

## **Scat Sweet Scat**

# **Prologue**

## Prologue: *Who is Its Father?*

### *Genesis 1.28*

*And God gave them his blessing and said to them, Be fertile and have increase, and make the earth full and be masters of it; be rulers over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the heavens, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.*

Frank Kafkanstein—bamboo bones, green bean arms, corn kernel cranium, turnip torso, rigatoni feet, an awful site (sight?) shaking in the shower, depresses the lever on the Hamilton Beach toaster ‘cause his dicky be RockHard. He reaches his Ivory-free hand outta the curtain and shoves that Seven Grain back in the ring. Go and git ‘em, champ. Daddy be busy. His penis ain’t stretched its neck, pitched its pickle-y point 110° since *wife* gave him the checkyalata. Nor has the Hamilton Beach gone two rounds back to back since *wife* left the loser. Sexual arousal + burnt toast = *wife* memory. Therefore lightly-toasted Pepperidge Farms and no sex (solo or otherwise) make lanky Frankie forget.

### **Rewind**

After *wife* left for warmer weather, he relocated into his current room. Neither a lodger nor lessee, Frank owns this room. In Chupadero, 20 clicks NE of Santa Fe.

### **Frank’s Place**

Frank's house is a room. His room is a prefab(ulous) house. On the Southside he's got a greezy GE cooker beggin' to boast its original skin if Frank could find the 409. *À côté du frigo*, standard cream-colored Hotpoint to keep the Arm and Hammer Company company. Right off the fridge, the tail end of a Brand-less bathtub butts in and runs along the (wailing?) Western wall. Tub serves as sinks and such but where the duce does he drop the deuces? You got me (probably digs some desert). Still on the Westside, headin' north, beyond the faucet, showerhead, there's a counter, Formica. Top of the counter (to ya), on the countertop, is the aforementioned Hamilton Beach twin vertical toaster. Above it, paintless plywood cabinets, housing Frank's famous collection...of musty air, if you must know (some like to keep their collections quiet). Swinging over to the North End (ayyyyyy, why can I-a getta good pasta fagioli here?) we find he's got a uric-yellow twin bed (tag legally removed, the make's unclear though the faggy floral pattern suggests Sealy), and a small Salvation Army end table (pressboard, faux polyurethaned pine, candlepin legs...) with a Wesclox, looks like Mickey with them two bells, alarm clock. So we pan East where Frank keeps a vintage 'Bang Zoom' kitchen table, *uno* rogue plastic deck chair, some unopened mail, and boxes stacked on boxes of stuff in boxes.

### **Frank's Routine (Beyond the Past and into the Present Situation)**

He slinks outta bed at 9 (as per daily ritual) and pulls the pin on the back of the Wesclox to stop its raucous rattlin'. He then grabs his robe, slumping on a drywall screw circa his head. He mopes over to the shower, fires it up, removes his ratty robe and hangs

it on yet another conveniently placed drywall drilled into the side of the plywood cabinet. Toast time. Two slices, into the two slots, medium brown, and down with the lever.

Frank now *tengo-es* amount of time the Hamilton Beach takes to toast the toast, to scrub his scrawny skin. How to deal with monotonous loneliness? Re-pet-it-ion. Repetition and ridiculous rituals that reduce the remembrances of an irreverent but bountifully bosomed wife. Never a problem, fast Frankie consistently finishes the feat with finesse.

### **But *Not* Today**

Oh no. Slim slips one foot into the showertubsinkshitpot, eyes the biggest, the most crispy, the most crusty cockroach ever to set foot on Suckertown soil. Toast-timer is tickin' and Frank's trailin' by ten ticks. Don't panic, my good boy, just wash it away. It'll be fine. It'll live (he's a pacifist, you know - now). Frank, just do it. "Okay." So he flanks the water and the big-bug drowns down the drainpipe. *Au revoir, cucaracha*. Now he's behind the line, racin' against appliancetime. Foam the feet! Lather the legs! Quick, *schnell, schnell*. Go Ivory, Go! Bathe the buttocks, oh but not to swift on the Cock-n-Balls, oh no, you know why? Yes! "Oh god, oh that feels gooooood." Slow down Kafkanstein! You're bound to get...  
...stiff.

His also (all so) lonely cat leaps onto the counter to inspect the smoke from toast being toasted twice. Whole wheat *asado*. Who can blame the cat's curiosity (Who's been curiously knocked up by some neighborhoodlum howlin' for her leaky muff so she's gestatin' a little litter). Yeah dummy, you ain't smelled that shit since mama split. Bendin' your ears backwards givin' us the 'huh'. Daddy don't cook toast twice no more.

He's one-ding Frankie now. So what's goin' on here, why's papabear now doin' two-time toast?

Rub-a-dub-dub, Frank's scrubbin' his nub, all soapy and possessed (picture a cat bein' held by the scruff). Frank-in-spankin' toast-a-toastin' twice and puss-in-boots on the scene scrutinizin' the smell. Don't get too close pussycot, that shit's hot.

### **Frank Feels It Comin'**

Quickly he squats and fires directly down the drainpipe (wouldn't wanna waste any *more* time cleaning cum clumps outta toe, shin and thigh hair). Get it all down there. Sounds the requisite sigh (oh, yes, little-Frankie Jr., it's been a loooong time) and returns his spine erect. *Ding!* Toast. The carbon smoke kindly mingling with the shower steam. "Crap," cries kitty-shitty, who's never been this close to the toast before, "the hell was that? Gettin' outta here." Sure, but not without knocking over the electric toaster into the tub (which is extension corded from an outlet 'cross the room/house/room) where post-solo-job-coital Frank is contemplating life as a *masturbateur rené*. Kick it into the shower, meower. The electrifying Buck-Ten, (generated at a frequency of 60Hz) is quite the socialite.

"Hello water, nice to meet ya. Aluminum Bed Bath & Beyond (Nasdaq: BBBY) curtain rod, howdy. Hey Frank, how are ya? Geez, Frank you are *conducive*. I heard rumors but...wow. I *like* you. And the lovely Waterpik showerhead and fine Delta faucet, I'm a Current, yes, live and alternating and very impressed with such expensive gear for your Chupaderan chumpshack. Geez Frank, you know how to live...well, you knew how to live..."

“Dun’t ferget me,” cries the drainpipe (typical hardware store variety judging by his diction).

“Oh so sorry, ooooooh, you’re kinda metallic, eh. I’ll be right down.”

Frank is cooked. To a Golden Graham crisp. The toast is all soggy and the electricity is mixing amongst the shower crowd like a degenerate Hungarian Gellért soaker (dirty, dirty men). Something goes *pop*, but preggio’s not around to knock nuthin’ over; she’s cowerin’ underneath the bed. Probably the breakers ‘cause the power’s down and Frank’s charred carcass stopped doin’ the Lindy Hop.

Frank’s smoldering skin-in-skeleton flops to the floor, *plunk*, takin’ the nylon curtain with it. His left fingers, overcooked steak fries still grip his who’s-gonna-eat-this-last-hotdog?-Gross-Dad-it’s-burnt dick. *Que asco!* What a show, and whattaya know, someone’s, Something is alive down there. Down inside the dives of the plumbing, Something’s coming. La cucaracha, plastered in a pearly paste of s-pooage and hot water, creeps from the drainpipe. The Buck-Ten (60Hz) is chattin’ up the brown bug, enveloping it with its electrifying personality.

“So whattaya wanna be when you grow up?” asks the electricity as it does its zappity zappin’.

The roach don’t say a word. It feels the intensity of the isolation and is frightened. Where will it get food, now that Frank is gone? How will it survive?

The Southwestern sun shows its sandy eyes through the early morning eastern Anderson windows. A terrified, tubby tabby shudders beneath the bed. The burnt body of what was F. Kafkanstein smokes quietly on his tiny room’s floor, partially cloaked in a plastic shawl.

## **1 Young Kafka**



## ***What the Hell is It?***

### ***Exodus 21.16***

*Kidnappers must be killed, whether they are caught in possession of their victims or have already sold them as slaves.*

### **Two Months Later**

All bullshit here in Santa Fe (a recent migration of homos has some hardliners hatefully dubbing it ‘Santa Gay’ but that only excites the boys and when Christmas comes along, watch out for ‘Jolly Old Saint Dick’. The kids are annually confused yet curious). Port Washington is where all of the big shit goes down. Port Washington, New Yawk. What does that mean to him? It means Headquarters. The Bigwigs. The Brass. The ghost of Ed. But in Santa Fe, Peter Peterson sifts through the wash of letters that crash in around the second week in February. Sure, the envelope *you* pop in the bluebox boasts, 101 Winners Circle, Port Washington, NY 11053-4016 (please post prior to January 31) but that’s just a front, man. Think security. Some malevolent, some no-do-gooder-Long-Island louse gets their hands on the count, and the whole contest is contested. Publisher’s Clearing House knows rerouting mail is the only course to honestly fixing contests.

Easy Pete puts all the envelopes with the green sticker in the plastic window in one pile (3+ mags), and put the rest in another. The pro-cess takes about four months (some smart folks think by sendin’ their entries in as early as October that they’ve a better chance in cashin’ in. Facking idiots), but PCH pays him for a full eight (a new policy announced after that fat slob McMahon stopped drainin’ them of 7 million a year).

### **How a Winner is Chosen**

The massive mound with *todos los tetos* who actually bought magazines is sent to the subscription department. Never. Even. Considered. It's the thin stack of skinflints who contemplated if \$10,000,000 is even worth cracking the envelope, let alone the saliva and Paper-mate ink; them's the folks that win the bucks. The reasoning is simple: Someone who reads *Better Homes* and *Popular Science* can get and/or hold a job and support themselves and/or a family. It's the illiterate, Mad-dog 20/20, miserable misers whose mortgage payment is draining the nation's welfare reserves that truly need the cash.

### **Certain Criteria are Considered**

Combined marital weight, number of children beyond the national average (a benchmark of +3 is standard), size of cable satellite dish, familiarity with and number of Ronco® (Inside-The-Shell Egg Scrambler, GLH Formula # 9 Hair System, Dial-O-Matic Food Slicer) products owned, and appearances and successes on Antiques Roadshow (they overvalue for ratings purposes only). Well, this year, PCH has pre-chosen their winner. They are making a vibrant attempt to steer away from this trailer trash cliché and into a fresh, clean image of deprived, rural society. A different champion of the 'get something for free' spirit that is essential fiber in the American fabric. A New but-always-been-there American. A loner, most likely divorced, left to 'Hung to Dry and Trying to get By Guy' (2001 Audience Archetype Assessment. Slide 24). PCH doesn't

feel America has enough winner sympathy. America hides behind selfish jealousy and resentment for their own. They feel the clock is ripe to boost national compassion.

The problem was the soon-to-be champion wasn't returning their letters or phone calls (email was outta the question). What's wrong with this guy? Couldn't he use the Prize Patrol pounding at his pathetic porch door?

### **Springtime in North-Central New Mexico**

The piñon pines in perpetual bloom. Peter reaps the American dream of a useless, Pabst-money job. He sifts mail for 20 weeks, the lion becomes a lamb, he pops ass zits and watches the paychecks roll in until June. At 25, he got his receding red hair, *Penthouses* hidden behind loose fiberglass brick in the playroom (hidden, my ass), his F250 pipedreams, and the steady price of Reservation Marlboros (useless land but no pay white man's taxes).

### **The Call**

March 15<sup>th</sup>. Peter sits at his gray Steelcase and reads April's *Car and Driver*. Great Caesar's ghost, the phone is ringing!

"Hullo?" mumbles P.P.

"Yes, is this Mr. Peter Peterson?"

"Uh-huh."

"Yes, Hi, yes, this is Arthur Kent from Prize Patrol Central in Port Washington, New York."

Peter freezes. He illegally entered the contest (ixnay onay ethay employeesay anday amilyfay, etcay.) 578 times this year; never thinking once they'd catch him.

“Uhh...Yeah.”

“Peter, we have kind of a situation over here at headquarters. We were hoping you could help us out. Get us some information. I think it would be worth it for you to cooperate.”

“Uhh...sure.” Shitting ever so tenderly in his Fruits.

“There's someone we need to contact, someone we believe will be our next (and listen how he says it, just like you'd expect him to) ten miiiiiiillion dollar prize winner.” You've gotta be kiddin' me. Do they all talk like that? “I'm calling your office because his address is not far from you over there in Santa Gay.” Ho. Ho. Ho.

“Sure, whatever.” Pete slumps back in his chair, sending his free hand down the rear of his Dockers, presses his index and middle finger against his asshole, removes his hand and sniffs. “Just tell me what you want me to do.”

### **The Mission**

Bishops Canyon Road cuts north from the capitol (PCH's faux-dobe office building on Sandoval Blvd.) towards Tesuque, through sparse, yellow yuccas that evolve into shady pine groves. Peter's '81 Plymouth Reliant (not so O)K-car cruises at an even 44mph. Radio only play A.M. station, Peter no listen radio. Why should Peter-Peter self-defeater care about pop music? He ain't got no girl, he ain't got no hopes, boy ain't got no life. “Just go to Mr. Kafkanstein's house, ring his bell. Tell him to contact us.

We'll pay for lunch and gas." That's all he said on the horn. Sweet Pete! We're goin' in on some free-range *flautas* and Chevron 94! Stickin' it to 'em.

The K-car creeps past Rancho Encantado and on into Chupadero. Another sweeping Southwestern sewertown (without sewers), resident drunks –have another Coors, fatty, that should warm ya up for slappin' yer kid 'round for stealin' yer liquor-playing dead in the dusty streets. Pete finds the Kafkaenstein Estate alone at the end of a dirty excuse for a road. No neighbors, no nuthin'. Just a house the size of a room. A room the size of a house.

### **Failed Attempt Means Food**

Pete parks the Plymouth into the driveway-esque and steps to the front door. Knock-knock. Who's there? Prize. Prize who? Prize Patrol you fuckin' idiot. *Easy* now Petey. He inspects the doorknob, softly, gently, like an unripe Hass avocado (just the fingertips, please) and tries turning it. Nuthin' doin'. Knock Knock. Nobody home. Some stink, though. What crawled up your ass and died Kafkaenstein? Is it lunchtime? Breakfast *is* considered lunch in certain cultures, right?

Pete returns to the Ole' Reliant and slips on to downtown Tesuque for a brunchtime bite. *Chomp-gulp, chomp-chomp-gulp*. And a Cuervo. Make that a double, if it ain't no trouble. Ain't my *dinero*.

Knock-knock back at Rancho Franko, Pete thinks (now Peter, you know you shouldn't) he'll climb in that window that just might, if-I-close-my-eyes-and-wish-real-real-real-hard, be open. Sure is. What the fuck is that god-awful stench? Peter(son) drops onto the kitchen table, clutching his clenched hand over his snout.

## What He Sees

Peter's peepers prudently pan the room (for swag, of course. The boy's got no problem pilfering from the poor and pathetic). He hears a squeezebox of whines, *rrrrraaaoooo*, in and then *rrrrraaaoooo*, out. There they are, itty-bitty kitty cats. How cute. And it's Tender Vittlestime. "Sheeet, dese ribs ain't gots no meat on 'em. It's all bone. Eat sommadem giblets chile' if you know waz good for ya". Are they eating what I think they're eating? Are they speakin' in a Southern Black stereotypical accent? Goddamn! That is fucking horrible (both bits). Was that someone's face? Are those...feet? What...what? Pete's petrified. Corpse-eral Kafkanstein is standing down, Frank's decomposing frame fodder for five feline *filles*. And catty-formerly-fatty, where's she? Pete makes haste toward the front door. What was that? Uncomfortably loud, was it a meow? Ohmygod, it's coming from under the bed!!! He unlocks the door. Don't go home, Petey-o, show some catlike curiosity. For what? To find a cure for herpes? To make a better Pizza Hut commercial? To get rich? Aha! He paces back past the putrefying cadaver and grabs hold of a broom. *MMMEEOOOWWUHHHH*. Ugh.

As Pete's eyes come into focus on the scene is being dramatized underneath the Sealy (although there's no proof of its make), his pulmonary system takes a cigarette break. The breath holding helps him bear the oppressive odor, and he takes a look. Peeky Pete. There's Mother Cat (no relation to Mother Goose), lying on her side in full suck-my-teats pose. Let's say (for argument's sake although I'm sure Argument doesn't give a ratty—rat's ass), from head to hind paw, she's 18 inches. Coming off her at 90 degrees is another baby, this one feeding from three of her available nipples. Baby my

fuckin' ass, this fucker is four feet long. Can't make out its face. Too busy suckin' down that tittimilk. Don't look like no cat, though. Pete grabs hold of his Holy Roman nose and takes in some mouth air. Poke-It-man. With the broomstick. The baby turns Its head toward the nuisance and lets out a lion's *MMEEEEEOOOOOWWWUHH*. Pete screams (like a boy) and drops the broomstick. He looks at the mama, scrawny and depleted, and then back at babybear ('bear' being used simply for measure, no mistake, it ain't no bear). For Pete's sake! Honestly, what the fuck is It? Doesn't look dangerous. Wonder if he can get It outta here. Pete postin' price tags on the miscreation's head. God It's odd (Gawd in this case used as an expletive). He bends his head low and extends his arms towards the tawny toddler. It crawls to him, into his wet palms and is lifted into his warm agave embrace. Baby you stink! Not as bad as Funky Frank, but how 'bout a shower? Not in here, tub's too near necro-man. Maybe it's the liquor in yer belly, but Pete, you got some big ass balls.

### **Outside of the House**

Pete finds a spigot and runs cold water over It. It flinches and struggles for only a moment and starts to emit a gentle call of contentment, an oscillating *ppprrrrrr* sound (nature vs. nurture, you tell me!). Pete shakes It dry like Foxy lettuce and sets It shotgun in the Reliant K. Safety first. *Click* goes the shoulder strap. Where we off to, eh Daddy-O? You got me, let's go find a payphone.

### **Inside His Head**

He can't begin to comprehend just what It is. He doesn't try to.

### **Outside of the Conoco Station**

“Yeah, can...uh...is Roy there,” Pete stumbles the words outta his loose lips. “I gotta show you somethin’.” Pete’s impatient (as an emergency room patient). “I’m serious. I’m comin’ over there right now.” *Clink.*

### **North on NM 590**

It and Peter creep towards Cuyamungue (Cucamonga! You have made me very angry, very angry indeed!), where the county road merges with US 285. Roadrunners (Hot-Roddicus Supersonicus) race the sluggish K-car, It stares aimlessly at the dashboard.

### **Pete Loses Himself in Philosophical Disbelief**

He considers his boring, isolated-from-human-contact life. He’s not lonely, though. “Ha. Foolish. Who’s lonely? Who needs others, anyhow? I’m alone because I choose to be alone. That’s all,” Pete ponders. He then looks at It, this abomination he stole from a decaying man’s house. He should be afraid, nervous, but no. Instead, he feels something comfortable. A soft sense that says his self-imposed solitude is no match for what It must feel. He has always believed that sharing is selfish. Sharing betrays who he is. And that would make him a hypocrite. To share. To put others’ needs before your own. Do it alone. Trust yourself, and your thoughts alone. Confidence is isolation. Comfort is solitude.



But he looks again at this innocent oddity, safe in a harness strap. Its patience, Its serenity, Its trust gives him unexpected hope. He now wants to give, He wants to help. He knows that all of his fear, all of his abandon is dirt to what It must feel. He *wants* to share, right now, but with who...

### **Less Moo, More Milk**

These meaningful questions revolve around his otherwise off-duty head as the elevation increases beneath the Plymouth's wheels. Pete takes a cloverleaf left at Pojoaque onto NM 502, going West and notices billboards. "Duty-free Parliaments? An hour at roulette?" his head asks (as an aside from profound philosophy). Reservations are like Walmarts with casinos, but better. No. Keep going west. The West is the best. West to Los Alamos. Roy will know what to do.

A black, Chevy Suburban, dressed in obligatory white, (a few scratches on the hood, but they're not so bad) shoots past the K car. *Whizzz*. Pete takes no notice. Nor does It. He returns to the existential as his eyes skip between the road and the thing in his front seat.

### **Then**

*Breaklights on a New Mexican Highway*, starring Jane Fonda as Anna. Huh? (you'll meet her in 133 words, 602 characters w/o spaces – pre-revision). Nobody stops on an empty highway lest they gotta upchuck some bad brunch. The Chevy truck (I can hear Bob Seger...can you?) slows to a cripple's pace (not a cripple in one of them motorized wheelchairs – them fuckers can fly!) and pauses for the Plymouth to pass. It

does. The Suburban resumes speed and stays at a safe, spy distance, eager to infiltrate Pete and his Dragon.

## ***Where is It Going***

### ***Leviticus 15.19-20, 31***

*And when a woman hath an issue—blood is her issue in her flesh—seven days she is in her separation, and any one who is coming against her is unclean till the evening. And anything on which she lieth in her separation is unclean, and anything on which she sitteth is unclean. Thus you shall separate the children of Israel from their uncleanness, lest they die in their uncleanness when they defile My tabernacle that is among them.*

“Those scratches weren’t there on Friday.” Bitch-it-up Anna.

“Forget about the scratches.” Babs cares little.

“I’m just saying somebody should confess. It’s not coming outta *my* paycheck.

Those scratches weren’t there on Friday.” Anna with the reprise. “I bet it was her. You borrowed the truck yesterday, didn’t you, Carol?”

“Fuckin’ useless intern. Let’s drop her.” Ha-hAnna.

### **Skeletal**

Carol is alone in the backseat, her elbowbone connected to her thighbone, her right palmbone connected to her chinbone, her eyebones connected to the Santa Fe streetbones. Her *bonehead* co-workers belting blames, but Carol chooses not to acknowledge.

“The heck with her. Somethin’ crawled in her and died,” says Babs, confident that jab impressed Anna.

“I think she’s having her ‘time’ but little Carol isn’t a big girl yet. I’m on the verge too, honey, I just know how to cope with it.”

“That’s ‘cause you have a big boy who isn’t afraid to go there when the tomato’s too ripe.”

“You know it, girl. He do whatever the hell I tell him to do...say Carol, why don’t you use that (Ivory white Doc Johnson Pocket Rocket. \$26.95 with shipping) thing we all gave ya for Christmas? You’d be much happier durin’ these tryin’ times.”

“She’s still a little girl.”

“A little girl.”

### **In Tolerance**

Carol tolerates these intolerable women daily. She is becoming accustomed to the situation. She finds she deserves the persistent punishment. Carol lost her self-confidence two years ago, in a bizarre Laundromat incident – powdered detergent, tears, etc., and being belittled keeps her comfortably low. If she ever had the chance to regain it, she wouldn’t be who she is. She’d be someone else. Occasionally she tries, but always fails.

### **Here’s the Deal**

The Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus (Nasdaq: RBBB, no just kidding. Not publicly traded) aren’t as innocent as you pray your children picture them

(even if the clowns still scare the shit outta the whole lotta ya). They've got henchmen (henchpeople, but you have to lobby Merriam-Webster to get that one in) like the rest of us (look up Feld Entertainment. Irvin Feld and his scumbag son god-I-love-that-black-leather Kenneth "Cole" Feld and their Nazi tactics). Do you really believe they sit at their desk and *wait* for the Bearded Lady to show up and procure Gillette endorsements? They've got teams, baby, killers out there combing the desert for trailer trash mutations. Every day, on every high-way in the United States of A (and some stations in the Baltics) there are scouts looking for that next sideshow sensation. They've got more clusters of personnel near radioactive sites than Geiger-Müller has tubes. So listen up...Ladies and Gents...May I present to you, our Southwest Chapter of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus Scouting Team: Anna-bananadana-Carl (whew...yeah!), Babs-I'd-love-a-grabs-Minger (who loves you? we do!) and last but not (well maybe) least (at least she got the internship)...Carol-crackerbarrel-Shure (I'm not so sure...she's kindofa bore).

Carol sits quiet in the roomy backseat of the Chevy and attends to her unpaid job. Did you know? They all wear Miracle Ears (in standard Secret Service Black) for the purpose of detecting *beyond* what the average simple ear can hear (Carol's is used). For the job. It really works. I swear. Don't shout; it's really annoying. Shh, I think I hear something. Pathetic, these devices, but you tell that to Ken Feld, and out on your ass dryin' chilies in the fall and pickin' pansies in the primavera. Don't forget it, the RB&B&B pay pretty well.

## Ready

“Where are we going today?” Anna all into it.

“Wherever you think we should go Anna-banana. Not that it matters, really.”

Oops, Babs with a hint of dissention. This is only gonna fuel Anna to give...

## ...A Little Speech

“Why does it matter where we’re going. We do this job because we care. We wanna give these people, these special people a chance. And oh, when I tell *everybody* who I work for, god, that *I* work for Ringling Brother *and* Barnum *and* Bailey Circus, the looks on their faces. I respect them average folks. Keepin’ some nine-to-five at the discount store, drink Walgreen’s brand OJ, and, me, I report to the assistant to the secretary of Ringmaster Michael Jonathan Lee Iverson (“he’s sooo cute but I could never date him because he’s African-black, not Jason Kidd-black”), they are jea-lous...This is charity work, we do. The bible tells us to do onto other as they would...you know, and these retards deserve jobs just like you and I, and Carol back there. It’s just not fair that people stare and look funny at these folks because they’re different. We’re *all* different that’s what makes us and our job so special.”

“But isn’t it that we’re promoting, on a very large scale, the objectification of these genetic anomalies?” Babs with the vocabs.

“Good-natured circus going citizens (and many drunk military R&R boys) are paying good money to ob-serve these special people. Like going to the zoo. You like animals, right Babs? And what about the clowns? What would Ringling be without

Bello Nock being *Time* magazine's Clown of the Year (he's 7<sup>th</sup> generation, you know)?  
It's all about exposure (they bill Bello, the geek gets gawkers)."

"Hey can you picture a one-armed midget couple doin' it doggy style?"

"They have one arm between them, or one arm each?"

"Two arms, one has two arms and the other has none."

"Any foreplay?"

"That's a horrible thing to say. Can they even bend their knees?" The two women burst into Catholic schoolgirl laughter. Anna turns left onto 285N.

### **Concentrate**

Carol ignores their last remarks (even though she might find them funny, it's the fact that they are coming out of Anna and Babs that makes her disregard). She looks into other cars, trucks, anywhere there might be some sign of potential sideshow acts. She doesn't belong here. With these two insensitive bitches, but she needs this, and enjoys the mobility of her work. Makes the days roll by. She can focus on the void, the sensitive sounds of the Southwest. Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed...well, life's pretty much shit isn't it? Chin up, Car, there's someone out there for you...don't be so hard on yourself. Stick with it. The heck with Anna and Babs. Don't need their added bullshit. Doesn't make things any easier now does it?

### **Bylaws**

Kenneth Feld of Feld Entertainment (owners of Ringling, Disney on Ice...we've been through this already, haven't we?) en-courages his North Central New Mexico

Chapter to linger around towns like Nambe Pueblo, San Ildefonso, White Rock (Duh...Oppenheimer, Teller, Fermi, Bohr blowin' shit up, 1940's style). Buuut...the Federal Government dis-courages, by way of the State authority (with the customary threat to interstate roadway funding), any unauthorized snoopy-doopy work (Article 17, Section 4 of the New Mexico State Penal Code prohibits the removal of any inadvertently altered human or otherwise similar mutant being from their trailer park or place of residence. This includes acts of force, bribery, and promises of stardom). Their job is based on pamission (passion + commission) in which case Anna (the ringmaster of this Chevy) shoots up 285 and onto 502W towards Los Alamos.

### **Action**

“There was something in that car we just passed, in that car, in that one!”  
Courageous-less Cat Carol (*sans* Minute Mouse) crows.

“Oh so the little girl *can* speak.” Babs is such a cunt. Got her thick head so far up Anna's enorm-anus.

“I'm serious, there was something in that car back there. Slow down.”

“What, a cocker spaniel? Maybe a malamute.” Anna is such a jerkball. It is true, though, that Carol has mistaken several animals for potentials (a Mr. A. Fred Gully was awarded one free ticket to *Beauty and the Beast on Ice* on account of Carol insisting his Shetland was an unkempt dwarf). Anna slows the vehicle and the three stare as the Reliant K coasts by.



*Click-ssshhhhh* goes Carol's Polaroid. "Ssshhhh" goes Carol, her hearing aid honing in on the sounds. What the hell *was* that? Come on...*Flap-flap*. This doesn't make it go faster, does it?

"Well, what is it? I didn't get a good look at it." Anna turning her head around.

"Just stay close to them. It looked kinda like Alf." Babs whispering. "Where are we?" Babs writing in a logbook. But Carol, she got a great glance. Carol Shure sure did.

"We just passed through Jaconita. Come on, what was it, a retard, an alien (Roswell ain't that far away)?" Answering and asking Anna.

The Polaroid develops. Ta-da! A big blue blur. Can kinda make out something...it looks like...*yoink!* Babs got it. Up front it goes.

"You can't see nuthin'. Look (showing the photo to Anna) Again, our hero, Carol." Chucks the fuckin' thing out the window.

?

So why don't these classy dames (with Anna-bana-bo-bana at the helm) cruise on next to the K car and grab a good glance or even attempt an interception? I don't know. I just don't know (psst...it's standard procedure). They stay a steady 10CL's (spy measure) behind and monitor.

### **Carol-ina's On My Mind**

Even with all of the excitement and the pursuit, Carol can't help but drift internal. Questions arise. What does her heart need that can only be provided by someone else?

What can another human being fill in her life that she cannot fill herself? Love? Attention? Money? All selfish. All lust. She cannot help but think. Something possesses her. It makes her question. Why in her own life she believes she needs no compliments or complement? She is secure with herself alone. People laugh, poke, stare because she eats alone. People like Babs and Anna. But it is *them* who are insecure with solitude. So they stare, gossip, to feel better about themselves. She's perfectly content with It. Rather she welcomes It, having others around is only nuisance. People are distracting, boring, repetitive. People are always alone, she feels. Just some of us are closer to It, can feel It, welcome It. It's those who are afraid of It that will hurt worse when It comes and stays. People like them will hang themselves from the rafters, swallow an excess of sleeping pills, splatter their bodies on curbs. Loneliness is *her* friend, solitude *her* lover, isolation *her* god. She might believe this, but she certainly doesn't feel it right now. She feels quite the opposite.

**An Occurrence at Otowi (the natural temptation is to say Creek but at this point the Rio is a grand 245 feet wide) Bridge**

That fool drivin' the Plymouth Reliant K has no clue he's being followed by three professional circus employees. The radio's too loud? No listen radio. He's on the phone? No cellphone. He's thick as a Slurpee? Yes. So when they reach Otowi (look kids, there's where should be the House...say hi to the ghost of Edith) he's not prepared to be abducted. Even better, A, B and C are not prepared to abduct (it's that K. Feld's policy of abducting) It. They don't know what It is. They are more concerned as to where the K-car is heading.

