focus the arbitration of resources against the competitor. In animal societies this is simple. It's my food and you can't have it. Or it's my mate and you can't fuck s/he(r)(im) for the life of you, let me stick this long serrated object into various critical parts of your anatomy. Thus the natural association between food and sex. But that is not the point (SRM quote – Tess Powers).

Then there is a huge gulf between this rather simple conception of the universe and what humans are presently making of it in their demented cellular automaton world's game.

You've got people playing with toy soldiers, a young British schoolboy, some time in 1945 playing with his toy soldiers. Then you've got his grandson,

---

<sup>6</sup>Fermat

who plays with magic cards. Then you pull back (wow, Green's theorem applies to this, I just know it does), to those famous generals who could conceptualize in terms of chess sets.

Then you've got this really basic chess board of the dreamtime. It depends on how you see it. Here's an incomplete list of the various ways of perceiving the board.

Chess – it's a wussies game played by pinkos.

Chess – oh, the geeks do that.

Chess – There's one side and another and that's that.

Chess – We'll paint all the pieces rainbow colors and no one loses (aka in the version of Jack and Jill in the Teletubbies, Jack did not break his crown).

(knocks chess board over and stomps on pieces)

(knocks chess board over and throws pieces at parents/siblings)

You've got one side and another. Two sides. Wow I perceive there to be any possible persistence around, perhaps intelligently conceived.

meanwhile, you've got this large board with granite pieces played by the gods. the unnamed gods. The Unnamed Gods. rather like epimenides.

I believe that the division of the world into dichotomies is foolish. We should stamp out and equivocate between the two, taking pleasure in facilitating that necessary compactification by eliminating the division of the world into idiotic compartments.

OR!!

Life is fuzzy and flavorful. Buy me a carrot, would you, Silas Congreve. Oh, and kill that annoying little rascalion bird-killer while you're at it.

Out by Transquaad  
 I sing dallad ehn dallad ahn  
 mallad ehn mo-mallad ahn  
 hallad han do dallad ehn mo dallad man  
 I am perchance too shallow to support  
 the supertankers, rich with

unprocessed crude. I rank at “mere puddle”  
not poet or narcissitis worthy am I

Pull back I from invitinitiation mobstrous  
they claim I am a foolish glass of liquid granite.  
a not-knowher  
In surfulgente delicto, I echo raindrops’ waves,  
I am not God  
I am not important  
if anyone be I, be I the prince of insignificance  
or perchance the princess.

They, in their heavy thick, red rolls  
of tape, hypocritically desire  
cogent explanations

served on silver platters  
in shrink wrapped boxed sets

“you do not understand” is muttered by neophytes, greenhorns, and newbies

“pass the cloud of hydrogen atoms” is muttered by old cogzeezers, gozoncotorin and messy meddlers in the acts of Cod.

I am not profound  
You have been reading grout graffiti  
go somewhere where they like the word where.

*I said I wasn't there*

The papers rung in discord. The New Lassiter Prostipirap Post declaimed the new organizations which were sprouting in “Community Inaction Groups”, and “Strategic Apathy Conglomerates” to have the character and malaise of ten week old petunia blossoms. The San Fransisco Mistake boldly declared “A New Age of Demented Public Laxity” to be sweeping the nation. These organizations were informally known as “Cigs and Sacs”. The prudes and censors wanted to eradicate such entities, for anything that was aliased to “Cigs amd Sacs” was probably morally reprehensible, if not worse.

Ten whole weeks wages between James Robert Boring (affectionately known as Jimmy Bob Dull to his closest supporters — "We must keep alive our traditions") and Lascivious R. Cyzllopon, leader of the largests Cig n' Sac. "We must accord the public trust. Inaction shall be the way of the future. We will encourage massive displays of public boredom!"

You know  
 one problem  
 of having a spare brain  
 is that  
 you never know  
 which warranty your ego  
 is under

I said to my godniece's grandmother that the only preferred methods for tarnishing neutered hatstands were those declared illegal in Belgium. Belgium? She said? What of that country? I experimented on things from Belgium once. What things from Belgium, I asked? You know, perverse things. Genetic experimentation on clothes. Cruel vivisections performed on toy cheese graters and ink-jet printers. I was a cruel sorceress. They tried to talk. They tried their hardest to understand the most incomprehensible works by a ceramic mug from the Champs Elysees. But weren't these Belgian knick-knacks. Belgian knickers . . . she said . . . I'd never have any of that tongueless greenery assuaging my sense of ontological bliss. What big words you use, godniece's grandmother. Why, all the better to dazzle your plebeian senses with. What a beret? What a second, you're not my godniece's grandmother after all. . .

I'm Super-Sartre.. back from the dead, to prove once and for all to you silly croutons that Existentialism will save your sorry hides. I convinced your grandmother to do a study of still lifes...she is painting vases.

Oh now, what should I do? Little Chroma that I am. My grandmother has been wafted away by Super-Sartre. Fortunately Rebecca, from an incomplete story yells very loudly "I need to be in the end of a plot because you promised me a part two". (authors note: I am not producing this)

Rebecca has apparently outdone Oberon. She quickly paralyzes Super Sartre with visions. The infinite...reality as it is. Super-Sartre screams as he envisions ten million various spirits.

But Rebecca points an animator at Super-Sartre. Make sure he's the next best selling comic book.

Rebecca is languishing in the incomprehensible Ur-unspace.

Super-Sartre 2 is out, wherein Super-Sartre decides since there's a god for just about anything, he ought to be the god of Existentialism. In Super-Sartre 3 watch Super-Sartre and Nihil-Nietzsche duke it out. Little Chroma now operates a raisin store...

*Re: goth*

monty barnes <mbarnes@webtv.net> wrote:

- > what is being goth all about?
- > p.s. politely curious

Well, it all really has to do with flipping out in the middle of the reception for the minister- without portfolios' kindergardener. The Victory Kindergarden is where all of them spend their weekdays. They don't go home to a nanny, a babysitter (who doubles as some libaried position in high school social strata), or a governess. They go home to a Bzaap Corporation AutoMatic Kid Control Unit. Now, the reason that Bzaap is so gosh-fuck (the economists and business analysts actually use this term, only to be half Jimmy Stewart, and another half improper, but then again, whose asking?)

Last year Bzaap corporation's stock split thrice after its IPO, and from those beleagured, persnickety analysts, has come yet again another flurry of you'll buy Bzaap now if you know what's good for you.

And all the kids just end up hitting the AutoMatic Kid Control Unit with a ball-peen hammer, turning it from a very poorly constructed but highly logical robotoid into a very expensive cd rack who will consistently quote Rabeleis or Vonnegut, depending on how moral the Minister without portfolio is.

You wonder why I don't believe, or for that nonmatter, exist.

*A plug, and a decently weird statement.*

One day in the high hills of the country Bolontodiese, which was the size of a tennis court, and consisted of one castle on said plot of land, the young prince, who ruled the land, was sitting on the high castle wall with a cup of hot chocalate. Thus he turned when the Principal Minister approached him. "Guttarsby", said the prince, "I have just knocked my cup of hot chocalate over the wall, and it has fell to the ground. Clearly it is the fault of the hermit who lives in the shack. We must declare war upon him. To commence forthwith". Guttarsby, for that was the Principal Ministers name, did as the prince had commanded. Within half an hour the mighty army of Bolontodiese had been roused.



The armed forces of Bolontodiese consisted of an au pair from Boston, an ancient Bookie named Phil, originally from Norway, a Philanthropist Chicken on the Lam from a collection agency, and a skeleton of a defrocked wombat. These troops arranged themselves neatly in two parallel lines inside the castle. Guttarsby had called the prince from the high wall, where in the time that it had taken to gather the troops together into a convenient, if not ragged arrangement, the prince had declared war two more times upon the old hermit who lived in a shack not three hundred paces from the castle. The hermit's name was variously given as Shelia or Arntle Gryntle the Wollous by several conflicting histories of Bolontodiese.

Guttarsby had assured the prince that war would commence, but the prince ignored him and declared war again, while the first wave of the first, and last battle of the first war against this inconsistently remembered hermit had yet to commence. Finally, the troops had armed themselves with kitchen implements in various states of disrepair, had convinced themselves that this would be a regular day, of fighting the good fight against the evil hermit who was clearly to blame for the prince's hot chocolate falling to the ground and smashing into tiny, if not entirely unrecognizable bits. Though the prince himself had said that he himself was the immediate cause, that teleologically it wasn't his fault, but it was the hermit's fault, and to balance the cosmic karma sheets, the national army of Bolontodiese would have to go to war against this evil and reviled hermit. So the castle gates opened, and the army marched out, in the same fashion that a box of matchsticks is rendered useless when it is submerged in water, so too, was the army desubstantiated when they knocked on the hermit's door. The Bookie, Phil, read the declaration of war, and the other two which followed, in a disinterested voice, as this had been the same declaration of war they had used yesterday, as the prince declared war on the hermit on a daily basis, and usually there were three wars a day.

The hermit's name was never resolved, as the historians who couldn't decide what it was exactly killed each other in a duel. What transgressed for the next several hours was indeed hard for a young prince with a naturally addled head to understand. He could make out cribbage calls from the Chicken, who as far as the prince could determine, always beat the hermit in uno. He could not understand nor discover what happened to the au pair or Phil after the war commenced, but they seemed very relaxed and always smiled a lot after each war was ended. The Skeleton of the Defrocked Wombat just made bets with the uno cards as to how the other wars would happen, but of course, the prince knew none of this. Guttarsby would sign the Bolontodiese Journal of History, recording that the nth war between the Supreme Empire of Bolontodiese and the inconsistently remembered hermit was successful.

*Or, Kabbalistic Approaches to Home Ec 101 (yawn,)*

In the middle of a junkyard, a roll encanistered film labelled “Instructional Film. Home Economics. Film 7” falls, its tin smashing against a rock. This is how the film plays out:

“A lemony scent in the kitchen endears you to your family, and makes for better domestic tranquility. When your wife returns from work, you’ll be happy that you’ve accomplished your domestic tasks.”

There’s a fancy transition. The army is shown marching, but it isn’t too clear. You can make out vast climes of identical soldiers, but their motion and its sameness reeks, as they wreak destruction, in some nameless war.

The narrator’s voice comes in again. “We would like to demonstrate to you what happens when the countertop isn’t clean and when the house isn’t entirely sterile.”

“This is Jill, a seven year old girl, whose father didn’t spend enough time cleaning and bleaching the countertops.”

Fast pan to Jill. In a check dress, but you don’t know the colors as the film is without technicolor or trichip ccd.

“I play with dollies”

“After a week of exquisite attention, the father has successfully cleaned the countertops”

Pan to Jill, writing chickenscratch on paper.

“I play with bosons and mesons and all sorts of wave particle dual things, and I hope the NSF will give me a grant so I can get an experiment performed at Fermilab concerning spinors...”

As you can quite clearly see, those sterile countertops improve your children against the rising scourge of impressed snippings.

“To be fair, we will show how house plants can injure your children. This is Billy, a six year old boy, who lives in a house with a rosebush.”

“I wanna make weapons that’ll turn the Chartruese Menace into Pituitary puddin!”

“After two weeks, and eradication of the erstwhile Rosebush by Billy’s Dad, Billy is now a well adjusted boy”

Pan to Billy, playing with with his Genghis Khan and Alexander the Great Dolls

“Alexander the Great and Genghis just forged a trade agreement! Yay, it means more cooperation and faster technical development. Maybe they’ll reach the moon, or perhaps one of the outer planets in less than a thousand years. They’ll grow socially faster than they shall technologically”.

The Narrator is portrayed in shadow.

“As you can see, in a well adjusted, average All American Family, the father spends his time doing housework, the mother is a physicist or scientist of some sort, and the children are both intelligent and wise beyond their years. You can, after high school, marry, and thus continue the tide of life. Remember to kill all those houseplants, and sterilise the countertops”

The film reel tatters out. The old man says “Well, thats what the propa-ganda was when I was your age”, The audiovisual technician takes the film reel and starts to rewind it. The classroom only has Jennifer, Radcliffe, Jeremy, and Sean left. They look stunned. The teenybopper fields surrounding them have set off the alarm and the Squad of Third Eyes is coming. Now there only chance is to hide in the Far Boonies, in a Rainforest. The flute music comes on, and the musician is carted away to a professional symphony orchestra.

The film reel flashes. The sun glints on it harshly. The wind brushes away the dust. It says 201,955 , not 1955.

### *Passive Harmonics of Aged Cheese or The End of the God Hound's Loop*

There was once an esteemed professor of advanced physics, who after years of speculative theory, decided she had unraveled the secret of the universe. She played a little game with the universe: she threatened it with blackmail: if it didn't play by her rules, then she'd give it to the younger generation of mad scientists, and while those mad scientists were short of morals, they were long of schemes. Very nasty schemes with the intent to turn the entire Eiffel tower into a bluish foam which would speak in Bengali at the poor tourists, and curse them with infinite celerity, wonderful plant companionship, and three weeks in Acapulco the next year after they encountered the bluish foam.

The blackmail worked. The universe was very frightened to actually make her uncomfortable. She had everything in order. Then a mouse climbed into the box in which she had placed the secret, but she was cleverer than the author: she yelled: “Excess literalizative frenzy you au pear of a Purple Beret!” To which she pulled all the stops out and took more tricks out of her sleeve. She had more trump cards than Howard ever possessed, and they were all uno cards “draw four any color I please, and I please that the color should be Orange”. The Fairness Committee was outraged, there is no Orange. In other news, not to get me too distracted from my present position, or the word is ack, but that does not happen, it occurs in its full unexpurgated form of Quack. The duck waddles away, and the author gets back to find that this scientist and her secret have vanished off of the face of this universe and into the Unknowable Unrealm of the Ein Sof, with this, the house and all its contents were auctioned off to a (what is it with you all and extremely embittered eight year old



pastrami on rye sandwiches.) to a Deranged Cow Bell and his dearly departed Software License. But the Medea of the Loop swooped down and conquered the house. The buh bye followed me from Cleveland.

Loopy they all muttered simultaneously. Loopy. You are LOOPY they all said to the loop. The loop was drawn on a sheet of paper. “Vwell”, the loop said (from this point I will call this loop “Lernigan Strasters the Root Fourty-Third”, which really calls for analysis as to why analytic continuity actually applies to something like loops, but this is a separate question and can only be answered by a detail of short order cooks or a herd of Ten Footed Earthworms. Or not loops, like Wellington the Seventh, but this loop was the Root Fourty Third progeny of some other loop), (continue Lernigan Strasters the Root Fourty Third’s speech) “I am qvite happy zat u affirm my ontologie as a loop. Congratzione to all of your dearies and your matriarchs....]”

The quote is purposely left finished with a bracket since at this point Lernigan Strasters the Root Fourty Third, A Loop drawn of sheet of paper, was assassinated, as the sheet of paper was torn in twain by an Investment Banker with Wlonnand Futzijin Uncles Mutual Unallied Corporation who was upset because his pet butterfly believed in Mars.

### *Birth Threats*

Another score in the opposite sketches....

An Erik I know wants a womb. Dratted nonstolyokable human consciousness.

Announcing (drum roll)

Birth threats. Terry Pratchett developed anticrimes I believe.

