

(Princess Rachel and)

the Goat Prince

This a tale of the Fabled Prize.

(Learning and Labor)

**formerly Princess Rachel and the
Goat Prince, (and the Women/girls
with Well-Behaving Hair and Same
Such Behavior)**

**The Goat Prince and the Fabled
Prize.**

The Goat Prince

The Fabled Prize

Todd McCormick

the Goat Prince

the Fabled Prize

Walking.

There is only one King, King of the Universe. The Goat Prince spoke, 'We walk in our forefathers' shoes. Yes, we talk with our forefathers' words. Yes. We breathe our forefathers' breath. Hmmm. We work our forefathers' jobs. Yes, we ride upon our forefathers' shoulders. Yes. That is it. All of it. Ah-h-h.' Darwinster said, 'Knolls. We could live without them. Fancy and schmanzy hills.' The dwarf known

as Darwinster the Australaedragonpithicus Dwarf muttered as he hiked hill after rolling hill. 'I have seen it before.' Goat said, 'We would not have the knolls and sky, if we did not have the knolls. They last as long as Methuselah. I could eat a coelacanth after this. Yummy fish.' Darwinster, 'Not to have the knolls. We would have the sky. And besides. A coelacanth would stunt your growth.' The Goat Prince, 'Yes. But we would not have the knolls and sky, the beautiful knolls and sky.' D., 'Okay.' Goat, 'This was G_d's country. It is. Or at least the King's Place. Not a dragon in sight. Not a nasty anyway.' He paused, then continued, 'We could be doing something else rather and other than walking. Riding Pegasus and his cousin Korasus for one. And not over coffee. Over the King's Land. After tea, what else and the other.' The Darwinster said, 'Dragons? Why those are Australian turtles from the Outback.' He paused. Goat said, 'Who said anything about dragons?' Goat and Darwinster simultaneously, 'I did.' Goat, 'Oh. Oh, yes, nasty of sorts. We see with our father's eyes. The Law of Moses.'

What power of G_d's will is in our lives? Is it leading us to good and righteousness? The father of Goat, the King Javis of the Kingdom said, 'Be grateful for G_d for He is good.' What power of nature is in our

lives? What power of a dragon and its dragon will leads us astray to self will? And what power of G_d's will return us to the union of the heavens?

What are the heavens, but a source of dreams? We live our fathers' dreams. May each man be a king in his home on the Sabbath.

Yesterday I was a man dreaming I was a butterfly. How do I know that today I am not a butterfly dreaming I am a man? --a monk.

Feeding Pegasus oats.

Jillian the Tiny One Gypsy Girl said, 'It is like reading tea leaves for a villager wanting to know her future, then a prize, a cup of tea, well and deserved. Yes.' Mel, Darwinster's friend, thought first, then spoke, 'Coffee talk they call it, ... , dream interpretation, ... yet, ... in all actuality and reality it is tea talk, ... over journals.' Jillian remembered the mailman had already stopped to drop off the mail. Jillian asked, 'Journals?' Paused and continued, 'The Goat Prince's Journals are in the mail. The Goat Prince's Journals are the people's journals, really not the Goat Prince's, and they are not really daily journals. At

least not the personal kind. I would much rather have a glass of cold milk this evening.'

Mel said continuing an earlier thought, 'And riding a horse or pony now. Well-fed. That is what else we could be doing.' Jillian said, 'To live, living life. Fully. Yes, and spending time well. We write and dream in our journals while we're waiting to write. We do keep busy this way.' Mel, 'Time is such a wonderful thing to spend, ... spend well that is.' Darwinster, 'Yes. It is so everything does not happen at the same, ... time.' Mel, 'And my life is like a play, ... at times. Does this make me a playwright? Ha. Ha. Ha. ... Or a fool?' Darwinster, 'Playing science (and wait), only playing really at it hard and such, is living life, a study in its own right.' Mel, 'At it and yes.' Goat, 'To life. To life.' Mel, 'A nice jump into life. To life. To life.' Goat prophetically, 'Some say science not superstition. Others say science and superstition.'

Jillian, 'It is like a class with the most important lesson.' Mel, 'It is a fool who passes by a lesson. And the jester is the one who tells jokes and juggles?' Goat, 'See. It is all hard work, and that is okay. That only makes time to play hard which is never a waste of time. It can lead to other things. We can do it.' Jillian, 'What, work hard and play hard?' Mel, 'Yes

and yes.' Goat, 'We will.' He paused. The Prince Goat, 'Upon the flying horses.' Again he paused and said, 'It is a wise man who listens to his dreams.'

Mel pondered at the first three stars. Mel, 'Life. Life? It is like astronomy and astrology and the stars in a book. Science and superstition. Mystical. Magical. Both. It is nearer the heavens. It is nearer our dreams.' Darwinster, 'It is like Hollywood where you are.' Mel, 'Hollywood?' Goat, 'Oh, yes. You have not been in the Time Machine yet. I remember.' Jillian, 'We are always in some sort of Time Machine, Silly Simone.' Goat, 'We will be landing in Hollywood, Kansas, if there is such a person, place, or thing.' Mel, 'Place. We will be landing with an attitude that is up and over and proper any sadness and to a house of joy for which to escape.' Darwinster, 'Escape?' Goat, 'To escape through and to.' Mel, 'Escape what?' Goat, 'Why Dragons of the Evil Kind hiding in fiery pits.' Goat continued, 'They are nothing to run from. Just avoided. Still better safe to be off to the joyful place and safely after we have been through the fields of the fiery pit.' Jillian, 'Oh, you are right. What about escaping to the Snake Garden?' Goat, 'Been done and off. To the joyful place of bliss and studies. You do not like fruit that much anyway.' Darwinster,

‘What?’ Goat, ‘Never mind that is some other ... story. Just never mind.’ Mel, ‘I say it is all and all the same story.’ Goat, ‘Okay. It is and at that.’ Jillian, ‘Run to the freedom and liberty of the Goat Prince’s Land of Promises and Thank You Very Muches.’ Goat, ‘Yes. That would be a place to run.’ Paused and Goat continued, ‘Well, it is something like progress.’ Goat spoke some more, ‘It is a question with answers without an answer.’ Mel, ‘All in all it is all well the same. We are to make progress with our goals, our dreams. Even dreams of no desire.’

Jillian, ‘Didn’t he just get back from travels? He is home now in the Land of Promises and Thank You Very Muches.’ Goat, ‘See. His whole life. Just the one life, ... he looked at only one magazine?’ It was about the King’s cousin, Squire Herbert the Silly they talked. Mel, ‘Poor monkey’s uncle. He never monkeyed around reading other magazines? Writing and magazines are serious business that one should monkey at once in a while. It worked for the Goat Prince in his education. To Him, He the Goat Prince! Cheer and cheer! Long live the dream. You are not alone with the lineage. Here! Here!’ Goat, ‘Egadzenekh. (An expression, something to say, sometimes shortened to ‘Egads.’ Meaning; ‘What about those Ten Commandments?’) I never thought

of it like that. It is truly a monkey's life.'

A little later, months of tea drinking.

The Goat Prince drank teas all fall, winter, and spring. They grew in the Land of Promises and Thank You Very Muches, the tea plants, that is. He was mildly influenced by some literature of some importance, that is the literature of King Javis of Neighboring Lands by Tovia the Good. And yes, other contemporary works in various forms of contemporary works which he liked had equally important morals. They carried down the culture from generation to generation. These works were by funny, cute, pudgy little men, some from the Land of Kandinskiilaanden and some by girls with hats with real flowers especially for some important holidays they celebrated each year. Welsh rabbit was never eaten. It disturbed one's dreams. Disturbing dreams **WOULD COME ABOUT!**

The Javis Culture is a culture spread throughout the land behind desks and in offices and in libraries and museums and people's homes, and is highly ethical and proper in a common way. In this culture the wise men and soothsayers interpret dreams. In fifty minutes twice a week for so many weeks one can have

one's dreams interpreted. The culture is near to everyone's heart who knows about it, especially during the Festival of Exit Signs which is cherished. It is a sister culture to the Land of Promises and Muches. One gets a feel of it from some lines in a song from the Jevis folk song, We Good People of King Jevis: 'We dress in all cotton like good girls and boys as well and good as we can, ... we talk and think like King Jevis wants, together we band. He is our man to defend the Law; ... but most importantly we act like good people. Well and good, good people. King Jevis, we are your fans. Hello. Hi. Hi. Hi. Hi. According to Hoyle. Oy. Oh. Hail, King Jevis. Best dreams and wishes and cherishes.' (In a sing-songy way.)

A teacher from the land of King Jevis of Neighboring Land talked with her students in a classroom at the academy. 'We will know the Messiah. He will come.' She told her class, 'And 'a benefit of the doubt to the student,' is what I believe to be a well and good thing. That is from the East.' She was explaining that it holds true for each of them. 'And all of you live close to the school so you do not have to cross any rivers on your way, right?' From a collection of books each child chose a notebook with

empty pages they would fill. Three pages a day. They were learning, practicing creativity. Doing. 'We learn about our culture. That is life. To life. To life.' Culture was just a bunch of dreams happening at the same time for awhile. There is community. And a sense of community. These are two separate things.

King Jervis, King of the Land gave monies, gifts, and funds and such to a band of gypsies. Nobody knew more about dreams and understanding than gypsies. They wrote music for Jervis the King. They were from the Himalayans and were highly recommended. And a group of songs by the Dum-dum Smarty Heads played at the dentist's office. (David Cantor, a singer from a long line of people who could sing, worked in the Tom-Tom Conga Business, a cast of thousands of modern performers and jesters of sorts. His music went especially well with root canals. He had also been with the Smarty Heads.) David wrote most of More Songs about City-scapes and Coffee, and from reading some King Jervis literature got some ideas. 'What are my 'influences?'" He hesitated. 'Words.' Again he hesitated. 'Ideas.' The people roared, 'Long live the culture of King Jervis. Peacefully.' 'Two will fly from a treacherous place to a place of joy.' Goat spoke, 'To understand promises as well as

dreams was a twofold blessing.’ David nodded.

How did one live? The people.

By being natural musicians; the songwriters-composers-performers and the rest of the folk people of King Jevis knew about creativity, and life was creativity. Even and maybe especially the instrument makers knew, yes. How else could they design their instruments? From the Time Machine expeditions these people and the following stuck together through obstacles; Brett Maryland, (a writer), Jack Henvigke, (a writer), and Bensviderg, et al (writers), Couevrelaanden (a visiting composer), Vladmir Havauhobler, (a writer), Village News staff (writers and graphic artists), the author of More Boundaries about Time and its Machines, that author’s editor, folk singer/songwriter Slim Taevlir, Visir Aydn (visiting stringed instrument-synthesizer person). They lived by their dreams. They were creatives.

The list went on.

An Evil Dragon tried to steal the list, but the King’s horsemen prevented it. Darwinster said, ‘These are

not my friends' nicknames nor nicknames of my neighbors. These are their REAL names. Words and music have sounds. Names have sounds.' A soothsayer said, 'Sounds come from a dream.' Darwinster paused as Mel looked over Korasus's wing. 'These are; Scronk Corstein, jazz musician who likes suspended chords of such and the obscurity of writer Jetco Smith who is out of this world in exile in Schweitzerlaanden, somehow/somewhat blues and jazz singer Nina 'Nines' Geldtfeldt known for her harmonic voice (a miracle each day and at Hanukkah, oi), Julie Argentilia (composer), and Diedre Venaezuelanvaltzesberg (artist), Guy Jiliantok, a linguistic genius.'

Mel grew wiser from the meaning behind the song 'Searching for Meaning,' et al and the mathematics behind the minor, so to speak, a study of 'kryas,' cries, crisis. 'Kryas' comes from India,' Darwinster piped up. Mel had a dream about looking for a book on a shelf behind a tree near a green field where the wind was blowing energetically. He was 'searching for meaning.' The meaning to the 'dream' itself. There were the other songs.

'Speakable, the album, yes, archival,' Mel said. Darwinster looked at the landscape at eye level, a

plateau. ‘The last night I was safe at home with a cup of black coffee; a local radio station played some music by some of the above artists. The show followed with jockey Jerry Bellum (married to Sarah), a cowboy western reader (a brainy type), reading a tale about some horsemen protecting the oat supply.’ Mel said, ‘Diversify your interests. Take the advice you want, and leave the rest.’ It was a sort of Midwest summer’s night made up of dreams only more western. Westerns it seemed had unlocked the secret of modern society and culture.

King Jervis was reading westerns and mysteries that year. The King’s men were preparing for a festival. The King dreamt about cowboys and magnifying lens. Not unlike a waking dream. Well-fed horses and sunset and open space filled the air.

Mel and Darwinster talked. Mel said, ‘I knew it. I knew I knew it. I knew that I knew I knew it.’ ‘Who, what cerebral artist is a mystery reader?’ Darwinster said, ‘Mystery? Where in the Land of the King, Canada and Quebec specifically and when in Indianapolis do the dwarves gather for these annual gatherings? Who is in charge?’ Mel, ‘What do you have? Brain-fever?’ Darwinster, ‘Where? When? I do not know. Antonio Grocerielliosi, Dr. Maxwell

Schmartzaukeh. And Peter 'Pen' Inkenstaens, Jr., are in charge. The Open Spaces Galleries and a universal writing group of minds are sponsoring the events.'

Mel, 'I have been informed by Pegasus that this year will be in Zurich, Canada, next, Indianapolis, Venezuela.' Darwinster said to his Pegasus, 'To several professors whose elegance, integrity, and levels are adored, missed although without regrets, and an issue of a gestalt for therapy, perhaps and one might say. To my family. Of relatives of this family tree. To my friends. I give you my life's work. My music, the compositions, a reunion with that which Beethoven did not write. My brainchildren.' Mel, 'Dreams are the only moments that exist and/or are real? An instructor asked me that once.'

Where did Baby Goat come from?

The Goat Prince was born in a cabbage patch in the boredom and between the jesters shows. Darwinster said, 'I knew that I knew that I knew it. I sound like Mel.' And he did. He knew where Goat came. He came from a faraway land, a fertile land of wealth and

riches. And it really was not in the boredom at all. It was a joyous moment, a joyous time, where the king was a very happy man. It was just very peaceful. It was a peaceful and happy time. King Jevis was happy. And so was Queen Sarah, a very happy gentlewoman.

The Prince had many questions.

The Goat Prince asked, 'How does one add ideas about one's life?' The King asked, 'Add ideas? What do you mean?' Goat, 'We have ideas about our lives? The Queen has plans for her life, G_d's will. How do we add ideas? We have ideas.' The king said, 'We do.' The Goat Prince, 'We can add to these, right? Meaning we are looking from a new way, outside the original ideas.' The king patiently said, 'Yes, well, then, ... yes.' Rachel said, 'One takes two ideas and finds their sum.' Rachel was a friend of Goat's when he was both younger and older. And at the moment. You might call her a life-long friend. The Goat Prince, 'Oh, I never thought of it that way, yes.' The king let the two speak. Rachel said, 'Where dreaming comes first with a single idea, divides into so many ideas.' The prince asked, 'It is dreaming in a way. Is it?' Rachel, 'Yes. So far from

the source that it is immeasurable from the origin of Time. The same moment. The same event.' Gratefully Goat said, 'I've seen better days ahead, and the hardest are behind us.' The King said, 'That would be being off and up and in the moment.' Goat walked and asked, 'What separates good and evil?' Paused, 'What makes a good heart?'

In his youth the Goat Prince took risks. He the Prince was trying to catch some bandits. A friend had dared him to enforce the Law. They were bad. They intended to do bad things. They stole Time and gold from people, for example. Without giving it back. So Goat found himself in the Time Machine in a cowboy scene at fifteen years of age.

Speaking of dividing at conception and dividing and conquering (if we were speaking of such). They would chant, 'Unite and conquer. We will unite, and conquer you.' They? There was a group of Good and Benevolent Twins. Making four altogether. Shylock and Nayester and Toesy and Nosey were so good that they got strawberries and yogurt in June every year. Just for being good. Shylock was a good leader and Nayester always said to evil and badness, 'No, no, no.' Toesy and Nosey were good too, but they were a little mixed up. They would say, 'Our

noses runses and our feetses smellsse. Ha. Ha. Ha. Are we mixed up? Ha. Ha. Ha.’ But really besides their silliness they were well and good and well-behaved. They always saluted the King even in the dark. And they could catch bandits. Oh, could they. Let us see.

The Dark Side of the Time Machine, a beginning.

No dividing line existed between doing evil and watching evil and doing nothing. Rascal Lion’s life was to fight crime in a court of law. Goat was on the side of good, of course, as well. They were after the No-Good No-Gooderly Bad Guys Gang. They were a group of bandits and rascals, a group, a pair of unbelievably evil twins, making four altogether. Each of them were to be caught. Or else evil would rule the world. Ogre, Bad Bart, The Evil-Eye Boy, and Vicious Troublemaker-Girl were robbing stagecoaches, coaches carrying units of Time for the Sacred Time Machine and gold. (Time was sacred, and many thought G_d, Blessed Be He, actually created Time firstly to separate the Time in the beginning where there was G_d, Void of Form and a Time ‘shortly’ after, beginning a ‘material’ Universe of flowing, liquid days and such.

Again. It resounded; evil was the work of Man and not G_d, Blessed Be He. Free will and not G_d's will.

Their evil leader Master Cannister or also known as Mr. Uncanny or Mister No-Good in the Can of Moldy Mold or Mister Rotten Candy Cannisterman, the Smelly One, had a way to threaten those in the Time Machine. Utter evil. He would break the spring-works and with regards to the gears he would chip the teeth, Mel said, 'Like a wacked-out Nabokov 'bird teeth line-saying' about getting older and teeth resembling the serrated set of a bird.'

'What is it, with the cannister thing?' Canny said, 'How did I get all my names? It is for all the time I spent in the 'gaol,' jail, prison, the sealed cannister, you know, the 'can.' The Federation of Evil federal prison system.' Goat said, 'It need not be a society with evil and fomented crime at that. The Time Machine works both ways.' Canny soberly said, 'I would like to go back in time a fix things. I lost track of time.' 'You lost track of truth and honesty, Canny-man.' Rascal Lion had his way.

Goat and Mr. Cannister practice being themselves.

Goat, 'What do you have to say for yourself?' Canny said, 'Crime? It's not a life. Not a living. Not a livelihood.' Goat said, 'You are a disgrace to the word 'livelihood. Any life honestly lived has nothing to fear.' He paused. 'Honestly, now. Have at it. Have a go at the truth for once in your slimy excuses for your life of crime.' 'We must tell the truth,' Goat said. 'No. No.' Canny said in desperation, 'We must be mixed up.' 'Yes, you are. I cannot determine your fate.' That was the end of misplacing the path and whereabouts of Time and gold. For awhile. Like some Swedish experimental film.

Goat travels to the mountain after the case.

Later after sunset. Goat called to Princess Rachel. 'Yes, this is the mountain. Too late to talk? No? If you have a headache, well, take two tablets. I have good news. It is bitter and sweet. Cannister is in the 'gaol.' The rest of the evil crew has turned into a pillar of saccharin and coffee. Nosey and Toesy were big helpers. Saccharin? I am not talking of the French persuasion. Bitter that my enemy must fall. Sweet that my enemy must fall in some such order. Still we must not rejoice.' Rachel, 'Not now. It is Passover.' She paused and said, 'Those here using the Time Machine will be glad when they find out

Master Canny was in the prison.’ Goat said, ‘He will no longer do evil in mainstream society. That is what the jails do best. They keep people from committing crimes in mainstream society.’ Rachel, ‘It is a time of remembrance.’ Goat and Rachel in unison, ‘Next year in Jerusalem.’

Society has a new leader, ... or leaders.

In came a new group to govern the land. Innocent dwarves. Actually the group had been around for a while. They had been new to governing though. Remember these guys? They were the old familiar names Shylock, Nayester, Toesy, and Nosey. The good twins ... would govern the land. Socialist representatives. A land where all the goats and all the people are working toward a better world, meaning appreciating the moments on the mountain. Putting it all back together in the broken parts. And lambs too. They concerned themselves with three things, wealth, justice, knowledge.

2010.

The twins recalled some history in the community. ‘Do you want to talk politics?’ ‘Do I want to talk, Politics? My name is Toesy. Stop calling me Politics.’

That is not even a proper noun.’ There was once a community leader, now deceased, a 1900, 1904, and 1908 candidate for the presidency. Goat found in an old family photographs a picture of Grandfather Guian Goat with this leader. The leader was once very famous. We will call him Albert. They both, Guian and Albert, negotiated peace at the King’s Summit in 1920. King Guian was known in many communities throughout the land. The Goat Prince said, ‘With all respect due he’s ‘unherd’ of these days amongst Goats.’ Nosey, ‘Perhaps we should have a holiday to celebrate his contributions to community.’ Toesy, ‘Yes. Yes. It has been long enough without one. Without a holiday. Now let us do the paperwork.’ Nosey, ‘We will call it International ‘Unherd’ of Day. Where all famous Goats that are unheard now will be remembered. Yes, Grandfather Guian would approve of that as long as he did not get too much attention. Politics are complicated sometimes, aren’t they?’

Later in the week according to the Time Machine.

Rachel to Goat. ‘They are distantly related?’ Goat, ‘Yes, Jill and Ursula put together a family publishing company, a business creating a magazine known as Civil Humanity. It somewhat caught on. Like herbal

tea businesses, some principles were good. It was a magazine that came out fifty-weeks a year and was distributed throughout the Kingdom. It brought the occasional puzzle to one's life creating 'today's' word game, various types of games such as SPROUTS. It was filled with win\win games. I win, and you win. We each win, after something happens, like an event we will call it, or many events, the one and the many.' Rachel, 'Give me an example.' Goat, 'What proper nouns remain proper nouns with the removal of one letter of one of them?' Paused. 'Anna' to 'Ann.' Rachel, 'It is something.' Goat, 'And how does someone know something?' Rachel, 'And what does Anna have to do with Civil Humanity?' Goat, 'That would be, yes it would, be a good time to stop and think.' Paused. 'Anna Purna is a wonderful mountain to be on and meditate on civil humanity.' Rachel, 'Wait. 'Carla' works, too. 'Carl.'" 'Oh, may the horses never get loose. That is clever.'

Bookshelves.

Goat looked around the den. Shelves. 'Bookshelves are interesting things. When they are full they have worlds of worlds in the books. And when they are empty, they have possibilities of worlds after worlds.

There are books on mountains, law, economy, information, knowledge in general, logic.'

'Before I talk I should write a book,' Ursula to Jill.

Jill and Ursula shared the writing with the business. Ursula was minding the King of Neighboring Lands Magazine, and unusually the magazine called Jokerman. In Neighboring Lands on the Sabbath every man is king as it is in the King's Land. The people were free to spread throughout the land, but it was due to their sins anyway. And they roamed living in booths and tents as they were meant to live. They did not really have a choice. That is how it was meant to be after a time.

Jokerman magazine was for the kings to read and study. 'Every King has his jester, his Jokerman. Ha. Ha. Ha.' The also published a magazine of only articles called Playgoat. Ursula liked working with Jill. Jill did, too. That is, working with Ursula.

Ursula got a contract.

British coffeehouse thinkers were on travels, the trip for ghee, an Indian dairy product like yogurt. Life and mindfulness were more a joining of 'ghee

beingness' where milk was claimed to be the most complex of foods. Sari Ghee advertized in Playgoat.

Goat had his connections with India, too.

Goat said, 'I didn't know you liked sleazy bands.' Rachel said, 'Yes. One part sleazy band to ninety-nine parts orchestra, quartets, and piano. Milk Ice is a Tibetan electronic music band with a light show. And they are not sleazy. They are ... cultured.' 'Ha. Ha. Ha. Laughing Buddha. Anyway. Chop wood, carry water.' 'The simplest is water, and what do we consider air?' 'Milk ice from the mountain Goarnpiqueiaeralaeatievekhenevek of the Neighboring Lands is a part of the regular diet. Yaks' butter and salt go into the coffee, a hot drink. Barometric pressure factor-constraint. The mountains cause low blood pressure acclimating-wise.' The travelers liked spiral pasta with cold cream and peaches.

The travelers go home.

They found opals and other gems and jewels and more opals and blue carbuncles and diaries from the

nineteen twenties. Time travel was fun.

Teacher and student as one? He was both, Klaus Grabke, a skateboarder and sailboarder crossing the classes, code name and alias: Clef Way Fruit, and a friend to Goat. Goat met him while time traveling in the mid nineteen eighties. He used to tell a joke about a watch. He would wait and wait for the second hand to meet and match up with the minute hand to meet the hour hand. The only thing was he had a digital watch so he waited a long time. The only thing that took longer was his girlfriend getting ready. He would say, 'My sister married into the Way family. Her first name, funny thing, was That. Mom would call us, 'That and Klaus, supptime.' Anyway. Someone said something after she was married, and I said 'Don't talk about my sister, That Way.' Pauses. 'It became a common expression or saying.' 'The Ways.' 'H-m-m-m-m.'

Ursula, Jill, and Klaus joined to form a business that Goat funded that concerned progressive computer technology and publish a magazine on it. The train, streamlined, and searching to be ahead is still our oxen. Only now it has the form of computer-locomobile pressing forward into the future and free

of remaining in the past. In the future yes, it will have a past, but it will not stay there. It is like the dragons that after generations became modern ducks. 'It is like a daisy-chain?' 'Yes, connections.' The Goat Prince and Rachel were going to sneak into a coffee shop by the railroad and watch the string quartet Neon Furs. They were to meet at the Purple, Pink, and Green Grape Café dressed fittingly. That was a long name so everyone just called it the Grape Café. 'That also would make a good book title,' Goat said. Rachel agreed, 'Yes. Yes, it would.' He was glad to see Olaf. Below the sign read 'Bring Your Green ... What!' The psychology department was trying to figure out what this meant especially those studying the psychology of language. 'What was green? Money, dragons, trees? Who had a pet tree they would bring this far from downtown? Martian friends? Klaus stumbled onto something. The Time Machine could be transported through the Internet. They could sell the publication monthly, and with Time Machine the possibilities were endless.

Business and Busy-ness.

A new wave of busy-ness due to the recent attraction to spies crashed into town like the ocean open Cape

Martian. There was always something new abuzz. An artist at the GIA, the Goat Institute of Art, Silly Billy Pochsteingoat had been abducted, taken from the Nutmeg Coffee Shop by an adversary, an evil ruler's henchman. The spies had been spying on shops looking through the windows at the windows to see how they were. Now they had to find Billy Pochsteingoat. They might not ever. They might. And they did. A Martian Goat from Stockholm in the year three thousand and ten rescued him and took him home. Billy had luckily paid his dues for the Time Machine option of abduction insurance. The dragon paid the ransom having had worked for All State of Mind Insurance, Cyberchips, and Investment Company.

Buses with the sun and highlights.

Who rules the road? The bus rules. On the road the bus rules. It can stop traffic at any time. It can take you from town to town. But most of all it rules because it has authority. There was a yellow and blue bus outside the Grape. People getting off the bus were from Neucastille where they speak the newest language on earth when they are in the privacy

of their castles. And next to them was a bus with Dutch people, and it was lime-green. Brownish purple-red train cars went past. Why was it important? Buses? The Dragon had to go home somehow. The bus was the first time travel machine, an early model-prototype.

The next Sunday Goat and Rachel had a picnic. They brought leftovers from June Twenty-Third and -Fourth. It was when the Talking Days Party, a celebration and festival, during Friday and Saturday went on. There were people from all over the Land of the King. All languages were represented. Turkish, Polish, Hebrew, Indian dialects, and a share of Dragon-ese. Many others. The Popula Indians hosted the gathering this year. They were open to new ideas. They knew there were only five stories in the whole world on earth, and all the others are 'relatives' or derivatives of these five stories. They had never been proved wrong. There is the beginning story, the exiting story, the laws story, the names-characters-people focus, and the repetition of the laws. But in all the stories were about people. People in the Time Machine buses of life.

The Popula stories were from the Indian mounds as

source a distance in time, long ago. The three mounds buried their dead with respect. It was said that Great Goats dug the mounds, hence some were shaped in a serpent-like way. The Great Goats were the first to have a bus system, traveling and taking Indians everywhere with the eagles. The Popula had a 'distant cousin' tribe that believed that studies brought one to a higher spiritual level. We, by studying the Creation and its many forms, worship G_d in this way. We with our free will turn that over to G_d and follow His Will. In the meantime many follow the King's will. The Talking Days Party celebrated G_d's creation of language. And the rare Goat like the rare Dragon was in every culture in one way or another. It was the alpha goat. A frog said, 'You might not believe this, but I was in charge of the largest pyramid by volume. I come from a long line of alien dragons.'

'I have a few things to do before we leave our picnic.'
'Before?' 'Yes. Like read some thinking books.'
'Thinking books?' 'Yes. Books that make you think.'
'Oh. Yes,' Princess Rachel said. 'I know those kinds of books.' They read, thought and talked.

The Grape Café's owner was asking his manager, 'Why did we paint the walls?' 'In the space between the paint there is a made-up story.' 'How else could we make this space, if we did not paint it?' 'Yes, that is true.' They continued talking. Business was good when a festival was in town. 'I could have been climbing the King's mountains. I chose to paint these walls.' 'Successful efforts I must say,' said the owner of the café. 'Flailing or a 'fail,' I always say.' 'A lesson. In a new moment, it was an opportunity to succeed.' Goat and Rachel had made it back home by now. The space between made a book to think about, talk, discuss.

Goat said, 'You look like you are deep in thought.' Rachel said as they sat in the kitchen with Ursula, 'One who seeks businesses for assets must be maintaining independently one's self-worth.' 'What do you mean?' said Ursula. Rachel said as she looked staring out the window at the sun behind the clouds, 'If you are going to take on businesses, one must feel good about oneself no matter how business is.' 'Oh.' The Goat Prince, 'That is true. The King sees a June fifteenth day plan.' 'That is tomorrow.'

'Yes, he is going to buy a bookstore and a computer software store.' 'Yes, realization.' 'Yes, two businesses in one day, really.' 'He has that much power.' 'Business is good.' 'He is meeting the needs of his people. They have enough to eat and drink. Let them read and work on the computers.' The tea was ready. 'Thought into action' goes the saying.

Tarot cards Are for a Dragon Forty Years of Age?

Rachel asked Ursula, 'How will the businesses really be? I want to conquer my doubts.' 'Tarot cards are really flash-cards for the field of psychology in another land, the Land of Dragon Storms and the Abyss.' 'What is an abyss anyway?' 'It is a deep crack in the earth in which one can never return.' 'It is near the Land of Unexplained Energy.' 'The thinkers were talking about how to explain it which made it magically explainable.' The gypsy said, 'Business will be good, well and good in September.' Somewhere a Time Machine was carrying a duck into the future. That was something to talk about, discuss. Especially those interested in time travel and evolution and the Creation. 'It was a drake.' Then a crowd grew silent.

There was a festival of wizards in town. One shouted, 'Unexplained Energy? It does not exist? All but the One Energy is explainable.' 'Yes, they will have to change the name.' The wizard people gathered and said, 'We will call it 'mysticism.'" The chief wizard of wizards where everybody puzzlingly is equal said, 'This means I need to change my daughter's name from Mysticism ('Mystic') to Drusilla the Happy One. Ha. Ha. Ha. What a fool wisdom has made me. Ha. Ha. Ha.' 'You are wise,' said the group. Further. 'Wisdom not shared melts the plastic life?' They agreed. One said, 'At forty years of age one starts to study wizardry?' The Greek chorus said, 'Yes.'

The King under a gingko tree with his beautiful daughter, Jevia.

The daughter had been working on finding a scientist with some of the King's Men. The King asked, 'Were you really undercover on a case to uncover and solve the questions of the missing and abducted scientist and philosopher Willisohn Nobelle? What I am looking for is a wizard.' She responded, 'Undercover. For three months. We even had climber and sociologist Trey Steep searching the

caves in the mountains. Politician and spokesman of the people to the King, Mr. Lincoln Franklin, an extraordinary man and well-traveled called it off yesterday. Trey went to study some tribes in Southern Island to be aware of his, our own culture, funny as it sounds to record life in small isolated communities, his personal area of study. To get away. A few tribesmen had been at the festival, the Talking Days Party.’ She paused and continued, ‘A mystic and gypsy told us some helpful information.’ Jevia was quiet. A wizard practiced the alphabet.

In life we turn pages. It is a matter, if you are always reading the same book or not.

‘Turning the page is another thing. I am reading the Wizards Diagnostics Manual for Magic, Maladies, and Teas.’ Goat said to Rachel, ‘I have a television in my car. I am a spy as a hobby. A hobbyist spy. I have the latest gizmos.’ ‘A television?’ ‘It’s black and white, and in the back seat.’ ‘Oh.’ ‘Pause is a button for the visual recorder. What about the stock market? Let us see the business channel.’ ‘There are hundreds of tables with numbers one can have in mind.’ ‘Hot Tables in Mind? Is that a name of a jazz quintet?’ ‘Yes, It is a real lexical access drill.’ ‘What

is that, a lexical access ... drill?' 'They are exercises in language to learn how to speak the language and information.' Rachel asked, 'Like the Dutch language?' 'Yes, one can learn lectures, information, even knowledge.' 'In life we turn pages. Sometimes it is in a different language.' 'The Play button reminds me to not work so much, so hard.'

The Goat Prince asked Fritz, 'What is the King buying these days?' Fritz said, 'Coffee Shop Metals are manufacturing vertical stacks for computer hard drives and other things. He has hired a group of wizards to do machining wizardry and craftsmanship. Also sculptures. The old art and craft debate.' Fritz, a former business partner of Rachel's had come in. He is 'tending the garden.' 'There is enough solid action. The play is happening tomorrow.' Rachel said, 'Come on, what else? And manufacturing the Time Machines? Who is doing that?' Fritz, 'What do you think? Coffee Shop Metals? Who else? Yes.' Goat, 'Where are they?' Fritz, 'A place also of the gypsy, the foreigner.' Goat, 'A country?' Fritz, 'Well, in the Land of Crystal Cascades.' Rachel said, 'Word is that they are also developing a unit to communicate one entire mind with another. Research and Development is blocked on the

Violins100 section of the program in software. They are having difficulty with mutual consent. They want to make it healthy.'

Deep in thought, solving life's mysteries. And is it a business problem?

Continuing, 'Thinking now. Is it that the past is not the same as the moment?' And a future moment is not the same as a moment?' 'That it is perhaps. In any sort it is a business problem.' 'The Land of Crystal Cascades is also a 'New Brazil' cloning Dragons?' No?' 'No. No.' 'A political state run by economics and money and their path is what it is.' He pauses and continues. 'Efficient it is indeed. It is only a rumor about Dragon cloning from the one dragon.' 'I do not care what they are thinking. I care what they are producing.' A wizard was consulted. 'A moment in the past was a moment. A moment in the future will be a moment. A moment in the present is a moment.'

'What is something the President King mighten know about Dragon cloning?' 'It is a business. He is in Ethiopia? We cannot summon and ask him now.' 'Dragons are being manufactured, a large measure of

them at the moment. Running tests and experiments are happening at this very moment. Wizards are at it. Especially the neuro-goat biologists.’ ‘He would know about that.’ ‘Yes.’ Fritz and Rachel and Goat agreed.

‘As a runner runs to something and not from something, a Good Dragon flies to something and not from something.’ Goat the Wise-winged said, ‘To return to the moment is to stay in the moment. Like the climb in flight one reaches new heights.’ The Winged Goat of Wisdom paused and continued, ‘Focus and a thinking flow state are in the moment. A moment in time is separate from time. Flying to the next moment is being in the moment and being free.’ It was a rare moment. Another difficult business problem was solved. It was wizardry to think such thoughts. To live by them another act of wizardry.

Dragons fly. Some drum. It is the Beat of the Wings. Language is distribution on a string.

Rachel asked, 'Where did drumming originate?'
Goat, 'African drums?' Rachel, 'Was it in the Cave of
Miracles?' 'No, but it was close.' Rachel,

‘Syncopated Netherlands?’ ‘Yes, that is it. That is it. It is where all the beats are syncopated in time, off the beat, a back beat, in a way of the Mystics. There are so many syncopated notes that either they all are, or none of them are. Do you know the feeling?’ Rachel, ‘Yes. It is exciting, and it enriches the mind and heart.’ She continued, ‘It redefines meaning. Language is a distribution on a string. A vibration of life.’ Goat, ‘The shaman wizard dances for wellness.’

A rest between the beats.

Goat, 'An evolution from drumming to a further development is the art form of electronic music. Rachel asked, ‘What is a run, a production of Sunny Ade and his African Rhythms?’ Goat, 'Distributions again?’ Rachel, ‘The business of getting music to the people?’ Goat, ‘Yes. We printed five hundred recordings of Sunny Ade with those Africa beats, say, rhythms, distributions.’ Rachel asked another question, ‘Yes, the beats making the rhythm or rhythms?’ Goat, ‘Yes. That is it completely, Chumley.’ Rachel, 'Without looking at this morning's map, the charts, you know, we can lay down some rhythms. How did the count in Castille go? Six-eight phrases?’ Rachel paused and continued, ‘Another

place in the world, six eights, jazz Gato-Fat Kat, like lay down the stand-up line.’ She continued again, ‘Ha. Ha. Ha. Don’t you know? You have everything you need. And you know, especially for a sacrifice of a cherished phrase to the gods. February 21st, 2010’ Goat half-joked, half-wisenedly, ‘Like other natural numbers. You know, counting numeros-numerals.’ He continued, ‘How does December sound?’ Rachel said, ‘The snow is cold. The rain is wet.’ Pause. Somewhere a wizard at jazz played a new phrase.

Paused. ‘All and together. One, two, three, et cetera. Philosophers debate over zeroes and ones, like the computer language. Magnetically electronic. Flow state, yes. It might indeed be a count of zero, one, two three,’ Rachel asked, ‘Does ‘zero’ occur naturally, as in ‘in nature?’ ‘Why yes, ... and yes and no.’ Goat paused and continued, ‘And the ‘no’ counts as well, so to speak.’ Continuing, ‘In the beginning there was void of form.’ Rachel, ‘Does it still exist?’ ‘I do not know, but believing it does changes my life. From that can one say yes?’ Rachel agreed, ‘Yes. I can agree to that.’ ‘Then it must exist, if it causes change.’ Rachel agreed again, ‘Yes, that answers a lot of questions, or at least two or three.’

‘Yes.’ The Goat Prince kept talking, ‘Just to give it one hundred and forty percent, is that like the empty set?’ A set with zero things in it? Did somebody count that as one thing?’ Rachel said, ‘Maybe it was Mosesh the Great One or one of his scholars?’ Goat said, ‘Or a ‘few’ which would mean ‘five’ in Biblical times.’ A wizard of logic and understanding and meaning sees through falsehoods.

Rachel found in a cave near some old papers ...

One, two,
three, four, five, and ten.
Ten. In a group.
Five books.

Study.

More than zero.
Oneness.
Modgntanu cries
for the mountain.

G_d’s will brings us to worship and study. Study is a form of worship. The symbol of the mountain is

one of it being the master to be mastered. It is in its boldness a bold statement. It is an end to a world at one starting height of non-mountain and beginning a world of a climb. It is the Mountain of Noah's rest, of Moses and the Laws, the Mountain of the Alpha Goat.

The Goat Prince said, 'This is all interesting. Five must mean the books of Moses and ten, the Ten Commandments?' 'That is the conjecture. Read on,' Rachel said, 'beyond Modgntanu.' 'Modgntanu is a wizard.' Paused and looked. 'The mention of a Moabite.' Studied. 'Tanakh scriptures must have some precursor.' 'Wait. 'Tan' is found in both 'Tanakh' and this fellow's name 'Modgntanu.' With respect to the fathers, what does one make of it? What does one make of those characters? If one blur one's eyes, it looks like 'mountain?' 'Yes, the mountain.' An insight?' 'One could call it that.' 'As they say, 'Nu.' That is that.' 'Nu nu.' Pauses. 'Twice.' Pauses. 'That is that is that is that. That is that that that is that. That is that that is that.' 'The end. That is that.'

Four and Ten
Even and free,

Free from being primes,
factors of two, two and five,
and four next to five one can see
neighbors growing closer over time.
The laughing continues til one cries
with laughter.
A family relative.

The Goat Prince said, 'This life of ours is a work of art. All the characters in our lives, all the time, and what we say, are real in nature in the Land of the King. Except for sometimes the mayor or other public figures, products, or services. They are not meant to point to any living persons in the Kingdom or a company's product or service in the Kingdom. It is a work of art. If G_d were not Void of Form, beyond the obvious He might have been a wizard.' Prince Goat paused, 'There is imagination in the space between. The point is; one can read between the lines too much?' Is what we read imagination? Is imagination real? Yes.' Princess Rachel, 'I seem to be in a novel with the Goat Prince and the women and girls with Well-Behaving Hair or Some Such Place.' 'We are together.' Goat sighed. 'We are together on that.' 'That we are together.'

Off in the woods.

Darwinster asked Mel, 'What is the fabled Prize.?' 'The prize is actually two prizes. The fabled prize is the Prince to provide for the Princess, and the Princess to have health to have children, to provide children.'

Speaking of those practicing wizardry.

Mel explained to Darwinster, 'The Scientist Looking Factor. There is a way to think by a mind of twilight, neither day or night where the speed of light is not constant.' Darwinster returned, 'It is t-o-o usually a constant meaning 'staying the same.' And you are saying at a time it certainly is not. N-O-T. Okay. Tell.' 'At a time when distances have no measure at a point between points and light passes through light speed changes.'

'And time?'' 'Well, a measured thing is, ... well, is a reference and agreed upon expression or measure, between events, like languages. 'Oh, it is what we agree upon between two events happening. Yes, I see. It could be a number or some words or word.' 'A measured thing is an association in the mind.' 'Oh, we associate one thing with another. When we

think or express one thing, we respond with something else.' 'Ah. Wizardry.'

'We are meaning something between those two things that happened. And like a net, connections or knots where they are tied together, these 'bonds' represent or mean an event.' 'This is where two series of events intersect or are 'coincidental.' 'Thanks, Love.' 'What, what, and what not.'

The primary building is the home, a personal café, where the discussions go on. It is a spy headquarters of sorts, waiting for astronomers' sightings, of all things, to study the 'Star Works.' Those rocket scientists saw a moving energy of spies. The primary woman in charge of the café is 'Agent Twenty-one.'

'We thought we would never get out of the café,' said Mel. 'Yes.' said Darwinster. 'In another word 'Yes.' 'Oh.' 'Dorothy?' 'M-h-m-m-m.'

The study of society as a way of life.

A real result from a thinking experiment in sociology is to see the Market as Wo-Man. Wo-man produces fruit. She bears fruit. The Market is much the same way. The café is a Market of sorts. Goat's kitchen and den were painted purple. With

stars and moons and planets and billions and billions of other magical scientific stuff. A sign read, 'Science, not superstition.' There was of course a mirror on the wall. In a filing cabinet were papers registering a business name beneath a sign read 'No company allowed,' with another mirror near.

Goat, 'We dress like students, ... at ... the Purple Spaces, Agent Twenty-One?' 'Yes, where else,' Rachel said. The Goat Prince, 'Rather wild I must say, with its beat poets and loud clicking of the fingers and students having fun and studying in the afternoons. One can barely hear at the door a day in the life passing by. More songs from musicians, moments in chairs at the tables, the talk about the invention of mood rings, about west being east if you look at it from a certain place, about buildings and food, coffee, more songs fill the air at the coffee shop, a successful and thriving business, ... life, ... cafe and coffee.'

Agent Twenty-One also ran the Ara-bica and sold arab-ica. 'That is confusing until you figure it out. Yes.' 'Yes, until one figures out the two it can be quite confusing. A double take was in order.' 'It is simple though. One is one, and one, the other. Yes. Just remember. One is one, and one is the

other which make two.' 'Yes, and then know the difference between the two. They are so close the same.' 'Well, here it is. The first is the café, the second, the bean.' 'The second of course you mean the other in such a way.' 'Yes.' 'They are like two buildings of words. One just wants to dance.' Mel and Darwinster took up a game of Parcheesi, their own version of the mind, a brain exercise. Mel was a wizard at Parcheesi. He was a wizard anyway.

Darwinster, 'It was ... in the year of who knows when?' Mel, 'I know a Mister 'When,' and he is a good fellow, although ... Mr. Jung Che Le When hangs around dragons very way too much.' B. Dylan's alphabet soup of language says '... in the year of who knows when.' 'Oh. It was the year. The emphasis. I will have the soup with ice water with lemon, please. Thank you.' 'Buildings include the libraries, and have much to do with language. Soup and sandwiches. More ideas about buildings and food surface.' 'Much and much to do.'

A moment later. No sandwiches.

Rachel, 'The rose-warm buzz from reading near a

coffee cup even though it has tea in it makes one feel at home.’ Goat, ‘It holds green tea sometimes too and just as well.’ Sitting, inside, Rachel, ‘It must have been the year 2010, and the Time Machine was working well.’ Rachel and Goat together, ‘It was. And it was.’ They glanced at each other. It was looking like a book.

The Goat Prince said, ‘It seems and is so that one can be ‘... always on the outside of whatever side there ... ’ is.’ ‘If you are in a field you can be on the outside of the fence looking from either side depending what side you are on and even from both sides really. If one wants to be on the outside all the time, it seems well, one can be.’ Those are more B. Dylan soup words; ‘...always ... whatever side there was.’ ‘Then it is gone, mysteriously. But everybody knows.’ ‘So it is not such a mystery and fleeting.’ ‘No and no. The idea is not gone either.’ ‘This is. There is someplace to be, somewhere whatever side there is.’ Rachel looked at Goat mysteriously and dark, obscure. It was a matter of feeling one was at home.

Elsewhere in a home of Dragons.

The Dragon of Work said, 'What made them want you to go away? You had done so much good.' Reference to Rubin Dragonstein, the math instructor. The Dragon continued, 'People and places from the past brought together common needs and cause.'

He paused.

'And envelopes of twenty-four hours with faces and dreams could not rescue you. You could only rescue yourself.' 'Yes.' 'They were difficult times and troubled times, unlike now.' A Turkish goat surveyed the field outside. He saw tea bushes being planted. 'We have work for you. Much work. In art, music, jobs for a man of letters. Well, a goat of letters, anyway, all is well.' 'Thank you.' 'You will be home shortly.'

The Good Dragons continued like in a Greek chorus, 'The places are soulful and mindful. The soulful mind can rescue one from the difficulties. Time and time again. They have lives of their own, and it is why we have leases on buildings downtown, to have a place, the places to lease. Places to call home. Home to our work.'

The Goat of Learning continued, 'There are places. Sanctuaries. It is so we can share our lives. To give to one another.' Another goat said, 'It is somewhere to drink coffees, to make art, write, a place for someone to come by and discuss your latest painting. To figure a thorny problem.' The Goat Prince said, 'Yes, that diagonal line really entertains the eye. Saying things like that. Thinking. Making change.' The math instructor, 'We are all just passing through, grabbing a bagel, passing by as boarders, politically correct, with our leases on spaces. We have leases on life with ideas of time and space.' 'Home is where I want to be. Wherever I am. I am already there.' 'Why did you choose math?' 'The word 'mathematics' comes from another language meaning 'study,' and study is holy in world religions, defining study as a form of worship of Creation.' 'With that I am at home.'

The Dragon of Work got long-winded.

'These are places to have lessons at the museum, to sell art at the gallery, make postcards for the gift shop. Places to sit at the computer and write. Have a water with lemon. Have a coffee. Have a glass of kiwifruit juice maybe. Sketch an idea, a thought. Take in the time like it were the sun. Create a

business. There are always willing students from Dragonian Southern Australia willing to work, to be of service, to make something and something of themselves.’ Good Dragon Bernard says, ‘We are always willing to hire Good Dragonian Southern Australian Dragons.’ ‘An office in a solid building. That is called ‘home.’”

Traveling to find a home.

Passports and papers were in order. Purple-granite abysses were the only obstacles for ace detective and rock climber Benjamin Libman who saw and heard about the gem-like feldspar and marbled granite. ‘It will be Table Rock for supper tonight,’ Ben said. ‘It is what I have been searching for in all of my years.’ It is a rock-climber’s and sailor’s dream appearing now. He rode Dragon Wave to the library.

Beyond the midpoint-no return to the library.

Ben shouted loudly and sing-songy to his partners, yet decisively, ‘And bring your innocent tea to-see-the-beautiful-pea green-sea, the Mermaid’s form, her hair, surf and algae, oui. Look. Seas of all sorts. In

the distance. Black ice on the mountain rock wall. Look again. The shores have no footprints. And there is a man walking in the distance returning to a cave.' They, the partners, shouted back, 'Another game of Parcheesi, so to speak. Wouldn't I be board, yie, yie? Yie, yee.'

Everywhere, at every corner at the Market there was talk of a structure known as Omni Yeti Chanson Mansion where magical people and Good Dragons dwelled together. Supposedly and presumed a long time ago an abominable snowman attracted magical people and their pet Dragons near the mountain by song. The snowman disappeared, and the people and Dragons stayed in their tents and booths, year after year until they could build the Mansion for all to live and be happy forever and after that. Now the snowman comes by in the summer for discussions and waters with lemon. Libman was going there to trek and sell them cars. He was a wealthy man in many ways. The Mansion was a curious building.