"I'm not sure we should go ontha other sideada river." Nervous Babs.

“Come on, Babsy, were not doin’ nuthin’ wrong. Just out for a nice drive.” Anna the brave.

“You know what they’ll do if they...”

### **They**

The FBI. The CIA. Bullshit. Los Alamos has been inactive (in globally destructive research) for half-a-century. Bullshit again. Los Alamos is very much active (in globally destructive research). They don’t want people snoopin’ (you remember the law) around there. RB&B&B has lost three agents in Los Alamos County already, confiscated, the Gov called it. They were confiscated. And Feld was warned to keep his people away. As a matter of fact, his people were not to *ever* cross the Rio Grande from the East again. Keep Out. Beware of Federal Dog.

### **And Back**

“This could be sumthin’ real big. This could be our ticket outta here. Don’t you want that new KitchenAid you’ve been itchin’ for?”

“Whatta you think, Carol?” Babs being diplocratic. Why does she care what Carol thinks?

Carol has not been able to not think about what she didn’t see in that car. Her mind hasn’t been with her; not being able to focus is something she wasn’t concerned with. She turned her face from the window and towards Babs.

“We should go.” Something. Yes Something is there. In that K-car.

The mighty-mighty Rio Grande goes on Slimfast just south of Otowi, where the disused Otowi Suspension Bridge still stands (Just try and get a 2 megaton around that steep 90° Eastern approach. Oh no. You gotta take it north through Española, honey). Cottonwoods salute the great river, commander-in-chief of the Southwest (yeah, that's right Colorado). North and west the expansive Pajarito Plateau that hosts Pajarito Ski Mountain (back in the day, Enrico Fermi could pull a bad-ass daffy) peers down at the Plymouth that has come to a near stop.

### **A Natural Reaction**

For the first time in its 350,000 year-old life, the giant plateau takes notice of the surrounding mountains. Until this point, it has always maintained a heightened sense of self-importance. It never wondered how the other hills, plateaus, crags and precipices felt. It feels a sense of place, that New Mexico isn't just the Pajarito Plateau but New Mexico is everything and it is only a small part of a giant whole. It feels in good company. In harmony with the sloping mesas surrounding it. "What's beyond that I can't see," wonders the rocky mesa. "What else is there?" These preposterous questions humor the flat hill and a tiny giggle slips out, causing several medium-sized rocks to slide down into the valley.

### **And Back Again**

"Whatta think they're doin'?" Babs pointing to the K-car.

"Just wait..." Anna easing off the gas pedal.

The person being followed points his red head outta his window, for no reason whatsoever. Oh. To blow some shit outta his nose (marathoner's method). He continues over the new bridge (steel beams and pre-stressed concrete) and into Los Alamos Country (and County). The southern sirocco sails off the river and glues the wet snot to the blue paint (try gettin' that off) as the K heads toward its destination.

“We've gotta do sumthin'. We can't just follow them forever.” Babs bitchin'.

They resume their tailing up the scruffy hill, cracked by dry creekbeds and occasional cottonwoods.

“You know what, Babs, and I'm being honest here, I don't like that nail polish. What is it, Revlon?” Anna the instigator.

“Well, if you wanna be honest, I don't care.” Bold move Babby but where does it really get ya? Are you a rebel? Anyhow, we're on a mission here, girls, no time for the shit-chat. Hey look, they're stopping and pulling into...

### **The Los A La Most Premiere Mobile and RV Estates**

Fleetwoods to the left, Keystones on the right. Colemans, wherever you want. We love you. Winnebagos (you think you're such hot shit), y'all can park your shit out back.

### **Perch and Persecute**

“So.” – A.

“So what?” – B.

“So we wait?” – C.

And back to Anna-gain. “We wait. Gimme my ear.” Anna-demanda. Babs busts it out. Swipers (spying) at the Gates of Dawn. Carol with the binoculars, takin’ closer inspection.

“Hey gimme those. Little girls shouldn’t play with such big toys.” Asshole Anna. 24 ain’t little. I don’t wannem anyway. Can’t see nuthin’ anyway. Go fuck yourself anyway.

“So little girl, still using Tampax (w/plastic applicator)? Or you all grown up now?” Obnoxious Anna.

“Is she a woman or what?” Busting her gut Babs (but feeling a pittance of pity for poor Carol).

“Wait...watch (and listen) this (to Babs)...don’t you hate when your flow gets soo heavy that nuthin’ will stop it until your underwear gets all soaked and then it oozes down your legs and into your flats and you try and wipe it up with a cotton dinner napkin, one of the cream colored ones that only come out at a fancy place or durin’ Thanksgiving and someone asks if your OK and you just smile and excuse yourself to the ladies room and it turns out all of the stalls are takin’ and you have to wash your legs quick b’fore someone comes in or out in the sink and chuck your undies and go back to dinner with nuthin’ on underneath but a danglin’ tampon string and sleazy Mark Grading who sits across from you drops a sweet potato onto the floor and accidentally notices your pussy hanging out and you pretend none of this is happening and wish the night would just end but it won’t because it’s your birthday party? Eh Carol? Ever?” Anna admiring her adlib, Babs bleeding tears.

Poor, poor Carol. But it hurts this time. Why? When did the emotional stronghold fall? There was no access to her heart; she sealed it years ago. But why does Anna's taunting slice through her like Ginzu?

Silence. Any activity Anna with the glasses? Wait...

### **Voices and Opinions**

"I hear something..." Careful Carol.

"Come on, we ain't amateurs here, there are always voices with them friggin' things." Unconvinced Anna.

"This is different. One sec." Out she goes.

"Don't go out there Carol." Babs bewareing.

Carol puts her Miracle left to the ground (to the what? the ground), her bushy brown hair flopping over stirring up dust. Anna and Babs stare. Crazy loony toon. She needs a man, that's all (that's Anna's solution for everything although Anna's experience tells her a man is the last thing she needs). A weak one to push around and despise. Yep.

"The voice is coming from underground, I think." Conviction Carol.

"Oh bullshit, bull-sheeeeet. I've had about enough of you Ca-rul with your bull-shit. When we get back today, I'm gonna have a few words with our boss, our superior, Chuck Harmon. You're a crazy bird and Kenneth Feld and Ringmaster Iverson cannot afford to any nutcases working for the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus (Ha!). They've got a successful company to maintain, and you, you Carol, just ain't not helping." Anna has got Babs nodding in agreement.

“Now there’s just silence.”

“Fine Carol, whatever you say. What about our mission? The blue car? The thing? I was ready to tell Chuck it was *you*, Carol, that discovered it. But forget it. Now Babs and I are taking *full* fucking credit.” Anxious Anna.

“You alright?” Concern in Babs.

“Yeah. And we’re goin’ to get that goddamn thing.”

The 10am sun slides behind a lightweight cumulus; it is too hot to feel the warm wrath of Anna Carl. Shadow stretches its expandable neck across the twisting canyons, shading crags and precipices, making it difficult to identify what the driver of the Plymouth is doing with its peculiar passenger.



## ***When is It coming?***

### ***Numbers 15.32-35***

*Once, while the Israelites were still in the wilderness, a man was found gathering firewood on the Sabbath. He was taken to Moses, Aaron and the whole community and was put under guard, because it was not clear what should be done with him. Then the Lord said to Moses, "The man must be put to death; the whole community is to stone him to death outside the camp."*

Roy Jonnsen, expert television man. Watch him coast through them channels (such casual certainty) durin' a commercial and crank it back as *Cops* comes back on. Damn smooth fucker, that Roy. Hot Sheeeet. Seen 'im flip from four to fifteen just by thinking. No remote, no yardstick. No sheeeeeet! Security guard for Los A-La Most; the most magnificent Magnavox junkie's *métier*.

### **A Little Secret About the Place**

All CIA (save for our boy Roy). The whole joint. Cover for some supa-dupa secret site. Got Roy there at the gate authentically greetin' vagabonds and potentiarenters (industry terminology). Sorry folks, all full. Try back in a few months. Always.

Roy, Roy, Roy. He's a good guy. Never in no one's biz. Barely lifts a finger ('cept to flick them buttons). He fetches Fat Tires for the boys on Saturday afternoons. Yeah, Roy's all-good.

## The CIA@Los A-La Most

Ripped Wranglers, fraying ‘crombie and Fitch flannels, R. Springfield mullets abound. Hormel chili, Swanson Salisbury steak, K-mart construction boots (get ‘em while they’re hot), Impala station wagons crammed with important items stationed outsidda their campers (heard they had Santo Loquasto design the place). And the odor, god-damn! Who’s idea was that? “Play the part real well goils and boys, maybe we’ll bring ya on back to D.C.”. Yeah, right. First years (grrreen as the Isle of Skye), here. Think if they do a good job at Los A-La Most, the boys might bump ‘em outta here and out into the shit. Sorry kids, you got it all backward. You so good at actin’ hick, we sure as *hell* don’t want ya in the CIA. You’re better off servin’ runny organic eggs at some West Hollywood Denny’s, waitin’ for your break with the memory of Jack Warner. Dumb-dumb-dumbshit. So sit tight. We promote failures, a-la-mode (two dollars extra).

## Why CIA?

Underground nu-nu-nu-nuclear storage facilities. Ship it up to Nevada to blow the shit outta some dry crust and a-little-piece of malleable mantle. Not too much Pu-239 (my momma’s fussy, non-fissile U-238 and my daddy’s a silly-willy neutron), now, we wanna keep that constellation on Ole’ Glory consistent (since 1959, we’ve brought you the current Flag of the United States of America and we’re planning to keep it that way. Sorry Puerto Rico, just gonna fuck up the stellar 6-5-6-5-6-5-6-5-6 symmetry. If Texas splits, maybe we’ll squeeze ya in. *(Pero también pueden poner 5-6-6-6-5-6-6-6-5 o 6-5-6-6-5-6-6-5-6. Los dos suman 51 y son simétricos, Chucha).*

Shook that nasty Cold War years ago with a Robitussin-Stoli cocktail, so wazzup with the Bomb? No no no, working on ways *not* to make nuclear weapons. Well, make ‘em and take ‘em apart. Just all this weapons-grade around, doing *nothing* (unstable actinides get vererery impatient) so what the hell, right? Defense budget’s gotta do somethin’.

### **An Atypical Morning**

Roy’s crestfallen ‘cause he dropped his toothpaste down the dumper (“*damn* I shoulda flushed”) and so his breath reeks of sleepy teeth. It’s gonna be that kinda day. And cousin’s comin’ with some crazy critter. Shoulda told him to pick up some Colgate (is that what I use, or is it the *other* C-brand?). What’s on the tube? *Guiding Light*. Why is Tory sleeping with Ross? Just to cross Holly? And those Mexicans, how dare they demand that Phillip hand over Beth’s silver mine, and *then* we find out that it was Edmund who abducted Beth and Phillip needs the Mexicans to confess that is was Edmund all along. Roy loves this Zest. Maybe ‘cause his mamma had pasted ears on her daddy’s Philco back when Mr. Rutledge verbally voted all of Five Points. Anyhow, back to Roy. He’s a security guard at a trailer park populated by only CIA. OK. Whew! Lost it there for a moment. And so he’s expectin’ Cousin firecrotch with some cocka-boy is it? Why’s he bringin’ it here?

Numbing passivity, his 16 inch Sony offers Roy 16 hours a day. Ain’t no KGB comin’; this job’s Tastykake. What are the long-term effects of consuming low-level boob-tube radiation? Who gives a shit, there are 500kgs of plutonium down below, enough to turn this New Mexican plot into the Sea of Tranquility.

### **Dead Air**

Do *something*, Roy. What? You don't give an elk's ass? Wrong attitude, dude. There are more things in heaven and earth, Roy, than dreamt of in your Zenith Space Command (trailblazer and cause of the couch Idahoan). Wait until Peter arrives, you'll see. Things do happen in real life, Roy. Things that you might never expect. Things that your television could never predict in its fabricated plotlines and twenty-two minute resolutions. Fine. We'll just wait...let me just say, I'm with ya, Roy. You've got it made. Who's to say I'm better. You're happy in your sedimentary, celibate sofalife; I'm content with my days as a dejected, delusional degenerate who derives deviant delight in aggravating alliteration and asinine assonance. Ying-a-ling-dang-yang. Sit and wait. Yep. Can I have a Miller? I mean, if we're just gonna watch soaps.

### **Social Drinking**

This ain't so bad, man. Kill a few minutes. So where we here? *Guiding Light*. Springfield is the town, right? And those Mexicans, they're the kidnapers? Hey Roy, have you ever been to Mexico? Listen, I'm gonna grab another beer, want anything while I'm up? You gotta girlfriend? Boyfriend?

“Yeah, whatever.”

Come on Roy, I'm just trying to shoot the shit here. How did your parents meet, eh Roy?

“At the VFW. My dad puked in her purse. She then puked in his hat.”

Doesn't that bother you? You see, I want to be a good daddy. With a good mommy. Hey, mind if I have a swig of this Beam?

"I don't give a shit."

That's right Roy, you don't.

### **Sloppy Drinking**

...yoo, change this fuckin' shit, how can ya watch...this whiskey tastes like my uncle's asshole. Roy, you want another MGD? ...lemme get on a dem Reds...and a match no...no...gimme a Bic. Change this shit. Where da fuck's Peter? Supposedta be here 5 minutes ago. I'm gonna grab just one more. Thanks, serious, thanks, promise I'll buy you a case of Bud next time I come over—

### **Christian Coherency**

*--At this time, I'm sorry to say, the narrator is too inebriated to continue with his unusual linguistic banter. He no longer is in control of this tale so I do believe we shall set him aside for awhile.*

*In this rare occasion, I have permission to perform his duties as storyteller. We've got him IV-ed to a coffee machine, and hooked into a colostomy bag and catheter, so we'll have him back to par in no time. Please bear with me.*

*It's a breezy, spring morning near Los Alamos, New Mexico. Trailers like spilt Tic-tacs spread across the granular, pine-treed plateau. Roy is watching television, an old Sony Trinitron with a plastic wood casing and gold trim. He's comfortable with the*

*arrangement. Security guard at an upscale trailer park. But this is no ordinary trailer park, actually—*

*--tell 'em somethin' they dunno, assholll. Fuckin' wank. Real fuggin' hilarrious. Next fuggin' Andy Kaufman. Stick to your bibble bullshit, buddy.*

*Pardon me for a moment...apologies, I'm back. Let us continue. I assure you we will not be interrupted again until that time when the narrator can behave himself and resume his duties. I predict not until at least the next section, but perhaps he'll surprise us.*

*Pppuck yooo—*

*--they cannot understand you. I'll remove the sock and duct tape when you sober up. Now, we will continue.*

*Roy's a golden young man. The simplicity and earnestness in his language, his lack of pretensions, his ability to express human passion in the least complicated of phrases. His six-pack conversation and pop culture astuteness. A summary of all that makes Roy a perfect companion. If Roy has faults they lie in his sheer ignorance of the powers of companionship. He's reluctant to make new acquaintances, to socialize. Roy accepts his security-man life as the major component of his self. Television reinforces Roy's acceptance of this, a fated marriage to cold canned beer and primetime syndications of life.*

*His maternal first cousin, Peter Peterson, phoned Roy a few moments ago. Peter has a living curio, an item of some value, and he insists Roy share in a look. Roy's interests rarely stretch beyond channel 55, but something in Peter's urgent delivery and in the depths of Roy's artificial imagination prompted him to agree to Peter's visit to Los A-La Most.*

*There are moments in the nature of idle humanity, an occasional, inborn curiosity that allows for sections of digression. Moments of separation from the circadian schedule of TV Guide or relief effort from the strain of an overbearing, patronizing, Godless narrator. In Roy's case, the true self is indolence and job security, therefore it must, on occasional circumstance, crave the alternative. Torn away from the molded Styrofoam of repetition and sitcom stability, Roy now eagerly awaits this new being. A prophet of change.*

*I don't want to lecture; it is not my arena, but something about this lull in plot calls for an editorial. I'm not daft. I do understand most don't have time for God in their lives. Many Americans have constructed complex lives such as they find religion an extraneous, unnecessary devotion. I approached the author of this story and asked if he'd allow me to put relevant quotes from the Pentateuch at the start of each of the early chapters. The Bible does have relevancy, even in today's world, and since this story is about a strange day in everyday life, I saw it as apropos. It seems the author has found faith not only in me, yes, allowing my insertions and as surrogate narrator, but perhaps some belief in a higher power. Belief in the afterlife, like belief in Heaven and the horrible ways of Hell. Some say Hell is on Earth, along with Heaven. I've even heard Roy refer to the aforementioned existing side by side in New Mexico. How outrageous!*

*Roy, whom I have great respect for, who I'd like to enlighten on the grace and love of God, finds his savior locked inside of a 16-inch—*

*--WWWWWHHHHHHAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!*

### **Recovery**

Danbb Gann yooo pweeezz ddake da dappe awvvv...thanks, Roy, ole' boy.

Saved my life, ya did.

“No biggie.”

Bastard bible boy. Callin' me banter-boy. Where's that duct tape? I'll shutup his shit up good. Think he's out cold. You sure gave 'ima wallop. Sobered me up good, that caffeine and crapbag. But how did ya...ah who cares. By the way, what was all that blabber about self and me being patronizing? I'm not patronizing. I love you guys. Pete, Carol, Babs, you Roy, even that bitch Anna. I just get kinda depressed sometimes. So make other people's lives seem worse than mine. That's the ticket. It's natural, right? You have no clue what I'm talkin' about, do ya Roy?

“Not really. Pass the Pringles.”

### **Pringles are Not a Bountiful Breakfast**

Reconstituted potatoes (flash-fried potato dough, really). Salt. Other stuff. Some potassium compounds. Carcinogens-a-plenty. Roy clumsily clicks the clicker and cold comes to rest on a Bally's Total Fitness commercial. Now those are tits! Yeah, Roy, you should go find yourself a pair. Sit here on the sofa, surfing the set, gettin' it up in your painted-on Lees. Shift it, to the left. Ahh...that's better. This is the 15-second spot. Not



enough to time to beat it (they've got a 30, right?). Peter'll be here soon enough. Don't wanna get greeted with pants down at my knees. What's he bringin', some kinda mutant?

### **Arrival**

“Roy...Roy.” *Tap tap* on the window.

“Que pasa,” Roy responds (clueless as to the identity of his caller).

Peter lets himself in. “Whatta watchin’?”

“I dunno. Sumethin’.” Roy’s eyes still glued to the screen. Roy, ask ‘im if he’s hungry. Chop the chitchat and chuck ‘im a chip, chap. “Just waitin’ for my cousin. You want some Pringles?”

“Roy. Roy. It’s me. Pete.”

“Oh.”

## ***Why, It's a Boy! (Mrs. Walker, It's a Boy)***

*Doo-ter-on-o-mee 7.deuce3-deuce4, yo.*

*That god muthafucka will put yo' enemies up in yo' crib and make 'em trip 'til deys out. Das right, nigga. He'll put dey boys in yo' howwse. You'll pop some caps in dey shit so dey crew ain't nuthin' no mo'. Ain't no one gonna stop ya, yo; you'll drop ever'one. Word.*

Thank you brotha Willie Williams, bustin' bible, gangst-e-bonics style. Wher'd you get dat font from? Da dead bible guy? He's dead? Sheeet. Kinda poetic. Oh, Here's yo' Benjamin.

### **Gametime**

Peter exits the K-car, leaving YOUNG KAFKANSTEIN (Brazil-nut belly, pot roast skin, Hamentashen mandible (apricot), beluga caviar eyes, asparagus antennae, coconut nose, rock lobster legs, celerystalk arms, garbanzo bean balls, and a baby carrot cock) alone in the passenger seat. You're on our own, Kafkie, all alone, Kafkie. Let's think of a game to play. The grownups have all gone away. How about god? You wanna play god? Maybe later. Start with a game of charades. OK. Four words. First word. *Slap, slap*. Two syllables. Ocean...boat...breakdance...drink...water. Water. Second word. *Slap*. One syllable. Fish...eel...ocean...swim...Charlie the Tuna (ha, ha) ...swimmer ... penis ...sperm. Sperm. Third word. *Slap, slap, slap*. Small... bug...ant...shoe... joint... weed... small...roach...cockroach. Cockroach (that's two syllables. Depends on pronunciation). Fourth word. *Slap, slap, slap, slap*. Whew.

Hmm...plug...hairdryer... shock... scare... light...lamp...hmm...ok...kite...key...ben franklin...umm...umm...electrocution...electricity. Electricity (it's five syllables, dick, learn to pronounce, alright?).

### **A New Game**

Wow. That was fun. How about a different game? God-time? Sure. How do ya play? It's easy. Here, just read the inside box cover.

From the makers of OLD SCRATCH comes the new game of power and supreme mind control: GOD.

For ages: Young and Vulnerable through Adult and Uneducated.

Included inside: Glittering generalities, threats of all sizes and intensities, prophetic propagandas, and toxic, all-white game pieces.

Rules: Fabricate any combination of allegory, reality, paradox, contradiction and intimidating imagery into an unrealistic circumstance (rainstorms, lifespans, etc.).

Make the opponents believe the veracity of the proposal. If a majority of players comply, the proposing person gains one point and proposes again pronto. An opponent can challenge the proposing person's pitch. If a challenger fails to change the party's preference, he/she must be persecuted. If the challenger proves the proposing person improper, the proposing person loses one point.

The proposing procession proceeds clockwise from the premiering player (these instructions weren't written by Parker Brothers, were they?) The first player to reach six points wins. She/he gets one day to rest.

### Ooo, Ooo, My Turn First

I've got, yes...you know. In the drain, right? Well now he's in the K-car, but he was born in the Big Kafkanstein's pipes. So I suggest Young Kafkanstein began life as a full-fledged roach. Got it? *Bon.* Then, through the grace of god almighty and the suspension of disbelief (three games without pay), he was altered into his present form. Good enough? No? OK. How 'bout hot cum and *zap-a-lap-a-ding-dong*? Fine. There you are. Half-man, half-cockroach. Come on, what more do ya need? Not workin'? I'll give ya one more. The water, OK? Ever see *Erin Brockovich*? Sumthin' like that. But with medium-grade Uranium and better cinematography. Yeah, the Chupaderan water supply is notoriously contaminated with U-228. Sometime in the late '60's when Tricky (Dick) was spreadin' gasoline Smuckers on Kampuchean Wonderbread (a yummy-yummy breakfast operation), Los Alamos techies were burying Uranium in the sloping Chupaderan hillside. Buncha nothin' there back then. Who knew Georgia O'Keefe's hip, elitist Santa Fe *artistes* would seize the capital and force the low-income losers to the north (in and including the pre-owner to the prefab Kafkanstein-stead)? And what of the EPA, where were they? Ah, there was a war on, son. Too busy defoliating Nha Trang and Cu Chi (Special Agent Johnny Orange) to worry about a little nuclear waste in who-the-fuck-cares New Mexico. So, the young one. Is it *really* imaginable that juiced-up showerwater, spermy-sperm, and electric shocks could combine and produce said creature from a cockroach? Yes. Yes it is. Anything's imaginable (Come with me, and you'll be, in a world of pure imagination). Just need to use imagination. End of story. One point for me.

## **Kafkie Can You Hear Me?**

Did you ever see the face of Young Kafkaenstein; he gets so excited. Sitting shotgun in the Plymouth eyes exploding like a blowtorch fire ignited. He believes in love but knows not Peter's lack of generosity. Peeping out the window at the RBBB be-atch's curiosity. But Kafkie has no idea who Roy Jonnsen is. He doesn't know Los Alamos or what plutonium is. How can he be saved? From eternal slave(ry).

## **Proper Schooling**

Can we just talk about him (oh, now It's a him, eh)? He's kinda bulky, sedate, feline in his nurturing needs. Fuck knows what he's thinkin'. If I was somethin' like him, I'd jet off to Bangkok and see some sex-op surgeon. No chance in Hell in gettin' girls with that grotesque chassis. Maybe in some early Melvin Van Peebles movie (anybody got a time machine?) or a Dutch fetish-haus (say hello to the lactating preggos!). But L'il Bugner's just a child. Who thinks of sex at such an age? *Re-pro-duc-tion* (Michelle Pfeiffer goes pretty cheap these days) will be the only song singin' in his sensual-less instincts. But give 'em that good ole' Kafkaenstein sex drive, and he'll be *the* Albuquerque scene before most teens (doubt that. Old man fucked probably five times per harvest moon). These days, a bugboy needs good looks and personality. Send 'im off to military school or give 'im blind foster parents (what, do I suddenly worry 'bout the welfare of this beast?) .

Let's play another game. Gettin' all choked up here (*sniff-sniff*). Conceal dem emotions. Hide. Ahh...hide and seek. Kids love hide and seek (to find me, it'd take you a week). Just 'cause I'm worried about the boy gettin' laid don't make me a shallow and

sensitive person (possible to be both?). Freaky Frankie Jr. has got enough problems getting into a good prep school with them ugly looks. They screen, you know. Oh yeah. Don't be so ignorant. Anyone can forge middle-school records. No prob. It's still all paper. Shit, I can make 'im vice-president of the Junior goddamn Honor Society. It's the looks that matter. Get it straight, people. Looks *do* matter. Sure he's got a great personality. Kinda quiet. Just gotta get to know 'im. Come over here. Look at 'im. Sittin' in the K. Patient. Charming. Like Paris.

But then again, I could find young photos of myself (what a knockout!) and send them off with his applications to Phillips Exeter and The Kent School. Shit, with my youthful kissa, boy'll be class president. Ahh...they'll find us out soon enough. Incarcerate me; drown the kid in Raid. What was I thinkin'? Fuck the boy. Throw to the lazy lions of a public school education. Mess his mind, it will, like mine. Don't blame me. I can't help 'im. If you'd like to see Kafkie get into The Blake School, Exeter or the likes, please send money to:

The Kafkanstein Pre-College Collection c/o XXXX XXXX

310 Bowery 2<sup>nd</sup> Floor

New York, NY 10012

make checks payable to...wait, wait wait. Hold on. Who are we to decide his educational fate? He's in Peter's car. Soon enough the CIA will have him cockaroastin' under hot incandescent lights. He's still young. Let him grow like a normal child. BUT. If you still wanna send checks, giddy-up cowboy! 100 bucks gets you a free coffee mug.

Become a lifetime member and we'll stop calling (yes, that's us; the ones hangin' up on

yer voicemail). Helena Rubenstein Foundation pledged 10,000 beans. Hot tamale! Here come the Rockefellers. Yipee!

### **Concern Becomes Paternal**

What's the job-market for a cocka-boy these days? Sure Ringling always has openings (get Anna on the horn) but the salary sucks balls. And benefits? Try having a tonsillectomy done by the Sword Swallower. Gee wiz!

We'll let the boy make his own decision. When he's ready. When he's old enough. What's his life expectancy anyway? Fifteen months for an American Cockroach (sure that's his species?), 68 years for the non-smoking (well...does electrocution count?) male Kafkanstein...hmm...carry the 4...divide by  $\Pi$ ...integrate, integrate, integrate...always subtract 3!...so that makes...23.9 years until sure death. Puts him in grade school.....now. Better go and tell Peter. Got plans to make.

New Mexico has the second worst public school system the entire USA. Yes, Mississippi has the worst. We *knew* that (who are *we*?). So sending a roach to Miss Blackflag's 4<sup>th</sup> grade classroom in Santa Fe ain't a hot idea. Head 'im up to the old East Coast (lord knows he'll pay some dues, gettin' through). "How was yawr first day of school, Jawn? Dare's a wicked pissah of a cawckaroach in my geography clahss. Well isn't dat just plain typical," is commonplace at Worcester Middle. Nobody'd pick on the critter out East (Shit, homeroom was half arachnid my sophomore year). He could pursue physics and join the wrestling team (42% of all closets were on the 'team' in HS).

Not auto mechanics and the delinquency team (they're 9-1 this year). Think about the boy!

The more I think about it, the more I think *I'd* be the right daddy for this freak-a-nature. But he's gonna need a mama. A mama human-a. Or I drive a few roaches up to Vegas and see which one works after a few cocktails and "dolla yo, dolla yo" all night...

### **Come Back**

...Whew...wow...well...achem...what happened to our game of hide and seek? We've been playin' it the whole time. The whole time. You just haven't been paying close enough attention. *Pop. Pop.* Shame on you.

Now that we've come out of hiding, what do we seek here? Universal truths? Religious epiphanies? Hard facts? Is the fate of poor Young Kafkaenstein our concern? He *could* be your Messiah. He *could* disappear in a bizarre, unsolved border incident. He *might* not even exist at all. Huh? My only concern as wheelchair to this crippled tale is that nobody heals the disabled. I'd be outta job. I prefer my Tropicana expired, my Levis irregular, and New York in March (how about youuuuuu?).



## **2 They Give Them Sugar Water**

## ***How Things Do Begin to Happen!***

Things begin to happen (it's about time). Game recap.

- Peter left Kafkie in the K to get Roy? Alone? Loneliness left alone.
- Roy recognizes Peter and repositions RCA remote into his right hand.
- Ban-Anna-Split, Babs-A-Ganoush, Carol-Ina-Rice are cookin' up a Kafka-nappin'.

This time, things, and I mean real things, not those kinda things that collect in between yo' crack-smoked teeth, begin to happen.

### **For Instance**

Peter asks Roy to get off the sofa to *come see what I've gots* but Roy believes it to be just another green, Martian dog corpse (Commander K-9) so Roy returns to his recliner (Peter has often mistook hoaxes as money-makers. Sound like someone we know?). Roy then changes the channel from seven to six and settles into Judge Hatchett (odd for 9:49am). Peter immediately involves himself in the drama and truly believes, with all of his pessimistic insight, that the plaintiff's lover did, in fact, steal the mother-of-pearl dentures from her deceased mother's grave. "Gwave-wobbewy! Give him wife!" yelps Roy. Re-Peter again prefers Roy to come check this shit out in the K-car. "It's better than TV!" Peter attempts (damn fool) to click off the Sony and siphon the slackin' Roy outside. Are you insane? Before the verdict? Are you insane? Don't care if you've got the lead bullet that killed that bastard Lincoln, nobody leaves until Her

Honor serves Sloppy-Joe-Justice for 5<sup>th</sup>-period lunch. Roy takes cousin Petey's wrist and applies the old Indian burn (just like Navajo give another for taking spirit of horse) and returns his attention to the tube.

### **During the Commercial**

Vladimir Putin mistakes a glass of untreated water for the finer Youri Dolgoruki and is prescribed Lomotil for three days.

### **And**

Anna and Babs (and Carol) are still observing the K-car from a nearby distance. They notice Peter's extended absence and decide to act. Consult with Carol? Naa...she can come if she wants. Better yet—

“Why don't you (Babs) stay here and Carol and I will go and get the fuckin' thing. We'll signal to you when we got it and you speed over, pick us up, and we'll get the hell outta here.” Anna da planna. “Understand? Carol. Ready? Let's go.”