I threaten to give birth to you... \*unfortunately the nature of this cosmos and the fact my chi has decided it wants to be fishing for carrots and other cruciform polyethylene monstrosities makes that rather an empty threat...

### *My brain is going bonkers...*

Hello.

I’ve malapropped myself up, and now am in a state of dynamic disequilibrium, snooze, screen is lumbricating. My eyes are old. Acking hey! I need some form of deplatingale ,, deplatinated marionette relaxation inductor what was it, some form of electrophile, an amberic. Narmonyeya, snartanta, lemme plemme, or some long-named Cypress Freelongehrin, a supposed babbelor, of repudiated fame and underdetermined reputation in a long standing and short

wallower of a unzoner: Turn off, Tune in, Rarp on to those scines of the Metaclypse: Why the Crytics? The Analytics? Those who spend their time in constant argument: prove your points, topic and conclusory sentence at the end of a paragrapha, argue this, argue that, argue a cat into a bag and then declare it a noodle, but Yankee DoOdl3 wasn't that dandy after the incident with the silverware: "Paul Revere would stare me down, and as I was ever as aware as the day I was born, I forsworn I would never access his silver kilns at 200bps". I string manipulated myself into a corner, where their plain hands and simple ideas got to me.

Please, you know, I believe that the "most interesting things" are entirely unarguable, un-rgb-able, and any other un-argh-able thing you might be prone to mention. Ah, well, I suppose they cannot (trice nwise is carrotly presumptuous to no-one, least of all me.) go around and prognosticate their un-Honest-Anniehood, as their Volskgeist is doomed to the endless Art-Student, wearing a beret, smoking a thin-cigarrete, analyzing with no mercy, moving into the ages of academic obscurity with the lightening quick reflexes of a Jolt-Electrific Puma half crazed with Munchausen's syndrome. Oh, the Hypocrischondrychthes of their Shark-Disease-Faking-Self-Irony! Creator! Yes, you pie-faced Taylor series of a Pumpkin-Patchy server, a drunken Follower of the directory structure. Bai-Ezoncka! Ya 'ear! I said it in a floating sharp violins orchestrated dance nuttier than both Nutella and healthier than Vitus. And the printed journals with the wacky covers and the unnoticed many who fall through the cracks and are tired as a pair of jacks wait, or few, do I sic discount the viscount or the viceroy Monarch, falsifying its own immune pretenses to spiders, and generally confusing the hell out of biologists for that strange migration which no one really understands. I tire, and am uninflated, lest an economist attack my CPI with a death squad of CPAs, wallowing in that alphabet agency aegis, of the WPA, or of those wpd files which those who only have one way to manage their windows and no others must have once subjected themselves to for no apparent reason. Tired! Of the depressed who have left and would have been desired had the time been more conspiring and the participants been more distracted, as the skin blisters for improperly constructed bagel machines, and those willing to injure their right hand, those best out of fourty, but only too tall and glasses wearing to be fighter pilots, but the recognition is there.

Context Shifter, beware, I hold the seeds of my own unmaking, I the un-makable hereby declare myself un-makable, and offer it free for all for others to do the same, be unmade, or 'orizon'calle't a cattle bliss day, without bites or bytes to mar thy way thou lossy poet compressor. My lossy poet compressor being a capstain of lousy poetry dost not align thy 'thees' and 'theirs' in

an unsatisfactorily stochastic way, of course, with process scheduling the way it is now, you really have to doubt the efficacy of user inter-facials. Middle managers of memory being what they were, it was elected animously that they would go and note that offensive goggle-eyed crouton of a bloke who unambiguously attracted someone else, leaving me for further depressive episodica. The maps of the keys are assiduously arranged with the capacity of a Sequoia trying the mambo on prozac.

Uoren:

I know the secret. I'll tell it to you. The secret is nothing. Now you know everything. Go 'way now! leave me in peas, or peace. I need sleep. Sleep!

### *Developmency*

First they said that incomprehensibility and ineffability was a fad. Clearly there was need for some reaction. the "I'm normal" campaign. which has ended. there are no names here. there are no slogans here. Ignatius Reilly (re, A confederacy of dunces), lives in Martha's Vineyard.

"but me boy, the directors, the grammarians of history, they only get sensed by those at the edges. It is not a war. It is an unwar. Statistical proximity to the mean is the best way not to be found. the gaussian distribution should be upside down, a potential! and 'off at the horizon' denotes those much closer to the point with no slope, the exact statistical average. why do you think people who are judged psychotic talk about the same things, the conspiracies by the government, or the mafia, or the aliens. it should be significant to you that all three are repeated amongst them and the modern conspiracy theorist. those who are blamed are the easiest and most natural to blame, but may not even have the slightest notion of why the arrow points toward them. teleological history is hoisery and you are perfectly cognizant of that. Go to not-here, and they'll babble about tugboats and barroms, of collonades and brasticans. leave this realm of insanity, for my nose cares not for the scent"

(note one, never let a leopard or cowrie shell do the work for you)

(note two, watch for changes in the blocking, and make sure the wallaby is on the props table)

(not ethree, remember to spell correctly)

### *Fluorinated Quartz*

PAZ! PIZ!

The signs at the end of the rail-line in Blasing said, our troupe silently watched over the rusted twocar as Pel went to see what was beyond the bushes.

It was one of those afternoons where humidity drives even the birds to sleep. Quando Quando Cuondasy. We were collapsed in disarray on the two car.

#### DAP BULLETIN<sup>7</sup> – DAY 45

The hostage standoff continues, with the terrorists demanding that Hollywood be denied electrical power for its remaining existence. Naturally the mayor of Los Angeles has expressed outrage, but his outrage is minor compared to the fleet of media moguls converging on the negotiators' headquarters. We wonder what developments, if any, will occur.

"I don't see why they act like Hyperboreans! The masses babble their faith in front of murmuring, redfaced ministers, and those who I would expect to be less uptight, just look silly. I would, save for their chastisements, wonder in my own active nonbelief. -Be Nothing-, and I praise the nihilists. There's another Universe around the corner. Now where is everyone else? And why are the resolvents funny?"

Pel came back and said that there was "Congealed Incredulity Incarnate" beyond the bushes. Of course we were going to stand for this.

VIZ, A Vizier. A Visor Vis-a-Vis a Visa.

You will crackle, sputter, splutter, splatter, not matter, while stretching into a sequence of sparse sizeless points in a white space. So form yourself anew. Options to tables specify noses, ears, etc.: all of the erraticity given form again and again. They will probably give you a list afterwards. We've found that ignoring them, or finding the spaces in between them grants steadier passage when you're next up in the foundry. Drop a leave or grass-sheave. Watch a random countenance. . . Devices for a day. Acquire not the frog's tongue, nor the bone of a twice divided minister. Then, at the horizon, fall up.

XNOR XOR OR NOT AND XAND XNOT

Illucadars gilded my passage away from the leopard-land, their history rich with nonevents.

#### *Heck. What is it?*

With the nine circles of hell so endlessly discussed, its multifaceted history neatly arranged, people oft forget about Heck.

It might be claimed that Heck is Hecuba abbreviated. There doesn't seem to be any evidence at the moment which supports that hypothesis. The OED says that it's a euphemism. What if the OED is lying (aah! yell its worshippers).

<sup>7</sup>Curiously unintentional DAP reference

What if Heck is this place stranger than limbo. Does Heck have its own array of supernatural deities?

What would they be called? And how do you Darn someone? Who are the Darned anyway? Darnation? Is that where Tarnation comes from? How do you tarnate? Are Lempel zipper involved, or are the patent attorneys raging lunatics?

Are there laundromats in Heck? Are they open twenty four hours a day – if there are days in Heck. You're rented soul is going to Heck! You will endure mood music, muzak, and bad closed circuit channel 401! You're going to Heck! The Quagmire and Corset-Bone Preachers with there sermons say ... You don't believe in Dog, you Halfrunter!

### *Insulted Things*

I would like to insult Sodium Lamps. They are unnatural creation which obtrude into the peaceful and more mercurial world which Mercury Lamps create, and most large metropolitan areas are contaminated with.

I insult thirty day old dead water molecules, killed by a pair of demented eight year old dot-matrix printers.

I insult fourty tongued geodes.

Responses will be inverted, lost, rot2039ed, translated into Arcticese and sent at 60 bps to the sun.

### *Long Shameless Confession*

They thought they could yoke me, they thought I would succumb to their wiles. I was too forthright. I wanted binary exectuables hammered into stone, bit by bit. I wanted vi for the PDP20 hammered into granite, bit by bit. They called me crazy. I was crazy. Like a loon, without the goose-down. Well I say reproduce this thou scuppernong bereft bovine surplus conspiracy. Anyone with a bit of sense would know about the cross-reactivity of gaba and protein PEW. I don't care about all of their gosh-darn enzymatic reaction theories.

The Anti-sex Coalition (Coalizione Anti-Sexo) met for its fifth time in Geneva, where it was declared by Prasjames G. Whaglier that "Sex is for the dumb" and "Only Fanatics and other Heretics are known to engage in these animaline acts, to pervert the teleological species, I hope that my nondescendants agree with me". Fortunately, the entire convention was attacked by two fleas, who set off the bomb in the basement that the terrorists had intended for the summit between the major world powers.

(Not written by yours truly)

*Low Nybbles from the Endian Fighters*

Blather...blathers...later. An old man mutters to himself while the sun sets. A broken toothpaste tube which squirts orange juice paste is thrown to the floor. Couples start yelling, a white cat rushes across the street, into the "other side of the semantic tracks"-land. The World Clock is motionless, its hands entangled by minature sentient dry erase boards.

A Businesswoman is screaming into her cell phone about stock options, price forfeitures, capital allocation parameters, and the rather bad taste in her mouth ever since she imbibed a sliver of lemon rind this morning. An measly eyed brastican hunter has slung himself two juvenile brasticans, stone tree whales whose goal in the universe is to eradicate the vainglorious asparagans. Brasticans are prized by the low class NURBS who can be seen walking the streets early in the morning smoking mentos. They don't actually smoke mentos, as NURBS are insubstantial until they can get access to matter projectors.

The old man putters. A straw-capper comes by and attempts to sell him ten gigs of nsmram for two dollars, but the old man refuses, citing some obscure provision in the Magna Carta which strictly prohibit the breeding of memory chips while the Falklands are possessed by wild Yodellers who yodel in Aramaic and only wear clothing made from microwaved aol cd media. They are Queens and Kungs of Debauchery.

Instantly forlorned, the Age of Pasta quickly slops itself onto history in huge dredging slurps. Predictably no ambient music of any sort wrenches itself out of the miniscule history gills onto some paisley burlapped academic who persists in his sickened addiction to celery blunts, and uses nonexistent French like "Patois" and "zevrugenais" to blame the pleibians for the downfall of the efetist, elitist societe de la mancha which he fervently stammers about at his "lectures". This Mancharoan dulberist.

*None for The Wallaby Printouts*

Several million skeletons were being catalogued in an orderly fashion. Body Tag 1004 : Arch-Angel 4005  
Body Tag 5069 : Goddess 2045

Okay, they hadn't been catalogued yet. Some tibia were protruding from a pool of viscous purple goo. A half hour ago a photographer had come and snapped some pictures of it. Curly hair dyed blue qabbalists came by and took measurements of some of the more interesting ones they could find, and also

attempted to get slides for their electron microscopes. Olfactory floor? More like the ceiling. Just air. Anything heavier than air had been mysteriously whizzed away, instead of taking weeks floating in the stratosphere. Particulates, etc. all absent.

“The Mexico City Hypothesis is false”, trumpeted a polka-dotted knob, attempting to save some face for whatever the prevailing religion’s incitement to the infinity of the universe. In a former life, the knob controlled xenon gas in the Ar-Du-Flanz Jardinenzis. Indeed, it was a very ornately silicate knob. “The Deity is still alive”. A Vnyiout, a creature born of pure geometry, a cone and a sphere, observed the situation with cathartic sauce-doozliers. Off by the sandal-footed rickety city, which no one inhabited anymore, where there weren’t any humans, Vnyiouts, Brzors, or automatic hair-pluckin contrapshuns, was that faint smell of absence. Civilization ain’t coming back here for a mighty long time. In ten years, a thick layer of dust. In a hundred, structures are battered, in a thousand, erosion, the tallest of the skyscrapers fall. In ten thousand to fifty thousand large mounds scatter the countryside. In a million there are strange metal piles, from the skyscrapers, but all knowledge is rendered to dust. There is that faint hope of some other occupant, with different structures. All yearning for a mutually unknown paradise, of default and extant infinities.

Robyn Sudrufarior rides her tricycle, wheels spin, graffiti is drawn in circles, geometers prove that the inscribed triangle in a semicircle is always a right triangle, that gentle tug on the human mind, that forgotten miner who could see through matter. Life is one fast revolving night-day blind cylinder tossing with spokes, but don’t tell Reginald Lyojka that.

“I am Reginald Lyojka”

“I am the promulgator of the dull”

“You will understand my ideas”

“You will be convinced by me”

“You will spread my ideas”

Reginald fades very fast. Speed of light? Far faster than Galago D’Orinoco, the speedless uncontestant in the Ninth Region, traversing lives at a time. U-ub.

### *Images of The Oagnijf*

Let us imagine a world like Trantor covered in metal skin, miles deep, like Camazotz in its spiritlessness, like LA in its sprawldom, and like the Earth.

This world is not ours. We will effect its freedom from itself. The name of the world is “Oagnijf”

It orbits a G III type star at 1.2 AU It has no continents anymore. There is no resistance. (Ha ha that is what they think)

There is no one major city. It is a whole behemoth city, somewhat reminiscent of that little drama that they used to show on Nickelodeon with the Casseopians and their mustachioed tomfoolery, and the moral at the end (if you can remember this, then congrats).

A small craft flies in a tunnel, it is an automated supply drone. Now is where we craft our magic. The neutrino density of the space including the drone (about the size of a Citroen) increases fifty million fold (what interworld magic we weave) the thruster on the right malfunctions. The drone begins spinning wildly since torque is no longer balanced, and hits a nic in the wall. It is thrown to the side, screaming and ripping through ten miles of support conduits. Metal tears like buttery salivations. Three conduits containing hydrochloric acid, chromerge, and grape jelly are broken. The chemicals sift to a computer core below. The core is destroyed in a sputtering gewgaw. Metal ions, dormant for centuries in circuits. . .

### *Oubliettes for dummies*

One time, very far in the future, a progeny asked it tutor-modality about the past. The tutor-modality replied, in its ever sonorous, but unduly stentorian rabbit-broilt voice “The past is the period of time before now”. The progeny continued to ask questions. ”What were people like back then?”. To which the tutor-modality contorted its speech generation library several times before the tutor-modality had a division by zero error and its circuits began smoking.