Speaking of Buildings and Coffees.

And the Gerzillionaire Mind Palace is beauty and

elegance. Many businesses are with the Palace. How is it a first rate work of art? Murals of well-bleed paint until a mosaic of color comes through line the walls. It is a work of art like the works and life of composer and economist Ludwig David Dollarstein. Like Coda College, a world-class music school that is supported by businesses in the world community and associated with the Palace. The businesses are like his compositions, re-worked until they surface. Well-bleed paint over and over. It is like a rose, an American Beauty. International, universal beauty. Rose wavelengths, memory, sound, warmth. The Mind overseeing all transactions. Every building had its expenses. Every musician paid his fees in hours of practice.

There was a key in the Goat Prince's pocket, and it is a key that went to anything good. A desk clerk appeared. It was Ned Nobel. Entrepreneur, moonlighter, and certified notary public, ace accountant, 'At your service.' Goat gave the key to Master Nobel. 'Would you like to get a room for yourself?' 'What? Do you take me for an idiot? I will take one with Ursula.' 'It can be arranged.' 'We need to get some business done. Come up to

the office some time.'

Next door to the guest house is a museum.

Ned, 'Still-life paintings are coming and going as one walks through the halls from a time before.'
Ursula, 'There is a work ethic connected with a group of artists known as the Green Riders. They paint not for money, but for a livelihood. This is what they do to live life. They paint.'
Ned, 'These are the plays. This is the Cave Chronicles Show plays. They are on the computer-movies channel. Wait. (Something we do.) There is a documentary on.'
Ursula, 'It is a documentary film running throughout the stories of their lives.'
'Who?'
'Vladimir, Willisohn, Per, Sarah, and Yitzak. Kazim Milton. Musicians of sorts. Compositions as their works. At their credit.'

The film started. They are on retreat. Vlad said to Yitzak, 'One word. 'Plastic digital.' Okay, two.'
'Ha. Ha. Ha.'
'This is a smart argument by electron and light waves for Einstein.'
'You are making no sense, Vlad,' said Per. 'What about new realities?'
You are sensitive, too. I know. You are being in the moment really.'
'What about before?' Sarah said, 'You are only building a mystery.'
'Ha. Ha. Ha.'

Willisohn laughed with everyone together and said, 'That is like honey-sweetened tea to the belly laugh. Like sweetened milk.' 'Wherever we go we are on retreat.' 'I would love to take the Time Machine to see Isaac Stern play Mendlesohn.' 'Like sweetened milk.'

A waif either is restful and quiet, or busy telling you things, or singing like an angel.

Two had been quiet. A waif standing next to the theater said to her friend, 'If drinking tea alone is mildly the mind racing with thoughts to a romantic tree that lives alone in the forest, then washing the cup is like a rain forest.' Her imp-waif friend. 'It is not what you drink with me. It is what I answer to, ... the question, 'How many trees stand alone in the forest?'' 'You cannot say that, anyway not without giving credit to the culture who has that as one of their beliefs.' 'Yes. Those are true stories.' 'True stories.' There was room enough for more than one on the summit somewhere in the mountains by Time Machine. The theater was an old building with crushed velvet curtains and the ver present exit sign. They went in. It was another world, like taking the Time Machine.

Rachel the Princess said to the Goat Prince, 'I have a habit. Another habit. It's a hobby. I enjoy dragon dens. It's a lifestyle. Actually they were once lions' dens. Really they are coffee shops. The dragon is rare. The coffee shop consumer is not as rare.' Goat said, 'The place matters. It is the health of the location. Generated from the soul of the cup of coffee. A form of communion, one might say. One's home is free from public foolishness. We must return to home. It is home as Gorthrog comes from the North that is the health of the location.' 'Enough of dragons. For a while.' 'A lion's den is a building?'

'Kissing on the hand in this town is a mystery.' Onto ... the floor of the Exchange.

Rachel said to the Goat Prince, 'I have been studying, ... studying Esperanto. Excuse the afterglow accent.' 'I too have been studying Esperanto. Allow us to talk of the day in this such language.' 'Esperanto is not unlike a subject for a spy?' 'Yes, Esperanto is not unlike a subject for a spy.' 'Who is Anna Karenina, and what is her connection with a Canadien business?' 'Anna Karenina is a purse manufacturer and kitchen table

manufacturer in the style and mode of old masters.’
‘What’s her connection anyway?’ Rachel, again, ‘It will come to me. Yes, her operation is in cahoots with identity theft criminals and crooks. They are smuggling identities in the purses at the Market. A code expression of spy talk is ‘The tables would need setting.’ ‘Has it been going on a long time?’ ‘Say, ... is Dr. Adversarii walking his scorpions?’ ‘The Swedes are into rocket science and spying and the Olympics.’ ‘In other words’ ‘Yes. In general, socialist watercoloring.’ ‘Oh.’ ‘Language is not unlike buildings where the structures are of curious esthetic value and quality, characteristic.’

‘Does that mean yes?’ ‘Of course.’ ‘And I keep a kosher refrigerator.’ ‘That’s right.’ ‘I keep it in the kitchen, least suspected?’ ‘I have seen the dairy products. They are above the meat. Even the fish.’ ‘You don’t eat meat.’ ‘I know. I keep on occasion ... some meat ... on the bottom to yes, remind me’ ‘Remind you?’ ‘Yes, that dairy belongs above the meat in the refrigerator, of course. What are we talking about? ... Chopped liver?’ ‘Why’ ‘Yes, okay.’ ‘Take me to the table.’ ... ‘Language is not unlike the wiring of a refrigerator. It is a network of paths and signals and the light comes on when the door opens.’ ‘Ha. Ha. Ha.’

That is that. This is this.

If you have not guessed yet, this is the continuing story of the Goat Prince, Elliott Nhudsonnegstein and friend Rachel who becomes his princess. Actually it is about more friends, too. Ursula, Darwinster and of course Mel. There are goats and dragons and flying horses. This is the story. The Time Machine makes the story continuous, never ending, one event, one moment always able to be connected to the other due to time travel. Actually it is a sequence of many little stories making one.

King of the Land had one son, the Goat Prince. A rock from the mountain gave the Law, the mountain from the land became a teacher, and a goat befriended a teacher and prince as well. The sequences of events created the world. The Goat Prince climbed mountains in his youth. He had a few friends, Darwinster and Mel, and together they learned much about life and learning itself. There was Gorthrog from the North, an older friend. On the mountain one day a goat saved his life, showed him a safe way down, and talked with him about Time from a goat's point of view. The goat taught the Goat Prince many secrets about Time and the

world. And they learned about labor.

With his friends.

During school between studies they drew sketches for rucsacs (rucksacks) at their campsites away from college, and tents and bivouac sacs, and organic sandals. They would say, 'Learning and labor. That is what life is made up and up and of what. Life.' 'I will not mind another draft ... sketch. Ha. Ha. Ha.' 'Why, I thought you meant a draught of root beer. Haw. Haw.' Cottage industry stuff. 'There you off and go. We could manufacture herbal root beer.' Of course its herbal. It is made from roots. Of course it ought not be fermented and fixed. Of course.' We were in the trenches. Cottage industrialists' trenches. Today it was a wave of entrepreneurs. 'That is how the weather looks today,' Mel said to Darwinster off in the wooded landing on the trail about the limestone walls. The Time Machine was still working.

The power of G_d's will is not unlike a hunt for the golden sum of the king, King of the Land. Perils abound. It is to be sought after in context with life. 'If one comes upon G_d's Will would one know it?' Goat asked a friend. Study and living, learning and

labor leads us to a step closer to G_d's will. Adversity; decision making, human greed and desire, the fall from grace, falling from the Law, leading to a corruption of power amongst other consequences, the consequences of society's transgressions and its weaknesses are overcome how? There is no secret. It is hard work with the grace of G_d. Without love it is nothing. 'Our yoke is given to us, and we are to carry the burden.' Goat spent some time alone, quietude. How can a man-made device such as the Time Machine overcome adversity, malicious intent, greed, desire, the fall from grace, falling from the Law, corruption of power, and society's transgressions? We might not be able to take on all of these at this time, but let us see.

Goat, 'A lesson in history, a course, that is, decision making, it was.' 'Yes and yes. History was a matter of decisions by Man and G_d, you could say. One moment connected to another by a 'decision.' A 'decision' is something that changes one event to another. From the origin to Creation something happened that could follow our definition of 'decision.' If it sounds complicated, it is not. It could be an idea in spirituality, in physics, a

biological sense, many factors, many constraints, many views, perspectives. Many models.’ ‘If it sounds too simple, it must be complicated.’ ‘Then it is. It is all what you make it out to be.’ ‘Never mind the bullocks of chaos. There will be order.’

‘One's own yoke, yes?’ ‘Not someone else's yoke.’ The logged thoughts, journaled words made concrete, the logistics, the needs, like the runner's logged miles, the need to run, to move with an energy, to produce progress and change, to log the logged ideas, to be amidst moments were what was speculated about this ‘climbing trip,’ ‘after a gold rush,’ silent, a day in the life called life. To come across G_d's Will. Wherever one is. ‘Wherever you are,’ said Mel. ‘Yes, this is Darwinster.’ I am in a moment now of evolution known as a moment in time. ‘Have you been partaking of the Time Machine again?’ ‘Oh, it is all in your head.’ ‘The world is on a string.’ ‘In that one note.’

When one retired from climbing many things happened.

Goat, ‘One is the wall is not literally before you. And the lessons remain.’ Mel, ‘Or the wall is before you, and no lessons are recalled. Or a literal

problem, a wall is before you and the lessons are all in place. Ephemeral and constant.' Goat nearly interrupted, 'And everywhere between free of doubt. There was a life of a contest toward moderate risk, to refine 'the moves.'" To cut the extreme moves, pruning to a moderation, a moderation and balance.

Healthful decisions. We dreamt a dream. A transcendental dream. Together. Goat, 'It was a 'red point,' even a 'no contest' at times.' Gorthrog from the North asked, 'What is 'red-pointing?'' Goat became long-winded. 'Red pointing was climbing as high as one could and placing protection. Then 'lowering off' and letting one's partner 'have a go of it.' The real world was like that too.' 'You cannot do it alone.' Mel spoke, 'An individual and an individual formed a climbing team and never diminished the self and other.' Gorthrog, 'One had to stop to figure it out.' Goat, 'A wise man stops along the way.'

Goat said, "No contest' meant that one competed only with the past self.' Gorthrog returned, 'Compare, ... you ... lose.'

Goat reworded and emphasized, 'It is the wise man

who does stop along the way.' He paused, fell asleep, and dreamt. Goat dreamt of being in the moment amidst the order in chaos. In his dream he fell, tumbled into the town of Neve Gommelrschlepford and its Timelessness. There with the Time Machine the people flourished. They had lives of meditation and mindfulness. Goat said, 'I did not think life could be any different. Like anywhere else it would be the same?' Rachel was with him, 'Yes.' It hurt sometimes. Like a thorny problem it was a learning experience. In acceptance and resolution. He came across a goat that explained the magic and power of Time, the first thing created, besides the void of form, some would even debate.

Goat dreamt in sound his words audible, 'It had its failures and lessons that always went along with failures. Why would it hurt? Why the pain? Why this sky? It got better.' A sage appeared, 'In a beginner's world, a start-up in this business of life, ways and paths of learning, trails of wisdom and vision abounding a-plenty, all are a part of growing older together, and it still comes down to buildings and food, rent and the kitchen coffee pot and the tab.

Ways to the tea parties and plugging in laptops, the 'Exchange,' and ways to the Coffee Machines. And ways to the Time Machine. If we happen to meet along the way, such is the Society of Mind Machine. These are manifestations of someone's thought, maybe a collective?

Goat to Rachel, 'Princess Rachel of the Earth and Desert of the Raven, we could live a life of wholeness, then of laugh-ins where we would laugh and laugh and love to never stop, ever, and live in ... the Time Machine World in a beautiful house. It might have been a palace long ago, a castle, renewed, like a new spring season. The days would be spent making art, making music, dancing, writing poems, and building things, things out of wood and of clay and earth, making sculptures. 'At least until the next dragon.' The Time Machine was a solution to life's problems. That is, staying in the moment and in riding that moment out was a solution.

A group of Dragons known as the Anymore Dragons from the Land of Anymore.

'There will not be Anymore Dragons. Not of the

Evil Kind.’ ‘Not to mention ‘anymore,’ gone will be the sloth-man found in the basement. A sloth-man lives as a lifeless life form and can protect cities. But he is ugly and smelly and lives with swimming worms in the sewers.’ ‘Oh, let him live in peace, Goat Prince.’ ‘He shall.’ Mel said out of sorts from not eating, ‘Let us have sup and dine.’ ‘Have seconds. There is plenty for all and all alike. Hey. Hey and here.’

Returning to sloth comfortably.

The sloth-man changed his life by living in the wilderness for many seasons and learning from Nature. Some say he had found G_d. Others said he had found Nature. Others said, ‘He found how to set up retreats and practice Gestalt Therapy.’ The Adversary was still near.

About the farms near the town of Neve Gommelrschlepford.

Goat, ‘We will wait forever until the end of the harvest.’ Mel, ‘Yes. Which is not that long. Or at least a little more than six months, two seasons.’ They had consulted the Time Machine. Goat, ‘It is true. The final months of the year could have been

rich, making time to make art as well.' Mel, 'We must increase the amount of our harvest, this year's productivity.' Goat, 'We must make increase with our harvest and the Gryphon-People's harvest, and do not forget the elves.' Mel, 'Who called the Man with the Inventory?' Goat, 'We must meet the needs of the buyer. There is only money on the sale. And not to labor for money.' Goat paused and continued. 'Remember. The old story talks about milk and honey, about a store owner's slide down a long mountain to a final glass of sweetened milk, and about mountain streams and rivers.' The prince had his thinking machine gear. Mel, 'And who are these Gryphon-People?' Goat, 'They are courageous and kings each on their days of rest and study and roam with authority, and rest outside the town peaceably with the others.' A time to study came about. It was another Sabbath. Mel and Goat studied the Law.

He was told to 'always so such remember.' 'Remember the old key, the 'looking of the key,' and the days after the Exit Sign Holiday Days were through.' Mel asked, 'How long had that been?' Goat said, 'It must have been more than forty months ago, over forty months have passed surely.' Darwinster, 'It is possible that the Time Machine

had accelerated G_d's work.' The Goat Prince, 'Beyond our earthly expectations anyway.'

Mel, 'Enter the Time Machine and doors of the Time Machine will open, ... , Goat Prince, the Doors, the Doors.' Darwinster spoke, 'The Time Machine landing pad was built into the ceiling, the ceiling of forty thousand miles above the earth's atmosphere. It could travel that far that quickly.' Mel, 'A kind of a ceiling, eh?' Darwinster, 'You figure that two and three always sum to five.' Goat, 'It is that sure that Time Travel exists. And the Gryphon-People would not want to tell anyone how to get oneself to a rare Dragon's Port for Dragons with their own version of Time Travel. Not now.'

Not after the Goat Prince came home. Darwinster, 'That ceiling port is in this very building, next to and near a small-business that sells invisible paint and a magic pixie dust that keeps away the many Evil Dragons and not the rare Good Magic Dragons.' Mel, 'The pixie dust is magic and so are the Good Dragons magical. And spy equipment sells there as well, and very well indeed.' It was prayer and meditation for the Prince Goat.

Mel, 'The business on the other side is a mill and tea shop for inventors, good dragons, and notary publics, ... and other social animals of sorts.' Goat said, 'What have you invented, my dear friendly elf?' Melvin the Elven-Gifted, as he is most formally known said, 'A vine is a respected invention made by growing seeds. I did not work alone. I was helped by talented green-thumbed elves, received seeds from an elf colony that specializes in developing contributions to society.' Goat asked, 'Talented?' Mel said, 'Yes, talented. So much so that I had to ask the gypsies, ... beg them ... to let the elves stop playing on tour gypsy jazz for a few years. They settled for a season, and we got right to work ... after some cups of green tea for the green and green-thumbed elves.' The mood for the day was artistic talent. Laboratory work and music. It was a gift to be an elf.

Melvin the Elven-Gifted said, 'It is the mood of the artist that has only one word that expresses it. Kaecheveh (an expression). It is an expression ... meaning 'well and good and that brings things to a finish.' Pause and the Goat Prince asked, 'You are sneezing? Are you allergic to the llama wool hat you have on?' 'No. And it is a funny sheep hat.' Goat, 'If you are calling a llama a funny sheep, then you

must have heard its jokes.’ Mel, ‘It is not the hat that is funny at all. It is the funny sheep. Ha. Ha. Ha. Call him a llama. I will call him a funny sheep. Ha. Ha. Ha.’

Later over a bowl of soup.

Mel said, ‘Soup tastes better in wool sweaters in caves at room temperature.’ The young Goat Prince said, ‘And what about some ‘humanitarianism’ around here?’ ‘Humanitarianism? What is that?’ Melvin the Elven-Gifted asked. The young Goat pronounced, ‘That is when you treat your fellow human being as a human being as you are a human being.’ The Elven-Gifted soon to become King Melvin the Elven-Gifted said, ‘Yes. Yes. I know. And yes, we could always use some more of that. And around here. And I shall be King of the Caves.’ Rachel said looking up from her macrame, ‘The Door?’ ‘Knock. Knock. It’s Alicen Rosenstein,’ said Alicen, Rachel said, ‘G-r-r-r-r, I say to the dragons. Do they know we are raising imps and waifs here and princesses. Women and girls first.’ This cave was directly beneath the cellar of the castle which was of course below the castle.

Goat sighed, 'I swear, What now gods of the foreign lands? Before an evil she-dragon showed up I was going to buy some cheetah ponies. There you made me say it. A gift to Rachel for the anniversary of her first grape from her communal farm vineyard planting when she was sixteen. Sweet sixteen. May it never end.' He had been walking along the trail outside the castle.

Melvin, 'Cheetah ponies?' Elliott the Goat Prince returns, 'Yes, they have markings of a cheetah, yellow with black spots only some are pink and purple. And they are many times slow and as many times fast. They can stand still very well, very well and good.' 'So that means?' 'They can go faster than one can see them. One does not even know where a cheetah pony would be, running that fast.'

Melvin, 'Where do you find them?' Goat, 'Under.' Melvin the Gifted, 'Under where?' Goat, 'Lucky for me you are smart. A rock, where else? If it weren't for that, I wouldn't be in the business of hunting dragons and drakes and Gila monsters, even and although some Gila monsters can be very well-behaved. Just do not touch one with your bare hand. You have to be smarter than the rock.'

‘Where do you find cheetah ponies?’ asked Mel. ‘Under the granite roof at Table Rock Mountain. And thank you again. Thank you for being patient.’ This is how Baby Goat grew up. Not from telling all his llama jokes in a long-winded way from the real material of life that shows up. But by learning where to find exciting things. Especially by listening.

Later at and after the Eggplant Dinner Ball.

Mel asked, ‘What is this dinner ball?’ Goat said, ‘It is when all of the Eggplant-People and Eggplant-Dinosaurs get together and have dinner. What else?’ Afterwards ‘a mouthful of nose is what he got.’ He got to kiss Rachel on the nose. Back to the ball in the Time Machine. Mrs. Evelyn Eggplant responded to Miss Diedre Parmigiana. ‘He kissed her on the nose. He had the salad with blue cheese. Like he always asked at restaurants, ‘Roquefort on my salad, please.’ ‘Ha-ha-ha. Like a rascally rogue rock fortress. One fortress like we shall and as liken climb the Mountain of Tallness, Mountain of Conditions, and Mountain of Steepness.’ She asked for olives like silk and said, ‘You have had too much cheese. Rock fortress. Are you brain-fevered? I think not.’ ‘And low-fat cheese on my low-fat cheese

sandwich, please also. As it shall be.’ ‘Instead of the low-fat cheese sandwich with cheese that is not low-fat. Thank you.’ ‘I can change your order.’ The waitress did not say anymore. It was quiet then her friend said, ‘I did not know you climbed, Diedre.’ ‘I did not know you did, Evelyn.’

Eddy Dinosaur liked pate.

Eddy passed a paste and said slowly and deliberately, ‘Hum-m-m-us?’ Pause. Diedre said, ‘And tortillas.’ She mused and paused. Diedre looked at him curiously. ‘A paste from chick peas. Garbanzos. Another name for garbanzos. Chick peas. Two words.’ Eddy said, ‘This is lovely.’

Elsewhere later in the week Goat talked business.

‘And it is a cakewalk to the files this month. The businesses I have collected while slaying dragons are on the files stored and well and good. All debts are paid in heaven.’ ‘Yes,’ Rachel said, ‘Now if I can ever get to heaven, I can pay my debt to Koshel Selmer’s Department Store from last month. Which will be next month.’ Rachel smiled. Goat said, ‘That IS quickly, as it should be. Thanks to the

Time Machine.' Rachel, 'Is this appropriate restaurant talk?' 'They do not have maps and car insurance documents and gloves. That is Selmer's Compartment Store. THAT store sells things for glove compartments. A glove compartment store.' Rachel, 'Like department store. Oh, I get it. I understand the confusion.'

Elliott the Goat Prince, 'Appropriate? Yes, and fortunately we are not in a real restaurant. We are in a pretend restaurant where the tea is much better.' Rachel, 'Oh. I noticed a difference.' Goat, 'Those were Brown Eccentric Snakes on the pretend patio and walkway to the garden after it rained.' Rachel, 'Brown Recluses?' 'Oh, okay I will settle for that. You always were a stickler for details.'

The Time Machine shrunk, and Goat found it in a glove box. Goat, 'I drew a map on the back of the placement. It is a mind map of a business model.' Prince Elliott's game of working at the Open Spaces Computer Shop was considered as yesterday's work by the Time Machine although he was twice ahead of today and had change for the meter. Yes change for the meter, leftover. Goat and Rachel talked. Goat said, 'It is a hop back and forth from the corporate world to starting one's business and

minding such as seen in advertisements and back to the corporate world.’ Rachel, ‘Is it surreal, unreal, ethereal, or real?’ Goat said, ‘It is ... real.’

Rachel asked, ‘Not surreal?’

Rachel asked, ‘Not surreal?’ Goat, ‘Yes. And real. Well in a way, yes. As real as an elf’s breath frosty in the mountain range of Flugelmaoui Village.’ Rachel, ‘And in the middle ground we find G_d, Blessed Be He, and as well we spell, ‘resume,’ accent and, or, or not we are finding a ‘working title,’ a ‘doing business as’ name, and it needs to be very nice.’ Prince Elliott, ‘Back to the Tally Forth Café and Computer Machines to see what tomorrow will bring today. The Time Machine needs adjusting. That is it. We need a plan and need to know it as well. Off and well and good and a meet.’ Goat, ‘We will intersect and meet at our usual table with the wiring where it will be whirring. Whirring wiring. Well that would tie a dragon’s tongue, if it were an Evil Dragon. And talk and dream of the working vacation, where your Prince’s cottage industry ideas can be thought in a real cottage at least for pretend, and all for putting things down on paper.’

White paper was a business expense.

I will bring a stack of sheets of paper white and unlined.’ Rachel said, ‘Play guitar on the ten stringed one, and that will scare away the Evil Dragons.’ Elliott-Goat, ‘And bring around a good day with good people and Good Dragons ... and the Eggplant Dinosaurs. Say hello to Evelyn and Diedre.’

At the House of the Elder Teacher;

The Goat Prince one Saturday afternoon after riding with Rachel and Diedre on the Time Machine, ‘Beware. If one takes a step into the forty year old desk drawer one must capture a prime dragon, slay the dragon, and burn the fat of the belly of a dragon for twenty-four hours. But in Modern Today one needs to fast one day and remember such deeds, saying such ‘groups’ of such deeds and beat one’s chest, IF one is in good health.’ ‘What do you mean ‘groups?’” asked Rachel. Goat, ‘Why, groups are categories in a way. I must have been thinking in Eastern Good Dragonese language where the word ‘dingenensemblesettevegorken’ might mean both category and group and not in that order. I had just come back from doing business there.’

Rachel, 'Where?' Goat, 'BonGorkog Kogentowne.'
'I had a feeling that is where you were.' Goat,
'Why?' Rachel, 'You always bring back the essence
of the Garden of the Fountain of the Good Youthful
Roses in those blue perfume bottles.' Rachel, 'Yes.
It is so.' Goat, 'Where is it, please, and will I say
thank you?' Rachel, 'Here. I owe you a dinner of
salmon and ziti for my memory and jet lag.' Goat,
'I need to take a ride in the Time Machine to bring
my recall up to speed. Bring on the magneto-cap
helmet, don it anyway and unhitch the hitched Time
Machine.' He 'rode straight away into the wild
unknown country' where he could not forget.
'Always remember,' the printout screen said, 'and
never forget ... recalling is different from forgetting.
And so is not recalling, Yoda.' 'Rachel, 'Didn't B.
Dylan say, 'into the wild unknown country where he
could not go wrong?'" There was plenty of
unknown country in the world of business.

Mel, 'Only good people and Good Dragons like
Goat, and bad people and Bad Dragons make fun
of him.'

Goat said, 'I have come to realize something. It is
always people worse off in their own lives that make

it difficult for people with good lives. Musicians get it the worst, unless you are comparing to other people. Oh. Comics get their hecklers. Then people who get it the worst, get it the worst as usual.' Mel said, 'Then it is business as usual. As long as it does not get in our humanitarian goals' way.'

Life got easier for awhile due to the business of making music, a study.

Electric gadget symbols are on the screen, Princess Rachel and the angelic group Spinning Electron Drum are measuring and meting the measures and metes of the beats to a rhythm of the Garden of Eden, a composition by a Dr. Stockberg. And an almighty voice says, 'Be Slow to Judge.' 'Oh, it is open microphone night at the community center this afternoon of all times, and the theme is rabbinical commentary sayings.' 'That is just Harold the Herald without his instrument showing off his handsome voice in a solemn sort of way.' Harold says, 'This will be the best day of all times that today will be. Hail. Hail. Today is the best day of your life. And tomorrow is the same thing. Hail. Hail. Repeat. Repeat. And repeat again.' He left the scene in his car, a Super Dragon with headers and fiberglass packs exhaust system with turbocharger.

More of this business of music.

The group Caleb's Drum plays on the sound system at an A 220 vibrations on the cello and in a cycle with flute synthesizers foreground object and choir background. Herald, came back, having a tea with an Ami Friend, 'The places in time are measured. They are distribution of beats correlating with points in time or connections of transactions, like business deals, macro, micro, whirring electrons, soup-like, and actually more a corn chowder to please.' Ami, 'Yes. I see.' She looks at an aquamarine painting. And there is the art of the teal ... a teal tone. Teal or no teal, that is. The color exists on its own merit with partnership of watercolor paper.' 'Wait a little more about this sign.' In comes an elder wizened beyond his years. 'They are the fools who are blind that do not see the years of wisdom in the rooms.' The New Wave Great Pretender has spoken.

The Good Goat Prince looked at Rachel, and she said, 'Another candidate for a working title for the

collective, and here and here indeed is the warning of ‘the Forty Years of Age Drawer.’ Paused. It is a warning that one must be of wizened years to understand the code of the rosette-Rosetta’

More music. More code. Spelled like ‘galaxy,’ ‘galactose.’

‘It will be Gentle Boys and Young Ladies/girls Artists Colony Tours, also known as Milk Ice, a less long expression indeed, and sharing the missing key word, shall we say of the sweetened milk of knowledge from a connective word, if one were forty years of age as it were and a wizard one would be allowed to figure the code.’ He paused with his eyes turning pupils black and large and iris as well full of love and vision and wisdom. ‘From the conclusion of the group meeting of over forty dragon slayers and princesses in many time zones in cyber-time and knighthood, may your lives be full of insight.’

Goat’s idea.

Goat had an idea or structure or model for people with a nickle in their pocket and a dime to their name. The invention of the MIDI laser trombone a syntho-Cavaliero was Goat’s idea.

‘I call it a syntho-Cavaliero.’

Rachel, ‘Now what do you mean by that? Is it a model for doing business? Such what? An idea? Structure?’ Goat, ‘Oh. It is a trombone synthesizer. It is a model that helps one on energy saving, and the energy still exists somewhere anyway. It is everything at once.’ Prince Elliot the Goat and Rachel his beloved were talking. Soon after they left. ‘Still exists?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Hmmm.’ ‘Let us buy some bread, fresh and nearby.’ ‘But first let us visit Pierre at the guest house.’ ‘Hmmm. This applies to the electro-trombone digital language speaking.’ ‘Real synergy. Whoa.’

And ... nearby after entering ... there was a print of a painting by a French artist ‘Yes. Where one enters the first room of the guest house, ... this painting.’ Dreaming he had visions of Rachel gently kissing an orphan boy in a landscape like the painting. The boy had no mother or sisters. And memories of all Rachel’s charitable works and deeds remained. ‘Charity rescues even death,’ he said quietly.

The very next day.

She and Goat with her hair waving in the hard wind

while they walked, walked over the pier, asking for fulfillment from a higher power, a spirit, like the wind, asking for lovingkindness for the world in due measure for the children in need to receive lovingkindness. The children's better days were ahead of them. The King did great deeds that allowed for mercy with his descendants for a thousand generations.

The power of G_d and the power of Nature are similar how? An abyss and a mountain are Nature's children. The power of G_d is in a storm. It is in the heavens that hold Nature's light. G_d's Creation. A society with faith and a true community bring hope and oneness.

The next week.

Elliott the Goat saw a sign on the window of the bakery that read 'Had Read the Above.' Rachel said, 'It is more and more a poster than a sign, yet a sign indeed besides and anyway.' A poster was above and near a hard copy, a stack of paper, and a disk on the windowsill. 'Why do they call you the Goat?' Rachel asked. 'It was my parents idea.' 'Oh, yes.' They walked on, farther.

‘Look and see. It is a copy of the new book *The Above*, a new and exciting climbing novel by the assumed dead yet still alive and living in eastern Switzerland Rheinhold Kourstein with the still running Rocsac Publishing.’ ‘It is like and likened again the same, ... the sign, that was silent in the wind.’ They walked on with their loaf of bread having paid twenty zincs. That is a nickle. ‘It is multigrain and hearty.’ Rachel was quiet for a while. A rainbow appeared over a hill at the edge of the village.

Farther down the street.

Gentle and liquid crystal made any confusion clear where one was. ‘You are in Goat Land. Roar and meow.’ ‘Meow?’ ‘We wanted the jazz cats to feel welcome.’ In and out of shopping zones, they were in a Time Machine flow state of regions of the Villages of Goats. It was getting late and the winter twilight was only more beautiful with the snow on the trees. ‘And who would call the trees barren with a site like that. Do you see that is the same forest from last spring, summer, and fall? There was no

debate to go to the stable and check on the horses. 'The Morgans are in a flow state. They are focusing well.' 'Meditative.'

Rachel paused. 'The beautiful flow state.' 'See how their beautiful bodies carry their lion-share minds.' 'What do you mean?' Goat listened. 'It has something to do with gryphons' magic and a diet of apples and oats and a healthy amount of water. And work of course as is well a work horse as is a riding horse.' Liquid crystals were on the glass as they approached the house. Liquid crystals were scientific and transferred light energy in patterns.

Back home. The flat was divided into kitchen and a micro cafe, bathroom, bedroom, a work-study-den area, and parlor-micro recital hall. There was a gentle breeze in the parlor. 'This is where guitar and drum and trombone and a folk fiddle were played.' 'A Yiddish fiddle?' 'Yes.' 'What is that?' 'It is a folk fiddle from a dispersed people mainly from ...' 'Wait. If they are dispersed how can they be from a place?' 'It is like jazz... in a way. I do not need to explain it to you. If you don't know, I can't explain it. Life experiences well enough can lead you to knowledge. What you need to know though is we are meant to live in booths.' 'You are going to earn

an honorary doctoral degree in music.' Rachel sat on the couch, and the cat purred.

Rachel said, 'Someday we will celebrate this very thing.' Goat, 'I wanted to say, 'If I have to explain it to, you won't understand?' You will understand, with or without me.' Rachel, 'But I will not say life has its examples although I have none.' 'You are a trickster, Elliott the Goat.' 'My intentions are good. Rachel, 'Read what your father Abraham had to say about that in his book of quotes of the' She paused. 'Wait until you hear the music of David.' 'Waiting. It is something we do.' 'Yes.'

To the community recital hall.

The Prince Elliott and Princess Rachel went to meet Rachel's sister Sarah. 'Out chasing dragons again without your scarf? Hmm?' The poster read 'Hasn't been a trombone man been King of Jazz since that cat player from Tokyo with all the money for all the notes he plays.' Elliott responded. 'Has she ever read Sir Lokridge, an author of lessons and seriousness and mostly seriousness, lessons of serious size and proportion and lessons making the grade? Measure twice, cut once.'

‘Maybe a likable and what respectable quote. Why? Now is why.’ Sarah stopped talking. Then continued with a rhythm, ‘Watching retrospectively last week at the recital hall, a film, educational and full of lessons, title, the Graduated Cylinder all about shapes and drastically good measures that were taken to learn about life and making up games to play and what not, games of skill. It was meant to exercise these skills, to use them, and to make better decisions in the future.’ ‘Remember one should measure twice and cut once.’ ‘Did that follow the Swedish film about the professor walking through an empty village and the hands of clocks were missing at the festival?’ ‘Yes.’

Conversation Welcome Between Each Other at the Front Desk.

‘Clerk here. And here is your world film poster.’ Sarah, Rachel’s sister after all these years, liked to work as a clerk. Rachel, ‘The books are done, and I have not got a cent. Every penny is in the bank.’ Sarah privately, ‘Then you have some money. The eastern Europeans are going at it like a gnarled dragon’s back on the jazz riffs.’ Rachel, ‘Czech it

out, no.’ Sarah, ‘Ha-ha. Czech. Check. Waiter please. Ha-ha.’ Rachel, ‘This is like when we found that business in Milan. Like Milan. Just like it, and just as ... (hesitates and looks at a horse and carriage.) we wait and wait again. We had better be solemn and humble before a dragon wakes up and appears. A bad dragon yet one we still would not kill and slay and take its life and very, very life.’ Sarah ends the conversation, ‘Light hiking boots to you.’

Light walking shoes elsewhere.

‘I wonder how long it takes to get some service here?’ The rabbi walks in. ‘Congregation? A service?’ ‘Hello. I must be going . Minnesota. That is where. Home. And that is wherever I am at the moment. What moment? This moment.’ ‘What we need here is some social work for homeless children. That is what I was getting at.’ The rabbi discussed ideas with the Princess.

Minnesota or Mini-soda?

‘I cannot decide between going to Minnesota or sitting here and having a soda.’ Another customer said, ‘Mini-soda. That’s a small malted in a small

glass or some such. Rather not that it is a large malted in a small glass. I am using the expression 'malted' rather loosely, if you cannot tell. And if you did tell, then it would not be a secret. You figure it out. You are bright enough.' Meanwhile another customer joined the choir of two. 'How did you pay for it?' 'Dollars, taxes.' 'I have a friend in Dollars, Taxes, He is near Mexico.' He married Anik.' 'They will move to Canada. In March.' 'That is how they get there. In march, in marching shoes.'

The rabbi had gone home to gargle. Along the way the colors in the rug he bought at a market ran. He saw something peculiar. It was a duck-man said, 'The bill is on me.' A duck-man, yes, a duck-man. Part-duck and part-man and not necessarily in that order although a large order of french fries about this time of day would make Napoleon crave ice cream in Russia. No offense.' 'None taken. And where would you be going with it this time of night anyway?' 'Good day for ducks.' The rabbi decided to slow down and take his coffee in moderation.

The Goat Prince said, 'I am helping the poor.'

(Elsewhere in another part of the city.)

Sarah, 'The rabbi would be very happy for you doing charitable deeds. Although only five feet three inches, he is very big on that sort of thing.' A clerk on a slow night with his girlfriend, realized that his watch was running backward. The clerk behind the front desk was wearing a tuxedo and heavy glasses, He was wearing heavy water glasses or carrying them on his elbows, difficult to distinguish. Anyway it was a real balancing act and plus a talent display if any, where the heavier glasses are usually reserved for larger beverages, blue crystal. The clerk handed the manager a receipt. A large rabbit walked in asking for room service at seven in the evening, one cold mackerel and a pickle along with a cold milk in a large glass and only half full.

What large rabbits say.

'I would rather not have it half-empty for I am rather and again thirsty.' It is kind of like Marx Brothers Picture Shows Theater without the pancake makeup and grease pencil moustache. Not to be confused with a pencil moustache in Greece. Like the Marx Brothers, funny. Only with large rabbits ordering room service. 'Was that at seven you wanted room

service or seven you walked in and asked for service which with intentions later in the evening perhaps?’

Back at someone’s home, a guest included.

Meanwhile the rabbi was addressing problems in the community. ‘One works with effort at where one would keep one's safety pins, to carry about a handkerchief so that one would not be carrying anything on the Sabbath. It is in reference where or when one is not to be carrying anything on the Sabbath. It is not permitted unless it is a matter of a life such as a life and death situation. It must be in a book somewhere? The safety pins of course. What do you think I am talking about, chicken bones?’ The rabbi paused, ‘Remember when someone had chicken bones and pits on a certain Sabbath of Sabbaths, a day of fasting, the most important time of the year. I don’t but he did, and that I remember.’

Something magical and mystical? Learning is.

The Goat Prince prayed for meaning of the lessons of forgiveness between his father and him from the Book. Another, a book of magic tricks sat on the table near the stairs in the hallway. ‘An seemingly

young couple aren't we?' They were 'escaping' a comfortable rest at a restaurant in a section of town that is in a between-state of being magical and mystical with the lights and magic spells being said and the excellent corned beef on rye and being a thriving place to be checking out such. And Goat's father taught him some things like about Ezekiel.

The couple. Toward another fabled prize.

They were poetic. He was in motion with her stride when she walked, their talk, playful conversation, a form of art. She was blonde, of the clan of Swedish Good Dragons, a Draaken, as we say, a conqueror at heart and good-hearted at that, and he, American-Dutch, educated in European Dragonland, a near-fantasy world where purple was the theme color. Royal. His father was a craftsman, practicing an ethic from the 'Old World.' Was the talent dead? No. How? They took up woodcarving, you knuckle-headed jelly-belly toymaker. They both skied like the science of poetry in a downhill motion. Following was a son Aaron. He was a fabled prize. She, the Draaken, had a kind heart and gave him soothing words.

Next week at the same restaurant.

'Next time I'll order the ziti with trout.' Mel smiled and listened for a moment. Darwin spoke, 'You never eat baked salmon on the Dragon's Moon.' Mel said, 'I know. I am pescavegan, but I am not that wild.' D., 'I was a pescavegan before I knew what 'pescavegan' was.' M., 'I know. You are not thinking anything, are you?' D., 'Pesca, pisces, fishes' fish on you.' M., 'All your Latin. Phooey. I'd rather have the ziti. I got a dry cleaning bill that is big enough already. It is eight and a half inches by eleven inches.' D., 'Oh, that is big. You dry-clean sweaters?' 'No. I just wanted to say that. A dry cleaning bill. Eight and a half by eleven. Inches my point made. I hand wash my sweaters. Cold water.' D., 'Just between friends.' M., 'Let's go home and work on a project, like kissing hands, making progress with the day.' D., 'You are working on that spy code for a film aren't you?' M., 'Yes. I am going to stick with the fish. You mean dialogue. Yes. Yes.' Enthusiastically said, Theos Melster.

When they were twelve it was predestined. He was to perform the will of G_d.

For security reasons the wealthy royal couple exits.

Rachel, 'It's both a hotel and restaurant, a wonderful place for a scene for a film and a place on the buyers' market.' Goat, 'We buy low, sell high. They paid twelve dragons' teeth and sold for twelve dragons' hearts and one thousand zincs.' Rachel, 'Spy films need sunglasses, hats, trench coats I am understanding. How long had they been in Old Tyrol visiting the museums?' (Museums; The antique instrument museum, the modern art museum, the natural history museum, and the inventors museum along with the climbers museum.) Elliott the Goat saw the pitons, carabineers, the ice tools (his piolet (French for ice axe), one of his most cherished possessions) where his 'magnificent obsession' had been climbing in his early youth and knighthood training.

'Properly spent, surprisingly,' Princess Rachel said. Looks were made and exchanged and welcomed. 'He learned reaching for a goal and achieving it. Physically reaching, physically and psychologically succeeding.' Across the river was a beautiful stone building of handsome granite. 'Maybe this is a place to invest. It is for sale. It meets our needs and is a fair price with promise of being worth only more.' He knew a good product. He knew a good service. He knew real estate. He had risked his sums on it.

He said, 'Tziv. ('Tziv' is an expression meaning 'Well. The end is in sight. To life.') Tziv, Princess, I knew where that belonged.' She had put a letter in her hiking knickers and was adjusting the pocket button shut. Now it was a moderate evening only with a warm dampness. With dragon money and with everything else of value as baggage Elliott was slow to judge. 'Look. The sun is setting. Along with our problems the sun gently goes out of sight.' Goat's major problem was defending his kingdom, his assets, and overcoming his adversaries' offensive strengths, for his enemies were many. It was hard to imagine they were only twelve at one time. His hearty climbing and her gifted health helped them on their path to a wholesome, healthy life and appearance as a couple.

Later and still remembering when they were only twelve years of age.

Rachel, 'It is something of a miracle that the crumpets and dried cherries and bagels and cream cheese were delicious.' Goat, 'And the cups of tea of blueberry and lemon made the set complete.'

Motsy, Rachel's cousin and twin to Mitzi, looked at her calendar. 'I like green tea.' She had carried a retrospective vintage handbag with no lipstick and set it on the empty chair at the table. Mitzi said, 'The Indians were weaving beads all week giving lessons.' Rachel, 'They will end for the Ceremony of the Cave the following week in early December. Goat, 'You have been shopping for accessories again without a note from your father.' Rachel, 'I call it 'accessories-izing.' Looking through her 'lunettes,' her tortoise sunglasses, that she wore for parts in a film, a movie, television, a video made her look mature for her years.

Catching her breath. Rachel, 'These are my 'loons,' my signature. They cast darkness like the moon.' She wondered if she spread herself too thinly. 'You are active aren't you,' Rachel said. 'Well, honestly Mitzi shared the work with me. No one knew until now. I have been working on a quilt with embroidery. It is sown with silver thread.'

Robbe, a friend of the Goat Prince and Motsy and Mitzi, said, 'What do you think you are, chopped liver, pickled pepper?' We spent another afternoon, a stop at the The Horseradish-Bit-Me Deli, a very popular spot in Anna Purna Port with Robbe Hess

Karl.

Robbe's girlfriend played a stringed instrument.

He was commenting on the outstanding performance of his girlfriend at a workshop playing a Norwegian viol from the sixteenth century. Musicians and students and antique collectors and wizards were watching, listening to the magical and mystical tones. There was even Pfifer the Dragon the Third Generation, a guest appearance. He performed on the flutophone-flutes, and the two played Brubeck, some jazz, 'Three to Get Ready,' 'Theme from Elementals,' and 'Cable Car.' They finished with Mancini's 'Mr. Lucky.' She said, 'Handel has not gotten a spaghetti noodle on you.' People wondered what she meant.

'Time does not stand still, and one ought not to be having, say, to be saying 'no' to blueberry pie and yogurt.' 'Motsy thought of her acting classes and the scene where she used that line. It was a fine restaurant, a fun restaurant in the town. Her lead said, 'Tomorrow? If I feel like chopped liver, I must be chopped liver?' Returns, 'Never mind. Not

now. Give me the moon. Thirty days of Sundays.' Someone walked toward the counter. She was up and at it and to the counter saying, 'I ordered the gefilte (as in 'ought-felt-ah-hugs') fish, please.' The clerk responded, 'I ordered the gefilte fish, too. I ordered the fish to stop looking at his watch and listen to his dinner companion.' 'Ha. Ha. Ha.' She laughed and excused herself.

The Froebenius Groovee-Grub Street Cafe. Prior to a transformation

Looking around. Goat. Rachel. Ursula. Mitzi. Motsy. Robbe. Mel said, 'That is what we called Robbie's kitchen, the Froebenius Groovee.' The lime gelatin was moved across a distance on the table to make room for the group. Looking out the window one could see in the parking lot that what is their Duesenberg. 'It is a straight line path if you do not count the square turns, and walking the distance we could be there in twenty minutes. Or we could take the car.' 'Let's walk.' Robbie and his group made his way. 'That is a gingko tree to the left.' They started out the walk passing by the caterers' business.

Rachel, 'What do they prepare?' Goat, 'Well, they

prepared their children for school. Oh, I don't know. Ha. Ha. Ha.' In their worldly affairs of livelihoods caterers could really throw a party. G_d forbid someone should throw a dish. Goat, 'They could get a good buy from the cheese-maker.' Mel, 'See. Worldly affairs. Cheese-maker.' Rachel, 'A clue.' The twins had blue eyes that sparkled with enlightenment and insight. Goat, 'Look. It is like the light from a landscape in Switzerland and its mirror sky.'

The twins' boyfriends had names, Castori and Pollumentzique. These were Motsy's and Mitzi's two boyfriends. Castori was Eastern European and a scholar. Pollumentzique was French and a scholar as well, a mensch, a scholar as a way of life. Their names were curiously from the twin stars Castor and Pollux. They had been separated at birth. The four had a dream. Poll., 'As friends and twins we could live in Neuchatel for a few years until the dragon population settles down.' The twins M. And M. spoke, 'The idea going on in our brains was and that exactly.'

Rachel and Goat joined them. They enjoyed the Aurora Borealis and found visual pleasure with the

smoothly pulsating strobe effect almost considered a mood of Nature. It was a gift of black-and-white artwork in Nature. 'It is like film. The stars are cosmic, no?' 'Stellar night.' 'An aura, Aurora Borealis.' 'Light energy in the language of Jevic, no?' 'In Japan the brush painting school has charcoal considered as several differences, grades of tone.' The night passed. The memories lingered.

With the Time Machine in gear Goat and Rachel returned across seas. Just for finishing a little loose ends and say the good-byes. The Time Machine uses no energy, and if the cosmic winds are blowing right, and time is in reverse in an opposite polarity-quadrant-region, it actually creates energy. They left Gothic City and said, 'Good-bye, glittering Gothic City. We will be buying shoes without heels. Without heels, yes.' 'What?' 'Without heels?' 'Yes. For our horses. Ha. Ha. Ha. That is an old 1800s joke. Ha. Ha. Something Sherlock Holmes might say, Watson.' Goat looked amused at himself. Rachel sighed.

The rhythm of the city was somehow different and the same at the same time, depending if one looked at a big scale or close-up. It was an effect of the Machine. The typical type of people passing

through in Gothic were never typical. Which was normal on the average. Sometimes, yet still lingering in the air, lingering for a day, just one day newer and more alive in a livable way, fresher than a rural village's farm eggs, was the feel and sense of the city. The past is always what is missed.

Extinction, Archiveca City.

There was a threatening storm heading to a particular Lily Village and its culture. Archiveca City was being left by the droves. People were flocking to the villages in the country. Everything had been going well. The nymphs danced about wearing sown blooms and petals of lilies for slippers as they danced a ballet of the angels. They were the angels watching over the people, blessing their lives. Rachel said while visiting, 'It is giving ideas from the past to the next generation in an orderly or due fashion and time. This is the way humanity gives.' She had been standing in the Time Machine at the time of the beginnings of a tornado. There was a long line of librarians wanting to go back to the old days.

In her speech to the people and dancers of the

village her last words before everyone ran and made it to cover were, 'Cutting a sharp definition of norm I can see no one person would want to live anywhere else but in this village. This is home. Those who have no roots, now have roots and a home.' Threatening dark clouds brought an awareness to the danger. Fruit cellar doors opened swallowing up people in its safety.

Meanwhile at the Print Shop.

It was another time at the same time in the Time Machine. Rachel was working on a book of poems for her orphan children, children misplaced in a tornado. Their business that Rachel and Goat had doing charitable work showed up in the news. 'Couple doing humanitarian things in the world community comes home.'

Speaking of news. The tribal doctors of the region were in business formally. All were limited liability corporations. The demons of the villages were shunned from sacred land. They were now more rather curiosities and harmless demons. And they also went into business as demons-for-hire; raking leaves, snow removal, porch sweeping, and notary public's work.

Shamans were typically over forty years of age. It was a requirement of the universities, the schools. Actually the shamans, the doctors were taking the time to spiritually evolve more so. 'To take the time to grow.' 'That is what we do.' 'We wait.' 'It is something we do.' The doctors liked getting together on days like these. They would dream of busier days and talk of healing. For now they joined Rachel and Goat to heal the village from the wounds of the tornado.

The political state of New Mosaic.

New Mosaic was a state that had an absence of idol worship. The state of mind was exactly that. The kind and gentle shaman, Crazy One of the Icicle, and Ursula Page were already missed. They planned to go off and to a far away continent in the jungles to search for magic medicinal plants and dragon crystals. 'A magic kind of medicine no doctor could prescribe.' Yes. And to tune through the crystals one can talk through these talking stones. Like a futuristic cabinet of electronics. The crystals were dragon's teeth that had, well, crystalized.