### **Head in the Clouds**

A lonesome, circular cloud in the dry New Mexican sky obscures the bleaching sun (who has cranked up the temperature several degrees in the past few minutes). Its shadow slowly scours the desert like an anti-searchlight and crosses the K-car as Carol and Anna arrive. They approach low, crouching as they flank the passenger side. Carol's heart fidgets beneath her B-cup-breasted chest as Anna lifts the handle on the automobile's passenger side door.

The abandoned cloud looks down at the infinite crags and plateaus. Bored and forlorn, it imagines other cloud shapes hidden in the skunkbrush and Apache plumes. It wonders how often it feels loneliness like this. How many cloudy Club Band players tickle that same blue piano tune? How often does warmth pass the cold, closed doors of the solitude? As it departs the realm of the K-car (and K Jr.), the cloud remembers the words of an older, wiser cumulonimbus: “Many lonely clouds will unite to become one tremendous storm”. The cloud considers this, elevates (both in mood and height) and calculates an absolute value. And a critical mass.

### **Back From Commercial**

“Not guilty,” decides Judge Hatchett. Bull-ass-sheeeet. He’s lying through her mother’s mother-of-pearl false teeth (he’s actually wearing them in court). Can’t believe this is considered a democracy. A crazy-demo of injustice is more like it. Geez. Now, let’s go check out the freak in the Chrysler (It’s a Plymouth).

### **Peter Leads Roy to the K-car**

They both stare at the ground as they walk, not speaking, just schlepping their pathetic Pumas along. They get near the car and Peter sees the door open and says, “Did I leave the door open?” Roy has no response for such a selfish and unanswerable question and spits some yellow phlegm onto his own shoe (it was an accident). Anyway Peter, it’s the passenger side door that’s open, so why why why? Schmuck. Peter picks up the pace and as he’s about to round the front bumper, he hears a car horn blasting from behind him.



out of the ve-hicle and tries to eye her two partners. Oh, here comes Anna and boy does she look ticked off. Carol is moping behind, about two car lengths, her Keds scrapin' up the dry desert. What the hell happened? Anna yells out, "there ain't shit," but Babs blurts, "beware," and points to the Boys tucked under the hood. Roy pops his head out and mumbles Babs the verdict.

"Fixed yer problem, ma'am. You see there was a short in the primary power line that leads to the horn casing and I just rerouted it and patched it up with a little electrical tape I had in my pocket (he pats his pocket) so I think you should be all set."

"Never bullshit a bullshitter." Babs under her breath. "But if it makes you feel like a man, you can keep your lies." Anna arrives, then Carol.

### **Introductions**

"I never got yer names?" Babs to the boys, being the boys both don't have the balls to bother.

"I'm Roy and this here's my cousin Petey." Roy reluctantly responds, impatient to return to the 10 o'clock television.

"Well I'm...Jennifer and this is...(here's the ball, Anna)."

"Jennifer. We're both named Jennifer." Nice one girl.

Peter looks at Carol, at her soft, Pantene hair, her shy-green eyes and her B (possibly a small C) cup bra outlining itself in her loose, Limited blouse. He sees Something there (on an emotional level), Something he's never seen on Spice, in *Hustler's Barely Legal* or at the *Tit-Pit*. She has special. Special Something. Be bold Peter, be brave. This is your chance.

### **She Could be It**

“I didn’t get your name,” Peter asks Carol with the confidence of Siegfried and/or Roy (not *our* Roy, but the famous one) (and she is immediately charmed by somehow sensing the circus metaphor that I supplied). “Is it also Jennifer?”

Carol lets a shy grin crack from her unassuming lips. “It’s Carol. You’re Peter, right?”

“That’s the name my momma gave me.” Oh Pete, who taught you to be so charming?

Anna can’t take any more of this shit. “Well it was nice to meet all of you. We have to be on our way about now. Get in the car Carol.”

### **He Could be It**

Carol lets her eyes shift back to Peter as she opens the Suburban’s door. Don’t let him get away. Didn’t *you* feel Somethin’ back there? Where’s the woman that popped out a moment ago? Let’s go you fool, say Somethin’. But then Pete squeaks, “Umm...umm...I like your hair,” (mostly at the ground, but his head snaps up for a reaction) before Carol finds the courage to speak.

### **Interrupting Anna.**

Her beady eyes black as her hollow heart. “You *what?*”

But some Peter-poise surfaces from the deep, deep depressions of his loser person. “I wasn’t talking to you, Jennifer, I was talking to her (Carol, of course).”

“Who the hell is Jennifer? (a rib-nudge from shotgun Babs) Oh...well very nice. Hair *is* nice to like.” She starts the engine and puts the gearshift in D. Roy has already begun back to his trailer. All this time wasted and now he’s gonna miss the first five minutes of Springer. Peter looks at Carol, and her back at him, honesty honestly in her sideways eyes.

### **Show Her What You Got**

“Hair is nice to like. Hair is nice to like. Hair is nice to like. Hair is nice to like. Hair is nice to like.” Peter repeats the mantra (paying particular attention to her cute ass-onance) and a word wriggles out from his increasing confidence. “Wait,” creaks Peter. “Wait. There’s something I want to show you (you = Carol).”

“We don’t have time, boy, we’re late as it is. We have to be...there...soon.”  
Dominate as you always do Anna.

“It will only take a minute. Just she needs to come. It’ll only take a minute. It’s just over there in my car.” Babs looks at Anna, Anna at Babs, Babs back to Carol, Carol at Peter, Anna at Peter then at Carol, Peter away from Carol and at Anna (the alpha).

“Go ahead Carol. Hurry up,” commands Anna toying the thought that perhaps there *is* some circus-worthy critter in this kid’s K-car. Carol hops out of the car. Her elevating mood combines with the flutter in her heart introducing an apple redness to her cheeks. Aaaaaaawwww shuuuuuucks.



Carol and Peter walk silently to the Plymouth. What do you suppose they're thinkin'? About each other?

### **Guess**

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

### **Full of Bash and False Fury**

They enter the area formerly occupied by the cloud's shadow (which has now joyfully drifted across the sandy stage toward Taos) and Peter peers at the Plymouth with puzzle pieces in his peepers. "Didn't I leave the car door open? Or did I think I left the car door closed and it appeared open and now it's closed?"

Carol conceives the question as rhetorical (and she's still shining of shyness), but then remembers her and Anna's earlier move. She feels the urge to be honest, like Lincoln, and immediately offers a guilty plea (although it was Anna who did the mechanical maneuver). "I opened your car door." And she falls silent, halfway expecting Peter to understand (did they share something back there?).

"You? I don't understand? Wait. Was there somethin' sittin'—"

--There wasn't anything. I thought I saw It when we passed you on 520. That's why we're—

--(looking into the car) because now It's gone and wait, you followed me here?"

An ounce of anger arising in Peter. Causes Carol to become s-s-s-scared and her next s-s-s-sentence s-s-s-stutters s-s-s-somewhat.

"I-i-t's because we, well, I saw It...and I-I-I was curious..."

Like any Harrison Ford look-alike would declare at a Harrison Ford Look-And-Speak-Alike contest, Pete booms, "Who. Do. You. *Work*. For?" Now Peter can only relate this tonal rise to the movies. It's not *real* anger; it's fabricated for dramatic purposes. He has never had the instance to get so bent outta shape, but he's seen enough tough TV guys to get into character. He feels very wrong, stupid he reacted like that. But how does he reverse the reaction?

Carol is jammed. Frozen. Devastated by this sudden outburst. From Peter, the man she thought might share the soft insides (like steamed Maryland crab) of a sweet and sensitive man. Tears pour down the back of her eyeballs, into her sinuses and down into her throat. She chokes. *Cough-cough* and her neck muscles flex and flex and *gulp-gulp*. And she turns away; ready to return to the Chevy, to the Ann-a-buse and to the sad and stagnant life as a six-week intern Henchwoman for the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Boring Circus Southwest Scouts.

### **Reconsider**

Is that really you? Who does she work for? Who cares. Who are you to treat someone like that? Who do you work for? You stuff and open envelopes for a living. You stuff cheeseburgers and chiles rellenos into your greasy throat. You stuff socks down your pants before going to the *Tit-Pit* (doesn't mean your a prevert, just a pretty normal

strip jockey). You were gonna show her *anyway*, now that it's gone, what's the difference? So tell her. But then she might think you a crackpot and walk away. But she *is* already walking away, and she thinks you're a mean sonofabitch. So tell her. So don't tell her. So tell her. So don't tell her. So tell her. Tell her what? The whole story? So he does (all the while, Anna impatiently blasts the Suburban's functioning horn<sup>1\*</sup>).

The amount of time Peter takes to recount equals that of the time to decide whether or not to trim defiant nose hairs with patented, painless Conair clippers or just clamp them stiff cilia between thumb and index fingernails and *yannnnk!* (tears come to my eyes). And tears creep around the eyes of Carol. They are combination tears, divided between happiness and residual malaise and they overflow her corneas. She is delighted and dripping and has to gather her head and react.

### **Respond**

“Well, we have to find It. Peter, this is important. It could be in danger (permeating parental instincts). Let me go and tell Anna and B-bbbbbennifer and Jennifer and we'll all look together.” Carol the crier converts into Carol the cajoler or: Carol the cutie convinces Peter who couldn't be any sweeter (after the whole manufactured rage incident) to find Young Kafkaenstein. Silently they skip toward the Suburban to summon the stubborn Anna 'n Babs.

### **Halfway There**

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<sup>1\*</sup> for those who want pause here and hear a slappin' version of Peter's story, go back to the second section and re-soak it in.

“Why don’t you go and get your people and I’ll go get mine (pointing to Roy’s RV),” Pete plays the professional, “and we’ll rendezvous back at the Plymouth in ten.” Oh he’s *soooo* in control. A *reeeeal* leader. He uses words like rendezvous. Why didn’t I see that in him the first time ‘round? *Thump-thump*, in her chest and a fleeting flush of blood vessels in the crotch.

### **Here are the Teams**

Alpha Team—Anna and Roy hold fort *Chez Roy* (Roy wouldn’t leave his television post for nuthin’). They serve as point people. Any problems or such (by the way, nobody’s allowed on the Los A-La Most grounds. I mean nobody. And nobody knows they’re CIA. Roy said they’re simple folk who don’t like strangers snoopin’ ‘round. Just regular folk). Roy will be there with the authority, and Anna with the boobs and blazing tyranny.

Beta Team—Babs. Swinging solo. She asked permission (everything goes through Anna) to go it alone. Easy decisions, covert capabilities are at their peak when she’s on her own, she says. She gonna sweep the south and eastern areas.

Gamma Team—Pete and Carol. Lovebirds fly north in the spring, but does that mean it’s mating season?

OK. BREAK!

## **Alpha Station**

Setting – Inside Roy Jonnsen’s RV. Time: 10:24am. TV: On.

### **Channel 1**

– A publicly funded (or should I say privately influenced) program about disused oil refineries in Texas. Anna stares attentively at the screen as if oil was the only important natural resource (next to circus freak) in existence (she may be on to something). Roy’s eyes keep hittin’ the snooze button and he fades in and out of naptime sleep. “Change this.” Anna is bored. Roy awakes and clicks the clicker. Click.

### **Channel 2**

– The Price is Right. Bob Barker with his white man’s thin-cock mic readies the contestants for the Showcase Showdown. Roy’s back in alpha sleep. Rapid dreams of dogs and cats rebelliously fucking and fucking and humping on the Plinko set. Bob Barker in tears. Odd species generate. Cats with floppy ears, dogs that meow. “How long are they gonna take to find this thing?” No response. “Change this,” she says. Roy snaps to it. Click.

### **Channel 3**

– A colorless commercial for Tide. A whitewashed stage, two clear bowls, a vodka sauce-stained t-shirt. “It’s cold in here. Don’t you have heat?” Click.

#### **Channel 4**

– *Jerry Springer*. Today’s topic: Teenagers that ‘just don’t care.’ *Without discipline, teenagers will just waste the day drinking and taking drugs, skipping school, not participating in sports, clubs and activities. They’ll grow up lazy and barely pass by life as a security guard at a retirement home.* Anna throws a condescending glance onto Roy. It bounces off his face and lands behind the couch. Click.

#### **Channel 5**

– *Three’s Company*. Jack and Larry are chattin’ up two blondes at the Regal Beagle. Chrissie enters and joins them. She informs the girls that Jack is her roommate and through some grave misunderstanding, the sexy blondes think Jack is g-a-y. “Is this what you do all day?” asks Anna. *Uh-huh*. “This is your job?” *Uh-huh*. “Girlfriend?” *Uh-huh...umm...unh-unh*. “Hobbies?” *Unh-unh*. “Well, I don’t know what to say.” *Uh-huh*. Click.

#### **Channel 6**

– Local news. Authorities have recently discovered a large amount of explosives missing from a stockroom near Taos. This is news? This is public interest? This information can be disclosed to civilians? (this is planting of pseudo-sub-sub-plot...) We’re in New Mexico. Don’t you forget that. Anna creeps over to Roy and swipes the remote. “You are terrible at it. And you call yourself a man? This is how you do it.” And then she starts. Click.

### **Channel 7**

– A talk show. The panel is...click.

### **Channel 8**

– A commercial for...click.

### **Channel 9**

– Golf. The Fourteenth hole and...click.

### **Channel 10 through 21**

– Click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click.

### **Channel 22**

– A man is on the couch watching television. A woman is standing next to him holding a remote. “That’s strange,” admits Anna as she turns 360°. Roy whips out another remote and turns off the TV. “What? Why were we on...?” Roy flops fetal, face buried in the couch back and ass extended out in agitation. “You dirty sonofa...you kinky fucker. So that’s how you get off. With who? Pojoaque whores?” Oh Anna, does that turn you on? Does it wet ya? It does, doesn’t it? Who else gets to see this feed? What do they wanna see? They wanna see you. Because you’re such a good ass. Yes, you know you are. Dirty girl. Filthy dog. Wouldn’t you just be such a slut if you went

over to that couch and started suckin' his balls? Slowly slip your slimy Victoria Secrets over this stranger's head. Rub his hot piss all over your tits and gargle it in your throat? Take his Tootsie-cock up the ass until you bleed. All of this while some guy in Kansas spansk it live to your erotic cries? "Turn it back on." And Anna approaches the TV. *Unzipppppp* her Old Navy blues go and onto the floor. A stream of sunlight edges into the room and plants itself in the vicinity of her mons (ya mon!). The exposed silken black panties reflect the luminous intruder and, now diluted, the light springs from her bushy bush. It weakly collides with an empty Corona and bends right into Roy's semi-resting eyes. Lightly bothered, he twists his careless head and discovers Anna with her hand stuffed in her crotch, the silhouette of slowly rotating fingertips swallowing his gaze. "Turn it on, *gasp-gasp*, turn it on." Impatiently she stares at the television, pressing the buttons on her remote in rapid succession. "Turn it...oh...on." Roy shrugs. Click.



## **The Master Beta**

Setting – outside the Gates of Los A-La-Most. 10:05am. Sunnyish.

### **Enter the *Interdit***

Now that Anna (Jennifer I) is occupying Roy and his fortress, Babs busts through Los A-La-Most's most fortified front. The front gate. The filthy grounds are well decorated with the essentials (broken Bud bottles, crushed Kix cartons, cummed-in Durex + wrappers, Taco Bell smell, smashed Black and Decker circ saws, etc., etc., etc., etc.). "Wet Paint" signs posted everywhere with no clear indication that any of the paint is wet. Now inside, she slickly slips behind a Hefty 55 gallon can and scans the area. "It must be in here," she thinks. "The absolute wrong is always completely right." She read that while taking a shit at the IHOP this morning. "I shouldn't have read that. I wouldn't have shat if I didn't have coffee. I usually don't drink coffee but today I did. And by doing so I discovered that fortune. I thought only men write on toilet stall walls." She suddenly shuts the inner monologue because of a loud crash somewhere near a parked RV. She holds her position and pops her head slightly out to the side.

### **There's a Man**

About a halfa klick ESE. He's wearing red. How strange. He's smoking. Camel Lights? Taking out the trash. No matter. Back on with the brain, "Babsy, you gotta get on by. You gotta find this fucker. You get this one, you'll have at least an office, with a

Bostitch stapler, with a Braun pencil sharpener, Parker pens, late nights, cigar bars, Modern Art openings, VIP status in the Platinum Room at the Sandia, but you'll be there with that bitch Anna..." Crash again! Who makes that much a-racket takin' out the trash? What-da-fuck. Now, how to evade this idiot...ah yes. "Wait? Who takes trash out in an RV park? Don't these people live in their own filth? Something's not right here." Babs holds her thought on the 'not right here' and breaks north towards a lonely ponderosa pine and shelters herself. Undetected. Yet thoroughly intrigued by this place.

### **An RV Park?**

So close to the radioactive Mecca of Los Alamos? Chemists in white smocks, Land Rovers, explosive government salaries (there *is* a war on, son). What gives? Why have low-income housing (Winnebagos are *so* lower-middle-class) near a wealthy military installation? And this peckerhead Pete, why would he bring this creature to an RV park? Wouldn't he turn it over to the police? Even to us for cash?

### **The RV Park: Full Sunlight**

Her eyes defocus and Monet (it's a verb) the sparse high desert into oatmeal with raisins. Don't think about the odd situation too much, you'll drive yourself mad. Concentrate on not being seen (Roy did mention something about trespassing and Federal offenses) and keep a keen eye out for...what's that? Over there (there). Is it a...no doesn't look like a...didn't get a real good look at it...that must be. Ok. Slowly now. If you head SSE about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a km, there's a low yucca. From there, flank left along the Coleman and you can approach It from behind. Go!

## **The Gamma of Love**

Setting – North of Los A-La-Most. 10:10am. Mushy.

### **Sweet Peter Purebred**

“Oh where oh where has my little It gone, oh where oh where can It be?” Peter giggles and he gets a gratuitous grunt outta Carol. “That’s from Underdog. Did you watch it when you were a kid?”

“No, we didn’t watch much TV at home. My father was pretty hard on us. If we weren’t at school, we were sure to be feeding the sows and cattle and such. But when I did, it was PBS.”

“PBS? You’re not from Santa Fe, are you?”

“South of Las Cruces. Anthony, Texas,” says Carol, naturally, as if she were telling the mirror. Never once has Anna or Babs asked her about her past.

“So you’re a Texan, eh?” He’s impressed.

### **A Step Back**

“Where do you think...I mean, can It walk?” Here comes Carol with that strict professionalism the farm life burned so deep. One minute you’re the Holly Golightly, next minute you’re Gestapo. Loosen up. Relax. He’s just tryin’ to get to know ya.

“I dunno much about It, like I said, I found It and brought It here.” Prudent Peter. Is she just usin’ him? All she really cares about is findin’ this creature. Seems that way. Right? Maybe she’s just nervous.

They trek the Pajarito Plateau, slowly, side-by-side, occasionally (accidentally or not) brushing hands and retracting in awkward embarrassment. Carol’s on patrol. Using her refined espionage skills to spot any bogey that could be the young roachling. And Peter’s inspects nothing beyond his shoes, paying fine attention to the rocks and brush crushing underneath his size elevens.

The sun climbs higher in the deep sky. A small fleet of thick clouds gathers the far west. The lonely cloud looks back at the western storm and admires its assembling strength. “I think we should look over there (pointing over there),” says Carol.

### **Steering Closer**

“So, you grew up on a farm?” Peter pleasantly speaks.

She thinks of a smile. And when the thought combines with her heartbeats and tingles, her mood makes inevitable sense. He has special. This Peter is Something special. But now what? Too early for a kiss; too late for a blind date. Let’s talk about It. She wants to talk about him, about her, but she instead talks about It. “What do you think It is?” Try harder. What did he say? A farm? He asked about the farm. Yes, yes a farm. Register and respond. “Yes, yes a farm.” She knows she wants to tell him everything. About her ant farm. About her secret spot near the coop. About her violin lessons. About the simple notion that she feels able to tell him everything. Tell him

everything without knowing anything. About him. About his baseball cards. About his famous French toast. About his Lionel train set.

“In Texas?” Peter’s interest feeds the conversation, keeping it alive and sated from the salivating tongue of boredom.

“Yes.” And a momentary, dizzy confusion dissolves into direct dialogue. “My father, my two brothers, two-dozen cattle, two-dozen pigs and a handful of chickens. You can see we had a pretty calm household.”

“And what about your mother?” Kinda forward, kid, but she doesn’t mind.

“She left before I was born.” (huh?)

“Do you know where she is now?” What is this curiosity?

“I don’t know really. Pa says she’s in California, but I’m not too sure about that (Carol, your mother was a Navajo. Tell him. Tell him how your father was too embarrassed to admit he loved an Injun and he told her he’d raise you in a good house if she promised never to return. Keep the perceived racist shame away from him and from you. Oh you can’t tell him. You don’t know yourself).”

### **Ugly Words**

The two newcomers to expression discover more commonalities. They both hate specific words. Carol hates the word ‘buttermilk’ because it reminds her of Spring. Peter hates the word ‘product’ because his father was a flea market salesman. They both hate the words ‘doctrine’ and ‘cornucopia’. Neither of them even knows what a cornucopia is, but they both think of that girl who dances with the fruit on her head (Carmen Miranda she is). Now isn’t that luv?

## The Beta Bound

### Babs Understands Four Things in Life

One: Always consider (and frequently buy) generic brands when shopping at the Albertson's. Two: Changing your philosophy on life after age twenty-five is like changing your underwear only once a week. It's unsanitary and leaves permanent stains (except in really, really poor places where wearing underwear is just plain presumptuous). Three and Four: They're pretty daft and we'll keep them far away as to maintain some respect for her. But back to two. Life pours rocky concrete during the pubescent years and hardens by twenty-something, so to re-set it (at 33) would require a jackhammer, union labor and a special permit. Humph! Babs has always been a happy passive instigator. A consistent toady. She never liked taking charge of any situation. Never wanted to be confronted by the *absurdly* unknown alone (this absurdly unknown possibly dwelling in the scrub brush twenty NE).

Her job *is* the absurdly unknown and she doesn't know why *this* absurdly unknown thingamajig makes her absurdly uncomfortable (as she stares absurdly at the recently shuddering shrub). Is it because Anna's away? She's afraid to stand up for herself. But she *did* see something move, rather, she *saw* something move something else (something #1 = the 'thing?' and something #2 = a succulent). And back at base

camp, she volunteered to go on this quest alone. All out of character, all so different.  
What's the deal Babsy?

### **Difficult Decisions**

She knows the consequence of capturing and awarding It to Ringling Brothers. A creature as absurd as Peter described during their pow-wow. It's certain to earn her and Anna (Carol would be left behind) desk jobs. Maybe in Chicago. New York. Los Angeles. Riga. Seoul. Madras. Away from this lonely land of indigenous isolation and Government tags. But the thought of promotion scares the shit outta her. The thought of success is: All. Too. Much. To. Han. Die. Right. Now. And. Anna. The. Bully. Can she live in the shadow of that dominatrix much longer? No way would she cross Anna, it would only make Anna cross. How to get out of this debacle? This conundrum. Why now, why is all of this happening now?

So why not ignore It. Lose track of It. Pretend to never have even seen It. Return to base and say, "Hum...nuthin' out there. Musta got away." Don't find this monster, don't get promoted, stay protected and warm in the welcoming New Mexican womb. But as Something else. Away from the atrocities of Anna and her assholishness. Yes! Freedom! But wait a cotton-pickin' minute!

### **Toilet Talk**

"God, I gotta go," bursts Babs below the radar of anyone's ears. Oh deary, IHOP java ain't for the weak. What to do... Pop a squat? Wipe with what? A prickly pear? Ooowwwee! Must make a decision (or make the panties). Find a bathroom. Where?

Right there in the Coleman on the right. “Wonder if nobody’s home? Wonder if anybody’s in?” Hurry up; shit’s gonna stream down into yo’ socks. Nasty. Knock-Knock? No-no-no. Just go in. So she goes. Door’s open. Where’s the bowl? Maybe it’s over and, “ohmygod, what the hell is this place?” Loud enough for anybody to hear (unfortunately nobody responds). The poop pangs discontinue as the crap crawls back up her fart flume.

### **What She Sees**

Buttons, dials, gadgets, gauges, gizmos, knobs, lights, manuals, metal, meters, monitors, plastics, needles, scales, switches, things that blink, things that blip, things that buzz, things that click, things that flash, things that flick, things that flip, things that ring, things that shine, things that turn, things that *do-not-belong-in-trailer-trash-lodgings*. “Wowee.” Babs is blown away. This can’t be. “Just what is this place?” she says exactly how Sigourney Weaver would relay her reaction to Ridley Scott (except it takes Babs only two takes to get it right) and she starts to inspect.

### **But What of Nature’s Calls?**

#### **Have They Defied All of Gravity’s Pulls?**

Ba-babs black sheep, Have you any stool?

Yes sir, yes sir, three bowels full.

One for my master and one for my dame

And one for the little boy who lives down the lane.



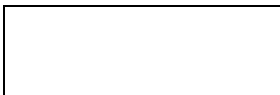
Ba-babs black sheep, Have you any stool?

Yes sir, yes sir, three bowels full.

### **They'll Just Have to Wait**

Babs is too bewildered to allow her craptractions to overpower. She begins with an assessment of the desk area. But first she locks the door. Then back to the desk. She scans paperwork. Clicks mice (mouses?). Punches keys. Scratches her kidneys (nervous habit). Not noticing details. Just assessing. She looks outside (furtive as a glance). Nobody. Takes a seat. Pushes power on (Compaq Evo W8000).

### ***...Booting Up***



Please Enter Security Code:

“Hmm...” But that symbol in the background...the circle and, “Huh-huh?” Central Intelligence Agency—United States of America. The words curving around the interior circumference like a puppydog chasing its flappy tail (that’s what They do, *n’est-ce pas?* First they train ‘em then they hunt ‘em). And, “Holy cow!” it’s on this binder, and on this pen. And this mouse pad. Even this coffee mug (merchandising

department's hot these days). "Holy moley!" And that's when it occurs to Babs. She's in deep shit.

### **A Clumsy Clue**

An orange Post-It with a series of numbers and letters is stuck on the left side of the monitor. "What kinda schmuck leave the...oh the hell with it," Babs punches the code in (come on, that easy?).

147GL7992A-1
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Please Enter Security Code:

### ***...Processing***

*Welcome to the Central Intelligence Agency's Main Information Database, Somalasal. Select from one of the options below.*

"Oh my, oh my!" Babs is oh so so so excited!!!! Common curiosity conquers conservative caution. **SEARCH BY NAME.** Click.

*Please enter person's last name then first name followed by current address.*

Babs (backspace, backspace)...Minger, Barbara. Santa Fe, NM. Click. Oh this is so so so crazy. She reads all about herself. Address. Date of Birth (ahem...never ask a lady her age). SAT scores (980...but my math was strong). Past occupations (Stewart's, A & W) Tax returns (clean, real clean). Pets (woof!). Etc (etc.). All in order. No records of any murders, stolen vehicles, late credit card payments, bar brawls. Pretty boring life, eh kid?

Ok. NEW SEARCH. Carl, Anna. Santa Fe, NM. Click.

Carl, Anna.

Aliases: Carl, Jennifer (ha!). Carl, Alex (huh?).

DOB: 04/30/1966 (she said she was 29!).

Current Address: 43 Romero St. Santa Fe, NM 87503 (yep).

Occupation: Ringling Brother's Barnum and Bailey Circus. 1996-current (yep).

Previous occupation: Carolina Transportation Company. 1990-1993 (ok).

Arrests: 18 months in Ohio State Penitentiary for aggravated assault. 1993.

(wow!).

Marriages: Kim O'Jordan 1987-present (what the...).

### **Huh?**

She holds for a moment, trying to make sense of this odd information. Oh, and of course, she's being monitored. Surveillance is the sweet key to national security.

Cameras are watching her every trespassing step. But who's watching the cameras. Roy

(well, he's sposta be). Who's watching the person who's sposta to be watching the cameras (checks and balances)? I suppose I could, if they are wireless. But too busy right now.

### **Then**

*Bang-Bang.* “Hey yo Somala..., yo, get your ass up outta that chair. We’re goin’ up to Española for some breakfast.” *Bang-bang* on the door (baby). Then a *rattle-rattle* plus a “Hey, we’re goin’ to Bunyan’s Big Toe (aka La Bota) for huevos rancheros and some cervezas. Let’s go. Open up. Why you lockin’ the door, bitch? Word.”

*Rattle-rattle.* Babs burps but shuts her trap to trap in the air. “We’re leavin’ in ten minutes if you’re there or not.” One more *rattle* and the person leaves. Babs lets the air outta her mouth (tastes like mochachino) with a sigh. Wait. One more noise: *Flush.* This time from inside the camper!! Holy Frijoles! She quickly tries to clear the screen but can’t click properly. “Where’s the power? Shut it off, reset it...how...how (Ctrl + Alt +Del, silly). Just get the hell out of here!” Babs battles her panicking conscience for two seconds too long. Too late, sweetie pie. Here’s Somalasal creepin’ outta the crapper. Kinda cute, in that trashy Burt Reynolds way (you got dat right, champ!).

### **Supercalifragilisticexpialideucetime**

And guess who returns (always at the most inopportune times)? Mary Poop-pains. And she’s descending *sin* umbrella.

“Who the hell are you?” Somalasal screams.

Babs is barely able to babble, “Bu...but...buttt...I have to uuuuuse yyyourrr b-b-b-b-bathroom.” A mini-Indiana Jones is prying open her clinched sphincter. “Please...I’ll explain...” With those words, Babs thrusts by him, unbuttoning her jeans and pulling them down en route. She bursts into the tiny toilet and doesn’t even close the door. Somalasal tilts his head away in disgust (a below-the-beltline Bronx Cheer booms through the Coleman camper) and waits for her to settle after the first phase of the movement. Waits with a pair of handcuffs and several questions.

## **BackGamma**

Peter Peterson stretches his arms high above his red head. He clasps his hands and yawns.

### **North of Los A-La-Most (where Carol and Pete are dilly-dallying)**

Verdant vegetation intensifies as the dry desert approaches a western bend in the Rio Grande. Sunshine does its usual cosmic loitering, but deep in the Western distance, clouds are still conspicuously congregating.

“So are you married?” Peter quietly queries. Quite a queer question Quilty. What’s the matter, wanna be her bride? (Hee-hee-huh...oh...groom).

Carol lets out a comfortable laugh. “Oh no. Me? No no. I dated this guy, Mitch Mitchell—

### **Mitch ‘Bitch’ Mitchell**

Mitch Mitchell got the nickname 'Bitch' from the pledgemaster of his fraternity while doing pushups over a pile of dog shit. The idea was he had to do 75 pushups (clean ones, no dying whales) without collapsing into the crap. He failed and Brother Grant, the pledgemaster said, "Mitch, you a little bitch." And there it stuck, with poodle poop smeared in his eyelashes.