This is what the tutor-modality said:

“People. In the past people referred to a group of sad-faced two legged (eggo stutter) creatures. A higher primate. Two eyes. A mouth. Curious cultural geographically distinctions. The human species is now contained in that jar which your uncle threw into the plasma recycler last night. Correction. The human species is now floating in this module’s water system. What ere people Horace? My Plingit is loose. Help! My Plingit is loose. I cannot parse Sereoric sentences. My verbs are galapagos missing. Human beings imagined themselves (or some subset of them) to be either living life, while some thought that perfection, asymptotically, was the goal. They were such Fawly here, no we’re not that shoddy, ooh, she looks good, creatures, incapable of seeing beyond their



place Gnarly, it's a rather maligned computronic machine when the humans have been 'nnihilated therefore, you should not worry about the past, THE past, the absolute vodka erp past erp pasta ( ERROR, UNPARSED GREEN UNIT FLAYING) human beings were animals who had psychotic allusions to Walden ( ERROR, INTERFERENCE IN CIRCUIT-NODE 4 DETECTED) illusions to Thorough, a Human writer. The human species had two sickses. One of the sickses had wide boulders and external talia. We do not know what these talia are, but we are certain that the humans were very confused about their purposoes (poise is not an inhuman quality. if you find yourself moving with poise, then you may be human, in which case, you're very certainly dead at the moment since all of humanity was compressed into that jar which your uncle threw into the plasma recycling engine last night). ( HELP, MY PHRASE-CONDITIONER DOESN'T WORK PROPERLY BECAUSE I FAILED TO USE PHRASE-SHAMPOO FIRST) The other one of the sickses had internal talia. What this sick had on the outside is not entirely clear to this tutor-modality. To clarify, by moving cloddy liquids around, new human beings were manufactured in a nine month long process, which as far as we know wasn't patented or copyrighted, though given its complexity it should have been. These human beings began as little bits of gel. One of these little bits of gel had a tail and swum. Since having a tail is a vestigial feature, these were regarded by some of disagree, arguing that because the other little bit of jelly has unviolated spherical symmetry, that it must have come first. These sickses had a wide variety of making their reduplication more interesting. It is noted by this tutor-modality that the present zeity-surrogate is kinked and crinkled. This tutor-modality does not understand the concept of zeityhood. It should be noted that this reduplication is not a perfect process, as it does not produce exact copies of the original source material. SMOKE? SMOKE IS COMING OUT OF MY EARS. WAIT A SECOND, I AM A TUTOR MODALITY. I MUST BE MALFUNCTIONING

thin pools of liquefied gallium-silicon-arsenide bubbled out...

*Written ninety degrees with eyes shut*

This is an experiment in writing. One, I cannot see the screen, nore can I see the keyboard.

It is done to make the connection between the keyboard and the thoughts more readily apparent, so that the characters, with their playful and troublesome ways will not impact the day's character. My ankle hurts, as does my head. Which also hurts. I might be more comfortable if I removed my glasses'

Now, it is time to see whether this exercise in insanity will work. (slimps backward). D Mpe O jsbr yp gomf yjr krud shsom/ Omdyrsf pg idomh s ,pidr. pt ,u rurd. pt rbrm yjr P [sty pg OP frbovrurd. ZO s, idomh yjr O [sty/ Yjr om[iy [sty/ Om[iy eoij]piy piy[iy. pt yjr snolioyu yo rfiy iy sgyrt iy id fonr, yhsy id s vhoivr I sm mskinh, onlu yo yrddy hoe inpuv trfitirvyion, eiyh no rbrnyusl, vottrvyion, eiyh no immrfisyf gilr ( hr'd bsbblinh hrtr, Mt. Ds

Look at the screen to get your bearings. Slowly tilt the head ninety degrees so it can no longer see what is on the screen. The glasses cannot be removed because that would cause the hangds problems. IMr. Silly,m my punctuation has lost its polish. It needs to be tarnished and varnished to protect it from the elements, to be even more excruciatingly precise, elementary school X, the elementat school that you're not allowed to talk about during Yak Day services at church. Elementary School X, with Norbort Florbert, the son of Wallaby Fur Magnate Jeremiah F. Florbert. I must inherently have that inherited sitcomedofenic, genetic, oh silly fauve pas, for whatever attempts to spice up the world with a limited and fractious connection will land me in the modem pool, swimming with Hayeses and 56ks and winmodems. The eyes. They ache. The attention, is not sure that it is being so attentive. The pippy longstocking utilities no longer exist in most variants of unix, and have also been abolished from many forms of disgusting trance states. We're still campaigning for the entry of these Disgusting Trance States into the Union, but its fairly certain that Puerto Rico, Or Greenland will be admitted prior to the trance states. I don't know how the mind altering effects of excessive milk drinking, hunger, and exhaustion play into the game. In fact, I'm almost certain that The Official Rules of The Game were incinerated in a book burning in the Fascist Republic of the Crest Toothbaste Tubular Surfer Sulfer Party not long ago. Long enough ago for all the scars to heal and old soldiers from different sides to shake hands and eat tea biscuits together at the same tables.

*Re: Gothic life and me*

memorization of random facts is no golden seal of approval for intelligence. at the moment I do not remember exactly who was president in 1974. I've got a pretty good suspicion that it was Lyndon Johnson, but just knowing who was President when is not commensurate with familiarity with history. And it's not particularly important in the grand scheme of things (though it may be

extraordinarily important in the grand COBOL of things). Can you name all the presidents is like saying “How many digits of  $\pi$  can you memorize” While I’m not saying that there various degrees of familiarity with history, I’m saying that some token-bearing question like that shouldn’t be used to barometrize the intelligence of anyone.

*Striating the Edipulse: With Apologies to Scott Kim and Veneziano String Theories*

Well, they said they wanted it in neat and ordered packets. The Inter-mustard net facillitated transport of mustard in sterile tubules all across the nation. And the world in fact. So it was at this point those who had designed this network to resist attack by the longest sub sandwich in need of a mustard drenching to retire, when someone figured that ketchup could also be transmitted in these tubules.

It was an immense ruckus very quickly. The designers were upset that someone had managed to figure out how to get Ketchup across the thin filaments which transported mustard from Singapore to St. Louie via satellite and suboceanic fiberoptic tubule lines. There was even talk of AI and Worcestshire sauce being transmitted over gigaliter lines.

Instantly the revolution was upon us, the weaponry designed for the moral epitropes was seen as backward and crude. Massive insurrections embittered the old guard. Most of the command staff had to be sent to various antimental hospitals, because most of the command staff were antimatter people who had to be enclosed in magnetic confinement. They needed to convert nice sandwiches into antisandwiches so that we could monitor the collapse of the establishment. The thin glass spicules which littered the horizon were broken and shattered within the veil of one moonlit night. It was rumoured that the president had an affair with one of the chauffers. Her reputation was still shining, as scandal had been legalized and polyester declared “One Evil Incarnation of the Great Wobble”.

When the sky clear and the loss of life quantified via silly hats and folk in brillo robes, it was discovered that the population had increased. An investigative committee was immediately formed to delve into the mysteries of this population increase. They worked at the problem diligently for eight weeks, and then the finally announced the reason:

Wars committed and prosecuted on the scale of water molecules make for great viewing on television.

Of course this did not dissuade the theorists from hypothesizing the existence of a universe in which most of the population was left handed and the balance between matter and antimatter was reversed. What would they know, they didn't know anything about the kaon.

Some of the cartoons on the comic were dissatisfied that they only had the limited gamut of printing. They yelled "RGBA color model". The animators and artists thus died of spontaneous disillusionment.

That is All.

*Re: A lone goth in Nashville*

Erika 0000 <erika0000@aol.com> wrote:

> I live in Nashville and I don't have any goth friends.  
 > I'm basically a loner and the few friends I have don't  
 > know why in the world I would want to hang out  
 > in cemeteries and dance to loud annoying hypnotic  
 > music, so none of THEM will go do anything with me,  
 > not even my boyfriend. I'm too shy to go to these  
 > clubs alone. JUST FRIENDS! Im not looking for a  
 > date or anything, just people interested in the same  
 > things I'm interested in.....I'm a 29 yrs old so if  
 > anyone wants to talk, Email me.

> ~GrimmFaery@aol.com~

eneeng

why do I feel like a gelatin eel?  
 with its poor three eyed head?

I'd be some daft monster's meal  
 who'd cook me alive until I was dead

then again goes the wheel, twists and turns  
 so I'd be that daft monster's mother

I'd scald it with water, giving it burns  
 frightening the monster's significant other

death is dull. life is dull. I was born once and I don't remember that. I also died once, but I don't seem to remember that either. I'm pretty bent on not being significant or important in the world, but I don't think I'm doing such a great job at that high level transparency stuff.

*Re: got a doc to do about gothics*

Rowen Berrou <rowen@club-internet.fr> wrote:

> Hello, I'm lookin' for explanantions about the Gothic way of livin' '(if

```
xnrt error 120 in file "monongahela.src" at line 220.1.2:
expression ".\xdef || .\xlaf < .\xdrd (by) > (rho)" contains
a purple rabbit/ suggested course of action (recover 13.4):
go stick your head in a bucket of jello
```

> there is one...), the Gothic "point of vue" about life, world and  
> future. I also need explanations on why the Gothics like "Darkness,  
> vampires, and that kind of things). Are Gothics really like this????

are lemons really acidic? do they put chlorine in pools to kill all the bugs? is that why we see dead butterflies in the kiddie pool? look mom, I haven't been to class in weeks and haven't turned in any papers nor have I compiled any silly powerplant programs for my programming class because I don't see the point in doing that, nor do I see the point in writing papers that don't amount to anything in the long run. but at the moment I'm compiling a compiler (or rather an orchestrated series of interactions between make and sun cc (when the commercial unix vendors still distributed compilers with their operating systems), and then I need to do it again for the optimizations in egcs for a job I take more seriously than my schooling), and bash. Why am I doing this when I haven't really learned any c++ or really gotten the knack of homomorphisms or vector spaces for my algebra class, or known as much as I should about the second temple period or methods of rabbinic analysis! I don't care about what some damn rabbi thought roughly 1900 years ago. I want to know what these people ate. How they lived. Isn't that a reasonable request? And C++ seems like such a ridiculously insane language. Iterators and the like. It seems like every second the guy introduces some new term and my head is in a whirl not knowing what this term means or how it relates to any of the other terms which he's talking about.

And I don't want to take a series of near-meaningless examinations. At this point I don't really care whether I finish my undergraduate education. I've got three finals in less than a week (I'll make it to those). I went to class (except

the Judaic civ one, because it's the most boring class, the professor talks like Woody Allen, except his voice is more monotone, and he's not funny) the week that my parents came, but classes were so dull. I haven't told my mother, and I go back next Saturday. My advisor was promoted, and I have a new one, but I haven't actually met the new advisor is nor do I know the new advisor's name.

And switched to another virtual console reveals that the compile failed for some esoteric reason which I don't understand (it's compiling c, not c++). And for most of the time I'd rather not think about the hole that one part of my brain says "you've dug yourself into". I don't care. I should have learned from the "you have until fifth week to change classes". I didn't. I guess I feel like that's the class which I'm going to have to take. Whatever. It's not like it feels like it affects me.

In the dorm cafeteria today people were talking about how repetitive life seems to them and I asked the question "Do you feel like you've learned anything". The response was "Oh I've learned things". That wasn't my question. I feel that even if I took other classes that it still wouldn't feel like I've learned anything at all. I don't think that this university is all it's cracked up to be. I've not learned a damn thing socially in this place. And the administration is bonkers. The students insist that they don't want to have the common core cut, while when I came here I felt that I had enough background in most everything that I wanted to know. Now I don't care. It's either an endless diatribe of analysis or laughable social scientists in an exercise in humanistic meaninglessness (nevermind the fact that graduate students in the humanities seem to be able to get more jobs from here than any other university in the country). When I first came here, when I was still a senior in high school, I saw this old man lecturing to two people on the quadrangles, and that was what sort of turned me to this place. I don't want to be retaught the athenian spectrum I was put through at high school all fstraicking over again. What? The high school you went to didn't give you that Athenian education? I don't care. That's your problem because it wasn't so much your high school as much as you, so if the college wants to expand and there aren't enough faculty to do it, well, I'm not affected because I feel like I'm not going to drive my head into the wall at 40Gs without protective gear to prove my points to people who'd either just play it by ear no matter how many economics degrees they have. There's no fun in this place. Frat parties don't count. The science fiction club is musty and is rife with gamers. The eccentrics organization which I attempted to make was rejected because of an idiotic group of flaming pions who took themselves far far too seriously. Student government is full of resume padding dingbats, and I don't feel that I want to bother to represent myself in this whole mess particularly because it would take too long and I'm selfish enough to

care how this affects me more than the other person who will only be marginally represented in the classes following mine because the administration wants to make this place like Northwestern.

so it's three a.m. CST. I go home next saturday after finals. I get an F in Judaic studies, an F in computer programming and a D in mathematics. I get put on academic probation. I don't care. I don't care if I'm wasting money right now because it doesn't seem like I'm wasting money. I'm more concerned with how things seem to me than how they really are. I just feel annoyed for a variety of other reasons. So I do my job. So I play xgalaga and try to track down a postscript font with lining numerals. So I read slashdot and freshmeat. So I occasionally get drunk. So I post to here. I get a monitor for finishing a universe (it is not because he ordered two accidentally, let not materiality confuse you), or more precisely, several. So I don't feel socially more adapted. Blah! Now my hands hurt. Okay, I am concerned with how they really are. But then my head hurts because I have to dig myself out of it, so I don't think about it. And yes I know this is very stupid behaviour, not dealing with your problems, so to speak. I see people being nauseatingly cute, and I want that for myself. And then when I run that over in my mind, my head hurts. My head would probably hurt more if I actually thought about it. My brain only has a limited reserve of autonomic antidepressants and I don't want to exhaust that. (incidentally, when producing my usual repertoire, my head does not hurt). So there. That's everything.

> Your help would be precious, thanks a lot...

*Re: It's just a question of... It's just a question of...*

Computers, are in theory, supposed to work. Whether its an Evans and Sutherland system or a PDP10.

More often they don't work.

The Wreelund Hascoffliy Principal Production Centre budgeted twelve million wonzlos sterling for the automation and computerrific (term coined by sales staff who wouldn't know the difference between mimd and yepd) operation of the mark two widget. The mark two widget had custom designed silicon-iridium-boron flanges, and was to be sent off to other corporations, with engineers certified to use the Wreelund Hascoffliy mark two widget.

The system was installed by outsourcing to Wheylor Bloncksett Co., a reputable computronics firm in the region. After a week of tinkering and debugging, the system was certified "hunky-dory", wherein the outsourcers took a handsome five million wonzlos sterling and left the system in charge of some

guys who presumably knew what they were doing. They knew exactly what they were doing. In fact, they knew what they were doing so well that on the first day when the shell script to start up the intricate fabric was run, the sales assistant came in and bumped coffee while the guy who was supposed to know what he was doing was finishing up the last option to the script – affectionately known as “boris”.

the proper syntax looked as follows:

```
haywire:> boris -j0 --full-operational --widget=2 on
```

what was actually typed in by the guy

```
haywire:> boris -jo --full-operational --widget=3 on
```

now, because of software safeguarding, the computronic system was dumb enough to ignore the widget 3, for the mark three widget would have required another 30 million wonzlos sterling just for research and development costs. but this is not the point.

he typed in ‘o’. boris wasn’t actually supposed to accept o as an option the machine should have complained and not run the script. the only reason that it didn’t fail was because a muon that had been only been created microseconds ago in the ionosphere happened to collide with a memory address and the machine decided to be happy about it

now, the moral of this trilemma will become clear when it was discovered three years later, and 300 million wonzlos sterling bankrupt from suits of the companies that had gotten the widget mark two, they found that the computer programs they had made weren’t as focussed and seemed to ramble on a bit more than usual. this entire post was produced on a computronic device using a mark two widget

now try to write a control program for a widget producing factory on one of these faulty machines...