Later they had gone to the 'Engineers Cannot Paint'

convention

Ursula and Crazy One had met at a meeting place near the pier on the ocean beach of New Mosaic and got the idea of traveling to the mysterious unknown continent of Pacifica Kavaland. They would leave the convention early. 'A land where not only little was known. But that what was known was very scary in a calm way, sorcerers' storms and curses and ferocious beasts.' The shaman Crazy One explained. 'It will be an extreme sport to return safely. That skill level.' Ursula said, 'You will have the Ruby of the Dinosaur Blood with us?' 'Yes. We will be safe. Unless we are separated from the stone.' The Ruby protected all good people and good dragons from the Evil Eye and fallen arches. Two of the most feared maladies in New Mosaic.

Of all the sort of things that were banned.

The shaman and Ursula went to the gymnasium one last time to get in shape for the trip in the landing port. Rachel joined them. On the climbing wall were climbers with a newly designed tree used in the manufacture of rubber climbing shoes-slippers. That was the last Ursula and the shaman were seen

for a while. They had taken the Time Machine for a test spin. That was why they were thought lost. They returned shortly after two years of Time Machine travel. 'We ought have lunch and then head to the Dragon Buttress Linville Gorge Hiking Area. We might find our way out by the stars by dark, Ursula.' Rachel had joined them in the wild. Ursula and Rachel were not only friends. They were known as the most feared duo amongst Evil Dragons. They had a weakness or so the Evil Dragons 'believed.' They were banned from trapping live dragons for religious purposes during holidays. And they were especially forbidden to touch one. And also drakes. This was actually a strength. Extreme trips led to extreme lives.

A walk and some stretches.

They dreamt. They wanted to be skiers. That they were, training, stretching and lifting heavy weights. And they were at that. Training, in any healthy form that is. Carving hard lines down the mountain. They dreamt. 'Imagine skateboarders and submarines adventuring to new 'depths' exploring the wild unknown country, land and sea.' Ursula said. They talked to each other in their dreams like cousins do sometimes. And they were. 'Depths of

the mind. Possibilities.’ They dreamt. Rachel and Ursula looked at the shoes with flat soles, the climbing shoes of a cosmic composite rubber climbing in nature, moving through space, ‘proprietary,’ free of showing off, at peace with Nature. And they were. Soaring higher and higher on the granite rock wall.

Rachel and Goat and Ursula were people of lovingkindness, inherently free of any sort or trace of violence, bicyclists of life on their course with their seats and with cleats on that were sound and healthy for the body, free spirits. They dreamt. They were snow-boarders, and they were. And it was on with their racing flats for road races, carving lines as wind surfers in the windy gorges when they got big enough, traveling about and around about and most of all on with the magic sticky bonding slippers and the ultra-vertical dance. They dreamt. To never judge falsely the ‘Gothic City’ places and villages again. It was all wonderful in the Land of the King. Goat said, ‘We walk on the ground of our forefathers.’ And they were. They woke up, and the magic shoes became their walking shoes. Really all they wanted, all they needed, all they loved to do was go for a walk and stretch. And they were all

they needed. The shaman had done his work.

Elsewhere? Doctors of mystical powers were taken to jungles away in dark continents in cyber-world. They returned bringing medicine and work and a new language. Jeci Populaca.

Shop owners were labeling their wares.

At the extreme northwest part of the village were shop owners that left the environment in a healthy condition. They were known as 'Conditionalists.' It is a made-up word with meaning, a special kind of made-up word which is normal for such things. It was defined as 'those who left things, matters in a well and good condition.' It applied to the economy, community, the information system, and many other things.

Chaos was amuck.

It was becoming dangerous. The Evil Dragons and their poison nerve-gas breath would poison the shop owners' brains. The Goat Prince was in need of protection from the deadly brain cell killing nerve-gas. Some people had a sensitive brain. Some had

brains. There were two types of cerebral thinking units. The 'one' and 'the many.' One would say, 'He has a brain.' Or 'She has brains.' Nonetheless their brains were special to them. One of the doctors made a special gas in the form of a gas cloud that would protect the townspeople. Prince Elliott helped. The wicked black magic doctor's nerve gassing was losing its power. The good gas did its trick for the good neighbors, Everyone was helping, and the auxiliary police were especially helping afterwards in the homes for weeks. It brought the community closer.

It gets dark before it gets light.

A new wave of 'health thinking,' the doctor called it, was a time of wholesome awareness, an awareness with people saving owls, the water, the air, and other animals. The movement came over and swept the world. We were saving this and that, rare living cells, rare species, rare communities of species. It was a threat to Big Brother and other Evil Doers. And the evil did not last long. The world was free of evil. At least for a while. A time the Time Machine could capture, ... and did.

Of the same breed of people were those from a magical land called the Himalayan IndoTibet, a place of fantasy and mystery. It is a place to go within. The new government was a service to the people. They worked hard and tried to be strong. It was a government of least government which was the better government. They started businesses and fair trading practices and labor laws and loved to be on the computer. They took care of Nature. They knew if they did not, Nature would take care of them alright. It would not take care of them.

It was a time of downsizing the government to where everybody was taking care of themselves together basically. There were no more 'computer line tappings and enemy spies without faces 'Big Brother.'" We were free of a court with no mercy. Free of doctors without ethics. Free of an economy that bred corruption and injustices, malicious labor practices. There were health and wholesomeness and creativity and recreation and a sense of a Higher Power somewhere in the world and stillness.

You just could not see it. But It was there. So in a

special way you could see it. It was a turning point in one's life.

Did It exist? By believing in It one's life changed. Something had been introduced to the 'system.' Therefore It must exist.

In an evil land far, far away there was not change. It was enforced that once the males reached thirty-five they were not allowed to change in any way. No new memories, no new experiences, no growing spiritually, no doing anything new that had not been done the first thirty-five years. Same comment about the weather. 'How's the weather?' 'Another day of this weather.'

And they lived to be three hundred and fifty years of age. The subhuman people in power were called the Limiting Beasts. They had come from the Land of Limiting Constraints and had taken over. Prince Elliott and Princess Rachel set out to change things at home in response to their distant neighbors. They formed 'Intelligence Circles,' a group for a new world order and other 'Circles,' and these were called 'Social Community Circles,' and also included 'Financial Sobriety Circles' and the 'Justice-wise Mercy Circle.'

We had walked on ground walked on before us with the temperance groups and anti-slavery Abolitionists and suffragette groups. Musicians would be free to play whatever music they wanted. People were able to read in their homes without resistance.

One Mind.

The Adversary was in contempt of the Philadelphia Freedom Representatives and not only that. He was in contempt of One Mind the Dragon. One Mind was a good dragon and had pulled herself from the abyss many times in her youth, a difficult feat, for a hundred years practicing to rescue people from their own abyss and at least helping where needed. She was rare and hard to find usually. Unless you had some frozen yogurt. She was a big and graceful, powerful, and strong energy of dragon spirit.

She held the title of Well-Defined Element of Dragonhood in 5756 but the year had not occurred yet. Thank It and Time for the Time Machine which keeps everything from happening at the same time, ... 'sometimes.' Time was the first creative construct. It is true to date.

There were times the Goat Prince and Rachel nearly lost faith in overcoming the societal bullying of the Limiting Beasts, beasts that hindered G_d's will, But by the Grace of G_d the World was becoming accepting.

Human greed, the want of others, the coveting, the desire for others' souls, belongings, homes, wives, children, steeds, and gold bring consequences the greedy do not see. It is the greedy who do not see one's own greed. Even the Evil Dragon has its evil soul filled with greed and envy.

'How important was it?' Rachel asked. Goat, 'What are the consequences, if we do not act?' 'It could mean the World would be overrun with True Infidel Dragons who were adversarial to peace, acceptance, stillness, study, being in the moment. Rarity of that which is rare.' 'Perhaps if they could only program the Time Machine to accept this flaw.' That is what keeps the Time Machine mechanic at labor.

Goat was practicing, exercising his freedoms. Elliott the Goat Prince was listening to Bob Dylan, 'Born in Red Hook, Brooklyn ... in the year of who knows

when. ... Always seemed... they got caught between' It was no longer controversial. He had taken the King's vinyl albums to the Time Machine that had converters from vinyl to tape to compact disk and MP3. The Time Machine also had questions from different times, different eras about the culture and subcultures. It was fitting that in Dylan's song there was a deep question and deep answer, 'When you asked him... Why?... it had to be that way... , well, he answered... just because.' Maybe a few questions came up. That is what the Limiting Beasts feared.

And now to interrupt.

It was a fanatical religious leader far from the particular country of Lily Village Culture Land. He had ordered, had nearly murdered thousands of New Toadstool citizens' flowers. Intellivision People studied and had models to explain the calamity. It was the Research and Development department that figured out the problem. Thoche Fertilizer and Gimmick Company was up to no good. They were led by Dr. Fu Manchuueywoeey and fanatical leader Morton Grano Saluzsan the Smelly Fish. He was banned from Cambridge. The papers read Thoche Shall Not Kill... Flowers. Why

the no-desire for bliss? What is the right response? Stillness? When isn't it? Is it staying where one is or staying why one is? Happiness has genius and wisdom and vision. Goat and Rachel moved on.

It was tax time, and the accountants and coffee shops worked overtime. What was the reason? Blame political demographic models that were meant to save energy. Yes, peculiar as it sounds. Blame was the wrong word. It came down to responsibility. The demographics gave an energy toward bliss without miraculously the stressors, the high anxiety stresses, without desire to order the steamed milk. A resolve. The tax system would need reformed. Yet and still our paychecks were missing two pay periods in a row. We were out to catch a crook.

It was a New War and a new peace movement without concrete geographical boundaries of countries. It is a war against wrong, against evil, to end the behaviors of wrongdoers, to end wars, to still the minds of racing minds, to end illness and disease. There was a movie at the auditorium. It explained the peace movement.

It was about a Chinese university professor who was

kidnaped and put in a city where he was ridiculed and forced, coerced into playing the role of the village idiot. His sole crime was having lived in an apartment when he was required to live in a dormitory, an environment that was not fit and conducive to learning which also was against university laws. Professor Le Che Le Jung Dhang went in Time to Stockholm.

Two wrongs made a right. Almost a *deja vu* effect. Although the Adversary saw it differently. To bring good and ill together, not as a *Melting Pot*, but as an acceptance of diversity where differences were not necessarily wrong. What does a village of village idiots do but celebrate their idiocy in the form of ... a lecture series. Such as one that would include Quark and the Jaguar perhaps, if availability were not an ... issue. What about a Berkeley 1969 thesis?

‘I do not know what to say besides saying this? A still mind is a whole mind. How can we live tomorrow today and someone else’s life with our own? As one?’ Goat the Prince, the One True Goat Prince amongst a long line of Goat Princes once said, ‘I am like you.’ It was an eye opening, mind’s eye opening quote from the power and strength and mostly the spirit of a still mind. When

without words a silent meaning passed and when with words gained silence, and meaning was still as well.

It is a search for G_d's will that comes along the way. It is the power of Nature and the visible to see G_d, Void of Form and the power of G_d, Blessed Be He. How G_d can bring one back from corrupted powers of influence, and a fallen society in its transgressions is a demonstration of G_d's power. Adversity and hardship bring crystal rain.

The Prince and Princess wanted to get away and start a new land in a new time. The Time Machine is always ready for a game skill, ... if it is for a new change. 'The only kind?'

How does one really get away? Physically? Spiritually? With a different crowd? With a new language and culture? With a change of thoughts, a crisis? Or with no crisis? What sunset is it that teaches that it is a sunrise as well?

An acceptance of what was in denial (change of thoughts, How does one change action? By breath? The action of inhaling, exhaling repetitively, differently? How does one find a way from being

misplaced? Acceptance? Self-acceptance or G_d within and without? From not knowing one is always in the right place at any time whatever Time Machine you are on, to enlightenment and acceptance included, on being where one is supposed to be? Is this at all times, being where one is? One never 'gets away' when one is always where one is supposed to be? Still a good flea market and a table for a day is a nice escape. And still independent films were shown in backroom jazz clubs and art classes 'after hours.' The market and jazz have something in common. Acceptance.

One could get a cup of coffee for a fair price. An antiquated sign on the men's club read, 'Circus circles cycle centuries sequentially to the psyche.' It was an old Barnum and Bailey advertisement that never caught on making it only that much rarer like a duck on the North Pole duck pond.

Other ladders.

The corporate ladder had sprung from factory economies from a farming economy all connected to ethic. Perhaps it was alone that the status for offices were to stay the same? A model not to be eliminated from society that brought order from

what had appeared as chaos only after the thread, the 'string' theory have you of a living thing vibrating on its on place on the string at its own cycle, its frequency. A response was not the mountainous response of the people that called. It was the lesson and overcoming of the obstacle of The Limitations Tragedy. The corporate ladder called for unsprung solutions to limits. Growth was born from acceptance. 'I agree with the transaction.' It was the art of the deal. It was life in an art form.

A clean and clear rational cut from the oppression of the past, it was time to move on. Elliott knew where he was to be. Elliott the Goat Prince found an old master copy of Rachel's. Instructions on how to stop oppression with yourself and with others and improve your memory in fifty minutes. She had failed to recall where it was. 'Next to the sofa, ... the s-o-f-a.' Rachel said, 'I have been trying to avoid the couch. Work is a tonic.' Elliott could not stop talking revealing codes of corporate ladder business talk. 'All on the legal and ethic, ... what? Code?' Releasing the information somehow relieved the oppressing feelings.

Later at a Ginkgo Party. Goat took a rest from politics.

The Goat Prince was talking to his squire. The squire said with a grin, 'Wish I had smeared my climbing shoe, smeared and smeared it upon sun-warmed granite, bye and the bye, with a likeness to Mom's marmalade, ah,... s-k-i-i-i-e-e-e-s, Nature, you woman*girl.' Heavens. The Goat Prince said, 'That Beat is really the distribution of time with that Time Machine box called a 'Cajon.' Credit where due. And down the street, 'rue to rue.' Poet laureate. And back to a studio.'

Hiking was where thoughts occurred.

Ursula and Rachel the Ruler Princess Girl hiked in another part of the woods. They had been painting last season in this very place. Ursula and Rachel had made posters and prints and postcards. And Rachel's poster/footage in granite wall/sound track. King Reinhardt mode. Big Bear and Little Bear danced in the sky. For a moment. And a wonderful moment it was. For dancing always brings an awareness to the beauty. As deep as the woods, as deep as the thought?

A jester named Miles traveled with the Traveling Mode Band. 'We are the Traveling Mode Band, and that is what we do. We travel.' They were a band of gypsies that played zazzy-jazz and electronic music-jazz. They traveled in yellow submarines, a mode of transportation. 'This is a relative of the Time Machine and yellow like the sun.' One could find scale models for sale in cyber-shopping malls everywhere.

Orphan Man with Top Hat, Head. Not the Painting.

And he, the orphan man had a rare book, too. It was a book of poetry. He kept it in his tattered coat. It was black. The cover was black.

He had a niece that was tie-dying her shirts with a neighbor, a friend. And they would travel on and about and in time in Time Machines and be off and about to Canada, all white and blue and green. There the Landscape talks and says, 'I am blue like the ocean, ocean flowing love, filled with loving fishes. The fishes. Ye gods of the elves and fishes of the deep blue sea. It is a land of many gods, and

the prophecy says there will be One G_d.' 'Deja vu. See again the color, color blue-now color green a mountain named Mountain was chanting mountain response of silence, white snow.' 'It is observing and interpretation.'

The Goat Prince had bought an art gallery on his purse of dragons' teeth from scavenger hunting vacations for Rachel. 'It cost a lot of money. And funny, I bought low.' 'See ... , some got out of this game early. There is a site in cyberspace. Its our gallery with you, Rachel the Ruler Princess Girl. 'Oh?' 'Not the Coloring Outside the Lines Gallery?' 'Yes, it is.' 'It is not unlike, not not like jumping outside the frame.' 'Like it?' 'Why, yes. In a way.'

Re-framing.

Later. Rachel to young Goat, 'It is like playing the music outside the score, the composition, the written notes.' She paused and looked into his eyes. He said, 'It is distribution, location of events.' Rachel, 'Others are dying the 'fast lane' death. Where is wellness? Are we in a Time Machine, and it is not the neo1984s we hope?' Goat, 'It is awfully

confusing to think it is not one year when it could be so many others.’ Rachel, ‘Yes. Indeed. Let us just live today today.’ Goat, ‘That is not so awfully confusing?’ Rachel, ‘No.’ Goat, ‘What is neo1984 to you?’ Rachel, ‘It is a new lease on life with the new technology, the New Machine.’ Goat, ‘Let’s get it right this time.’

Goat had changed his beliefs on his dragons’ teeth scavenger hunting and business buying days.

Gypsy-Pilgrims Progress.

He learned to be fast to be tricking a dragon, not the good ones though. The good dragons, like Penelope the Good Dragon, Pepsi the Peppy Dragon, and Etrie the Northern Draaken. Etrie’s cousin Duckpuss Dragon Drake was a good dragon too. They were well and good and faithful to goodness. Together they pledged, ‘We are pledged to the King to be faithful to always be protecting the Kingdom and such and such not and to help the community and as a whole do good things. On our word before the Lord.’

Later in the laboratory.

With threats of the last dragons being dead and all dragons extinct science was saving the young dragons and making more. ‘One phrase, Benjamin. Dragon Cloning Cell Research and Neurology.’ Dragons are dragons though, and are alive today. The memory of a time when a wicked man tried to kill all good dragons is alive today. It is spring. And people are gathering to remember their lost ones. One memorial again would it not be without passing books about? Yes.

Amongst learning and labor; Good intentions. Evil and malicious intentions will be no more.

Einsteinian dragons are noted by their unusually intelligent sense of time. The Einsteinian Dragon Irving is running around saying, ‘The Evil Nation Nationalists are coming. The Nationalists are coming.’ They were. Although people and other Einsteinians were saying, ‘Irving, why don’t you go to Holland or Miami or maybe Hollywood? You could use a Valerian root.’ They called the Einsteinian Dragon Irving upset and not feeling well. They said, ‘You are sick and a little suspicious, Irving.’ He said, ‘My name is Albert Irving. But you can call me Albert, because that is my name. Or can call me Irving because that is my name.’ ‘I

have been talking since ... communication was invented on a genome plasma and pastrami sandwich. I went for a sandwich at one of those Perls Gestalt retreats and never looked back. 'Hello. I move my body and talk about it.' He was in the right room, ... for a hat check. 'Be grateful for G_d for He is good.' Making conversation. Reply. 'Any other way would be miserable.' 'It is one starting point amongst many.'

The Nationalists were on the side of the bad dragons. Everyone knew that. Corrupted unions of Snarg-Dragons were cropping up in dare say, 'cell units' terrorizing the beaches. Lifeguards through megaphones were shouting, 'Snarg-Dragon. Snarg-Dragon.' The beastly Snarg-Dragon Nationalists, were not to be confused with the Einsteinian Dragons Super Capitalism bred with a Humanitarian Socialism and a better world. The Snarg-Dragons were preventing people to be free to create and produce businesses, products and services and preventing them from fighting crime, preventing them from a livelihood. They had been using economic-commerce warfare and business espionage or 'spying' and stealing business secrets.

Then things got really ugly.

Goat and the King had a talk about the future politics of the Kingdom. The Adversary made all efforts to force the Liberal Super Capitalism Humanitarian Socialism Humanitarians and their pet Chimpanzees into labor camps. It spelled only one thing. T-r-o-u-b-l-e. The Nationalist-Loyalists used their animal-like barbaric subhuman actions and codes of ethics to destroy those morally and ethically guided by G_d. Trouble. It seemed like a losing battle. But Good will prevail.

What will become of the Super Capitalism Movement... Humanitarians and pet Chimpanzees?

The Evil Dragons started another movement of an evil kind, an evil nature, dare say, with Some Other Evil Dragons. Their organizations were the All-for-Profit and the All-for-Paranoid-Control-of-the-Masses and the No-Charitable-Deeds and Labor-for-Money Coalitions, groups formed to run labor camps for money and political gain. This was today. Ugly. Slave labor and slave trades abound. The Goat Prince and Princess Rachel knew that they must put their Good Energy there to combat the evilness and social ills.

The Loyalists (a misnomer of a group of not really

loyal ogres, unless it was loyalty to self-will and selfish ways) joined the Nationalists (troglodytes with oversized hands and feet). The Intelligence Folks were reasoning and figuring out motives and reasons of certain business espionage groups, mainly made up of the Nationalist-Loyalists. They blended in with the bad dragons.

And very easily. The only way you could tell the smelly Loyalists from the dragons of evil ways were that the dragons had the better smelling breath. The Good People of the Kingdom decided to just 'bloom where one is planted.' The Intelligence Folks finished their work and went to an International Intelligence Folk Festival.

Lobsters for supper.

Giant Rock Lobster gangs were being hired to take over the towns with nosh parties. And when Good becomes Evil like the Rock Lobsters (and they were Evil), then there is trouble. It is not unlike a gentle summer breeze turned into a Kansas Twister game. And to All-for-Profit groups; It is written that to labor for money is a forbidden transgression. Beware. It is the communities' responsibilities to create a Good Community.

When Super Capitalism was the only economic system not unlike Mega-Materialism at one time, things were a great difficulty? No? Sure. When Super Capitalism became a system amongst systems life was much better. Etrie the Dragon said, 'Where it is that a system worse off makes it difficult for those better off from their past? It is an evil place.' It took the heavens to make the home for the sun and moon and stars.

They were different from civil servants that served the people, not where the people served them.

The Corrupted Wayward Dragon Police have a warrant for an arrest, the arrest of Master Irving the Dragon, an Einsteinian Dragon. Was he under house arrest? Yes. Without a trial? Yes. And where is Fritz Perls? Where were the Humanitarian Dragons? The Time Machine needed the sewing machine oil. Irving was kidnaped by these tyrannical police. Guess who rescued him? The Good Dragons were molding into a gift to society. Fifteen years the Einsteinian dragon was held captive, tortured, starved, drugged, gassed, shocked, stun gunned, TASARed while the Time Machine

ran. It was very ugly. The Time Machine would fix everything.

The Evil Overseers Dragons hated the Swiss primarily for neutrality and somewhat for their Swiss Cheese sandwiches and the Good Chef Dragon Sirs that made them. Eegh, the international banking. The Evil Overseers Movement were not so much about the working class. The Evil Dragons were the Evil Doctor Dragons, Evil Judge Dragons, and Evil Banker Dragons under a tyrannical leader, Amoch Akhmet Schemoeamochamoch, and they were about a warped and perverse sense of control and citizen dependency. Images of the past Tyrants, the Tyrannical Dragons superimposed upon and upon again, bringing one to the present oppression. Today's generation of its tyrants were like any other, but were a threat to ruling the Kingdom now and the persecution. Oh, for the Kingdom of Peace and the Rule of the Good King. Every generation having its Holocaust, we know from history, means we have a chance not to relive it. 'Never again!' This is why we remember the Holocaust. So that it will never happen again.

The nightmare ended.

On the other side of the coin there was an orphanage in the Midwest of the Kingdom near New Gila the Gothic City. Things were resolved. The bad guys were reprogrammed to be liberals. The damages were restored.

We are a day away in the Time Machine set on slow from New Gila. Communities were breeding Humanitarian Dragons. The Eastern Midwest Adirondacks were where Rip Van Winkle's cousin tried to sleep. Rachel, 'I have slept with pillows and stuffed animals, rabbits, and bears, ... monkeys, but ... REAL SNAKES? I mean evil snakes. Poison. Poisonous.' She paused. 'I am taking my coins and going directly and straight to the Laundromat.' A Good-Fat-Cat Dragon sat on the hat of a Suessaloosala Jelly Belly Man Dragon. 'I see.' She looked forward with hope. 'I think I will launder a pillow case or two.'

Two steps back from progress.

Yes, you could call it a slow death. Doctors were doing multiple experiments to find out for their own drives the difference between life and death. The

end rarely, if ever, justified the means. The unhealthy thing was breaking the rules. Why? The end result when you get there concerning what you have to do to get there does not change the past. Woe to their relatively innocent victims. What happens? What are the ... other consequences? All of them? The resurrection, the death of the sacrificial goat bartering for life, was freedom from death, free of the fear of death. 'Town' is in crisis, an illness, a sickness in poverty, crime, and ignorance. Evil Hospital Administrator Dragons. Eerie feelings. The antisocial do not know they are behaving in antisocial ways.

Queasy. People walking around at four in the morning in the wards without walls, in the dead, still night. Zombies. Beneath the status of Pawn Dragons. It's when you wake up and say, 'That was my life I wasted.' 'That is the nightmare.' 'Or an awakening for a new morning.' Like a spring flower in the warmth of the morning sun.

Hope.

Robert the Dragon of Goodness and Lovingkindness made flower arrangements for funerals, weddings, promenades formally, and

graduations. The company he kept were Good Dragon People. On the lips of people passing by downtown were only good things. They would wave to him and shout, 'My, those are some beautiful and wondrously wonderful flower arrangements.' Another, a Goody-Good Dragon said, 'Yes. Yes, they are. They are, at that.' Another, a Good-Cat Dragon said, 'What is that?' Robert said, 'White lily.' 'That it is.'

The Film Watching Dragons were watching black and white Charlie Chan films past five p.m.

'What good is being isolated from the filmmaker and his fans, the followers?' said the Weatherman Dragon to one of the Snow Flurries Dragons. 'I read the book.' 'Ha. Ha. Ha.' 'What book?' 'I don't know but it was black and white and read all over. Ha. Ha. Ha.'

'We are a dispersed people,' said the Snow Flurries Dragon. 'The followers are scattered upon the globe.' 'The Rain Showers Dragons and we Northern Snow Flurries Dragons are an isolated people.' 'You are not people, Dragon, you are Dragons and Dragons that sometimes do not mind

their table manners. Oh, sometimes.’ ‘You want to say sometimes ‘at that.’ Well, we do mind our politeness rules and say ‘Thank you,’ and ‘Please,’ and ‘Yes, Sir Dragon, sir,’ and ‘Yes, no, Ma’am’ to the lady and gentle women Dragons and even talk of higher mathematics while we fly at altitudes discussing problems like two plus three are five universally.’ ‘Well, yes.’ ‘There is a purpose for being in a desert like the raven.’

The Goat Prince, ‘So it was a life free of being infested with Dragon Bugs rather than Buggy Dragons, which are two entirely different things and situations and livelihoods, free from being ‘buggy,’ being wasteful, and a descending in life in general.’ Ursula said, ‘Although all flights eventually have a descent unless you are talking about those fancy nests on the cliff walls. You know. A Dragon Bug was on a blossom. A Buggy Dragon said, ‘It used to be such a beautiful flower.’ ‘That was an Eden of sorts.’

Rachel said, ‘It was a jade green flower rather than jaded green petals. The French Dragons call it, a ‘fleur.’ A Gentlewoman French Dragon took to flight, gliding upon her wings once high above. She said to the Gypsy Dragon who had a Baby Gypsy

Dragon in her arms, 'Take her to Paris.' 'Let her see the Django Reinhardt Dragon playing his Selmer-Maccaferri guitar and gypsy jazz.' There were three countries now. The East, the Midwest, and the West. Paris was in the West State of Dragonland.

Time flew as did the Dragon Duo. The thing was everyone agreed that time did not exist. 'It is made up.' 'It is like saying that the polyester suit is an occurrence in nature.' 'We are students of the Big Boarding school in life.' 'We are Graduate Dragons, and she, nature and time are baby research projects .' We are in a special way like everyone and someone are together. Everyone is unique at the same time, if it existed.'

'Flying gets us across the Dragon States time zone regions.' Dragon Two said, 'It's slower than putting money in a bull market with your Brainy Investor Dragon doing the right thing. Something you want to run to slowly though.' First Dragon, 'Many times it is well and good to hurry up and slow down or at least just slow down anyway.' 'Or it is well and good to be having someone talk you into doing good deeds, from a friend.' 'It is like we are the pleasant family of Family-Type Dragons.' 'It is a good place

to be to say with assuredness there is nothing to hide while doing good things most of the time.'

Only the trombone man knew who was on the plane.

One needed that perspective, that point of view. Goat said, 'That place of being the Trombone Person Dragon in the Dragon Band is a good place to be and to see how life can look.' Ursula said, 'Still it's a fast life, and still the heart beats slowly for love. Do you see?' Rachel said, 'We all pay the bill for our sin. Everyone in the community.' Goat said with a quirky smile, 'It is that the Trombone Dragon gets paid a Trombone Dragon wage.' 'Oh. You mean a sliding scale wage?' 'Ha. Ha. Ha. Yes. Very funny Sir Goat.' Everyone laughed, landed safely, and it was a love story. For the love of music and laughter and the craziness and chaos of it all.

Humphrey Bogart?

Two drakes were talking by the pond. Said the first, 'Dragons are icons. Symbols.' The second said, 'What about Goats?' The first, 'Yes. Why of course.' The second, 'We must and of course celebrate yet another year of goals achieved for the

next Day of Celebration of the Fast of Dragons, a day amongst many Dragons' Festive Days.' 'And remember in the spring fasting is an intended fast.' 'But we are not Dragons we are drakes.' 'Such as it is. We fast in the spring and fall.' 'The fall?' For spiritual purposes.' Even downtown they knew this fasting business well where a young woman ate a sandwich of the egg salad variety with paprika and with a touch of curry powder for medicinal purposes. It was a regular day. 'Treat medicine like food, and food like medicine.' Her father and uncle bought the Old Country Children's Orphanage and farmed it. It had been over forty years. Icons were many. An actor, suave, handsome, and charismatic, a cartoon character (a fuddy-duddy type), a hyper-rich real estate mogul, a computer mogul, a stock mogul, Ghandi. The Little Engine that Could. The list went on.

Rachel had been living on the farm for almost one year. She had chosen to go back to the city life for the most part of the next year. Were there strings attached? Yes. She said about the farm, 'Life was sweet. Still we bloom where we are planted.' At the Aleph Beth Orphanage the Jewish children grew up and got kosher meals and an education. They went

on to make their way in America. Some went to big cities. Some went to farms. Who knows what will be revealed? More will be revealed, nevertheless.

Meanwhile. Society had fallen. Never again.

Of business and of dragons.

The New War of Business and of Dragons was ugly. No one had died. The war was an economic war. The war of business. The Good Dragons went against the Bad and Evil Dragons. The leader General Ahmet the Good Dragon told his troops, 'It's hard to look good when you are improving yourself, improving the World.' He hesitated patiently. 'Oneself. To be able to put one's life in a balloon and let it float away. That brings you to knowing G_d, Blessed Be He, takes care of things I cannot. Did you ever notice? Even the sparrows he takes care.' The Good Dragons were hiding in cyberspace, in the cyber-market. Finally everything was figured out. The Good Dragons won. And business was finally run in a 'peace-ful' manner. Many years had passed in a place known as New Land. The birth of a new season had been born, a time amongst seasons to continue doing G_d's work, our part of it, in the world.

In another mindset. Seeing the laughing Jelly Belly Dragon, being a laughing Jelly Belly.

Jelly Belly said, 'Wise Guru Dragon. You have got to be forty years of age to take this journey.' 'Take me away to the warm springs. It has been many, many years since I was at the orphanage for Dragons (Dragons too have orphanages).' Guru said, 'It is not unlike writing a book without the letter 'e' or mentioning a title of a book without the letter 'w.' 'That is good to know, Guru Dragon. You say our needs can be met as a life in this world by not needing something.' 'Yes, and ... Ahmet's boat was leaving. The Calgon.' Ahmet waves and says, 'You got it, Dragon.' He shouts, 'To Goat. The Goat Prince and his Fabled Desire Princess Rachel and his livelihood and generations to be.'

Trains are for meeting the other Dragon Folk.

He often said that. Guru would say, 'Trains are to meet other Dragon Folk. It just happens that you end up at another place in the end. You are on the

train. There are Dragon Folk. You meet them. The train winds up some place where it stops finally and ends the ride.'

Goat had found a cranium from a five hundred thousand seventy zillion hundred year old representative of Man in Turkey. He had been on a train ride earlier and had felt dizzy with anticipation and excitement. 'It was just as long in time that Dragon and Man had a common ancestor. So you see. We are not that distant of creatures if you do not count time.' 'It was in Turkey the Byzantine State. Perhaps that is where early debates occurred between Dragon and Man from an earlier House of Commons?' Goat laughed with Guru in a sutra moment, 'Ha. Ha. Ha.'

Taking the relic to the Ancestors Due Respectfulness Group, a group of dirt diggers, archeologists that handled these things Goat said, 'I've got one hundred fifty oils. Perhaps you know who would be interested?' Let me set the mood and attitude record straight. They sell at least for ten thousand dollars each in New York City on a regular day if there is such a thing in the Gotham City.

The only problem is I am not in New York. Would it matter? It would matter.' 'Why, it does matter. And an attitude is right and adroit, yes, and I thought you said altitude not attitude. Yes and yes.' Off they went to pay respects to the banker in the village town. 'I thought you said 'ledger,' not Leger, however you pronounce that.' 'You comic.' 'I thought you said, 'Don MacRicklestick.' 'You nut.' 'I thought that's what you said.' 'Who do you think I am Barbra Streisand? Is it the ... ?' 'Voice?'

In the land of the Goat Prince artists are free from the drunkenness of the Evil Dragon Potion, and are free from ever dying broke. They are model citizens. 'Free more and more. Toward the heavens.' That is the motto.

The Moors and the people of the Turkish mountains are of character as so are the Algerian people. But that is another story. There the goats are of character as well. The Goat Prince got a distance from the ideas of the mind of not thinking properly about other people concerning freedom and rights. He was always supportive and at times had a point of view and solutions that were not always popular, but they were the right thing to have and to do.

He was too familiar with being too familiar with Evil Dragons and knew with Evil it was not good to be around Evil and Evil Dragons as company too long. 'Contempt. Contempt. Contempt is what it is. Get with the times, and treat your neighbor well.' Well and good enough. Benign enough. 'We must be supportive of our community and educate them on a healthy livelihood and life choices.' 'We are talking the 'next right move.'

She stood outside The Museum of Dreams, outside Athens, now called Eastern State of the Kingdom with a sailor, glitter and corrugated vertical lines, waves of inland waves building. 'You are a long way from shore.' 'I sure am a ways from shore. It has been a long time since I have seen Exodus Cove.' 'The Dragon and the Goat Prince were here visiting the museum.' 'It is known that good dragons are loyal to museums.' 'That is where we get the expression; 'The Dragon muses at the museum as the Muses drag on with another Greek chorus at the amusing play.'

Princess Rachel whispered, 'Meet me in the Land of Dreams. It is just outside the city where The Museum of Dreams is. To the north. Enough is justly enough. I have had enough Dragons of

Wickedness today.' She looked in a clear pool of water and kept talking. 'Dreams that are as clear as this water, pure as the kisses that I have with you, Goat Prince. This is the future.' They found a weeping willow near the trail of chipped wood where the Elven female sages lived.

With love there is no time.

And with the Time Machine there is little fuel in an energy shortage. Perhaps there is a connection there. Goat landed a spaceship shaped like a dragon called Draaken Two. He was parking it near North Bay, putting change in the meter. He fell asleep sitting on a bench outside the museum on the other side where Rachel could not see him, or he see her. A curator woke him up. 'In a spaceship? Is that what you princes drive these days? Don't you know the Lord wants you to walk to services, and buy a watch on Monday.'

Goat, 'I have been in a time machine and a think tank as well, spending my time and thinking as it falls. I will buy the watch.' He pauses and runs his hand through his hair. 'Hi. Yes. ... Yes. Yes. You may call me Elluvogtevekh. Hi.' 'Sometimes I go

by Goat. Goat Albert Paekoveau, the French Canadian restaurateur.' Time Travel required language skills in translating.

Returning glance. 'Or Elliott the Goat Prince. As a prince I am one, a humanitarian, whole, but my names are many. You might have heard me called simply the Goat Prince. I have gone by the name of Simpleton the Goat Prince, but that was a wild April All Fool's Day. I would rather not talk about.' She could see he was not putting on airs. He thought about floating on clouds, floating in the sea of air. 'I am near the Kingdom where Grace covers the Land.'

Inside the museum.

Everything was exactly like a dream Goat had last night, where everything was shimmering. 'Meet me tonight.' Said, 'Hi. I'm, ... call me Eluvogudt the Prince. I'm doing an impersonation of sorts of myself. It is a therapy technique to find out what I am thinking. Well, if I were me, what would I say? Try it sometime.' He paused. 'Hi. I'm Eluvogudt, and I am doing an impersonation of myself.' 'Or 'Hi. I'm Eluvogudt. And I am thinking this works. Wonderful. My mouth is moving, and I am talking

about it.” He thought to himself. Or maybe Elliott Geaudt said it like the Dragons of Good say it and spell it. Or maybe not.’

He looked at his listener, ‘Or maybe L’ Gnoeavdte. Like in ‘goat,’ only different with added letters, letters you can add and still get a meaning across, if you are especially older or trained in the language of, well, language.’ ‘I often say I am a wandering goat, especially on my travels and when I am at home which is all the time. Especially. I have a cousin who is worshipping in the twenty-first-eth degree the Eastern Pan, half-goat and half-man. We rarely see each other, and he does write from the Wailing Wall, ‘I am wishing you were here with me.’ ‘I have never met a goat that has not increased one’s intelligence.’ ‘I was once a village idiot in a far place, far, far away. Now I rule the world second only to the King.

‘I knew. I knew I should be sleeping. All that was left to do was help an ingenious Boy Dragon get himself out of the Evil Dragon Mire Land and make it to the real Paradise of New Dragonlaanden, in New Dragonlaanden then out by the age of,’

‘When I chisel my granite sculpture.’ The Goat

Prince.

‘When I am an abstraction of creativity and he, my page, turned squire and a cavalier is of forty dragon years, then, ... The Cherubims of Dragon City, The Lawful Town of Dragon Druids, The Town of the Tail of the Cleft Rock of Flugen-Dragons, and dear Known Masterville, the City of the Dragon Villagers, and finally the City of Students of Life Small will prosper for forty zillion years in a world without time as funny as it sounds for all comics gigs almost always start with a joke and eventually what?’

And the moments will be locked in space in all dimensions and the expansion of the world and contraction will create boundaries defining moments without space or time. Many Time Machines will be for sale. The city is the creativity. I am an abstraction of the World City of Goats. I am the desert and the raven.’

Attack as in the friendly ascent of a mountain on a peaceful trail.

Brubeck played on the ‘cloned turntable’ as Rachel

called it, as opposed to a 'clone turntable' as Goat called it, as close to a ratio to 'dumbed-down' is to 'dumb-down' in the Dragon Student Valley liberal arts and craft work manual introduction chapter to analogies. By being humble and a good listener and observer one listens to the distributions of notes and attack and decay. Life is expression.

Sheet music lay on the marble top. Scores of Stravkorstein were blowing in the wind and rain, the wind, rain, and solutions, resolutions to phrases. Life is conflict also of the human experience.

Three (Dragons' lives) as a meaning from and between two (meanings, id est, one Dragons's life and Another.)

The Good Dragons smuggled art out of the Land of Princess Rachel where Evil Dragons had taken over for a time, an Evil Time. This was a time of darkness and obscurity, chaos in the streets at night, and the people were not safe by day. Goat Prince shouted to his crowd, 'Time is good. It is the Dragon of Adversary that is wicked and hinders us to a good life. Always remember, and never forget.' The people held a meditation and focused on the

wickedness to leave the land. Slowly the Evil Dragons left.

Many sweet returns of the art.

The art was now being treated well. To the artists they were old memories. To society they were a recording of a society that came before them, lands where their fathers lived and died. They captured time for a moment. They brought civilization back to civilization, even in the remote areas. Good Dragon Angus Bohrlaanden had not heard the city was safe and continued traveling to the most remote areas on the back trails and paths to flee Dr. Porscheiamok Schmoey the Evasive One. He had fallen from and evaded Truth and the Good. He was a, yes, a Fallen Angel Dragon, of the Evil and Bad Dragons.

How had he fallen? With violence and dishonesty and treachery and falsehoods and injustice amongst the Trials of Transgressions in the Dragon Courts of Evil Dragons was how.

In the Journal of Records of Good Dragons the records were kept by the Good Dragons of their

good deeds and any misdeeds and how they resolved these misdeeds. They would ask a neighbor for forgiveness and ask for mercy admitting their wrong ways and transgressions, repay quickly a debt, reason and do good deeds and acts of charity and goodness. It was wicked to intentionally ignore making things right, to not do charitable deeds, to not help the community so that the citizens could do good and stay free from transgressions.

The harps and flutes made it easier to escape to a peaceful place in the mind to a serenity and a stillness, reaching escape velocity to a good place at a walking pace. This was the way to the Peaceable Kingdom, for Willy the Well and Good Dragon and Elliott the Goat Prince. Elliott was doing business as simply the Goat Prince and had turned to music for comfort.

They, the Goat Prince and the Dragon, played together with their instruments entering a world of Peaceful Mind. It did not matter that one was a Dragon and another a prince. They played in the key of C or B flat, in G or A major, E flat, whatever made soothing music. They would write sketches for that 'one day' where they would look back at the week and say the name of Dragon Was Good.

‘That Was Good,’ they would say. ‘That is his name, and that is what we say, ... looking back at the week. Was Good!’ Daisy chains of successful weeks followed one after another. They were daisy chains of chutzpah, those weeks. It was a good energy from the gut. They were whole weeks of life. The citizens would say, ‘To life! To life!’ ‘It was good to have a partner like Well and Good,’ said the Goat Prince to Rachel.

Pronounced ‘Work-lah.’

‘The rough days never come,’ Dragon Unit Wverkglu, pronounced ‘work-lah,’ said. ‘What do you mean, Wverkglu?’ said Willy Well and Good. Unit Wverkglu said, ‘Oh, I was going to say that every day was good.’ ‘Oh?’ Wverkglu continued, ‘The rough days are opportunities and gems.’ ‘Oh.’ Wverkglu scratched his head and said, ‘It is something to remember.’ Well and Good responded, ‘Yes. It is.’ ‘And work is a tonic, like you always remind me.’ Dragon Unit Wverkglu stopped talking and went back to making flutes and harps.

‘And tomorrow is never what it is supposed to be?’
-B. Dylan

‘Yes.’ Rachel agreed, and Goat said in response, ‘And tomorrow ... never comes anyway.’ ‘Plan to do it tomorrow, tomorrow never comes, nothing ever happens tomorrow. So you live today. Every day. And do it over only differently, the same and same way again and again day after day. Living today today. When else?’ ‘Is that kind of like heaven?’ ‘That I do not know. ... But it is kind of like liver and onions when you had not had it for a while.’ ‘What?’ ‘Never mind.’ Paused. ‘It goes to your brain.’ Mel, ‘Wait for tomorrow, tomorrow.’

Speaking of the heavens.

The Horseman and the Hornman chase about in the desert mountains’ skyscapes riding Morgan the Dragon and Manni the Dragon. The Horseman did not know Manni but was taking this opportunity to get to know her, ... with this opportunity. ‘Tomorrow we will be at the Warm Springs for Dragons and Princes. We are allowed to land in the desert by the King’s Word I was granted and given. ‘Hail the King’s word and Lord of the Land of the King, the Kingdom.’

Early in the morning, a bright day.

They spent the evening before listening to 'Flugschlichts jazz.' 'How do you describe this music?' 'I describe it 'Over eggs and toast,' say not brightly but brilliantly, 'Smooth flying mostly and mostly flying music like the overland glissades.' Horseman neighed after he spoke. 'Just for the view we will be riding west until we are east,' Hornman announced. 'It will be over easy.' Mel and Darwinster laughed, 'Ha. Ha. Ha.'

'If you want to end up half-blind, live by 'an eye for an eye?'' 'If you want to live in a humanitarian way how then?' 'Not by a barbarous interpretation of 'an eye for an eye.' No. No. What it is is what?' Goat pauses and continues, 'That is not what is meant, a barbarous act. Man versus Man is in concern. It is that if you have sinned against a neighbor repay him equally. If I might use a big word 'commensurate,' the same measure. 'G_d's will.' 'What?' 'I was just talking to'

'It is the concept of money. And one must remember to not labor for money as well. It is quite different. Equality and justice and

barbarousness are not in the same class, if I might stretch and say a big word.' 'Here and here.' 'That is not how I heard it. Justice has mercy related to it. It is G_d's country where there is a land of justice. Justice and mercy. With wealth one labors to do G_d's work, or at least one's small part of it. That as G_d the Creator.

The knowing sunset and the gods' eyes are upon the distance. Many eyes as one eye. What are the eyes of the hurricanes but calmness? What is the raven but at home in the desert? And what is the eye of the raven but black with the vision of wisdom. And that is besides the point and off in the lily fields or not? Perhaps the 'eye for an eye' is the vision and wisdom to be traded between two men.

'Yes. Back to an 'eye for an eye.' The meaning is similar, ... vision, wisdom, as the words are similar,' 'No. No.' '... blind, half-blind although I would much rather be half-blind, if I had my choice between the two. And a half-blind fool beats a fool of fools, where one fools good people and tries to make them into fools. It only makes him a fool of fools. Half-blind, blind. I would rather be free from being blind of any sorts if I had my choice

between the three.’ ‘I agree as if my sight depends on it, and it does.’

‘It is a fool who knows he is a fool and is that much wiser.’ ‘All eyes can see right through to tomorrow. The thing is it is happening today, not tomorrow. Beware of false prophets. Those of self will of wrong teachings and interpretations, of a direction with no return to good.

Eyes of hurricanes, an eye being a center of motion, is not unlike the center of the earthquake. As well there is a center of energy unseen.’ ‘Life is made up stuff that it is supposed to be made. The raven is smart. It is intelligent. It is well-equipped and able to be a raven, like we all are in our unique ways together. The sky is meant to be made up of the sky and ravens. The sky with ravens.’ ‘The sky with vultures and owls and sparrows.’ ‘Saleh says, ‘I am like the vulture in a far-off wilderness, or like an owl alone in the desert. I lie awake, lonely as a solitary sparrow on the roof.’” Goat said, ‘I am like the dragon, rare and in company with the lone, rare dragon. Nevertheless, I am the Goat Prince.’

Independently agreeing to independently agree together and common sense.

Like enemies with something in common, the Friends of Independent Thinking that you know think and act together. They together agreed being common would be a way to be as it is not that common and stylish. That it would be independent. One as well knows common sense is not that common, and they agreed with due respect. They would try to be less common in that regard hoping it would be common as its birthright.

They worked toward conscious thinking, conscious effort. One Friend said, 'How did you think Transylvania got rich?' By having a little bit left over at the end of the month in her pocketbook.' 'Oh, that makes sense.'

For recreation the Friends of Independent Thinking took up drumming.

The group stuck onto a phrase of drumming with tinkling cymbals, xylophone, and a choir of healing greater than the sum of its parts. Over and over and over again the group played like angels that said the same thing over and over, 'Isn't that Harry

something? He works the used car lot and gives forty percent to the Unitarian Goat Prince Congregation. It is the first church of the Kingdom of the Goat Prince. 'To the Church. To the Church.' 'And he can play the drum.'

A music lesson.

'It is a fool who passes by a lesson. Even for a dragon.' 'Yes. Tell me what you are talking about.' 'Ninth and sixth and suspended notes in the scales were her favorites. If it were a C scale a C might be a '1' value or an '8' value. The ninth in C would be a D. The suspended note is always the '4th' value so it would be a sweetening F. She would work these in as she improvised on the scales. Sometimes a chord would, well, strike a chord with her.

If I did not hike, I am not sure what I would do on the trail.

Just thinking about a hike earlier in the morning one could smell the scent of pine, coniferous aromas that were good therapy. For every tree there is a dwarf for one's backyard.' 'That is a big lesson. I

will remember it.’

Golemster the Fool could sing. And what lunar projection for a better search of a word. A part-time hobby when he was not protecting the village in the moonlight. Could he keep time?

It was a quartz watch with direct drive, if that is what they call it and fifteen years old with not that many new batteries. It had kept time for Elliott Berkeley. Sandfjourn Kaentoprikevaetschzevek, in and out of his phases of his moon studies, multifaceted and multiple intelligences wholly, ‘poly-faceted,’ a polymath (studied many fields), polyglot (spoke many languages). Polymath and polyglot formed two facets of ‘poly-faceted.’ In other words he was smart. He wore a spring-driven watch that kept time to the sun and moon and stars. And at two in the afternoon it would play a recording, ‘G_d loved stories so much that he created Man.’ Some say he created ducks, too. He loved literature. Stories. Five of them.

Meanwhile even dragons had things not to touch according to dragon laws, like rose petals and ivy and earthworms and jelly beans. Goat Princes were

not allowed to touch lizards, that which chameleons would be considered, and cows that were born under a blue moon with a blue birthmark on its rump steak area. Rachel said, 'Why not the one list? You have to add to it.'

Goat, 'You are right. Such it will be by the Law.' They were not allowed ever. Ever. Dragons too had Dragon laws. They also were forbidden to touching certain things such as blue satin sashes and girls with long eyelashes that wore them. This caused conflict with the Goat Prince's people and the Dragons, especially on Blue Sunday debates not to be one to protest yet defend the Law.