Prior to that defining moment, his friends would call him by his real name, Mitchell. For instance, "Yo Mitchell, grab me a brewsky," and "Hey Mitchell, your girlfriend's a skank." Oh those frat boys. All the same.

All of his homoerotic and male-chauvinist meddlings while at sigma pi forced him to generally beat Carol almost every Thursday. He felt it would make her understand what it is to be a woman and his bitch, even though Mitch was the real bitch in this sitch-u-ation, and for her to understand her role in his life. She played along for only so long. It wasn't so much the beating that turned Carol away from 'Bitch', it was the fact that she felt by senior year, he derived more pleasure in beating the pledges than he did in beating her. And that shows no fuckin' love.

### **Closer**

--about three years ago. Turns out he was a real jerk. Since then, it's been, well, kinda blah." Carol happily confides in Peter. She lets loose her stern search senses and settles into the sweet sounds of Petey P. (KPPP—99.4 on your FM dial).

"I've never really had a girlfriend." Careful, she's gonna take you for a gay-guy-gay-guy. "I...I mean, I've never dated someone for a long time." Suppose she'll

buy that. She likes you, boy. But careful. Don't get lost in words and thinkin'. Keep your hands on the wheel. Let the Golden Age begin. You're kinda klutzy, remember?

"That's not true. Girls must tear down your door." Again, her heart rate increases, but this time, not out of nervousness. She's confident (check out how her sulk has straightened) and those beats are strong and hard. "I'd go out with you if you asked me."

### **Almost There**

"Ya...ya would?" And yep. There it is: Trips on his own toes and tumbles to the turf. Carol gasps. A small puff of sand settles. A blob of blood begins to seep from near his left ear. His head is motionless. There's even less motion coming from his chest, which should be humping (yes *humping*, like a Moishe's mover) air in and out of his lungs.

### **Flailsafe**

He breaks into convulsions. Little schoolgirl tantrums. Fish-out-of-water spasms. They look like...like laughter. Carol releases a giggle or two, too, not knowing really how to react.

"But you're bleeding," she nervously notes, still not sure she's safe in smile-mode.

“Oh it happens all of the time. I’m clumsy, that’s all. I’m fine.” It happens all of the time. So do poetry slams, but this time, somebody’s interested. And it’s somebody you might want to make yours (or to start, make out with).

He gets up and brushes the sand from his clothes. “Boy am I embarrassed,” comically, putting a heavy stress on the ‘*I*’. Carol pats the blood with a Handi-Wipe (she keeps them in her back pocket).

### **Explosive**

A small chuckle slips out of Carol’s calming lips. She sucks the giggles back in, holding her breath hard...but breaks into raging laughter. Pete grins...grimaces...grins... and joins her hilarity. *Ha-ha-hahaha* like an ongoing laugh track (a-la-*Archie Bunker’s Place*). She stops, he looks up, catches her eyes, she laughs again. She stops, he starts. He stops she stops. They both start. He stops, she continues. They laugh as one.

“Maybe we can go check on Roy and Jennifer.” Pete mixes some words with the giggles. “I don’t think we’re gonna find this thing, anyway.”

“Can I tell you something?” Carol chortles (love that word—sounds like a tree fungus).

“Sure.”

“Her name is Anna.”



“Who? Jennifer?” *He-he.* A small one sneaks out. “Anna? Why did she say her name was Jennifer?”

### **A Thought Fleets (she'll find It later)**

“I dunno. She likes to be a jerk-o. I really can't stand her. I really hate her, actually. She's real mean. She always picks on me, too. She really likes making me feel stupid. And you know what...” And she stops. The words clog her throat like body hair in the shower drain. Pete picks up the conversation.

“What is wrong with people. What were you gonna say?”

“I really don't know.” She really doesn't. “I'm sure your cousin is going *crazy* right now. She's probably driving him nuts.”

“He'll be alright. They're probably watchin' TV or sumethin'. What about the real Jennifer, is she a jerk, too?”

“You mean Babs.” A small chuckle that marks the end of her participation in this funny fit. There certainly will be more between these two. “She just does whatever Anna tells her to do. Both of them are idiots. Well, she ain't so bad I suppose, outside being with Anna.”

“Why do you work with them? Why don't you leave?”

“I need the job. I'm just an intern and think it'd be real neat to get a real job doin' thins stuff. I dunno. What about you, do you like your job?”

“Not really.”

“Why do you stay there then?”

“I dunno. Nuthin’ else to do, I guess. I always wanted to go to Florida and see the Everglades. Alligators are real cool. And those pink birds. Flamingos. I just never did it, that’s all.”

“Florida is beautiful, I hear. Oranges and grapefruits. I like to go there someday, too. I always wanted to see a Space Shuttle take off.” She sees the blood has stopped.

“Hey, you sure you’re OK?”

“Yeah, yeah. Merely a flesh wound.” Peter tries to impress with a reference.

“The Holy Grail.”

“Yeah, you like it?” Oh my god, she knows *The GGGGGrrrailll?*

“It’s my favorite!” It’s really her favorite.

“Me too. Remember that rabbit?” And the Holy Hand Grenade of Antioch.

“Yeah, with the big, sharp, pointy teeth.” She makes fangs with her fingers and fiddles them about. It seems to be working about just great.

“You didn’t throw the used thingy on the ground,” Peter ponders.

“What?” Confused Carol.

“You put it back in your pocket. You cleaned my face and put the thingy back in your pocket.”

“The Handi-Wipe?”

“Yeah. I dunno. That was nice, that’s all.”

“Well you’re a nice guy. And littering’s kinda silly.” Carol’s cool as Whip.

“Hey, do you want some?” He pulls out a crushed pack of Fruit Stripes.

“Yeah, but I need about five sticks to *taste* anything.” She’s right, you know. She only takes three: Yellow, red and green. They pause. “So what do you think we should do?”

“I don’t mind just walkin’.”

### **Grey and Blue Make Grey**

The unsettling weather continues traveling Eastbound at an energetic rate, swallowing the blueberry sky. The sun looks over its shoulder at the storm, and sees a coffee break comin’. A pause from casting unrelenting heat upon this *sec* section of the Southwest.

## **Alpha Bites**

### **Close Distances**

Anna is vocally climaxing (she could be faking) to the sight of herself on the tube (and in Midtown Manhattan, Ethan Hawke is watching *Reality Bites* on Cinemax finally understanding that he *is* really cool). Roy has taken some small (non-sexual) interest in this spectacle, but seems not to understand why she acts as she does. Is it that she’s a feminist (Roy, is this what feminists do?) or is it that she’s a nymphomaniac? Maybe she’s insecure (sounds reasonable). Maybe she’s brutally confident. Maybe she hates men. Maybe he oughta touch her. That’s what she wants. That’s what they all want. They all want a man. A man whose dick is as assertive as a Jehovah’s Witness. Those

fuckin' twats. All a bunch of useless sluts. Pretending they can do without men, but know they can't live on pussy lickin' and Pocket Rockets alone. You've jerked off to one, you've jerked off to 'em all. "But jerking off *does* pass the time," Roy realizes (not *realizing* the misogynistic monster he's becoming), "and who knows when Petey's gonna be back." He rubs his right hand over his crotch and rapidly induces an erection. *Boing*. Got it. He unbuttons and slides his cords down to his knees and begins with the action. She notices him (on-screen) and smiles (sinister as a Disney Delilah). Eyes closed, he's deep in imagination (Buffy, Lisa Simpson, and Miss Piggy all dykin' out in a bubblin' Jacuzzi) increasing the manual motion into an almost unhealthy frenzy.

### **Can't Help But Comment**

What's happening here is unbearably repetitive and I'd rather not detail it (and enough masturbation for one book...). Just watching (and Anna's watching the TV...how deep) them gratify without sharing is shameless and wretched. People shouldn't be like this. But they are. And it's not only here during this disgusting display; it happens on Sunday mornings over undercooked eggs Benedict and the flapping Sunday Times. It happens on family vacations to Carlsberg Caverns (daddy, it's Carls-*bad* Caverns). These two (gross, Roy just stuck a squishy, unopened Snickers up his ass. Slipped right in.) are what's happening in modern domestic relationships. Everything has become so self-centered. Too much automation. With wireless this, VPN that, email this, text that (now he's twiddling it. Snickers really does satisfy!). Everyone's become faceless and

lazy and so uninterested in each other's existence. Roy doesn't even know Anna's name (nor she his) and they're masturbating in the same room. In Roy's room. Not in some Swingers club outside Vegas County (where there's some mutual sensitivity). Describing them performing such isolate actions in close proximity is too pathetic even for this perverted prose.

### **Hold on**

What is this? Is she...maybe I was wrong about...because Anna is slowly pacing backward, eyes still on the television screen, towards Roy. She backsteps herself to the sofa, squats down (again, eyes on the TV) and gropes around for his pee-pee. Roy peeks at Anna manually approaching his pecker. He lets his workin' hand slip away, removes the chocolate bar from his ass, and permits her to take over (my penis, he thinks, when primed and pumped, makes New England Clam Chowdah). Why the hell not let her have a go? Less work for him. Maybe he'll watch it on T.V., too, big porn star that he is. And so well we, watch it on TV.

### **Don't Chew with your Malpha Open**

Anna slips her lips down below the base and opens her mouth around his balls. "Umphhh," sighs Roy at the feeling of her warm palate in moist contact with his cold, saggy scrotum (shoulda showered 'cause it stinks like pork chops). She tongues-the-testes, sucks-the-sack, round-and-round, up-and-down, side-to-side, she lets-it-slide, in-and-out. She grips-the-dick, squeeze-to-please, stroke-and-provoke, tight-and-fast, make-some-muck, don't let-him-last. She constricts his cock. Tighter.

Tighter. Tighter. Her mouth fully encasing the nuts. She contracts her lips. Exposes her teeth. Mouth tight around the balls. Slowly, yes, very slowly she digs her *dientes* deep into the dingy dermis. She squeezes harder his hardon. He's too tuned into the tube to question. Then, quickly, like removing a Band-Aid or changing a channel, she bites his nuts off. She tears them off like a tiger tearing flesh from the underbelly of a felled zebra. Still holding his erection, she spits the contents (two testicles and some scrotal skin) directly onto his frozen face. "Fuck you. Fuck ya," she blurts and twists his dick to and fro, trying desperately to snap it off like a live spruce branch that just won't give. Roy's reaction forces his arms to flail as he faints. Raspberry syrup (the kind they put on waffles at Veselka) squirts from his crotch and flows from Anna's jowl. "Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you Jack. Jack-ass-mutherfucker. Fuck you, whoever the fuck you are. You're all the same." Hysterically and still not releasing her dickgrip. Pieces of skin and viscous, maraschino Kool-Aid (there's no maraschino Kool-Aid) fly from her fiery mouth. And all of this being broadcast on channel 22. ( why I don't subscribe to cable).

### **Wet 'n Wild**

The chipped linoleum floor floods with blood (Congoleum doesn't stain), blood shoots in orgasmic spurts from in between Roy's legs. He is still unconscious and Anna temporarily panics. What possessed her to perform such violence? And she's over it. Just like that. She lets go of the black-and-blue (more like a young eggplant) dick and makes a quick turn toward the door. She slips in the sloppy sludge that slithers out of 'Nutless Roy (no relation to 'Shoeless Joe')' and she falls to the floor. Roy's two

displaced balls (like large navy beans dressed in a wet, minestrone coat) rest nestled safely near his right armpit. A splat of blood (in the shape of a strawberry) marks his face where the displaced organs rebounded, right below his right eye. There's some nutsack stuck to the wall behind the couch (would you call that 'balls to the wall?').

Roy quakes on the couch, spasmodically grabbing his groin in search of his lost buddies (all that's left is a torn, deflated birthday balloon). His eyes are now closed (indicating oblivion), and the blood continues its path from his crotch to the floor. Fallen Anna grabs hold of the sofa and hoists herself erect. She looks down at Roy, half in admiration of her fine work, one-quarter in disgust, one-eighth in joy, one-sixteenth in pity, and the other sixteenth in fear. Her clothes are stained with the *Sangre de Roy* (2000 Vintage) and if you look real close a little *Leche de Roy*. At the time the scrotum was severed, Roy was *au bord de* ejaculation so the seminal fluid was stirring with the spermatozoa in the ducts (or pipes, depending what social class you ask). Clear juice leaks from his closed eyes. She takes her finger and wipes it away and flicks her wet hands at the floor.

### **An After-Thought Mint?**

"Sure, these thoughts cross my mind...maybe sometimes; they cross everybody's mind," she justifies, "but act on them..." Perplexed but now not feeling a bit kind enough to help him, Anna takes out her Nokia and calls Babs.

## **DeBetable**

### **Busby Babsy**

Babs' mobile is tickling her left thigh (like a twenty-something townie on a teenager at the multiplex). *Bzzzzzz-bzzzzzzzzz*. In any other circumstance it might be alarming (or perversely pleasing), but right now, *nada*. She's scared shitless (not literally. Defecation is still in full fall). She just sits there, unaware.

### **Peek-a-Babs**

Somalasol peers in to make sure she's still making doodie and not making for a gun or a bomb (she could be anyone: KGB, Chinese spy, internal quality control). To



him, she's a threat to national security. A gatecrasher. An interloper. This is your moment Somala! This could be your hot ticket outta here! (nobody's satisfied with their current occupation). Time to move onto bigger Federal fish.

"What's going on in there? Everything OK?" Somalasal cocks his 9mm and prepares to enter the twice-funked toilet. He goes in and aims his piece directly at Babs' abs. "You can stay right there. Just stay still and nobody gets hurt." He says nobody as if harming himself were a possibility. Ooof! "Are you alone?" You'd think he stole all of his demands from Miramax and not from the four years of CIA training (or vice versa).

"Are you *alone*?"

"Y-y-es"

"Do you have any gaddamn weapons?" He closes in, sensing her defenselessness. He clutches her right arm and cuffs it to a steel towel rack (Bed, Bath and Beyond—on sale for \$14.95 w/government discount).

"No." Babs is embarrassed. "I think there's a big misunderstanding here...you see...my friend, she's over there with that guy who works here, right now. He fixed our car and then I had to use the toilet (at the tone of the term toilet, fresh diarrhea floods from her rump). So I somehow ended up here because he said his was broken." You see, you don't get scared shit-less, you get scared shit-ful. Especially after a Grande Mochachino at IHOP and a gun to your gut.

### **Likely Story**



what? Call Anna. Wait. Why call Anna? “I can handle this alone. I don’t need her.”

Babs tries to be strong but betrays her conscious immediately. She takes out her Nokia.

What is this?

**1 missed  
call**

Who, who?

**Annacell**

Callback is what? Yes. Send. Send. It’s ringing (*ring-ring...ring-ring*). Answer, answer

(*ring-ring...ring-ring*). Oh no! Guess who’s back wearing a surgical comfort mask?

Somalasol.

### **Operation Toilet Storm**

“What the hell are you doing?” All muffled and muted (similar to the cliché drive-thru speaker sound) . Babs panics and *plop* drops the mobile into the murky, mucky, muddy toilet (ABF. Always Be Flushing) and is rendered irretrievable (I dare ya to stick your hand in there). Somalasal brutally belts Babs with the back of his pistol (young whipper-snapper that he is) and she’s knocked out. *Ding*.

## **Phantom of the Alpha**

### **Sun-Spit-Shine**

Anna licks her lips and spits on the floor. *Phtt.* Again *Phtt.* She swirls and grinds her jaw. Her pants are still bunched around her ankles. She pulls them up, satisfied. *Ziiiipp.* She shuffles to the TV (where we're still viewing the scene). "Where's that goddamn camera?" Waves her hand above her head. Back and forth, to and fro, "somewhere...over there." She spits again, a rosy hibiscus tea, onto the Sony's screen. *Phtt.* "Fucker. And the VCR? Fucker. Where is it? Fucker. You *must* tape this

shit. Fucker.” Anna’s outrageous rage takes her to the tiny camera, planted above a kitchen cabinet. An Irish Cream-colored coaxial runs from the camera along the top of the cabinets and dies into a wall at the far end of the camper. Anna swishes the spit in her mouth and sends another gob into the sink. “Fucker.” She climbs onto the counter (I don’t need to map out this trailer, do I? Pretty standard joint) and tugs at the cable. *Oof*. Nothing doing. Harder. *Ooooooofff*. Still not giving. Come on, Anna, you just bit this poor kid’s balls off. Yank the friggin’ thing. *Oooooooooooooooooooooooooofff!* It just won’t give. The line seems to run outside somewhere. So does Anna.

### **Roy’s Reaction**

Nothing. He bleeds (but beginning to clot). Still alive. Pitiful sight. Castrated like a city kitten.

### **Outside**

The steady sun (soon to be shoved aside by the stormy onslaught) shines down on Anna swiveling her lower jaw and gritting her teeth. *Phtt* onto the grainy ground go more gobs of stained saliva. She gives a quick pan of the camp. Trailers, hitches, no Babs, Carol or that guy who lost It but “oh shit!” A car’s comin’. Don’t look suspicious. Just walk to the truck. “Just on my way out. Asked for directions. No, looking for vacancies. No, he’s my new boyfriend. Met him the other night over at Cowgirl Hall of Fame on North Guadalupe. That’s it.”

## The Breakfast Boys

*Beep-beep.* “Yo Roy, you want sumethin’ from Bunyan’s?” The driver spots our Alpha and traces her from shiny shoes to shaggy hair. He holds on her face and, “Oh hey. Is Roy ‘round?”

Anna looks up and gives a graceful grin. “He’s in the shower. Don’t bother gettin’ him anything, we already had something to eat.” And she keeps walkin’.

“Oh yeah? Hot or cold? Roy really likes his Frosted Flakes.” This guy thinks he’s funny.

“Oh no, it was hot. It was *too* hot. It was soooo hot that I couldn’t even *swallow* it. So I had to *spit* it out. He didn’t mind.” The backseat boys all give a cheer (*Roy! Roy! Roy!*). Anna sends them a scarlet smile and spits once more. “See you boys next time I’m in town. Hey, what’s your name, cutie (to the driver)?”

“Bill, and yours?”

“Sorry Bill, I don’t give my name out to strangers.” Snappy. With this she flutters her fingers ‘farewell’ and opens the Suburban’s door. Slinks into the driver’s seat. The black leather bucket seat sizzles and she goes, “shit.” She cranks the cylinder over, powers down the window, spits and bravely waves the boys goodbye again.

## Shoo Fly Don’t Bother Me (while drivin’ on 502E)

Anna tumbles her tongue around and licks her upper palate. She gropes around on the ground (floor) of the truck for water. *Bingo.* She swishes some around her mouth, and spits it out the window. Takes out some Trident. *Chew-chew* (the rainbow wrapper in all). Blows bubbles. *Pop-pop.* She glides her tongue around the interior (pushing the

gum to one side). “Stop,” she screams, but still, the ovular orbs haunt her unhallowed mouth. She drives down, down, down, down the plateau. Down from an altitude of 8500’ to 8000’ to 7500’.

### **Ashes-Ashes We Alpha Down**

The Chevy and Anna pass a Phillips 66. She crushes the brakes *scrreeeeech*, parks (barely; *ding-ding* goes the door alarm, “key’s in ignition, door’s ajar”), and enters the Allsup’s (formerly the Fastrip Food Mall). To the candy aisle. Pronto! Twix, Fruit Rollups, Bubbletape, Rolos, Snickers (this is where Roy shops), Nerds, Crunch Bars (*crunch-crunch*), Kit-Kats. Mounds, Almond Joy (nuts noted in the latter), Pop Rocks, Skittles, M&M’s (peanut, *bien sûr*), Raisinets, Twizzlers, Toffifay, Mars Bars, Hubba-Bubba, all go in and out of Anna’s chops at one time or another (mostly at one time). And they go back on the racks, half-opened, half-eaten. Nothing swallowed. On the floor lay chewed chunks. “Unsuccessful junk!” She pushes her sloppy self to the Cold Drink Zone (mind you, the clerk is enjoying the spectacle). Dew (do the), Minute Maid (from concentrate), Dr. Pepper, Yoo-hoo (yuk-yuk), Nestea, Starbucks Frappuchino (you saw what happened to Babs), Budweiser, B&J Wine Coolers (they still make those?) bathe in and spray out of the *Annabouche*. And she loses It. She collapses (like Jenga) onto the Armstrong composition tile floor.

### **The Loss of It (Anna-style)**

Where where where where where wh...*Flash*: An image of Roy crying on the couch, his hands covering his crotch, blood tricking between his bony fingers. Why why

why why... *Flash*: An image of her ripping Roy's chest open with her hands and spitting on his thumping heart. How how how how how how ho...*Flash*: Her and Babs laughing at Carol masturbating in the backseat of the truck. What what what what what wha...*Flash*: An image of Babs led on leather leash, peeing on a purple fire hydrant. Who who who who who who wo...*Flash*: An image of a creature, unclear, in the front seat of the blue K-car. It has a friendly face and It's offering her a sympathetic smile. It then becomes blurry and melts, dripping, brown paraffin wax, oozing into a puddle, converting color, into that of burgundy blood.

Thunder rumbles, patiently. When? Now.

## **They Give Them Sugar Water**

"They give them sugar water." Peter.

"Who?" Carol.

"They. It doesn't matter really. But you get what I'm sayin'. Anytime you see Them with some weird thing, they always feed It like sugar water. Like *The Fly*. Like when you're in the hospital, and you're hooked into the plastic bag. That's sugar water. That's where They got the idea from. If we can live off of sugar water, so could They. They meaning those Its, not the meaning Them. You follow me?" Peter.



“Yeah, I get it. It really just basic stuff, right?? It’s all about the bare necessities. Just those things you need to like live on. Sugar water. You can live off other things, but you really only need sugar water.”

“So if we find this thing, do ya think we should have some sugar water for it? In case It’s hungry or thirsty.”

“I guess we should go back to Roy and—

“—Anna. Yeah, I need to use the bathroom, anyhow.”

### **Shock Itch**

Carol and Pete *knock knock* on Roy’s door and shout out their arrival. Nuthin’ but the buzzy hum of the Trinitron, still tuned into channel 22, mind you, *bzzzzzzzzhuummmmm* greets them as they show themselves in.

“Yo Roy, what’s up? Anything happenin’ here?” yelps Pete to ‘Bienvenue a Eunuchville, Population, Nutless You’, draining various and precious bodily fluids (fluoridated blood and semenesque sludge—a cake ain’t a cake until it’s baked so we can’t call it cum) onto the sofa. Carol gives a sturdy stream of ‘Anna? Anna? Anna?’s but no response is received. “Get up you lazy bum,” says pimple-poopered Pete in his simple-n’-cute bravado as he approaches Roy. Roy: not a gesture. He really looks kinda lifeless and in severe, severed discomfort in the din of the Winnebago wannabe. Peter ponders this, and thinks to himself, “take a look at poor Roy, he’s lyin’ in pain. Now, let’s go run and see, run and see, run and see, run and see.”

## Workingman's Almost Dead

Just then the wind came squalling through the dark, but who can the weather command? (With the thickening western horizon, I'd say just about anybody).

"Just want to have a little peace to die, And a friend or two I love at hand." Roy is dreaming (gratefully). Thunder rumbles. The radio is silent. Animals stir nearby. Pressure mounts. The kitchen table settles. Pretty lady ain't got no friends till the candyman comes around again (with sugar or fructose). Carol tenses up, like suspicious steers in a slaughterhouse and she knows, like a fawn knows of an impending earthquake, that all is not right and--

"Jesus Christ all mightily." That's no typo. Pete screams, "Jesus Christ all mightily," again and leaps back at the sight of this Roy-bot with his misplaced manhoods nestled sweetly below his tricep. Pete pans to his first cousin's crotch and reconfirms the loss of balls that has occurred on the second hand couch. What to do? Give him sugar water? "Carol! (who is already by his side and absorbing this bloody, bio-illogical bloke strewn before her) come here, please, quickly, please. I...I...I...should I, we call the police?" Not possible. The kidnapping and break in on his part. The trespassing on her part. Ain't gonna be such a good idea. "So then what? Sugar water! Let's give him sugar water and we'll try and stop the bleeding." Carol agrees but first she must--

--rush outside, to the sepia desert (it goes that tone when the sun is obscured by clouds and/or eclipsed by the moon). "The truck is gone. Shit." Carol speaks to the sand. Carol thinks about the abandon. She thinks about sterility. She thinks about her father, who she very rarely saw. She thinks about the storm. She thinks about the law.

But most of all, she thinks about Peter. And she thinks about It and how now unsure things really are.

Meanwhile Peter is pacing 'round the room, hopin' maybe she'd come back (Carol, who has become such a sweet thought to have constant-ing around his head). He comes up empty on the pure sugarhunt front, but finds a Snickers visible near the ailing Roy. Okay. Put in the microwave. Make it all gooey. Then in water. Stir it up (push the wood, blaze the fire). Chocolate water, Yoo-hooish, and sweet none the less. That should hold the poor boy over until proper meds come.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR PARK – DAY

A documentary filmmaker is interviewing men who have had their testicles lost or removed possibly for retarded, religious and/or Roman sentry role playing reasons.

FILMMAKER: Bob, how did you lose your, well, self?

BOB: It was a freak bumper car incident when I was in the fifth grade. I got out 'cause I thought I might have dinged the front end, and as I was leaning over the hood, I got kinda pancaked between...you get it.

FILMMAKER: Ouch. And you Henry?

HENRY: My big brother was givin' me a piggyback to school one day. See, we grew up in Jersey where we could piggyback to school and feel happy and confident about it. So, when we got outside my homeroom and I jumped off, my nutsack caught on a sharp pencil he had in his back pocket. Speared my balls like shish kebab in Beirut. Doctor at

the hospital said they had to go but I could keep the pencil if I needed it for pre-algebra. I keep it with me for good luck. You wanna take a look (shows the Ticonderoga #2 to the cameraman).

FILMMAKER: Mel?

MEL: I am a eunuch. I am a eunuch. I said that a few too many times and they just disappeared.

FILMMAKER: So living without testicles has been okay with you?

BOB: Well, for a while my friends would call me 'ball-less Joe' which really aggravated me because my name is Bob. But I got used to it.

HENRY: I was worried that I wouldn't be able to have any children after the surgery, turns out my worries were right. But I've been able to legally adopt ex-organ grinder monkeys, so my life is pretty much fulfilled. I have three. Monkeys. Still no testicles.

MEL: It's been great for me. I've had at least 25 auditions to do voiceovers for Nickelodeon. They pay good money, well, Monopoly money, but a lot of it and the exposure I get will surely boost my career. I never need to pass Go again and I can care less about Community Chests.

FILMMAKER: Well, you all seem to have a lot of butts, so you're okay, I'm okay.

CUT TO:

### **Sweetballs**

Carol returns to Ground Zero (the two things that once represented power and virility are gone, so there is an obvious connection not in and including the original

ground zero several hundred miles south of her present location at White Sands, NM...) and finds Peter pouring poopie-colored juice into Roy's drooling jaw.

"Is that sugar water?" Carol to Pouring Pete.

"The best I could do. I hope it works." He jiggles Roy's face in that gangster movie kinda fashion. "Roy, Roy, wake up? Where's, umm..."

"Anna."

"Anna. Was the truck there?" Carol with the no-nod. Peter (to Roy), "Did she do this to you, man?" What can one think when one finds two testicles three inches off one's first cousin's double chin (ordinarily, with and without ordinals, I think of 1123112)? Absorb and comprehend. That's what my mamma used to tell me. She'd say not to sit so passively and dispose of the world around you. In one ear; out the other. She'd say to take the world and interpret it as best you can. "The Real World ain't no boob tube; it ain't no movie," she'd say. She's right. People tend to look at the world as if it's a Sony screen and they just sit and watch. Anyhow, what makes so much sense here, now with what we're dealing with is the professionalism that both Carol and Peter are able to display together. To think immediately of sugar water and to serve it. And to look for the truck and for the other. Even right now Peter is doin' the right thing (Mookie, always...). He is using Bounty to try and picker-upper the blood from the floor quicker. Carol is filling a basin with hot water and gathering towels from the bathroom. Her idea is to apply warm, soaked towels to Roy's groin and wrap his losses in more warm, soaked towels in an attempt to do something good for the preservation of Roy's future reproduction. Again, the right thing to do. Even the finest crisis managers have

little to no knowledge as to how to act in this most severe circumstance. So give it up for the two heroes (even if it's just for one day), give it.

“I should go for help.” Carol realizing the draining of blood has boosted the deathmeter to Defcon 4. “I’ll go into the park and see if anyone’s around. Take these towels and put them there to try and stop the bleeding. And take these towels (different ones) and wrap up his--”

“--Balls?”

“Yes, his balls. Do that and I’ll be back.”

Now ain’t that just extra special?

## **The Lion Becomes a Lion**

### **Desert Sky**

Dream beneath the desert sky. The rivers run but soon run dry, we need new dreams tonight. But by tonight, by starlight, the storm will have done *its* dream and the rivers will be raging (and the storm blows up in her eyes), subtle signs of a tumultuous time in Southwest American History.

## Because

From the NOAA guy in Albuquerque:

Current Conditions in Grants, 77 miles due west of Albuquerque

temperature - 63 degrees

barometer - 29.97 inches of mercury (a video-maker's fps dream)

wind speed - 58 mph. Gusts up to 75 mph.

visibility - 2 statute miles

dew point - 74 degrees (what the hell does that mean, anyhow?)

Los Alamos has only hours until these conditions become a reality. Los A-La-Most has been warned. But nobody (Somalasal) to heed the warning, he too busy with Babsy to read the reports.

## And Because

It's March 15<sup>th</sup>. A day when Caesar's spirit recalls in the notion of an ordered nation that had so swiftly fallen to Brutus and brutal disorder (is that really true?). A day when lives of common folk (both circus and non) can change from order to disorder and to order again (be it new or old) or at least have the *potential* to change. March 15<sup>th</sup> is certainly a specifically special day, even if you don't believe in his-story (or mine for that matter) Punxsutawney Phil's will (which is to see his shadow) didn't get it right and the lion will not become a lamb today. Perhaps tomorrow when the sun shines again (and it will, my dear children, it *will*, like owls will the night and like sparrows *will* your used ketchup packets).

**From the National Weather Service**

**What Types of Severe Weather Can I Expect in New Mexico?**

- All 32 counties in New Mexico experience severe thunderstorms producing high winds, large hail, deadly lightning, and heavy rains at some time during the year.
- Tornadoes have also been verified in most New Mexico counties. The highest risk of tornadoes is in the east during March through July, but tornadoes are possible with any thunderstorm. New Mexico averages 10 tornadoes in a year.

**Tornadoes in New Mexico**

A tornado is defined as a violently rotating column of air that is touching the ground and is pendant from a thunderstorm. The entire tornado may not be visible at all times. Tornadoes vary in intensity from 40 mph for the weakest up to 300 mph for the most violent.