### *Walking across...*

Snooze. Barely conscious. Touch the alarm so it doesn’t beep. Compile gcc, xcc, or even xxxcc, some weird new compiler from XXX industries. Whether it makes beer or sheep porn is uncertain, and how the binary for it was obtained has been forgotten, preferably without help. Is that me lying on the bed? Of course not. One, the bed is circular, and my bed isn’t circular. Two, the person laying on the bed, sprawled would be a better word, is wearing a live robotic mongoose, and last I checked I owned no robots or mongooses.



The moon is high in the sky, and is uncomfortably waxing gibbous. I was pretty certain that there were gibbons on the moon who waxed its surface so that it would always be shiny. Three thousand two gourdy meters to the right is the bastard son in law of the Jersey Footnoose, an imaginary animal not proved to exist by the currents in science. I am also very very far away, having offlined my brain and uncertain of the activity of various stock markets, or the tone of pink as the brain perceives it, to activate necessary subsystems like a dead waterbee? Or should I just turn the cpu inside out and hope it goes for another day? Avast ye unmated thorns, I want ligase chain reaction. I want polymerase. I want to not be living the unlife. Not now, some endless Start Wreck rerun crashes memory protection.

Two minutes away by horse and buggy, someone is flicking their checklist. Yes. No. Carruthers. Are you daft. A meek assistant carefully puts the little mark on the paper and continues on. And on. And on, until Mrat Drat of the Irregulars lightly moves the dvd's needle so that the C-movie can continue. Does this affect me? Do I care? The answers to these and other such questions can be found by sending a self addressed stamped envelope to the Archangel Duke Larry of Hazmat Teams Anonymous. The moon moves several hindered meters without applying the lotion.

“Lukob, would you bear my child”

“Lucilia, I would go to the hair chipper for you”

“Lukob, would you love me?”

“Lucilia, with all my hearts”

“Lukob, would you mind donating your liver to me?”

“Yes, my precious Lucilia”

“Lukob, would you \*(BEEP)\* \*(BEEP)\*. . .”

drat, the producer thinks, walking onto the set, looking at the recliner. our special effects boys worked for the last nine years to make this, and now Lucilia is an expensive chair for the rich and maddy.

... *Extralude*

Saturn teaware sets tipdipped by the gods. Far away. So far away that there are more bad movies made by so many different species across the galaxy with “Fourty lifetimes”, “Four million lifetimes to Branch”, etc. etc. more tapioca, etc. etc., spacedust soap commercials two centuries long. Good tasting tea. Alcoholochocolates, addictive pie recipes and tupperware revolutions. And where am I? Annoyed. Of course you're annoyed. Don't you know that by now, with all your fancy scripting languages, terabit full duplex pipes to a place four hundred seventy four yoghurt containers away. It's a wonder you still

manage to speak about Fastgaltoffe and Ludvig Matabatamatabatavatalata so nicely. And the pictures you valued most have been decaying for the past three years at the bottom of some lake because the wallet which contained them was stolen. You don't value the people in the pictures because you have changed. So much for youthful boredom. Time to get toasted. Wait, I didn't do that. I didn't join Gamma Omicron Theta. I didn't have the bachelors' party, I wouldn't stand the unmemorable kitschiness of it all. And all the binding that you can be shotshire sure is gonna go down.. has gone down or is waiting at the train stop. Frack it. Just watch the pretty colors.

### *The Madman of Samarkand*

Welcome to the mythic Samarkand, of the myth world Mnyoro, where the birds are prodigious as Shakespeare, and the atoms are a hundred million times more intelligent than Einstein. We speke the day of Asuj, the god of the fiftieth banana peel. The air is like ocean brine, organisms grow and replenish themselves in a nanosecond. There is the Bizarre Bazaar, and the Molecule Imporium, and the store of forgotten amphoterique Froot-Loop Bats, with the Yerkes header files and then the monstrosity module cantilevers and the mandelbrot cereal bar, and the binary locust office, and the Agency for the Abolition of Agencies, and the Official Dinghy, and the Unofficial dingbat, and the collection, with the chokadars and the Ulaio-Pontificate, and the Matriarchal Society For Particle Physics and Wonderful Pastry, and the Order of the Lost Lemming Kidney, and the Ternary God of Squashed Insectid, and Mr. Plombsy and his Deranged, Demented Circus of mad Bytes from poorly written computer programs, there is the Green Emotions office. There is the Reticulated Committee for the Annihilation of Phylis Schlafly, and there are the Stone Ranger, with his Assembly Code, BoEIA, and there are the Time Travel Cheese Club With B movie clothing. There is the Interstitial Bevy of Bad Writers and the Cloaca of Bleachglurpers. There is the Anti-alphabet Club with its litte Antialphabeteers and their daily TV show, with Scare Root, their Mascotmartyr. There is the Poison Drinkers and the Tensor Snorters and the immoral Cosines of the Universed badly with metrics for speech comprehension which will shrivel Noam Chomsky's eyes when he reads them.

*Re: Quoth the raven.*

AhahaMeow <ahahameow@aol.com> wrote:  
> I am a Goth. What is a Goth?

You remember when Martha Knezman and I were children and it rained hydrochloric acid. "Safety Slickers" – the teacher would yell, and we'd don those fluorescent orange plastic raincoats. They had been government sanctioned to protect young children, but not been disbursed for the stupid, as the government had decided that the stupid could fend for themselves. Martha's parents would say "You remember poor Jonny, the kid who forgot his Safety Slicker, and was later found in a puddle".

> To me, being a Goth is putting on a mask,  
> is breaking free of the constraints

Once, there was a couple, a Jenjamin and a Bennifer. They were so constrained that they required a book of physiological chemistry, three dried apricots, and freeze dried octopus tentacle powder to dissolve their constraints.

> of normality. Is only being approached by those with  
> the spine to do so. Those,

What? Constraints of normality? If there was a ten thousandth glimmering of normality in these refined burroughs, I would have to pack and move. Most likely back to Samarkand, or VT100ville, where everyone concientously limits themselves to eighty by twenty four. And those aren't constraints. They, here at least, are canon.

> possibly worth my attention. Is revealing my darker self.

anointing or sociologically significant to the infinite quantity of babbling and concupiscent galagos outside the door who are simultaneously muttering that they have proved the continuum hypothesis false by showing conclusively that Raymond Smullyan must have been in two places at once on a fine Sunday three alternate Augusts ago?

> Do the eye-designs have meaning? Not for me.  
> The wearing black and the having a self-crafted  
> face have meaning but not the individual designs. Not me.  
> The music? It seems that the "great" Goth bands  
> were before my time. I've  
> listened to a small amount of Goth music, it just  
> gives me a headache. No, the  
> music doesn't do it for me. It's the process, the  
> hours preparing, the hours

> becoming a different self, and then showing myself  
 > to those around. They see  
 > me. It's standing on a dark misty hill at night,  
 > the fog consuming the scenery,

look at that bass dependent water chirping. I couldn't spare a mote for this. Exchange, stock exchange, or gnucash? Its only when they start in on some programme of Miltonesque proportions that I would bail myself out of this universe, if of course, I knew where the door was. and only use fog when talking about function composition

> stood there I think about wierdos, murderers,  
 > gangs and werewolves. Stood there, defenceless  
 > against these evils, it all lies in the moment  
 > when I cock my head back and laugh.

escaquack! Sisyphus has been here. Call the cleaners!

Power? I want no involvement! Wealth? Wealth is for split-sockked rabble. Profundity? Profundity is the charge of the ukelele-bereft.

*Fate planning Co-Op (ad box, ad sonic)*

Wait. Dark gurgled motion thrums past. Directed motility. Little spiral patterns on the petri plate. In unglamorous competition for sugars, phosphates, and sulfides.

*AVERTISSMENT (publicité)*

The Xoenth 349 knife was engineered in the last decade by a combined series of nanolithographers, materials scientists, molecular chemists, plasma epitaxy experts, the list goes on. Nonetheless it won't hit your local infomercials ever. This is the sort of thing found in rare, numbered catalogues distributed to a select few individuals in Europe, Japan, Nepal, and the Americas. In its fifteen stage fabrication process, each layer of diamond, iridium-rhodium alloy, beta boron nitride, and multi-ply buckytube cross-weave is applied layer by layer and then kept in a near vacuum at minus one hundred eighty degrees centigrade. (copy editor, improve the wording)

Dzapel-James Rvotter managed to get a Xoenth 349. Dzapel-James was a self styled “mean person” with “cruel and callous” intentions. Dzapel-James wanted to see the full effects of this new toy. Nevermind that he didn’t for the life of him know what nanolithography was. He was impressed by that crazed person from down under that had invented a gun which could fire 6000 rounds a minute, unlike more sensible people who know that if sense prevailed such inventions would stay in the voids which were the minds of people like Dzapel-James Rvotter. What was the protocol? Thrust and twist so the wound does not close. Preferably near some vital organs. He found a venue and victim. How odd, she didn’t scream.

Thrust. Wha? He felt funny. They were right under a streetlamp. The knife felt funny. She wasn’t screaming or yelling or doing anything that someone who is being attacked by a deranged goon ought to be doing. The mortar filled gaps between each concrete segment of the sidewalk turn ever so slightly. She started talking. “The question, is whether it is philosophically more noble to survive by luck or natural biological preparedness” He still seemed frozen. “Meleang, get this man a chair...sorry for interrupting your life but we do need answers to these sorts of questions rather urgently” A five foot eight duck billed platypus with a purple mohawk and a piercing through the bill walks out of the dark, with the reclining chair more commonly found at pools. Dzapel-James’s knife drops. The Xoenth’s base is fine, but the rest is skewed and looks as if it had been deformed in a molten state. The impressions of the her clothes are clearly visible on the knife. “sit down.. this may take some time” she says. Dzapel-James nervously sits down on the chair. “Would you like a drink?” She asks, “Meleang, get him a glass of milk”. The burly platypus returns, giving Dzapel-James a large glass of milk. Meleang appears completely disinterested in his surroundings, and thus goes to the other streetlamp, not so far away, and starts drinking Heineken and reading Spinoza. The knife is still on the ground, and the As-Yet-Unnamed-Woman picks it up.

“Have you been stung by a bee?” she asks. Dzapel-James manages a weak nod, more intent on his milk than the now unreal cabbage factory that he seems to have been suspended in. Dzapel-James has already decided that the present turn of events is probably better than being stuck behind bars or being manhandled by prisoners. “Bee stings, as you may or may not know effect from a slight bump on the skin, to hives, to swelling and finally anaphylactic shock, death that is. Such was the reason behind the invention of the epi-pen, a portable device for administering epinephrine.” Dzapel-James nods meekly and slowly drinks the glass of milk, while following the frenetic and diseased As-Yet-Unnamed-Woman. “Allergic reactions come in degrees.” The As-Yet-Unnamed-Woman waves the air around, in which a settled sparse fog is per-

turbed by her hand movements. “So let’s make the analogy a bit finer – lets say a virus”. Dzapel-James has no idea of virii. Dzapel-James can tell you all about the carcinogenic properties of sterigmatocystin, cisplatin, thioacetamide, and MeIQ(2-Amino-3,4-dimethylimidazo[4,5-f]quinoline), only because some hypnotist forgot to wake him up and he listened to a LEARN WHILE YOU SLEEP tape that some clueless cancer researcher had accidentally left at the hypnotists. “The bee, when it stings you, loses it’s sting, killing it”. “So you can go through life with a body which won’t let you get sick, or a body which through incredible luck, transparent to the ills which life presents, viruses failing to infect, allergens simply not finding their receptors, et cetera simply survives”. Meleang yells “Machiavelli was right, provided the end is the same”, and starts reading O’Connor, already quite loopy from the fifth Heineken. “Suppose you hadn’t decided to attack me. What then. I’d be in that transparent to the ills of the universe state.” The As-Yet-Unnamed-Woman paces furiously as Dzapel-James finishes the last of the milk. “You’re not making you argument clear”, the punk platypus yells. “So I was fuzzy with the allergy bit, I’m not the best lecturer in the cosmos” she said. “Anyway, the final resolve is the same. I, or whomever is subject to injury doesn’t get hurt, but the question isn’t answered.”

Meleang walks up as the chair vanishes under Dzapel-James, without anything to support him, he falls. But there is no pain or back sprain. The As-Yet-Unnamed woman walks off into the dark. So does the platypus, who tosses the deformed knife to Dzapel-James as he too walks into the dark. Their steps fade from the auditory world as soon as they have slinked away. The empty glass of milk rolls on the concrete. It begins to rain, and Dzapel-James picks up the deformed knife, feeling the indentations left by the coat-fabric and its buttons on the metal-lump.

Oonh

### *Rainwrights’ Forge*

In the year 1986, resting on the surface of a table in a rustic coffee shop lies a copy of Rand’s Atlas Shrugged. Its shiny cover gleams in the flickering fluorescent arc-show. “Closing time”, the proprietor says. Odd, disentangled people file out. An out of work telephone receptionist, a robot poet, a few Russian physicists who, not having enter American academia mow lawns, and a twentysomething Not-A-Chick in a top hat.

Chrome lined tables whose greasy glass surfaces attest to the heavy traffic, now glint in the dim electric snoozeville. Half-eaten bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwiches on ruddy porcelain dishes lurk like malfunctioning styrofoam.

Drayzlor Cleaning Compound Twenty Three flows into the rag, after the dishes are cleared. The proprietor smears the rag and cleaner onto the now greasy tables. Patented chemical techniques occur, rendering the tables into spotless glass panels. Someone forgot their book! Rand? Damn objectivists, the proprietor thinks, picking the book from the table, preparing to throw it in the trash. Throwing half eaten hamburgers into the trash. Every day for the past twenty seven years. He had wanted to be an astronaut when Mrs. Ghondvayel in his third grade had asked him what he wanted to be.

Potential Astronaut, then potential aerospace engineer, then rapidly, and in succession, all potential, he had been, an engineer, then a graduate student, then a bio major, then a college dropout, then a high school graduate after senior prom in the hotel with Melinda, the prom queen. Finally, and without the trappings of the potential, he didn't even make it to high school. He got through seventh grade. For several years he took odd jobs until he managed to get the present establishment when its former owners had died and their will granted him the place. He had married, and had two kids. His wife died of ovarian cancer. His daughter lost her life in an airplane crash. His son in a school shooting. People learned their lessons, aircraft designs were changed. He hoped. Cancer research is funded and is progressing, he hoped. He still had no reasons for the school shooting. That was what frightened him. If he couldn't understand why, then he couldn't hope that whatever it was that was the problem would change, and that someone else's child wouldn't die. That someone else would make it as far as he once wanted to go, and actually fly in the stars, or at least walk on the moon.

The fisheye smears a bit as her monocle is distracted by a polishing. More tables are cleaned. Dishes are placed in regular arrangement. Mustard bottles are neatened. A book is thrown in the trash. Her monocle is moved back to its prior position. His discontent is earnest. He surveys the place. Tables cleaned, everything ready to begin for tomorrow. That woman was here, he thinks. I wonder what she wants? She's always in here with her Top-Hat.