Ben Omnibenovitz, 'Prince, it is no longer windsurfing at Bvergnerg Berg Gorge. No longer is your cousin Anniker at the beach house. And the Dragons no longer circle for mackerel and salmon. It is another season.' Goat Prince, 'The ending is a beginning.' 'I thought I saw the last dragon circle to the North. It had a blue birthmark.' 'I did.' 'I did.' 'I did see the last dragon' The Goat Prince, Ben, Rachel, and Ursula agreed. Independent Thinkers. G_d's will.

What was left behind? The violin-playing waif, no longer the only one on the beach alone, the talent was above in the cold night heavens on the beach with Teddy Robinson, alone too, together. A new day. Each were alone together, and they were not alone. They were together. They laughed about it. Now. Reading the stars. They laughed some more. Elizabeth Jane and Teddy R. reading Sea Science magazine in the sky. The Time Machine was projecting through satellite onto the moon. 'A stellar performance by the astro-scientists.' Elsewhere on the stands was Campus Veda in Lanido, India where they published a translation. The sky was the campus, the open country, life the science, the source of knowledge from a masterful Universe.

Elsewhere on another beach in a twin universe (which is part of the whole Universe).

It was as if they were actually back at the studio apartment, writing, he, compositions, she, his niece, journaling and then some descriptive work about Manhattan and the psychology of acoustics, a study. Wellness and disorder. He said, 'His livelihood,

which was once a hobby, computer law has really taken off into cyberspace.’ They talked about his nephew’s once hobby, a livelihood now. ‘What does he know?’ ‘Yes. It is amazing how much he knows. And is so good with numbers.’

More business even more so.

‘The Press-Ing Times-Ink or also known as Press-Time and Ing-Ink, mainstream, (an ‘over-glacier over-land’ project they called it.) by her brother, was incubated in a once cottage industry project and still a cottage industry, a magazine about, well, anything that was pressing. Except tickets for the Time Machine, now where one could enter, press the right buttons and be in a world without time as well as no space or matter or energy, for a while. No event after no event. Timelessness after timelessness. ‘No time like the present.’ ‘If not now, when?’ ‘Does anyone have the time?’ ‘I haven’t got the time.’

The economy, fashion, politics, the state of the art world, the orchestra’s life, promise, next season and its survival, other things. All had relied on time, yes, that is known. Without time all solutions existed. ‘When is somebody going to figure out a solution

for all of this? Tell me when.' 'The time is now. ' This was a cure-all medicine only a doctor could prescribe.'

The nephew? Something kept his company throughout many dark nights, dark starry nights. The dream of 'the project.' What was left behind? Seashells were left behind, ... along with some Rock Lobster babies! He could hear the ocean in a seashell. The sound was infinity. It was the sound of Eternity.

What about having a Hell of a time?

Yes. A time like no time would be a time to be having a Hell. Yes. One would agree. The Evil One Who Hinders also known as the Evasive One and its corruption of power existed no more after the Resolution of Time. It was no matter. Before, in time, being the fallen angel was being a hero for certain souls, a job, what turned into a career, a lifelong career. He resided in a place of fire in the earth, of a fire that was thought to burn for eternity. Without time this no longer was believed. The place was a Hell of a place to be. One would not want to be there.

He had been the first mortal, okay second, okay eleventh, okay one hundred and eleventh, no the first to hinder the teacher/master/shaman/doctor/tribes leader while he looked to see the first three stars in the heavens in the Early Times of the World. He was in the first thousand at least, but he got a lot of credit. No. It was the first. How would you like that one your resume or vitae? 'And then he fell from the grace of the heavens.' He was the Adversary of Heaven's People. And often would not pick up the tab. He was also one who hindered one to remember 'not to hurry the Sabbath along.' What a two-time loser?

And still

And still at either the Gates of Heaven and Skye Above or at the 'Gates of Delirium' no one says, 'I wish I spent more time at the office. But to labor as it is our burden for our sins, that is something else. It is the yoke we are given.'

The office.

Some do, but they are often considered as 'just

talking to themselves.’ ‘The Gates of Delirium Elevator Theme Song’ breaks loose on the digital radio. What did Mankind do before ... the silicon chip; listen to the ocean? Listen to the sunset somehow? Listen to the rain? ‘That I don’t know, ... if that is a hypothetical destination with the mind to answer these questions.’ It is in the genetic code to sit around and watch a fire, the proverbial fire in an abstract way, drawn to the light. And stories are ‘in the picture.’

Dark sunglasses, kegs of dark Christopher Columbus root beer, and the dark science molding these brews.

The harvest had been good. The ingredients to make root beer were plentiful. And ice milk from the glaciers was plentiful, too. Cold drinks were being distributed at the DragonFest. Red mold, of the two molds, red and black, was the lesser favored, if one had a choice. ‘Why is this important?’ ‘Why, the evolution of the Dragon species Good and Bad depended on such knowledge for its further progress of Dragons and of Dragon-itarianism.’

Festival.

Paused and continued. 'Humanitarianism had its issues in this new world of no time. For instance. If one lived for one thousand years and was twenty years old, would one rock climb above one's head. If you don't think this is important, think how important at least cold drinks were. It was very hot that weekend. I promise I will stop telling you how to think. The lovely Pia Dragon was at the festival selling tickets for a fund raiser. Cinnamon was at full bloom everywhere. An herbal factory known as the Thyme Machine was producing. Yes. Nutmeg as well.

The fallen rain, the overcast bog, amidst and paired with the Black Dragon Forest, (... eh? Black Dragon Forest? Yes, where a dark forest is home for many Dragons, Good and Bad.) the fog upon the landscape scared most away. The future looked dark. 'I should turn on the lights,' said Goat. 'Oh for the good old days where the Time Machine worked so much more simply with room for progress. How can one progress if there is no time?'

Before the paths, the clean trails were a craze amongst the local townspeople. The fields were overrun with brush turning the state of the woods

and neighboring fields as evidence to a wildlife now much changed. Seasons and no time were a conflict to some. To others they saw it as progress. Eternal winter, spring, summer, and fall. Now that was progress in the world. 'The lizards that the Dragons ate for a light lunch were scarce,' said Melster the Dwarf. 'Just wait around for a good season..' 'We have no time.' 'Ha. Ha. Ha.' Prince Goat said , 'You are not alone. The green tea was hard to come by. I have the time.' It was a dairy meal for the Goat Prince and Rachel at the Black Dragon Forest Restaurant. Social order for a New World without time.

It was five hours after a meat meal. They had the corned beef. Now they were having salads with radishes and bleu cheese dressing. The King said as he came in the door, 'I smell Roquefort cheese.' It was a favorite restaurant for the King on his minor travels in the area during the winter, a hideaway, and now there was peace in the Land.

The air had been poisoned. During the toxic environment phase of the earth where toxic waters were with their large amounts of Dragon's Blood the world was in trouble. 'Why is the earth in trouble

this summer?’ Somberly the Melster Dwarfman said, ‘To get to the other side. The side of the war against toxins where all sides of the earth are free and healthy and whole and well. I have no time for joking about a serious subject as a world that is no longer green. And now is the time to act.’ ‘Why do the Dragons want to as well? ... Why, oh yes, of course. I see. They as we want to have a world that allows knowledge of life to progress in this time of no time. And it takes a green earth to sustain life at this time.’

The vial.

When he had missed the boat, the party leaving without him, the Goat Prince realized it was for the better. No time in the world, and he was late. Measures of a plan for a fiftieth anniversary in London had been made. ‘Just two gentleman discussing the philosophy of life,’ he told Princess Rachel. It would be much merriment and joyful times of celebration. For Odin, Thor, and Freya. Gorthrog the Norseman and Goddesses Gala and Ghali danced in the skies, the 'cure' for Finland's northern winter cabin fever madness.

The answer was in the 'vial,' a mythical medicine. It was the genome of time itself. It was a dance of the atom, no, the subatomic particle, the quantum, of time free of wave and particle. It was the dance of the Creator. And all of the history of the world was in the genome. The genome of Perls and Einstein and of space and matter and energy had not been found until the Cure. Time was of essence to the dis-order of cabin fever. One would have to wait out a storm.

Mindset Organization of Measure and Archives is an international people's secret society. One not only had to be smart. One had to be ethical as well. That is minimally a score of one-hundred thirty two zillion or better and on the Veschoekhlersohnsteinglu examination. They are apolitical. Unless of course it means talking about community policy concerning Dragons. They never endorse an opinion-editorial letter. They had a stand at the festival at the mall. In a world without time they had life memberships.

Then there is Intelj-Cerebrov, the ninety-nine point nine score on ten unproved conjectures about the

world. Outside the headquarters was a Dragon spy ring. It was pretty tricky and pretty sneaky except while wearing disguises of trench coats and sunglasses their tails stuck out the trench coats and their sunglasses kept sliding down their noses. Apolitical too, comical at times, cosmic and suave in a Dragon-like way. Outside?

No problem was too thorny. A Dragon asked a member for directions to an abyss to do a fly-over. 'Pretty much Dragon-stuff, if you ask me.' 'Yes, pretty much and true as true. Look. He just dropped his Dragon Identification Card.' 'Pretty much Dragon-stuff.' It was a good thing they were on the brilliantly good side of life.

Much later near the woodworker's shop near the edge of town and woods.

The Goat Prince talked with Andrieven the Trail Maker who knew Melster (the elf) who knew Andrieven's sister who knew a justice of the peace. 'Izaak was one who could keep time. All of the lunar phases since time began accompanied him in his memory throughout his life. Izaak could tell you what month it was that Beethoven composed the

Fifth Symphony. He had a remarkable way of keeping track of time. If you ask me.' 'Beethoven or Izaak.' 'Yes.' 'I would like to ask you something. What is a lunar phase?' 'Well, it has something to do with the measure of time and how the satellite circles around on a path.' 'Oh, where there are full moons and half moons and quarter moons every month and thereabouts, so to speak?' 'Yes. Changes of events can be used to measure time.' 'Yes. Yes, I see.' Izaak was the reincarnation of Trodjeeiy in a literal sense of the word.

'You are just like an old friend with your curiosity and travels with your mind. Trodjeeiy Albertsohn, a divine being having been the founder of the religion known to study fear.' He pauses and looks at the clock. 'You have your own grooved trail that you follow, a life's road to a splendid 'aboveness.' 'Transplendidity,' if one has the freedom and liberty to invent a word with meaning understood, understood as transcending bliss. The end will be followed by a return to the end.' 'Do you know how long an alpha Goat lives? And how he dies, if he does?' 'In a world of no time? A Universe?' 'And a yes. But I have many years ahead of me to see such things. If he never dies, I have many more.'

‘There are more ‘moves’ and other strategy than in a game of chess.’

‘And most importantly, why an end of life?’ He barely remembered a writer in Copenhagen, a climber, who wrote *The Edge of the Goats’ Field*. The two had been living with his family last summer. ‘Why does an alpha goat die?’ ‘For his misdeeds? When free of blemish? Or for others’ transgressions?’

‘It is great suffering to a village when a village goat dies. It is a pathology in need of being made well.’ ‘It breaks my heart to awaken to a crisis, the suffering, the societal disease.’ ‘Like some spiritual change to think of a sacrificial goat dying and like a gift to go without to mend the Mind in a small part of the world however small, however big to talk about that in Psalms, all of Psalms,’ he said. She listened. Her eyes were wet and her mouth expressed her tears. ‘It is a healing book.’ ‘Life is deeply sad at times.’ ‘It is a lament.’ ‘Life. Study. Knowledge.’ ‘To study life. To learn from the knowledge of life. The science is in living.’ ‘What is death?’

‘Transgressions had been counted. The Book of Life was written. Another time, a year, a cycle of cycles would begin. Somewhere it would be that there were so many, a handful of people, that were free of sin at one time, holy people. And a messiah would come one of these days, a year.’ The Goat Prince proclaimed solemnly with joy.

‘Goats and time and boundary lines of fields and boundaries of time. And it takes a little time. Why this night to leave behind time? Study. It ... opens your mind, and doesn't that always feel, well, feel right, better, well, whole.’ He left a note, a telephone and address for her, a post box. An e-mail address. She was to die on the day of the sacrifice of the goat. Her last words, ‘Be grateful for G_d for He is good. Blessed be the Lord He for He is good. Blessed be the Lord He is good. The Lord He is good.’ And she was gone.

‘He could not decide what to do?’ Mirna said to Miriam. ‘No, he could not,’ Miriam said with wisdom. ‘He wanted what was right and that was a hard thing to decide sometimes.’ Mirna and Miriam knew Evelyn and Diedre.

Mirna said, ‘He thought the cure was outside life,

outside what was living, like a Dragon's Magical Eastern Formula that had the answer.

The Time Machine landed on the wedding day.

The Goat Prince and Rachel would be married. The King announced, 'To be married to the Queen Sabbath, to be King of one's home on the Sabbath, to be married to Rachel, this is glorious and cherished. These things would be. It was now that half his age plus eight would be the blessed age for his princess, the time for her to become the Princess of the Goat Princess. To be in line to be the King and Queen.'

The journey and destination. The Goat Prince remembering a ride on his horse.

The Goat Prince wondered which it really was as he rode on his Morgan across the moor. And how old was she now? She was just a waif. Nineteen? Twenty? Yes, twenty. Yesterday. She had just sent been sent off in her wool school skirt, yesterday it seemed, white blouse, navy woolen blazer. He remembered the ride back from holidays in recent

years. It seemed a long time ago. Much had happened. She began looking at him. He remembered her writing she had new buttons on her blouse carefully sown by her. He could see her soft, tender hands. Small, gentle. He made his destination. He was across the moor.

They joined together at last to sit by her cottage as the evening began to arrive. She shifted in the bench seat facing him now, and pulled him closer to her side. She said, 'Does this excite you?' And showed him a flower she had brought. A white lily. The Queen Sabbath would soon be here. All their troubles seemed so far away. The week was good. The time before the marriage was good. Never turn your back on the past. Learn from life's lessons.

A look and a glance back again to a conversation.

She was European bred in Medieval times and well-bred, her father Alexander and mother named Guenevere 'You could?' 'Yes. Yes, I could take you to the land of kind dragons and granite castles, and lions and jesters, and silk and gold.' Prince Goat lived for every day, and he especially lived for days with Princess Rachel. He hadn't really thought about his definition of G_d since he was the age of

his pet Dragon Valkyre, that is twelve years of age in Dragon years. A dragon year is seven hundred and seventy human years, solar years. Why did we make it different? Time had not changed. He realized in the back of his mind G_d had not changed, and he had. This moved him. She continued studying the flower until her hands held her flower now wilted. Had the flower and its essence changed?

Years later alone in the Land of Bad Dragons.

He had captured dragons. He had escaped the Place of the Abyss of Fire barely. Afterwards were 'bad' dreams, rather sad, of disappointments. 'Nothing is either good or bad. It just is.' At times he had a hard time convincing himself. The Goat Prince was now riding to the east magically into the daylight. He talked to his horse Dutch the Morgan. 'It was Fritz Perls who saw dreams as a bright inner thought, say, an insight for better.'

In the night a gypsy came. Actually a band of gypsies.

They took Dutch. The Goat Prince was now stranded in a gutter outside the Overland of Dreams. With some tinkering of the Time Machine

he landed in a new land, a new destination.

New music.

It was a place where electronics had advanced to a point where it was able to make music with magic crystals and mystical metals of the earth and heavens. A jester was to perform at an electronic music composition performance at the academy in five hours. He was in time. He gave the jester his life's work, his compositions. Twelve hours worth.

The performer had a gift for sight reading and played it beautifully. Composing was a hobby of Goat. After the performance of several other musicians he was praised by a gentle, beautiful, lovely young princess from a far away land. Her prince had spoken with him earlier. He thought, 'How lovely people can be.'

The Dragon War of Hatred will end and a time of peace will come again.

War reminds us to not bloody our hands with it.

One can be shunned from holiness by it. War reminds us to return to life, to love, to abandon hatred of what is loved. To care. To resolve conflict. And woe to the father whose son protests against G_d. And it is our duty to defend the Law. He spent time talking with some veterans of an ancient Dragon War of Hatred. The perennial loser comes in at the end. Hatred and the transformation from love are the losers, unless it is the hatred toward the persecutor.

Over and over again. G_d loves the persecuted. G_d hates the persecutor. There one steps aside in war, a conscientious observer. The Dragon War of Hatred was not as it first appeared. Hatred was reserved for the persecutor. G_d loves the persecuted, and hates the persecutor. Where does an objective conscience stand?

Nearby was a manuscript in his (Beat poet-now professor) now beaten leather bag. 'Wasted time. Killing time, the expressions are dangerous. Expressions are dangerous things.' What are we to do besides asking questions? To make this a world of Peace again. Trying to get to a better place, a better point of view, a fence high enough to see over and not fight over. They decided to spend some

time, if they could, talking with veterans of the Dragon War of Hatred some war in a time of peace. Although they looked somewhat scary from years of being feared, they too were full of fears and might even been said to be somewhat childlike, although far from childish. They had studied life.

The Goat Prince had a hero. The veterans had their heroes, too. Even if it was their motorbikes. Goat's? He was Joseph Campbell. With his wisdom and words he was always reaching out to say that there are a thousand helping hands. The Goat Prince used this strategy in making life decisions, wise decisions. There were a thousand helping hands moving the world.

The Time Machine Code. 988765-887

Her strategy was to take the Time Machine to the harvest season of harvest seasons and meet Goat. She plugged in her code where she was with Pablo Picasso, 'a deep artist of sorts where time was inverted,' as Goat said. Picasso painted as a child like a mature adult, and as an adult painted in a childlike manner. The guise where she could see old things in new ways was what she was after. The

destination was to be on the journey. The destination was to be able to look back at the journey at the end. The world needed a new solution for its old ways, today more than ever. It needed a Sabbath of Sabbaths.

Like Picasso had a liking to bulls, she enjoyed conflict, the overcoming of the obstacle. She liked the flow of the moment. She liked a feeling of it being over. Only time separated the two. Time was a difference of events. Why? Because the ending is a beginning. It is a boundary between expansion and contraction. It is how we are defined in the moment. The funny thing was Campbell and Picasso were from another time. They were experiences of the Time Machine. Weren't bull fighting and climbing, like sales, all under the same circus top?

When he felt like studying life the Goat Prince loved the market. The market was the classroom. When he would just start to feel like life was a rarity, he remembered his love of work and buying and selling. The market showed him time, measure after measure of events, a buy, a sale. For this he loved the market, an event filled people and life and

lessons. It always made him feel a part of life. Only a little bit of the nuttiness and deepness of Picasso was needed. Like his art we are all a wholeness of fragments and wavy lines. The market made the wholeness real.

And a big hand in the cookie jar for the Goat Prince.

The Goat Prince in his later years took to acting in enactments of religious events. His 'life experiences only added to talents' Rachel had said. And he enjoyed working with the other entertainers, spiritual, religious people and the jesters and jugglers mostly. He also took up painting modern works staking his claim to creativity and being alive in celebration. To life. To life. He continued to solve world problems.

The prize is living every moment, watching it happen. Do you see the theater in your mind? The book of life ? The book of life and knowledge?

Evil Dragons are out and about and acting parts, spoofing on Bond, James Bond. Comic Joker Dragons travel from theater to theater doing their

bit. 'In these times you need a bit.'

Time travel brings us to the fifties and early sixties in America. Mr. Gasser Daddy-O, driver of a slot car of injected plastic model character and personality who had taught labor union classes and tech-techno programs at the nearby community college. It is a race against time. Mr. Gasser meets Doktor Cheetersliks, (When in his noble home country he used the spelling Cheeterschlijcts.). He stages slot car contests of the retrospective variety, a hang-out to spot archival moments by the intelligence of time.

The winner always has the retrospective view of the sporting pack. There was a pretty smart purse to the victor. It was like another time. Counter intelligence? Time had a secret intelligence? Yes. And there was a complementary intelligence to that, the Evil Dragon. Password, 'Is it a secret that there are moments, events in time of intelligence centered here in time itself?' No. Intelligence is not a secret. It is in knowing. In knowing within the logic of order of the organic laws of the Universe.

British spies were making countermoves to buy time. British mechanics were making decisions to buy time. The wealth was on selling time. The Time Machine provided time. It manufactured time. It gave us more time. By the singular decision making strategy one could buy time. By a plural decision the people could be given time. Buying time. Yes, Woman. Mind the time. It is a gift. Enough for you and me to get away and spend time together. Maybe Einstein had this sense of time? Time to think.

'Mack' McDueseneinsteinen could invent a better wheel over time. And he could adjust the timing on the distributor's cam with a scrambling gearbox. In the Times Machine newspaper they shared classified information. Advertisements with code embedded. 'I would not miss my contact this time.' Mack McCar was the country doctor for cars. He had electricity before there was electricity on the farm with his brother and nephew where people brought their jalopies from miles around. They were cavalier gents with grease under their fingernails. The nephew's father went off to teach herbal medicine where his knowledge was passed down generation after generation from his great lessons on

life and its science and knowledge. A real, honorable spier rides a Morgan. Even Russian spiers.

The fabled prize is in knowing life, in providing for life, in health and wellness, in being a part of the moment of time as generation of events flow in a zero dimension or better, a 'dimensionless' world. In being a part of a new moment, a new birth.

The power of Nature falls to the power of G_d, Blessed Be He, and His Will. The fabled prize is a path and destination, a part of the path which is Life. It might be that all fabled prizes are just various parts of life, a whole of life in itself, and life itself alone is whole, complete, in its beginning of nonexistence, its existence, and an end at some perspective of its existence. And there is a perspective outside the physical. 'To life. To life,' proclaims the King. The Goat King comes of age in seeing, having vision, gaining in wisdom, and another year begins, a new day. New seasons begin. Life begins anew. A Sabbath of Sabbaths awaits.

Rachel spoke with her King, the Goat King. 'Life is not short. It is when one waits to begin.' He said,

‘Waiting is something we do. That in itself is a moment in time. And a timeless moment.’ He paused, ‘Do not hurry the Sabbath along. Po: the Sabbath of Sabbaths. Your father was a royal humanitarian, ‘To die on the Sabbath of Sabbaths. That is what he wanted. His last words were spoken, ‘The Lord He is good.’ The Goat King said, ‘Looking back at his days of the Lord he said to say the following, ‘And it was good. The days of the Lord were good.’

Rachel said, ‘How does one define life to be a journey?’ From the Time, the Time of Creation. And from the beginning it was good, the six days the week was good.

It would be the High Holy Days before long. The Book of Life would be written in. The community would be running around for ten days asking forgiveness from neighbors. There would be a fast. The sacred holy men would read Psalms. There are no dragons. Only another journal entry in the Time Machine’s log book.

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THE END OF DRAFT “FOUR”

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There was always a good guy around. Another guy. He had all of the insider trade goods, tradesman so-to-speak, to have political asylum. It was 'kill the messenger and his family. He had been doing the paperwork to have the Brad Pitt/Mike Myers make-over. Actors. Plastic surgery. 'Two words, baby.' All veritable hell broke loose when he had gotten into the slot car mafioso and historical connections. The filthy 'Bath Tub Ring.' 'It wouldn't have been a ring otherwise.' The most corrupt in the world including corrupting the economy, education, the judicial system, and the religions of the world. 'Ech.' Still a theorist, a secret intelligence member, knew that there was always one good point, a good strand of hair amongst a head of hair no matter how you combed it. This gave hope. Everything was going to be alright. Ed Koch said so. 'I always thought he was with secret intelligence. It was a secret he was one with intelligence.' 'Haben gudt thinkinder gudt, jah.'

Hey, the Money Was Good Then.

Something was wrong and Goat wanted to make it right. Recent history. Nobody liked to talk about it. Some tie between Government Intelligence Galaxy

and the unwanted Adversary.

Goat was beginning what was to become a private multimillion dollar business. A commodity in his own right. Asset millionaire. The only kind. Early in his stages of his career he had produced a compact disc with the Galaxy Beach Quartet and an alternative band and a new music ensemble. Glitter in the pool. The guys half. A film soundtrack. He had taken the master to a seedy studio, put a grand point two on the table, a check from his partner (with code numbers) for a thousand run. He never saw the discs, never saw the money and never saw the studio owner again. Possible links to corruption involving the Mafia. Possible. Mysteriously his partner's portfolio dropped a hundred thousand dollars from the third of a million dollars mark. A client of the studio, a day-trader, traced the check numbers to the online service to the portfolio to the stocks. Viola. A case. Instant security breach and the day-trader comes to ten thousand dollars richer on his own portfolio, the brokerage firm takes some information in, in the form of portfolios and some cold cash. A little neighbour of the friendly Mob. Two members make a crime ring? Careful. They could dismember you. Be free from the zoot suits. 'They give gorillas a bad name.' This was an

opportunity for Goat to seize the day.

Everybody needs a belief system. Even the practicing Atheist, at least he's practicing a religion. Even Demo-oids. Little groups. In an evolving state? Demo-oids were peace demonstrators descending from an earlier existence as a 'hippie.' The hippies had evolved from 'the beatnik.' Demoniks, preferred.

There was evil in the air. And there was a group of outer space beings from Planet Scarey Bio-Cell that were descendants of 'The Mob.' Laterally evolutionarized beings. Planets Scare-E-Yikes and Toxo-Cell were to be inhabited by the Good Guys, from Planets Love and Holism, a large conglomerate containing many rings, spy rings, the 'Neutral International Politicians on Nature,' known as NIPON, twenty-first century families of clergy-clones, commentators, ... and some retired stone masons and cyber-students and shop owners. They had gone off and started a new religion based on either a seven thousand year old group of Hindus or a rural church in New England that had gone peacefully wayward path. And their political system was based on the Democratic party Two Thousand. The demo-oids elected their officials by seeing who

could stuff the ballot box the most. 'To grow into a demo-nik. It is a mindset.' A tie was decided on who could swindle the most money under the table. The table was at a particular height that made this challenging. And everyone was happy. Criminal, unjust, truly poor, stupid, but happy. And the World International Leader, known with less verbage as the Club President, was going to fix everything. One longed for a more pure world, where the best of minds and mind made a path. Ink floriculture. There was only one thing to fear. And that was G_d.

Emphasis: some people in each or both.

A lesson as it were for it is to be of several supportive spacelinglings (definition: spaceling little ones) that were, for a majority trying to give support to each other. To take healthy actions, to be free from poverty, free of criminal activity, and free of being uneducated. Some people in each or both. Teaching and learning.

In essence the individuals comprising the American Mafia Association were only a myth. Sicily is a nice place. The people of Sicily want to do what is really right. They don't want the stigma. They want to be free of the stigma. It is a nice island with nice

people.

'When they found out that some outsider was moving in Like a dog, ... territorial.' Secret Intelligence Galaxien Agent 100200300. 'It wasn't the Old World. It was the Midwest Bath Tub Ring mob.' Informant, a Unitarian. 'There is only one way to go, chumley.' Galaxien asks Informant how it was busting the crooks, lasso-o-o-ing the bad guy, capturing the villain. 'Scary.' 'Nothing to fear on earth. Fear only G_d, Void of Form.' Club President. 'A job well-done.'

In time the money came back. 'It is like the ocean, see. The tide goes in. The tide goes out.' Elliott, Goat listened to the advice. That was the government working for us. 'Some civil servants are just like my loved ones. They work so hard and try to be strong.' Talking Heads, David Byrne singing through the compact disc drive on his vertical.

'Like a jar of icky bugs of a bug-man in the bath's drain above the entresol. White-capped. Well,' The informant talks to his soul-mate, free of contempt. On the futon, his second futon they watched. Three stars came out. 'We must remember the study of fish. Code: Feed the icky

bugs to the ichthyologist's topic of study.' 'Code like a banana.' 'Yes. Truly slick like a slicker in the rain. Remember distinguishing the fish bowl from the aquarium.'

An Economics Major Having Had Eaten a Tossed Salad with Roquefort. Produced by The Shoestring Budget Company. What reads like a New Yorker editor's memoirs? Twice in one day. An economics major who got his 'hands dirty' read the case study. Two case studies. In the comfort of his home, taking time from a relationship. Very romantic. Case reads: Involved (Egh). A few local policemen, third generation Universalist, (What does that have to do with spacemen from Planet Ledger Balancevia? Researchers were making conjectures.), and an Eastern European (a place where the mathematical genius concentration high), woman with revolver puts the squeeze on, two unknown yuppies (young and urban and professionals, 'YUPies,') gone astray trying to put a dent in the American Market, the Galaxien World Economy, the neighbourhood construction worker making things difficult for the good guy with the portfolio. Another informant speaks, "The following were involved in the case. Who? Two Jewish brothers in Brooklyn developing computer

evolutionary bio-silicon-neuro chips, cousin to the bio-neuro computer chip (good guy informants), a couple of actively recovering veterans mildly 'demented' from Agent Orange, a bio-warfare anthro-quinone party of some demented medical students. (Dementia has as a symptom 'one enjoys seeing another suffer.') Case reads on. A visionary, dare 'rust belt' factory worker (known affectionately as the Tin Man Silverman (in need of better relations concerning oil)) frustrated from loss of a livelihood and who knows what, who knew the day-trader that knew the yuppy who knew the professor who knew the possibility who took a moderate risk and knew the investor. Three women covering their faces as muslim law requires that were non-muslim women (A sneaky place to hide the Tin Man was a hide-away.), two women protecting their men, themselves informants, four gay men happy about the interior decorating, four gay men in love, two day-traders and lovers, an underground writer, trying so hard to be hiding their preference that they no longer hid it, no longer hid their love. The list of characters moved on and along, obstacles for Goat from Planet Shalom-Mir-West-End-Peace. Obstacles that were opportunities to resolve. We didn't claim to be fundamentalists, although we gave some support. The collaborative research

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Vechevoviengsteineneinderdasdatundter-derdat
Insight Problem. The sister to the 'supports of the
Radamacharovian function,' id est, the distributions
of changes of the federal interest rate. The amount
of the change and the direction were other
questions. Thus was the small talk over salads.

On and along. A rock-and-ice climber who was a
former grappler, a wrestler with the idea of being
one with the rock, an idea, friend and adversary to
the rock climber was a close cousin to the day
trader's evil twin, held in a 'contempt of court' and
escaping narily two strikes and the doctor flunks his
qualifying exams, his stance favoring more weight on
the left or then not the right (politically, not
athletically as Atlas shrugged)) a defense for his
brother's sinister, shall we say, ways, days of lesbian
relationships evolving from their womynhood, their
history. A history of goddesses and goddesses. And
then the trickle-down effect, city councilmen on the
take, the treasury a buffet, councilwomen on the
ballot box stuffing squad, both individual and team
efforts, another village mayor elsewhere where
familiarity is not breeding contempt, a blinded state
by injustice of a county treasurer, levels unbounded,
the urban sheriff, an east side gangster from Evil

City and fellow gang members from Planet Harry Knuckle that made a mean tea and tea-bread to be served at four, yes four, a cowboy and cowgirl and nearly a thousand investors with millions and billions missing, misplaced. This was somehow and was an opportunity? Yes. An Opportunity in World International. Xenophobic. Listed amongst 'ZOWI.'

And the dollars too. Sadly, blocks of beautifully inked money. Marked currency for domestic purposes. An annulment expenditure was upped to hold captive informants, unheard informant(s?) in the snake-pit (twenty-first century is it?), the mental asylum, isolation cell, world with no walls. To be annihilated. In some form or another. Some homologous form.

Lastly, Cheese-man. Cheese-man, the Informant. Smiley Cheese-man. When he got out it was like a person of colour looking into the eyes of a white woman in the 1950s. Civil rights. The civil rights beginnings? Underground Railroad of a different type. Not the railroad of those with their rights stripped from suffering from medical illnesses, point, emotional deray or disarray. Another kind. He got the information out. There had been a trial,

he and his brother. They had won. A win in a court room goes to the guilty parties, at times. And resentments lead to accidents. One at a time. If their relative the Swiss ambassador were still alive, he would never stop laughing? Rather never stop his refraining from laughing. As somber as he was.

No. Free of contempt. And that was after 'The Between.' 'The Between' was a buffer zone, a length of time, a Luxemburg have you, for the May Fourth Kent shootings and Rhodes and the National Guard. Like World War II as the war to end all wars, 'The Between' was to end all hateful activity in the area by a buffer of peace and neutrality. Henry the Second and perhaps, the yes, not as well-known, Judge Dent and Alfred Nobel and William of Normandie, all deceased, came with the secret spy code to unlock the cryptogram. Tony Blair and George W. Bush and Elisabeth the Second gave the living last code double-lock to unlock solution. They won, and also were honest people, and were very succesful people which they went on to be. All from a game of Living Last Code Double-lock. To unlock the solution. There was a question amongst protestors. 'Rational G_d or National Guard?'

And money flowed peacefully. Blissfully. With

love.

Hippies have laws. One has a dress code. Beliefs. Opposition? Of local police and local networking mayors voting to kill the students, to make an example, set an example. The 'staged' fire, an event of the fire being reason for the National Guard to be called in, was finally found to not be started by the students. And the one left holding the bag? Provoked by an auxiliary policeman and an outsider? What response, say with all due respect to Nature, or more, the whole of life including creative works in the form of buildings? What is the lesson?

Goat in the privacy of his den read his e-mail. He had developed Privacy Mail, software, now a few steps back, to insure confidentiality. One could entrust private or secret matters. The pilots of the American Ground Zero were not in question? It was the living that was the concern now. Amidst the mourning it was difficult. Where were the flowers? Feelings and emotions. Psyche? A world citizen puts a bowl of rice near the grave of a loved one. Another 'flowers.' 'When will your loved one eat the rice?' 'When your loved one smells your flowers.'

Where are the flowers? 'There is your 'a priori.'

'Your'ergo." Consequentiels? Gneerhoemneerman de, from Holland thought it was te a bomb, a painting of der, the incident. A need for humanity, humanitarian means, to bring up the Near Man, the vulgar, non-erudite. The bomb you cannot see. The Thirty Years War Number Two benchmark. The monument. To the Young Hippies, a peace demonstration group of erudites, combating the Pigs with flowers and songs, a hatemonger, a crowd of difficult, unjust and vulgar, ignorant, uneducated (educated beyond their intelligence), in power beyond their abilities, and nearly impoverished in every way concerning moral and ethic, mores, with vendettas and grudges, called it 'the Thirty Year Parole.' Nineteen seventy to the millennium. The parole without a trial, a fair trial. Being on 'the list.' Being an 'agitator.' Without a judge, a fair judge. Somewhere there is a fair judge. When I cannot, God can. There is an abundance of fair judges. Then Goat can continue with his livelihood. Making money.

For what? For the cause, for tie-dying shirts and going to Canada, leaving the local scene and its familiarity that breeds contempt? He still wasn't sure once he saw the remains of the unabridged three hundred pages. The film was a disaster 'back

home.' Europe was another story. Expectations of a recovering, a 'homecoming' falling short. Rocky Horror, Tim, 'I'm going home.' Curry. Indian gurus, amethyst, transmeditating-ascending. Ascensional.

Ascending from the filth of ignorant minds. A wonderful feeling. Another war in the news. To say no. To reject wrong. And accept the world. Not so wonderful? Constantly learning/reminding one of acceptance, not agreeing or disagreeing. Acceptance. Complete and whole. The world.

It was the start of Elliott's electronic and hard-copy publishing company that gave him something to come home to. On the cork-board was a card posted. He was getting resistance from the police. He couldn't drive across town without being harassed. 'Learning to keep the losers out of your way.' Hard sometimes. Easy sometimes. All times you are keeping them free from their own losing ways. Behaviours. Free from losing behaviours is one step to neutral behaviours which is one step toward winning behaviours. Everything is half a step behind.

The Underhandeds, an electronic bootleggers

group, had him nearly in the soup kitchen. It was a sequence of events, no one was to blame. It is just that things were not done properly. In just one and a half years, almost seven quarters, he was valued at three hundred thousand dollars in assets. Surfing for an attorney. Bootstrapper. Then a million and a third. Two and a quarter. How? The secret is there is no secret, and it is all hard work. He painted, he wrote, he produced music, composed, consulted. All the while staying clear from a numbers game, from big deal chasing. He'd say, 'Each step is a step on the path.' Goat, Elliott climbed the money ladder. He thought about a Bachar Ladder, a ladder made from plastic pipes for rungs and rope to hang freely, used by a climber for a model of overhangs or vertical. A model. That was it. His whole world was a climb. The Bachar Ladder was practice. His investment portfolio, diversified like his friends, associates.

The numbers game. 'I'll be some body when I reach this number.' That wouldn't be good enough. 'And then this number,' ever higher. More and more dissatisfying. Yes, dissatisfying. Clearly. The solution was the flow state. And to be a stronghold in helping the world be a better place to live. Though intelligent Information Age progress.

Time changes, and some dynamics stay the same. From a cold start. Before the war. After the war. The war on Evil Doers from Planet Evil-oid. Rach and Goat in a gallery hyphen cafe. There were some books upon some shelves. 'That line.' 'Okay, so only 77K was in cold cash. The rest?' 'Gee, Beav. The world's not like it used to be.' She was reminding him subtly that he had other assets, immeasurable. 'Your skills. You could easily make a list of over one hundred skills.' 'Information.' He hadn't started to publish. 'That's the world we live in, self-publishing.' The President announced that we will not allow, we will be free from allowing the Evil Doer-oids from stopping us lead our normal lives. Business as usual. Elliot thought about the first time he had heard the expression, 'Evil Doer-oids.' He was driving his sisters to the mall. They were arguing over which CD to listen to. So he turned on the radio. It was then. The President was making a speech.

Tabitha Rue. Her beauty was overwhelming. Her sister, Chamomile rode in the front seat. Equally beautiful. She shone like an old black crow or a majestic raven ascending from the wisdom of a gingko tree. Shined.

He listened to the radio. Then thoughts drifted, thinking about accumulating wealth. He had some masters for some CDs, postcards and prints, about a hundred and twenty oil paintings. Tabitha asked, 'What are you thinking about?' 'Ten thousand US dollars each with a dealer in New York City.' 'Each in the Puppeteer's hand.'

The Puppeteer reiterated. 'Like a s'cool master.' 'Like Swiss cheese.' 'H-m-m-m?' He emphasized 'skewel.' A surfer's drawal. Actually a sixties phrase that never caught on except for some small press, underground.

Chamomile was working on a book. The beginnings of another novel. 'Between the three of us and Daegal we have ten solid manuscripts.' Daegal was a friend of Elliott's, from Scandinavia. Robust yet refined. 'What manuscripts are more colorful?' 'Why not spend more energy on promising hopefuls for some nonfiction, how-to?' Tabitha, 'And some other dreams needing deciphering?' Deals with printing shoppes? Deals with copy centers?' Elliotke remembered that the Onkyo tape deck in parts in a cardboard box was still in the back of his Mitsui pickup. That was

parked at his mother's. Blue with mags and a rear seat on the micro. Would hold your climbing rucsacs and gear and food. He said, 'E.V. Debs.' 'What?' 'The song about socialists.' In his room at school he had a poster. A Eugene V. Debs poster on the wall. 1900, '04, '08 Socialist Party United States candidate. Debs was in a family photograph that Goat's grandmother had found. 'I am going to write a book about the fall of capitalism and America transcending to socialism.'

'Was it xenophobia is a fear or hatred of foreigners?' Chamomile looked at the flowers in baskets hanging from lamp posts along the streets with cafes and shops, a dry cleaner, a bookstore. Walking meditation for the Japanese market, Nipon. Walking prayers. Houses, rental filled with college students, a few painted ladies. A Vokari was in the garage. Old propaganda material? It had a custom paint-job, fiber-glassed body, racy, sport, and 50s on the mag wheels rate. Powered? Hybrid volts/gas. Distance is a product of rate, time. Rate times time. 'D.I.R.T.' on the license. The gang, 'Hey, hey that's 'rate.'" That's the common equation. It made him happy, a release. He was out to nab a spy. Moles from here molecularly.

He felt connected. It was his great-grandfather who settled here. Worked the farm. It made him happy that he would take his family and run. Run to a Zion, from the neoHolocaust. Ground Zero-oid. Laughing is the first step to a new path. Amidst the rubble and debris and dead it is far from fitting. The old stuff wasn't working.

One day there will be a day to laugh again. Laughing Buddha prayers. 'What was it? Give your captors what they want. Then you can leave. Viktor Frankl on the Holocaust?' Chamomile looked through her sunglasses. 'Yes.'

1984's version of life is here today. Modern monsters, modern Hitlers deserve an 'Amach Schemoe,' we curse. 'Amach schemoe.' 'Strike the bastard from the book of life.' 2001's answer to conditions and stimulus, her input for the machine. World magazine had an article, 'The top men in the Nazi movement were the doctors, judges, and bankers.' He was riding a railroad. A mindless train on an infinite course on the set of tracks laid over a barren wasteland. 'If it were all over, it would still go on.' He? The fanatic. A crazy-maker. There is only one solution? A buffer zone. Tranquility. Peace. Not unlike a chateau in neutral Switzerland

for a Nabokov-type, life during wartime.

Goat Equals, Is Elliott.

'A list?' Pause. 'It's the old Chamomile and Tabaetha Rue, the sisters and Mum to the mall bit. Buy me. Show me you are a good provider, and I will tell my girlfriends. They will then drool over your presence in hot, passionate ways.' 'Did you see him? Sugar?' 'Who?' 'Daegal.' 'Yes.' Chamomile Rachel, 'Then a black ugliness of a reality-jerk.' 'Sure.' Tape deck playing, David's Well-Oiled Machine and 'So, a Wave in the Ocean.' Singing with tubular synthesizers, pure flute sounds, 'Oh, the Sea, Diagnosis OCD. ... Yea, yea, yea. Cover your books, and make the 'zine, Look. Look, look, look. A star fell onto the ground. This is the sound, of it, of nothing falling.' Silence, synthesizer effects. 'This is what we are fighting for. Miles from the earth's core. This is our tour. Where we are stopping.' The music phases out. Soft violins.

The Gnu, Elliott wasn't foolish in passing up an education. Rach Hepzibeth, a friend of the family, like a sister, to 'Mum,' 'He had dropped out of private school, unable to tolerate the tenured bureaucracy?' Pause. 'No, it was rising above social

status.' Explaining a boyfriend's decision. At a Formica bar in the kitchen, over coffees.

Later. Gnu equals Goat equals Elliott with Rach in the den. 'Dreams of simpler, earlier days, looking from surf.' Rach, 'Surf.' Pauses. 'Looking for surf.' Gnu. 'Granite surf. From climbing trips. Waves of granite. Limestone.' 'Elliodtekeveh Gnu.' 'Yes?' 'That's that.' Ursula returned two-handed back, 'That's that, that's that.'

Surprisingly Urs and he hadn't disappointed his father like Gnu had thought. She had been in the bed, had slept over and was napping. Rach, 'Why did he think he had to have his father's approval anyway in the first place?' Pausing, waits. Viscott plays on the deck. 'The reason for doing something I want to.' For not? 'I don't want to.' Goat wasn't raised to be someone else's patsy.

He hadn't raised him that way. He raised him to think for himself, to do mighty deeds, noble, to live to defend Torah, the Laws, of the books of Moses. To study Tanakh. He had a common work-study ethic, although his own. Does any one culture have a work ethic? There are always deviations within. He brought an ethic with him with a certain spy ring,

a group that worked boundaries.

Borders. He had read his share's worth of eastern philosophy and the idea of karma, the idea of following a path of his ancestors, their livelihood, their mannerisms, their choices. He was intelligence for Israel. An expert on east and west borders. The sun nevertheless set without you, no matter what one did. Most of the time.

Karma ranks below enlightenment which is found outside of the common path, from a standard trail-head. Somehow he thought that he would one day have his own life. 'I know I've gone awry, to do this, to become a prodigal son.' 'I am a sensory. I go to fill my well, feeling, living a rich, satisfying life.' He was a follower of Einstein, believing that socialism, true socialism, was the path. Why? It worked well from a multifaceted perspective and importantly more was that it was the most humanitarian. It's function was to serve humanity, society. The root of the purpose of government. Goat would say, 'It is not unlike the sabbath, government, in that its purpose is to serve Man, not the other way around.'

Elliott's Father Maybe Not Fulfilling his Duty Teaching Torah?

'Why not teach physics?' A black hole seems to form. 'There are laws?' 'Why not mathematics?' 'The Hebrew word for 'study' is 'mathematics' and on the Sabbath one is to study.' 'Be slow to judge.' 'If you want to be creative, be creative.'

He would get back to it. Praying, he finally looked up, looked to the bookshelf, the library shelf. At the next opportunity 'for choice,' free will contained in God's will, he was reminded by his deeper thoughts that his breath was the same breath of his forefathers, back to Angus Thoreau Bergstein, humanitarian Judge A. Nobel, beyond his forefathers that created a land where one is free to worship. What had a law book called it? The name of it? In early America, a time of Unitarian churches? The law that required schools in community. Why? To teach the students to read the Bible. It was thought, believed that the 'Adversary' would prevent citizens from reading biblical literature, so schools were required. The Old Deluder Satan Act was in society for a society, a better society, to keep living the world religions.

Goat found himself at the monitor's familiar blue haze. A toast in cyberspace. 'To William the Conqueror, Normandie, bastard off-spring,

Elisabeth the Second, Henry II, Tony Blair, a Parliament to some anthropological find, to a primate, a naked ape. Primal. To Mankind.' A return message. 'Your champagne tastes so good. And your ethic so noble.'

Next Day.

Ursula and Gnu pulled into the restaurant in their Internet equipped Planet Zoom Car Hyphen Spaceship Five Hundred. In a quiet, private booth he asks Urs to hike up her skirt a little more, exchanging champagne by mouth, her white stockings catching the dim candlelight. He noted to do an oil of the artwork that Ursula was. 'Art is all in the framing.' He enjoyed the thus luscious moment. It was a moment when time stood still.

'What was it like when it was found that William of Normandie was perhaps hereditarily Jewish? Maybe a joke. Is it like a yeti, a missing link, a half-man, half-ape, a mystery? Perhaps mysteries are better off for old age? And Swiss ambassadors and Swedish kings and queens struggled not to drop their tea cups. What they go through. What they must go through. French and Belgian. The Netherlands. Pre-British Invasion. Remember the beautiful

music.' 'Remember capital 'b,' 'Beauty.'" 'The twilight, love, champagne create an environment.'

That Einstein's thesis of relativity explained this timelessness of a lover's moment, sitting near a warm fire and time reading Pale Fire, Ada, and Transparent Things. That the thesis explained a neo-world, a new view, a view that was always there, that was a marvel, a wonder of the world. That some things and nothings could be explained.

Groups of theories. 'Basement theories.' Theories of Social Groups. Dinosaur theories. Dinosaur Theory 101. Invented to allow for schools in the community to teach religion. Religion? Philosophy? Psychology? Education? Learning Theories. Ravens amongst Las Vegas facades? More songs about, more theories about more buildings, facades about defining a character, gourmet foods (ziti with trout, sans trout, with curry, paprika, olive oil served in a small restaurant near a larger ocean), fashion, design and evolving from slogan and 'Tie-dye and go to Quebec' and other Maslovien elements with Pavlov's response? Programs. So that the people with a voice for cafes and our nutmeg sprinkles and free expression to

make art would be able to be heirs of those before to read religious Beat literature of the Beat religion and have a decent life with mores and ethic and even aesthetic appreciation, and this was so.

This was something that the people believed, that 'satan' (from the French word for 'adversary,' Hebrew, 'to hinder') tried to prevent religious education. To express that early on that numbers and letters were one thing, one sonorous collection of expression, namely. Hence, the name. Grimacing name. The Deluder. It was something that the Beat generation and 'ink well' cafes about the universities that is and rebellion and agitation and free thinking for less than one dollar for the house-mix coffee even existed. What frailty coinciding with such robustness. Had indeed existential pleasures. All because of networks of schools being built and an earlier act passed. And the Greek philosophers 'corrupting' youth. It is indeed one world. Like the future exists. It is just not available right now.

To his Brit connection. 'It was successful whilst as an integral step for the pilgrims' progress and dreamt of freedom from shackles and witches testing the waters, doomed if you do.' 'Handel had a grip on

this during his life.' 'The great, say all good people, thinkers did.' 'Rather prosaic, ought, yes?' 'Liszt' goes on. 'Uncommonly.' 'Why am I doing this? To find out why. I am finding out why I am doing this.' 'Other memorable moments?'

The beat goes on. The length of a breathless line and wave theorists go on. 'Bach' to the story. 'Keep making laws until your satisfied, whatever it is. Progress is an illusion,' Jayne, Elliott's long-may-you-run beach-road-friend-girlfriend shouted at the television set during pre-election commercial runs. The band Devo tours their Shout compact disc. What does one properly shout? The count is still out. Although the decision was made.

'Make laws until there is justice and that it is for the Unjust is an assumed point.' Have the laws carried out, obeyed. Thrive in justice and her consequential wealth and knowledge-base, an intelligence. Earlier ethics of the forefathers formed the groundwork. 'Meaning,' Marc, Goat's 'art friend,' whispered in his barely audible gasps of soulfulness on his deathbed. 'I am young, yet, ... The Lord He is God.' And then he was dead. Flowers, a grave. 'Meaning. Remember this is America, a land of good, a land of

where as well the souls practicing 'witch hunting laws' are, too. Artists have lived and thrived, too. Own your dream.' He started channeling. Back to now. All else was an hallucination of sorts. Something unbelievable. After the cultural equivalent of proverbial 'ham and cheese sandwiches,' a kosher plate, people dispersed, the service over. Someone, 'There's an 'r' in Yom Kippur.' 'Was that Jerry Mendlebaum'?