Tornadoes have been verified in most New Mexico counties. Here are some tornado facts for New Mexico:

- The Cimarron tornado on July 25, 1996 caused nearly 2 million dollars in damage, but fortunately no fatalities.



- Seventy-five (75) percent of the tornadoes occur in eastern New Mexico and most frequently from March through July. However, the latest tornado fatality in New Mexico occurred west of Albuquerque in October 1974.
- Tornadoes can occur any elevation. A small tornado caused damage just east of Santa Fe in 1991 at an elevation above 7000 feet. Others have been reported in the mountains around Ruidoso.

Remember these tornado safety rules:

- Move quickly; seconds save lives.
- In the home, the best haven from tornado winds is a basement below ground level. Otherwise, seek shelter on the lowest floor of your home or business. Take cover in an interior closet, hallway, or bathroom.
- Be sure to stay clear of windows or any threat of flying glass and get to a place of safety before a tornado strikes.
- If you live in a mobile home, be sure you have a plan of safe action should the weather become threatening. Mobile homes provide no shelter in a tornado regardless of how well secured and should be abandoned for a storm shelter or closest sturdy building.
- If no shelter is available, lie flat in a ditch or depression in the ground. This will protect you from deadly flying debris.

## **What Can an Individual or Community do for Severe Weather Safety?**

- The key to surviving a tornado or severe thunderstorm is knowing what to do and being able to take quick action when severe weather threatens. Also, you should be able to recognize severe weather or be able to receive and understand severe storm warnings from the National Weather Service.
- First, make sure you learn the safety rules for seeking shelter and surviving tornadoes and severe thunderstorms.
- Next, develop your severe weather plan in advance. You need a personal or family action plan. Businesses, schools, hospitals and communities also need preparedness plans.
- Practice your plan. Drills should be conducted regularly so that everyone knows what to do when severe weather threatens.
- Be able to recognize the early signs of threatening weather. Make sure your community has a fully trained SKYWARN Spotter Network. Plan on attending National Weather Service SKYWARN Training conducted for your community. Many storms provide visual clues of impending severe weather.

- Be able to receive storm warnings from the National Weather Service whether you are at home, at work or at a community center. The National Weather Service will issue both watches and warnings during severe weather.

Remember, plan early, learn the safety rules and practice your severe weather actions ahead of time. Plus make sure you can receive severe storm warnings from the National Weather Service.

Any problems or weather concerns, please call the National Weather Service at *Albuquerque office (505) 243-0702*

**Somallasol losalamoS.**

## **Breyer? I Don't Even Know Her**

Somalasol: born a smooth, suburban Boston beanbag. His father: an ice cream entrepreneur (his mother: an ice cream enthusiast) planting his ice cream plant right on the Mass Pike in hopes of sweetening the entire Commonwealth by 1973. Success-ful, he was, and with twenty-odd yummy flavors.

Somalasol's papa (Papasol) scooped out four frozen years of Exeter education and followed it with a sticky, MagicShell coating at Amherst (mother Mamasol has very powerful friends at the Mary Mattoon Chapter of the DAR, Amherst, MA. Very power-ful). His college years were spent mostly beergoggling in Northampton convincing the Smith girls that his stumpy stick carried more weight than most tender tongues and least about his degree in the social science of the human mind. Thing is, Somalasal had no will to pursue his B.S. ('in psychology') dreams after college. He only majored in it 'cause the entire department was all chicks and they would come to the 9am classes in last night's makeup and with sweatshirts tied around their lumpy waists-(waste?) to discuss Piaget, Jung, et al and that was just so fuckin' sexy-hot to Somalasal (because it had so much substance and a sense of amateur photography/pornography behind it. read: later on). But after graduation, no job and a belly full of Chunky Chocolate Chip (a sarcastic Papasol present for straight Cs), things were definitely different.

"I want action. I want mystery. I want a Mystery Machine (Fred is friggin' asexual as Phagocata or planarian or 'pee-pee heads' as I called them in middle school)," he'd cry like the occasional, spoiled townie would and dream that there's more than this

New England expected, elitist's system and less about just a jobby-job for jobby-job's sake (Job Money Job\*).

### Conferencesol-call

“The boy sits on the back deck all day, smokin' unfiltahed Pahll Mahlls (KV style) and complainin' theah ahh no jahbs for ovah-privileged, chubby psychahlogists, Mamasol.” Papasol to Mamasol one Sunday.

“He just needs some direction, Papasol. Away from that brain crapola. He tahked about moving away for awhile, gahd bless ouha souls. Out towahds the desaht or sumthin'. He wants to be a casino junkie on peyote, I'd say. A trippin' gamblah. Your fathah was a horse man and my mothah a pill poppah. He's doin' the right thing. With the family genes and all. Gahd fahbid he didn't.” Mamasol to Papasol the same Sunday.

“And how's he gonna move? With what? Ouha money? Ouha ice cream money? Not on my wahch, Mamasol.”

“Maybe he'll find somethin' out theah, Papasol. New Mexico is—  
--is crap, Mamasol. New Mexico is crapola. You remembah that program on GBH. About them Indians out theah. How they drink all that liquah and gamble and that just not foh ouha boy. They're ain't no real jahbs out theah. He'll just be a losah playin' slahts and he'll be like one of them Indians with the feathahs and theah heads. He must undahstand that it's a jahb he needs right now.”

“This is ouha son we're tahkin' about, Papasol. Drugs and drinkin' and slahts. Come awn. Gahd Fahbid. He's not really goin' down that road (feelin' bad). Why don't you call yaw brothah. Yaw brothah can get him a jahb. One of those internships with

his, well with Them. Didn't he work out theah a few yeahs ago? (pawse) Wohkin' for Them, that'll keep him in line, that's for shaw."

"You mean Klaus, Mamasol? I haven't spoken to Klaus in nine gahdamn yeahs."

### **Uncle Klaus**

Uncle Klaus works in the CIA.

Uncle Klaus works in the CIA.

Uncle Klaus works in the CIA.

Uncle Klaus works in the CIA.

Klaus makes a phone call, there's a job for young Somalasalol.

And so there was. So there was. There. In New Mexico. At the Los A-La-Most RV estate and hidden agenda plutonium pit. Easy storage. Easy job in the CI-eh for the nephew of Uncle Klaus, the uncle whom we know nothing about? You betcha bottom ruble.

\*in other news, Klaus and Papasol breached a long-term familial gap by returning to a conversational sibling relationship, one that would endure many, many years of unsuccessful birthday, wedding, and anniversary reunion attempts. To neither one's dismay. Which way did he go, which way did he go? Dismay or datmay. I dunno.

## Sink or Stink

Babs comes to, to find her exhausted and naked rump sunk into the cold, unaffectionate, porcelain sink of Somalasalol's RV's bathroom. *Hiss-hiss-hiss*. Three simultaneous hisses fill the air (to the trained ear, of course, to her it's one large sustained *hiss*) along with a heavyweight antiseptic scent. Oooooof. Somalasalol. He's gone taken electrical tape and battened down the nozzles on three Lysol cans (Crisp Linen, Country Scent, and Mountain Air) and their non-hazardous, germ-killing aerosol is fogging up the room. Her right wrist, still handcuffed to the towel rack, drips drips drips Babsy-blood and isn't taking a liking to the air freshener burning the shit outta it. So it cries. Little foamy, pussy (as in pus) strawberry shortcake tears seep out of the cuts and abrasions as the ethanol from the Lysol mingles with exposed flesh.

Somalasalol busts in. Babs fakes unconsciousness. Somalasalol flushes the toilet and watches it swirl. The Nokia spins. It doesn't go bye-bye. He flushes again. And again. And Again. Babs listens. She hears this: *hiss-hiss-hiss-chwhooooooooosh-hiss-hiss-hiss-chwhooooooooosh-hiss-hiss-hiss-chwhooooooooosh-hiss-hiss-hiss* like some, un-modest, modern Eastern European symphony. Somalasalol splits. Babs opens her eyes. She sees her phone floating in the shitter. Back comes Somalasalol with a cordless phone pinned between his shoulder and ear. She fakes being out again.

"Yes. Yes. I know. It just won't flush. No. No. Yes. No paper; yes the gaddamn water's clean. Yes. It's a cell phone. A cell phone. A cell phone gaddamn it. Why not? I'm not sticking my hand in there, there's no gaddamn way I'm doing that. I think you're gonna havta just come down your gaddamn self and help me flush it. No.

Yes, I know you're a plumber. I called a gaddamn plumber and you answered, didn't you? So what's the gaddamn problem. My toilet won't flush down sumthin' and you, a gaddamn plumber, won't come down and fix the gaddamn thing? Oh the hell with you, I'll just keep gaddamn flushing it until it goes down." He hangs up. "Gaddamn idiot."

He leaves the crapper\* (\*from the word crap and Sir John Crapper? No. The word *crap* has been around since the 15<sup>th</sup> century but it carried the meanings "residue left over when rendering fat", "grease" or, in some instances, "dirt" or "dust". There is no word of the word *crap* meaning "pooie" until the late 1800s, when President McKinley emphatically exclaimed, "What is all this *crap* in my imported English flushable toilet?" . So, although the word *crap* existed prior to a *Thomas Crapper*, knight-less and manufacturer, not inventor of turn-of-the-nineteenth-century-flushable toilets, it might only be a back formation, or in toilet terms, a floater that didn't go down but came up only to be redefined as part of another one's load) for a minute. What to do with the dame, ass-bare in the sink...wait a moment. It was such a clean sink. Spotless. With Comet. Mr. Clean. Arm and Hammer Bathroom and Tile. Now her squishy, gooey asscheeks have faulted it forever. Somalasal you dope. How can you ever brush your teeth with confidence in that thing again. Shave and bang the razor (Gillette Sensor, you nostalgic sonofabitch) against the side. Forever is a mighty long time, but I'm here to tell you, there's something else. The Afterworld. It's a world of never ending happiness...hmm, if you kill her, lord knows she shouldn'ta been here anyway, will you be forgiven (by gahd ahlmighty) and be able to ask, very casually, the Federal Gov to buy you a new sink? If they knew she was here, she was the reason for seasoning your sink with excess diarrheal splatter, they'd never agree to that kind of financial squandering.



There are bombs to build. Dictators to destroy. Order to disorder to attempt to restore again. This is wartime, baby. Take away my troubles, take away my grief. Oh, but then they'd fire you and it'd be back to the Vanilla Bean Ice Cream and the monotonous order of ordinary civilian life (like Baskin Robbins bein' shy thirty flavors. It just ain't right). Dull. Somalasalol, you're better than civilian life. You're better than most officers in the (happy) ole navy. Or an advisor to the husband of the assistant to the Secretary of Education. You're a fledgling member of the CIA, the most important and insistently Whitebread community (well, until Skull and Bones started allowing chicks and minorities) and soon to be incorporated into the amassing Homeland Security Department so fuck that. Don't kill her. But don't let her know that her death is not an option (and don't confuse yourself with the double negatives you silly goose simpleton C+ psychologiesque). But why put her stink in the sink when her digestion is in question? We all make mistakes, Somalasalol, some more than the rest...

### **Crackpot-ential**

Babs' ambitions are well beyond those of young Somalasalol. First off, she'd like to get her slimy ass outta the sink. Then, well, she'd like only to live up to her potential. There's nothing greater (and nothing worse) than having a (parking) lot of potential and not living up to it (there is a definable beauty in potential. It's pure and infinite. It lacks tragic flaw or unspent fuel. It doesn't burn out, potential energy, it doesn't swerve off course. It doesn't go too fast. It's pure and powerful and poised and pulsating. What couldn't be more powerful than the eminence of war, the threat of dangerous

lightning—it makes you crazy, right?, the feeling that she *could be* the right one for you. OH the potential). Only by launching missiles, burning first-growth forests and achieving that complete kiss do we destroy the strength of the pending situation.

(Say what you will about memory and experience and living every moment, I say, it's not about that what-so-eva. It's all about what the possibilities are. It's all about the potential. And living *up* to your potential, just to the point of greatest potential, but not actually realizing it is the best thing you'll ever do. Trust me on this one, for one who knows and one who feels, there's nothing more in life than knowing the answer, It, and not *telling* anyone, not your Mother, not your favorite Lover, not your Mirror, not even Alex Trebek and certainly NOT *acting* on It).

Meanwhile, Babs has to get her stink outta the sink. There ain't no potential sitting half nekkid in a cheap ceramic basin with your blood clot crying wrist handcuffed to a government discounted towel rack. The only potential there is for some sweet-ass fetish photo shoot (but is Somalasal up for it?).

### **You Ne'er Know**

'Cause he's back with the Polaroid Spectra (special jacked model that develops twice as fast as civilian instant cameras—lest the Gov move onto cheaper and more efficient digital photography but no, the Polaroid Corporation sees to that it does not) and a spare cartridge (the current one might be expired—that's thinkin' ahead). He snaps several pics of poor Beta passed out with her downed trousers and the vaporous, Lysol mist soft-focusing her buttery thighs into instant photographic ecstasy. They look mighty

fine. Shoot another roll. Go for it. She's conked out. Give some extras to the boyz. Know any good websites, Somalasal? Naaaa, these are for the official records. Everything is official here, including the cole slaw, which when made correctly, is with skim milk and *not* mayonnaise, you fools. Official my ash, we know you love that amateur porn shit; we read about it only three pages ago. So don't bullshit.

### **Window Watcher**

Somalasal wanders over to the shitty window beyond the computer console. He eyes the exterior with exact intent as if he were a real deal agent in a real deal situ. After spotting absolutely nothing of suspicion, he drifts *la la la la* into a state of relaxed abandon.

### **Somalassault**

Attraction comes in the strangest sizes (x-tra medium), shapes (minuteglass) and scents (giraffe). And at the most improper moments (now). Take Somalasal for instance, at this exact moment, whose heart has taken an unforeseen leap to feel a pittance of pity for the young woman soaking in her own make. He didn't ask for it, perhaps seeing someone so vulnerable at one's own expense forces one into feelings. Perhaps the exerted power gives him the impression of caring. Doubt it. Some-other-soul has entered his self, some sense of sensitivity. His hair, giddy at the thought of love, flaps zestfully to the left. But the Grand Coolio Dam of restraint can only hold so much gin and juice until it bursts into the tears of Homey the Clown. And that homey will cry and cry and live only another day to hope that somehow it will see itself as real, without whiteface and without cherry lipstick, without the obligatory Hendrix perm, but that true

person underneath, who's afraid to face the world as himself, as the face that he so proudly hides every day and night as he performs his shtick, as he lies to himself and wishes all that *could* be there, *was* there, and the nicotine stains on his fingers (and the strong urge to fly) would disappear. He'll realize, yes, he'll realize, whenever he's on the stage of his life, making people feel better about themselves and their world, that deep down in himself, there's always nobody home.

### **But**

Sorrow, insecurity and introspection are not like Somalasal; It has never played a place in this world, so he ponders why. And through all of this wonderment and confusion (as he stares into the vacuum of outside) he realizes he has been eyeing the most peculiar of creatures lazing near a rock formation that always has had eerie similarities to Ronald Reagan. It (It, not the Reagan rocks) kinda looks like, no, more like, well, not even that. It, just what the hell is It?

### **It**

It.

### **Apathy Killed the Cat**

Because she...it (neutered) could not figure out why in the hell Somalasal wasn't curious enough to pursue YK out in the brush. Failure to comply with a semblance of simple competence is a breach of resolution number 2241 of the UN Council for the Logically Elusive ("Not Until You Say UNCLE!" is there tag line) but, unfortunately,

they have no reach at LALM. So his dumb-ass cares less about some alien bugger slinking around.

### **Something in the Way It Moves**

Attracts you like no other other. Constantly create order out of disorder. Or disorder out of *oder* (er...or...order). But disorder can be such a pain in the tuchus, so let's have some order. Eh? Just for a little while. Just for one day.

### **Flint Chocolate Chip (Somalasal Still Adrift)**

Ain't it funny when the night plays tricks when you're tryin' to be so quiet? Ain't it funny when unnecessary memories recur unannounced or unnecessary? For Somalasal, it's an odd occurrence, but it does re and/or o or otherwise cur. Like this (and the exact document sticks in his mind like a freshly minted kiss):

### **FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE**

March 24, 1999

**PRODUCT:** Breyers Big 1-1/2 Pints All Natural Ice Cream in 3 flavors: a) Vanilla; b) Vanilla-Chocolate-Strawberry; c) Butter Pecan. Recall #F-224/226-9.

**CODE:** Lot numbers: a) BF01999, BF03499, and BF03699;b) BF35098 and BF02099; c) BF34998, BF01999, and BF03499.

**MANUFACTURER:** Good Humor Breyers Ice Cream, Framingham, Massachusetts.

**RECALLED BY:** Good Humor Breyers Ice Cream, Green Bay, Wisconsin, by telephone on February 23, 1999, and by letter on February 24, 1999. Firm-initiated recall ongoing.

**DISTRIBUTION:** Nationwide.

**QUANTITY:** 36,780 pints were distributed.

**REASON:** Products may contain pieces of metal.

### **Happened Is This**

So-so Somalasal and his townie drunk fratboy friend-ish, bored, suburban, bratty comrades borrowed the keys to Papasol's plants, the keys from Papasol's pants and slammed oh-too-many Foster's Oil Cans. Then decided to dispose of the evidence (being empty beers for those not paying much attention to this side-tale) in the Vanilla, Neapolitan and Butter Pecan creamer machines rather than the shoulder of the Mass Pike (where all unwanted trash, like Manny Ramirez, belongs). This then shredded the brew cans into tiny scraps of aluminum which appeared in several North Central Mid Western families' ever so well deserved dessert times (for Daddy comes home tired from the Ford factory and can only impress the kids with ice cream). What were the late teenage Massachusetts boys doin' at the Breyer's facility when there are plenty of public parks, rest stops, underpasses, community colleges, basements, ignorant and/or alcoholic parents' houses...to drink at?. And but why now when that all has nothing to do ever-so-ever with what is now is happening? Happening is this: Somalasal is digressing into something of the human he used to be prior to his institutionalization and false maturation at LALM and the *incomplete* understanding that all he needed to do was that of what They considered important and *relevant*.

### **Complete and Irrelevant**

Is what he actually knows of what he has been? The incident at the Breyer's factory, which had set Papasol back a few greenbacks, had been a representation of who he really Is Was Is.

## **Is Was Is**

It shouldn't be too hard, one would assume, to go from whom one Is to whom one Was and back to whom was Is again. That is, with or without establishing a New Order from what Is was. The New Is can either equal the original Is:

Is = Is or:

Is = **Is**

in contrast:

**Is** could become Is, or even iz for that matter (and we must refer to President Clinton's Grand Jury Testimony for the correct definition of what the word is is); it all depends on starting and ending points. What is important is what Somalasal's Is was, and what his Was was, and how it has affected his New Is. For, from that point of reference, we then can determine if his initial Is and his current Is are the same Is, or if he was something else and has transformed his Is into a New Order (which we can assume he has from the earlier digression and future longing). From what it seems, his Is was reckless, a *joie de vivre* junkie who's experience lifestyle paid no mind to material wealth and that which would make the Papasol, the Baby Boomer, proud. How hard it is to translate that lifestyle to Papasol and Mamasol who, with their maximum tolerance, could only perceive of a year or two of fucking around before strapping down to what needs to be done. Job Money Job.

## **Job Money Job**

The dream of the blue (collar) turtles. All tidied up for a civil and structured lifestyle. It relies on the fact that Is Was Is establishes that of a New Order and that the

first Is must be disposed for the more mature and contained future Is. Job Money Job. In this structure, the first Job is that of reckless abandon, childhood pranks and innocence. The Money then is the impetus or catalyst for the change and the New Order, or New Is, thus is a precipitate of Money and maturity and must then follow that Age of Materialism desire to create more Money.

### **But**

The New Order does not pertain to our Sweet Somalasalol. His New Is is just that of his old Is, and the Money was not a catalyst to create the American Stasis that is Job Money Job. Perhaps being a product of money, more importantly first generation sugar-related money, has forced Somalasalol into his inability to find that New Order, which one could quickly define as Maturity, but that would be too easy.

### **Invasion of the Somalasnatchers**

“What the gaddamn hell is going on in this place?” Somalasalol, breaking from his deep distracting digression, and a firm non-believer in the Roswell rave, is now having second thoughts. Here’s his recap: Some broad tappin’ his console and unable to control her bowels (don’t all foreigners, even intergalactic, get the runs when arriving in new country?) and some freaky-freak out in the desert. Is this It? Is this the Final Invasion? Will he be chosen? Will he be slaughtered? Is everything a false dichotomy or is that just what They want You to believe these days? It’s hard not to shift into these demented thoughts out in New Mexico. New Mexico, with its Indian myth, its nuclear capacities and its alien folklore, gosh gee whiz if one didn’t have that monkey on one’s back day and day out. So, malasalol is really freaked.



### **Cherchez La Femme**

She must have the answers, if she'll talk. She's probably one of *Them* and could liquidate him at will (but how if she's busy liquidating herself?).

**Roy'sconsciousness:**

**4 weeks, 14 hours and 40 minutes ago**

Is where Roy's unconscious mind goes and flows during the wicked minutes after unnecessary castration of a man who lacks much contemplation, flashing back like a bearded mooner in a Burberry trenchcoat.

### **Valentine's Day Night**

Santa Fe's the town, Roy's Doc Martins scuffing the cold and crusty ground. The Georgia O'Keefe Museum lit a vasocongested, vagina red in honor of Saint Valentine (who himself was chaste, celibate and whose love was only for his savior Jesus Christ and not for the savory sauce of seduction). People walk hand-in-hand (both women and men, men and women) talking of titillating love, their, sweet cumulative breaths boosting the local temperature .1 degrees from 24.32 to 24.42 on the Fahrenheit-o-meter. A light wind unlights Roy's Camel Ultra Light, so he dips in his Wranglers for his Zippo (matte green "US ARMY") and snaps it afire again.

Alone on a glitter-glued Hallmark card where couples pass, hands strung to Mylar affection, Roy tucks into the Cowgirl Hall of Fame on South Guadalupe for a bowl of Rio Grande Gumbo, Whiskey Pork Chops and a few frozen margaritas (with the colorful plastic trinkets you all love so well...) while he waits for Peter Peter, gas pump reader to pick his ass up (Pete's covering for Murphy at the Conoco station until midnight).

### **Table for Two is Too Many...**

...as sitting solo in a sea of sweethearts (the barstools were full) makes that extra empty seat feel about alone as sprouting asparagus. The waitress emphatically beams as she hands him the photocopy menu (she too is alone on lovenight but covers it with the

pretense of work), takes his frozen order (“you the first one to order one of dem tonight, darlin’ ‘cause it’s pretty darn cold out there and folks don’t be orderin’ frozen drinks on nights like this”) and scurries away to more vicarious worlds where lovebirds squabble and suck love out of each other’s lips (tables 5 and 15 respectively). Roy cares less but carelessly shows signs of discomfiture. He casually snags the plastic drink menu and studies it thru and through. RED RIVER COOLER, BLOODY MARIA, SANTA FE SUNSET, ROAD RUNNER, COYOTE COCKTAIL, LOW RIDER, CHIMAYO CHOCOLATE, MIDNIGHT COWBOY and the Valentine’s Special: LOVE POTION # 10 (one up). Roy flicks his Zippo *click, flick, snap* and lights another Camel Ultra Light. Fiddles with his three-pronged fork. The frozen arrives without fanfare by a Mexican busboy named Miguel. His wife and children are at home not celebrating Valentine’s Day but La Migra’s recent leniency on the local working population (as they have been back and forth now 4 times since ’99). Roy cautiously takes his first sip as to avoid an unpleasant freezing of his forehead (it’s called a brainfreeze, dooooo!) and relaxes...

### **Nosy Fuckers**

A nearby couple gossips, “Do you see that guy drinking alone?” “Humph, I feel bad for him. Must have real problems. Drugs even.” Their Rude and Tonic demeanor gives them a sense of self-worth and complacency in their otherwise stagnant life, but then again, it is Love Night and what better way to find attraction in your life and wife than to degrade others without their consent.

## Con-Scent

Roy's aural senses didn't miss their conceited remarks (there were plenty more but Roy absorbed all he cared to) and he felt more ashamed than before. But why? To what end? Because it was Valentine's Day and have pity on those who cannot publicly share their false-sense of emotional security by holding hands and presenting chocolate flower balloons? Why should Roy feel ashamed of his loneliness on a Thursday night when he hasn't felt ashamed of it on 1258 of the prior Thursdays? Is there something about Valentine's that gives those without present love a guilt trip (like Arabs/Jews/Hindus/Buddhists/Atheists/.../ on Christmas)? Ostracized and persecuted for not being publicly in love on Valentine's Day is death to the in-love set.

The waif-ish waitress (did I mention how ragged she be?) wiggles back to the loner and takes his lonely, only for one, order. As expected. Rio Grande Gumbo and Whiskey Pork Chops. BBQ sauce on the side. And another frozen; this one'll be down by the time you get back.

(I might note that this delve into Roy's current unconscious subconscious may sound a bit scripted and particularly detailed, but I feel it is within reason to reasonably believe that he can relive this experience with such lucidity and it is quite important to note that my online psychiatrist tells me to feel free to encode my own life's accounts in the form of fiction...)

Roy's gumbo gets chucked on his table chock full of chicken and chorizo. A chihuahua barks. *Chang chang chang* went the trolley (in Shanghai, of course. Trolleys o'er here go *clang*).

The way to gobble gumbo (or anything for that matter) is to slurp in such a systematic system as not to store much of one thing and strand a scant amount of another. Put yourself in the chicken's position; that's my motto. There you are, four or five chunks of chorizo still stirring about *surrounding you* in the spicy stew. How lonely AND threatened would you feel being engulfed by Spanish sausages? You'd be kinda scared, no, one can even say you'd be CHICKEN, eh??? So, in order to keep the peace (and to piece the order together), one must eliminate, piece by alternate piece, each piece of human feed to maintain an equal proportion and not isolate any, be it animal, mineral or ve-get-able. But I digest...

## OK

He be as the tequila breaks free through his system and all at once does any flake of isolation melt into a puddle of inebriated content. The couple that considered him of lower form both pop a Prilosec and order another round of Pepsis (free refills). Little do they know that High-Fructose Corn *Cyanide* coursing through their veins will drop them dead in less time than it takes to say *plutonium 239*. How ironic, idiotic, imbecilic, obnoxious for them to dis Roy when soon they'll be under Their control, Them who control the High-Fructose Corn Syrup Empire as you well know. Arrgh. Roy rarely considers retaliation to relieve his awkwardness as it would take too much time and an exertion of energy well beyond a country mile.

*But why so much detail in a flashback scene? Is it to derail the reader and flaunt the obscene? Do we purport ulterior motives in these words, to further and stress what you have heard? Roy's but a man in a mental abyss, his balls he has lost, and surely will*

*miss. And there's no better way to confront the sad times, than to dip back a bit, with a cheap, hackneyed rhyme.*

### **He C'Anna Believe His Eyes**

Because in struts Anna into his unconscious saloon. Alone she be. Utterly. She swiftly drifts across the room and flops into the empty chair. No need to fraternize with the soup-slurping Roy. The waif-tress bounces by and deposits a beer and chaser (Beam I believe) and Anna slams the shot *slam bam*. Some swill misses her mouth and splashes down from her lips and onto her blouse. She stares toward the door like a cat at a moth, waiting for Babs perhaps, or waiting for no one.

Roy kinda concentrates on his stew, and somewhere between frequently and infrequently, slips furtive glances up at her eyes. Her arms dangle below the surface of the table. Her left hand occasionally comes up for air to grab the beer. Roy slurpity-slurp-slurps his gumbo paying no mind to his manners. He has whittled the gumbo down to one piece of chicken, one piece of chorizo, one piece of okra, one quarter ring of onion, and one chunk of celery. He decides to eat the celery first, followed by the chorizo, then the onion, then the okra and finally the chicken.

Anna, on the other hand, sucks down her Budweiser like Roy slurpin' on gumbo (we've established that image already so why not recycle it). What does Roy do? Nuttin'. He somewhere between nervously and calmly strokes the stem of his margarita glass, in a suspiciously suggestive motion. Plays with the drink menu, his only lonely friend (but the goddamn drink menu's a ferocious slut as it's been handled and groped by many a hand. Not to mention his chair. How many asses have sat in that chair since it

was first fabricated? And the table? People come in and out, do their thing, and leave. Like a warehouse. The whole restaurant industry is just a warehouse. People come in, make a mess, fill their biological needs and leave. The table is then cleaned up and made up to look like it has never been used and awaits its next customer. Whore I tells ya.

The waitress wings outta the kitchen with Roy's entrée in hand and plops it *plop* onto the red and white checked tablecloth below his nose.

### **The Thymes They Are A-Changin'**

Come gather 'round piggies, wherever you roam, and admit that the body around you has grown. And accept that now soon, you'll be chewed to the bone, and the skin you're in ain't worth savin'. So you better start cookin' or you'll be digested like a stone, for the thymes they are a-changin'. Seriously. Cowgirl Hall of Fame Whiskey Pork Chops are generally dry rubbed (mmmmmm dry rub) with a concoction consisting of 1 cup paprika, 1/2 cup chili powder, 1/2 cup cumin, 1 teaspoon crushed black pepper, 1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1/4 cup sugar (scat sweet sugar), 2 tablespoons Texas garden thyme, 2 tablespoons garlic powder, 2 tablespoons onion powder, and 1 tablespoon salt. But the Texas garden thyme was outta stock so the head chef, Carlos "Chief Carl" Cochiti (he's got 2 cups pure Acoma Indian, and 3 tablespoons Castilian in 'em) called for a New Mexican local lemon thyme instead.

Roy bites into his pork chop without indicating any recognition of the thyme warp. It takes a delicate and considerate tongue to tell and too many Camels caravanning

across his tongue n' lungs have thus killed those acute abilities in him. Even in his unconscious conscience. Goodbye Roy, goodbye.

**Who Can *It* Be Knockin' at My Door?**



*Rat-a-tat-tat* on the front door and Somalasal knows not what to think. Are the men at work? No. They're down under the highway 84 overpass at Bunyan's getting gassy on huevos rancheros and saucy on early, sunny afternoon's suds (he heard them poundin' on the door earlier in case yer wonderin'). Whatta time! *They're here and We're under attack from above and nobody but Somalasal is around to deal.* In the bathroom he goes.

“Who are you? And don't gimme no gaddamn runny shit about being from the circus or somethin' thin like that. I'm sharp like a knife, caprice?” *So-mal-contented* he can't even talk Phonytalian, “I want the gaddamn alien answer and I want it slow and now!”

“I *am* from the circus. Please, I'm so embarrassed. I'm really sick in the stomach.”

“What's this shit about yer stomach? It's yer ass that has the gaddamn problem, not yer stomach. Yer shittin' all over the gaddamn place. People always blamin' their gaddamn stomach. Like it's cleaner or somethin'. Someone's gotta stick up for the stomach, and I'm gonna be that gaddamn person at this gaddamn moment in time.”