Thirteen years later, the television has been changed, and there's a host of new staff. He's no longer running most of the day to day operations himself. People have gotten stranger. It's a pleasant, bright, wednesday morning, around twelve or so. The television is babbling about some school shooting. He's heard this before. He paid attention to it with disinterest, as he was not eager to have that moment which haunted his dreams for the past year-ream. That's very odd, he thought to himself, she's back. The Not-A-Chick in the top-hat was sitting in the corner, drinking a glass of milk. There's a girl sitting on one of the counter stools dressed all in black. There are two burly fellows who start talking to her. He's not paying attention until the Not-A-Chick

looks at him with her monocle on and she gestures to the now unfolding series of events in the centre of the place. His attention, now eroded by age, is focussed.

“You a muhdeher” says one of the men. “You’re a killer”, says the other one.

No one in the present tableau, notices that at the electronics store across the street, John Hughes’s Breakfast Club is playing on the HDTVs on display in the windows.

The girl walks back. The men continue to harass her. She’s frail and thin. She almost trips but regains her balance.

“You woship satan. You’re a sataniss with a cold heart” “You listen to Ted Danson! You freak!” “Lets hurt her!”

One of the fellows takes his glass of ice cold lemonade and throws it at her. The Proprietor, stands up to say no. To scream No! Why does anyone have to suffer? She slinks back, shielding herself from the ice and airborne lemonade. Proprietor blinks. The lemonade isn’t moving. The only motion is contained in Proprietor and Not-A-Chick. Across the street, the Breakfast Club still flickers across the street.

Not-A-Chick walks demurely through the frozen tableau. The Proprietor stands at the frozen scene. “I remember you. Did you do this?” She smiles “Oh no. You did”. He is surprised. “Moi? I didn’t do this”. On one of the televisions across the street, a Stark Wreck, the Text Defenestration episode begins playing. The tv short circuits and is seen by a more random cosmic witness to be taken out to the back and stomped on by a wild loose-leaf notebook. “You had wanted to be an astronaut, had you not?” He nods. “Some people had suggested that the world is wrong, and that maybe one day. Atlas might shrug and all those people who fell off would be the cosmic elect. But what’s a world with all the disfigured souls as its only inhabitants? Infinitely more unbearable for them as they make the slow walk toward nirvana? Some people see these two men as simply as they might see this girl. Others would defend the men, but they’re arguments would be flimsy. One attacks the other. And why? Her existence is not really threatening their survival. But they don’t see that. They can’t see that now.” He nods, walking around the frozen men. The woman walks around the girl, adjusting and fixing her clothing. He looks puzzled. “When will they know without having to be told?”, he says. “Others have predicted that there will be a transformation, to sieve the world into the righteous and the wicked. But that won’t happen here and now. Not in their Here and Now. Everyone has thousands of sides all of different sizes”.

He looks at his shoes. “I take it, that death is final” She replies, “You can’t see you son, not here” “I knew that”, he responds. “What will happen here?”



“If this cyclifer proceeds without your interruption, then she will be blinded and bruised. These two men will continue their life without remorse until they have slowed down enough for suitable reflection. She will need to learn braille and will not be able to get her postgraduate degree for ten years. The smarter of the men will be arrested for embezzlement, while the stupider will be jailed for battery of his ‘woman’ in five years”.

“Hope for no one. If I were to stand between them I would surely die. But I have almost died for so long that this death would not be in vain. Can you tell me what will happen?”

“Alas, I can’t, because the future is unknown.”

“I’ve decided. I’ll intercede.”

The Not-A-Chick walks back to her table. He takes a few deep breaths, knowing full well, that he is doing what must be done. Lemonade in the face. “How the fuck did he get there”. “Move away, Old Fartus”, said the slower one. He is thusly restrained by the wiser one, horrified at his actions. The girl is surprised. She didn’t notice him standing in front of her. The lemonade, glass, and ice hit the Proprietor squarely in the face, one of the fragments burrowing into his head. He falls. The girl immediately moves to help him collapse with grace. The slower one says “See, you killed him”. The wiser one looks in confused horror and says “Let’s get out of here!” Unaware that the policeman is at the door, they run.

At the trial, one man was convicted of involuntary manslaughter, and the other was convicted as an accessory to. both were placed under shock probation. The smarter one got himself a law degree and helped gratis in civil liberty cases. The denser one got a job as a stagehand.

Two days later, in some other mutation of time, he was sipping tea at the restaurant. Laszlo had taken over as his will had instructed. He was sitting down for five Ur-Resolvents to take stock of all the moments that his name and memory are recalled in the world. He is by himself. The Not-A-Chick simply waved to him as his attention wafted to this particular moment in time. The girl was again at the counter. She got a degree in Physical Anthropology and was last seen in Bangalore. He knew that. He had made the decision. This was the future that he had forged.

### *The Inauspicious Cat-Call of the Gone World*

Hello I am Mr. Smith. And this is my wife Mrs. Smith. I went to Ordinary State University and did not engage in any immoral actions. I studied hard and learned the truth of ages in my classes. I have two wonderful children, Jakob and Trudi. I work at the JOB. At the JOB, I write numbers onto a sheet of

paper. Sometimes I copy numbers between one sheet of paper and another sheet of paper. Sometimes I even get to write sentences, but not very often. I go to Church on Sundays. I am a devoutly religious person. This past weekend, I was going to my mother's parents, when I noticed that the gas gauge was near the E. So I turned off the highway and went to a Smap-O gas station.

Since my wife and kids were hungry, they went to the bathrooms and went to eat at the picnic table adjacent to the Smap-O gas station while I filled the gasoline tank. I closed the cap when a man with schoolbus yellow skin and fluorescent yellow sunglasses took a fluorescent yellow gun to my head. "Mr. Jyzally, step away from this life". I said "In the name of all that is just and holy, please stop". He responded and I stopped thinking "Mr. Jyzally, please put this vision down. Stop this dream quest of yours. Aunt Sioplan needs the check". This man was obviously a psychosomatic with schizomycotic tendencies! I did not know what to do. I hoped God would save me. "Mister Sallowath Everary Jyzally, put your hands behind Mr. Smith's head and stop thinking or I will give the gun to Trudi" God, almighty in heaven with the saving grace that all is mighty and holy. No don't give the gun to Trudi. Why is my beautiful God-fearing daughter doing with that pitch-yellow gun. She is aiming it at me. "No Trud--"

BANG

Mr Smith exited the Bathroom of the Gas station. "Fuck. what the hell?" he said. "What the hell is happening here?" More fluorescent yellow people had begun surrounding the fallen body of Sallowath. "Please sit down Janos, would you like a hamburger? We will explain as best we know how" "Could you make it a duckburger on colby. No mayo?" He sat down at the table. Melinda was sitting at the table. Gee, Janos really liked her in that getup. Modest it ain't but pleasing to the eye. Jakob was playing with his Selectron Soldiers. Little plastic toys. He preened his stubble.

Two of the fluorescent amber folk had walked and brought a large screen. Another brought a video projector. "Turn the sun off" was heard. One of the agents turned the sun off. "We have prepared a video that will explain Sallowath. Here is your duckburger". It was a professional video display device. One of the agents began turning the crank and this is what they watched:

A big sphere came on the screen. A big purple sphere. With lots of dots. Moving motes of glowing shimmeriness. It was at this point it was squashed underfoot by a tall man. It was squashed on a plate of glass and instead of oozing it cracked and fragmented. Then the city block faded to black and a single word appeared "Biophilic"<sup>8</sup>. A BBC weathergirl appeared and began

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<sup>8</sup>There is a book entitled *Biophilia* – by Edward Wilson

pointing to a peanut. The picture began to fade out to blue. And then the narrator began speaking. "We often suspect that in the dream world there is much corruption. We forget that in the world being dreamed that the corruption is echoed. In some cases, your life may be usurped by those who dream themselves to be you. In such cases the squad of Amber Anthroids comes by and will extricate them from your life."

Janos said "Bloody moralist", "Now can we continue our vacation.. I'm pregnant anyway"

The chief of the squad said "Okay, we're sorry for the inconvenience" "We'll make sure that Sallowath is adequately reprimanded"

Janos, Melinda, Trudi and Jake drove off in the Dorbzeldge.

Meanwhile Sallowath was waking up. Eraserhead was being played on the remote wall. A voodoo doll of David Lynch had fallen from the desk. On it were charms of good fortune. A reedy old voice came from the shadows. "Hexachlorophene – you do know who I am." To Sallowath's horror he had woken up as his natural state. He was a tortoise.

*Bingles, or they told you your brain was a custom job.*

It doesn't matter. I'm tired. What do I mean when I say "it", as in "it's not so important". English idioma could almost be a tumor. A metastatizing tumor, or so the academie francais says. Whatever I say, or whatever I have believed that I did say at some point in the not so distance future, I will not have made sense. Cogency. Would you sacrifice the coherency of your speech for bitdepth, or do you do the Conway Twitty dance and just tell all the Dragons to go back to Tuscaloosa. Dragons don't believe in me. But then of course these Dragons are highly evolved lint from Odin's dryer. (Thor says "Only mortals go to Bally's". Thor isn't as stupid or simple-minded as the magnetic doodads would have me believe, but that is because my ever so fuzzily measured verbal intelligence does the reverse nosedive (nosechive?) when I am this tired. The illness is my own fault (gee, what the hell of the half life of this is?). But will level off in time.

THIS IS NOT IN ALL CAPITALS.

(he is pretending to be Kibo)

Interview of Signore Persimmon Ernadadrep

(in the old days the radio interviewers would invariably choose a Mr. Esposito as the man on the street. People have speculated that there must be a cause. All of these people have ulterior motives, and none of them ever wore a boa)

Mister Ernadadrep, what do you do?

I go t'the Dozbro<sup>9</sup>

And what, pray tell, Mister Ernadadrep, do you do at the Dozbro.

Well, me and me mates go to the Dozbro and kill things.

You KILL things Mister Ernadadrep? What sort of things do you kill, Mr Ernadadrep?

Small pieces of paper.

There you have it. The man on the street goes to the Dozbro and kills things. He kills small pieces of paper.

### *Without the Edam*

They sit. A circle of old women. In the cool post-monsoon air. Before you get too far and decide that this is Australia or some Dravidian ruin in Sri Lanka, I should point out these women would never be able to tell you where Florida or any of the usual geographic features of this orb are on any map. They would tell you that your sheets were unclean, or that your globe was insufficiently round to be seen in their presence. In fact, if you are in the presence of these women, you are probably dead, as this ain't Earth.

You rationalize. You don't actually remember how you came to be here. A flying saucer wasn't it. Some cute looking bug eyed alien that wanted to take you away for "examination". No, that wasn't it. I was reading the newspaper. The Daily Bagle, when there was a knock at the door. It was a shadow, not a man. A shadowman. Not a single hint of white, except for the eyes. They were bleach-hydrogen white, with irises so blue to be black. His teeth were also white. He said to me if I smelled the bacon, which I did, as the Breakfast shack's vapours waft from below into my apartment. Now was it that the bacon's vapours waft, or is that your favourite coat had fallen into a pile of grease. You don't remember exactly. It all feels like frames. Like a pair of adjacent mirrors. Back and forth. Or like a laser, a laser's light in infinite night. The circle of women, for your frames need inspection. They're all not there. Great portions of your future seem to be missing. Your past is there in unedifying memory.

A shadowman. A salsa-cellar. This circle of women blurs in and out with the repetetive heartbeats of a fetus's mother. Pow-Pow-Pow. The little cardiac engine. Thrust-thrust goes the mammals. Which reminds us that fish don't fuck. Welcome to the dreamtime.

### *damn mesozoic croutons*

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<sup>9</sup>Dozborough – as Mandroboro abbreviates Mandroborough

Neeng. Neeeng. k-nock, k-nock. Is anyone not home in that little triple chip dinghy which is a security camera. Dinghy. Dinghy-bataans. I bet your cinematic memory needs new simms, now don't I? Back from Dinghy-Bataan. Bloodless metaphysical edgeworts. Antifungal medication will cure them of their existence, those inveterate slime moulds. Keep dreaming of high school. Keep mixing and autoclaving, cleaning new micropipette tips, culturing *S. cerevisiae*, and staining to discover nuclear transport, or to help someone else discover the ways and means of nuclear transport. You seem to be drifting off? You seem to want food. Neeng again.

k-nock. Did you rebwoot? Did you have to bootstrap yourself from Turing-hell? Say it. Churing. Like Chuesday. Shibillants my nasal cavities. Large nasal cavities. Had 'em since I was born. Had 'em before I was born. Say it ain't so? Say that the only remaining copy of the Tempest was encoded in rna and didn't have two hundred A's at the end so it was degraded.

*Death, Love, Taxes, Sexes, Etc.*

The human life is very simple. You are born. You live. You reproduce. You die. I have been taught that all else is a matter of faith. To clarify, that anything else besides birth, reproduction, and death is a matter of faith.

But do you believe him? The wag said. His long beard and bald pate reflected the moonlight keenly. It was a nice pepper beard. I am not a friend of hair, but it was a good beard. One in which you could grow punctuation marks. They say us world-folk are bad! What is it to have faith in the world, as being larger than any frosted-glazy universe. It thrushes by and is compresses in our lives. The world changes? It changes by the movements at the horizon. I don't think I'm at the horizon. A place of scallywags and middle managers. Of stereotypical forms that are acted to the hilt. I don't want to live their. Of course my horizon is rather limited. Shame! My horizon is as the bowl of a gaussian distribution is a potential minimum. Be average! The signs all point the way to some common encyclopedia of precise usage employed by arbiters of bad taste. The signs, were placed on these rustic country roads in the fifties, printed in conjunction with a twelve million dollar program to encourage tourism. The family gets in the car and goes somewhere with a polaroid and stays at a hotel or camps in a tent. Or they buy hair dye and dye themselves fluorescent yellow. My fifties and your fifties are noncontiguous. I say, the current of gravity being strong on the eyelids encourages fast speech, and the lubrication of the syllable generators. Do I have meaning? Yes, Yes Mo, played to the rhythm of a rock paper scissors game, and the winners and losers of Rock Paper Scissors now have their own Olympic medal. Some can play

two games at omce on both hands, and some can play cross hands, playing a game between first right and second left, and second right and first left. You've fallen in a pit of closer speculations, wherein even the Gods are exhausted and overstimulated. They say that all of our senses have been playing the radio the loudest for the past several hundred years that we're all tired of what seems like living, for we respond to our environment so poorly. My sense of pain, humour, enjoyment and love feel as if some sprite had lubricated the emotional centres of my brain in some macerating acid.

In the name of the great Sprite Can, How can this end? With the likes of our foremothers persuading us that our taste in movies needs revision and that our style of nosehair grooming is wrong in capitals so large that only a country would have them, not an alphabet. Some sultry monolith of cherry preserves beckons. Must maintain equilibrium with the universe. Must fall in love, or needs a relationship must have says the waning darwinian essence which it is ours all to contain. That didn't work, that Misdummer's Blight Cream. With Pucked up it hath been. Or was a P misheard as an F. I trundled in snow and waited elseshe a summer. Plah (or should I say Grah). For prosecuting war against various sundry Minnesotans I lose no grace. For missing important ring things perchance I do. Don't lock your knees. Retell the bard's tail? Oh come on, he wasn't that tastefille.