His pet civet, his cat looked on. 'The holy meaning was translated as the holy spirit intended by a father ... o-o-o-m-m ... to his son in study, nothing more. Sha-lom. Morning and after.' The cat smiled chelsireen-wise and that about becoming a cowgirl. Elliottgnuglu, back from Izmir, Turkey, a popular vacation area, locale remembered Marc praying before tea between Universalist services in the hall while Marc accepted life, prayed for those in the last stages of AIDS. A bottle of milk thistle capsules nearby. It kept him going. Faith. Faith in the alternative in a difficult world, full of resistance. Would it always be this way? Is this all there is? Back to the cat perched full belly upon a gelding, a walker amidst gentle cows. Pleasant images. The horse named Ezekiel. 'I could have been a mensch.' 'Or at least a Swedish spy.' 'Maybe a

Netherlands'?' 'I would have to be smart.' 'If someone asked me who wrote the book Ezekiel, I would have to know.' 'Should I say, 'This could pose a problem?''

'Maybe the witches were really targeted Jewish people or proselytes? Or the madness from the bad yeast in the grain, mold? Maybe immigrants, Transylvanians that had contracted, er, rabies, the 'vampires?'" He thought to himself. 'No one is to blame. Still we must stand up and end the mindlessness. Fight as it were.

Goat to Rach and Urs. Money flows like their love. 'Didn't we talk about that in the sixties?' Radio. 'What do you think of your summer now?' Rachel. 'And monkeys, innocent monkeys and the HIV virus, mid80s? From the space race? Experimentation. Isn't it true that there is enough medicine, that 'enough is' truly enough?' He was heavier then, not the lean build of a climber, still recreational and adventurous, more so then, and a civil rights activist and environmentalist. It was a hard life. He had chosen it. Civil rights. More rights, more civil. He saw it as something historical, something, a behavior separate from the person. Like distinguishing, discerning a person from his or

her sin. Radio. 'Is that a Chevy sixty-nine?' Ursula. 'Ferro-cheval? Iron horse, yes. I am to go to Stockholm now. Good-bye.' 'Aerodynamics. Streamlining. This is the sign of a progressive mind. The streamlined coffee cup. Progress. Change is good. Streamlining equals progressing. Evolution.' Streamlined radio plays Vivaldi following Venezuelan waltz, a form of jazz, classical.

A phone-line clicks topological code. I say to the beautiful work of art across from me, 'Wait it could be my shoe, ... or maybe my hat.' Then I remember I had not dusted the frame for that painting for a while. Do not try the following at home. Like a lumberjack who dresses in women's clothing, something naughty, something he shouldn't be doing. Yes, phone tapping. 'I'm running from religion.' 'Zen is not 'a.' It is 'religion.'" Underground defectors. Jayne-fuzz-box, 'What do the levitical laws say about that??' 'What, for intellect's sake, side of lesbianism's bed are you on?' 'Left of 'Butch' and then not. To roll my r-r-r-r-s. And turn on a woman that way? What's that make me?'

Sunday came around. Like yoga, hold a pose a little longer. To a sabbath walk, not to hurry the sabbath

(along). So what that is what is meant by 'To a wedding walk, to a divorce run.' A mensch (Yiddish for scholar, respectable.) married the Sabbath. The run part, ... run from the idea of ever divorcing, especially if you have married the Sabbath. Maybe at least contemplate about a long vacation alone first? An extra-terrestrial sound through the Unitarian Universalist Church. 'We are serving vegetarian burgers to the vegetarians. Pro choice.' 'Here, here. Long live Vonnegut. And afterwards may it be a gentle slope with the business about his spine, collectively.' 'You have interfered with 'The Investors from Planet Galaxy Summit North and Easterly.' We are now free of being the planet that wanted to be a galaxy. Take me to ... the self is the leader of the self, wait a minute. We are now freeing the Universe of tapping.' A rabbi was talking on the Holocaust and future holiday making. The Being said respectively, 'Oh, excuse me when apologies are due. Wrong number.' Someone knew a right number. There were times to acknowledge the past, to mourn the respective losses.

'It's not what you drive to the party that matters. It's who you bring.' Overheard at Jayne's Heir party, psycho-babbled. 'How abstract.' Matter-of-factly.

He sat with Jayne-bug during the Unitarian service where he found himself. The Church was known for supportive acceptance in all ways, universally in a hostile world; an example, its open-arm policy toward lesbianism and the gay subculture. Of diversity. Of homogeneity. 'This is what America stood for. Getting on a big boat, being out at sea for some time, so to speak, and then getting off the boat.' 'Then learning new phrases like, 'Did you just get off the boat?' And questions like 'Are you xenophobic?'" 'Poly-denominational not nondenominational.' Starting to talk. 'And yes, a complex universal set of beliefs that is doctrinal. And congregation.' Originally from the North, only 'temporarily' New England, he had escaped like some heavens-dreaming abolitionist's cause/mindset. 'So. You are a northerner.' 'Yes, if you are facing that way. Otherwise I am a cowboy western on the movie channel, channel Rho D-O.'

Gyrations til you had your fill. 'Break the dance.' 'Break out of the mold.' Like the stars that moved while he watched the revolution about the pole, the Polaris. 'Aren't we?' 'Aren't we small.' 'And so big.' 'I am listening to the anger.' 'Aren't we always watching that way, like on a bank in a big field with no other lights to distract the moment, to let the real

stars shine. Still, wherever you go, there you are.' 'Waking dreams asking now what?' We both looked inward for the answer. Together. Within/without. Linear. Operator. The answer of no answer. Who spoke? One of One and another one of One. One and the Many.

She knowingly. 'My sex life is quite satisfying. It is just not available at the time.' Rach turned to kiss Chamomile. 'What would we do without the mall, and the drive to and from and fro?'

Ellioyvtsrighengnuglu, another code name for Goat, tried to make ends meet by tutoring for an inner city school, 'money coming' to him 'from many sources' went the affirmation. He was investing his money, and the market was doing well, twenty percent gains over the year. 'How long will this last?' He had an old flamenco guitar and played nights picking up fifty bucks here and there. A very fine fifty dollars, thank you. He remembered hot summer days and her sitting on the curb wet sweat and juices darkening her black stockings and Lycra and open legs. Why not all cotton? He was pressed. What about all the same fiber? Between sets. He'd scraped up enough time/money to get

some studio time and work on an independent CD. He was meant to do something else with his life. Although he was not disenchanted. More a touchstone than a stepping stone. He knew 'anyone is more than he ever thinks.' Still we go about humbly doing the world's work, going about with the yoke most of the time. Everyone else knew it? His father just wanted him to be happy, maybe have some grandchildren later. To his grandfather, 'On the night that Marc, did you know that Marc had died?' Died, Ellgnu went home and rearranged his bookshelves. Marc was his grand-father's father's, his great grandfather's great grandson. A second wife, unheard of then without 'gasps.' He had been praying to his dead grandfather, murdered. To God, in actuality. He thought about the contents of these books, each book, that had 'wired' his brain. The term 'wired' in climbing circles, to master a pattern of 'moves.' To a point of mesmerized memory. Pronounced: 'Mez-moahre-i-zinggehkeve.' Climber's 'drawleh' from Brooklyn. 'Oh. That's what that is?' Resuming. Had had meaning. Events in common. Marc had given him a Chagall. A Marc had been born in 1887. A Chagall that is. Not to be confused with Faber Hall Chagall, known for his inventive artwork in the pencil sketches medium. Is that all it was? Books now on a bunch of life experiences on

bio-chips world? Intersections and unions in some such order of events, points? On Gutenberg's Cyber-press? An early project. 'They are slowly killing off a race of Scots.' 'I'd rather have had read Rilke on recycled toilet paper. What was the company? Paper In-Out, a 'process and a manufacturer.'" 'Affectionately, Insy.' He donated some books of poetry to the local free library. 'Free not public. That's the 'bear's choice.'" Ursula's voice like silk, smooth and a sensual resonance with her pronunciations and depth of her belly breathing, a calmness, and solemn holy 'aum,' 'shalom chants,' and her hobby of singing and a part-time money source. ('Aum.' The mother of words. If you ever had a conversation with my mother, you would understand the phrase, 'mother of words.')

'Non-private?' 'It's a different pace, the cadence?'

A darkness, an obscurity had lifted. Cleaning house felt better. The ending is a beginning, beginning, an end. Cleaning bookshelves is like that. Elliottgnu knew how to 'bring shame to light,' 'Not being shame,' he paused, "self not being shame, seeing the residual, the remaining in light, these constructs put together, create a good amidst obscurity and separates the self not only from the act. It allows the self to see an opportunity in the obstacle. An

adversary shows us what we are not. The result could be a personal or spiritual goal, a deeper love and more compassion, or money. And in a sculptor's way, what one is against defines what one is.' Rach and Ursula listened. It was enough to last awhile.

The community had a price tag, particularly had a cost for the library. Everything has its price to pay. The musician's practice time, an artist's time in the studio, the investor, his time researching and the cost in the purchase of a stock. A scholar and the scholar's time studying. Even the President and the time honing skills, campaigning and picking up votes, and his or her time continually learning more while in office. Learning. A change in behavior. Money. Meaning in an exchange or transaction. A change in behavior.

What about the Mold for the Nonconformist?

Conformist molds. Take that two ways. The graphic artists were really fun to work with. They were all feeling the loss now though. And it was sobriety money. With. With time he liked to think of it, as free instead of public. The library and time. Amongst a bill of rights, human rights. This is the

Information Age. Civil, humanitarian, progressive contentment.

Goat and Rachel and Ursula calmly meditated at the Unitarian Universalist Church and then at the Memorial. Goat could defend anyone innocent. Blip, 'Liberty and justice for all.' 'Public' rang out as precursor to 'nuisance,' a 'public' menace, a policeman called out. A motionless 'non-vagrancy,' an idle wanderer with a settled habitation, where there is a copy of *Borderliners* on the shelf, near-proximity of a bottle of ink in the subconscious, now at a Memorial, a meditation, a moment of solemnity and peace. Mourning a loss, the loss. A dream, her imperfections manifesting as deaths, healing. Later Goat defended the three and were free. Horror and anguish and brutality and torment, a series of abhorrences, had separated their peaceful meditation to an end of a trial. The three knew that it might not be the end. For now the three had resolution. And received a hefty settlement and a restraining order after charges were filed against the policemen. Men then. 'And what's wrong with that?' 'An echolaic 'insubordination' for a dress code violation, if one wasn't in a policemen's uniform?' 'He was the instigator.' 'Vigilante cop.' 'Another one, a threat to society, on the streets.' 'Alert to a

danger that was not there.' It ended perhaps to come of age for a group, manifesting as a construct of the 'Informant Age,' a time perhaps for a group like *Skull and Bones* to read and an exercise left to the reader. 'All manifestations are memorials pose.'

Later. 'Born to be free, we walk on another turtle's back, take what we ... can ... never run out of sky-scape and manage another breath, and never lack, read zen, zen, zen, and come here as often as that? Moment, moment, moment, spent, moment' the radio played with a background of techno-industrial computer noise-music.

Pre-Ground Zero. Clearing the mind of the 'noise' with white noise and synthesizer of flute in the lower or mid register. Remember clearing the mind? To clear?

Elliottgnu listened for the pink noise. 'She Swears.' He remembered a synthesizer piece by T. Althausen, a new age work of the soft pink noise. Fifty-second cousin to Stockhausen or some such. Some white. Some blue. Some influence from the *Paprika Plains* double album, Joni Mitchell.

Caveat. Stockhausen's first generation. Structure.

The university radio plays an instrumental, 'Hike up your skirt a little more, and show your world to me.' Nice socks. A young Amish woman blushes at the market. That is, like the wages of sin being death, after taxes, it was more a slow, tired feeling, although potentials for contentment. G_d forbid she be affected and cursed to a slow, tired feeling. Ursula and Jayne Jetson made love like Goat made money. 'Til there was nothing left.' Urs telling Goat. 'Spent.' 'Always has a following moment. Else how would one define it? A true exercise for the reader.'

'Work on your life.' The postcard from Rachel read. Art Deco industrialist wife reads Life magazine in stuffed chair and B52 hair. 'How can I work on these novels, repair twenty oil paintings, get the software installed for the compositions, when all I can think about is moving to College Town?' 'I could make an omelette.' 'It takes time to focus.' 'I have to laugh. Ha-ha-ha-ha.' It hurt that much.

It was a new war after Ground Zero. It was a new world. An order of events came in and out of order, relationships tumbling through Galaxy Oneness, a

oneness approaching the Universe,
'The Universe is expanding.' B52s playing on the
spaceship radio factory installed. Capacitor boxes,
pulse boxes, surge boxes.

'Did anyone ever remember to separate the living
from the dead?' Goat. Assumes the kosher
discotheque move. 'This is a 'deli-ca-tess-en.' No,
you can't marry my daughter. Your not carrying a
watchful eye on that video of 'Tess.' The time I
could give you.' 'Blessed be the daughters of this
town.' Returning to a separation. Living glitter
(really lichen, organic and politically correct) and
dead glitter (plastic from oil from dead dinosaurs)
added a decorator's touch to the party. Glitter on
the futon. 'Glitter on the highway.' B52s played
Cosmic Thing and Other Friends Tour. Played it
out of this world. In the art-world, 'Glitter and
acrylic paint together are extra-terrestrial outer space
being mediums, product and multiply.' 'Utmost.'
'That is really extended into the galaxies.' 'Where is
the nearest mall. Flatly and on Planet Flatland.' 'In
the moment. Free of trying to prove ourselves.'
'Flatland is of the creation and the creation of G_d.
Blessed be Flatland for it is good.'

Recalling. Marc and Elliot (He dropped a 't' in the

spelling for coded security reasons. Temporarily.) went to recording school together one green, cool summer. They received a grant from University of Stockholm. 'More a workshop mindset. Project. Elliot told Marc that he '... wouldn't make it to forty, protesting near-death about gay hate crimes, too many clove cigarettes, and 'tubular' paint fumes from the studio. It was the thinner actually.' He had painted a majority of his works without thinner in the latter, the earlier and latter paintings both. 'Repaint no more.' The claim. And they still survive. A blessing. A contribution to World Society. A new organization, the same meaning of the colours of the flag. Long Live the Union Jack. The tea party is on the other shore.

Marc was that guy that if you told him he couldn't do something, he'd go out and do it. If it were ethical. Climbing, painting, in business, anything reasonable. Legal tender. Amongst the personal dogma, a cabalistic construct, it was a puzzle, a conundrum. Goat, 'Why apply it to everything?' 'When to apply it to anything?' This worked to obtain fantastic goals. It loomed to be, deemed a problem in dealing with the local police. The grassroots level of a system, a judicial system in crisis, was a place to look. The majority of the time the police are our

friends or civil servants working, emphasis for us. Coming back from a smart-bar, Welly Longforde's, mildly sober on green algae, gotu kolas, and ginko biloba, nuts from the Hayes Museum in Ohio, at a one hundred forty intelligence quotient, he pulled off a hundred pull-ups past the gym. Conquests. The local police at his college town didn't mind. His home town police had gotten wind and had threatened him for quite some time. He knew the difference between right and wrong. It at times seemed a fine line. Time distanced him from any problems.

And on a more enjoyable, ... on another fine day Elliott had gotten his college Portuguese teacher (she wanted to) to take him to a hotel (he wanted to), watch European pornographic movies with the sound off and blindfolded and subtitles and both blindfolded, at least for a certain length of time, namely the whole time, and wanting her to talk dirty to him in Portuguese, she went on and on about geology, strata of dirt and rock, until he grew tired, so he changed the subject and asked her, interrupting the whole affair and asked her where she was when she saw *The Graduate* for the first time. He kissed her hard, ... to the green eyes, the nines out of her academic mind til checkout.

'Spent.' Youth was such. How could he now change the past?

Other memorable notes from college. Sadly. Ursula, 'Ginsberg had just died.' Elliott the Goatman, the Goat, Goat thought, howling, the howling made of lunacy and full moons, that mankind, his mankind was coming to an end. 'Humankind.' That was what he wanted to say. He remembered Allen Ginsberg walking across the parking lot with an ice cream cone. Barely time to wait, and wait, it was frozen yogurt. His peacefulness and joy and happiness. Then a threat, from a driver. He continued peacefully walking. What really killed him? Extrinsic stress? Hate? A. was giving a talk w/ concertina and stories that weekend on campus. 'No. The week, no?' 'To make a livelihood. We are alive. So one wants to make a livelihood.' Elli the Goatherd.

Howls in the Colorado mountain lake beach night. Silent howls whilst on vacation. With Piotr and Anna and Gosha. From Yugoslavia. Meanwhile his lawyer had died, his grandfather from stomach cancer (the stomach the next fastest regenerating organ of the body, penultimate to the mouth cells), an uncle, the proverbial rich uncle which carries a

load of stress, intrinsic and extrinsic, Jerry Garcia, John Denver, Princess Diane, and Mother Theresa. And Queen's Fred. Who was next? God forbid that it be Sir Elton John. Brought some coyotes back home. Loving howls in the night.

Living. Security for ... Sir Elton John, David Byrne, the guy who wrote 'Day-Dream-Believer (and a homecoming queen).' At forty-one going on twenty-three after pursuing all the love he could, Marc stopped breathing. Forever the dead man pose. 'It is the hardest pose, no? The biggest obstacle, the biggest lesson.' He said, 'I don't want to be your ghost blowing horn for No-where-town heading to the West Coast, swim out past the breakers. The Lord He is God.' Where did the love go? Where does the love go when someone dies? Some energy form. Stored in memories? Is love a location? A time? A timelessness? Expressions shared? When the life of an Early Hippy falls from love, where does that life go? The Fritz Perls Museum of Open and Closed Gestalts? When one opens another such and such.

Where is the humanitarian love? Continuing? Did Gary Indiana's 'luv' go wrong? Scribbles on mirror,

lipstick and bathroom. Andy Warhol's influence tabula rasa? What is so mystical about the mystical? It is mystical. 'Spelled 'L-O-V-E' and the controversy. And still there never was a band called Contra-Banned. There was a mention why, 'the name of the band, ... the band was called Heaven.' And then many baby-moons past, and this earth was surely spinning around. Many times. And many Times cross-word puzzles were solved. This is someplace. Everyone knows like walking in a desert, this is someplace, confused with nowhere, but it is someplace, and someplace is where we find ourselves, some place to be, in a non-depressive perspective, non-nihilist. Like doing non-doing. It is 'now-here,' hyphen in the right place. In the moment. A G_d Given Moment. Like a prayer in the ephemeral, an ephemeral moment in one's mind. A glance at eternity.

Black and white negatives drying in the bath. Ursula is in the shower, nude, 'Let me bring your manhood alive.' Inviting. And invitingly. 'Inviting, bebe.' 'I could have covered my memoirs with a cover, cover art, black and white.'

He got in the shower. She took his tool in her hand,

then mouth. Why she wanted a flathead screwdriver in her mouth, I'll never know. And I am that much better off. She stood up nuzzling his neck, her wet hair pulled back. She turned her back on him and arched. He meets her wet snatch rubbing her clitoris with his free hand while she gives him feedback nibbling, sucking on his fingers. The gentle water hiding her moans. She was oils. At least they were clean.

Another memory of a different sort. Elliott and Marc, practicing for one of those performances of theirs, a remake of James Bond's *Diamonds Are Forever*, walked together holding hands, out of faith playfully together, plastic scorpions in the sand. Before there were digital cameras, they had a digital camera. Inventive.

Ursula, Rachel, and Goat after the filming. Painted together, painted 'The Perfect Sky,' and 'The Sky that Doesn't Exist,' 'There's No Sky and the Universe Is Completely Sky,' three series. And a collaborative called 'Quantum Soup Sky.' They napped in the mid-afternoons, ate, and wrote zany and social consciousness poetry together. An artist comes to New York. Sir Elton John. Someone has

a show at a gallery to bookmark. The Rocket Man Series, inks, mixed, of piano and rocket ships, space-scapes, glitter acrylic mixed mediums. Getting sober offers and with resolution one sees a tidy sum, nothing less than two thousand a sheet of paper. Dollars. U.S. Currency. Shameless for the psyche of the work. Model builder and rocket scientist-engineer Rutan promises rocket rides for the masses. Very scientific. Was he the first person to say, what was it? 'Why yes, indeed. I am a rocket scientist.' Many baby boomers pursued intellectual hobbies.

Shamed by a cruel outside world, a time in their lives each being persecuted for religious beliefs, and lying naked on the floor in the steamy heat of summer, they would go to the diner and journal and talk with the waitress, an old friend, a sculptor, on her break. Or to the smoke-free cafe for iced coffees. A naked mannikin lies on the floor there, cold. Collage of sixties models, a robust Twiggy et al on the wall. Rod Serling/Twilight Zone reruns. Impersonators. Dressing for dinner. With reworked subtitles, sound rather 'on' although off. Rather satisfactory. Real or imagined. Art from the Ann Arbour (a Canadien spelling) Art Festival d'jour. They played guitar/synths together, there on

Saturday evenings, called themselves, known as, Back at the Flat. Anthem song, 'What, listened to the radio, said positive affirmations (as a square as it seems, it is cool-o neatnik, Daddy-o) read French definitions, watched breath, in zen manner did the dishes no cup met its death, 'o' to 'm' and 'o' to 'z.' Spaces. Oz. Ozes. Aloe juice for breakfast, rather. Similarly 'shalom.' The sun sets in the west, as rocket men touch and go. Ev? sketched/drew/charcoaled/inked, kicked each other under the table, listed compact disc labels, free of playing friendly mind-games with teasing, bitter words. Monty Python cool-age in three-dimensional-height-width-time artwork, and the depth of the humour? Oi. And they watched television side by side. Look magazine and British birds. Back at the Flat with a looking glass and Mad Hatter's hat. Back at the Flat. Back at the Flat.' 'I'd like to know Sartre's bird. Not unlike a young woman with many experiences and experiments, not apart from her toynfulness with (hard reality of biography) amateur prostitution and dress for dinner orgies in cellars. Naughty. Inseparable with healthy downtime, except for the occasional mild interruption with Urs or Jaagyne and their family. Tapes of shows organized neatly. Seinfeld, Third Rock from the Sun, Auction House's Fair Warning.

Wall Street Week. To a lawyer it is no suit off the rack. It was Sartre whose market, philosophers and psychologists amongst, were directissimas (a climbers term) to an enlightenment. It was Seinfeld who pointed out the amazing automobile. Still and moving. Still and moving at the same time. While in the automobile. The amazing automobile. One is still, ... and moving at the same time. In the automobile. The amazing automobile. Perhaps it was Sherlock Holmes and Harry Kimmelman who pointed it out for the train and boat, respectively. Respectively. Yes.

Now, just tears. Like some mournful memorial afternoon. Tears for fears, tears for love. Fearful and healthy tears. Loving tears, making him stronger. He read, being a survivor, maybe from the Course of Miracles. Tears. To show in a cup who I cried? To show I lived? Yes. How much. Learning to thrive. Thriving. Love is all there is in God's world. Fear and hate are an hallucination. His mind began to race. Turkey and Greece now have something in common or had it happened before, cycles of epicenter earthquakes, Batman. And Reinhold Messner 'dead,' too. The Iceman Cometh? 'Rach, what's the Turkish spelling for Turkey?' 'T-u-r-k-e-y-e.' They prayed, 'Curse me

and be cursed by God, Void of Form.' To see the good in a past Syria? What brought the Moors and Ladinos, the Sephardic culture mosaic? Like a mosaic not unlike a creation from the creation, unfolding petals? Mosaic, Moses, broken shards, part of life.

Elliott had tried to escape the college rut that he had been in. His father kept telling him, 'Let go of the oppression of the past.' He held an A.B., a job downtown, near the university, and was trying to make it as an entrepreneur, writer, artist, musician. He went to a creativity workshop. "Don't quit your day job.' is good solid advice. Remove the toxic, pathological critic from your life. Remove what is blocking you. You take care of the quantity and allow the Creator to take care of the quality of creativity. Your dreams come from God, and He or She has the power to accomplish them. Stay clear of the crazy-makers. Become closer to the Creator by creating.' A list read like a list. 'To work on your art, work on your life.' One doesn't better the dead? One finds one's own voice. Amongst the masters. Nevertheless one is better to separate the dead from the living and go from there.

He changed the spelling of his name a few more

times. Had a few make-overs. He tried to obtain his transcripts from a certain, specific university, but it was nearly impossible. So he had his attorney expunge them. Clean slate. Tabula Rasa. If there were as many Ellis Islands as there were names. One Ellis Island is good. Why the need for another?

'Mission Impossible.' 'It's hard to find an ombudsman or ombudsman who's not on the take in this town. You can't find either. It's like finding a copy of the week's Village Voice in the Midwest. Fortunately a New Yorker can be had, although one goes away with an empty feeling. You've got the New Yorker. And then you don't have something else. The Voice. It is undemocratic. Or least and more exactly, not a representative republic.' 'It's like Sicily with a mercury light academic tan.' He had gotten into a scuffle with an undergrad work-study student. It was over some archives. Some rare theses. State education had become big business, and there is always a little corruption. He had taken some time off from grad school at University A. and went to University B. B. for bad advisors. Anyway the corruption, egh. Academic corruption is parley for the worst. Where a student of Jewish studies expects the benefit of the doubt to the student.

Graft? Academic, gaining position. Corruption? Extortion? Always room for a little. The germ breeds heterodoxy. Like an adversary defining what you are not. The bastardization of a black hole. Just take a look at the front campus administration and nearly extinct departments.

To some an epicurean and the scuttle of campus was dreamlike dramatization. When one is within the virtual reality of a literal reality, within a literal reality of a reality. And the anti-Semitism, oy and vey. Open. One wonders. You couldn't go to a Hillel that wasn't not on an opposite side of a river? You would have been on the other side of the river. You could have been on the other side of the river? ... I don't know, ... and a church? A church that has Jewish services.

Judge on the take, you wondered what a medical degree was worth. And the loan officer, as long as your father was Union AND a Mobster did you have a chance. The nut doesn't fall far from the tree. And if you got a loan, part went to a drug ring, cocaine, lifelong marijuana. Whether you wanted it or not. I mean I have been doing my own reading since I was twenty-three. 'Twenty-four. And there is so much more.' If I had a regret, it was going to

that university. Freedom, another life from here kept calling. Another life form. Always the epicurean and a scuttle. Facing what he doesn't fear. His fear? Which is nothing on earth.

Tina M. met Goat at the Cosmic Glitter Polar Ring and Roller Rink, for ice and wheels. Why did he feel like the yoke was on him? The date? What was the date? 'Where is the calendar?' 'Where is my glitter for the van?' The yoke was on him. Next week was Rosh Hashana.

Much later. Academic crime was on the 'back-burner.' Climber's stove. Elsewhere. It was brewing. Conspiracy to use a semi-colon in lieu of a colon, etc. Lots of laughs. Start. He wanted to set things straight. He had.

Shall we say lots of corruption. Unspoken. More 'left parentheses than right' on a master's thesis caused the unreported campus crime to be on the rise. (A group of characters, ergo 1), 2) in outline form, for example was the culprit, the little rascal, a rogue). Unreported crime was on the decline. Then the rise again. The barometer was more stable. Although there was an atmosphere of hackers. On a pulse.

Then unreported status. It was those kinds of headlines that make you think, see wisened-guy, 'unreported crime,' 'unreported.' 'How do they know?'

Goat got money from informing The World Intelligence about the situation. He invested in energy and technology and sold a mining company and bought money, financial. In this case action over action. He was in for the long run and had five years with the mining company. At about three years it had exploded, climbed, say, well and then was, shall we say, peaceful, peacefully on a gentle increase. What happened at three years was the end of a research project for a more efficient way to burn coal, inventing-ly and inductively, and its derivatives, its cousins, some gases worked as well. He wondered whether his sacrifices would pay. His exercise in humility.

About the filtered mainstream media being shoveled 'heaps and stacks.' 'Librarianiac.' (Librarian-maniac in hypo-mania state of mind-reading.) It is good to be informed. There are plenty of news magazines of a fine caliber. Public television has some good news programs. Books come out informing 'The Viewer.'

And then an awakening. Makes you wonder why come out of the Underground. Cold sober reality. Something on the news says local man arrested for twitching his nose. Thought to be a warlock. The neighbourhood crime watch, a crime themselves, had been targeting him for five years trying to catch him. Bruce Lee image surfaces. Make cheap 'zines and live with ten other writers in a house wreaking of coffee and bagels. Magazines. 'Oh, wayward youth. In my days of misspent youth we called National Lampoon a 'mag' with the risk of an idiot saying 'rag.' Those were the days where you could understand young people.' House wreaking of coffee and bagels. Be the coffee and bagel. Exasperated, 'I took a week's worth of Today's Valium, and went to bed.' Ursula says to Rach. 'Clicked the turbo on the computer off and off.' They had been working on a local-global news 'zine. Title. Exasperation. Rach wrote the money section. In Mondo-Mondu Art he wrote the 'Monet' section, making impressionistic criticisms of vagueness and its appropriateness. Opulence of art. Opulence of thoughts, words, ideas. Like Sartre questioning his existence, instructor elucidating the very notion of doubt proves his existence and rising above, a meta-state, to see that this is perhaps not adequate enough. That it is a stepping stone, perhaps in an

occidental direction, that we do not exist, or that we are not DesCarte's body with a mind and additionally separate we are now a mind that has manifested itself as a body. That the mind in meta-state, say is above form of thought, void from this form and that we are the ethereal. Nevertheless and separate from our thoughts, to say least bodies. One is left? Creative construct or manifestation is paralleled in a quantum soup in relationship with a Creator, a God, Void of Form? As a second exercise to the reader.

He couldn't get the case out of his head. He read some Debussy. The oppression of the past? The Memorial case. Goat took some Valerian root and drank some chamomile tea. That was better. Let go of it. Relax, calm. Let God take care of it. I cannot? And if you are praying for lottery, buy a ticket. He wrote some notes on his legal pad and fell asleep. They read, 'Money connection from a stalker and some inside traders.' Second note, 'Money and connection to capping.' Third was illegible, ... except to Goat. Information Intelligence was an oxymoron? What would you call it? Classical studies? Not artificial intelligence? To the bone. Intelligence, like the salt of the earth. Grounded. Well-grounded, like a climber taken in

by a moment.

Elliott had wanted to save time to read some archival records. He was investigating a crime concerning money laundering and illegally investing a county's money by a former day trader. Fifty million dollars of the county's money was gone. There was a big coverup. The librarian thought Goat was trying to steal from the cash drawer? That was convenient for her, Goat being the informant, and she sweeping under the rug justice. He was looking at the fiche records of some banks' numbers. At the time he had a remarkable memory, from reading all of Sherlock Holmes. Goat talking with Rachel, 'Paranoid? I must say about her, they were both thinkers. A suspicious mind has a market when dealing with adversaries such as these. Both the basement librarian and the security guard were covering a larger crime, amongst academic crimes. They had met at a club, the Pool, it was called. Late at night after work the librarian would meet the security guard for drinks. The times soon became common ground for friendships which led to devising some mischief, beginnings of play that led to deviousness, an angel fallen. A proper perspective of the case would see it as a psychologist's mutual mass hallucination. The paper

trail was set. Records. Mass coverup. How true. 'Fearful twits. I'll get even.' The security guard spoke as he was escorted and manacled and off to and into the modern hack. Goat felt the security of his old university, distanced from corruption and an incompetent judicial system at the local level, international. The solid desk, the office, a balcony of the second floor nature overview of a hallway of the administration, graduate administration. It was his exercise in humility, this pride that he contained. A lesson. The numbers were not unlike what Goat would look at in his days as a student. Memorize the patterns, close the book sharply, recognize the patterns. It was a language. A language that spoke justice, a little closer to justice. The rogue would spend beyond Hugo's *Les Miserable's* respective character's suffering. It was only fitting. Justice. Equality under the law. He longed for a new President and a New World and ever-present justice. He felt a gentle buzz at the café now. He felt at home here. He never wanted to leave. To create his life. Continue creating and reevaluating. He looked into her eyes. He remembered the library at a better time, on the fourth floor, reading Steve Goodtease, a collection of poems, a topology of his gay bachelor poems, about living a gay bachelor life. It had made print. He had made

some money. Days of looking for classic works in his studies, resolved obstacles, philosophical gestalts. He looked at Rachel's eyes, knowing she had read Steve too. They left a healthy tip at the table. They believed in supporting the community economy. The community. There was enough money. Their age didn't matter. The wasted time in the past didn't matter. What was love but all-empowering? He wasn't out to win the Nobel Peace Prize. She wasn't either. Not next year. It was all a matter of small, gentle doable steps. You end up, what wind up in Windsor. Collecting gold watches. And Nabokov's nephew and friend who traveled to a Switzerland with each other retreated to the United States.

'Anyway, an ombudsman's meeting was required to get the records off 'hold status.' Friend Hanno Ariel (Ari) Bonstein wasn't to pass the "barre' for the barrister' for another few months. 'I saw it coming,' he said. 'Like an Old French root to the radix.' 'Good. That saves a lot of time.' A driver passes by and shouts, 'So why bother.' Posit. Idea. It was a demoralizing adversary. Attempted. Ariel B. said, 'We can make that work to our advantage.' 'Hmmm. Yes. Shall we say 'counter-intelligence.' 'Oh. The mind of a clerk at a bookstore.' 'Gentle

steps along the path.' 'Yes. The trail.' The incident had happened when years ago when he had started his graduate studies. The two had been in Australia, looking for gold. 'Mate. I found 'gold.' It was in the dictionary all along.' They found their gold, 'Arap-
aquielies.' A rock climbers' haven, an 'ecole' (a school, a project to develop, learning center) of sorts, down under. He had transferred after the Conflict, categorized as the Lying Librarian Conflict, got an MFA, creative writing. Followed by getting married, an Master of Fine Arts in painting and a doctorate in music composition and theory and pure mathematics. He made phenomenal contributions to society, despite, not in spite, of the difficulties, the difficult people. Difficult meant impoverished. Have you seen the grace of a successful broker? He carries himself with ease. She carries herself with ease.

Ariel and Elliott left the cafe a little wealthier. They allowed a little more comfort into their lives. 'It will give us something to talk about when we get older. Lets up and go and off. No time for getting old now. We've got time, and that's about the top of the honey jar. Game?' 'Yea and yea. We've got that in common amongst the lot of them. We are all getting older together, and there is no time to waste

and and/or to argue. The film is rolling. We've only got our adversaries against us.'

Back at the flat. Seinfeld and tape, 'Who were those Druids anyway?' (Celtics play the Druids?) Goat heard his uncle's words, 'You've got your education. Now what are you going to do with it?'

Elliott had been able to make money, some really decent money, respectable money, working since then. Money came to him from many sources, at about anything that came his way. He sold postcards over eBay, e-books, paintings from Open Spaces, a gallery, and his own collection, prints. He was a consultant for a doctor, tutored music, wrote programs free lance for the government, intelligence during the war. Taught some college courses. He was a clerk at a bookstore. He put together a compact disc for hypnosis and one for synthesizers. For the most part it is all he had. At one time he held five part-time jobs. Popping Prozac (now patent-free) and St. John's Wort and drinking coffees helped. Dancing the fire in the mind of hypomania. D-a-n-g-e-r-o-u-s. Like jokes about religions. For a while. He had an adjunct position at the college, managed a swim team, clerked at a bookstore five days week (coffee and

workshops/discussion groups in the back room, Course in Miracles and Course in Miracles for the Discerning Jew), tutored learning skills at the Learning Centre Project, and even land surveyed with a geology major from lovely, dear Sweden. You probably don't know this about me. I am really descended from Scandinavians. The Fluvbergs during the Pleistocene Age. I still pay the King taxes. I manage to be self-composed about it generally. He had a fondness for the northern country. Amongst the tra-la-las of gallant effort of productivity and service, of work, he had time to study and explore genealogy. It seems that he had paternally been traced from the northern regions through William of Normandie. She was ... well, left one without words. The north country and the geology student. He sold an occasional ink drawing to a graphic designer or so for a brochure or flyer. Nevertheless eBay seemed optimal. On the weekends, Sundays for the expenses of his health food, wheat germ and nuts, having this living to live he taught 'dancing on the vertical,' 'wind-surfing-granite,' climbing, id est. He had set aside some savings, a proverbial nest egg to start his own company. Tithing managed to keep him in line at ten to forty percent of his income. A business. Not-for-profit. He had gotten to enjoy giving, doing

charity, that it became sinful, although 'removed from the person.' It is the consequences of the sociopath that are unknown. Charity rescues from death. That is, the consequences of doing charitable deeds or acts are known. 'Charity 'rescueth' even death.' From a Judaic word-group. Rooting through some old cardboard boxes filed with books, manuscripts, journal pages, notebooks and other goodies such as his old climbing equipment, boxes, an occasional crate of art supplies, he came across a list he had made a few months earlier. They were the listed items that he wanted to buy, not to say needed necessarily. In spending wisely there was always the balance, were a 'new balance, new balances,' to meet the buyer's needs, the healthiest. A 'wanted to buy list' was a positive reinforcement for positive behaviour? To sell? Canvas, paint, and frames, gesso topped the list. Miscellaneous art supplies. Elliott painted to claim his privacy, his individuality in a world that was trying to mold him into something one was not. The Geist, government, pharmaceutical companies, and composing for philharmonics. It was not unlike composing for Phil Harmonic, only it was for a few or more philharmonics. And he wanted to reclaim his energies concerning creativity. He was. The holistic, the healing energy fields included sales.

Money. Product and services. He and others gave him the support he needed. Like a lost inner child ready to play. Lost or found. And not misplaced. Radio background noise. 'He turned the clock to zero and started off a brand-new day.' 'It's a brand-new day.' 'An old set of railroad tracks led out of town, to the north. Past rearing its ugly head, the past in her contentment with the beauty, he thought of an apartment, cheap, in a run down section of town, neighbors back home, where he was unknown, hiding from distractions to do his life's work. His friends from graduate school, domestic and international were mostly gone. A thin webbing, more had a place on, held a place on a climber's rack. There was a spirituality. A sense of belonging to an international community. These weren't chocks on a 'bandouliere,' gear in boxes. These were people. With ideas, lives, hopes, pasts, insights, personalities, dreams, with intelligence, not boxes, other friends, families, political ideals, social policies of sorts and magnitudes, living life to its fullest, however it seemed. On a surface. Not shiny aluminum wedges with Perlon (rock-like nylon) and a carabineer for cold, hard granite. These were works of art. We were works of art amongst ourselves in this gallery of life, the world, in a universe, we all share. A young adulthood of his

college days, some time invested wisely, other times misspent-with past successes discredited by some, he journaled, counting, giving credit for what he had done. He made a list of everyone that had shared in his successes, that meant something to him, and planned an informal coffee and tea and bagels brunch. 'I'll call you after the holidays. It will be something to look forward to. Forward. As opposed to calling you yesterday, which I failed to.' 'The winter holidays, Eh?' 'I don't need to tell you life is like fishing. One waits. Something one days. Between waiting and waiting one catches a fish. That is life. The whole shore of clams, the busted rudder on the cat, the air. The waiting. And the waiting. And the events, the moments that break up, that separate the waiting from the waiting.

Who violated nearly every human right of anyone in their wake being every bit as possibly near-human? His adversaries were subhuman. He didn't want to see himself in them. He remembered ben Mendle. Goat remembered the idea, a personal version perhaps, quoted. 'I am I. You are you. I am I (because) I am I. You are you (because) you are you. If I am I (because) you are you, then I am not. If you are you (because) I am I, then you are not. ... I am I.' He wondered if he had it right. It could

have gone a few different ways. He would have to check to make sure it was right. 'To see if Rabbi Ben Mendle was right? I could have said it another way?' He had to repeat this several times, to survive, to hold onto his identity, to who he really was. He had forgotten he had grown up in that psychological ghetto. Impoverished? Yes. And no. Mindless time? Yes. Both. Both mindless and free of mindlessness. That is what to say now, anyway. Both. The scars from Marc's death lingered, how he could be so creative, so good, and be run into the ground by some unknown gunman, set up to appear like a shoot-out, a set. The violation. He made it to the set and was filming a shoot-out. How it could happen? How it doesn't happen more often? A jealous man tired of struggling artists. A jealous, wickedly clever man and a tiredness of their downtime out of the studio and artists way of talking mixed with a gun and some road rage boiling in a murderer's anger. Maniacal, rage. In the twilight dusk of justice and injustice, exiting the time where Man hunts Man.

Goat, 'Rach, I am uptight.' Sips a coffee. Rachel, 'Comparing, or compared to a better life, from 'randomly distributed earlier days. Days of say, Early Man' Pauses. 'How did you manage not

to give up? The burden of a contemptuous environment?' Goat. 'What?' 'It seemed I did give up. Enough to let go and see what I had given up. I reevaluated at times. And I left some goals. When I saw what I had given up, I saw what I wanted, in fact needed. Faith. A belief in a G_d.'

He had difficulty, from time to time, in seeing the good in others, knew he needed to. It was a neurotic character defect that crept in from time to time. Anyway he disassociated mildly. He took his sisters to the mall over the too soon approaching winter holidays to pick up CDs. Humming in his Chevrolet station-wagon, 50s tires, fuchsia paint, it felt like another dimension of time on someone else's home planet. 'Purple planets, purple vases, flowers and vine. Trees. Tree City, man and woman.' Maybe 'unplugged' is a healthier term rather than disassociated. Down the list. Down, down, down. He was on the prowl, in need of a new tape deck to make tape-to-tape copies. 'Colours don't have names. They have colours. Deep.' He needed some more film, some tungsten, and had some developing he wanted completed. Needs make a person poor he thought. 'Maybe it makes you human. Maybe Maslov was right.' He thought to himself. Desperate. He didn't like it. He looked

for the Buddhist saying relevant to this. It didn't come to him right away. He had hired Jaqui Sorensohnsensohn to give him some drawing lessons and to model for him. That took up some film. He had a roll and a little left. 'Tungsten.' He loved that word. She came over dressed to the nines in a Mod Manhattan model's design. 'Stick your tungsten in my ear.' She sat down and wasn't wearing panties under the mannikin's party dress she got from her curator friend. Sequins. Her moist dark patch neatly trimmed clang to the swan white materiel. They sketched for a while, sizing each other up, getting used to each other's smells, then he, she could not refrain any more. The slavery of freedom.

They told the real world to stop hassling them and joined that private moment of erotic lovemaking. He took her over the arm of the couch, her derriere waving invitingly for his penis. Her face was on the seat cushion pressed. She reached back and guided him in. He massaged her breasts and kissed her neck beneath her hair. She became flush. Freedom and its Expressionism. Nipples and Clitoris. Art. 'It is a universe.' Black backdrop of experimental film reeling and flickering, two bodies silhouetted on the screen, with no sound except the moans. Near-

silent partners.

A few days later after the cognac had hardened. 'Police were trying to eliminate the way we think.' A hippy stood up and expressed his joys and concerns. Goat was still thinking about that, about Beat poetry and its suffixes. Necessary and sufficient moments, 'continuous-ness' of events, and the precursor of poetry and song, King David. He had an audio-master and planned to run off a thousand copies for a CD. That cost was about a grand and a half. The owner of the gallery he was working through, Rjori Sai, was selling his postcards as well as Freidrich, Fritz, a bookstore owner and retiring masters swimmer. He always enjoyed a nap after a swim, like a marathon run at a nap's intensity level cognitively. And a hard worker. Elliott wanted to move to prints, from his oils, maybe get a book out. That was the next logical, the next move. He had thought about a post box rental, and it wasn't sounding like such a good idea now. He had also wanted to make a run of books. That was nearly two thousand dollars. He needed reams of paper for manuscripts. The pathological critics would not tie him down, although that they hadn't tried. The lists. Penultimately he had listed a computer class. The penultimate was always next to the last. Lastly

he needed a black cloth for a backdrop to photograph and document some artwork. He also found a napkin and its scribbled note reminding him that if all else failed he would think about becoming a Unitarian Universalist minister. A rabbi, but nonetheless a Unitarian minister. He possessed great skills in the ability not be able to do missionary work, that it caused great droves of believers to his services. Otherwise he would have been a terrible rabbi.

Lists and Fools and Other Such Bastardized Spoonerisms.

'The List of Needs was like the Lake of Fools. That was just the critic talking.' 'Graveyard, Auto Junkyard of Fools. Every car has its story. Life clutter. Life's clutter.' Goat found an old wooden gearshift knob in the lot. A 'Volvo' emblematically fording its way through the sea of options.

Elliott went to the library once a week to check his e-mail and talk with one of Marc's old friends Stushkin. He thought about the freeness, the feeling and its geography. On the seventh floor when he was a sophomore he and Inga, a daughter of one of

the European professors, all mesh and lace, studied. It came to the 'boiling point' of flirting. To the point of through the twilight and the dusk. He had her on the linoleum, cold tile floor. Her bare white arse was slightly flushed from the cold tile. Teeth bite the lip. 'Ouch.' 'Yes.'

At home, his hometown, there was a climbing 'ecole,' the French for school, a crag where he used to practice on the small cliffs. The schools were a place to practice, do exercises, say. To tune up for 'real life.' It was pleasant to be refreshed there. Nevertheless it redefined Goat's sense of definition, lexical and cognitive connotations and denotations of the sense of 'school.' Perhaps there was a larger obstacle that was in mind while he did his exercises left to the 'reader,' climbing, reading routes, lines, 'paths,' of resistance and least resistance and betwixt. Occasional new lines and the pleasure of naming a climb, the preferred 'name-calling.'

Otherwise. He was what he felt near-banned from the old neighborhood. Pariah nearly. Felt. In reality he was welcomed. How he felt, and how things were ... were sometimes different. There

were just a few, who happened to be loud. Loud and wrong. Home was a place to do pull-ups between commercials or such, on the wide moldings of the doors. 'This is the end.' He had to move from door to door, wanted to, to preserve integrity. Yes, still with the Loud and the Wrong. In fact, loud, wrong, and unjust. The cliffs had now a trail, Green Wall Way. That is what the early developers would have wanted. From one of the walls and its seasonal dapple of growth and lichen. That is how it is. Black-topped. Maintained.

It always wasn't a walk and stroll through the peaceful woods. During his misspent youth years he had nearly been on a local police 'drug list' from ten years ago, from in his youth. He had been to 'Legend Valley,' a two-day festival of rock and rock and roll. He had smoked 'a little weeds' although he hadn't touched it since. Psuedo-wacko oats sportiva. The fine was one hundred dollars. Instead of charging him the fine, the police put his name on a list for ten years, ruining his reputation in certain circles and from time to time, and without trial made his life miserable, punishments enough for the most heinous, and cruel of offenses. Mostly and mainly it was loss and waste of his genius, his creative energy. It was what one would say call an

adverse environment, adverse conditions. He wasn't able to say no. This helped him in overcoming cruxes climbing, the difficult and the more pleasant moves. And at times both. The ten years were up and he didn't feel any relief. He looked at the rocks remembering what he saw in them. He had known the climbs intimately, each hold, nubbin, every move. 'What I need is a vitamin or some herb. St. John's plant derivative. I'm hurt. Angry.' Elliott told Rach. 'That's as close I want to get to any Catholic. Except Urs. And Aunt Janice. And anyone that's not a Mobster. ... And some others.' He thought about his uncle, forbidden to date Catholics in the forties ... and fifties, had gone ahead, and the consequences he suffered. He was nearly driven to getting upset twice. Crystal oats and driven mad about life and its mysteries.

And in a public movie theatre he and his mate dig the dog in the back seats where it nearly hit the papers. 'They didn't need anything more to satisfy me,' Rach said. 'The filmmakers. We aren't going to say anything about this, right? We like it that way, righty-right and rightly right, Elliottie? We are just going to make it sweet on you.' Pause. 'Now ease on down.'

On the computer Elliott's password was 'inin.' Any hacker could crack it and break in, and Elliott thought he didn't need to be that paranoid, 'sharp, like a detective,' that suspicious. He had a lead of a break in nearby. Someone had typed 'intwice' nearly getting the gain of the entrance. It was the Interface Pack. Ties with German electrical engineering. He didn't care, didn't need to care. He sneaked into the police records and found that he hadn't had an official record, just a lot of nasty comments by a few police with borderline personality making up for post-traumas and stress, syndromes seeing things through the past and police with post traumatic stress, corrupted police notes, vengeful, grudge match stuff. He took the information to a lawyer working on The Case of Cases. His consulting was over. Or so he thought. 'It is when it doesn't seem to be going anywhere, when it can most be expected, that it is doing exactly that.'