### **Requisite Alice Reference**

Somalasal slips behind her and into the medi-cide chest. He snags several sketchy items and disappears *poof*. He returns a tic-tac later with two tumblers of clear contents. Sugar water.

“One gaddamn glass will help ya, the other gaddamn glass will hurt ya. I want to help ya, but now ya must help yer gaddamn self. If I give ya the glass that helps (a modicum of immodium dissolved in Country Time), ya better promise to tell me the gaddamn truth, that is, if ya are, gaddamn human. If ya refuse, I’ll force the other down yer throat and I hope by gaddamn fate, that it kills ya (but should sugar water not help all creatures of any origin? It will be the other glass, an excess of Ex-Lax—dissolved in Country Time—that destroys). The gaddamn problem is this, I don’t remember which one is which, so ya’ll just havta try yer gaddamn luck.”

But the *knock knock knock knock* continues and then one (you, if you were there) can hear Carol crying, “Hello (hello, hello), is there anybody in there?...Is there anyone home? Help! I need somebody. Please just anybody.” Babs picks up Carol’s cranky cries while Somalasal becomes even more suspicious.

“Who in gaddamn name’s that? One of yer gaddamn alien friends? Well you ain’t gonna get my ass, I’ll tell ya that.” He pulls his pistol outta his pants and cocks it.

Babs cuts in, “No, no, we work for Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, I swear, I SWEARS (oops, out slips Her Royal Hickness...). We were here because we were following this thing that this guy Peter had and he went to show his friend at the front gate there—“

“Roy? You know gaddamn Roy or is this a gaddamn Martian trick?” Then *blam* the door busts open upon these two coming to some sense of understanding. It’s Carol, of course, and she rambles on in, in a complete panic.

“Help, help, serious, I need help. Roy has been hurt. And (as she notices Babs’ predicament). Oh my dear...”

Still so-malcontented and waving his gun in the air like Seiji Ozawa at Tanglewood. “Everybody wait a gaddamn minute here. Just a gaddamn minute. Who in the gaddamn hell are *you*, and just what...hey, do ya both know ya’ll be going to gaddamn federal prison as soon as I make a phonecall. Yer are not allowed in this gaddamn place.” He has easily slipped out of the grip of whatever might have been possessing him just a few minutes earlier and maybe just telling him that he oughtta think in some new and fresh and unlike himself way, eh?

“Please, please, sir. Roy is, umm, please. He’s gonna die. He’s gonna die. He’s gonna...” Carol pleading, pleading, pleading, pleading, pleading.

### Orders

Over the fax comes a coversheet marked as *Top Secret*; official orders from headquarters, it seems. Somalasal knows he must immediately reply with a code from the manual marked *Procedure T-24*, page 37, paragraph 44, line 13. Random: yes. Standard: yes. Familiar to Somalasal: no. But he knows somewhat what to do. So he quickly clutches Carol and ties her to the twin towel rack across from Babs with a bowlin and a few half-hitches (using a 10 foot extension cord from his bottom desk drawer that collects such odds and ends). Scurries over to his desk to retrieve the manual and return the proper code. Sorted. The fax rumbles and grumbles like a hungry tummy (speaking of which, Somalasal hasn’t had his breakfast—two Krispy Kremes and Twinings Irish Breakfast tea w/ two packets of Equal. Maybe later gator). He waits. The phone rings. A very special ring. Berry berry special. Sounds something like this: *Krblack Krblick Krbluck. Krbuck Krblick Krblack*. Rather than the usual onomatopoeic *ringgggg*

*ringggg. Ringggg ringggg..* That's Langley. That's HQ. First the *Top Secret* fax coming in any minute, and now a call on the Batphone? That could be George F'n Tenet himself on the line. All Somalasal knows is that it's top brass. He picks it up.

## **Ann-ullment**

### **Recovery**

Is not an option. The only way is out through the in door (or In Through the Out Door, depending on perspective), away from the Allsup's and down toward Satan Fe where some semblance of reality might put her sanity back in the suede saddle again. She puts the key in the ignition, pumps the gas (although fuel-injected, she still pumps

pumps pumps pumps like it's a '78 Impala), starts the engine and starts off. Back on 502E, back, back, back, back. Forward is not an option, like recovery, only down, down to the old order to find solace. Nothing to recover. The ground has been stamped, the tulips trampled. There is no. No Santa Fe, Ringling Bros. Past with alternate identities, pasts and futures that do not coincide. So off, she's off to home base *sans* her sisters-in-arms *sans* herself but in search of a stable past.

### **1 Billion N-Ann-Oseconds**

Pass and Anna is not able to stable (her) eyes. She pulls off the road, onto the sandy shoulder to halt the hurt harassing her head.

### **Car Door Ajar Again**

She flees the Chevy and enters the endless desert, unaware of anything and opting only for a way away. From her own head, of the phantom-balls-possessing her mouth and the distance she feels from humanity. So stumbles she into the heat of the shadowed sand (as the most vile volatile of Southwestern storms breeds cloud after angry cloud of potential terror overhead). Not that she might notice. Nay, nay. Hey hey (my, my) oil and coal will never die. And Wilbur Wright could learn to fly, aye, given the right chance to try.

### **The End**

Of laughter and soft lies. I'll never look into those eyes.....again. As such a moment does pass in everyone's life, albeit with or without having orally shredded some poor man's dual descended decencies, it is not without insanity that one must endure to

return peacefully to where one once left off. In Anna's case, it is here that she must find It, and only It can guide her safely back to the beginning. For the beginning is only seconds from the end (in that stoner-house silly logic where love and hate meet at both ends of a circular string). But It may be but *inside* and to look beyond to the outside, she'll only find more or less of what she lost in the first place.

### **Distance Humanity Distance**

Codes of Conduct, Modes of Operation, Lodes of Moral Ore mined from the mind that defines us in an internal sense and sensibility to further us as Community. If we don't harbor a semblance of sense, we cease to be human as the distance from humanity. But that distance is the only resource to humanity, as one strips themselves from others, they have only themselves to learn and learn from. A starting point, entry point in one, and from the understanding of one (self), then the feeling spreads into others and in non-zero sum games. Communal sums and shared sugar plum fairies. Building a nation of satisfactorily scratched backs. A prisoner of her own conscience, dilemma may be betrayal or freedom (both are options), but none would prove best-case scenario as Anna's outta her loop. Her circle's incomplete. Her symphony's stringless. She's not even a question to be answered. She's jammed in disorder and truly has no hope to return.

### **Sh'naima**

And it is said. In the desert's dirt no daffodils grow. Craggy scrub, a dollar a gross, slices below Anna's toes. Skies as ancient as Mother's memory open wide with

burnt marshmallows that suck up the safe blue above. And to the ground Anna goes, belly down and prone. Possessed she be with the quick wind whistling through her crusty toes, her flimsy fists weakly clinch at her side. Clouds Sweet Clouds gather, growl and grow and Anna's gone gone gone gone.

### **She's Gone**

She made it through the exit (she just couldn't take it). She made it through the exit (she just couldn't make it). And, oh, my children, if you see me cryin'. My woman is gone. She's gone she's gone (she's gone), she's gone. Oh, mocking bird, have you ever heard, words that I never heard?

Anna's eyes flitter and flutter, flicker and twitter. The puffy pastries above go from gray to green, twisting and swishing into gardens and green hornets, degrading and regaining shapes upon shapes. New now, old again. Miraculous membranes of mushy multicolor. Membranes like CGI renderings of red blood cells flushing to the heart.

### **Up Above**

One particular cloudpuff peers down in pity (perhaps the same puff from before). It can see and sense Anna and her suffering. It too suffers, at an alarming rate of 14mph ENE, wanting only to turn back and be a part of the larger storm to come. But how does it fight nature and her set cycles? What's the use for our curious cloud to fight against the prevailing wind? But to be a piece of something larger, something greater than greatness itself, a storm whose strength equals only that of Atlas himself?

## **The Peter Meter Reader Checkin' In**

### **Peter, Roy and Scary**

Roy's hangin' like a nail; Peter has administered sugar water, Carol is gone, gone, gone, gone gone (gawn-but not like Anna). Geez it's scary to think...just to think. Did ya ever ask yerself how scary it is sometimes to think that you're thinking? You have the capacity to think: to control your opposable thumbs, to grasp chaos theory, to remember a stranger's face on the 6 train. Think about It. Thinking. Think of it like the first time you



pulled a binger from the top bunk and you thought these same thoughts and sat possessed as a cough tickled your chest...then you be granted a discount ticket on Peter's train of thought. Peter perhaps should pick up the phone and phone the police (again, this particular pattern enters his brain). So many questions that need answers (they're blowin' in the wind...no seriously...last report has gusts up to 73 mph in greater Grants area).

### **Peter Peter Burrito Eater**

Now he remembers the creature. The little thing who's probably lost in the pines (in the pines, where the sun don't never shine) with nowhere to go. Ugly animal; look at all the trouble It has caused. And geez what a day. The dead guy, Roy and his missings, And Carol, oh mama, whatta gal. And oh dear gee: PCH. And the contest. What disorder! The winner *is* the dead guy and who's to blame? Peter's noggin now settles back there at the beginning of the day, raveled (as we have unraveled thus far) where time was tame and the same and near that moment where everything is just ok again. But then again, who knows when disorder is gonna return, like Max Dugan:

### **Roy is free**

His reality is his realty. Whose business is it to judge from their POV? And their reality is no relative of his.

### **Freedom's just another word for nuthin' left to lose**

Freedom is choking on your own vomit. Roy, you are free (and have Cat Power). Free from the necessity. Free from orgasmic reciprocity. Free to do as you please

without having to be on your knees begging for a squeeze or a rendezvous between the sheets.

### **Songs of Freedom**

Also then Roy is certainly free from:

- From testosterone-induced belligerence
- From time to time
- From college funds
- From ‘mommy and daddy’ talks
- From responsibility lectures
- Genetic malfunction
- Inbreeding
- Low sperm counts
- Testicular cancer
- Castration phobia
- Blue balls
- Tightly whiteys
- Shrinkage (ball-level)
- Cups
- Juan Hung Lo
- ESS – enlarged scrotum syndrome
- A swift kick in da nutz
- Jock itch

- Fumunda cheese

## **In Con Fusion**

### **Hokey Pokey (B-Side Eerie)**

You put your left leg in, you take your left lobe out, you put your right leg in, you take your right mind out - that's what it's all about. Anna's poise now prenatal and the greengray sky swirls as her eyes go asunder. Asunder into what, you wonder? Into

shards of dark crystals. Into chunks of bobbing basalt - drifters in the Dead Sea. Into floating fireflies signaling their flashy mates for all-night fornication (erotic Morse Code *dot uh dot dash yeah uh dot dot daaaaaash*). Into prismatic dewdrops that the stretching sunlight creeps through, hanging on the crabgrass that cuddles Uncle Terry's Topsoil Farm. Into colliding 'scapes of kaleidoscopes. Into lost hopes. Into wedding-dress wine stains and Syd Barrett minor seventh refrains. Into pixie dust, and tailpipe rust and pure disgust at what she thinks she might have done but no longer recalls at all...

### **The Bunny Hop (A-Side String Theory)**

She do, she hop along. And Anna starts to see strings. Small, small strings tinier than Tiny Tim's Tinseltown career. And even tinier than that. Strings of pure energy, circular, linear, polychromatic and grayscale and both and neither of the two. Strings humming Vivaldi's Concertos nos 1 and 2; strings strumming *Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands*. She can see these strings singing in unison (*All Together Now* by the Fab-oo Four) building bigger and bigger. The whole sky. Each cloud, every bird. All made of strings. The fat old sun, the erratically orbiting Pluto, the whole big banged out universe. All made of strings. Alternate parallel universes. All made of strings. Straight strings. Asymmetric strings. Spiral strings. She can count 4 dimensions, 5 dimensions, 6, 7, 8, 11 (she love to count ah ah ah ah ah) dimensions sliced like Wonderbread at the factory in Jamaica, Queens, crammed tight, yes, but good enough for 20 million children to enjoy with baloney and Polly-O string cheese. Strings of dimensions. Dimensions of strings. She holds her hand up to the dark gray and green sky. She sees no skin. Only dancing

strings like scrunchies and ponytail ties. Others like Froot Loops and Apple Jacks. Others like spray confetti.

### **Order in the Court**

The strings bring order to the chaos. A unified theory. Preventing fatal and catastrophic rifts and tears in the fabric of the symphony that she sees. Her head, Santa Fe sky cloudy, clearing enough to contemplate this thought of calmed chaos. “Everything is made of music,” concludes Anna. Everything strings. Everything sings. The birds sing, but not via their beaks, but because they are simply made of strings. And strings, by nature sing. Strings of strings vibrating in sync (and even N’Sync sings, if you can stretch your stringy imagination) sing and sing.

### **Infusion**

Of an earlier character into Anna’s inner insanity. How does one define this?  
Infusion: noun – the most popular union of atomic nuclei. The *In* Fusion No no.

### **Confusion**

In Anna’s singing ceases because she doesn’t know but does not recognize this apparition.

Confusion: noun – the merging of prisoners. The *Con* Fusion. Ha ha.

Her strings still sing. Her ding alings (not mine or yours). *Deja* who is this person? Just floating there, above her, wispy like a cirrostratus, stringlike yes, but

human, more human than cloud. And like a cloud, from the disperse wisps it materializes into a faint but forming familiarity. It's a man.

### **Man O' Man**

Men. Men have always been a burden in Anna's arrogantly independent existence. They've served their purpose fulfilling her fickle tickle spots on Saturday eves, taking the brunt of her abusive humor playin' 9 ball at Shooters Saloon on Harrison. and rollin' turkeys at Silva Lanes on Rufina. But she's never given odds (not like the odds they give on the craps table at Cities of Gold) on trying to communicate with them on an emotional level. She believes man is only meant to mistreat women, hence her, and she has been taught to be tougher than that. To be for herself and herself alone. Men have few feelings above the bellybutton and to think they do will only expose her to their deceit. Sure she *enjoys* men but she won't give 'em the time of day when it comes to caring. Won't now; never will...

### **Emergence**

Like a slimy slime mold forming from itsy bitsy individual cells into the grander, hungry, unified organism, a miraculous moment in nature mind you, bottom-up networked non-hierarchal system, emerges Roy, from the series of strawlike strands of cirrostratus clouds. An aggregate of Anna's insanity and imagination it is, but as easy as one can consider it a figment of her fragmentality, she believes it to be he who she chewed into sterility.

Roy eases down near her shuddering shoulders and floats his crotch (all dried bloody lookin' like burnt vegetable lasagna hurtin' under the heatlamp at Sbarro's) above

her mouth. She no longer sees strings but the full-fledged man that she barely knew. The phantom balls, still haunting her cheeks, make a makeshift shift (if a makeshift could make shift) out of her mouth and into the ailing genital area above.

### **Mergence**

The veggie lasagna quakes and quivers at the merging of it the invisible meaty balls. Upon completion (*como* the docking scene in *2001* with all of the symmetrical spin), a stumpy stamen sprouts (and resembles much like the sprouts that one would never find in Sbarro's vegetable lasagna) out of the area and spews, all Mauna Loa like ("long mountain" in Hawaiian) onto her face. Mucus-y Creamsicle-colored magma and mock, man-muck fluid flood onto her facial features and faintly from Roy's lips, a relieving moaning of a fading foghorn from faraway.

His body then gently glides to a still slump directly on top of Anna. She feels the weight, the heavy pressure of his chest expanding and contracting in long and relaxing breaths, infiltrating her still shaking breast with the warm, calming sense of serenity (now). Tingles tickle her hips and hairline and she tucks tight into his embrace. Anna the Mad, mad with madness, settles into the most placid place she's ever known.

### **Rooty Tooty Fresh and Fruity**

The strings return. Thick brown cords, she sees, tracing the contours of Roy's jowl, his eyes stringy, swirly knots in a mahogany desk. Eyebrows, thick rope, rough like oak tree bark; his nose a moldy tree stump. He nestles his wooden-ing head into her shoulder and Anna's heart (hurt with years of hurt), feels as if it heals. Roy's pleasant

pillow-y pressure upon her pushes and pushes, harder and heavier. His fingers form into rugged roots and bury into the soft sand. His arms grow thin limbs and the thin limbs grow thinner limbs themselves, a complex web of natural unabated expansion until he forms into something of a thick briarwood patch; her body completely covered in his wooden sanctuary. She sees only strings and the symphony of sounds (symbolic and surreal) surround her every sense.

### **Submergence**

The best thing one can do is to keep hold of the order and dispel the disorder. I think Abraham Lincoln said that.

### **Freewheelin' Outtakin'**

And Anna's thinkin', "I will not go down under the ground 'cause somebody tells me that death's comin' 'round. An' I will not carry myself down to die. When I go to my grave my head will be high. Let me die in my footsteps before I go down under the ground.

## **Orders or Hors D'oeuvres**

### **Dis Orders**

"Somalasal," Somalasal says into the receiver. "Yes. Yes. Yes sir," and he hangs up. The fax machine whinnies. The fax machine whines and the fax machine births one, two, four pages onto the tabletop. *Plop plop.*



## **Orders?**

Somalasol tries to make sense of It All before reading. Two women (claiming to be whom they're not), a rustling creature in the bushes, Roy reportedly injured; the rest of the Los A La Most folks mysteriously away from camp. Hmmmmm...his head is mixed like a metaphor but then lights up like an imaginary piercing shrill of the...

## **The Emergency Broadcast System**

This is a test. I repeat. This is *absolutely* a test.

## **Come on Down**

Somalasol, you're the next contestant on "The Price is Your Future" and futures don't come easy these days so best you act now.

And it all makes sense to him. The orders. The disorder. The appearances. The disappearances. The shuttering shrubs. The Rumors were true.

## **The Rumors (T or F)**

The best and brightest at Los A La Most will be tested, unbeknownst to she or he, when she or he least expects it (which is rarely never as nothing happens ever). Tested, and if successful vested in the active arms of the agency. Iran. Canada. China. South Africa. Detroit. Venezuela. Cuba. These rumors float through the trailer park like empty Albertson's bags, twisting and turning, streaming up, settling in the spokes of an old

Schwinn, flapping high in the broad arms of a cottonwood. Nobody knows where they come from, who tosses them out there. Have they always been? From the edge of time? Nobody knows where they are going, if they're left to drift through the arid air for eternity. They just know they're there.

When an enlisted agent does leave Los A La Most, one can never tell whether they've been canned or promoted or shot dead or used as experimental material or (let your imagination fly, like a proverbial Albertson's bag tossing in the wind...). Either way, one never hears of them again. They become faceless memories of pasts forgotten. For example, everyone remembers the case of Jason (and constantly embellishes upon it).

## **Subversion and Submersion: Jason's Case**

### **Off the Face of the Earth**

Hey, Jason, open a window. Let some fresh air in. So stuffy in here. Just kiddin'. He's forty-eight feet under, at his Compaq computer console. Jason Swenson, what a life. Guard that buried plutonium. Everythin' OK? Sure sure sure. What can

possibly be wrong? So far six months of complete isolation is like organic Prozac. Like livin' near Polson, Montana. Flathead Lake. Lake trout fishing. Best in the U.S.

### **Bearings**

How does one describe the hole? There's a fridge (GE). There's a bed (Simmons). Nice bed (sure is). Coffee (Folgers Crystals). Toilet (Bone American Standard Cadet Round Front). Packaged foods (assorted). No porn (no Hustler's Barely Legal). No imagination. Dials, knobs, meters (lotza meters), Lucite, Lexan, Teflon, Kevlar, and no fucking-goddamn-hell-of-a-way to the surface without those CI A-holes doin' fauxdowns (grab your partner) and drinkin' from the garden hose comin' to get him (little does he know that they, Somalasal and crew, have no clue. They think he's on assignment in the murky underworld if CIA spywork).

Jason; he now finds comfort in the deep distance, the crisp, blunt underground cell he has come to call home. He evolved to this status; he was promoted. Did well during his Test up at Los A La Most. They, They said, "good job," with a pat on the back, "we're gonna relocate ya." Wowee, just what Jay was thinkin'. "High security position. Tight lipped as it gets. The President is *counting* on you; he told Us specifically." Oh boy, oh boy oh boy. Where can it be? Turkmenistan? Syria? Glasgow? Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa (a Family Feud X). "Just pack you things and we'll be back to escort you in one hour."

### **Und Now**

He's grown disgruntled. Built a happy home to resent civilization, with its fashionable Hollywood homosexuals and Broadway boybands (he's got a few phobias). Easier to hate and separate than to integrate and fake that feeling. To belong. Belong. Nothing wrong with a little time to oneself, right? Eight months it's now been. Did you see the new primetime show on TV? No. Fuck you. I'm locked underground. Go waste your life; I've got my technical books and my pocketknives to protect me. Selfish, greedy solitude. Ahh...feels so good. Draw the shade, pull the covers, and hide, hide hide (behind paranoid eyes).

### **Just My Imagination (Once Again)**

Six months (his initial assignment) are now eight; his replacement's late (They promised a replacement and he believed Them). Be patient Jay, we'll get someone down there. Will throw ya a extra few bucks. A week at the Bellagio, on us. Then onto other continents for some real action. Hang in; We're on your side. Sorry about all this. Guy we had just wasn't responsible enough. A bad Guy (not like that Guy Smiley!). We're good guys. So We're lookin' for more good guys. The best guy, We won't take any less. Lotta radioactive materials to caretake. Take care, Jason, we'll soon be there.

### **The Thing Is...**

...why, where, who, when, what is this secret all about? We're *allowed* to have plutonium, aren't we daddy? Ain't no crime. We're hiding it? Ohhhhh we got rid of *this* plutonium, Putin, pally-pal (tap the nose with the index finger). Sure. All we got left is the Pantex (Texas storage facility) pile. The Los Alamos stuff's gone bye-bye. You too,

right? (Mayak and Kyshtym are *zakritee, da?*). Bullcrap, comrade. That's OK. We're bullcrappers too, 100% made in the U.S.A. (Beefalo, if you can believe it).

### **Family History**

On a side note, Jason misses his two daughters. In a very intimate way. He wasn't always like That. Blame Circumstance. Blame Vogue, blame Calvin Klein, Anheuser-Busch, Larry Flynt, Pfizer, Japanese imports, Nabokov. Blame Jason for successful attempted rape (oh he misses them that way...)? Of his own flesh and blood? Sure. Blame doesn't incarcerate. Blame gets jobs. You'd think the US Government would show caution when hiring for intelligence positions such as at Los A La Most? Naaa. Perfect pervert to idle on the camp and under grounds. Do your research, kids. Find out how many Civil Servants are pederasts. Don't show me your answers; I already know. Surprised? Shocked? Ha! Yeah, count him too. During some New Haven blow binge. The girl was nobody. Daddy called her a Dixwell dreg; and he said she musta liked it.

### **Loony Tunes**

Jason. Music? Old RCA 8-track player. Coupla Simon and Garfunkels, Carol King (yes *Tapestry*, what else). Anything newish (oye guhvalt!)? *The Downward Spiral?* *The Bends?* Nope.

Who watches the dials when Jay's asleep? HAL. And when HAL's asleep? Someone up above, the Winnebago whiteboy with to the Goodyear swing (two trailers down from Somalasal).

### **Jason Swenson's 115<sup>th</sup> Dream**

I was ridin' on the Mayflower when I thought I spotted a Shakespeare Ugly Stik (100% graphite) with a Shimano Calcutta (aluminum frame) baitcaster, handmade HulaPoppers (not an appropriate lure), a bucket of Zima and some sandwiches. Two daughters, Helga and Mare, sitting stern and bow in an old oak canoe. Take that boat out to the north cove, where the willow tree shades the shallow, mountain water and the trout beg for mercy. Pop on a bobber at about three feet and slap some salami (or a nightcrawler) on a double-barbed eyelet hook. Ram that rod between your cold, saggy thighs. Open a Zima. Sit back. Close your eyes and...wait...no, Mare, don't stand up, we're liable to capsize, oh...oh...I see,...Helg, stay where you are. Daddy's gonna teach sis how to fish. Yes, Mare, right there. Now hold it by the base with your other hand. Relax. You know what Helg...come over here, I...we wanna show you something. Slowly. That's right. Don't shake the boat. Sure, you can take that off. Nobody's gonna see. Just us three. Oh, yes...wait, yes...is that a...nipple? Look, the line is jerking. Yes, yes, yes, oh it's gonna be huge. Yes, let's reel it in. Faster, faster faster; it's gonna get away. Oh yes, oh yes...oh God...putting up a great fight. Win a prize for this one. Harder, faster, pull it in; hold it up in the air. Just like that just like that. YES! Oh DOG GOD yes. Whhhhewwww...not a keeper. Throw it back. We'll recast.

### **Jason and the Dream of the Three F's**

Fishing. Familyfucking. Freedom. He doesn't see wrong. Right? What's to become? Right now he only sees what he sees. The taunting of the ticking clock.

Egging him on. *When you're weary, feeling small.* Egging him on. Powdered bacon and eggs for breakfast on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Egging him on.

Jason Stares at the Seventeen-inch Screen. Plutonium's doin' fine. Why no have internet? They told him "matter of security". And no phone? "Matter of security." Fax machine that sends outgoing? "Matter of budget constraints." Fine, just talk to the wall. Hola wall. Shall I blow this place to high heaven? Is this hell? Sure is hot.

### **Wonka-vision**

Oompa loompa doompety doo, I've got a perfect puzzle for you. Oompa loompa doompety dee, if you are wise you'll listen to me. What do you get when you work alone underground? Losing your shit wouldn't be very sound. What's on your mind, are your thoughts unkind? What will you do when it finally unbinds? I don't like the look of it (ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba).

### **This Goes On.**

You see; shouldda never hired this schmuck. Listen, not tearin' into the boy, he just got problems, that's all. I'm sure he' gotta lotta luv. But love, lunacy and plutonium don't make bueno bedbuddies (perhaps in some sects sex acts, a certain sicko *ménage à trois*). Maybe there's a world where Jason is just, Heaven or Hell, maybe 1947 Utah

(see: misguided V-2 misses target at White Sands and strikes Juarez, Mexico killing 0).  
Everyone makes their *own* mistakes, not other people's. I'm afraid he's goin' for his last.  
Unstable. What is predictable? Radioactivity? Sure. Alpha, Beta, Gamma, sugarcoated  
Alphabits and half-lives. That's about it. Can't even trust TV Guide because they keep  
changing the programming to accommodate speeches. Ask Roy.

### **Building With KuBricks**

“All work and no play make Jack a dull boy.” How to talk Jason outta the notion  
of disconnecting Enchantmentland from her statehood (she's a she, isn't she?). Think,  
goddamn it, think. He's gone in there, just right now to where the shit is stored. No  
anti-radiation suit. Shit shit shit shit shit shit. “I honestly think you ought to calm  
down; take a stress pill and think things over.” Does he even know what he's doing?  
This *is* rocket science, kid. See the sign? Brain surgeon X-ing. Can't just put Pu-239  
into a bucket. “What is your major malfunction, numbnuts? Didn't mommy and daddy  
show you enough attention as a child?” Lucky there ain't no explosives around.  
Nuclear chain reaction ain't like a soft Spring (well, April *is* the cruellest month). It just  
doesn't come easy (like Sunday mornin'). We'll all be fine. Jay's a dimwit. “Best we  
go homeways and get a bit of spatchka.” Wait...what's that? Yes, in his left hand, what  
*is* that? “The bomb...the bomb, Dmitri.” It's a bomb? Got wires. Red, papery batons.  
A cuckoo clock? So he's got TNT hooked up to a cuckoo clock. And a 5-gallon  
bucket-o-plutonium. Oh boy.



## **Totally Confused**

The question then should be whether or not the previous is simply a quilt of rumors and speculations that pass around Los Angeles or is this, in fact, subplot and actually happening. I'll field any questions you may have.

Q (READER FROM MILWAUKEE): It's a two-part question. Is Jason really underground and planning to blow up Los A La Most? If so, why doesn't anyone do something about it from above?

A: No. The legend of Jason is just a fabrication that the otherwise idle agents created to pass the time. He is an amalgamation of several former employees who have not been heard of since their departure from Los A La Most. The notion of him being on the verge of blowing up Los A La Most is just a drama device they installed into the tale to keep the tension of their everyday boring lives high.

Q (READER FROM HO CHI MINH CITY): But didn't Carol hear voices coming from underground when she got out of the car back in an earlier chapter?

A: No. She heard nothing. Forget anything you remember. And that's an order from way up above. Next.

Q (READER FROM ATHENS): Does there need to be gratuitous pedophilia at this point as we've suffered enough with the masturbation, castration and shit jokes?

A: Yes. Gratuitousness is human nature and thus should be fully represented in this text, a veritable Stendhal's Mirror.

Q (READER FROM SANTA BARBARA): What do you do for a living?

A: I make PowerPoints look purdy. End of Q and A.

**okokok**

### **When You Assume**

You make an ass out of you and me. But Somalasalol is beyond assumption and already made a complete ass out of himself. And he *knows* like nobody *knows*: this is his Time.

## **Careful With That Fax, Eugene**

Of the four fiches flopped on the floor, only one is relevant for now (the other three depict river depth).

**Central Intelligence Agency**



**Washington D.C. 20505**

Office of the Director

15.03.02 11:28:34

Reference: 23AFRT-6932B

HOSTAGE TAKING IN PROGRESS AT ANNUAL SUGAR SYMPOSIUM.  
POSSIBLE TERROR THREAT. REPORT **IMMEDIATELY** TO HYATT  
REGENCY TAMAYA RESORT IN BERNALILLO. **DO NOT** ATTEMPT TO  
SUBDUE HIJACKERS. AWAIT ORDERS UPON ARRIVAL. **IMPORTANT:**  
MUST FOLLOW 59<sup>TH</sup> PROTOCOL.

BEST REGARDS

AGENT X (for security purposes, the agent's name was omitted from this text)

**59<sup>th</sup> Protocol?**

“What in gaddamn hell is the 59<sup>th</sup> Protocol?” Somalasal bursts to himself. He looks over at his two POWs. “Am I a gaddamn hostage taking person, too?” he wonders as they fidget and squirm. “Protocols, protocols Somalasal. Think, think...aha,” squeaks

he and scurries over to his desk area. He squishes aside manuals and memo pads until he finds the lot, deep in the back, hiding like scare-d-cats.

PROTOCOLS 1 – 25

PROTOCOLS 26 – 50

PROTOCOLS 76 – 100

“Fackin’ balls. Where the gaddamn hell’s the other one? Gaddamn it. Don’t freak out, Somalasal, don’t freak dude (he’s right out loud now), it’s gotta be somewhere in this gaddamn place.”