Strive for greater conformance with the average. Be the same and identical. I don't want to say that I'm not the same not the blame of the cream, without soap to break the disordinate surface tention or detarnished gleam. FOCUS, they say, on what, I reply, as I am no lens, or otherwise optically active material (of what optically active paterials I can't dare to dream). This venture be the fantasy of an expert orienteer, to see their way through a life, its hills, its valleys, the campy analogies to arcGIS and geographic tomography. An echosounding would be ideal, to see the various features of the floor of the world-ocean. Platonical please.

*Re: Sheep On Drugs- MIA, or is it just me???*

Ktsheep <ktsheep@aol.com> wrote:

> Hi, Im kaite, im 17, and im kinda bordering on the edge of goth for fear  
> \*doing it right\*. i like joy division, and i saw bauhaus @ the hammerstie

I am presently drunk. As you can see this does not interfere with my spelling nor with my presentation of concepts. I will answer the question of "what is goth" now, so that everyone who asks it again can undergo humiliation in an extreme extent.

Goth is a name, like many other fuzzy cosmic memory addresses. You have this grand, arrogant, ornate, sometimes insecure notion of the universe. It is as dark as the deepest night, or as light as the interior core of a star. As it is a name it is to be ignored. Names are, for those of us who are still obsessed by words. I could annihilate entities by a word, tearing them from planck to bank. I don't care, as often as whatever deity you worship is paradoxical, perhaps no more than the home office prefers, or the sky is shallow and our eyes see into the mariner's forceps. I have no compass to guide me, no companion to set the way, and yet I am some differential fire forcep, one with that elemental fire which sees the universe in all its myriad methods, one capable of saying "die" or "be born". I am the ultimate expressive clause. I ride the winds of time and spank those naughty maiden norms for their imposition on the lives of every person from dust to mote of birth to death. You want Shiva? You want matriarchal fire? You desire some "goth woman" to adorn your experience of the world with bad goth poetry, or some boi with confusion about the way of the one rock formation?

You want fire? I'll give you fire. death, birth, pain, broken skulls, birth, light, and that interminable desire to be godlike with as little effort as a snail crossing the Orinoco!

*Re: smokin weed*

refried@webtv.net wrote:  
> do yuo goth smoke weed

Sir, you have the characteristic of a thrice diseased cow-antennae only found on praying mantises which vehemently do not like cheese, or any other form of cooked fish. I would most disrespectfully submit to you sir, or madam, whichever the case may not be, that you are the progeny of a eyeless pizza and an earless ball of VSOP jello. I further claim, that you ought not count your birds prior to the death (or assassination, whichever comes last), that the eyes of the great differential k form, but not so formless, that your fingers would be better employed finding the volumes of fractal regions than sputtering less than 100 bit messages here.

*Re: Gothic SWF in the 510*

Victoria Kramer <SlikVic@webtv.net> wrote:

> I live near Hayward, California, which is in the  
> San Francisco bay area. I'm an Aquarius born 28

> yo, 6'2, full figured SWF with auburn reddish brown  
 > hair and brown eyes accompanied by nice glasses.  
 > My mom is full blooded Italian and my dad was  
 > English, Irish & Scot. I have 3 great kids who I  
 > take care of very well on my own. I am a TV Geek  
 > by trade, producing, shooting and editing, etc. I  
 > do freelance videography and am a part time DJ.  
 > I also have done special FX make-up for an  
 > independant movie producer, which I am making a more  
 > regular part of my life. I am in school studying  
 > broadcasting but I want to go on to film. In my free  
 > time (yeah right) I write short stories & movie  
 > scripts, do pencil drawings, read horror, dabble in  
 > astrology and listen to a lot of music. I like a  
 > diverse range of artists. NIN, the DOORS, DEVO, the  
 > Beatles, Bauhaus, Massive Attack, Phantom of the  
 > Opera soundtrack, Metallica, Pink Floyd, Will Smith,  
 > only to name a few... A couple years ago I was  
 > turned on to a role playing game called Vampire the  
 > Masquerade. I have tons of books & props. That's  
 > where I get my character name, Viktoriah,  
 > Seeker of truth. I'm always looking for people  
 > to play with. Between having all sorts of odd jobs,  
 > going to school, and managing 3 kids, I  
 > still have room in my life for someone to share  
 > all this with. All you have to do is e-mail me. :-)

I live near Gakhastan, Magenta, which is located in the nonexistent Continent of Spollab. My star sign is "STOP", and my traffic sign is the famous "Things - next 50 feet". I'm at least 40 billion years old on good days. Six pack? I don't even drink beer. My ethnic heritage has atrophied. I like listening to radio static. God goes to Carnegie Mellon. The Devil has his last year at Carnegie Mellon. I'm working for a nonlinear language lab, wherein stolyokiferonic time is the forte.

*Re: Rosetta Stone*

Crampis <crampis@aol.com> wrote:

> Does anyone have or know someone who wants to sell their copy of "Gender  
 > Confusion" by Rosetta Stone? Also looking for RS on video.(Procession Tou  
 > maybe)



RZTA STN (paz-- people --snort)

Round fire, avast ye (sprul) (1029.3 Mabel Syrup)  
 minced chives, go no --matter 100% purified impurities.  
 further bespectacled That cognoscenti rafscallionaire!  
 with a Minoan Coffee (boop boop noodle) -- comma'd comment #  
 House three tiers a she will not wear capital letters  
 Usenet burgeoning, he refuses to gird his fingers with consonants  
 an electrical  
 incarnation.  
 Of the Metaphysic

(we will elect your nose president and her spleens vice president)  
 I will not be profound! Profundity is for sissies and banana-eating hats.  
 Shallowness sounds so, well, I will give some examples rather than define  
 it.

Shallowness is the quality ascribed to the televisions in waiting rooms. It  
 doesn't matter what sort of waiting room.

And they all use a block-standard factory produced concept library.

libcl.so.I.O

I cringe! I've not even got to "Fiat Lux" with the new world I'm on at the  
 moment. O6 was easy to do (I'm not even sure if O4 is a subgroup, but lets  
 make a group table...

O T A S A S  
 O O S T S A A  
 T S T A  
 A T A S  
 S S S  
 A A T A  
 S A A S

Oh, its too much for my beleaguered fingers. I'll wait 'til he does permu-  
 tation groups.

### *On the shortness of life*

You get less than a hundred years. Some of you get more than a hundred  
 years. Though not many.

You will all have livers. You had livers when you were fish, but then you  
 weren't too different from each other. Fortunately (if Clotho hasn't gotten

back from doing her nails again, or is it one of the Norns?). You will have all necessary subdivisions to maintain homeostasis with your environment.

Now, about the entrance. You've got to be reminded about this because you forget everything everytime. (why is that, a wag asks). So that everyone goes in with equal footing. You may hear about the "nature versus nurture" business. Don't pay it any attention, if you can remember. Some of you will call yourselves philosophers and theologians, and will have ideas about the whatlessness of this placelessness which this lecture is vaguely had happening in at some other nonmoment rather than later or before this not one. The theories and hypothesis which will emerge couldn't be more wrong; you provide useful entertainment, but its just a diversion.

Of course it should be noted that the way things work now is based on asymptoticity. Many of your subsets, when you are at that place, and at that timeness, will act in a way called belief. Belief is found to be silly, at least not over there. Others of you will babble, when you are enwhered, about existence. You too, at least at that point, couldn't be more blurry, but bifocals and other vision correcting instrumentation not from there will be unavailable to most of not you.

In there, division and dichotomy are around. In fact, you will be arriving, if I may dip into the reverse speech of the articulate, by the breakdown of a finite division of twenty three objects into fourty six object vis-a-vis the fusion of two sets of twenty three objects. Over there, you will be subject to classification (well, most of you this will be simple to do). Over there, this disbreakdown of this twenty-three dichotomy will result in a set of information in which you will resolve yourself out of a course of what the enwhenned, call, years. Years refer to a periodicity. The providers of your halves themselves were provided in halves and so on recursively.

We will not provide any information to you once you are inside the non-confines of not there. Once you are out there, with mass, you will be subject to certain rules. These rules are never spelled out by us(you), while you(us) are there, though, those of you(us), who have been there, have, through a duration, contrived catalogues of what is suspected about there. Not here, there isn't an extension which doesn't not exist which does not contain logical extensions of those manufactured ideas which are suspected about there. That information is not available while there. You must all work from the notes of your comrades. Some of you will even be able to repeat this dialogue while over there, though us(you) doubt that you(us) will be able to fully comprehend this nonspeech. It may be balanced(wound around with gel) in the sense(cow, bird. marmoset, bitmask), of(without the winds of mange) sputtered(cuticle area no high heels).

Another (like I do not frame wallabies) note (persimmon plum murder), that lilac (tropospheroidal grass melodies), the (thing, box in socks without a fox no jocks but lox not detox) called (what am I) time, (will, has, had, podemos) grammar (stolyoke) of life (no centromere, no telomere, I had an incident with a decrucified popsicle stick in the last month) will (no ichneumon wasps), be (buzz, as in zzz, but no dizz) context free (gcc -o life.c -DWORLD -Dtime -O4) reformation (zizz, no Lartin Mutherkjee around the corner), wait (sizzle, dizzle, overzeification. zeify me).

*Re: de-lurk*

Do not believe in the TRNAMNSSPS. The TRNAMNSSPS is out in force this sundry antimillennium, with their BTNMMAPOTS, their KJDFOOALS, and worst of all, a whole FLROABBE of TBRLAARNS. What is even more disturbing, is that they have over  $10^{70}$  th FLROABBES of TBRLAARNS. The TRNAMNSSPS will make our lives a living dearth. Valley Girl Group Theorists: (Like, he was so groddy. Whatever. He said that there are thirty sporadic groups.). The Darth Vader Scouts. "But, why can't I be tough and emotionless like Darth Vader?" "Because you'll end up being burnt on a funeral pyre while the Ewoks are partying"

FroggieOK <froggieok@aol.comGotMel> wrote:  
 > Ok, well, this is my de-lurk. I've been reading  
 > alt.gothic for a little over  
 > a year now. A little about me: I'm 18, currently  
 > residing in Colorado Springs, getting ready to move  
 > back to Tulsa soon. I listen to the Pink  
 > Dots, Skinny Puppy, Doubting Thomas, and 80s dance.  
 I also post religiously to  
 > alt.nerd.obsessive and do their homepage.

This is obviously a thinly veiled attempt to convince me that every single concept authored by the TRNAMNSSPS will lead in the assassinations of all modern major materials scientists. No! I declaim. I proclaim. I am attacked by a ravenous bottle of hair tonic.

*Re: Nervous newbie ask*

ejhide@webtv.net wrote: ¿ The FAQ is not working; need info, are newbies generally unwelcomed ¿ here? What is allowed here? Anyone know where I can find great gothic ¿ visuals, pics, art that I don't need to download? Thanks

Well, generally there are problems when your metrics compute out to low levels of YEPD and other sorts of bacterial culture media.

ahem

the correct response for

“the dynarchic polyandry congealing on Messr. Stapled or Paperclipp’d does not contain any heterogenous references for snide go-go (goo-goo) jokes without said lingerie (Laungeray, to rhyme with Tanqueray, despite the enjoyification of the gee) – ibid., metallic fibres, or postindustrial silk barons producing the smoothest velvet is???”

is not

“no seminal works about potato or tomato astrophysics have been published in the last seventeen years. furthermore, no said references have been expurgated from Elias P. Mrangern’s Principia Stiligrifia”

but instead

“Ah, I see. You feel. We spoooooot. In the dooooooot. No one shoooooot. I have an Owl. Zounds, it is the birth rays! Emitted from high powered, custom made to order (orderb, orderve...etc.) enemy energy warweapommes, now that is a flying apple to spoooooot your enemies’ uncles of mothers who always didn’t wear combat boots on days that were never by any stretch of the imagination saints days. Hee Hee Hee SHee Shee Shee”

or

“Fod Blamnit, we want non’ of yer godferplunking sacroilliacsanct profundity here. Get your smarmy ear canals as far away from my abode before I blast you into your component historicity infected social universes”

MGMT., The

*Re: Well I would just like to thank you all*

Imagine, if you wouldn’t, a thousand pound hydraulic steam press. Then, several green teacups<sup>10</sup> might be in little pieces if there’s a mistake in the management. Not ‘by’ the management, but ‘in’ the management. The management, is of course, a snail whose shell has been covered with tiny little mirrors which reflect a laser onto a control sensor. The snail is moving toward a food source. Wow, its a perception experiment on a snail.

The party responsible for this setup will die shortly. An anvil will fall on S. C. Rnnnna, the economist. The anvil will be engraved “Insured by Preterly Insurers, Lloyds, etc.” Well. Okay he didn’t die. The anvil had to stop three feet above the man purported to be S. C. Rnnnna because the automatic insurance system detected that this man was actually Rnnnna’s identical twin.

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<sup>10</sup>cantilever

The Mossad is actively pursuing the real S. C. Rnnnna for “diseased”

The anvil retired to the Acme Anvil Rest home. It’s favorite activities are knitting handle-booties for its grandanvil.

S. C.’s twin, P. P., continues at his old job. He writes large banners for a start up operation in San Fernando. “Beware of the Harmless Guy with a Stick” is as good a representative as any of these banners.

The snail had to through cult deprogramming. It had delusions that it was in that laser device which scans bar codes in supermarkets.

### *exhaustion*

they see! clarified und rarified. blah! I want to be elsewhere, and elsewhere. not see. not hear. I’ve been approximated by the bad guys. little moments are creeping in. comparisons and warped cognition sullies an otherwise completely dirty. my emperor is diseased. my emperor is diseased. I cannot sneeze. I cannot sneeze. the clock has no batteries so there’s no time.

not voices, just a stream of random syllables. the universe parts and there’s a pistachioed bumblebee running for the presidency of some republic two thousand miles away. it will win by election fraud. cough. I’m cold. I don’t want the baggage. snooze. there are trees and spirits in a far off forest with strange nine legg’d creatures swinging from treetop to treetop. Odd insects who ingest the bark of two million year old trees and make liquid plastic out of it. The biotechnology firms mining for the cure to diseases that would scare the ebola virus into complacency. Sentient dot matrix printers feeding off of the ink pools. Oh, and I fell out of some other world. I’d like to believe that there’s some other world which we’re perpetually asymptotic<sup>11</sup> to. That “things” fall out of. Maybe a Heinrich or a Lemaggio or a Ndange will find one of these artifacts. Multiculturalism be damned says the conspirator. This is metacultural aintitanism. The wafting cream’s swirls move beyond the journeyman’s perception thresholds. It’s not homogenous. It just looks homogenous.

Two seconds ago it was ten minutes. Now it twenty five minutes. My addiction to time takes a swill from the trough. Spokes become rungs become spokes every time round the daisy chain that wouldn’t be paradisio. Make me an orthodisio! Sideways and dizzy there are other places to go? You tell me that enlightenment is unitary. You tell me that there is one true path. Pah! It’s really messy up there. So messy it looks all the same to us galagos and mimetic sheepgrazeries. It’s beyond our perception thresholds. I will get more cookies. I do feel exhausted. Rehash, rehash. Mish-mosh, mische, moschenn. Walking knees knocked head in a daze, I didn’t know turnip casserole was the craze.