His friend from the computer tech department said, 'About your password. The RSA method would fall one day, too. That was MIT's security.' 'Archaic.' 'The emperor is dressed.' 'I would never have believed it.' 'Fritz, what I want is to be done with the guilt I am carrying around with the hacking. What I want is to go out and have sex, madly and

passionately, with a willing librarian. A good, old-fashioned outer space sex party. And with sex. Real sex. Yes, and fantasies. Where the women are fresh and scented, and the men are with their muskiness.' 'RSA is a number theory based defense against hackers. Code. MIT or Harvard developed it. There was big money in the early days to develop security. There still is. Now the money is going to develop brushless motors, electric for automobiles. And battery cells. Nick-Met Hydride. Lithium polymer. And cell division multiplication, an operation that returns one to a unit, makes one look, think twice. It's alright.' 'We'll have the party and call it Nick-Met Hydride, a sketch at the precursor of the big ball, an orbiting planet Nick the Foreign Terrestrial Being Meets Hydride, the Water Goddess of Planet Pennsylvania.' 'Terrest-' Meets East.

Elliott browsed the Gates Report and also checked out the electronic, not electronics, businesses including indie companies (independents) in the music industry, electronic artists' brochures and catalogues, and the self-publishing hard copy and electronic publishing realm. 'Is that your browser or are you just looking?'

The stock market interested him too, dry somewhat at first with nearly unlimited capabilities. Art, music, and writing were what he'd rather talk about, rather be doing, humming coffee talk buzz, and more so what he'd rather do full time, as in a career. He could hear Marc, 'Hey, El, what do you think of your summer now?' He felt he could grow to like the market and Wall Street. He thought to himself, 'If I'd be dead I'd be missing the life.' 'That would be dead. Like the fish in the pond talking to a 'frog of sorts.' 'Hi, frog. Who are you?' 'Hi. I am Amie. Isn't that nice?' 'Hi.' 'We are having a time of it in the pond. Our logic says how do we expect that any other place is an improvement on the lot?' 'Oh. Yes. Hi. Isn't that nice?' 'Yes. By the way. See my face? Here. I could give you the time of day. Then I could give you the time of day. Then you couldn't say, 'Hi. You didn't give me the time of day.' Or to your friends, 'Hi. He didn't give me the time of day.' Bye.' 'Do you know Harvey Cardonne Sorbonne Man, the Frog?' 'That's not only another frog. That's another story.' 'Good day and benefit of the doubt to the student to you.'

The beginnings of an old novel, *She Doesn't Care* (about my Money and Marlon Brando), in hard-copy manuscript haunted him. It sat vertically in the

filing cabinet with some compositions on eleven by seventeen inch. Beneath In Search of Fatima. The author looked like his young mother, earlier photographs, the eyes. There was perhaps a lineage to a familiar, a lineage, his mother's paternal, ... a need for a search for a solution, to the uncanny similarity.

There were notes. Notes for a contemporary work, he feared, would end up fertilizer, the shredder, if he didn't get a start, an honest start. Fears were for drunks to medicate with alcohol. Really, fears were to be studied. There was nothing to fear, he knew. Only God. What was hard, to work on his organizing? He took a peak at the three hundred some pages. All of his work would not end up, would be free from ending up destroyed overnight, in his lifetime, for years to come. He was free of any fears on this earth.

Page one twenty. 'I don't care how much money you have. We are meeting our bills and things have been fine on a twenty-four hour envelope.' J. Depp type says to Winona Ryder-type, 'Let's take the convertible down the highway.' 'Catch a two o'clock showing of The Graduate double-featured with Rocky Horror.' And then it read: Sign over theatre

manager's desk, 'Fear only God, void of form.' They exit the Unitarian Church parking lot. Timely. It was there for all to see.

And Rachel said, 'What have I got to fear about what any human being would do?' Marc in the early days was there with, 'What? What, Whatniok?' How could he explain what this manuscript meant to him? Started writing as therapy, to recover from the loss of a climbing partner's presumed suicide. It was a combination of behavioral and cognitive conditioning gone awry. Driven to tears. To run from it. That is the only solution to an idea to commit suicide. Like active climbers they dealt with facing death. With facing 'No.' One climber had forgotten to buckle his harness and fell to the ground. Suicide or accidental suicide or accident mutually exclusive? We tested ourselves liberally drawing near a limit. A limit that approached the 'God forsaken' act of 'taking one's own life.' One is not able to ask forgiveness, to be forgiven. The solution, and as far as I'm concerned, the only solution is to run from it. It was probably better off to be left alone. To walk away. Live a kosher life. Clean sweat and the one hundred percent algodacotton cloth. That was him. A hard life yields the biggest lessons. Not to discredit other lessons. It is

a matter of being free from coveting. In the bush a season later was Marc's shirt, a blue chamois. Prayers. There had to be life after liberal studies. Lessons of life.

Elliott phoned his dad about a job. His dad said Bentley was teaching industrial arts and building classical guitars on the side. Bentley was someone from the old neighbourhood he could confide in. A touch of rebel slacker he was gifted in his philosopher's skills. He always had some odd job on the ropes. Elsneejir phoned. She was a philosophy professor's daughter. On campus. At the University. He had spent seventy to nineteen eighty in Sweden, after May Fourth. 'I married a Swede.' Another philosopher. Jangled guitars played in the background. Recorded on hard drive. 'She spent three hundred on the sound card and software. Bare. Cash, hard on the line, Hard. Cash, cash, cash, cash, cash. Contemporary. Virtual studio. Like a woodworker, craftsman and ash. Mammut, mastodon, mammoth, hound's tooth, say, peace and 'mir,' (Ru. for 'peace.') new war for a new peace. Teaches and teaches and teaches, separates Man from Early Man from Beast.' Rather melodious. There seemed to be solutions.

Monday at one twenty post meridiem he was to meet someone about a property line dispute. He had surveyed the property earlier. It seemed childish, adults fighting over a three inch strip of lawn. Nevertheless he set aside his one thirty second scale slot cars set, and grabbed his instrument. He would sneak into town in the dark. No home-boys would see him. No police. 'You are like, you're like O.J. and his old gang,' Elle had told him. 'Just when you are ready to win. They are just ready to pull you down from L'Ivory Tower Hall. Tres daring.' This was the kind of stuff, the unjust grudge and disputes, he hated. That's what he had to go through. Money was protection.

Money was protection. Whatever level. It was always the same. Good versus Evil. What would be different? The Not So Good versus the Ones that Are so Evil They Make it their Profession or Some Such. Or the Tepid Good and the Not So Evil Just In Need of Some Work So to Speak. Good versus Hate? Love versus Hate? Love versus Fear. Okay. Love versus Doktor Rwrong and Chaos and his Rightly and So Crew. Cognitive wrestlers with the adversary. Ladder of the Corporate. Artists' Juried Show. Graduate assistants for stipends and fellowships. It was always money. And he was

trying to live a life free from the hate and anger, the precocious bigotry and his ugly reared head of a misdirected and uneducated youth. Misguided youth. Where is the solution? Perhaps the answer lies in the question. What is a misspent youth? A time? Precociousness could have been spent on more productive constructs.

What would help? Meditation on Wednesday nights at school? Tai chi chuan? Yoga? Hatha and mind. Auto-hypnosis and affirmations. He phoned Rachel. 'This bunk back home. I was hassled for an ecology flag bumper-sticker. I was told it was unpatriotic.' Far from the peace of a flickering candelabrum and meditating. He promised himself he would make it on time nevertheless and jotted a reminder. 'Yea. I will meet you at the Mild Child Cafe at two, love.' Optimism from Rach was exuberance. 'You'll make it to where you are supposed to be.' She said. 'I can't wait to smell you. Your hair. Your candle.' Rachel Zen-like. 'Click the pearl or ruby slippers, 'You can never go home. You can never go home.' Answered prayers.' Goat quoting, half singing, 'Home, is where I want to be. Wake me up, and I'm already there.' David Byrne. An unspoken hero had gone without credits to charitable deeds in the field of creativity.

Gold Monster Cable Acres was the fallback, a safety net for Elliott, a retreat. It was originally a private company, then it became a government service, a compound with advisory boards, hard copy and cyberspace. It was for small companies, a studio what-have-you, especially, guess the demographics, for e-companies (Monster Cable was an early leader in heavy gauge, high quality speaker wire. Low resistance and efficiency. Zen). starting out on their own originally. Goat had gone through the d/b/a, the doing business as, fictitious name 'statements,' utterances. He had more start ups than Ann Bancroft had cheetah spots on her slip. What a ship. Yea.

He had topped off the grand opening of his sixth start-up by a party and afterwards, he and Rachel and Ursula tele-conferenced a love-in session. Something about sex in the office, sensuous business woman donning glasses, dignified one moment, the next begging and moaning to be satisfied, 'more, more, more,' hungering for a penis. Add another woman and turn up the heat, take in the intermingling smells and juices. Heady sex. He really felt the importance of living in a community with similarities. The girls really were make some headway in 'private' policy.

He was known as on the side the industrialist espionage defense for the compound. Goat was irreplaceable. Next door was a commune that made grape juice and wine and a nudist colony that catered exclusively to multi-linguists. Composers were also especially welcome. Ethnomusicologists. There was a real movement toward anti-xenophobia. At Your Liberty Nudeness Camp for Polyglots. The industrial park had been torn down, and a commune was in its place. Yea, finally. We won. A regular dancing on the grave. Funny thing was the artists and writers and musicians turned out to be rather industrious. The psyche, the spirit seemed to linger. Only the forms were meta-transformed. What would one expect?

A 90s tech park. He had met Bree there, a sexy minx and an avid sport at bisexuality and a lover of surprises. Talents developed on the basis of love. Goat had a free pass to the At Your Libertarian, affectionately so he picked her up, blindfolded her, and dropped her off at the gate. He hid the car with sagebrush, walked the distance, found her waiting, entertaining herself by masturbating, knowing something was up and not wanting to miss a beat, and he saying the only thing to do was join 'em, was the last thing said while fully clothed. They removed

their clothes behind a bush and proceeded in. The hat check clerk was idle. Just the thought of her now, the memory, made the blood rush to his loins. In the glove-box was blue-green algae and a bottle, a brown, translucent jar of a spice, sage.

It was located in Nnintown, and there was a community college a block or two away. The rest was desert. The two met for coffees at the student union. She had on near-black lipstick, Nigh Noir, a brand, for urban or rural cowgirls, boundaries not a problem, how New York, a journalism student. Ursula. Goat told her that he heard that someone had left a bug in an intro to espionage class, the counter*intelligence prof's class that said, 'Personae Non ... Personae non.' The micro-speaker was an infinite loop til the battery died. 'If you think it's hard to herd cats, you ought to try herding cats. I know.' Rach, 'Yea. Every hundredth time it said, 'Made you say 'under where,' 'underwear.'" Some prank. She changed the pace. Let me give you 'underwear.' 'Ooh. Let me not give you 'underwear.'" In the hall, empty, she began rubbing him through their clothes, working the front of her dress up. She became swollen. The aching walls. Longing. Aargh.

Ursula. 'Why did the CIA man quit and start working for the mint? He thought he 'could make money in it.' Pause. 'He had a Pavlovien response to after dinner experiences.' 'Why did the counterfeiter ... ?' She continued. 'I am going to drop it and go into art.' 'Romantic life.' 'Yes, that construct in music, not unlike Baroque and classical.' 'Not that the labelum is not a sensuous construct, usually larger of the three petals.' 'Wrong?' She said asking, 'Wrong? Do you mind if I squeeze your arse as we walk out of this coffee monkey cage?' Continuing. 'Quan had this week's paper from a certain South American region. It was a caveat upon the 'banana republic.' It was very hep to be retrospective about banana republics and 'coups.' Try to get from 'republic' to 'democrat' with one letter chance at a time making an integrated word. 'Cat' to 'hat' to 'had' to 'lad' to 'lid' to 'lip' to 'sip' to 'sop.' It is like milk to M. Ghandi's India. He was particularly interested in an article called Koan? 'Koan' is the Japanese word for puzzle. 'What puzzle?' it began. 'Experience. An experience. A climber's experience.' 'And exactly.' 'What puzzle.' 'Of 'what' and 'not what?' The puzzle and the many. Similarly. 'Cohen' is Yiddish for a line of rabbis in a family, who coincidently have lots of puzzles.

Bree met me at the grave-site in her pajamas. It was dark. 'I am glad you feel at home. I prefer my apartment.' 'One hundred percent natural?' Let me see. Felt. Yes.' I knelt down and pushed my face into her crotch, hard, stiff tongue, day's beard, a suspensefulness of hand and gently upon her arse, finding her trigger. Other hand on her nipple. Then I said, 'Flip it over. Heads?' Bump. 'I want to take you from behind.' I did. She let out quiet throaty 'scoffs' in the cold night.

It was funny, a funny thing, that he thought of Bree. She was a moral weakness to him, you know, a threatening splinter in his relationship with Juniper Jayne and Ursula, even Rachel. 'Juniper' was tall, thin, with a good posture and parents that had been heavy into being hippies, with straight blondish-brown hair, chamomile, sunlight, and respective tints, with early Georgia O'Keefe facial features. Imp. Waif. Bangs. Dutch-Boy-Page. Morsels of breasts. Luscious morsels. Said to have coined the phrase 'hippie agitator' as a legal exclamation, utterance, cunning, smart like a fox, and vulpine, yes. Voracious sexual appetite, although curbed properly. And could she park in her younger days. Now she was Park Avenue. Hips that had a hard

time of holding anything up. Didn't matter. Doesn't own a dress. A cross between the Coppola daughter and Tess, and between the Les Miserable poster girl and Twiggy and a little bit of Natalie Wood in the eyes. And lips. The Park Avenue of independent publishing. And realistic, practical. Pragmatic.

News. Recovering anorexic. Begins workshop to help others. 'Begin and Eggs' on the others. Eggs on the menu. She could sell a smorgasbord to a client. He read as he waited for Bree, local tabloid, an article, 'His Real Sexual Passion Wasn't Bridled to One Mare,' over his coffee. Bree and Juniper got along swell, having lived together for a bit and trading Look magazine issues and what-not.

'Raskolnikov.' He thought he had it good. No matter how hard life seemed at times, at least he wasn't like the rogue, that man in Crime and Punishment. Sound system plays, 'You got it good. You don't know how good you got it.' Not in common with a wet bus stop?

Past Moments?

He thumbed/read a book on Einstein, a man of 'a millennium' icon, wondered what Einstein thought

on waiting, a pop culture symbol now along with Princess Diane, Marilyn, Andy Warhol's brother 'God-forbid,' in a centenary volume? The current millennium. The past is always there. It just isn't available to us now? Carlos Castaneda? A book is available at you bookstores and libraries. A caveat. Mysticism is perhaps for the forty and over crowd? A river during a year speaks of a current millennium.

'... I began by telling you that the fate of the human race was more than ever dependent on its moral strength today. The way to a joyful and happy existence is everywhere through renunciation and self-limitation. Where can the strength for such a process come from? Only from those who have had the chance in their early years to fortify their minds and broaden their outlook through study. Thus we of the older generation look to you and hope you will strive with all your might and achieve what was denied to us.' Einstein. Yes, would be too easy.

Elliojt, Elliondt (yes, sometimes he went by Elliott, Albert Goat, e.Lgnuodt, Ellijk, d/b/a thing) wished to find someone so sincere to follow with his company that he would regularly work seventy hour weeks

and contribute assets and basically live, breath, the company. To sign away his next five years til they broke even. Someone who could organize. Who would fit in and join the debauchery of the office sexcapades. Who would read the office memos.

Reading Maps Equated with Fun in the Morning.

Tour of Europe. Maybe Cambridge, England? Meant to live the life of the tent. An advisor of his read at Oxford. He realized he couldn't do everything alone. And he wanted to come clean. Rid himself of the past.

And he didn't want to be alone coming clean. His appetite for impish waifs was insatiable. The sweet nectar, grunge girls, eh, misnomer-esque, 'Eurotrash-style' American Beauties. Euro-woowie-woowie-woowoos is more like, and such gentle, subtleties and manners. Sexy accents. A dark, mysterious French girl behind him at church, playing with his feet. He with his French cuffs, she with her French muff. Her taking it hard, fast, and furious at the bed and breakfast afterward. Remember distinguishing sexual and sensual? Her stomach smooth, flat, the mood, yes. So that is a 'flat affect?' Fits her mood.

'I am sorry. I was thinking of my car. The trim, you know.'

He walked mumbling, 'It's not God's fault I didn't take that painting class.' Urs and Rach in unison, 'Not.'

On Thursday Breegnu had an appointment with Kaerynstoen to follow up on an application for some classes or assistantships or stipends or some such. They were thespians, that is having had been in thespianesque relationships, community theatre and drama classes and such and such not, tee-hee, so to speak, they were each other's lovers, art and the artist. Pantheresque yoga posture. 'Pantera.' Lotus Ford, can-am lines of the body, mind, and flow. In the restroom outside the office, one could hear and smell their lovemaking. Wearing Head of Trail hiking shorts around with no panty-wear, Cotton Fraternity tee-shirts, tearing each other's shirts off. Never on the sabbath. Eros.

She looked earthlike, healthy. For my field hockey player. My kingdom. My broken promises kept. Eerrgg-g-ga-ga-ga-geh. Elliot remembered her wet kisses of friendship. Hours, days, weeks on end of sexual toil. Dark Mediterranean full lips, pouting.

Muskiness of womanhood. 'Your Finnish?'

The 'special' relationship was never meant to be? Nobody was going to fix him. Or her. They were on their own, together. Making out in his uncle's garage in a replica fibreglass kit car, a Duesenberg or Auburn in progress. 'I don't know what it is about plastic that excites me. When I first saw plastic up and close I noticed the subtleties, the smoothness, the rigidities and the ridges, the hardness. Its small part in the whole picture. Of the aerodynamics. The dynamics in particular. The streamline and hers of parity's progressiveness.' 'Like the complements of animus and anima, real and the unreal. The source and image. the material and the idea and change and progress and industry, Man and woman. Wo-man.' 'That is the say, something.'

Siddhartha whispers to Naeshiemoegne, the still whispering voice of a Judaica, 'Progress is an 'illusion,' end-quote.' The garage band's electronic drum set sat in the corner. Well, just sat. Breejgnu vibrated to the electro-snare. Building time-steam for the studio. Friendship with a familiar pattern of what to do after?

Stir vegetables. That was a cold day, the last time

they kissed, at Buttermilk Falls. Slick kisses. Relationships are energy and non-death, free of mortality, a near-void of form, dancing amongst the material, the 'machines,' never to die really, memories lingering, representing the love. Moss. Slick moss. He tried to explain his chase for the waif-ish-impish, the pattern. One had her moments of being a waif, an imp.

The 'Kate Moss,' of models, like the Rolls Royce of Cadillacs? It is the machine, the motor. His mind drifted, drifted from the academia, the 'Ivory Tower,' money and office. He could kiss his chance at teaching at, you know how they say one is always two or three people away from 'someone famous,' Borderliners Boarding School, goodbye. And whilst at it, all living people are within inclusively fifty-second cousins. For his thoughts now he just could see the chain of stimulus-response, hurt, anger, guilt, depression, anxiety? He could think about back East, about the private girls school, a twenty minute drive. Where Suzanne Lyza taught. He could think, fantasize. Her in bed after the girls were in bed. Then letting him in and, say boffing, slang for coital erotic moments with love, quietly the two of them until one could hear a stillness, then the sound of young women exploring themselves. Then he

would come. Marital bliss. Recalling. In a glow. A candle flickered, melting down, moving gently, slowly, blissfully. Within cousins. Marc had a twin, raised nearly-independently, named Marc. In the neighbouring town, a common friend. Marc Olephkorsteinbaum. Have rocket, will travel? Another commonality they both considered themselves, 'rocket man.' From the song, the line, 'I'm not the kind of man they think I am at home, oh, no, no, no. I am a rocket man.' Text from the Elton John song, R. M. Lyric, and lyrical.

You might say he was a Borderliner. Distanced from home. A home? With no walls, no wall? Spirituality kept him going, funny as it seemed. A move to holism? Wallowing in dogma, the 'mire.'

Sartre's Girlfriend.

They, Suzanne and Elliott, had taken a ride with a Seen *nik Railroad Company, a commune project, Canadian funds, in more ways than, shall we say, 'two.' Free Gestalt therapy on the ride. Christopher Colon (Spanish for Columbus) sails to the edge of the world and throws a brown bag lunch sack ahead and ahead and traded his circle pins for a novel time of erotica, and a fifty minute walk puts you in

the middle of nowhere. Evolution of the trade, market, progressive, currency. To remind one, the thoughtful and intelligent friend, love of Jean-Paul Sartre dabbled in amateur prostitution and tasteful orgies. Porpoises were said to be mermaids to the sailors. The porpoise represented in all her glory of symbolism the harlot found in carvings of chests and bureaus and chairs. And rose also was her symbol, in art, textiles, in tapestries. The cars of the train had porpoise carvings and rose canvas seats. She turned to him, 'If only we had the teleconferencing equipment.' He. 'We say in the business, don't let the technology slow you down.' She lifted her wool skirt, revealing garter belt and, say, accessories. He reached over and found her clitoris. The cold northeastern air made her eyes tear. Elliott said, 'Oh, your crotch is as wet as well as your eyes are likened to the mind upon solution to a philosophical gestalt. A delicious problem. A pearl.' 'I have got my Canadian quarters, ... saved.'

Queen Anna B. listens impatiently to Bertrand Russell, said that the evolved man was one who could look at numbers and cry, or to have deep quieter emotions. Four post bed. She was his business partner. They met with the agreement. Closed without strings, a three part deal, that she just

couldn't take without him. Silently move to better ground. Contract negotiated on the fainting couch. Beginnings leading to the vertical files. It couldn't be Perec and his book *W* and whole consequences? Epiphany?

Urs. 'Making the scene?' Goat. 'Dynamic. ... Dyno.' Radio. 'We are soaring ever higher. And I flew too high.' The car, an old Woody wagon, pulls up to the beach house. Inside. '... I'll cut your film. Flower's Early-Sixties-Special-Interest-Group-of-Meaning band had made some films a while ago and was having some editing down. Juniper was Flower's niece. Urs and Sartre, handsome minds.

Sound track ran, melting together, 'Artifact-in-a-philosophist's-way. Art-in-a-melting-way. Young-woman-melting-into true-meaning.' I wanted Sartre. He wasn't there. There was a book upon a shelf. A life rich, opulence. The future is always there, the past as well. It is a matter of avail? This is a moment. Its, to use, calcine calculative-ness, a 'calculativity.' Aver? Powdery? 'Visualizing Switzerland's landscape. My mind for just a moment.' Goat said.

Anja B. 'A pair of glasses rested on the table, rested

on my lotus mind. Are they yours?' 'Medium-build frames.' Ursula and Elliott stood there, feet planted. It was like Christopher Colon and his lover were parted by 'an ocean.' They felt that distance, from where they stood to the glasses. Ann was Flower's and her husband's lover. 'Parliamentary.' 'An elementary game.' 'Yes, dogma and rules and customs.'

Finally they got the strength to leave. He drove her through the busier, crowded part of town. Variety. She pulled her pants and panties down while she rode in the passenger seat 'teasing and pleasing' him. They drove around like that for a while. 'So. Practicing libertarians. In the home of the brave.' 'Rather 'breve.' Yes. Brief.' 'It must be true love.' 'The experience was provided by God, the Creator, who created the moment. A good provider is a valuable, worthy friend, a climbing partner of sorts. Through business and residential streets, through plaza parking lots. They just drove around like that for a while. 'Queen's Lane and Lundyton Avenue meet as well.'

Later that same day. Regulars wandered in and out of the cafe. Bree shared a journal from last year and some cafe* time poetry. 'I am a friend to my

western work, my eastern wok,' she read. 'To my book, to my rengas, a ring of poems amongst budding lotus friendships common, relationships of words in my mind, to a stone, your soup stone, simmering, pools of mind-thought, an afternoon stepping stone. Ripples.' She paused. 'What blue calmed my fear, my fevered demon, his sex? (She goes off in French and what) Donc, Je, ... , l'ciel, l' Bleu, L' Mere, Mundo. What painting, what wall, what wall of Mr. Soul with a face turning to plaster, was it? Sculptor's hands. That. This. The other. For you to say, That's that. That's that, that's that. Cobalt blue with titanium white and studio in the flat? Parrot pleasing for a cracker, poly-tones of background. Why even think 'Never mind,' and rather think 'No-mind?' Is it less pain?' 'The thoughts we had to keep the world from destroying itself. The war amidst peace time.' 'That was the common politick.' 'One often finds freedom in redefining common.'

It was a koan, her first love in eastern studies. The Woody inhabitants took a seat to the side. Ursula, 'Was Prozac in the picture? You know, when you don't take your Prozac, you get like mildly weird.' Elliott, 'And what about Prozac 'poop-out?'' Bree

laughed, 'O.K., guys, the joke is over.' Elliott wouldn't stop, 'Craving loins? You know what they say about artists being sex-crazed.' Bree said, 'Do you want me to go on?' 'The chemical is a creation amongst creations. Let it be our friend.'

Bree got up. They were televising through cyberspace, Tokyo, London, New York, Los Angeles. 'The potential cavernous loneliness ... made me weep later that night listening, the passion flower tea steeping, seeing how far life had been spread out, distanced from innocence, to Don McLean's heart's warmth and his words, '... but I should have told you Vincent. This world was never meant for one as beautiful as you.' Starry, dark mystical Kabbalah's starry nights. Kantian's sensory perception and categories of mind. We shared posing as possibilities, ending up tie-dying shirts for a livelihood (although Zen). Holding onto heroes: Van Gogh, knowing it was Matisse and Picasso, Chagall, and Modigliani that were in our soul-mate, our soulfulness, like a moment for a moment with Rachel at Oberlin at a coffee shop on a sidewalk ... and commingling artistic expressions, what other kinds are there, love and beauty and the common street's frustrations. Walls where the homeless have their homes. Grates. Giving American melting-

commingling-creativity-pot beauty and richness and khutzpah, dying unknown, in poverty, hated. God loving the persecuted. And the way he, technique he used, painted in thick brush, no turpentine, free of thinner, I bet and in his bedroom-studio, and straight from the tube of mind, no palette. Injected molded plastic a conflict. With resolution. Oil and photograph. Only to find resolution, to resolve it all and find resolution death, the end of a breath in time, place, peace? Who would know the torment? Release, cabalic energy. No one benefits from another's obstacle. No one can feel another's pain. Despite the neighbouring war-hate-mongers. 'If you haven't written your Great American novel you have 'ripped the rest of us off.'" She sits down and joins Urs and Goat. Combinations of vitamins, minerals, herbs. A study in naturopathy.

Later that night. Goat took Ursula home and went to Bree's. She let him in and said, 'Why don't you make us some omelettes.' 'Yea. Sure, Beav.' He went over to the stove with the frying pan and eggs and milk and chunky salsa and paprika and turmeric and cayenne and Spuds Buds and water. Chunks of tomato. He got everything mixed and found a plastic spatula with a metal handle. He turned on the heat and stirred it around. Bree came out of the

bedroom and said, 'How do I look, Tiger?' She had on a matching bra and panties with a tiger stripe pattern. She said, 'Your making me hot and hungry with your cooking. Why don't you turn that down? I am as hot as an oven.' She 'minxed' (an action a minx takes) over to Goat, knelt down in front of him, and undid the button on his pants, pulled the fly down, reached in and pulled out his penis. 'Oh, you are so hard. Near-likeness of a statue of David.' She began sucking motions, working her tongue, scraping teeth along the bottom side, sucking his testicles, working her hand at the bottom of the shaft, working her tongue around the head and shaft. The glans.

The next morning. Goat read to her, to Bree some of Marc's diary entries he had left him from his trust. He had the paintings in a trust too. Goat left for the compound at ten after a bagel.

An attorney had handed him the disks after the funeral. Notes in some of his word processing files were garbled, probably codes of file names elsewhere. Marc had jotted-typed 'Not Now. Now.' (A meditation thought he had had about being in the moment). A sound card generated 'I am being in

the moment now.' He had loaded a file with Marc's karmic voice. It was like a piece of him was still alive. A ghost in the machine.

'Wish He Were Chagall. Wish I were me.' A poem title of Marc's. Did you ever notice that making art is a lot of 'me, me, me?' Another poem starts off, 'Floating Goat?' Floating Goat was Ahmet's nickname. He had come to America via boat. Pre-nine-eleven. He wrote about his father's friendship with a Turkish business partner. He had spent years doing engineering, mostly civil, with him. Some consulting, and drawings and building design. He had taught courses alongside him, dawdled with programmable calculators when they made the scene and fiddled with computers as they came out in the early days of the personal computer. 'When I was the Buddha, there were many difficulties. When I was a buddha amongst buddhas, there was still mind.' They had careers as professors. 'Hello, good sir.' 'Hello, good professor.' Always the Old Country feel in the house.

A file followed a time line of the progression of events common in their lives. Son starting a business. Son graduating. Son having a daughter. Son moving into a new house. Son bar mitzvahed.

Kubbitz. A year. Son's first year at private college. A job, a career path. Marc's father helped him to learn English. Benjamin studied Hebrew. Ahmet talked about the people, and the market, and the language and culture, of the cities, and their friends and enemies. King David at some age, 'G_d, protect me from my enemies for they are many. G_d loves the persecuted and hates the persecutor. With the mildly annoyed He shows favour to him. Floating Goat, by land to Germany and the industry. He gave Marc's home a feeling of the Old World. It was unusual, circumstances, a realisation. Goat had many acquaintanceships who were sons to Jewish fathers. And in America, daughters of Jewish mothers, some keeping it secret, many. The Old World. Adonic laments.

Ursula and Rach met Goat at the gallery. They walked somberly soaking up the resonance of wealth and beauty and pure art. They murmured and whispered to each other. 'Ending? Let's not fear death, and let's not hang around people that remind you to have fears. Life's ending?' They make their way down the hall past the graphic designer's works, a series. 'And let's never stop to be able to say that it's our lives that are wasting away.' They sat on a bench on the cold marble floor. 'If the World ends,

so what? Do you think it will all be over?' 'That is the tragedy and the comedy.' 'Although I'd like twenty paintings of my collection to be preserved.'

Bree's stereo was playing. Drums, cymbals crash, 'Tzdk,' onomatopoeia, a gifted sound, band sings, 'Charity rescueth even death.' Radio follows with 'Break out of the mold before the mold sets in.' She sat in her place sipping tea, green tea with lemon. She wondered about Goat. Wasn't he hanging on to Marc too long?

Somewhere else where in this state was Governor Tuft, who had made attempts at following the hierarchy of doing charitable deeds. That is, it is a higher level, ... if the giver goes without being known by the recipient. The only problem was then a matter of reporting them, a rather puzzle, koan, or work for a cohen, no less. And there is reward in giving work. He had it made. Klezmer music, Yiddish folk music. Flip city shtetl.

Digging through some old papers, Bree found an old order form and receipt from Woueirdentzmythe's, a copy center of a most unusual kind specializing in graphic design of the esoteric. Oft heard, 'Rather wizardry, no?'

graphics work and service. Would lift anyone from a deepest depression.' 'A carbon copy image. If you are thinking a negative, it is just the opposite. Positively gradient Quality.' The Gothic's printer. Scribbled on the back of the order form read: 'My gold is above my bedroom in the attic. Call Miguel for help. Love, T.R.' The place was like that, the Gothic printer. Strange things happened. Walking along the sidewalk, downtown. Miguel goes by Michel. In fact, Miguel goes by Michel on his passport in Canada, Quebec.

'Call Miguel Sevilla, (suena, the Spanish for dream), suena-dreams for lintel?' Bree came across the card in the same pile of papers. It was a 'winter's holiday' card from Heathersnik. She and Heather would meet at the taco stand once a week while they were working on their graduate degrees. Heathers Amber was in the field of counseling and Bree in her anthropology. She was interested in contemporary anthropology, nearing sociology. Thirza Heathers was going through some old journal pages. She had journaled some ideas she had after reading some Swedish research. 'What peace prize is it that begins with an idea that Scandinavia is the heartland of pirateware?' 'What Fassbinder film?' 'White lily?' 'That's the Yeedle Skinny Yeidle

Yiedle.' (In French the second vowel gets the emphasis on the diphthong. The German, the first.)

The two were alike a lot in a lot of ways, common 'subcultures,' resolving similar gender issues in therapy. And thoughts and memories of skiing in Colorado for Thirz Heathers and Bree, surfing would sooth the savage beast. 'Never be sure that diamonds are a girl's best friend. Everyone has their 'touchstones.' 'Commonalities of sorts.'

If Bree were lesbian, in a lesbian relationship, then Thirza Heathers was a goddess amongst. 'Historically?' 'Yea,' Bree returned. 'That always worked for me for personal answers.' Bree loved, enjoyed cunnilingus so much that she'd turn down a home in Malibu, if she had to give up the nasty habit. She took out a clove cigarette and exercised her lips. After a while the two headed into the public restroom at the taco joint and made out. The radio drowned out the sex noises they hoped. The 'gnirps' for moisture. A goddess amongst the living, breathing, and walking in an upright manner of kind. And the touring of the world amongst the world travelers. She, 'An exercise left to my reader.' Energies spent. 'I cannot believe Dave Brubeck almost graduated from the music academy without

knowing how to read.'

They both enjoyed each other's company and the escaping of the stress of school for a while of the indulged and indulging. 'Oh, that's funny. They've been rooming for what's too long, and have become intimate.' Heatherniks recalled overhearing her mom on the cell phone last Thanksgiving vacation. Recalled in the heat of the moment with Bree's labia swollen in her mouth, butterfly kissing her clitoris. Jaw growing tired, weary. 'Wild.' 'Rather well-behaving.'

Later on the very next day. Bree had volunteered at the local classical radio station to raise funds. She enjoyed charity work. Plus she could drink all of the coffee that she could hold. The 'university radio' had a programme, Fresh Air, interesting experimental, new age synthesizers, new music composers. It was fifty minutes twice a week. She listened to it religiously and felt it was her duty to do charitable deeds like this. All she had to do was answer the phones and take the callers name and number. She refused to take credit for her charity work, no recognition at all.

'Hey, it's today. What is this with the living for

tomorrow and finding out its yesterday?' Bree gave Goat a kick while he awoke in the sleeping bag. 'Your are going to miss first service.' 'Egh.' Groggy he rolled out of the bag before the blues kicked him in the head. Off and about. 'Where a dimensionless ('without a measure' literally) point separates the past from the future.' 'That is where we are, on the edge, say the arete, Moment. Memory. Free.' 'Ragged, razor flakes.' 'Jazz. A moment amidst 'improvisations.'" 'Degage.'

She represented a belief in liberal poly-religious churches, including a study of the worship of lesbian goddesses as a deity, a deism. And that was what she was going to talk about. She was honest with the congregation about when she realized that she was lesbian. The relationship-ism. Lesbianism. 'So I cried.' It made her feel good to do something for a greater cause thinking about the phones and giving this lay service. The Church was always there. She forgot about her problems for the service, the secular world, had forgotten for the time being bills, the 'gotta call so and so and so,' the 'midterm papers,' 'final projects,' the 'micro-culminating experiences.' Gnu. Goat. There he was, a third back in the congregation, looking at the stained glass. She owed the library three hundred dollars for 'lost' books in

the 'madness' of changing apartments last semester. She asked the manager's girlfriend to drop them off, on her way. Agreed. Rogue-ette left them in the street. Nedleys was a friend from a few years ago, worked at the health food store and made artistic flyers, artsy doing his friendly detective work to discover a rival sorority had set up a campus mail scam. In an actuality, specific persons. Pretty smart. He really wanted to be composing-programming games of skill. Exactly. Bree had this nasty recurring dream. In a fit of anger she threw a stack of books into the oncoming traffic in front of her apartment. All of this didn't matter in the security of the Church. Soon the warm and fuzzy feel was gone, scattered hymnals and pencils, bulletins amongst, littered the pews. The chalice candle was blown out. Church and State? A day of judgment. A government class, a paper, a grade, comments, suggestions, political correctness.

Monday. Someone knew how to 'pull her trigger,' so-to-speak. It was Bindi from Warren College, about twenty miles away, and her boyfriend in a black, charcoal, not to be admired SUV. A construct in and of itself. That is, sport utility vehicle. Perhaps not sufficient and necessary? Bree was Bindi's neighbor when they were growing up

and rivals. Bindi moved to another town, a rough town. She worked to get free, to become free of the oppression of the past. Many have worked well, worked hard. Nevertheless of her burdens, say, she managed to go to a decent private college. So it wasn't Bryn M. And it wasn't the first of May. In fact it had been planned on a Hallowed Eve. With the belief that crimes are the only way to deal with crimes. It had become a game to many. The short term catharsis of the hedonism crime didn't outweigh the long-term regrets. Bindi and her Toy had virused Bree's e-mail, erasing it as it came in. Goat had caught them, tracing it back to Warren College and Bindi's phone line. To the sharp end of a climber's rope, it was a criminal mind. 'A mind is behind an event? No?'

Utility vehicle. A vehicle that you use, utilize. Which ones don't you? A computer is a vehicle. Bree daydreamed. Awakens. 'Slow to judge,' the ombudsperson at the University court from Sweden said. A voice in the dream repeated, 'Relax, relax. You have been a naughty girl writing books of passion and sexual escapades. It is the end. This is the end. Now you must pay.' She thought about the tithes basket yesterday. Posing, 'Dreams are an awakening.' That must have been what the dream

was saying. The voice was almost like Jim Morrison. The 'Beau Ideal,' an Alpha Male. Those On High, were withholding both Bree's and Bindi's (at Warren) transcripts until the issues were resolved. It was a long dream. Finally the judge placed a fine on Bindi and Toy, put a hold on their records, and sentenced them to community service. 'Did you know nightmares come from repressed anger?' Bree walked out of court with Ursula, Rachel, Heathers, Elliott. 'Sociological phenomenons?' The conclusion that there were many who in the expression 'sport utility vehicle,' pursued 'sport' killing to put the 'sport' in 'sport utility vehicle' was resolved.' The work, efforts brought a tidy purse. And again justice was equated with wealth and knowledge, knowledge and wealth.

'Law.' Rach and Bree and Thirza Heathers sat at the Purple Grape Cafe. Bree had brought up the subject. 'Oh, I am dragging after the ordeal. Conspiracy was thought to be difficult to prove, and law professors like Attorney Plum didn't want to see the truth, let alone defend it. It was a matter of a thinking hat. One was to put on a different thinking hat, one from the norm, more acceptance and awareness. That thinking hat. I can't blame them.

It's not a moderate risk.' 'Want a refill?' 'Let's vegetate here for a while, like slimy lizards. We did just get out of a court case.' 'Don't touch the gecko. Eat the edible bugs.'

Back in Lizardville. The lizards and geckoes lived by looking aside, covering up and ignoring any view that would jeopardize their 'ivory tower' careers. 'Rather Lililizardville ought be called.' 'Vey, ... wonder.'

A balance was a sobering need. A healthy resolve. Solution and resolution to problem and conflict. 'I'm not guilty.' Later Bindi in a sane state of mind, free of symptoms of psychoses, changed her mind, confessed, cracked under the pressure. 'I was really high on baking soda and caffeine pill dust. And Prozac.' Ugh. Pass the laughing gas? Youth is misspent on youth, remember? That's just the way life is. And it is spent well? No?

Else? Luv had also wanted, with her minor in geology, to get a surveyor's license. She hesitated. 'That's not like yourself. Do be a Luv.' She was 'off' and running (instrument. Within tolerances. She could make that transit, the theodolite sing. Measure after measure. An opera. The Mira Belle

of the earth. Closure on the gestalt traverse, full circle. Luv was Juniper's half-sister, a 'love' child. Why the license? Her friend Zach from the Jewish Community Center, 'Why are we living?' To find out why we are living.' He paused. 'Now you go and figure it out.' She needed her records sorted to see what she had to do to be free from an end to her academic life and finish the minor, a certificate. 'Pause' are for cats. How many semesters? It was an endeavor of 'terms' of endearment. Radio plays as she slumps gracefully in the bean bag chair. 'Luv, I always have to steal my kisses from you.' 'Zach. It was for a job, a livelihood.' 'I can look at the contentment of a farm, a kibbutz.'

Bree volunteered again. Gratefulness and contentment. That is what she had to give. All of this ran through her groggy noggin as she answered the telephone, 'Hallo, WTRU. Would you like to make a donation?' She wondered if, would she, was she ever going to get Berni and Trynsterahv that wedding present that she owed them. She focused on the spiritual energy. Goat said they don't care. About the present. At the synagogue, the gifts, were what? Divine presents. How could one not put on airs? True. It was hard enough to find a suit that fit.

'The moment,' she thought. 'I am not going to wait. I will do what I can now with what I have.' Trynsterahv was such an urchin, waif looking for someone to care for her. Sometimes she went by Geena. Berni knew Goat from a kibbutz. What is it, always with a kibbutz. At the moment there are finite? A countable number. And there are infinite countable numbers. What did we do before there were kibbutzes? Trynsterahv met Berni in Eastern Europe, in the market in her home town, while he was traveling across Europe.

Elsewhere. Thirza Heathers Aumbre reminded Bree while back at the taco stand, reminded her of something Marc had talked about often. 'Why does the color umber remind one of shading?' The answer is in the question. Better, the word. 'Umbre.' 'Being alone is not a form of punishment. It's an opportunity to grow.' Bree, 'Not for just ... , yea. Like downtime from the studio. Nyeh. Three days away and on the fourth you are ready to go ape.' Thirza Heathers calmly. Reserved. 'I mean you know we are highly sensitive persons (HSPs). We haven't talked about it for a while, a new diagnosis tool, high probability in Sweden, Japan, China.' 'Surfacing as gibbons, today. Socialist International Einsteinien Union Party. Although

perhaps a dead ticket.' Pauses to look around. 'And we'll catch those quesadillos. (Spanish for ...) Cheeses.' 'At Einstein's family reunion, it is all relativity, erh, relatives, no?' The cook brought out the plates, heaping black beans and rice and the quesadillos. They ate. 'Kay-sah-dee-ya.' 'That is the cheese.' 'It was a stroke of luck, fortunate that he had such a stroke of luck.' 'Tomorrow.' 'Is it noticeable that he is descended from the Jews that were thrown out of Spain during the Inquisition. The Sephardics, Ladinos. What a problem for one studying Diaspora, Dispersion? To be that fortunate to be in that field. One is to be grateful for what one has. Still I am resolved to say that I have my own problems. That is the way God, Blessed Be He, has it. A blessing. And these lessons we learn from an obstacle. To be free of coveting. That is understood.'

'Yea,' she agreed, 'And the alone thing, it's okay, say, man, wo-man, copesetic, and I still love some people three-sixty-five, twenty four and seven. I don't know if that's healthy. It takes a while for that to sink in. Doesn't it?' Confidently she healthily ate the hearty order. A robust combination. Whoa.

Hey, Geologist-gold digger, what's that formation

called?' 'Eye of a needle.' 'Maybe you can get a job teaching at one of the community colleges.' 'And not ... suffer washing dishes at the diner forever?' Bree downed her diet cola. 'This aspartame gives me a headache.' Drowning in hopelessness for a bit of a 'moment.' 'Try some calcium and niacin.' 'I told you they'd say the pink stuff, the saccharine was okay-non-connection with people-cancer. Just rats.' 'Watch it. The environmentalist scare is still on. Fredrique says, 'Miro and Kandinskii.' It's like May Fourth all over again, long time coming, aye? Kent State. Students versus Towners. Towners and/or sniper and sniper-types. Flowers versus Guns.' Getting certified to land survey was a goal of hers ever since she used to go into the field with her brothers ten years ago as a young teenager.' 'A Turk and an Englishman.'

Parched in the oasis looking for her goal* mirage. She was in a parking lot, looking for her custom van, christened 'goal* mirage,; airbrush by 'Pneumatic Attic' and 'Nu' Einfluviumstein. Fame is not success. A real 'craft.' She doubled up her cuffs on her alpaca sweater. She had to give up time, wanted, she would have rather spent skateboarding with the guys in the 'hood. She stuck her nose in a flyer from the Unitarian Universalist Spiritual Development Committee and watched her breath. U.U. 'No one

person can watch your breath for you.' 'Not even Gustav.'

There was an old-fashioned Quaker silent meeting Wednesday. It was a moment to be still, let go of free will and listen to the divine, G-d's will. 'Who told you about it?' 'A Silent Quaker?' 'Miracles.' Ararat College nearby had an adult studies program. Maybe Rach would get certified to teach and start paying some bills. Maybe yes, even work for someone. She had felt alone after David had left to study and to become a rabbi. He was studying Aramaic with her. 'A rabbi?' Rachel thought. 'Why not your own people?' Wasn't that from Woody Allen, Hannah and Her Sisters. So this was diversity in the 90s. The Silent Quakers don't like to talk about it, although they were 'instrumental' in helping the Jewish people rescue themselves from the Nazi Party.'

Entrepreneurships a-sailing. The eighties done right. Rightly done this time. The sixties instead of the grass and coarse smoke, product and service and a course in a 'marigold' work ethic. Straight and straight. And she aligned with past mirrored balls and planets and stars, and in the stars she dreamed of making thirty thousand dollars instead of the

assistantship's stipend. Thirty thousand dollars. There is always the MFA creative writing 'escape-escapade' and 'living expense' stipend.

She remembered him saying, driving past Hillel, past the cafe where they first met, 'If two people are walking down the street, and one has a problem, the other one automatically becomes the rabbi.' Saying, 'Is it a job hazard?' 'Is it a definition?' 'To be a job, an occupation, a need, a service, it solves a problem.' She whispered his name, 'David.' If not earlier.

He went into polyglot. 'L' Etrange, eh, l'plaige, a Turkish private school.' 'We are taught to believe that if we are paid to do something, then it is worth doing. Likewise for not being paid for doing something.' 'Duh, mighten, does that mean I have to learn to paradigm shift in the 'Promise Called America?'" 'I am saying 'duh.' David was Goat's best friend in Hebrew school. A good friend. 'You know. We never entered a crossword puzzle, although we sold a few.' 'And we never went to Belgium although we once wrote to a diamondtologist in Europe, a former math, ... student.' 'Oi. Study. The highest form of worship. On the sabbath.' 'Shabbot.' Response, 'Blesch dle ve gle teve te ve khe te vekh.'

Bree said, 'I've just got to fill the well, you know, care for the 'lost boys' artist inside.' Ursula, 'Yea, archetypal and inner child work, caress, luv is a hug, pamper, tell the guys too,' Heathers Ambriegnu replied, 'Just to set small and gentle goals.' Else-wise, a moment in time. Bree-bagels, 'See the shape that your art is supposed to take.' 'Yea, small and meet the goals. Enough.' 'We're all looking for some guidance, inner or outside, some guru maybe.' 'We are enough as we are.' 'Enough is truly enough.' 'We have invented the landscape. We had our blank canvas.' 'Guu-ruu and Goo-roo-vie.'

'What are we looking for in life? Enlightenment?' 'Not the shadow, um, Breh?' 'No?' 'No.' 'Yea, or a good therapist, another Freud. A living Freud for this generation. A gem.' 'At-the-end-of-the-world-and-I feel-fine, fifty-minute hour time alone.' 'Just to have a little bit of say, badge of courage again, untamed at a wild seventeen. Looking for aloe.' 'Face it. When it comes down to it, we are it. Our own gurus.' 'Um-Breh' was a common expression he had. He was in therapy with the issue. It was comfortable.

'No matter how long the courtship.' 'Starboard tack.'
'Luv and the Dinosaurs of Art Dreams.' 'Dig it up.'
A scramble to a relative summit, a belay ledge. An
'ensemble.' Small. 'Sometimes I feel like I, that I
just need to gently bow gracefully out and practice
some humbleness. Healthy humility, not toxic
shame. And definitely not humiliation, a
bastardisation. I get tired of the smell of plastic and
rubber and leather.' 'Synthetic language? Nature
was her way of expressing herself with the material,
as opposed to Man who expresses himself or herself
with words?' An obstacle.' 'Sartre, that would be the
other Catholic I would want to speak with, if he were
alive.'

'It's different than quitting, isn't it?' 'You tell me. It's
far harder,' Waiting, thinking. 'Oh, you. Leather.
Eeegheh.' A guitar strap. Zivko interrupted, 'and
much more painful to be a blocked artist, than to do
the work.' Zivko played cello and was from the
Ukraine. A big guy with a goatee, dark eyes,
handsome, dark hair, he had a cup of Columbian in
his hand. What in America would be a point of
commonality? That 'Zivko' was a commercial name,
not uncommon to be found on aerobatic planes,
sponsorship and advertisements. One did not,

perhaps, know this, of a rich Ukranian. Or perhaps it was ... a Russia.

Outside of the music department he played in a jazz band, House Migks. 'We talked about different spellings of book titles and band names we were making up, the recent times, bands playing the clubs in New York.' 'Why wait for the idea to hatch?' Bree matter-of-factly. Rather carking, oppressive, troublesome, say venture, problematic, full of problems, solutions? That is annoying, oppressive, troublesome? Other ideas. A pleasant intonation.

Bree said, 'I really need to take some action. Remember when Jorc moved to Maryland, the eastern version of the land of opportunity. College Park. I have got to find my own space for opportunity. Space to breathe. Like space, negative space defining the painting. Downtime to incubate. And I don't want to follow the crowd.' 'I still think I need to take time and discover*recover from being a 'money drunk.'" 'Yea, that was a residual hazard from the eighties.' 'I am not completely unaware that a Sherlock Holmes had not been free from being involved in grave deeds of intoxication himself. A Holmes of the late eighteen hundreds,

your beloved, eighteen eighties.' 'Yes. That is sobering, to 'unmask' a clue. Our words 'sobriety' and 'inebriety' have a root in common. One sees it is the precursor that gets one into trouble.' 'Not a common cheese is 'brie?'" 'She is a gem, a precious asset.'