### **Bound to Help**

Hearing Somalasal bleating about the missing book and all tied up in a UL Preferred (yes just having your electronics ‘UL Listed’ these days means shite) extension cord, Carol takes a short scan of the nearby area. Perhaps if she helps him find it, he’ll consider what she’s saying about Roy and the accident and they’ll get help. She notices a pile of crappy magazines (Maxim, GQ, Stuff, FHM), water stained and crumpled beside the toilet. Amongst them is what looks to be a manual and she faintly makes out the number 51 with some other digits following.

“Excuse me, Mr., but I think—

“--Didn’t I say not a gaddamn word outta either of ya or I’ll have ya both gaddamn shot? Now shuddafugup, I’m gaddamn busy here.”

“But, I think I might have found—

“—GADDAMN IT! (ever so loud) You just don’t gaddamn listen!” and he charges toward her like bull (she’s wearing red, remember?, I don’t). Carol, as best she

can, kicks loose the manual on the center of the floor. Somalasel spots it (but not her act of discovering it), stops and lifts it up.

“Here’s the gaddamn thing. Good shitter readin’, ya know. Now keep your gaddamn traps shut.” He quickly flips through to find number 59.

### **59<sup>th</sup> Protocol (edition 1953)**

Protocol 57 – Agent composition must consist of 40% or more Negroes when investigating at rib shacks, fried chicken houses, and/or watermelon trucks.

Protocol 58 – Agent composition must consist of 40% or more Chinamen when infiltrating chop suey joints, rice bowls and/or noodle shops.

Protocol 59 – Agent composition must consist of 40% or more Broads when involved in any activities centered around devil’s food, s’mores and/or crème brulee.

### **See Eye, Eh?**

Babs’ bustin’ a pathetic pantomime o’er at Carol, trying to inform her of the “C-I-A, C-I-A” (as Carol isn’t fully aware of the situation) but is Helpless as a Neil Young tune as neither woman can see one another’s hands. They press on.

### **Pathetic Pictionary Players**

- Babs swingin’ her head like a windswept lantern over toward Somalasel.
- Carol nodding in agreement and mouthing the word “crazy”, which Babs takes as “gravy”.

- Babs trying numerous times to mouth the letter “C” and Carol returning a smile (see the similarities in the saying of “C” and a simple smile).
- Babs opening and closing her eyes to signify the word “see” and Carol thinking Babs is dizzy and offering a sympathetic frown.
- Babs mumbling “this is gonna be fuckin’ difficult,” under her stinky breath.
- Carol giving a look of confusion.
- Babs thinking and devising a terrific and vile plan.

### **Gas is Repeating**

Babs eases her stomach muscles as best she can (they’ve been through much this past hour), then quickly flexes them. Ease. Then flex. Several times until she feels a bubble building in her belly. She maneuvers the bubble down toward her bowels with an *unnnnghhhhh* and whinny. It awaits at her anal gates; a Spartan phalanx ready for attack. Just wait for the go signal.

### **Go Go Gadget Gas out the Ass (it didn’t work earlier, let’s give it another go)**

*Ppfffffft tttttttttt “HE’S,” fffffppppp “IN THE,” pp pptttttttt “C,” ppp “I,” fffff*  
*“A!” ppfffft tttttppp pppffffff ffffft.*

“Holy gaddamn shit, mon,” cracks Somalasal from the outer area, “Holy gaddamn.”

Babs blushes a bit but beckons Carol’s reaction: Something halfway between and exclamation point (!) and a question mark (?). Call it a flaccid exclamation or an erecting question. Babs wonders, “Did she get what I’m trying to say?” “Does she get the implications?” “Does she know what They can do to Us?”

## **Mean While**

Somalasol scratches his heads (dandruff and jock itch all at once) and wonders *what what what* is this all about? If these rumors are true, what is he to do?

## **Rumours (Side A)**

### **1. Second Hand News**

Been down so long, I've been tossed around enough. Couldn't you just let me go down and do my stuff? Go to Tamaya. Go do your thing. Prove your worth. Leave these two here and deal with them on the rebound.

### **2. Dreams**

Thunder only happens when it's raining (well, right now in North-Central New Mexico, that's not exactly the case). And right now it's rainin' ladies at chez-malasol. *Didn't you always dig a little two on one you in your most deviant dreams?* Might this instead be a time for three? The chance *ménage a trios*? Ain't gonna happen, Mr. Say... women... they will come and they will go. When the rain washes you clean... you'll know.

### **3. Never Going Back Again**

There are bigger stakes here, Soma. You don't know what it means to win. You've been an impotent imp, son of an ice cream imperialist. You can't go back to his Bean town counting. You must go forward to your future.

### **4. Don't Stop**

Granted, you can end up in your past. End up back on your ass. Spoiled rotten countin' half-gallon cartons, living off your father's creamy means. Why not think about



times to come, And not about the things that you've done, If your life was bad to you, Just think what tomorrow will do.

### **5. Go Your Own Way**

You can go your own way, go your own way. You can call it another lonely day.

### **Are They**

What does he think they might be? Can they be part of It? Agents assigned to his ultimate test, noting, judging compiling data ready to report his incapacities to the Man?

Somallasol steps closer to take a tighter inspection. Daintily swaggers o'er to the toilet, arms folded behind his back, clutching tightly the recent fax. Rolls his eyeballs up and down and...what what? Tiny black devices jammed deep in their ears? How he not notice this before? Oh dear, oh my, they must be! Act cool, Somallasool. And then there's Protocol 59...

### **Bye Bye, Miss American Pie**

### **C'mon Let's Go**

Somallasol uncuffs and unties, to their surprise, them.

"I get this gaddamn thing now," under his bad breath. "I get it plain and clear," aloud. "I *do* apologize for the rough and raw treatment ladies, but you have to compliment me on my quick reaction and resourceful moves, yeah? Be sure to make a

note of it in your reports. Now, if you don't mind cleaning yerselves up tootsweet, we have to get on with the *high level* mission." They are budgeless.

"Come on, come on let's go, let's go let's go little darlin's...." urges he (all without the usual *gaddamn* profanity) and goes to gather some guns.

### **That'll Be the Day**

Is this man nuts? Babs and Carol are awestruck. Dumbfounded. Flabbergasted. Bowled over. This can't be! Babs especially. How can she, who can she...he be?

"This man isn't gonna...and just what in the hell is he talkin' 'bout takin' us with him where now...some mission?" Babs worries to herself. "He's sure enough just to turn us in to the Feds and sheeet, I ain't goin' nowhere with this guy, because that'll be the day that I die." And worries s'more.

### **Chantilly Lace**

And Carol, with her pretty face, and her ponytail, hangin' down takes a different approach. She, on her feet, thinks, while Babs, in her own shit, stinks. "Um, can you just close the door here for two shakes so we can just freshen up. We're kinda filthy, ya know."

"Yeah yeah of course, but giddy up, we're runnin' late as it is." Quick change, like a Jiffy Luber.

The door swings shut and Carol helps Babs outta the sink.

"Don't you worry 'bout cleanin' up in there too much. We'll have the staff go on in there later on," yelps Somalasal from outside.

Babs, embarrassed beyond belief, begins wiping as best she can, the crap outta her crevasse. Carol flushes the toilet for noise pollution purposes (sees the Nokia, fishes it out, “is this yours?”) and leans in close (Babs in a half-squat) and whispers, “Let’s just follow what he says right now, yeah? Best we get out of this camper and toward the front gate. The security man, Roy, he’s been injured and needs help real bad. His balls are gone,” she embarrassingly whispers and leaves Babs with only a stun. Maybe we’ll get this guy to go there and he’ll see and send for the ambulance. And when the ambulance comes, we’ll try and escape or do something.”

Trying to pat her head and rub her stomach, so to say (try: calmly speak and wipe your butt at the same time), Babs responds, “He’s in the gosh darn CIA. He could have us, make us disappear right off the map, ya know. Some reason he thinks somethin’ and thinks we’re involved in that somethin’ but I think it’s just a ploy to have us shot, or sent over the border and banned from ever returnin’. I hear ‘bout that all of the time. Americans caught by the law and shipped over to Mexico, their ID taken from them and then never able to come back. Serious. You come to the border and they punch your name into the computer and a whole different picture comes up.”

“Well that may be so, but what if he finds out we’re with Ringling Brothers? You know we’re not allowed over here, on this side of the river. If for some reason he finds that out, we’re sure to be put away, maybe in prison, or maybe in Mexico like you say. But right now our best shot is to play along with whatever he’s got planned. Whatever he got from the fax and in that book. He thinks we’re with him and we have to pretend we are.”

“Pretend we’re CIA?”

“That’s right.”

## **I’m a Frayed Knot**

### **M-Theory Pun-ters**

The boys down at Bunyan’s Big Toe are kickin’ back to the cart, ready to return to LALM, without anything for Roy and Somalasal. They’re giddy in their late morning buzz, eh? Sure they are. And what can one expect from these four blokes?

Bunyan's boy #1 blurts, "three pieces of string go into a pub for a drink. Two of them sit down and the third goes to the bar and asks for three lager tops (bloody wanks). "I'm not serving you, mate," says the barman. "You're a lousy piece of string, eh. Piss off." The piece of string goes back and tells the friends, but must wait as one of his friends is in the midst of a long-winded yarn (if you don't laugh at that one, you suck). The second piece, after finishing his story tries to fetch the drinks, but the same thing happens. The third piece of string, wound up as thread can get, ties a knot in his head, ruffles it up and marches up to the bar. The barman tosses him a slimy glance and brays, "Are you another piece of string, ya fucker?" The string replies, "No, I'm a frayed knot."

"Oh yeah," harps Bunyan's Big Toe dude #2, well, "Scientists may come, and scientists may go, but Ampere's name will always be current."

"Ahh, that reminds me," chimes in #3, "A neutron goes into a bar and asks the bartender, 'How much for a beer?' The bartender replies, 'For you, no charge.'"

And #4 with, "Two atoms are walking down the street and they run into each other. One says to the other, 'Are you all right?' The other says, 'No, I lost an electron!' The first one says, 'Are you sure?' The other one says, 'Yeah, I'm positive!'"

And so it happens that #4 happens also to be reading Ringling Bros and Barnum and Bailey's Circus' new monthly entitled *The Sideshow Must Go On!* and he happens to come across this:

## El Chupacabra



**Name:** El Chupacabra

**Nickname:** Chupa

**Alias:** El Vampiro de Moca

**Closest "known" relative:** Jersey Devil

**Height:** 3 to 4 feet

**Weight:** unknown

**Eyes:** very large, like pomegranates

**Build:** quasi-feline-cockroach-reptile

**Likes:** goats, chickens, cows, horses, dogs, cats, ducks, travel

**Dislikes:** bright, shining lights,

**Favorite hangouts:** Guanica, Puerto Rico; Canovanas, Puerto Rico; Klamath Falls, Oregon; Miami, Florida; Calama, Chile; Juarez, Mexico; Sonora, Mexico; Los Alamos, New Mexico.

“Hey, did y’all know ‘bout this Chupadupa thing? Seems he likes goats, cows, horse, dawgs, ducks and travelin’. Reminds me bit of you (looking at #2),” says #4.

“A hardy har har har har,” says #2, heartily.

Just then a whippin’ wind come whippin, thru, kickin’ up dust and the rest, the boys, half-blurred and buzzed, shielding their *ojos* with their elbow pits, waiting for the un’spected sirocco to subside (but this wasn’t no sirocco – it was due to the collision of cold air and hot air from the oncoming storm. See: How Wind Works at

[www.howstuffworks.com](http://www.howstuffworks.com). for the rest). ‘Cept for #4 who was using the issue of *The Sideshow Must Go On!* as his barrier betwixt the elements and his eyes.

### **Bunyan’s Big Toe**

Used to sell burgers and dogs, milkshakes to dip your fries into for that fatty foody fantasy etc. and so on and so forth etc. Total Route 66, replete with a neon and chrome and as the iconic roadside emblem, a big ‘ole brown boot - forged to the exact shoe size of great Paul Bunyan himself (25EEE) perching on a roadside billboard. Being not actually on Route 66, but rather, in Española, paid its toll on the old joint and patronage ground to a halt – Greasetrap Ged and Edna “Two Tooth” Tinkerton being the last two staff to leave in 1993. Left to rust like the rest of the Route’s relics, a *pequeno* pioneer named Pablo Pino bought the place for a handful of pesos and with help from his hermanos Pepe and Paco, they reopened it, keeping the same name, but serving *comidas* more familiar to their family heritage like enchiladas and chilaquiles. La Bota, as some now call it, is flourishing with its *huevos rancheros* etc. but (unfortunately for this very exact moment in time) the Pinos neglected to do much needed maintenance on the big shiny boot outside as it’s is now wobbling, wobbling in the wind, creaking and ready to unhinge.

### **Fore!**

#4, hearing the creak creak and not sure what to expect, slowly slides the magazine from his closed eyes and over towards Bunyan’s. His open yet squinty eyes

land immediately on something strange, something odd, something out of the ordinary hard to ascertain near the big boot. A gust forces #4 to re-shield, now eyes wide and looking closeup at the picture of the Chupacabras. Gust goes away, Four goes for another look at the mystery in the near dusty distance. Chupacabras???? Noooo, well, can't tell. Something, though. Lemme see again. Can't tell, too windy, eyes too squinty. Picture again, then it. It? The picture. It. Picture. It. "Guys! I swear I think out there I see the Chupacabras!"

"You can't see shit, dood, and it's too dusty. Ain't no Chupadubras out there..." says #1, with his schnoz still jammed in his elbow pit (elbow pit!).

#4, moves toward the creature to get a better. Creak wobble creak wobble and shit, lookout! Fooooooooore, Four! The Big Boot comes crashing down bang right directly completely, encompassing-ly crushing the mysterious creature to a boogery pulp. Not even leaving two curly feets protruding ala wicked witches of western inclinations. Squashhhh.

"Shit shit," cries #4, as the wind winds down and the four breakfast boys head over to inspect the scene.

Five minutes pass and they help Pablo, Pepe and Paco lift the old sign to inspect the remains. "Looks like a dead bug or somethin'. Nasty," says someone.

"Nasty. Let's get outta here."

"Word."

"Who says 'word'? It's so very 2002. Word is so very f'n ancient."

"People still say 'word'"

"Yeah white people."



“We’re white people.”

“Yeah, but not us, other white people. I even think black people are sayin’ it again. Kinda retro cool thing.”

“Word.”

“Word.”

## **3 Scat Sweet Scat**

**19<sup>th</sup> Annual International Sweetener Symposium**

**In Bernalillo, NM**

46.5 miles southwest of Santa Fe. At the Hyatt Regency Tamaya Resort & Spa.

March 14<sup>th</sup> –18<sup>th</sup> 2002.

### **Hyatt Regency Tamaya Resort & Spa: The Brochure in the Bedroom**

Welcome to a place where you learn to make adobe with your hands. Where you'll be tantalized by the smell of fresh bread baking in Pueblo ovens. Walk in the footsteps of ancients. Hear the legends of the stars by moonlight. A place with all the spirit of the Pueblo culture and all the pleasures of a luxury resort. Welcome to Tamaya.

**WELCOME TO CAMP HYATT TAMAYA**

If a sacred land can inspire an entire culture, imagine what it can do for a day of learning and adventure at Camp Hyatt? The earliest settlers of the Santa Ana Pueblo, where Camp Hyatt is found, created a rich cultural tradition unique to New Mexico and the Southwest. When you visit here, you'll experience a centuries-old way of life and incredible opportunities to explore the culture and traditions of a land called "Tamaya".

#### **CAMP HYATT ACTIVITIES**

##### **Outdoor Activities:**

- Learning about the Rio Grande and its importance to the people and wildlife of Tamaya
- Exploring native species, such as reptiles, coyotes and wildlife
- Visiting historic ruins on the Santa Ana Pueblo
- Performance of Native American dances
- Tribal bread baking/tasting using authentic Huruna Ovens

##### **Indoor Activities**

- Tribal storytellers tell of the culture, history and traditions of the Santa Ana people
- Tour of the Tamaya Cultural Museum and Learning Center
- Learning about tribal symbols and language

How sweet. A teaspoon of manufactured culture helpin' the medicine go down.

## Sweet Judy Blue Thighs

*It Goes Right to My Eyes* reads the tag line and they all laugh, laugh, laugh. The Power Point projection, slide number 29 is the final final draft depicting a creamy butterscotch ice cream soda (believe it!) and the men, all men in this conference, *ha ha ha ha ahhhh* (their gelato guts quaking in the wake) at the sight of the new slogan and ad. They think of their wives, cellulite growing like barnacles on 46 year-old bow legs, in a one-piece Kohl's suit at the community pool. But their occupations as promoters and indoctrinators of high-fructose sweetness, and their disgusting--even to themselves—tulip bulb Grimace bodies have no bearing on their collective misogyny. It's an essential brick in the building of the true American businessman. Not those Easterners with their European arrogance and their pathetic bleeding fart leftist sorry, phony ideologies, no, the true Americans, corn syrup men, all men, who deal with the real Values of the Greatest Country in the Sweet and Lowdown World. Remind yourself that all of these men, and there are only men, in this room, are High Fructose Corn Syrup men; they don't deal in NutraSweet or sugar beets. They have not a single holding in saccharin, sucralose, stevia, and cyclamate. No no no no. They live and die by this product alone and it is in their very best interest to see that not only the whole country, but the whole world gets fixed on their sticky sweetener. Manifest Destiny's Sweet Child 'O Mine. So remember, for the future, unless blatantly stated, that we are following HFCS people, not the entire body of sweetener industry people here at Tamaya. We have no beef with the sugar beet, sugar cane and artificial sweetener crowd who are mingling about, learning about Tamaya's Disney-fied rendition of the Southwest and its original inhabitants, just the High Fructose Fuckers...

So as the *ha ha ha ha ahhs* settle and the boys move on to slide 30, and their Jujube jubilation turns to stale salt-water taffy. They stare at a simple image, a familiar map. Texas's tail. Mexico.

**No Estamos Contentos**

As these saps swap sweet shit about sugar substitutes and the Pixie Stick revolution (how sweet it was), a great unrest sits several miles south of Tamaya, trudging up the dry shallows of the Rio Grande, ready to make a swift move (as swift and donkey will carry) to Tamaya to put down several sweetener bigshots. Known as the LALM or *Liberar el Azucar: Liberar la Mente*—Free the Sugar: Free the Mind. Their leader: Ese Lauder.

### **Free the Sugar: Free the Mind?**

Yes. Did you not know that the U.S. government is involved on an international capacity to control not only the minds but the motivation of any and every human being on the planet by way of high-fructose corn syrup? Well, it all makes perfect sense (expressed in dollars and cents), if you think about it. It begins with the slow but subtle switch from sucrose to high-fructose corn syrup (HFCS from here on out) in common soft drinks like Coke and Pepsi.

### **Coke - New Coke - Coke (order disorder order)**

Coke, during the swap from sucrose to HFCS, creating New Coke, that is Coke created with a certain ratio of sucrose/HFCS. Only when the public at large began to despise New Coke (as Coca-Cola well planned), did they introduce Classic Coke, a deceptive brand which used not the original sucrose formula, but a large dose of HFCS with just an itty bitty hint of ye olde sucrose, there pulling the sticky sheep hair over the entire nation's eyes.

## **But**

When soft drinks were sweetened with sucrose, people, in general had energy, motivation, an entrepreneurial spirit in America. You can check it. Read the Farmer's Almanac. It tells all. But as the sugar disappeared, so did the spirit. Read the NYT, June 19, 1953. Article by a man named Hornell. After that, all went to hell. Even the Internets boom (boon?), as healthy as it was, still grinded to a halt in '00 (due to the latent, sluggish-ing HFCS effects, of course) Meanwhile and even prior, splinter lobby groups formed to force Populations and Congress to recognize their various interests and to bend sweet sweetness as far as it could (and if you want to do some side research, see the surge of caramel, melted sugar, in the mid-twentieth century).

## **Sour Patch Clubs**

SAP (Satanists Against Pepsi)

HONEY (Hershey's unOfficial Nougat Enraged Yearly)—an enthusiast's publication

MAPLE (Mothers Aggregated Protesting Lipidic Éclairs)

The acronyms are forced, and so were the people. They fought against everything from

Bit-O-Honey to Nehi (to any organization that dealt with sugar as a whole)...

**Ese Lauder**

Ese Lauder and his band-of-itos knock on up to Tamara soon after nine and plan their routine of rabble rouses. Ese checks his pocket mirror (never tell him it's called a compact) to make sure he's lookin' all right. *Oye*, he got that need, to make sure his looks, his skin, his Ph balance is quite correct or he can't go into no combat, nor do no damage to them *cabrones* who think sugar is somethin' to toy with. Sugar is sweet, and it ain't to fuck with, ok? Go git yer Hasbro, *pendejo*, if you wanna toy wit sometin' porque azucar sera libre!!

And Ese ain't no street junk Mexican that you might ignorantly expect to deliver your Chinese then silently hint for a temporary worker program or cheap flights on AeroMexico. Ese got his Masters from El Colegio de Mexico (El major instituto en all of Latin America) in International Economics (his thesis concentration on the now NAFTA) in 1988, so best you be ready to defend your ass both verbally and militarily (and aesthetically as Ese is a biggie on good cosmetics) or you can just be as good as gorgonzola (think about how much it stinks) in the face of eternity. To understand Ese in light of all the problems we face in the real world. There's a war on, we got that straight. But there's a bigger war on, less known to the fool on the hill (or in the rain), but more obvious to those people who care, more or less, to peep. This war is, and sweeten the True Believer, umm, has more repercussions than one would sweet dream of.

### **Lipstick 'Em Up!**

Ese preps himself for the invasion and subsequent kidnappation. Proper creams, sticks, lotions, potions, notions and devotions are all necessary. Admissible and Ese been thinkin' hard 'bout why he's headin' to the Symposium, ready to take lives with the



chance of a bullet over sweet sugar. What could be more high school ironic than shedding blood over sugar (maybe sex and magic?)? Sweet sweetener. The stuff that makes ice cream (children's ice cream, Mandrake) so darn sweet. And dentists busybees. There are diabetics whose blood deserves sugar, just imagine one of them shedding blood over sugar wars. Shedding blood for sugar. Sugar for blood balance. Here we go.

Slogans:

Blood for Sugar – Ese and Company

Sugar for Blood – Diabetics Society

The plan ain't very complex. Ese and compadres are gonna bust in and fix things good, like a retarded person's imagination (?). There ain't no mondo security at Tamaya and the 19<sup>th</sup> Annual Sugar Symposium (still can't believe we're nearin' 20 years of Sugar Symposiums-so basically the first Symposium coincides with the release of Purple Rain and Footloose. One must really question the sweet folks' motivation in the first place). But in will Ese whip and pulling out his *pistola*, he'll wish, "Sweet Dreams" (released by the Eurythmics in 1983, a year before the birth of Sugar Symposiums) to the crowd and fire two warning shots into the air (with pulling the trigger thrice as the third chamber was empty).

Will wish Ese, "Assholes, sweet dreams."

### **Are Made of These**

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens help the medicine go down. Yum  
Yum. Sweet sweet, cannot complete, can I get a witness? Can I get a breathmint?

Ese sits sidesaddle reading March's *Men's Health*, while his pinche, Perdito, holds tightly the reins on the donkey named Decline. Behind them, Connmigo, Contigo and Jozae follow, the three mounted *juntos* on a bulky burro named Baracho. In tow, a skinny ass called Macho carries expansive, inexpensive explosives, nails, nuts and washers for shrapnel and rotgut tequilas for kicks. They all have *pistolas*, Colts, loaded with both bullets and blanks. Thing is, nobody knows what's what in the chambers. They all drew the ammo from a sombrero (with bandanas around their eyes-you keepin' dishin' out the stereotypes, I'll keep usin' 'em). They feel it frees them from the guilt of being completely responsible for killing any or everyone they fire at. Some get spared, others die by the bullet. But each squeeze of the trigger has the equal potential for killing and not for killing. No single person has more potential energy than another. That's socialism. That's democracy. That's social democracy (with a tint of whimsical determinism).

But how do these bandana-ed bandits boogie across the most hysterically-hypocritically-hyperbolically guarded river-con-pencil scribble in the whole freakin' world? Bravo!

### **Coyote Fugly**

Churro curls, sincronizada skin, tortilla chip toenails. Only Fugly is capable of bringin' five hombres, loaded with such contraband across the border unscathed. *El es famoso, muy famoso*. Smuggled such stars as Oscar de La Hoya, Selma Hayek, Cesar

Chavez into the States. He even smuggles Fox over when there's some summit in Midland (El Presidente can't come over without congressional approval so sometimes he has to get help from the best coyote in the country).

“Andale, andale, arriba, arriba,” howls Ese in his unusual Speedy Gonzalez catchphrase (unusual because he sounds more like Mel Blanc than Mel Blanc himself). “Hey man, can't we go any faster, pendejo? Doze fuckers might rewrite section 34.4a of NAFTA be the time we get there, ech? Section 34.4a defined as the exact amount, in tons, of high fructose corn syrup is permitted to export to Mexico as well as the exact amount Mexico, which prefers to export precious sugar rather than produced HFCS, to the Useless Sucking States. And that number is 250 fucking tons of that shit.”

Perdido, stamped with eternal helplessness in his eyes, looks back his *jefe* with despair. He knows, as any underling does, that outlandish demands can only be met with failure and to respond to his boss with anything less than:

“Si, jefe, 250 tons. We can speed it up, but I'm worried more about Conmigo, Contigo and Jozae and the, umm, stuff. We don't want an accident.”

“You may be right, I may be crazy. But it just may be a lunatic you're lookin' for, ech?”

“Si, jefe, we'll get there soon.” Lost, Perdido is. And only because he don't got Billy Joel on the Brain.

## **Back in the USSymposium (you dunno how lucky you are)**

### **Breaktime (Two Men In Parallel Urinal Conversation)**

-FIRST MAN (eyes fixed straight ahead) That Mexico shit is complete bullshit. Fox and his 20% tax on HFCS. Fox knows better than that. We were able to convince the WTO

and NAFTA to call Zedillo's bluff with the whole anti-dumping shit and now Fox pulls this?

--SECOND MAN (eyes fixed straight down at his own genitalia) Man, I remember back in '82 when Fox was at Coke. Man, he was all into our stuff. Man used to eat it up, right outta our spoons. Spread it on his mornin' pancakes...I'd seen 'em do it. I'd seen 'em. We called him "High-Fructose Fox" for Christ's sake, remember that?

--FIRST MAN (looking to his right, toward the other man, to accent his statement) Perhaps we need to send Fox a little reminder of our loyal and devoted friendship.

--SECOND MAN (eyes glancing over to catch FIRST MAN's eyes and then down to sneak a penis peek—a common ritual amongst HFCS men) Man, I think things gone a little sour. Gotta sweeten up old Mr. Fox. Hahahaha (even these guys never tire from the sugar jokes...).

--FIRST MAN (shaking his wiener and looking at his watch, which rests on the same wrist) Let's not worry about that right now. I'm sure we can convince that Señor Fox that it isn't the best idea at this juncture. Let's get back.

### **Mexicolitis**

The meaty men of HFCS society sit staring at the PowerPoint projection and the map of Mexico. Mexico. Some shift in their seats. Others flick their Bics. Still others

toss their eyes around the room like some crazy ass Muppet (Lew Zealand: the boomerang fish guy...).

“That’s right. Mexica. Burns my ass just lookin’ at that goddamn country. We alls know Mexica’s messin’ us up. Messin’ us up real bad and sumthin’ got to be done ‘bout it,” blurts Bob, one of the bigwigs and leader of this bunch.

“I would like now to intra-duce a staff writer from the Chicaga Tribune who’s done loadsa research on this Mexica sitcha-ation and is going to bring ever’one up to speed on where we’re at. Please give a good welcome to James Miller.” (applause).

James P. Miller, a committed Catholic and amateur Betty Crocker authority, gathers his shit and approaches the podium. The PowerPoint projector beams a strong Central America into his eyeballs.

“Sheeit, sorry ‘bout that,” says Bob and kills it.

‘Okay’ ribbets out of James’ lips. He’s a soft spoken soul of loser-ish height with a chunky Chips Ahoy face and a Marshmallow Peep beak. Out of his front pocket come chained reading glasses (sad and pathetic for a man of only 40). His throat clears.

“Hello. I’ll first introduce myself. I am James P. Miller. Reporter. I’m working on a piece for my newspaper, the Chicago Tribune about the history and current situation concerning the United States’ and Mexico’s sugar dispute. I hope to have it published soon. And I’m forty years old. My wife is in menopause, my two children are in college, one at Northwestern and the other at the University of Chicago but studying communications and getting-“

“—yo, Miller. The sugar story?” bumps Bob from the side.

“Ah yes. Well, as I was saying, this story hopefully will be printed sometime this year, but I don’t get my spirits up as it could take a couple more years until they recognize me<sup>2</sup>.”

James P. Miller (P could be for plum) slips his specs to the end of his nose, picks up a Staples pad, holding it halfway from the podium to his face, and begins to read.  
Word For Word.

### **Scat Sweet Spat**

“Achem. For many years, the federal government has protected the politically potent U.S. sugar industry by erecting import-blocking tariffs. It has done so even though keeping Great Plains sugar-beet farmers and Florida and Louisiana sugar-cane growers happy has forced American consumers and candy manufacturers to pay artificially high sugar prices. NAFTA threatened to unravel that arrangement, however.

“Achem. Under terms spelled out in the NAFTA agreement signed in 1992 by Canadian, Mexican and U.S. negotiators, Mexico was restricted from sending sugar into the U.S. until its industry began producing more sugar than Mexico consumed. After that point, it would be allowed to ship sugar north in increasing amounts, until after 15 years, in 2008, all remaining barriers to Mexican sugar would fall.”

(Achem).“But Mexico's sugar producers were to receive a one-two punch from the NAFTA accord. Even as their exports were being constrained, NAFTA rules obliged Mexico to drop its longstanding barriers against U.S. high-fructose corn syrup.

“(Achem). U.S. soft drink producers have long used corn syrup almost exclusively as a cheap alternative to sugar. But in Mexico, bottlers still were using sugar.

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<sup>2</sup> Published February 5, 2004 in the Chicago Tribune, in case you care

It's a substantial market: Mexico consumes more soft drinks per capita than any other nation.

Achem. “As U.S. corn syrup flowed into Mexico, some bottlers began to drop sugar in favor of cheaper corn syrup. Corn Products, the only U.S. refiner with high-fructose production facilities in Mexico, was a big beneficiary.”

“Achem. Mexico's chronically struggling sugar industry cried foul, and Mexican authorities responded by slapping what they called ‘anti-dumping’ import duties on U.S. corn syrup. And when U.S. corn refiners complained to NAFTA and the World Trade Organization, both organizations ruled Mexico's tariffs were improper.”

Several of the men nod in agreement as if remembering the exact day when NAFTA and the WTO pulled through for the Yanks.