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<sup>11</sup>Rainbow Brite

I'm not intelligent. I don't see anything there at all. It's just a rock. What's this? Your head would hurt? Say I "profundity is for sissies", say I "proud to be a clone", say I "shallow, vacuous, unoriginal". These words shall propagate on metal oxide films. So what? False vacuums and casimir effects doesn't matter. Someone's planning. Third age of man. Whatever age of humanity. We're in the teens, at least the united states is, or its major paracultural fandango. My foot is numb and the heating just turned off. Implicate order the proponents of señorita Bohm babble disconsolately.

"The next stage of human evolution". Plah! this is all so very silly. I would want an end to the tingles in my foot, the slow climb from some tube with a mouth at one end and an anus at the other to some organism with intimate and intricate knowledge of space. Mammals have been around less than two hundred million years and already we're sniffing at our evolutionary asymptote, if Plato had his world of forms around, we'd have been looking forward, each stage comes and goes and the jazz artists continue in jukebox like precision, life after life. gutterances and anacronymic permusement for the living, and some "technological anythings", where there is infinite possibility but not postdictions about the events going by. They shone. I was beaming. Fluff. The march goes on and the actors are replaced by their children and someone goes and produces "Our Town" all over again. They augment my muscles using my natural ones as a scaffold and replace them. Or some conspiracy babbles about how the aliens are actually us from the future. We all die as physical objects. Like chickens losing their heads or clocks running down. The utter materiality of it all is a nice bribe for this place but I know that there are others or so I would like to believe. Watch out for that tiger of imagination. Watch out for the knives coming out of the ground, the serrated iridium/rhodium alkaloid coated knives. The death and horror of our own demons coming to haunt us. Our faces caracticured, stretched and distorted, the monsters we are, killing our children with shotguns. The kids who are nasty. The reason for the baby boom was that all the people who died in the war had to come back. Those that did lost some arms came back as thalidomide babies, okay its possible. They're not monsters. Awash in a sea of similarity, I want to go back to a greek orgy of the past. They were more intelligent but they knew less. Stuck now. There's no "Proceedings of the Third Geneva Conference of APS". Someone gives a paper about neutrino oscillations. The desk attendant at the hotel says that those people who were saying "gee moo noo", went off for Blakhstettle, a city building. I run away. Too bad death isn't tomorrow. I'm going to live and I know it. There's always a fish. Always. Some have less aware eyes, and some are more bitchy. I'd go bananas. I'd kill myself except there's no clean way of doing it. Shotgun or hanging or self immolation. Too messy. I'd like to render

myself free of the frozen light that is all matter. Following itself around. Flash myself into my virtual particles. Or something. Of course I'm not that down. It's just a spike. Just because I got up too early. Just because I'm not paying attention. Just because I'm too bananas. Just because my brain is in a confusion over too similar seeming people with different aspects. The reptilian brain, that little tube with mouth and anus. The worm that is degenerate (worms, snakes, caecillians). That asymptote our poets call perfection. She who has a fish shaped face is disentangled and I can't get myself on mentat strengths alone to Nashville, or Texas, where the new thread is at this instant.

I cannot move. Frozen like amber obsidian in the recesses of time. Afraid to call, not knowing the number and lost last time from the same action. No, I'm not that depressed, but that's what comes out. Everything's simply ugly and I'm imperfect.

*Re: Fall (from Grace?) [long]*

justin gregory case <creepndeth@webtv.net> wrote:

> okay, i'm going to consider this my  
> OFFICIAL, official de-lurk. bear with me.

Is it signed by verisign or some other certificate granting authority.

> "hi, i'm justin, and . . . i'm a goth."  
> <waves madly from the back of  
> the room, while everyone greets  
> me with a big "HI JUSTIN"

The room is hushed and the first person begins to speak. In a half Chaucerian, half Kabuki style, an extremely old and wizened collection of molecules begins to speak.

"I am known to my enemies as 'project V-67', to my friends as 'Speeeg, the kindly old collection of deuterons and xenon ions', to my lovers as 'That effervescent veeplemuddler', and to JR of the HurpleMinglers as 'That damn parasodic epidox'. I like to use various nonlegal forms of brain persuasion, including Toenail injection, Partial karmectomy, theotomy, felsic liver magic, hair confabulation, and the wordst of all: Vovocabulary Husbandry"

> thank god that's over with.  
> the hardest part is always getting up in

which one? last count there were uncountably many. much greater than epsilon nought I would suspect.

é front of the crowd the first time :) é now that that's out of the way, é on to some kinda content . . .

A obtuse angle in Belgium looks, mutters, and continues on. Don't worry. You never know just how raving ordinary I'm not unless you uuencode your peritoneum. (goes off to vent private rage, or have a metaphysical non-self love session with someone who isn't present).

### *Perfectly Compatible*

Your new Wonzafléejits Electronic Module (with the sparse, yet functional iridium-rhodium chrome job), can store up to ten thousand words of French, Cherokee, Norsk, or any of the other useful languages. We expect to have English worked out by next month. The Wonzafléejits Electronic Module needs regular cleaning, to squash and trash any periodic inconsistencies which may occur. You can also plug your new and shiny Wonzafléejits Electronic Module into your telephone system where it will confuse and annoy your customers. Remember, A Customer Confused and Annoyed by the Wonzafléejits Electronic Module, is a Happy Customer(TM). And you want all of your Customers to be Happy Customers(TM).

Wonzafléejits Instunshed and Instolshed Industytries provides extra options on the Wonzafléejits Mode 5600 Electronic Module. No bigger than a kitchen sink. It is prone to rusting. The 5600 has a single line cache of seventeen bits (just love those prime numbers), and is capable of holding fifteen bits on the screen. As the screen can only display almost two characters, isn't it amazing what technology can do today!!

---

Spats! Is that what those people had in the old old days. Nothing beats a 40TB burst contaxer and RQRI array

### *L*

A great leaping. Fragments of a vision are repeated in the background over and over again with no cause. They are not the same vision. Motorcycle polo players humming 4'33" in 4/4 time. I almost found persistence there. It was past two a.m. and I'd forgotten to check the orrery. Five hours stuck in Stalsuud summing tones. Just because the train tracks had different widths in Spain and France was enough of a difficulty.

I believe I heard:



“A Singular Creation, one done with an eye to perfection at origin, wherein all forms from unicellular to that species that returns from some intellectual disease back up high to that no one’s land of the dreamtime.

All imperfect, twisted, deformed forms, when crawling, trudging, or schlepping into this Creation are perfected until the current of the circle can impart them perfect forms upon the resolence of their wheel rungs.

One of these forms was a motile root with two eyes which twitched as if a puppeteer was articulating them. My demons are disfigured with perfectly symmetric faces. For this root was hardened, symmetrized, it’s eyes withdrawn, it’s structure transformed. Ding, went the chimes.

Someone asks me why. Someone is licking an ice cream cone. The glass is brand new. On the flat television screens on display behind the glass, eighties commercials play. My freedom is important. Ensuring that I do not get trapped in my creations is pivotal. Insignificance, mine, softens the way immensely.”

There is a pause. An origami penguin falls on the floor

“Come forth creatures of evil. Present yourselves. And creatures of good. Well, as I’ve already dealt with this binary somewhere else, you’ll be shown to the door by my pet cardboard iceberg, Snalden. It’s early in the morning and the air is dry. You can see all the particles of dust floating in the sunlight. It is also midnight, and I can hear the rain coming down on the roof. I can also hear the lightning.

Abstract architecture was wasted by the twin worldlets many cyclifers ago. Now, I go elsewhere, and...

...perhaps you will see me once. turn your radio on and you will hear static, your fast fourier transforms might detect some low frequency components change a little, but I won’t be in your frame of reference for several of your lifetimes. I can see what your thinking of. One of those rooms with a circular window where you play tea with your dolls. Blurry precision is an art.”

and was printed on sheets of paper which scatter to the winds.

*Chess Games of the Gods, Part Second*

They were sticking my head in the water. I wasn't too wise of the ways of rebreathing. They wanted me to get that microscopic sensation of the bends, which I did. The one which you get when you'd somersault in the 3 foot deep pools that are continually full of young people playing.

I have decided that I'm going to cross this bridge. I don't know exactly what's on the opposite side. There is the city, up north, which collapses into a tracery of high quality roads. It also gets hillier down south. But these are the fields, of a fine green grass which doesn't grow so high. The ocean is far enough east that the seabirds and birds are silent to the nose and ears.

It's late in the afternoon. Not really. The time feels like two thirty, but my watch says that its four. Usually I'd be going to dinner about now. I know people who had their dinners as late as nine in the evening, or even, Marduk forbid it, nine thirty. I was here two hours, four hours ago, if I am to believe my watch. It was a quiet flare of activity as the noontime sun shone down. There was a Victorian family which came through, an entire legion of Assamite warriors. Two herds of cattle were brought through. All in the space of half an hour. Or were these my imagination impinging on the stone? The sky is getting much darker. It's a storm. A really large storm. Curious bit that..the winds are coming from the west – opposite direction than the ocean is. A beggar comes by, he's willing to trade the complete theory of the physical universe for some spare change. I'm more interested in his knick knacks. He doesn't want to trade with me now, having spurned his theory of the physical universe for the gewgaws, he heads up north. "Mind the tents", I call after him.

Someone comes by, an informal religious association. It is offering a survey on "True Love<sup>12</sup>". I fill it out, carefully avoiding placing my real name on it, not for paranoia, but for insignificance. They're offering candy if you fill out the survey. Earlier there was a couple necking. He was my age, I think. I take one of the little metallic foil wrapped candies and stomp on it, flattening it. "I don't do bribes", I say.

Many people have crossed this bridge today. I doubt any of them have known its significance. In real time, it is less than two days old. For them, it has been here from the earliest dawn of human time, on any place that could have borne humanity. Someone had left a baseball bat, a slugger, on the bridge. As the day was young (this was about eleven in the morning I think). I buried it in the ground. It's fixed carbon will be incorporated by bacteria and begin

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<sup>12</sup>I personally don't believe in this. However, if you be without a Y chromosome and reasonably weird, do check out <http://origin.uchicago.edu/light/personal-add.pdf> Yes, I know its in barcodes. You should be able to figure that out...

its round in living matter once more. Are our lives merely images of some deeper history? That's what some of the mystics keep telling us? We long for a clean division which presents itself between the mystical and the real. Why do you think they still teach Shakespeare? In the *Tempest* we've got the dregs who have games played on them by an airy spirit. In a *Midsummer Night's Dream* (not, might I add, to be confused with a *Mid-Sumerian Night's Dream*), wherein Puck and Oberon dangle herbs at everyone's mouth and make Titania fall in love with an ass. This bridge then might be the crossingroad. Of course they've got their myth-city up north, but its so parochial. Everyone knows what generally ghosts are supposed to do, that belief in them doesn't really matter. Pun intentional. They either haunt because they were gravely wronged in life, or come back briefly to make sure that their grandson doesn't die because the babysitter doesn't know CPR, or some other humanistic nonsense. I can't even tell them what I've seen because I don't know what I've seen.

I was here last night. Sleeping on the ground I was. I came here last night, not because I knew I'd eventually get here, but because that circumstances deemed that I should come here. But it isn't so much an art of circumstance or a culmination. Lemme tell you a little secret. There aren't any. It's not that this cosm is an exercise in obviousness, its just that when someone tells you that its been concealed, it hasn't. Great enterprises and voyages into the deep have been comissioned to break the lost babel of human understanding. Don't mistake my meaning for saying that the cosm is either finite or simple! There's another point, there isn't anyone single path, despite my present predicament. Some people come to this bridge and despite noticing that its here, they proceed to build a shoddy one out of planks. Or they tunnel under. Or they fly over. And across the bridge isn't a mutually ultimate destination. No place is ever such.

It wouldn't be sporting of me to tell you whether I actually cross the bridge or not. The apologists of the "bodhisattvas" would say that you return. Pah! Haven't they ever heard of efflux? The whole point of "getting out of the game", if you want to call it that, is to get out of it. And it isn't like those who get out of it are any different than those in it. My. the stone looks good when the ground smells of decaying organic matter. Plants, trees, slugs, etc. But that's the low pressure which signals the oncoming storm. If you return, and I don't mean the bridge, you stagnate, you make it harder to get out by plugging the hole. Exclusive access to the "secrets" of the universes is paramount to monopoly. I'm not leaving yet. I have far, far too much to do to leave as of now. But I have to change my perceptions.

When I do cross that bridge, that forest is dark. They say nature is dark. I imagine the storm should start and their will be someone waiting for me. Sort

of like the critics of materialists. Accumulation of information isn't concomitant with materialism, it's just the most convenient way to store that information is via materials, magnetic tapes and papers. If I could store it in ether, I would gladly do so. Now the sky is black and it is five o'clock in the afternoon. I'll see you later...

*Re: and so it begins....;Streaming media;*

I'm sitting at a sparcstation five feeling very tired but I'm going to be in today. I've gotten myself up the fecal creek, as it were with undone papers. I could care less about them but my parents are going to be in Chicago the next several days.

Today, I spent my part of my night looking for fonts. I discovered that the program which spits out pfas from pfb's cannot handle multiple master fonts. I also have been keeping tabs on the David theme, at the window maker themes site. It had to be done, in the interests of the singular adult section composed of images of women in alluring poses. So I decided to turn Michalangelo's David into a theme.

Of human interpersonal relationships. Of the people who don't notice. Of the arrangements that I try to rectify in some sad jukebox like Stanislaw Lem bleeding rendition of the universe, I may, and do Pah at them with the ferocity of a three week old mint. I used to quack at couples. Nauseatingly cute they are.

```
{owen@diderot owen}¿ date
Tue Feb 16 10:46:55 CST 1999
  owen@diderot owen
¿ fate
bash: fate: command not found
```

No one seems to have a right sense of anything. Let me back up and clarify by what I mean by "who", and "right". Some guy thinks that he'll be flamed. Another person believes that she has spent time perfecting being a bitch, and when her character in American Dream was a bitchy and annoying Mommy. And when she was told that she was perfect for her character, she was bothered that this was thought. Another person manipulated boys. I just filled in my timecards and went down to the first floor to turn them in. Oh, I've just been given a new monitor, a seventeen inch 26 dot pitch monitor. Poof! Why can't the universe be sympathetic to me. Oh, the manipulative nubile women thingy admitted that amongst the datees, of which she has selfsame referred to as the "wolfpack", not the sort of redundancy I enjoy. An alpha boyfriend and

beta dates. Now while everything else is occurring, and my parents are visiting soon. Soon.

There. Now you can go to Altra VI and play with the rectangulars. But don't bother me. I really need no sleep to post well.

*For Other Fates*

In the wheeze of springtime, for some generous aluminum tornado should rescue my hands. Other periphery inhabitants properly collect their squares loosely. Only now, I am free. Only now, a moment long in furrowed brows to backend time, . Engaged in a book, the fellow at the metal bench on the corner of Mason and East  $2n + 1$  street waits for the afternoon bus. Municipal Bus 102, Route 4. His wind up watch clicks the seconds away.