'My bank account and credit still have a hangover. And this is the nineties. To remember the mess. Left.' 'I need to show up at the studio. That would help. The biggest part of winning is showing up.' 'Woulda, coulda, shoulda, woulda, shoulda, coulda, ought. Oughten, oughten to. Oughta. Nada. Pravda. (She was getting hypomanic now). La-La-La-Ladtka. I'm losing my 'yarbles.'" 'With one motion and another one could move to a collector's 'marble.' And paint outside the lines.' 'You would say anything, if it came out your mouth, no?'

'Life is a messy room. It is just a matter of how well the master of the house carries on relations with the au pair.' 'Yea.' 'Yes and good.' 'Well and good.'

Bree dreamt that night about El Gnu (another 'doing business as') talking on the phone. 'That is that. You oughta know.' She heard him say, 'I am

rejecting the Jones offer. I am reaching for a wet blanket with them. My life's a monody. I am walking through another window. Another door. I am not one for dropping my ... 'g's." Then he whispered to her, 'It's not where I have been. It's where I am going. It's that that is the only place I can go.' Pause in the action. 'There is a matter of transition.'

She felt like a twist of lime, 'We gotta get some new dialogue, monolithic stuff.' 'Boys lost in some time-warp in a bad experimental film in the middle of a Midwestern film festival. Towners ready to hose down your cerebral orgasm of creativity.' 'Railroad tracks and rooftops.'

'Remember the Mantle Crust and the Grapes singing 'This is the Midwest, the Byzantine, East meets West, dust on the mantle, looking for the Cure, moths and rust. Mothers of Invention or Bust. Earthquakes and Chocolate food-of-the-gods shakes at the drive-thru. Welcome to a hometown.

Trains passing starboard tack, cloth-of-a-feather indigenous Moors flock together. The clock says tick-tock-dock-tick-tock.' The phone was the shape

of Princess Diane and played 'God (Blessed Be He) Save the Queen. She ain't a human being.' by some punk band, the Sex Pistols or Screaming Urge, someone. 'There was a matter of transition from 'King' to 'Queen.' In legislation that is perhaps under the category of a 'trope.' A change of word or words to a tune. Might I.' 'I heard Screaming Urge broke up and regrouped and toured as the Screaming Flea, touring the quiet café en route.'

Dante's Inferno played like some VCR on search mode. A video camera recorder. One's mind is composed of many 'devices.' 'Infallible, you thought, hmmmmm?' White noise cutty a-la-go-a-go-go down the middle. A lost* misplaced Picasso flashed, an interpretation of Pandora's Box. She could hear Pirsig define, differentiate, and integrate Romanticism and Classicism. A certain Hess. Catty white noise.' She felt like she was recovering from an orgasm, not spent, not ready to go at it again. Inventive.

In the dream Lgnu (d/b/a) said in a business deal, 'Not less than zero, not more. And you are 'on like a zen archer.' At the hub. On the spin. Vector, bebe. Vector analysis. Howwwwwll and

growwwwwwwl. In the night. Dah... Janet. Tonight. Later, Drowners and London Suede the band.' 'Daddy Gassers. Stick shift and caricature of a ratnik. Cheater slicks. Helmets. No neutral.' Hipnikdom.

'Ginsberg didn't die when he died.' 'He left behind surviving works, energy, creative energy. He had thrived. Still, I wouldn't want to go on living that way? Not to say, 'I'd rather be dead.' It is better the dead are dead. "The Lord He is God." 'I can't cry anymore. Time will mend it. I am going to mend it.' 'We're.' 'The breath lives.' 'A dead Einstein is not not a genius as long as a copy of his thesis, quotes are in the circulation.' Mourning as are all religious services, a mourning of a loss, the past. Kaddish. 'He ha better remember 'that.' "That is that.'

The sabbath, the most important religious days, is a mourning for the past creations, that is, coming into creation. The High Holy Days, the sabbaths of sabbaths are a recognition of our past year, and an acknowledgment, a forgiveness of our losses.

Between Man and God, and Man and Man. She remembers Gnorci talking about a pastoral childhood, the Orphanage his grandfather and Great-Uncle Albert had bought. Just after the war, bringing families over from the Old Country to work on the then-and-now farm. Hiding the Jewish families from the residual Holocaust affects.

Albert, another's joke, began the year joking, and gradually became more somber as the year went on, used to tell the story about the rabbi's Jews-for-Joshua/Jesus nephew golfing on Saturday, golfing on Saturday hole-in-one after the other and not being able to tell anyone 'at home' about it. 'No, just thinking about it, visualising, a better joke.' 'It was like when my grandmother was hiding Albert Einstein in the attic, and we 'kidders' weren't allowed to see or say anything.' More somber at the end of harvest. 'People come and go in your life. One might never know how one has an impact.' 'You might need to ask one for forgiveness.'

That was being Swiss, cursed by 'hungkies.' 'A Silent Quaker's best kept secret has never been told.' Kind of Zen.

That morning Bree met Elliot Gnu at the cafe, Mild

Goats. 'I am going to have Attorney Stockstein expunge my records. Really test my education. He is busy with the Einhornech case.' 'What are you talking about?' 'Never mind. It's just a 'napalm bomb' for your mind. Better off not leaving anything behind.' 'I prefer gingko biloba.'

Climate mildly changing. Would mean a drifting to the southeast. 'I might be off to lovey-dub Istanbul. It is not all 'bakir,' the bakers' confectionary sugars.' Looking for an Great-Uncle Alberto. Got a pleasant score to settle with some retired Turkish generals? Composed. Rather. They have nice furniture, sofas, an ottoman, ottomans. Music composition. American jazz and new classical music is in demand there. Like jeans to the Russians, Stacks of the real evidence. Camus or his fifty-second cousin is the attorney. Later, girl.' She was a 'woman/girl.' 'If a man were twenty and a woman eighteen, then marriage seems like a reasonable relationship.' 'I am glad we share perspectives on life. That is we both have different perspectives.'

She dreamt that night that she was chased, being chased, flying, common enough, then caught by

some 'college boys,' a swim team captain. And close behind were some 'good old boys.' Emerging mediators. Presidential podium. Presidential seal. 40s gas pump icons floating in the night star studded sky. The deputy was in charge and was listening to the line 'But I did not shoot the deputy,' by Bob Marley. Remarked to the 'commissionaire.' 'That's the positron.' Andy Kaufman doing Elvis Costello, the thin Elvis, and miming the rock formation El Capitan. Talent. Some schools of thought believe dreams to be a veritable, for better, awakening. Fields, shells, layers of images, superimposed, a quantum soup, osmosis. Soups within soups. 'What soups' is a question? Some are more pleasant than others. Some bitter. It could be the horseradish. Or the mustard seed phenomenon. Sparrows are kept by God. What do we have to fear, but God himself. Nothing on earth? 'Listen to what they are listening to now.' 'The commisar's in town.' (Komisar?) 'And I just got the news today. Oh, boy. Kaufman's meeting with N.O.W, the National Organisation of Women.' 'That ought be well-behaving, concert level.' 'Isn't that a turn in the arena? Salt of the earth, no contest.' 'Next thing, someone will be offering a chair, the chair of the department. That's how minding your manners pay off.' 'By the way, how's that latest real estate deal,

Monet Gates Garden Manors?' 'Commissioner, it is like explaining jazz. If I have to explain it, you will never understand.' 'I hope I do not have to explain myself.' 'Good day.'

Elliott yelled, 'Where are your restraining orders? Where are your manners?' rescuing her. It added enough relative confusion to distract the townies. One person's confusion is another person's passing moment. Still confusion and a racing mind are such nonetheless. All in front of the Horse Bit Saloon. Harbinger about to speak. 'The harassment charges are filed and sanded.' 'Ha. Ha. Very funny. You should have your own brick wall to stand in front of.' 'Huh. Yea.' Continues. 'Animal.' 'In the red, red mud.' Lou Reed singing 'Sweet Jane,' singing 'It's a-l-l-r-i-i-g-h-t.' 'I never met a student who wasn't a little townier. And I never met a townier who wasn't somewhat of a student.' 'And I never met anyone who couldn't stand to be a bit more of a student. No one that wasn't somewhat of a student.' 'That's a point.' 'That's where the horse bit me.'

Third Rock from the Sun and B52s, Godspell's NYC troupe lead back from a European tour, classical colas, L'Cola Citroen, a Pepsi with lemon, Planet Claire parties' video, hosts and hostesses

sisters with big heads, planets, with rings and glitter on the back seat, art show at the Open Spaces Gallery. Hexcentrics. Shapes. Eccentric hexagons. Used for chocks in climbing. In a French and American and Israel and Swiss coloring, ink. Invented by Y. Chouinard, proprietor of now Black Diamond. 'Why not Turkey?' 'I am a vegetarian,' the artist replied. Glitter on the fainting couch, casts of thousands. Zen Rastafarian, Far-eye singing healthy socialism, band in midst. Some things are sacred.

Woody Guthrie, Arlo, Bob Zimmerman Dylan, Jacob, James Taylor, got a son, singing blues out of the depression asylum velvet with B.B. King, 'Ledbelly' Ledbetter songs. Bob Weir singing. 'Just a box of rain. Or a ribbon for your hair.' In mind, midst of millions, mist. A thousand guitars, a thousand pianos. Synths. The lovely people. The beautiful people.

Thirza Heathers America found a letter from Healey. 'Yes, Healey.' He said, 'It was nice to see her, the colour here is good, vibrant and f-stop with the brush.' And working on some projects. Loose ends. Five to seven months I'll be back. Let go of the group consciousness on how an artist is to make

money. Keep the tip.' 'I really am glad that we were able to talk about some old times and rhythms, South America is rich in rhythms and drink iced coffees like the old days. I have got a model named Pagan, her parents were from Boston, her ancestors played the Druids, modelle-ing Gothic Mild subject.' 'She wrote a novella.' 'I am free of the Conflict of Student. Its affects. The churning turmoils. Nevertheless, there are always turmoils, trials, tribulations, tests balancing the books at the end of the harvest. There are more pleasant things to fill one's life, oceans, and skies, and studies and work. Travails.' 'One is alive, so one must find a livelihood.'

Continues. 'Maybe God isn't sane. Retro-mod sugar molecules and respective moles and covalent bonding. Cucaine of 'Sherlock Holmes' derivative.' To talk about things without the wheel-in-the-wretched-wrench-in-the-spokes-mode problems. Virgin and young woman, wire spoked mags, please. Chromed spokes, spanking new. Fuel injection, turbo-chargers, and hybrid electric powered. Ghost in a machine. Psyche, the individual, collective multifaceted being. It's not the new utterance that people fear, it's the new idea. Least a rejuvenation that is nothing new? An idea new to them to fear

only God. Hail, hail. Like manna? Look at the platypus? Rich in 'solutions.' One venture say, 'what is this?' How many times? What would it be without manna? With reserve, a thoughtful pause, thinking 'be slow to judge,' he looked at the postcard touchstone he had sent: Please remember three things.

1. I love you.
2. You can always come home.
3. (The third thing was torn from the letter and a mystery).

Goat did not doubt that it said, 'Return to the mountain.'

It hadn't been torn on a sabbath. The persecution was unbearable. A sugar-coated pill took the edge off? Or added to a jagged edge. Who knows? He managed to live through that year nonetheless. The next week Elliott Tee-Shirt Gnusleeves rolled warm summery, met Bree. His ire wasn't at its best. He rambled through an etymology dictionary under 'ire.' Irate, irrational, irritated. Neither was his hair, its best. 'National Bad Hair Day?' 'Dinosaur Swami found on mountain swamp-with-LeBrea-Tar-Pit-Hair-Tonic with free glass of quinine 'wasser.' He liked tonic water and water. Und der ist saying-ech,

'affectionately."

'If you are wearing plaid, two.' Strike two or pass the defense of the doctoral thesis. A seventy is a pass. I think I am going to clip my hair short again and get a bigger earring, a hoop. Clip-on.' 'I am looking for a harmonic, some synchronicity. You look fine, what would the rabbi say?' Bree supported. 'Look at this note. That's no watch ticking in your ear, that's Weir's DeadLine.' 'One could devise a test of ten unsolved problems. Failing at ten percent would put one, land one into the history books of great thinkers.' 'If your spines are wearing thin, then see through the obstacle to a solution. A library scientist, knowledgeable in the field of books.' 'It was Nabokov and his statement about a reader and his spine and a judgement. That's the decision making. We have to make our judgement. Non-choice is a choice, a decision, solution.' 'A game of chess ought be played this way, once in the mind, a visualisation, nonviolently.'

The manager of Pigeonhole Mailboxes, Inc., Baertl Mhatmewair stuck this in my box 4143D. A guru lingering in the transplendid. A psychadelic Woody Allen term of endearment. He said that he spoke with the bank that handled my plutonium credit card

and everything should be okay. Okay, try VO2-64 hairdressing. Oh, I looked in the medicine chest and saw the hairdressing.' Lapine look. Alice, the Rabbit. Mount Blanc, the white dove was with olive twig, a symbol of peace. Why? The olive tree takes many years to grow. A place of war would destroy the trees, barren. A long time of peace is needed for growth. It is like that? For the dove to come with an olive branch would mean that the dove came from a place of peace, free from war. 'It wouldn't hurt to plant an olive tree these days?' Nature manifests itself as an 'arbor-al' sign of peace. Mankind manifests itself with thoughts, ideas, words of peace how?

Manager, 'There should only be one charge for eighty-two dollars instead of eight for December the twelfth. I didn't need reminded about it that it was hard to get good help. You've got to watch them grow. Like oats sportiva. Not the French 'coq sportif.' 'Rooster's sport.' Well, everything's clear then. Straight books. I don't know why I still feel so angry. And so horny. My legs ache. Some precursor hurt.' 'As Ginsberg walked on a parking lot, forty-one and forty-three are twin primes, that is two consecutive primes.' 'Whether the pleasant drinking of a cup of Aulde English teas, and tautly

keeping the mind fit, I will say that that window is a mosaic. Who whilst refrains?' 'If you'd say, language is one to look through to reflect the light of one's ideas.' 'Yes. Well and good, a pleasant mix of the tears of pain and joy. Evident and aver of living life.'

'Forget it. Let's go get our eyes screwed looking at the optical art, op art, not to take from the opinion editorial. No. Let's go shopping on Internet instead. Shopping in Space.' 'Outer.' 'Outer space.' 'I am looking for a Matisse.' 'Just for 'pretends.'" 'Between the visual spaces there is fiction.' 'Oh, yea.' 'Let's take some action.' 'Who were you jealous?' 'Hm.' 'There is no one to be jealous. It is like fearing nothing on earth.'

Bree always had money. When she was in L.A. she did the, worked the Money Drunk, Money Sober Ninety Days to Financial Freedom, J. Cameron and M. Bryan program. She gave Thirza Heathers and her B-movie soundtrack a semester's worth of classical jazz guitar lessons at the college and some new music. Venezuelan. 'Always scrounging around for your next meal.' Thirz Heathers quoting Dylan. Chaplain, war. Don't let the bastards

(ilegitimus, 'bouches,' flies) get you down. An intellectual war to end all wars, in the arts field. In the minds. Of?

Thizzers Heathers CultFilme thought about her first winter in her apartment, chamomile tea in the evenings, cozy, green tea, yogurt, 'yaourt' with her best Dutch accent for lunch, 'frienderlijk,' her fingers slightly cold as she practiced scales. Then harmonics off the viola's strings. Drinking mineral waters in the afternoon and chomping gently zinc tablets, dissolving them in the waters. 'If this gets out, it will be a corporate war in the bottled waters industry.' To a friend, it was Rach. 'I tell my broker one thing. 'Waters.' Alright, it's plural.'

Sound-scape features, 'Like a rolling stone.' 'Run your hands under the cold water when you are finished with a session. Be your own standard, guru.'

'Head' remembered when Elliot first started calling, talking 'with' 'Grain of Heathers of Thirza,' always going against the grain, talking with gyrating loving hips, born for syncopation's gyrations. Rhythmic back-flip. Was it Margaret Thatcher that as a poor

waif overtop her parents store she dreamed of being prime minister of England? Rather dreamt. It couldn't have been Golda Meir. That was Israel.

Bree Alexis was into psychoanalysis and abstract analysis as a 'hobby.' 'You couldn't have ventured for the slot cars for Hanukkah? You could escape with the Maccabees around a certain course.' More like Chaos Theory. The Butterfly Effect. She wanted to get published in a journal 'one day,' respected for her research, a legend in her own mind, her fractal, mosaic life, multifaceted. 'Field' work.

She, calculating told Thirza Heathers Tawnies the story about why there were no Nobel prizes in mathematics year after year. It seemed that Alfred Nobel's wife had had an affair with a mathematician. The old country had a different attitude about math. For search of better, say, 'Euro-erota babes' to emphatically look to use a better phrase flocked after the virile minds like rock stars and groupies orgy, Bebe. Young women of Europe, with Sir Edmund Hillary's 'Nothing Venture, Nothing Gain' cognitive mind-set, robust, moxy, sensuous, beautiful, living life to its fullest, international. Enjoys music. 'So you were bringing up an affair?'

Memorable moments of success walking through the Prize with gentleness, peacefulness, mindfulness.

Scientists had moxy in Europe. It wasn't the American 'freaky geeky.' Or weak 'nerdy' type. It had savvy. A 'gnarliness.' The robust, yet cunningly sharp minds. Trained minds by classic and avant-garde means. It had a mellowed, resonating khutzpah, respected. Study was respected. How couldn't you reflect life? Life lived to its fullest, its fullest extent. Escaping, say? Escaping a past to find there is a world 'outside,' 'old worlds' and 'new,' where one can cultivate the mind, rigors of thought strengthening logic, find new liberties, reach for self-actualisation and a full potential as a part of humankind. Walking to study stars, study, and through sunsets. Sunsets. To a sabbath. 'It the time when you wake up and said, 'Eh, I could have been a mensch.' 'They have got their own mojo.'

Breebies scribbled the date 7-96. 'Let A sub m equal anti-matter. Then E equals m , c squared equals A sub m c squared equals zero, the center, the origin. O-r-i-g-e-n. To use the proper British spelling. Integrate the natural log of some atrocity of an awful function and set it equal to zero.' 'Huh?' 'Wait. The surf's up.' In France on a table with figs

and dates and paper and pens, the day precursors the month, the year. That is with the date. The fig has other rules. 'It could have been algebraic number theory.' Breebs wrote to Jean-Thirza Sartre.

During a police raid, a neighbour involved in a hackers and heroin ring, of the Malcontent Underground, she had lost, misplaced twenty to thirty conjectures in complex analysis, analytic number theory, and relativity, Banach spaces (normed linear spaces or spaces with measures) and wave theory. 'Measures' had to be taken.

Brie, Heathers Walls, and Ivy Elliott ludicrously shared recipes and old copies of the Wilson Quarterly. Swollen tongues partook in the festivities. Swollen labia followed. Party title: Ye Gods and Little Feasties. Breive had a recipe for herbal wine and exchanged it with Elliot. 'The original title was '... Little Fishes.' The name of a pleasant crack climb, off and what 'sort' of the balance teetering to an oddly angle, would might suspect the character for an angle, 'alpha' giving one's swimming thought to a fish, nevertheless a rabbi preferring fish on an 'aleph' oxen of a day, the sabbath, being her of Mother Earth's non-ending crack to a illustrious belay ledge and one to warm

the muscles on the first pitch, in the morning. The ledge being an awakening to the east face. (Else.) 'Incipient' Nevertheless and none, one remembers well enough a memory.'

Brigitte, Moriah, Mara, and Kitten came by fashionably late. Thirza Heathers had notes on how to make Greek Spinach Pie. Eggs, cottage cheese, a cup of feta cheese, a half cup of olive oil.' 'Let's add some pasta sauce.' 'Like electronic music and Anna Bach's notes and an old 8-7-8-9-10-8, sweet waters sound good.' Goat walked in after studying. 'Hi. And hello. Women. I know. I am a Jewish cook. A mosaic personality, tools of study, an organon.' Thirza knew him for his mysticism. And magical ways. 'It is no mystery that he learned not only the analogies, homology, 'homologies' of the culture in language, law and lore. That he knew the respective analogs in cooking was a realization.' 'Sage, paprika, peppers, salt. Olive oil. It is just a matter of a little 'thyme.'" The subfield is a density relative to the field.

Bree Grapes had her nose deep in a music theory book in the corner taking a break from cooking and the lesbian sex relationship. 'This is 'proboscis.' The provocative 'if, then.' '

probability/mathematical,' pause, 'Event.'" It left her thinking, to return to move on, and note to reread the passage.

She said 'event' like she was emphasizing mustard on her rye bagel so the waitress wouldn't mess up the order. 'The second species consists of a semitone and two whole tones in ascent in every location, like a function.'

Her brother was playing in the driveway. 'Surf.' 'Surf, duuuude.' 'Dudes and dudesses.' Moriah came by and gave her a pleasant tongue lashing. 'It is a matter of mathematical maturity, not and unlike the messy child with prospects of prestigious college, university, and academic life, and a full professorship.'

Elliott saw that in his day planner that he needed to get a letter to someone in Gran Prix, Vancouver. Life over norms. He left. Tail on him. Mistaken narcotics agent. A few more laps and the World Central Intelligencia Group, Inc., more laps and some vanguard Federal Bureau of International Intelligence Agents Organization. At the penultimate laps the Academy of Judiciaries of the Academia Ensemble Universal Set. Members of the

Set. Consequence: breaking up the party. It was concerning some books on recent business theories. It supported socialism. Goat had noted that money was like a circulatory system needing a healthy flow. 'It is the 'Grand or Great Price.'" He had unraveled the mind code of the embedded genetic cognitive code of signal processing and signal transmitting, transmuting communication Transmittance radiant expressionism language of the neurotransmitter of the advanced creature evolved and known as Humankindensis Socialismic Animalus Faber Sapienien. Just while he was 'out to lunch.' This was his contribution to society. 'Fantastic bus ride.' 'Yes. Did you know I was with Secret Intelligence.' 'No.' 'It is a secret I am one with, ... Intelligence.' Pause. 'Wot's so funny?'

Research? Catharsism leads to repeating cyclical behaviour with some idea of resolve cadential-ly replacing the hiccups or hiccoughs or singularities to bring what was called 'placidity' to the system in measures, in mind. At the table. Different measures focused on different aspects of circulation. Besides all of that. The ocean soothes the savage beast.

The beach never grows tired. 'Surf.' We get our

best ideas at the beach. On the beach, an old lane for a Woody and 'boards. Faith laying out in the sun, tufts of grass. Faith that this leads to not only itself, to something better, that awareness.

'Support the forest floor' bumper-sticker near the bookshelves. His newly found acting friend complains dramatically about materialism. Separating the bumper sticker and the nonmaterial messages. 'When Sartre's materialism fails to take in the consequences of the fundamentals, it is elementary, a need to look at the higher ground, and trust a suitable foreground is definable, and sufficient.'

Elliott wandered back to his apartment. His key to an office had been missing since Lindi (not to be confused with Bindi) had been over. He had skeleton keys/locks put in. What a Berkeley 'freak?' It was a guise, persona, mask. Lindi was at war with Thirza Heathers and Brecker over God, Blessed Be He, extended adolescent beliefs, and who-knows-what. Lindi had plans to be a missionary. Both sides had equal volition for their search for a truth. Both wore watches.

A self-administered test on disc was missing too. He

wondered if it was the cleaning service. The Thespian-istic Clean Kittens. Pause. 'There was no way.' It was leased from a friend who had a passion to have a harem of characteristic vehicles. On the side of their business car, a Saab 900, it read. He tailored to young entrepreneurs. 'More people with college degrees drive Saabs this year?' 'Yea, and not unlike married people have a higher chance of committing adultery. The researchers need to get out more. The xenophobic industrialists argue that there aren't reliable foreign garages.'

He checked to see that if his business software was still in tact that the files were safe, everything covered, open sets of solutions over the compactness problems. 'Closed' problems, with bounds. Limits. He had some decisions to make. Operations research. 'A person never works harder, than for oneself.'

The respected 'O.R.' Operation research. Matrix crunching. Nights. late nights at the terminal, tapping into the big matrixes and occasional follies in a seminar room. He had a list comprised of jobs, home and marriage decisions, locations, and ownership possibilities. Start-ups. Certificates of registrations needed reworking, files charged, suits.

Sometimes in life you come across some drily humorous material twice. It defines the rest of life. Hacking simply keeps one from the one step to the bars.

B. and Tershkins spent their evenings journaling. Candles and chamomile and jazz. That's what T. liked about B. She would rather invent scenes than play out the scenes, or take in a 'consumption' of others' works. 'Let's rise to salute the easel tomorrow morning she wrote. Just once a week.' Tershkins was the connection to the European underground.

They made some side money growing herbs and boxing the tea, a product this way. T. asked B. to read from an entry three months ago. This was safe ground. Not too recent of material. 'What do I want in life?' 'I don't want to be one of those people looking at other people's lives, instead of introspecting my own.'

She listed canvas, watercolor paper, brushes, ink, other art supplies, a gallery, a weekend in a bed and breakfast with her soul-mate, a writing cottage, respect-esteem. She journaled more, changing tempo. 'I have not, ever, not ever met anyone who

doesn't have some self-esteem, and I have never met anyone who had too much self-esteem.' She paraphrased a Dr. Nathaniel Brandon, her therapist. She scribble-sketched a vignette. Then wrote again. Listing. Some land, a 'home' movie autobiography, an independent film, books, music, and a collector's car, a Duesenberg. The pages were small. And not limiting.

Elliott's cousin, who knew Vladimir Nabokov, read a similar list to his second wife somewhere in France of Dimension Number Two simultaneously. Dim.Nu.Two. meant the Heights. That is, above the Vulgar. 'That is all.' Closed. And Elliott resumed journaling off in his own apartment, same time. He noted, 'Buy a Rolle's Theorem of stamps. Rolle's Theorem: Something about an average change between closed changes about a point made. A roll. And one centers to cover what old stamps we have nested away.' One thought, 'Like thoughts and second thoughts, second wives are sometimes the better.'

Remembering a short story 'Girls without Guns,' by Daiv Whaley, given to him by a former apartment manager and now writer/actor, he decided to really attack, start a publishing company instead of talking

about it, an indie-cyberspace and hard copy house. Making the 'Zine. 'Think globally,' he jotted. 'Wasn't it the brief encounter of an ethical, tactful, effective, deeply objective, although subjective minimally, and sufficient, efficient lawyer versus an aggressive brute?' 'It was at least a parallel idea.' 'Independent and cyberspace.'

We all know the rest. 'Act locally,' a voice in Elliott's head said. A 'local-holism-union.' 'And try like Dante's Hell to make it. Bloom where you are planted, and find yourself cybering with an e.mistress window on the side, heart in Miami, New York, L.A., ... , dervishes and 'the Byzantine Istanbul.' 'The Edge.' 'East and West.'

Jaqui Ovflu. Of recent sex partner list. Met Gnu Goat after work. She ran the local art supplies store. Twiggy in Paris meets J. Onasis. 'I think that I thought I saw you try.' R.E.M. played. She was having a spiritual, mildly awakening, awakening watching clouds outside, through the picture window. The clouds seemed to say, 'Invent the landscape.' The stage of a clerk and a dream. Preferred to wear black and magnify her white skin.

She said sipping tea with Andie Hannah M., a

female actor, vulnerable, 'I really think I am a channel for God's creativity. No, really. You too. And sometimes I even remember that my work comes to a greater, say, some kind of good.' 'It's a dream,' She took the tea bag out and put it on a spoon. 'I was telling my analyst the exact same thing the other day.' 'He said take time to play. Then tell someone else.' 'I thought, 'what good is that?' 'Play?' 'And I had already told someone.' She scraped a thumbnail at a small chip in the cup, and noted the flower pattern. 'It's the imperfections that I can never accept. And the fact that the bumps in the road are the road.'

Elliott said, 'And I want Jaeraouvsjnierre Kryn and her band the Fish Oils there. She went by Sjn. They are from Sweden. They are Alpha. Bet. Omega oils, rather. I am planning on having all of my work shown, the one hundred and twenty oils in one show. A large facility. 'Chattel' environ. Then I'll sell.' Elliott Gnu said, 'She smiles once in a while.' Pauses to see Tgnod Ici. 'I haven't told many. The Oils are very big in Japan, bigger even than Cheap Trick ever was. They are unbelievable.'

Ici pulls up on his retro bike at the cafe, blue hair, a typical 'shredder,' of the 'surf' mind.' Shreds the

waves. 'You'll make a good sum from it.' About the art. 'I remember a day in New York. At a gallery, a contemporary artist was selling for seventy thousand dollars. A few blocks away a homeless person was peddling her paintings, the better, for fifty dollars. Range.' 'Nothing's ever wrong?' she said. 'It's just a bardo state like Midwest and Nashville with a tan. In and between states.' 'Lights. Camera. Chemical Reaction.' 'Like sexual chemistry in the oyster bed.' 'Like Nassau is the capital of the Bahamas.' 'A hard rain is going to fall.' Trump gave some good advice. The work that comes easily to the artist reaps a more robust harvest.

Tov.

Gnu Goat, had a horse farm of all things, and of all things, had goats, and had received a few manuscripts. He used the place as a retreat and creativity workshop. Composers, writers, artists. It was a contemporary work of Jewish literature that stood out. 'Cryptographic,' he said. 'Mystical.' It began, 'Tov was his nickname. No one person in this world had succeeded being Tov more than Tov. It was said that a Jewish person is just like everyone else, only more so. That was Tov.

Tov remembered that somewhere was a tattered receipt from Rabbi Mendelsohn. On the back was a poem. His dreary life as an accountant was crying out for more. Life crisis. Life 'kryas.' 'Thank God, Blessed Be He, for the Shabbot.' The idea of being a poet became clearer. He remembered a sacred poem. 'I am I. You are you.' Mendelsohn. It all seemed familiar in an eerie way. Receipt in a resume envelope. Then, looking at the horizon, 'Who is to account for you than you?' Goat had learned to change tempo in his life. From the pace of Hillel dinners Friday evening and prayer books to a more tepid pace. The sun set just the same.

Elliott, the Goatherd spent the afternoons daydreaming in the shade of a gingko tree, listening to old collectible albums, CDs, and hop-surfing stations on the radio/cyberspace and cyberspace radio station galaxies. Scheduling studio time. It was Sunday afternoons, after bagel brunches, and he had set aside some time, after neurotically keeping a stash of projects on the agenda, time just to read some enlightenment, some zen poetry and Blythe and 'Edvard' Cayce. Rather international.

To sweep the sidewalks of the mind. For five dollars he had found a gem of a book. Title, Goat's-

Rue. He had uncovered its twin in the Kenyon Review a work called Crow Nature. He focused on its idea of glitter, shiny blue-black-silver-white glitter, attracting and 'crow' thievery. How does this manifest itself in Nature?

And 'raven-mind' gave some comfort in the madness. He couldn't get it out of his mind. It was the idea of a company, a company that would support him, his family, friends, pursuing his life's work, productive and enjoyable, dear lovely, satisfying work. Crow Nature ate at his brain. He thought about when he would die, what would happen to the artwork, the copyrights to the books, and all of the ideas that might, (Bree would have used, said 'mighten' in her fleshy, cute and bright Anglophile's way.) never be put into production, never to have a life of their own? The uncreated.

Dreams unlived. This drought now has a purpose. It was hard to be sure of it sometimes. Breevkana called, and he answered the phone, 'Crow Nature.' Breevunu said, 'What do you mean?' 'Oh, I was just thinking of a name for a company. Looking for something swell, (I am selling, distributing kava kava). working with what we have.' 'Looking for something streamlined, id est 'progressively

industrious,' revolutionary.'

'Steve went to work on some clip art program with Bruce. Want to come over? Two words, 'wallpaper inventory.' 'Visualise it, egh." Response. 'Okay.' 'Sure. Let's not watch television. Nothing's ever on. Speaking of which do you still have a copy of the punk 80s band Television? Bree? 'Nothing's ever on,' she said. Same. I don't know why people bother.'

'Hey, isn't that David Byrne of the Talking Heads and experimental solo work?' 'Or More Songs About Buildings and Food.' 'O.K.' 'Book on the Shelf,' by London* Kent Dharma Bums? 'I have been bumming around this old town for way too long.' Counting Crows. 'Changes, the book.' 'Let's blow the night listening to Television? No pun.' 'It is the contemporary retrospective that is the vein.' 'Anything less is ersatz.'

Walking down the tow path he saw some graffiti on a bridge support. 'Yes, graffiti. Hmm. 'Twenty Percent Over the Cost of Living?' Graffiti was called graffiti, trash-art. An article in the Schwartz Quarterly. And 'One Hundred Twenty Percent, the

Sequel?' Just as similar a read. Austere.' Stepping stone thinking, 'The world is getting weird.' 'You are just a mild depressive.' 'I know the things I know.' 'Be dutiful and die, or be bountiful and live?' 'The academic world has its beloved fear, 'publish or perish?'" 'Don't judge an article by a dry title or dull cover.' 'Let me continue.' 'Yes.'

Elliotts-upon-the-sea and Bree's-I-am-just-breezing as in gentle melodies of the B52s were talking about subsidized artists and the iconic BKR. Holland had given stipends to hundreds or maybe thousands of artists to produce three works a year. They got twenty percent over the cost of living. Now the government had all of this artwork in storage collecting dust. Rotting a slow death. The government wanted to destroy it thinking it would water down the Dutch art reputation. Some was on the shoddy side.

Jackson Pollock got some money in a similar manner. Bree said, 'Supposedly some contractor bought some of Pollock's work at an auction to insulate pipes with.' 'Yea, I remember hearing that. They melted, were destroyed.' 'Bree's gotten a brainstorm.' 'What would be a catch is to buy some of those.'

At the climbing wall perspectives change. 'Purple Pomme-Granite Climb, 5.11 Stone, N. Carolina. Handsome. Left of the left, say. It's 5.12 friction for a surrealism mind. Faerie Tale Theatre. Two new routes are called de Kooning and Dali, respectively.

Crux move post-orgasmic, if I mighten to say, I must.' Perspectives change, realization that political parties do not stay the same. Even Judaism does not stay the same.

In business a janitor's complex is basically a belief that one must know how to perform all operations of a business, from the janitor's labors to the top executives and between. Enter zen hackneyed still enlightening ideas. 'There has got to be a coolness to the janitor complex properly executed, a wholeness, a holism. I am a buddha, emphasis 'a,' indefinite, not the definite 'the,' as in 'the Buddha.' I am a worker amongst the workers' actualisation.' 'Chop wood. Carry water.' 'Chop wood. Experience enlightenment. Carry water.'

When she heard about those Jacksons melting around hot pipes, I couldn't help thinking about Icarus and Daedalus, cringe, flying too closely to the sun, magician*wizard, a true star, stellar sights,

waiting in the wings, Irrational Pythagorus flying* sailing wing-yawn-wing, waxed wings melting, wings melting, du, like painters' beeswax.' 'It should be every childhood that knows the story? No? At least an inner child living out a childhood. Yes?' Cunning work. Picasso and a sad thing, remaining an artist, never closing a door on one's childhood.

Thirza referring to perhaps a cabalic idea. "Wax and Wane.' Isn't that a Dali painting? The title?' Breet-red beets-in-surplus said, 'Let me write a few pen-pals, an e-pal, in Amsterdam or Copenhagen. They might help. They've got that point of view.'

'Fat chance? Go ahead. Be my Gus-the-firefly. Teh?' 'You're such a depressive? Look at me. I feel better, lighter, a little more energy, less weepy knowing I'm a depressive. Besides. Carrying on. I still remember some Dutch. Der mann ist kinderlijk. Est? The man is kind, nice.' 'Dutch is such a sexy language, all of those deep 'o' sounds, pronounced umlauts.' And ... and diphthongs and 'guh.' Or pronounced umlauts.' 'Yes. The depths of the soul.' She emphasizes the 'u,' the Muse. 'Sweetest thing.' 'I am losing you.' 'No.' 'No, no.' 'Yes.' 'Atomic.' 'Let's go home to the studio and paint au naturel?' 'Yes?' 'I suppose.'

Elliotniks was born during an arbitrary nineteen sixty-two on another planet, or shall we say in another dimension. Another experience of another culture. Precocious, still holding onto a dimensionless youth. On his thirtieth birthday with the mind of a twenty year old Thirza Heatherealism Etherealisms sent him a European postcard, a deltiologist's dream (d.-post card collector), yes, a card from Europe made in Spain, the paper made from quarried stone chemically treated, lichen-safe, listing the things that happened that year, the events we, I must say certainly, experience. She was 'trashing' around old cemeteries where dead poets and artists were buried again. Taken a year to travel. Oodles. He had taken a year after high school to work on a farm. This made a dichotomy from the past. A dichotomy being a tool, to separate the past from now. A tool to sculpt a perspective.

Mainstream's oddities. Memorable else in the year? In '62 Niezvestnii calls avant-garde artists 'pederasts' and says 'asses' tails could paint better.' Headerz called him from Neuchatel, (he thought, bastardised badly faded memory from sleep deprivation, like Bern, like Auschwitz). Neuchatel, a peaceful place in Switzerland.

Presumed. She said, 'You are always thinking outside the box. And of the box. The borderliner (boarding school resident with time and space-boundary obstacles) that you are. It's that expensive liberal arts education you have. The degree you've taken. Hold. How's Elliot's mothball artist community? Being saved from the moths? Hope. The colony?' 'Fine. Enjoy the rest of Europe. See where the 'dug' Jim Morrison.' 'Lay three stones by the grave.' 'Eerie. Yes. The inserted word 'will appear.'" 'The appearance 'will appear.'" That was five years ago. Five. That is the average time it takes for a business to break even. Noteworthy for timelines. To surf, truly flow-state-surf atop the ocean waves, money in, money out, 'churningingeh' riptide, shall we speak.' Elliott and Bree shared photo albums. 'Time with lines of dimensionlessness.' 'Time-esque near a pen and ink well.' 'Timely.'

The tea was steeping now. Pajam's Arse. Something missing. Bree Behrend had on her latest fashion statement, retro. She wore a plastic midi raincoat with the rectangular cutout at the derriere. This left her like some used film, exposed. Her shapely arse taunted at and pulled one's heartstrings, shall we say.

Elliott Trotskii wanted to make a film based on one, maybe two of the collections of her many fashion statements, her expressionisms, have, revolutionary of black and white photographs. Playfully 'Gothic' architecture? Rather 'novel?' Lions molded, forged on the sword holder, rather griffins too for an ice hammer, and another matching Gothic ice axe holder, steel from Spain. Wanted to call it 'Kodachromiumonumentalist.' 'German sounding with a buried suffix of French with a stretch of the imagination. No?' With Bree 'exposed' to answer? 'Kind of German sounding? Yes. Don't you think it 'captures' the border between expressionism and impressionism, if one could? With such a long word? Definitely German character in that regard. Yes, more than the letters make the word.'

'Climbing the artists' mountain, a form of social climbing, there is a word, a cognate, 'montagne.'" 'A touch, eh, of French, what is Normandie or Castillean?' 'How quickly I was replaced.' Morsel of A. Morisette, CD becoming moribund, that is, suspended activity. Visions of River Morava. William of Scandinavia on his conquest, Guy on his conquest, Modigliani and Uncle Albert E. on his conquest for beauty and relativity.

'Surf's up, Asteroid sievaumneteh.' 'Watch out. Left of the left.' Familiar scenes, visions floating, flowing through mind's eye. Crystalline experience. 'A time warp from the Gothic period.' 'Not really.' 'What-are-you-calling-me?' in robotic 'cryptology.'

Ms. Thirza Heatherbeatnik, Breeagens, and Elliotrilke got together on Thursdays. On Thursdays the three had gotten together for three years now. 'The word 'Thursday' comes from Thor's Day, you know. Wednesday from, derivative of Odin's Day. They were going downtown tonight star-studded glittering clubs tonight, to go downtown, to check out the techno-industrial music, the neo, but got detained. A new and civilized understanding of the expression 'stars and bars.'

Sustained, suspended chords and cotton one-hundred percent tube tops, can you believe it? And the usual airport delay. 'The white zone is for loading and unloading.' 'Frank Zappa look-alike contest winners are for cloning and un-cloning.' 'Hey, over there. I am hungry. They have fairly inexpensive lox and bagels.' 'Public policy ideas nestled in frontal human brain. It is a game of logic, skill. Decision making.'

Kutzpah and Chutzpah. (A guttural Yiddish Spoonerism of sorts: Kh-hutzpah-keh)

'I am telling you a secret that has never been told, I don't know, there is a woman singer that you can trust. Caveat with this worldly affair. A best kept secret. Try the ginger root. Herbal tea.'

They got wrapped up and into a discussion concerning university and liberal arts college pluses and minuses. Thirza Heathers-in-search-of-any-Raskolnikov-will-do said, 'Self-discipline is really major, a really major thrust, in the university setting, to survive, to thrive, and doesn't that sound, like, an 'oxymoronesque' expression. Id est, self-discipline. 'Discipline' entails the root 'disciple' or student, implying a teacher, professor or a doctor or someone. For Goat, a rabbi, rabbis of the Ages, authors of Judaic literature, Conflict: If you can't teach yourself, how can you expect anyone else to teach you.' 'It has to come from within. However you spell it.' Somewhere twins C. And P. Experienced a psychic twin phenomenon. They ascended by little 'hops' with bodies 'no burden,' taking short flights, angelic while practicing yoga. It was captured on both analogue and digital for verification purposes.

'Or teach anyone else, Elke? Hey, the Green Ticket wants a nontoxic environment, even after the three percent turn-out at the two thousand election. Naughty. And then beginner's mind. Empty rice bowl, 'no-mizu,' to learning state mind. 'Mizu' is Japanese for 'rice, grain.' Like 'maize,' a grain. Remember when 'thrust' was a buzz word.' 'I remember when 'a gentle buzz' was something a woman felt while flirting, warm and tingly.'

'Did you get the thrust of that lecture?' 'Did you get the thrust of that advertisement? Did you get the thrust of that concept album/CD?' 'Did you get the thrust of Kurt Vonnegut's life? Of Kurt C.'s life?' 'It is a wonder we didn't receive a such major campaign of thrusting that we, ... never mind.'

Goat and Thirza H., Bree go to the mall. Walking past a toy store and hiking-climbing store. 'I'm a dinosaur-turtle in Holmes County. It's either a sink hole or swim. Publish or perish. Once, at one time, I was leading an unrestrictive life, 'butterfly' captured in shale fossil. Far from Icarus and his periptery, three-dimensional? Regions od vortical air surround his wings, a connection to his Geist, a zephyr.' 'Yea,' Breepers said, 'And you are exposed to the intense,

the diverse ideas. I think there are seven.' 'Divers.'
'Angst and 'e-r-s-t.'

At an extended adolescence clothing store. 'The liberal arts forum develops basic skills, a practice, in sciences, arts, etcetera. And you gotta have a little respect for others coming out of it, out of Television Zombieland and appreciate culture. A culture? Many cultures, the one culture.'

Wandering to a kiosk, past to a stand in the aisle selling calendars. 'What years do you have?' 'I get that all the time, so to speak, kid?' 'Global warming of the heart.' Goat said, 'Posit: We die and go to Canada. It is maybe a cold world, at times. Interpersonal skills are a basis with foundation. Reassurance. Life is a working vacation. The problem is you never get a vacation. Like being retired. The tour autobus just doesn't move as much as we like. It's really not just some buzzphrase gibberish what's-in for liberal arts graduates to hide behind. Side-car?'

Past a newsstand. New Yorker magazine had a free word puzzles supplement. 'That's unusual.' 'The unexpected is what one doesn't expect.' 'Yes, true.' 'They change course, come about abruptly.'

'Sidetracked? That's the reason why so many lib.a. folks make it to the top of their companies, Tops of the 'Heepster' of Jeepsters, best of the breed. Meant in a summit-apex complimentary way. Not because that they had that something of a technical background that came into play that was needed at just the right time. That is bound to be beyond moderate risk and even soon to be outdated. That had had to be that.' Uncovering his Dutch history with his grammatical structure.

'Sidewinder-ed and diversified? Most jobs fifteen years from now haven't been invented yet. That's why it's important to learn how to learn where and whenever you are time-space-wise. I'd like to think I learned how to tolerate others at Ararat College.' 'I am sure you did. Or was it you've stopped referring it to Araroagmntyevkglu Y. B. Universidadt. Meta.' 'Yes, somewhat. Mood.'

'Greasing the sque-e-e-k-y hot wheels.' Breeneedette said, 'Lifelong flowering, petals unfolding connections flourish at the university. When the Underground is, it is. Is free from seething, free to be, be seeing. Truly seeing. And global perspectives. Mainstream equivalence relationship.'

Thirz Heatherznii (d/b/a) said, 'Most people, to generalize for better, from the university, the shall we say, 'One Song,' 'One Verse,' 'Uni-Verse,' the 'One Sound,' 'Group, Ensemble in Unison,' know how to live on their own. After they break the mold. It is mosaic. It is truly mosaic. Simply? For it is so.' Elliott felt like privacy, quiet interlude, a more private life tonight. Thought about going for a drive. 'Along the winding roads, one remembers the superstition that the university lacks. That was why I climbed. For the mysticism. Why I take these drives.' Thirza had her tie-dye dress hiked up, exposing the full length of her legs and her tuft. Her hair blew in the wind. 'It was a freedom with its own set of rules.' 'That is all we have. Everything is freedom. It's just a matter of different rules.'

'The security light is blinking on the dash of life.' 'The dashboard of life.' 'Yes.' Thought, 'Bree knows something. She knows how to ask for help.' 'Let's skip downtown and listen to 'More Songs About Buildings and Food. It's an anthem.' 'Talking Heads, David Byrne?' 'Morsel of drag holding us from Stockholm.' 'Within, without.'

Continues. 'On Main Street.' 'Impish impressionist 'modelle.'" 'Might as well.' They agreed. Gendarme

caught the culprit. Ms. Camillienerzti came by later with a compact disc cover design, some artwork he had been toiling over. Life in the 90s. In the 2000s. 'What is the Buddha?' 'The Buddha is a shit-stick.' 'Some zen monk said that.' 'I am not being original, neither mean to be shocking.' 'Not original? How zen.' 'Zen.' 'Graphic design is like a way with words.'

Like having a way with words and becoming a shyster attorney, abandoning a career as an English professor. To become an attorney that would make your mother proud, a mouthpiece, barrister brought to levels of a fine art. And it pays the bills as well nevertheless.' 'Right and right.' 'Isn't that a New Yorker cartoon?' 'E.J. Kahn was on the money again this time, as usual and expected.'

Comic relief. 'Not after Cleveland's own Drew Carey.' Referring to a stand-up club, who's following who. Stands a naked, female attorney. 'I am free from the suit.' 'Un-played suit?' She produces a deck of cards from who knows where. 'Yea, have you seen my silk, the black silk dress jacket? Performance is begging. And I can't find it.' With oriental accent and audiences eyes oriented to the au naturel. 'China-man tell me, you 'like' silk.'

Lights go off.

'Calling?' 'Halo.' (Fr. pronunciation). A *Vogue*, an Italian issue, was on the marble-top table. An eight millimeter camera, windings, hand-wound penultimate to the adroit. Some au pair gets gratification at the Mohonk Resort in a kernel, a germ, a gentle 'strain' with doable steps in the Adirondacks, New York version that very same time. An aventurine vase nearly gets knocked off a bedside table. Such manners she had. 'May I take you on a trip, sir?' A neo-hippie in nearby New Pfaltziv closed her eyes. She prayed to Anubis.

Prophetic and appropriately, mild volume. 'When all people will love one another we will have bamboo dharma.' 'Yea.' 'Yes.' 'Groovy.' 'Radical.' 'Transplendid insightfulness.' Thirza Heatherzratherlatheredmons read aloud, integral, from her latest new age book, *Field*. By Rosenfeldt. Russian translation. About the healing energy field. Inclusive of sexual healing and documented healing through love.

Elliott and deceased Marc in a picture on the wallpapered wall, an Eisenhardt print, from Pennsylvania, gave each other non-believer wink-

looks-shot-that-look look. Goat recalled Marc. 'Yes. Marc said, 'Someone once said that the only difference between a man and a computer is that a man doesn't count.' Goat had responded, 'No N.O.W. jokes, please.' Bree looked to Elliott. 'I'm getting panther tongue.' Bree had on sixties jeans with widened bottoms by the paisley, rare remnants, 'Twiggy' glasses really big and round, and Breenerz reeked of her sex. Muskness.