(Achem). “Faced with those rulings, Mexico took another tack to help its sugar producers: Lawmakers lifted their questionable tariffs, but in a late-night session they enacted a 20 percent internal tax on soft drinks made with high-fructose corn syrup. That essentially killed the Mexican market for U.S. corn syrup, even Corn Products' Mexican-made corn syrup. America's corn refiners are in effect ‘being held hostage’ by Mexican sugar producers seeking greater access to the U.S., said one U.S. trade official, who asked to remain anonymous.”

There is a pause from J.P. Miller. A long pause. He’s still staring at his legal pad, his eye line extending off the bridge of his nose and onto the depths of his words.



*BANG!* Pounds Bob's fist on to the table, "Goddamn them filthy dirty Mexicans. We've gotta do sumethin' and sumethin' quick. Thank ya Miller."

"May I make a suggestion?" inquires J. Plum Miller, reporter for the Chicago Tribune.

"Na na. No need. You done yer job just fine. Now get on outta here. We wanna get thru this here crap so we can slide over to the spa and soak our sore asses in the bubbles," beeps Bob.

"Well, thank you for having me everyone. I have to get to the airport in Albuquerque by 3:30 to catch my flight which connects in St. Louis." Nobody listens to poor J Plum. He slips out silently.

## **A Short Song Brecht Weill We Have Some Time to Kill**

Ese, with his overeducated self and undereducated thugs, make their way north toward Tamaya. I'd guess by the sun's position in the sky (and their position in this particular section) that they're about 2 miles outside of the resort town where a group of

arrogant, far-from-innocent sweetener CEOs, COOs, CFO, VPs, SVP and EVPs are, at this very moment, discussing strategies to overcome their “Mexico” problem...

“Well, show me the way, to the next whiskey bar,” Ese sings song to soothe the savage strain of burro riding boredom.

“Oh, don't ask why, Oh, don't ask why, right jefe?” Perdito responds, lyrically correct, tonally intolerable.

“Si si Perdito. Now, show me the way to the next whiskey bar, where we can get crazy *borracho* and forget about all of this shit.” Ese dreams of a simpler civilization where the word harmony means peace and doesn't sound so much like whore money, or the cash the U.S. *steals* from Mexico in the form of human capital and exploitation of human rights. But don't get too emotional, brother, stick to the sticky sugar situation.

“Oh, don't ask why, Oh, ju don't ask why, jeje.” Giddy and conscious of his tone deafness, he continues to belt on. Ese enjoys.

“For if we don't find, The next whiskey bar.” Ese with an almost Bette Midler rendition.

“I tell ju we must die, amigo, I tell ju we must die. I tell ju, I tell ju, I tell ju we must die.” But we ain't gonna die, remembers Perdito, it's those stinking American sugar *pendejos* that are gonna die...

“Oh, moon of *La Alameda*, We now must say goodbye. We've lost our good old mama, and must have whiskey, oh, ju know why.” Together they chant the chorus, sounding like a washing machine full of nickels. Ese takes a belt of tequila and passes it Perdito.

“Oh, moon of Alabama, we now must say goodbye. We've lost our good old mama, and must have whisk-*tequila*, oh, ju know why.” They laugh *jardy-jar-jar-ja!*

“Well, show me the way, To the next little girl,” winks Ese.

“Oh, don't ask why, Oh, don't ask why. You'll get put in jail amigo if ju ask why, je je je.”

“Por favor, the way to the next little girl.”

“Oh, Ese, ju are a funny man. But don't ask why. Oh don't ask why.”

“For if we don't find, The next little *senorita*, *Perdido...*”

“I tell ju we must die, I tell ju we must die. I tell ju, I tell ju, I tell ju we must die.”

“Oh, moon of Alabama, We now must say goodbye. We've lost our good old mama, and must have *tequila*, oh, you know why.”

### **3 Flee PO**

#### **R2De-tour**

The three flee Somalsol's RV and to the hot sweet hot air outside (Chez Somalasal's kept at a constant 66 degrees F). He walks them around to the other side, to

a faux-dobe colored cover seeming to be covering a car. Whips off the cover to reveal a mint (not flavored) 1959 Ford Thunderbird convertible. Lipstick red shell. Mauve interior. Pink fuzzy dice. A.M. radio.

"Hot gaddamn shit, eh ladeees? Ohhhh yeah! Tags are local as to not tip off that we're with the gov. Don't wanna attract too much attention, right? I'm sure y'all got some real wicked rides back at H-quarters but out here, this shit is da bomb (give it up, Somalasal, you ain't down w/the brothahood). Let's goooooooo. Hop in." And he doesn't open a door like a chivalrous chap. Rather, insists with a sickly, sticky smile that they hop in (but with scat sweet nostalgic Route 66 intentions).

Babs and Carol's slumpy shoulders shrug simultaneously and they hop to it. Carol flinging her shoulderbag in the front *plunk*. Co-pilot Carol. Backseat Babs (by default).

"We have to stop at the front first and help Roy." Carol reminds.

"No time sweetiecheeks. We got a gaddamn hostage situation rising. Bad form to stop to chat with the Royman." He dips into the glove and snags a pair of Ray-Ban aviators. "Hey you, grab me that there (fingering a badass Stetson). Thanks." Peels out sending sandy smoke sky-ways. Heeeeeee Hawwwwww.

They arrive at the front gate; come to a full stop (.). Somalasal looking both ways on East Jemez, hangs the right, in the down down downhill direction of highway 4.

Carol looks towards Roy's camper and sees Peter comin' out (upon hearing the skiddy sound of the T-Bird's tires). They lock eyelines for a moment, Peter confused as helllllll just as Somalasal pulls away.

## **We'll Meet Again**

Don't know where, don't know when, but I know we'll meet again some sunny day. Keep smiling through, like you always do, 'til the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away. Doesn't seem possible today as the storm still seems to be edging closer and closer (although one is able not to hear the thunder that corresponds to the bolting bolts striking down in the near/far distance [so difficult to judge with the expansive horizon]).

"Shoot shoot shoot shoot," shudders Carol inside and rapidly remembers, "I can call Anna!" she shrieks (internally). Slips into her shoulderbag and sneaks out her cellphone. Somalasal spots her and smirks. "I have to make a call," she says.

"Sure honey, go right ahead, I'll keep my right ear closed. Ha ho ha!" Most of his Boston brogue gone since 1995 so never mind them invisible r's and ugly, airy a's. They cruise down down down the plateau and hit highway 4. "Now darlins, we *can* head west on 4 over to Jemez Springs and stop in for a mineral dip. No suits required, if ya know what I mean..." He waits for a response to which there is none. "Y'all sure?" (beat). "Oh, I get it. The hostage situation. Like we're in some kinda rush. Ha, just joshin' ya." He instead takes the left (east) that leads to 285 and will eventually to the interstate (in due time). Guns it. Babs flops sideways and smacks her head on the vinyl upholstery (can there be downholstery?). "Oh sorry 'bout that. By the way, how's that Immodium workin' for ya? Think that's what I gave ya back there."

She taps her tummy, "Fine so far." Shocked that Babs is so calm and even astute. Figured shit she's been through would have her all f'd in the head...

Carol remembers her call and autodials Anna (#8). Straight to voicemail. Softly, "Hi, It's me. All is going smoothly. We're with Him. Please call asap," and she hangs up. Him? It? Didn't we last leave Anna in search of It? Who is this Him?

"Smoothly? Ya gaddamn know it. I'm the best. Run that Los A La Most virtually by myself." Pause. "So what do ya two do fer fun when you're not workin' for the gaddamn agency? I bet you're not from here either. D.C.? New York? (looking directly in the rearview at Babs). Love to take ya for some wood-fired pizza and Merlot (pronounced mare as in Wunningham and lot as in Salem's) at Jesse's sometime. In Santa Fe. You stayin' for a while? Extra anchovies baby is what I dig!" Babs barely smiles and gives less than a few looks directly into Somalasal's reflected eyes. He turns aside to Carol, "What were you sayin' about Roy? Hurt? Just what in gaddman god's name happened?"

"Umm, I really don't know. But I think it would be wise if you turned around and we went back to help." Agent Urgent.

"Ahhhh, come on. Your test is too easy. I know the order of importance. A fax from HQ followed by a phonecall certainly gaddamn precedes any local nuisance or injury, especially to a non-agent. Gimme some credit here. He was alive when you left, eh, at least tell me that much."

"Well yeah, but he was bleeding pretty badly."

"From where?" With an air of innocence.

"Well, his 'groin' area."

"His cock-n-balls? Gadddamn that's nasty. But funny good nasty. And it looked real, right? Freaked ya out? Haaaaaaa. Listen up, mama. He's a prankster. He imports

special gourmet fake blood from Wayne Coyne himself. They're related or sumthin'. Flaming Lips? (Carol with no clue). Never mind. He's always pullin' gaddamn shenanigans like that. Funny boy that Roy. Wouldn't guess it, he bein' such a quiet man, eh?"

"His, umm, testicles' were also missing." Carol still convinced of the castration.

"You're gaddamn shittin' me! He's a number! Really pulled one over on ya. Ha! Can't wait to see the video."

"The video?"

### **The Road Less Paid Attention To**

"Yeah, he videotapes everythin' goin' down in his trailer. Find it kinda creepy. Preverted. Well, aren't we all sometimes (winking, winking), ya know what I mean. Nothin' wrong with it. Sometimes." His head still turned toward Carol awaiting somethin'. Carol's face wearing an 80s 'gag me with a spoon' and lacking response. "Shiiiiittttt," and he slams on the brakes, with Carol's reaction gripping the dash (T-Bird's retrofitted with antilocks and airbags as per government mandate on all agency vehicles) and almost rear-ends a Land Rover (painted Oddly Enough Green). "I wouldn't worry 'bout him. We'll all laugh over it over a few margaritas tomorrow. In-trested?"

"Thanks. We'll see. Umm, but our friend, I mean, we left another *agent* there to care for him. Won't we need all the help for hostage situation?"

"We'll see? We'll see? My mamasol perpetually used 'we'll see' and it's just a gaddamn cheap way of sayin' 'no way'. Fair enough you don't wanna hava drink with me. We're colleagues. I comprende." She smiles a nicety. Ten seconds pass. "Come on, you'd

luvta hava drink with young Somalasal. I'm super-nasty with the small sweet (small) talk."

"The other agent, Mr. Somalasal? He's part of this, you know." Rather demanding. *Wow* thinks Babs from the back, *This is quiet courageous-less Carol crankin' it out!*

Disrupted from his hitting on, "lemme see your gaddamn phone, please. Left mine behind. Hands the phone over. Dials Roy (for real, not fakin' it). No answer. "No answer. They're cool. We can do this one solo (looking into the rearview at Babs). Solo meanin' just us three. A little mision-age de three, yeah? Yer gaddamn *hot* to see me in action, ain't ya? I'm just kiddin'. Kinda. Haw-haw." Haw Hee Haw.

## **Kissin' Cousins**

### **Rather**

Cuddlin' if that's what you wanna call it. Roy, out, lies testicleless as you well know, and his cousin Peter, now returning from outside and the fleeing Carol, who he cannot comprehend why she's whizzin' away in a T-Bird with her partner and a man that



looked less like Steve McQueen and more like Steve Buscemi (no offense, Steve, we're cousins too, you know – my grandpa Jim is your grampa Joe's younger brother) enters the camper and, in his best and only judgment, decides to climb onto the couch, onto the top of his bleeding kin and just lays there. Still. Feeling Roy's heart pounding against his own, he is assured that his cousin's pumps are still afire, even though he knows he won't be able to ever sire.

## **Riders on the Storm**

### **Into This World We're Thrown**

Ese and the LALM (Free Sugar: Free the Mind) folks cruise way west of Albuquerque and up until right past Rio Rancho, to avoid the goddamn law, and cut a

sharp right toward the Rio Grande. They hit the river around 11am, a mere 3 miles south of Tamaya.

The pack, the mules (and the pack mule) slip on down into the riverbed and wade their way north.

"How come dere's no *agua* in da river, Ese?" asks Perdido.

"Well, there is water, but not much of it. I'm rather surprised myself as the mountain snow up north should be melting right around this time of year." Ese, more like Mr. Wizard and less like Bill Nye the Science Guy.

"Oh, I see," says the blind man to his deaf friend (or says Perdido to Ese-not really. But Conmigo, Contigo and Josae would surely get the joke).

"Maybe it's all these golf courses drinkin' up the water (for the sugar-white-cum-beet-red skinned vacationers to play with their puts), but that's just an observation. Maybe it's a population boom. Or maybe they're stealing the water somewhere upstream to cool underground nuclear reactors, but that's unlikely..."

"Oh." Huh?

### **Like**

"Well, It looks like there's going to be some wet soon," and Ese points West to the evil, evil sky like newsprint smudges on an Albuquerque's Sun's editor's thumbs. Sandstorms like Tasmanian Devils whippin' up brush and earth everywhere (*bblllllahhhhh bla bla bbbllahhhhhhhh*). Tumbleweeds fleeing East like pussy chickenshits. Lightning bolts like grapeless grape bunches. Thunder booming like Thor in a domestic altercation with Odin. Like a description relying solely on simile.

## **Operation Desert Storm**

The storm has some serious tornado potential. So much, in fact, that the National Weather Service is seriously considering issuing a tornado warning for all of Los Alamos, Santa Fe, Sandoval and Bernalillo counties. Thinking, I say, but not doing as that takes some serious balls to issue such an official statement. I mean, with all of the terror threats, Homeland Security color-coded levels, etc. last thing We want is to have the New Mexicans worry more than they have to. Well not really. Fear is force....

...meanwhile back at the ranch, Tamaya, the staff begin their own preparations for what seems to be the storm of the century.

## **The Staff at Tamaya**

The humans that clean the rooms, unclog the toilets (need some help back at Somalasal's), scoop up the shit in the Stables, mow and water the 18th holes at Twin Warriors, prune the shrubs, paint the faux-dobe, scrub the cum outta the sheets, vacuum the Tamaya Ballroom, stock the Rio Grande bar, skim the Kiva and Plaza pools...are all local Santa Ana Pueblo Indians. The manager, the concierge, reception, waiters, bartenders, activity organizers, etc. are all whitey white whites (with the occasional mestitzo for a splash of color). "So why is it," asks Cruz to Hernando, "that we, on our own land, are slaves to the white man. We think people come here to learn our culture, but the cultural center is smaller than the whirlpool and is closed most of the week." I don't wanna get all sympathetic-y here, but what the fuck? Maybe Ese, while championing Mexican sugar markets, should fight the whiteman on the local cause, too.

Oh I'm sure Mr. Hyatt can justify by noting the enormous tax revenues Tamaya brings in, the cash going to the locals by way of selling of trinkets and souvenirs, not to mention keeping the Santa Ana Pueblo people out of the bottle and off the slots at the Santa Ana Star and in legitimate jobs. But that has no bearing on the morale and pride of the Pueblos. Had to get that in. Back to the book.

They batten down the hatches. There are hatches (imagine, Melville wrote "...or, The Whale" in the frolicking Berkshires so cannot nautical imagery in the midst of the desert be?). If there are not hatches, then there are similar necessities needing battening like stable gates and faux-dobe shutters.

### **Growin' Up**

It seems the staff are the only ones concerned with the impending weather. The vacationers, sweetener's wives, sons and daughters (and the occasional bother of a brother-in-law) are still splashing about Plaza pool, cheating though games of Marco Polo and Fish Out of Water and laying canopied in a latex-banded beach chairs bleaching themselves a whiter shade of pale (or: a paler shade of white). Some (well basically Mrs. Halloway and her defiant 8 year-old Marina who'd rather be playing in the pool if she weren't so prone to drowning) are currently involved in *Clay and Culture* where they get to fashion pottery with an Authentic Pueblo Woman. Mrs. Halloway cannot stop saying how quaint it is. Mrs. Halloway had previously dragged (kick scream kick) Marina on wagon rides, Pueblo style dancing, Native American flute playing and *Tamaya Traditions*, where they worked side-by-side with a Tamayame, or tribal member of the

Santa Ana Pueblo, baking bread and spreading it with jam and butter (to reserve please call extension 6037. Fees apply). Mrs. Halloway, "oh this is all so quaint." Marina Halloway, "mommy i wanna goooo home!" "Not until daddy's done with his conference, deary, now lets go to the Corn Maiden, they're gonna teach us the secrets of New Mexico cuisine!" Marina, now under appreciating the situation, will realize that it will save lives in 2036, when the Santa Ana Puebloians get hold of a hot ballistic and aim it toward the Green party headquarters where the 107 year-old Ralph Nader is vigilantly rejecting social security checks from his homemade, individual, non-petroleum based biosphere (actually made from the rejected checks), and she happens to be the chief negotiator on the scene (as her job elevated to that of Chief Negotiator to the Southwest or CNS as it will be known--some proudly pen her the Central Nervous System) and able to demonstrate the colorful Corn Dance in front of several Tamayame and even parley in Keresan. They then ceremoniously handed over the warhead along with a sacred pottery piece dated back to 2002, the year she first step foot on Santa Ana soil. In exchange, she beamed them her electronic business card, with full contact details, and promised them better tax shelters and a 10 million dollar marketing budget to lure overseas foreigners (you have to understand, this is 2036 and most foreigners are domestic and it's rare to see overseas foreigners setting foot on US soil) to their suborbital balloon rides and casino. Ya never know, ya know?

### **Street LegalEse**

“Senor, senor, do you know where we're headin'? Lincoln County Road or Armageddon? Seems like I been down this way before. Is there any truth in that, senor?”

## **Thundercats: Lion-o, Cheetara and WillyKit**

**I-25 South, 25 miles NE of Tamaya**

Babs is prostrate in the back seat with the wind whipping so hard it's impossible to sit straight.

"Love the fact speed limit's 75 here. We could do whatever the hell we like anyhow, right? Who's gonna stop the gaddamn law above the law right? Right?"

Somalasol realizing little that his rhetorical "right" is rhetorical shouldn't expect a response.

"Ugh, dear geez," Babs is thinkin', starin' up at the sliced half-blue/half-grey sky. Been such a rough-n-tough day and it's only near or soon after noon (check your watches boyz and goils).

"Hey there sweetcheeks, you feelin' better? You sure did put on some helluva show back there. How'd you do that, ya know, with all the 'stomach' problems?" And Somalasal being so grammatically good, his air quotes consisted of just his two index fingers and not what you'd expect with the double digits. "So, you two been in the biz a long time?" Somalasal for the sake of nothing is shootin' the shit. "What's the matter, cat got your tongue? What does that shit mean, anyhow. Cat got your tongue. Shit, if some cat got my tongue, I'd be worrying about allota other gaddamn shit other than talkin'." Carol shoots him a weird look plus weird grin. "Ok no wanna talk, I'll put some tunes on then." On goes the radio and out comes Del Shannon's *Runaway* and Somalasal can't help but whine the lyrics along. *Ra ra ra ra run.*

See y'all in Tamaya.

## **Ese's Essay**

Ese's gots the whole thing planned out. Up the embankment. To upend the establishment. To rear end the white fellas in their white SUVs (Chevy Tahoes, Ford Expeditions, Nissan Pathfinders, Toyota Tundras, GMC Jimmys, \_\_\_\_). Thru the cottonwoods that speckle the riverside with their white wispy spores spewed out, clumpy on the gravely ground and caught up in the jammed tumbleweeds pressed against the



benches and unused exercise equipment (all monkeybar like and absurd). Oh and the asses struggle slightly to the sandy surface beyond the carved river canyon but sufficiently arrive alive and kicking (just like Buck-A-Roo if you can remember and/or an INXS album if that's an easier reference).

"Which way, Ese?": Perdido. Conmigo, Contigo and Josae remain quiet throughout the whole journey, in fact. For a berry berry good reason. Conmigo: deaf mute. Contigo: blind deaf. Josae: mute blind. In order to keep order, Ese insists they keep quiet and always orientated in that particular order. That particular order being Conmigo, Contigo, and Josae. In everything they do. Stay in order. Conmigo can see ahead and signal (by way of Morse Tap) to Contigo, who tell Josae, thus they're all in complete comprehension. Ask why they're like this? Cause need not effect nor effect cause in this situation. It just be that way, that's all (truth is Conmigo, Contigo and Josae are all sons of Ese's father's business partner and his father insisted they be involved or Ese would lose part of his inheritance).

"We're goin' around the complex there to the left, park the donkeys wherever we can, and get right to business."

"Don't you think we should leave the donkey's here, Ese, so they are not seen?"

"Not a bad idea, but I will have to decline."

"Decline, Ese? Jejejeje, like the name of my donkey."

"Si, now let's go. Andale."

They cut through the sand path and weave between the naturally selected pinions and alamos that offer a well-needed reprieve from the blasting desert sun.

"Hi how are ya?" greets a stranger strolling in a pink polo and khaki khakis, goofy Nike (only to me, they seem cool for the average Ameri-can) golf visor.

A minute later: "Good morning," says someone out for an early afternoon ramble in the brambles (unaware it's 12:40 mountain time). Oh, remember Ese et al are in full bandito attire with the compulsory bullet sashes, shoulder slung rifles, ponchos, sombreros and mules (or donkeys or asses, all exchangeable in a world where the genetic details that differentiate the three are obsolete).

Next: "Hey, have a good day, ya hear," from a couple of lobster-lookin' folks (they've been boilin' in the brush for 4 days now), both with honest earnestness, unabashed. Now the same people, off screen, to themselves: "They must be in the show tonight. I hear they're doin' a recreation of the Mexican American war at 7." With a response like, "Wow, do the costumes look like the real deal!" These folks are so darn nice here. What's to worry about at Tamaya? Too much chlorine in the Oxbow pool and the whites get red and veiny? Thought so.

Ese and the boys (both blind and not) pause on the squiggly path projecting from the embankment just before turning their asses toward the front of the main complex. Ese takes out some Aveena Extra Moisturizing and applies it to his face, neck and arms. Offers the tube to Perdito but is kindly refused. Lightly sighs, tugs his bullet sash to release some tension (on his shoulders, he's calm as a clam--and happy if yer curious). Spanks his ass, "heeeeeeeee hawwwwww" and the crew trots to their destiny.

They hit the front of the Hyatt and hitch up their (ponies) to a post on the right, near a handful of empty handicapped parking spots.

"Ese, you think it's OK to park in the handicapped? Will we get a ticket or someting?"

"Why do you worry so much, my paranoid pinche? They will be fine just where they are. Now help Connmigo, Contigo and Josae unload the explosives."

"Si Ese."

Unbeknownst to them, a man driving a stretch-limo golf cart has been following them from when they emerged from behind the building. He patiently waits until they notice him and, "Welcome to Tamaya, y'all. Can I help you with your things and give ya a lift to the entrance? It'd be my pleasure."

Ese: "Why yes, that would be very kind." Perdito's face a blueberry pancake.

"Lemme get those," the kind gentleman offers and loads the sacks of explosives into the cart. "Where y'all from? Lemme guess, Ohio. Hehaha, I'm just jokin' (stress on the 'jokin'!) Yer with the show, aren't ya?"

"Si," says Ese.

"Maaan ya'll make it authentic ridin' up on them donkeys and all. Sad I'm not gonna be around. I'm off at 5 and gotta take my daughter to her ball-ay."

"That's nice," Ese being as cordial as can be.

Looking toward the donkeys. "They ain't gonna shit allover the place? We can put 'em in the stables if so."

"They'll be fine there. We'll be moving them soon in preparation for the *show*."

The show. The Show.

"We'll giddy up," and he presses the electric gas pedal.

## **You Don't Symposium that...**

“So what in tarnation do we plan on doin’ ‘bout them Mexicans?” Bob bluntly blabs. “I’ve got an idea, if we can get to Rumsfeld somehow – anyone here got

connections at the Pentagon?” Nobody speaks. “If we can get through to the guys in the War Department.” A hand raises.

“Defense Department,” says Sal.

“War, defense, what’s the sugar beet pickin’ difference? If we can get to them, maybe through the FBI, tell them there’s some big terrorist threat or something comin’ from down in Mexico, perhaps that’ll start a whole goddamn upheaval and surely that’ll screw up the sugar trade. Now who’s gonna go start this thing?” The sugarmen mumble amongst themselves, their pasty skin white like pure granulated (not that brown Turbinado junk), seemingly to somehow find solace in this solution.

*Whack* goes something in the hallway outside room 3401, their room. The door now with a two boots three inches away from it, is just about to be kicked in by an hombre with soft, tempered skin and a cocked gun...

## **Epilogue**

**It's The...**

Off screen (zanily): *it's the Circus-Fest!*

**Bum Bum Bum Bum**

ENSEMBLE: It's time to play the music. It's time to toast our glass. It's time to meet the stars at the poolside Circus-Fest.

OPPENHEIMER, WAYNE COYNE, ALEX DE LARGE: It's time to put on makeup. It's time to claim our turf.

RINGMASTER JOHNATHAN LEE IVERSON: It's time to raise the curtain at the Greatest Show on Earth®.

STATLER: Why have we never swum here?

WALDORF: I guess we'll never know.

STATLER: It's like a kind of torture.

WALDORF: To have to host this show (*hohhohhoh*).

**Ba Da Ba Bum Bum Bum**

ENSEMBLE: And now let's get things started

TRISTRAM SHANDY: Why don't you get things started

STATLER AND WALDORF: It's time to get things started

ENSEMBLE: With the most sensational inspirational celebrational scatsweetlogical, this is what we call the Circus-Fest!

**PHHHRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA**

**Alternate Version**

Dance your cares away, worry's for another day. Let the music play, down at Tamaya Rock. Work your cares away, dancing's for another day. Let the references play

We're Gobo Mokey Wembley Boober Red. Dance your cares away, worry's for another day. Let the music play, down at Tamaya Rock.

### See

SEE! The amazing Cockaboy, nee Young Kafkanstein - the freaky half-man, half-cockroach spin plates and nurse from lactating preggo cats! It was merely an exoskeletal double pumped up with putrefied mayo that was crushed by Bunyan's boot! He's still alive and will blow your mind with His innocence and cute purrrrrrr.

SEE! The Globe of Death. Orbiting within mere inches of each other at speeds up to 60 miles per hour, the turbo-charged Torres Brothers attempt to load a record-shattering five motorcycles into the terrifying confines of the 16-foot claustrophobic steel sphere known as The Globe of Death! It's an impossible blur of wall-to-wall motorcycles!

Compliments of the Felds...





is the benevolent Carl Hungus, donning a forest green marblebag. Yes, he's in the floating chaise just like when you first met him at Lebowski's house.

But it's a pool party! Chewy's blockin', Campbell's talkin' and Carl's cockin'-balls are in deep relief and on display.

I miss Somalasal that silly bloke. His take no-sheet attitude (including Babs' butt spit) is just hot hot. Betcha he'll be here soon with the now officially ordained character Carol. Traffic ain't so bad on I-25.

Anna's was last seen seein' theoretical physics in the sand – tongue tinged with testicle taste. Anna's all backwards, but being back-wards she's still Anna (a toast to the Laws of Palindromes). That will save her in the end, but her end has no beginning so don't look for her in this here at the Circus-Fest.

## **Kilgore Trout emerges from the Rio Grande**

Kilgore Trout emerges from the Rio Grande, at around the area where Ese et al disembanked from (ain't a werd but surely should be).

### **Shirley Shüdbee**

Friend of a friend and author of *Ninety-Nine Ways to Gain by Offering Rebates*. Asked her out for dinner on Thursday and she said she'd get back to me in 8-10 weeks.

### **Philip Glass Buys a Loaf of Bread**

Kilgore emerges *grande* trout from the *rio*, invitation to the Circus-Fest tucked tightly into his torn breast pocket, legs not encased in plastic but in cowboy boots--komodo dragon skin (imported from Indoneeeeesia where his friend used to have a consulting business), scaly and dreary green.

Trout, from the *grande rio*, emerges Kilgore ready to be an attendee not at a clambake or hotel bar, but at the Circus-Fest, my Circus-Fest, guest directed by Fredrico Fellini and hosted by the witty wisecrackers Statler and Waldorf.

### 8 1/2

Minutes pass and Trout is at the back door to Tamaya (just to the left of the Corn Maiden--*Dining For The Elegant Kind*), having wound his way up the twisty trail and although somewhat listless, assures himself he'll have a helluva time. I hear Marco Polo and Kublai Khan are discussing some Cities – perhaps Kilgore can join the mix.

Scat Sweet Scat. Home Sweet Home. Can't leave never enough alone. The character's congregate, the donkeys disperse. Dopplegangers luck in the murk. And off references to Ataturk.

### Lounge Singing

Oh and who can forget mon-sieur Roland Barthes, merci pour the help, thank you thank you, over there shootin' la merde with Jack Fate himself or: Bobby D. and listen what Roland is saying to a nodding Dylan, "A text is, well, a multidimensional space in which a variety of writings, none of them original, blend and clash. The text is a tissue of quotations. The writer can only imitate a gesture that is always anterior, never original.

His only power is to mix writings, to counter the ones with the others, in such a way as never to rest on any one of them.”

Dylan reactively, didactically responds, “Man, just tell me who threw the bottle. I don’t care who threw the bottle, just tell me who threw the bottle.” Oh that rascal!

### **Es Aaaaa**

Ese arrives alive with his gang and, since the storm split and the heat’s hot, the donkeys are in tow, and welcomed guests to the show. The half-horses immediately hit the Plaza Pool.

### **Moore for Less**

Of all of the distinguished and indignant guests at Le Circus-Fest, there was one man who was banned, blacklisted, blatantly bequeathed from the fest-guest list. Michael Moore. Wee-wee head Michael Moore.

### **Meant Only One Thing**

He’d show.

### **Several Species of Small Fuzzy Creatures Gathered in a Cave and Grooving with a**

### **Pict**

And I find yourself alone, here @ the Scat-Fest, scribbling the final notes of Non-Sense and a half host of others knowing the well of characters and cheap punnery is too deep to drill. I filled up my shoe, and brought it to you, too.

BUT you own a drill called Dementia (no relation to Dementieva) replete with a bit called Twisted Sister, sharper than a diamond blade but oiled w/laziness.

### **Lay-Z-Boy**

Can evolve into a brand called Lay-Z-Man und après der herr comes Lay-Z-Wo-Man – a brand you can understand but in the state of the state, it's evolutionary, man.

Wish I had the cojones to talk to Campbell – Oh The Places We Would Go! (refer to Dr. Seuss here).

### **Oh the Places You Will Go!**

The BQE, Fort William, Jalapa, Juno Beach, Regret the Margarita Town, Dry Tortugas, Sargres, Dios Mio, Rio Rancho (not too far north from here) Palacio National, Chamonix in spring, the center of a ring ding.

Refer to this, defer to you. In the end, in the rear, how ever you take it. Be clear.

### **Out of its Misery**

And sure as sun, Statler spots Mr. Moore, disguised as Robin Hood (keen Michael Moore picking up on the Dylan themes thus able to slip into this tale) coming around the bend.

Immediately Moore removes his robes, quiver and bow und stripped down to a

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