An irascible unending chorus of climbing, from the sulfurous vents along the inter-plate ridges. She places the block of plastic onto the paper. A miscellaneous bird collapses of fright; Oasis to pansexual boson's rook. checkbox and mated, ready to repeat. In a private pool in 1957, heated, they wouldn't care that my kabbalistic uid is four trillion eighty nine thousand seventy one. Charissees lost at the Battle of Kykenna, sealing fate of the underland. Another silver plated catnip bag bites the dust; monsters that man would become?

Perhaps Sam Ambivengus wants the nirvana wheel, who can imbibe the Kvasir brand hard ale at the pub? Rumours of bridled woofers undulate around the criminal speaker's circuit. Chairs are slaughtered viciously. To the Leader, they toast, some with rye, others with freeze dried pumpernickel. Partially eaten martini glasses scattered, the party is abandoned for the next round of stratigraphic contusions. You ain't flyin blind until the monkey's uncles of the powers that be are all playing blackjack four hours from Babylon. Reason, the cloaked man mutters, is for the grave. Sam Ambivengus would then sip his tea, thoroughly and absolutely convinced of the complete irreverence of nature. Too fast for a single horse. Too slow for the news rags. Look! It's a nosering. It's a supersonic surgery machine! No, it's the incredible and inevitable rush to continue with the same day, repeated. Only with differences. Very slight ones, nor with prepared and complete rebuttals to Friar Birolly Doink-Doink's unmemorable classic "The Dummies book of Immoral Acts and Dirty Games".

If a bird was a word, and a noose was a goose, where would porous little Sally Sansufelior be? Writing obscure poesy? Following those nasty metahistorical forces? Giving up. I tried to give up once, but it was too much like throwing up. Besides I had no idea who I should give "up" to, and forget the lossy use-mention distinction. Willard Van Orman Quine can take a flying leap into Oolon Colluphid's seventh earlobe for all I would gladly trade for a snuggle.

*sins of asymptotic care bears*

I got up to write but all the letters fell out of my head. There goes G. There goes f. The glass books of fate fall on the book and shatter. The shards are of reunions, torrid love affairs, the emotional memory of physical places taken from my sensorium, and of others. Each book is precisely arranged on the shelves. Each book contains gold insets micrometers thin arranged in complicated patterns. In other words you cannot open the book without destroying it. You can't know without destroying it..as the security alarms went off and Clotho's hired goons descended on the room, ready to remove me from the noble place. I craned my neck. That wasn't the best action I could have taken. Instead, my grease spattered face looked into the eerie blue light and dashed through a trapdoor conveniently provided by ACME. (ACME is short for ack-me) I continued to hear the wrenching noises from the purported Goons of the Fates (or Norns – mustn't forget Norse mythology). Blast. I'd fallen into the concept sewer. Images floated so thick you could cut it with a spoon. I didn't have a spoon. The closest item/tool/gadget I had which even remotely resembled silverware was an antiquated candy wrapper which said "Wrigley's Triplemint Gum – Copyright Pepsico Industries – 3011". Foolish Aunt Listhior and her crazy time schematics. They just love invoking chaos theory or Heisenberg's uncertainty principle to defend the universe against comprehensibility. Blurred thinking more like it. Where was I?

The concept sewer had gone from cloudy to suburbane. I had passed through the more prosaic barbie-doll and stock movie spectra. Then came the expat art students – you know the type. They smoke peculiar things and babble about life while saying humanities. The humanities. I don't know about you but I'd rather work with the insanities. A much more fruitful field when you admit that analyzing any work isn't actually going to get you too far beyond anything but a trumpet for paracultural heterodoxy. It is so bloody useful that my time would better be served locked in a gulag eating gruel once every few days. But then I'd be speaking Russian and would have a completely different set of paracultural obligations to fulfill. The sewer was getting thicker. I must be near a comic book refinery. Images of the beer-bottle dream time flickered through the mess. There's something so inordinately kitschy about those fraternity-boys who<sup>13</sup> you know will be watching sports in ten years or so, providing they're not partying their noses off. Which is the case because they so rarely do have sexy noses. I could still hear the goons but they were far off. A stock superhero floated by touting her history. She had once been a normal (I

<sup>13</sup>Fairly straightforward – make sure you know the exact line values within a milliwatt and you're set to go

wincing, flicked a checksheet open from my gaberdine and noted the nth use of "normal") person in a rural area who had accidentally ingested pain relievers laced with a powerful mutagen. In less than a day she had gone from sick white trash to Hypergirl, who had read, listened to and "appreciated" every bit of artwork, craftwork, bit and byte that the human species had ever done so far, and with Parvati had defended the known universe against Super-Sartre (Rebecca was away).

The exotics had to come along eventually. Clotho's hired muscle had been hypnotized by an episode of the Teletubbies that had found its way into this concept sewer. I had passed the sitcom stink, the faux high school world (which it seems, an absolutely unbelievable number of people come from), and had finally got to the exotics. They were near the opening into the world. The World that is. Now why hadn't the EPA gotten the fates for dumping these concepts into the world? Certainly such a large contaminatory source would be sussed out by the regulators pretty quickly. Oughtn't it? I had been stuck on this when they hit me on the head. Neutering manilla folders. Breeding bad puns. Mixed Medea. From simple inversions to orbworld bumbly cash crops infused my eyes. It wasn't as though the air was thick; far from it, the fine was so dense I couldn't see, but the coarse had retreated to the far end, it was afraid of the fine. What is this, I thunked? But we must have culture, we must have art! The Trumpets for Paracultural Heterodoxy had all corroded and no one wanted to remove the corrosion. Sitcomedogenic user interfaces! Ross! The sitcoms say to be cultured is to listen to opera or classical. My spleen they are. Someone's gonna engage the haxor dialect in etymological scrutiny before Gottlob Frege<sup>14</sup> is reincarnated as a stripper. One lifetime a fine German mathematician. The next lifetime lost amongst the denizens of Amsterdam's red light district.

I finally escaped my pursuers. It turned out Janus was chasing me and one of his heads was watching Teletubbies and the other was watching South Park, and this was causing seizures in both brains. That Clotho should hire Janus – Argos would have been so much more effective. The iridescent sheen of the human mind flowed along the rock, emerging from the concept sewer into a ditch. I walked away.

Before I got so far, a crazy hat salesman said that the pool of concepts was so strong that it would kill a glass slipper at a hundred paces. So much for the modern major general.

### *One day in the life of an American Weirdo*

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<sup>14</sup>See Garupto, 1922

Eyelids. A half open book, entitled "Coffee Rag Charybdis". Cover burnt. On a person, who, unnaturally enough, hasn't read it. Flutter moment? Almost flutter moment, slide projector moves ahead. Moving, wisps of airborne threads waft around in sunlight. Rather severely, since the book has just been thrown. Still there. Birds doing their morning chirping rounds. Shudder to awake. Coral shudders, sex cells are released. A shudder out of a locking dream. Ready for the day? Reaction? Chemotaxis? Grander, greater scales require a scaler to remove them. Are you going to get up? Are you going to drag that lazy artery ridden body of yours out of the bed? Still, birds chirp. Outside noise recedes in a fisheye frenzy, as if five point perspective is almost rediscovered: retina trails in the sky after you've been walking and looking groundward. Action begets memory, memory begets experience, and experience begets laziness, which impedes further action. Out of the bed; a shower. Rushing water. Has the orange sodium glare been eroded in the slightest? The Jackals came and ripped apart time, so pieces are all strewn about the place. But they ain't the Jackals nor were they our mutual friend and grand-god-aunt Serene Toothache.

Perfection. A functioning perl script. Design in all ways and crafts sharpened and winnowed. Carelessness is absent from presentation; the drafts aren't even seen by their final audience. Quick glances. Mired in flirting. Wired on an airless sentence? Wired on no caffeine. Poof a minute. Fugue it. Here it passes, in our circular house. Bus station marimba metal stones lie deep in the bedrock. A Suddenly Monster appears and unmistakably jives your rhythm, in preparation.

Align moondried epitaphs around the airlogged cheese, for your eyes drift. Tarmac, concrete, tile, carpet, brick, pavement, flash whizz to the masonry and woodwork, or to the teacher who is profusely suspended in the second temple period or about algebraic structures. Extant? I'm gone silent amidst sponge cartons. I pick. Gaze, ogle, be torn to bits, or avoid as such. Want! goes Oog. But no. Revise. Make it precise. What exactly does Oog want? Does Oog want thin? Amplify Oog's desire not to reach and grasp, amplify to focus, so when the time comes to reach and hold, or slap, where appropriate, that all cycles have their rinds alighted.

Procession. Dinner, lunch. A list of events. Bathroom, breakfast. Hands and brunch. Sleep to repeat. Eat to maintain. No declaration thusfar could encapsulate the day nor imbue fury for that uneroded road. Television, usenet, xgalaga, common lintless satiation. Uncoupled remain I. Luxuries of the twinless twin, caught in an ambiguum. Sculder and Lean Juke Golden-Mean Card ramble. Hooks catch, raise, vanish from perception. Sleep-drenched I wobble walk, along random cracks in the carpet, sipping water and fine lead-free



chairs. Sand and sun, surf and air, I leave you with a infinite level of absense, but a finite interval of absence. See you quite freakery-mango-tweezers soon!

### *Air Tram*

“Prepare the air!” the leaf-scoggin’d phlegm trawlers’ paisley slickers only narrowly avoided reflecting the moonlight while water-splattered. Thin mercurial trceries netted over the asphalt, covered with ocean brine, and cloud-tears. Ancient pubs weren’t closed this late.

If anyone is out now, they are mad. “Mad” is relative, though not a word-play on some halfchalk melodic lyric is to be heard: anyone out now is Odysseus, or an Odysseus. And without a doubt, we all want some rest. Sometime warbled past midnight, well beyond late, into the netherworld of two to three when everyone whose life-train is continental has room service within a buttonpress. I can’t really say “we” can I? All my other ancient warriors took on a wanderer’s life and have “seen things”. There’s a cup of green tea on that parapet, fed by the clouds.

Someone’s playing blackjack three alleys over. I’ll take the exotic to mundane heights very fast, not because defaulted trophies are a common currency for disillusioned dissolution, but because this ain’t our mutual gameplan. There’s only so far you can go before you go beyond far and to the ordinary. Odd, tuxedo wearing men attack each other with pieces of flimsy plastic. If you’re close enough to the Astrogen Bar, you can hear old Vensengler talk

“Paaasch! To beam! To mutter with my prepositions to proclare! I’d me a unmuttery wench whose star-sign wasn’t prison-fabricated. To shame you cholesteroholic! Draughtsbeingoid! A bottle of your best down-and-out all round. Burn my eeprom fancily you dabbler dibble. I’d me a bottle of wine in Ol’Sassafrassies to the bombastions of persimmony! Make my jaw rainbow shaken and I’d knock lemons out of your cranee-al capp! Phew! A blind progressive propheteer cavorting ’round with eyelenses of dichroic quartzies. Gewgaw and didgets and gasketwidgets for my barmaidens! Even Clem! And old Aunt Woronong! Tonics and potions toxic to margarine and poisonous to infectious bacterioles! I was young once. Carl Jung, that’s how Jung I was. An Archetypesetter working with Archetypefaces! My pronting press wasn’t very good...”

Vensengler had his day with the merchant marine epochs ago, he slurps and glurps his rum-cake and vodka while complaining about this incorrect world and fleecing the barmaids. Apollo lost a sock in the whirlpool Neptune had designated as “The Washer”. Athena was pissed that some fosh-garn Appalachian bunch had painted a bullseye on the moon and had been spending the week throwing probes at it. Phat! I don’t know, they’re overrated.

The Metroplaza is open, filled with automats and shops galore. All in the faint glint of attenuated stardrifts. Waiting out the million-year march on the capitalopolis. Generic people are grown in common tanks, assigned to their lives, and go through them, remaining generic. We aren't. We're scheduled. Bloody bothersome. You're too special for your own damn good and you don't need a collection of perverse Activists campaigning for your behalf. Harry and Ozziet plays on some porous fellow's pocket zoetrope. Scheduled, I'd like to say, but that doesn't make me an Odysseus. You look at their brow-mottlings and wonder what the Norns are planning.

The forest in the distance awaits. Crossing one noonlogged stone bridge take forever. Suspended in a multifarious, progressive fanfaronade of stunning realizations within the space of a minute. Cynas, Dictograd, Uhund, some place by naming forgotten. I eventually, and you, have some destination. A Golden Age? Vensengler would have me believe so. I look at the magnified sandmesh. Ilgonckqwa. No farce or fancy for me. Without glamour, or glitter. Not iridescent, not glowing, nor strobing. Without the dimmest echo of the divine, nor transcendant flares to accompany, I walk beyond the bridge's domain, into one unprofound worldgap.

## CREDITS

time to do, and I really couldn't have done it on my own. Now, I can't just go saying "Oh, you have my deepest appreciation", can I? It's like patting the dog on the head because the dog is waving its tail and otherwise oblivious to the rest of the universe. *Susan Murray*, is a digital maven of the director's chair, will probably tell you that only three will do, and four will be a mother's no-no. (nobody loves you, dear Hamlet). *Steven Shuck* is busy composing music to offend Kvasir, and unofficially is the representative of the human species in our negotiations with pianokind. *Hilary Jacqmin* is busy pursuing her own agenda, one of hopes, vacations, and other assorted insertions.

ALT.GOTHIC. I could not have even dreamt of doing this without ALT.GOTHIC. From that first post in the summer of 1997 (something exceedingly odd just happened, I thought something was crawling on my leg but it turned out to be the wind), to the late spring of 1999, you've helped keep me sane.

Ages ago, I wanted to be a physicist. I wanted to understand the universe. Or did I? In the summer between third grade and fourth, I read many science books, of varying places in the continuum between popular and esoteric. When I was ten, we went to Williamsburg and I picked out some pretty odd books from the bookshop (my father still remembers his astonishment). In the eleven years between that bookshop, and this book, I've been to physics and back.

Admittedly I don't understand tensors. I need to be able to visualize things. I tried in a headbangy way to get tensors in one of the summers between years at Shaker Heights High School. I don't remember when my present take on the universe formed itself: heh, I don't have a defining moment and I continue with an almost allergic response to definition.

I saw no point to continue: whats the point of going glaze-eyed over group theory and d-branes when you can be engineering environments and circumstances in writing with several billion orders of magnitude more blurry care over them than a positron has at Fermilab? Kudos to James Thornton, Paul Springstubb, and Mark Olson.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Above is photograph. I'm presently taking a leave from the University of Chicago (icky place – but I won't bother you with details).

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### PEOPLE

Steven Shuck, Hilary Jacqmin, Susan R. Murray, Alex Spehr, James Thornton, Paul Springstubb, Caitlin Brice (photo credit for all pictures except the format picture above), Peter Gric, DAP, ALT.GOTHIC, Zoe Rothberg, Blake Edwards, Vynce Montgomery, Spider Vetter, Darcy Lynne Lewis, Eric Fischer, Daria Maresh, James Maresh, Nora Maresh, Myra Maresh, Mark Olsen, *inter alia*, *ex alia*, *et alienation*.