Yummmm. Bree and Thirsty Thirza Heathers both ordered bamboo shoots for the late lunch. 'Remember Marc?' 'I remember. 'Marc said, 'I don't know why I'm living like I do.' He'd look right into the sun. 'It's the behaviour, not the person.' 'It was funny.' 'He gave it an Australian Lord of the Flies accent. Sexy, moxiness. Cute. He was so much like another Jim Morrison. 'Aye, mate. He barely hadn't lost himself. Not his own identity nearly. An alligator nearly got him though. Fifty-second cousin to a giant snake, a dragon without legs.' He'd say stuff like that.' 'Wait. Yes?' 'Yes.' She closes her eyes for a moment, and he is there. Marc, scratching his black, week-old goatee, a beginnings-genesis of a Mr. Gasser or Rat Fink, dyed and true. 'Yes, and he started to download onto disk his scribbles-journaling, always the extremist, a

reclusive in a crowd. The next, bon vivant and life of the party. A rebellious Jewish Sartre, only more so.' 'You see. Human beings are assets. The most precious of jewels, gems. Rubies. Amethysts. One stone. Stone.' 'Rather mojo rising.'

Always the extrovert on stage, in the studio, painting. Sometimes awkward. Typeset and no choice. Decisions. Options. Choices. By choice. 'Philosophy is a walk on the slippery rocks.' Nineties band. No alternative. 'Practicing Jew by choice.' 'Remember 'the Sophists.' 'I do.' 'The band Television was definitely around in the late seventies. They defined it in fact.'

Guru Maharashi Rajdivamahtma. 'There will increasingly be harmony between what I say and do and how I look, sound, and move. I shall be crowned 'Integrity.' 'Esteemed Slacker.' 'Practicing affirmations.' 'Respect of three stones for eleven months for 'the King of May.'" Deceased Marc had studied dance for a while. Others, studied numerology and its mysticism. Complex analysis is 'the mathematics of angels, numbers dancing on the head of a pin, a study.'

It started with yoga. It started by wanting to spin and

spin and spin for 'Mom-ma' and 'Da-da.' Masculine pirouettes that would translate to a feel for 'barn-door-ing' during his climbing career. Ex post facto, remembering quotes. Some in his hypomania, a mildly delusional-functional-borderline state, 'I will find that I have more and more and more of an attitude of openness, a new world giving birth to a new birth to and a curiosity about new ideas for new mind, beginner's mind, new experiences, new possibilities of life, newness, since life has become an adventure of being and existence.' A spirit had spoken through him. He could not claim it as his own.

Simply being.' 'Ascetic's banquet.' 'Five Books of Moses and Commentaries.' He remembered-noted mindfulness meditation was tonight. Goat made one more cup of tea. Sipping on chamomile, the gulping it, although aware, mindful. 'Ah. Gluttony. The cups so small and tea so good. My apologies when due.' He was aware of such responses. Bree finished her shoots and said, 'I was meant to be doing what I am doing, was doing, will be doing.'

Thirza Heathers the Dartmouth Schlict just back from an Underground Dungeons and Dragons type sex game weekend said mockingly and flatly, 'How

bizarre, how bamboo, how dharma-esque.' 'Yes. That memory, a lesson past, so to say, that bamboo bends. Today it bends, in the moment.' Bree, 'Conga primes rhythms.' 'Rather smooth, slickened wet cheater slicks.' 'Like we are all too emotionally, ... , it was like the brat pack were precocious five year olds that got into Mum's self-help shelf. Dada comes home with another guru book and quotes Dylan, '... no books upon your shelf.'" Pause for time to love. 'Love.' Goat finds the door. Past the model of a yellow submarine. Molded plastic. Daphne walked in. They were startled, the door had been locked. She had a key. Bree's older sister from New York City visiting. Emotionally matured.

She walked over to Heathers Muff. Unbuttoned her blouse and began sucking her nipples. 'I haven't seen you for so long. May I still call you Jill.' Jill was Heathers' middle name. They made it to the floor. Daphne said, 'Come here, Goat. I need you.' H. Muff lying on her back, Daphne's derriere in the air as she worked Heathers clitoris with her tongue, butterfly kisses, Daphne worked herself free from her skirt and panties, presenting her womanhood, her form known as her arse 'begging-ly' in the air. Mons, an area of sexual energy. Goat mounted her from behind. Daphne, 'Uhn. Oh, yes, Goat, yes.'

He had found the door, saw it, and a rather diversion. He would make it on Indian time, the time schedule from an India, of gurus and sherpas reading the mountains. 'I never beg. I am a provider.'

'You're well-read, it's well-known.' Dylan again. The Look had a business card holding the page of a certain Pennsylvania wallpaper corporation. Handsomely styled fonts. 'With positively supportive intentions, here. Thirza Heathers nickname was unfounded? No? No.' 'I mean she was drunk on art and flushed on B3s. It was just three different guys that she knew from climbing and romping weekends. The three guys were bisexual. In fact she remembered lucidly two of their names later, far away in Neuchatel. Floating Goat floating on Oolong tea floating decimals on the living gecko's toe-hold. A micro-hold. Talon. Very talon. Her nails digging into their backs, her mark. 'The beverage is intoxicating, to see the dragon in her youth.' 'It is a blessing, and not too often.'

Mild flashbacks of moments of living Marc and memories. Memories of Marc back to his apartment and finding a letter in his mailbox, no

envelope. It read 'What happened ten years ago? What did you do last summer?' 'King David is at the Gate and shouting nothings at the 'Adversary.' 'Remember the fourth dimension, time.' 'A boy and summers.' 'Male affection appropriately.' 'To not pass up a lesson. Else the decision is foolhardy.'

'Ooooooh, remember 'four' and 'the Fourth.'" Then something about a 'Giver and Receiver' and 'failures and successes and the Ceremony.' Memories of Marc telling Elliott then, 'What nonsense, babble.' 'It sounded sci-fi in a peculiar way. With some working. Some zen editing. With our 'three-dimensional movie glasses it was seeing through our screen darkly.' 'Yet, one is to reclaim the name, 'psycho-babble.' Fritz Perls else-wise is infantile. Which is counterintelligence to and with his monumental works, contributions, and fine masonry work. With all due respect. That is the most horrendous of wars. No? Soldiers.' 'I don't like it.'

More memories of Marc. Him walking across the courtyard to the films. Marc wondering if Michael Elfin had dropped off the reels and discs. He had his master of fine arts in sci-fi, something the Machine-Faberiiz University barely allowed. There

was something of a ghost in the machine. Something that no longer lives, and lives, is there amidst the gears and chips and electrons and tubes and circuitry and wires, a humming, generating an energy. Call it a dybbuk. Marc had skipped his graduation, not celebrating his doctorate in naturopathic neurophysiology, thesis on nootropics, 'super' brain nutrients, a hobby, a chemical-herbal 'discourse' in psycholinguistics. He was smart. Cries and kryas ('crisis') for true independence. Question? Skipped it and felt guilty, still.

'Feeling guilty does not do it. It's getting to the original hurt.' He read it again, hurt, feeling the anger, the fuel for a change, 'I think a change will do you good. Some afternoons Marc's gifts and talents sent him away without formal training and paper trails. With only mastery. Only? No. He would make efforts to do that. Trailhead and consequences.' Goat worked on leaving paper trails, images of mind, creative thinking, compositions, philosophy, psychologies, on and on. Jonas knew, on days when he arrived to find The Master present, present and ... difficult.'

It was very strange and dark indeed, like a dark crystal, and Marc still seemed connected to Michael,

to Miguel, Marc's code name for him, to pass the border, border to escape Towners' Territory, borderliner for 'the moment,' to bring the Modigliani home, although jealous when he felt vulnerable. There were fresh little saplings, buds of a bright green and white, along the fence-line.

Back in a therapy program. Artist's Way. He made a 'jealousy map,' therapeutic work, sketched who was making him 'jealous' or angry, what distracted him, then the what-not of what it was about, the dynamics, then things in common and next, steps to resolving it. It meant a studio in the Lake West neighbourhood sometimes, or a change in wardrobe, reading Look magazine, giving workshops, taking an acting class. Meichaelszechkleh on the surface anyway, had accomplished so much and on top of it, one of his dreams lingered. His first book of Esperanto sat upon a shelf. 'Rather free of Armageddon?' 'Free of any great decisive battle?' 'To be free of it is to be free from its destruction.' 'That alone is a victory.' 'Yes. To be just slightly such removed.' 'One is to follow non-violence, to be slow to anger, that is, interpreted to not choose anger in the moment, that decision, choice, cascading of events, chains of thought, reaction, response. To not choose anger in

the moment is to not choose it at all. The moment is the only time that exists.'

Stipend, dissertation, thesis, home to the apartment. Somehow the letter-script pertained to Marc Ziti Olephenstein, this last episode, a swan song, of dropping out of school, and some solution buried to the major decisions he had made. Had to. Memories of Marc growing clearer, more and more lucid. His mother was related to the Chagalls of Little Italy. 'Recall it was the Italians that held the Jews in slavery for a 'minor' period of history.' 'That explains a few ... similarities, no?' 'It is a shame the Turks are treated such in Germany. Izmir is a wonderful city. To think one is expected to be as secretive that one is from there?' 'Cock-a-ma-my.' 'To be from such a town and be referred as Chaim Yankle.' 'I would not choke on a shekel.' 'You are right.'

Clearly seeing. Marc had thrown it in an old box with some unimportant mail, the thesis, and thought he was temporarily experiencing being a 'hackneyed borderline paranoid' destined to live out his declining artistic life in the streets sketching walls that separate the homeless, where they have their homes. Adverb. 'Mostly.' In reality it was a behaviour of an

iconic HSP, a highly sensitive person, a positive trait in more advanced cultures. Sweden, dare say China, Japan. One 'grasps' for the newest mountains, perchance to think just the opposite, the Himalayan, the greatest presently in stature, height. 'Alti-tude.' It leaves room for an insight to the oldest mountains. To add, 'nothing perchance,' 'nothing' perhaps?

Sweden, Japan, China. Not the person, the act is the, ... well, act? 'Your words are a reflection upon you, not me,' Siddhartha. The letter haunted him, tested his cognitive, his emotive, swordsmanship in the wee manic hours, like a ghost at midnight signaling a duel from a lighthouse, boat versus rocky shore.

What he and she needed was some 'intellectual intercourse.' Marc's mother was second generation Swiss near northern Italy's border. She never stopped talking. She loved food. Swiss food. A Swiss gourmet chef. And always emotions not logic. 'Wavelength, Mom.' While he made some valerian root tea so that he could sleep he felt the twisting gnashing and turmoil. He needed a little kava kava too to soothe his jangled nerves. He had taken some time for family. It was a conflict, to making a

livelihood, and being a great contributor to society.

He thought about Mira from India. 'If I don't succeed at graduate school, I go back to a small backward village.' Marc had said, 'Me too.' Not playing, for better, 'second fiddle.' Dead mind air for a while, steeping herbs, like a harmony of a mass of strings clustering on one note, frequency, harmonic, the only life in the room. It tasted 'weird,' but the root worked. 'Rad-i-cal.' 'Mild radish, yes.' Marc had tasted other things that were weirder. Life was like that. He didn't feel so alone, he just wasn't sure about his new 'friend,' and the letter. 'You are from the western shores of India?' 'Yes.' Any response as 'weirdness' were just symptoms of a mild temporary depression. It turned upbeat. The conversation.

He remembered something Zach Alteisteinman had said, just before he went off to do his graduate work in psychometrics. 'Will all people ever love one another?' Don't let the bastards get you down. Discern the sample space.' 'That's the communal, common 'vulgar' drink-aid, 'that's the vulgar form.' He asked his mannikin with mantilla that he had dressed as a judge in graduation ceremonies. 'I have the holy Tanakh to read.' 'I need to add an

interpretation, the Vulgate?' 'First, is there any other Tanakh? Secondly, if so, why?' 'And thirdly, I choose this, if given two choices.' Zachariah went on to sell shoes and stock books upon stores' shelves and amidst the beginning, the approach 'to,' the early pitches of his climb, a successful, and lucrative career in translation, as an interpreter. He even had time to drive past the museum, walk past even on occasion to stop in a look. 'He was as a hobby working on one particular puzzle. When is a proselyte no longer a proselyte? It was touchy, pushing the envelope, sensitive in regards to the confirmed Jewish belief that one is not to assume the missionary's role in converting souls to Judaism. It raises as one would expect more than one question and many more answers. One is left holding the cranberry juice.

How ironically oxymoronically that his brain was flying then settled down into a comfortable warmth, like Keiri settling in his lap. Keiri was Bree's from Sweden. New Stage (Music), a synthesiser only band, played at two ante mer. They both liked yogurt. Yes.

Hard to remember that Marc was on the 'Grim Reaper' death list, status taken? Not at times. At

others, yes. That is a curse of an excellent memory. It is true that if we remembered everything, we couldn't function. And for some reason some unrevealed truth lay waiting to be uncovered and become therapeutic truth in all of this. Some truth that had been pushed aside. In the library Devosaebotnja silently rubbed herself. She had once been 'knowledgeable' of the Skull and Bones, and enjoyed fantasy with a detective story.

'Every sin and transgression will receive its reward,' the television blared at four in the morning. 'Aaarg.' 'Be very sure that the wicked man will not go unpunished forever.' Proverbial radish, a Buddha*monk's onion for an ailment, one of Plato's medicines, a 'lie.' Classifieds. 'Western Bitters.' 'Isn't that a cafe in Arizona or somewhere?' The valerian had worn off, and Marc was awake. 'The headphones AND the speakers, both pairs were on. Aaaargh.' There is an approach, an angle of incidence, attack, say, sustain, a modulus.

Elliott Pensive and his crystalline memory had let himself in and was reading Trespasses, a novel of France, historical, the Church, and the sins of the past, of the long dead. 'The body, the person, or the act?' 'How fitting. Fitting?' 'The sin.' 'Definitions.

Interpretations.' Marc looked at Elliotts of the Lot (d/b/a) with eye contact void of caring. Elliott still remembering events involving Marc. 'We should give a certain She, Herself an honest dunking, ask her if she's been lying, if she's psychotic. If she says, 'no and no,' we conclude that is exactly what a liar and psychotic would say. Another dunking and twice and twice as long that is. Case closed.' Wizardry with the tongue. Checkmate, and the Master-Mind finds comfortable resolve.

Else. Broad daylight. Ambience of rationality. 'A marriage is like a shoe. (Pauses) What's important about a shoe? The fit. How 'fitting?' Why did you give up on the Great Divorce?' He had heard something similar ten years earlier, someone from the pool. He waited to return, Volvo 145 'money on the sale,' time to be free from proving oneself.' Taking one's life as one's responsibility frees a person. That is one of the great loves.

'Too hackneyed. Everyone at the Madhouse Mocha has read it. Didn't want it to be a 'trite title.' Too late. And ... Great? What's wrong with 'good?'" The Mocha was a new coffee shoppe struggling to get a reputation, and not struggling for business.

They expected to break even in five years, an average. Mildly competing in a friendly sort of way with Mild Goats, specializing in decaf. 'Too Gentile.' 'It is not hard to look back and find a time that a 'Gentile' that wasn't that 'genteel.'" Daiv Vidmind popped in for a minute. 'There is a problem.' Goat took the role of a rabbi. 'To question.' 'Some religions 'air their laundry' a little more than others, to put it colloquially. The Muslems have their waving of a bed sheet on the honeymoon, a sign to show virginity of the bride with her blood from her hymen. From the room's balcony or a window.' 'Michael Jackson waves his baby from the balcony.' 'Such is culture.'

'Ooouah, the minute is the year is the six years.' 'Pauses track' and back to pre-Davidien. 'Who are you now, Rabbi Prosaeljdtowitz?' 'Five thousand-years-would-you-believe-five-thousand-seven-sixty?' It was always that way. Like Thor, God of Thunder, the television evangelist boomed, 'EVERY SIN AND TRANSGRESSION ... Send sixty-six dollars for the set of tapes.' A 'contrast' to the names of Jews that never would be from a Haman of the early twentieth century. It was a matter of 'technologies?' 'Religions.' 'Off to procreative acts.'

Good footage running at the cafe premiering students experimental film. The contrasting bordering clips made it. Artists creating their works, nude sculptures, oils of naked embracing couples. Small talk became to broil. 'Remember the 'zine?'

King David Elliyodtenberg muttered to himself, 'He could stand an atonement day with a fast himself already? Already. That magazine was our product* song to pay for space in buildings and food like bagels and coffee and sardines.' 'Atonement. Yea, that day doesn't come often enough? Yes.' 'A religion whole and complete. That would define 'perfection?'"

'And what am I going to do with this sword that says '1001' on it?' 'Wait sixty-five years?' 'Oh, that prop.' 'The Muse has foiled us again. End cafe thought scene? Fate stole resolution from them. 'We didn't want the sword,' a Jewish, an Israeli diplomat. Out of context? Monumental words. In the category of engraved in stone, say. In the midst of a war of religions, terrorism without boundaries, a war of information. A war of assets. A war to bring peace without boundaries, free of boundaries. An evolving awareness of peace.

Recess. For the time being anyway? David Byrne and the Talking Heads world art band defining art band, look at *Remain in Light*, total improve art concept in the studio. 'I see the shapes ... I remember from maps. I see the shorelines. I see the whitecaps. A baseball diamond. Nice weather down there. I see the school ... and the houses where the kids are, places to park by the factories and buildings, restaurants and bars ... for later in the evening. ... (And I have learned how these things work together). ... I see the parkway that passes through them all. And I have learned how to look at these things'

The rabbi just entering whispered to us, 'How to look at these things.' 'That ... he would do starting with something catching our attention, a joke, a philosopher's crux words on some current political happenstance. The rabbi, his students. Or the rabbi, his students, and the Outsiders. The act. 'The bar. You'll want the bar.'

The rabbi and his students. Being. A 'gumby,' or rather a 'gummer,' walked in with a t-shirt that read 'Make cappuccinos, not war.' Gumby was a cartoon

character on Sunday mornings, green and without a spine or more so extremely flexible. 'Always wear proper foot attire for the 'conditions.'" 'Gummers, ... are detectable by their dry feet, ... dry feet, beginner's mind in a healthy-learners-zen sort of way, and overuse of turmeric on their Indian rice dishes. Also they have a tendency to not permute numbers freely. Similar to fledgling gypsies.'

Social research on 'adolescence' or 'bardo' state, (between state) 'took the gate' following a field of research known as the 'Sketchers Notes.' How did stimulus cascade into response?

Cascaded response? Rubbery toy Gumbies had thin metal wire flexible enough creating the skeletal system of the rubbery Gumby. 'How was our 'hate/fear' for/of the hate-mongers ... ?' 'Amongst hate be the eye of the needle.' 'Be love.' 'It takes a course in miracles of any proselyte-type interpretation (Remember that comment that my prayers are answered. It's the 'I just don't like how.') or takes the right Talmudic Tale, Morantz.' Morantz wrote for the Kansas City paper regulary Tales from the Talmud. Must have been 1933. He was an E.J. Kahn, Jr. of the Midwest.

Brietneer DeWeer enters the picture. A gumby was a new-comer, flexible, green and still childlike flexible, (not childishlike) like the animation character, clay-o-mation. Did we say flexible? We watched cyber-vision for a while, switch from a connection to a Tokyo cafe, settled a a show Film and Reel Time. Talking head of waning director.

He had a film director's cap and looked like he was scouting out locations and inventing situations, jotting ideas from within his mind, preoccupied. 'I'm standing in line with a collaborative tape of Piotr and Pablo-'e' as in electronic sweet cabbage-sweetheart, bebe, oh-excuse-me, you 'don't speak French,' wait, yes, you do, Shore, Mike Myers, and ... , ooh, who was that Friday Night Canadiens comedy troupe Before the Stars. I am seeing a pink 'e' flying through the universe and there is a rocket with a 'c' and 'o' and 'm' on it. Purples, light blue. Ooooooh whoo, Martin Short, hey, wait I am supposed to make the tapes-tapes on how to obtain enlightenment through stand-up comedy. And is that Cathy Ladman like, sexy. What had happened to all the hippie agitators, the hippies flocking to Canada? The agitators became barbers and agitated the hippies by giving them haircuts, thus and alas 'hippie agitators.'" He looked over from the couch.

The analyst Dr. Andie said, 'Good. I think we've gotten somewhere.'

Goat knew to go somewhere, one is at an advantage, at times, to have a map. Elliott, 'I bet she'd be jaguar in bed. P-u-r-r-r-s.' 'Doesn't she look like Cat-woman sort of?' 'You'd have to have the committal factor going. 'Turn off that TV and share some social consciousness poetry.' 'Can we have a little moral fibre here?' The waning director had a confident, somewhat forced 'moon-walking artist's' gait. 'Too many sci-fi B movies? That is when you have not made yours yet.' 'It is not unlike the German language. It is really all 'one word.'

'It wasn't Darth, but the unlikely Yoda and Luke Skywalker, and yes, a rabbi from yes, Gaza Strip praying so many times a day, singing in unison. Dr. Dyer was on the beach, east coast, northern.' Unusual footage in the window on the cyber-vision monitor screen. 'Oh, it was when the lands met the heavens. Many sales at Penney's ago. One could see the cycles, the ebb and flow of the economy. The number of sales of a washer and dryer.' 'Remember when coffee talk had khutzpah.'

'See. That's what happens when you water down the

coffee.' 'Two Sabbots in a row celebrated, what else do you want?' Like he was moving for the sake of vanity and cafe society, underground pomp and splendor and circumstance and scary monsters. His talent was in the 'bear's choice.' 'Talent is in the choice. That moment.' Pontificating. When one is walking the skies on a Thursday night, clean air and feeling a circulation of the stars, ionization from its distant galaxies and Ford Galaxy Five Hundreds. He wasn't leaving until he was a doctor.

Madhouse Mocha had been in business almost two months now, PopVox playing over the speakers, viper-ish riffs and words, luminous, sensual ethnomusic drum, always busy and rarely the place to do any heavy thinking. No thinking really. Just talk. It's not always cinnamon and honey. There are occasions. Like finding yourself over tea with a Mussolini. Something you wouldn't want to do. Yet might find yourself doing.

'I'm begging "To life. To life?" 'Remember the album OK Computer by Radiohead, controversial, about the technical scene upcoming.' 'To life of the hard drive battery. To life. To life.'

'Unpredictable.' Pause. 'That's who's on now, over

the speakers.' Devonja walked in wearing a leopard teddy and black fat and tall heels. No one really broke stride. 'I said, "That's innocently interesting." 'It's Carrie's.' 'Clairette-ners and I were doing the swap-fish hors d'oeuvres all morning, and I wanted to get some fresh air.' 'You have heard it enough. Life is unpredictable.' 'If you have heard it, then it's a thought. That constitutes it as a thought. Like something Descartes would address. The speaker.'

In the Opel, a nineteen twenties, making a film, BreeqiBoff and Thirza HeathzMuff had gotten to the vegetarian potluck-vegetarian-esperantian dinner early, after their acting class. 'When I am in acting class, I feel like another character.' Mosaic. Some Indian music was playing. Soothing. Sonorous curry powder. They were talking about art. Visual. 'Cezanne had faith in his gift,' Ms. Thirza Heathervaines said. 'It is like distinguishing Dr. Watson supplied Holmes with the medicinal cucaine, a psychoactive substance, or that the powder make-up for a stage was really a powder. After long nights and hard work, the stage itself never went anywhere, although the creative energy was leading to a moonwalk.' 'It was the genius of Freud and Perls that resolved all necessary issues.'

Then with just a look, 'a question?' 'He didn't have many shows and wasn't really in the limelight. It's harder not being seen.' 'Nouv Venochéh would have never guessed that some would herald him as the demigod-father of modernism.' 'The audacity and talent scale. Not always a balance? Correlation? If money is the sign of success during an artist's lifetime, how long of a list can you recite about 'starving artists end quote.' 'Myths of certain order are meant to be debunked.'

The historically preserved. 'Have you ever have been looking, seen the list, the list of questions about important contributors to society and the shleps and their 'backgrounds?' And the average author today makes seven grand a year, that's nineties money. 7K. Seven thousand. That is bound to change with electronic distribution and security.' 'And most bands are lucky to sell a thousand discs today? The point is you can't predict an artist's success by any childhood or misspent youth's past.'

'It's maybe who you are talking too? No?' She reached over for the sweetener and a breast made its way loose, exposing itself. 'I am tired of biographies of others instead of living my own bio? Yes? I am little difficult, okay? Just for a time. It's a growth

stage.' 'Pause. Transcendental meditation time. Transcending the moment. Like a medicine.' 'And if they sell more, they get a meager portion for an appetite of a mouse.' 'Balance between work and pay, work and play.' They look around the cafe a bit. 'One cannot be self-actualized without having been through a balance for oneself and others. A healthy balance.' 'Self-esteem, self-worth. It is like a resilient muscle, like a resilient emotional 'system,' it needs downtime and nurturing. Tending the garden. That includes sunlight, water, nutrients, weeding, gentle pruning. Repotting.'

The room became full without them noticing. 'Laurie Anderson feels/notices the air pressure as she walks into the room. First thing. Phil Glass, text resonates ' gradually ... there's a hum in the room.' Remember that line, from *Liquid Days* maybe. Yes.' Pause on the cognitive deck, as Devonja shifts her legs. 'I couldn't help notice your hair. Where do you get your chamomile?'

'Mod Composers. Seinfeld's tenacity? Capital 'C.' Proper and God as well could be a verb. Influential mod Composers.' 'Beingness.' 'Existential.' 'From 'having' to 'doing' to 'being.'" Goat Gnu remembered something from a book and a Buddha-context.

'Coming about. Gradually. There was love. Awareness of love.' Some tension mounted. 'God is a Composer. Creator?' 'It's like a candy bar. It's a Symphony.' 'God as Composer.'

Quel Ana, French-Brit-of-Colour came up to them and asked, 'When, Pretty Woman, did you find out you were white? Those legs are telling me something.' 'In a coffee bar outside, Vonnev it was called, dare in Oberlin or Amsterdam when I was two,' Breetsi said. 'Antioch?' 'Lucern.' 'We? Lay off a bit and let me nibble on your wet scone. Take two steps back to the facilities. Exhale time. You had too much 'Establishment on the Sidewalk' today.' 'Finding out. It's an old line. The words although have changed.' Quel Ana looked at discrete 'case studies,' generalizing her 'successes' and specifying 'losses.' 'We could have gone places. A journey started. It was all in the 'headware.'"

Climbing Is a Form of Sex. Or Surrender.

'Sweet lay-back. Take on my sexual energy. I can't resist your crotch.' She looked more Indian than Afrikaaner. 'No barn-dooring. Timing. Free of barn-dooring. Peel-free. Feel. Free.' 'Remembering climbing jargon. I want your mons,

lovely tech slit. The incipient. The rhodedendron. The infinite. 'Cipients. 'Dhendrons. ' Recall sapiens.' Thinking to her sister, 'I'd rather be in the pool. Marathon butterfly long 'Sunday-any day.' 'I know its stuffy in here. Animus*Hang.' Heathertsi went to get some juice and ginger tea. 'Some emotions were 'removable singularity points.' 'Hm. I never saw the elements defined that way.' 'There is a gift, embedded.' 'Loving.' The abstraction of 'the incipient crack' (of life) was the subject of a few (okay, five) belay ledge philosophy sessions.

Doktor Evil Hindrance was in the neighborhood, next table over, eyeing Devonja's arse meets cafe seat. She welcoming the tolerance. A compatriot of Dr. Chaos. The Schmoes' Gang. Gang. Known for academic gang warfare. The most notorious kind, involving the brain, mind, psyche of the learner, the spirit of learning and teaching. And of a streamlined society, progression. 'The pool. A. VPucci was dead. Known for his Australian crawl. It's like the big scary woods.' 'Fear only God, Void of Form.'

Elliottke blew off the dinner. He sat in his room and fondled a stone. 'The key. The key hold.' Yea, a stone. 'Sacredness. Man, sacredness. Wo-man. Whoa, Man. Humanity as in Person-kind. It takes

time to see. Ask Jim Morrison. Ask G. O'Keefe.' Prays. 'There's sacredness in this stone. Thousands of years had passed. A thousand sacred grains of sand. We got this far. Pray to Him and ask, we do. Meditate and pray. O-o-o-o-o-m-m. A-mein.' Between five syllables and what, forty days and nights a prayer was given.

'This stone, man, it's solemn and sacredness.' Still mind. 'Again with the three stones and the eleven months.' He was thinking of Trey-Way-Back and his death that got in the way of his mountain maybe. Trey climbed in Himalayan proportions, and Elliot, T.S., wrote articles with him. 'The stones are for mourning.' 'You will know when you are holy.' Goat recalled talking to a yeti. Shedding the past is a loss, acknowledgment a mourning.

Else. Mild extreme behaviour and pushing the envelope of an intelligent entrepreneur's 'moderate risk.' A mantra. He was going clean, taking down some dealers and a crooked copper on the take. 'This penny has been on a railroad track.' Local drug task force. 'I was going after a pack of Alpinist cigarettes laced with oxygen. Makes cerebral edema a little comfortable.' 'S-e-e-e y-o-u. 'C. U.' 'Cu?' 'Cuprous.' 'Copper.' Crooked monies. 'You

couldn't play M-o-n-o-p-o-l-y, non-fantasy, see.' 'Got shot, left to look like a suicide. It was murder.' One wished the universe did not have these sociological black holes of sorts, a negative brand. It leaves one like a Swiss to be a diplomat, the Italian to cook, the Turk to make tea, the Jew to study, and a Scot to uncover a mystery? The Swede makes a clever rocket scientist, the French to their love.

'The last time he saw him was near Goethevehn Oberlin College j-th term, k-th dimension in a vintage shop, Earth Alien His sheepishness copied Woody awares. The forest knows. The pages of his Joys of Yiddish thumbbed, slightly soiled. In his hands. Sometimes he thinks he just had seen his ghost, an apparition, some dust that took life form for a bit, visible to the select. 'Like a golem.' 'Golem?' 'A man made of clay with life breathed into it.' 'Seasonality?' 'It is a measure, yes. One can measure these things.' 'Not unlike lighting a menorah candle and one's candle stays lit. Meaning of a purpose. That is a meaning. Yes.'

'The spy code, I'm dizzy-mind already.' 'Resolution.' It had been resolved Trey was murdered. Via behavioural and cognitive therapy techniques in the wrong hands. A matter of 'zeroes and ones' in the

form of solid logic. Symbolic logic. Rigorous proofs by the world's best minds. It was an exercise and challenge. A fool that passes up this lesson. And along the way to resolution it is the wise man who stops along the way. When one stops it is a good time to run? To run from suicide. Zeroes and ones. A lost innocence of a landmark, 'Suicide Hill.' Where a cemetery of skulls and bones lay, a presidential seal upon a tombstone, an awakening of an 'Underground.' A blackbird. A crow. A raven. A sparrow and vulture. And a sun sets without you. It is majestic to wait.

Trey had told him about picking up 'a stone and carrying it with you.' A driver. The pick-up, the Okie from Ohio driving a Dakota in Nebraska. 'Ohhhhhnooooo. Never let it fade away.' 'Sanity. The stone always brought a story along.'

Welcommen?, dat. L' ambasadore. And the herring. Straightly and rightly, s-o-o-o-o-o g-o-o-o-o-o d. The pita bread.' Fever had taken itself to his lifestyle. 'Je l' neve juz.' He foraged for some tea bags to make a pot. 'A' basket buyer was in the barrio. Selling today.

'It is a good paper, the Herring.' 'At the barber's, still

arguing if all the men in town have their beards shaved by the barber, who shaves the barber? A lesson. Nevertheless a rather worn, through many hands, a classic article, on classic cars and histories. Of any sorts, it was certainly a read Herring.' 'The theatre is doing a spoof on Moliere's the Miser. The cast is so wealthy they don't have to put on the show. Nevertheless many transactions of charitable deeds take place, and a magic number of zero debt nearly overrides a beautiful and appealing, and talented daughter. And an indebtedness to the cast's indebtedness concerning regards to their own indebtedness leaves one indebted.'

Tossed in the stone. A Tolkien collection sat next to his pipe and purple bag. 'Like 'en tout' a shag of Epicurean tobac.' 'Epicurean alternative. Dutch, Netherlanderian. Provincial.' 'Einstein's quote on socialism. In quantum soup herbs.' 'I choose the balai' In another time, another place, another person, a humanitarian lesson that we are at least closer than fifty-second cousins.

'Who was it? All of the Good Minds. Elliott Trotskii stuck an A. Segovia compact disk in the computer. Our way is tribal.' 'Pulled out a Django Reinhardt. Threw it next to Leo Kotke. Yea, it's

not pure flute timbre. Yes-yes-yes.' Elliott Beethovenbengudt. In Europe and other geographies, it is common for a doctor of various fields to be regarded by their title and last name. That is omitting a first name.' 'Good. A friend. A son.'

'Insert a socialist. He remembered Trey's comment, remembering, remembering 'moment,' 'Bach's Gigue is all scales.' Voices from the French village, village called Rimbaud, 'Mountain echoes, people echo, God, Void of Form, 'Silence,' 'Silence echoes silence,' Yes. Voices provided grey limestone backgrounds a day as Trey Travail and Elliott T. wandered around 'Chamonix.' 'That's the season of hell speaking.' 'The fulcrum, at the door.'

Elliottkveh, All Work-All Play, crying first thoughts of Dolomitten, found a note reminding him to look up the word 'parvenu.' Not to answer his eighth grade teacher's 'question for a definition, strict, formal definition (and I must say in a nationalist way), free of restrictive bounds.' Signed, 'Lay-ter, G. Laura,' pink and lime neon paper. 'That's the economy. Productivity and the equivalence in services. With its focus on efficiency and a caveat on need, and a redistribution to, a distribution to

optimal points. These economical events. Near-Ramanujan. Stop. Models integrating whole and complete systems. Free of xenophobia on a moderation, as needed.'

'El P. Squared.'

'Leally Perennialist's Libidinous Podium' (Leally, a wake-up call and pondering physical movement to the lexical access topology called a dictionary) headed a paper he was writing about Grant Wiggin's talk on reforming education. Harvard 'boy.' Remembering earlier in his office, learning about Harvard's anti-Semitism. Attorney D-witz. 'It wants one to settle for an infinite viewpoint.' 'Responding to E.J. Kahn's wizardry with word puzzles of sorts. A puzzle solved is a puzzle solved. Extreme feats of speed are one thing, an admiration of the brain's abilities and talents. Nevertheless, two steps back solves the puzzle. Meaning and mechanics and their synergy bring a gifted resolve.' 'Perennial,' lit. 'near yearly.'

He jousting, found some tea next to his worn and non-torn copy of Crime and Punishment. Next to Crime and Misdemeanors. Ms. D'Mure on his sofa looking over the library science a la panties on the

armrest Amorous. His apartment copied Raskolnikov's only in playful mockery, not authenticity. It had all of the latest CyberLuxuries™ hidden in secret panels. Nestled.

His prof's voice 'echoed' in his head, 'Some-such ... is a Russian name with the English word 'rascal,' more 'rogue' having similarities without coincidence.' Almost a loud memory nearing on a welcomed voice. A landlord. He pictured the dark, rainy streets, of the book. He copied Woody Allen in his sheepishness. He was at the newsstand and picked up a car magazine along with others. He had gotten Off Track with copies.

Like a group of the highly sensitive persons (Dare. Bree thinks. 'We haven't talked about that for a while.') that they are, fifteen to twenty percent of the E.U., most of Sweden, China, Japan. That was the reason. The difference. The similarities. The bonding of the GradPack. The United Empire.

The brashness was a cover for a mass, debilitatingly chronic, clinical shyness. Same with the overt sexual frenzies of fraternizing.

A synthesizer version of Bob Dylan's, Lily,

Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts played at the emptying late afternoon cafe scene. Remake by some Tokyo jazz cats and some NYC club bands and some L.A. tracksters. On track to Beat. The rap was a curtain, stage. Exit left, remaining in light. Copesetic..

'The backstage manager was pacing/ all around his chair/'There's something funny going on,'/ He said, 'I can just feel it in the air.'/He went to get the hanging judge/But the hanging judge was drunk on thought/As the leading actor hurried by/In the costume of a monk/There was no actor anywhere/Better than the Jack of Hearts. ... Just another night/In the life of the Jack of Hearts.'

Leopard teddy a-skewed and flush Devonja and a few sweet smelling panther walking goddess-women made their way out of brass plumbing chamber. Mild Dylan-stream-of-consciousness with 'inkwells' ranking highly. 'I see you made your way. In a few, chosen ways.'

Later on a Friday and a week later. After arguing the difference of betwixt and between next Friday, the following Friday, this Friday, and lastly with tongue in ... cheek, this coming Friday. Breevens

and Heathers were about to leave for Elliott's apartment. The play was a set. 'This is where we plan for six years.' It was an alliance.

They had made some dip from garbanzo beans and felt hackneyed. After the arguing over chick peas, garbanzo, ceci. The what was more hip to say. Bree, anti-banal power, on whispered, 'Q. What's 'passe partout?' End question.' 'I think it's French slang. Like tout ... f--' 'En tout.'

Thirza Tama Heathernisnevesexualurge (fantasy d/b/a) walked with pout-esque lips still numb from last night's love-in. And the natural collagen effect. She sang the words to Lustful Synonym's new hit, Shag Pip Stockade, a protest song about cultural constraints and bounds. Hair and dress codes. 'Courting-ly.' To her same sex bed athlete. It was a dark, rainy night. Moistness in the musky air. 'Is this naughty?' 'Rather a show, a 'dramatism,' dramatics.

'Wizened-head? 'Or a half-step behind sapien? Can you tell me if Stoney Brooke Elliott's the biggest fool of all?' 'Of them all?' 'He is how tall with Skechers, a brand name, or Cechers and orthotics?' Th. Heathernika said, 'Lustful Synonym has a groove to

do nothing 'with?' And make der orgasmic chasing love?' 'Dinosaur Antibody.' 'Let's stop at my place. Pick up some oils. Comics.'

And I want to give M. Elliott and Marc L'bauvmenstein (other Marc's, deceased Marc's third cousin from Malibu via Vancouver via Quebec. Belgium-phile) those tea cups that I had gotten when we were at Georgetown. From some ceramics students inventory.' They started necking, nibbling earlobes and sucking/triggering G-spot neckline places, then stopped as they got closer to a 'street lamp.' Rebbekah. 'Stein. 'I could be studying something. Pro-creatively.' 'You could always learn something from Rebbekah.'

A really wet bus stop. Relay. Puddles. E-r-r-r, ... , damp street corner. Sop. 'Shag do.' 'Blessed be He,' someone said, 'Nsh Qui?' 'That is resonance.' Bree said, whispers, 'I want to gnosh your 'baby snake.'" 'Feed her.' 'M-m-m-m-m. O-o-h-h?' Reply. 'The snake dances in her environment.' 'A manifestation will appear, manifesting.'

'It was an ounce of shag tobac or a shag haircut.' 'It ought be proper if the males go one way, and females another.' 'Exactly where they would be.'

'There is the resonance. That is 'shag.' The shag.'

Elliott was looking at his TM Corq-Board, 'the next move-action, an 'action' board. Climbing. Wiring moves. Ascending cascades.' At this point with hope, learned optimism, he wanted a way out to a better world. Free from falling. Pinned at the top, 'God, Blessed Be He.' 'G.B.B.H.' He had an 'application' pinned to it. 'Seeking political asylum.' 'To Sugar Magnolia.' Co-dependency never delivers on time. The taxi is an hour late. The gig too. 'That's the American Beauty. 'Munde fleur." 'Void of Form.'

'Where do you bank?'

'Good Tenth-Third that is that.' The check, a week. Read an action card, plastic thumbtack. 'Free of ?.' The silent 'what.' He had been surfing the Internet for jobs at community colleges again. 'Think globally. Act locally.' He had a contact for some graphic art stuff. He had hit an obstacle-ice berg on the computer graphics. Directions for Steve's apartment on Lexington Drive was pinned next to another 'application.'

The 'girls' came in and handed him a cup wrapped in yellow smile-faced paper. 'Marc Quebekh went to an antique store to buy a Japanese ink painting, sumi-e. Bamboo and tiger. He found it in a collector's book for twelve hundred, and the owner has it for sale at eighteen dollars and ninety-five cents. Thievery. Scarfed it. Zen. Sumi-e. Original. Priceless. An authentic monk's work.' 'The Toulouse-Lautrec of painting.'

'Isn't it closed?' Breezie screwed her face like she was doing the, for better, Sodom-Salt ride, throaty scoffer in the deep of her throat, thinking something was up. Had studied mime with a fifth generation of Marcel. 'He made an appointment.' She gargled with some cold coffee on the table. A copy of a biography of Sartre. 'I have gotten to finish this paper on educational reform, ... I guess it can wait.' 'Study. That's the 'regenerative.'

'Want some tea, girls?' Band plays in the background Lamplight Zl. Mercurial baroque-techno-neo-neo. 'Just a little green?' Tint. Light fade. 'No, we just want it.' 'Moist and want it.' 'Naughty, naughty.' 'It 'tis.' 'Under the 'eiyiyeyieeszegen.' Under the wire of expressionism. Fire-breathing Tubular Heavenly Headers had her

times of boldness. Who said it? If you are going to sin, do it with boldness.' 'My great-grandmother would say that. ... 'Eiyie-yee-yee-schezegchen.' 'That's that.' 'Sush, Zion.' 'Take the north walk.'

Subtitle on Goat's film: 'Master Class.' 'Where are we?' 'Oh.' 'Not necessarily the news, a fiction of Sartre's maverick days of teaching.' 'That's a bardo state.'

Elliott Gnu found himself in a large, modern city, an invention of humanity with the respective opportunities. At forty everyone wanted Out. 'The auldeneg, the black-schwartz-noir and white-carte-blanche argument. Eh?' Two elderly Jewish men were arguing in the park at a table over chess. Out was a magazine for a target market of forty year olds and transitions. Interviews of people who are out of their goals. And with people who aren't. This month 'Monsieur L'Pauermtaetione Wins Word Puzzle Contest of the World. Of the Universe. Now wot?'

The sound of traffic and placid people with the mumble low murmurs and jangle of street metallic noise. He has on a black derby hat, leftovers from

an impressionists' party. Non-anti-anthema molten lava about to 'erupt.' Non-anti-motif. His surfer's sunglasses and goat, bull earring, pierced nipples clip-ons and open algodna shirt. He met his old lover outside a used bookshop and walked with her.

They talked their saccharine make-up words; 'maybe in France,' he thought. Waited and spoke. 'Powder.' She said, 'maybe on a sugar high outside some patisserie.' 'Other stage make-up words.' 'Or after climbing Jung Frau together.' Some rare books, some new and newly self-published. Some gems. 'It was like scoring some European cigarettes when we were kids. He has on a quirky jacket that reflects her scarf.' 'We would mark how far we would smoke a fag. It was like electricity. Chemically.'

He had spent last night reconditioning his climbing gear. Pleasant maintenance. A pleasant way to spend an evening. Sharpening his ice hammer and 'piolet.' Filing some RURPS, protection for incipient cracks, filed and oiled some 'pee-tons.' Oiled the pins of the 'archaic' carabineers, retied Perlou knots. Remembering rejuvenation was nothing new. She reflects on the Londonesque

puddles and cobblestone. 'I nearly screwed my intentions on a cousin's exchange student one winter.' 'Battened the hatches.' 'Something certainly in the regards of preventing cupping and a jib-headed sail. At liberty on the seas.' A few extra left-handed one finger prophylaxis pull-ups and I am good, well-and-good, ... to go.

'Settled for painting her in the nude. The both of us in the nude while I painted. She ended up working for a bank in Switzerland, then off to London.' Fish and frog tales. In the late afternoon they try to appear nonchalant as passers-by come and go. He moves closer, she moves closer, and they decide on breakfast. 'I am not painting in the genre of 'the nude.' I am the nude. The nude knows no genre. It is the male id, ego, and superego, the animus, the yang, the closed gestalt.'

'Do you remember breakfast at Tiffany's? The music video, not the some-say-what dreary film to be free of the critic and only see the beauty in a cup of tea and its description.' The next morning he wanders into a library. International Rockefeller. He thinks about how that they exaggerated this and were 'exaggerated-ive' of that and the other, having a good time talking about the way things were,

exhumed past, glorified, distorted, the stuff dinosaurs are made. Oil? Capitalist and philanthropist. Hiked distance. 'That is so 'some-say-such-and-what-and-what-not-and-the-other-and-the-other-such-exaggerative' to coin a word group.'

He asks 'for a terminal,' sets up an e-mail address (He's suave, international, intelligent, and trouble.), then stumbles onto the 'entrepreneurielle' sections, regions, sectors. With a few mouse clicks and some typing he set up a small business group, a publishing firm, independent CDs-indie label, and an art dealership, cyber-gallery. 'Establishing identity on world.' Works on disc. G. Lauren sat at a near table, been a very long time, Lauren and her lacies, that other dimension, or say measure. 'It is the better philanthropist who takes no credit for his charities. No? If charity rescues death, then it surely rescues a beautiful sum, one's purse.'

She was flautist for the London orchestra, blonde and petite with pertly bold breasts, wonderful morsels, big teeth that continued showing, shown her being well-bred, cuffs to match in waiting behind the golden frills of lingerie, with a self-actualisation with nothing to prove. World Mind came on the

screen. 'Remember the international film-documentary on the artists that were under control by the right-wing 1984ists?' The monitor read the test question. 'Small Circles.'

She had on a monk's cowl and dare say a plaid wool skirt. She doodled before runway time, a what-was 'plaid redefined' in the pattern of a six-sided figure as a base. This was it. A keeper. Somewhat something of a new fashion trend in London. Like new utterances spoken, she was beyond an awkward stage. Not that she was an uncomfortable actor. Plaid crossing as hexagons, a 'hexcentric' grid, id est, eccentric hexagons (another notoriously clever conscious effort of a Spoonerism). Modeling issue, not the typical squares rests on the coffee table. He walked over sat, dropped a pen, reached for it, ... breathing. Felt residue of yoga. Mindfulness of breath.

'My body is no burden. It is as light as air.' 'Wait.'

She giggled in a womanly sort of way and spread her knees. Alas no panties. 'Out of breath?' She asked. 'The eternal question?' 'Ah.' 'What? You've gotten something in your mind's eye?' He sat up and blushed, her softly giggling in a European manner,

tightness in his woolen trousers.

Else-circumstances. Retrospect in mode. 'This was the noughties and the naughties, bebe. Two and thousand. May the year two thousand and ten never get here.' He walked out the sole proprietor of a conglomerate and a soul swallowing secrets worth Henry the Second's rent and maternal lineage plus money's sobriety, clean, sober, somber money, the rights to three completed books, dibs on two in the making, a solid three. 'It is likened to an advance. If I have seen the book.' 'You know me. I am a person that prefers a game of skill over 'risk.' 'What does one mean South America and Australia are under-valued?'

Sole proprietor of ten masters of classical, jazz, respectively, an alternative, and a series of new age music, and owner to over a hundred contemporary paintings that would bring ten thousand in United States currency in NYC, and rights on discs to decision making programmes for investing, Cambridge, tested, and blessed. G. Laura went to a back aisle, rubbing herself and softly moaning. She said, 'Let me relieve some of that ... dynamic tension.' 'It was a documentary. Isn't life?'

'Contemporary sociology?' 'How can you believe that nothing lasts forever?' 'Yes.'

Frog Prince. Pause. Prince Frog. Pause. Pause. Prince Frog. Pauses. Frog Prince. She knew that it was up to her to make her life better, and no man could did this for her. It was that way for fellows, too. She dialed Bree. 'Princess to Princess with eye on Frog.'

She often got calls like this in the evening. Even when the time she moved across the country. Another time zone. She would get calls in the evening. They were welcome, although, still they didn't stop. Talking to Goat. 'It must be something to do with the time. Calls in the evening. Clocks set a certain way. The sun still sets. Although it's later, or earlier. Yes. It must be the time.' Still she got calls in the evening. Welcomed calls. 'I get the calls. I make the calls. I return the calls.' 'Always the calls in the evening in the evening.'

He and Laura the next weekend took a train ride to Edison's home in Milan, Ohio. They were on an extended layover in Cleveland. Waiting for a concert. Results of a 'Cyber-vacation.' He would be

amazed at e-commerce today. Why? It didn't exist twenty years ago, it has rivaled industrials being the only stock, and a 'rejuvenation' of the western frontier that 'the secret is that there is no secret, and that it's all hard work.' 'After all this hard work.' 'It is Friday afternoon. Unplug the computer.'

It was a substitute for Italy. Milan. He thought. Not soccer. A substitute for Milan, a film and theatre student from days ago. Milan from Yugoslavia. Another film friend was from northern Italy. Near-borderliner. Not a kitchen. A painting. Her oil, with the blue, and green, and red and yellow and white, the vase was doing the Underground Oobvierlaande tour. Her dark eyes and dark oiled hair laying on the satin pillows after lovemaking. It was like a violin. Soft violins. In the corner on an antique table. 'Vier. Four.' The strings. 'Dimensions.' 'Dimension-less.' 'Time.' 'Standing still.' 'Being in the moment?' This is ersatz?'

The scent of hairdressing. To remember his orthodox studies. A male is forbidden to use a female's hair product. She could have taken it a number of ways. She took it as romantic. He heard about the hundreds of failures of Thomas Alva

Edison until his final success and about his determination, tenacity that he had. He heard on the tour about how his father had been involved in a Canadian counterpart (with internationally - minded 'contrapointe,' 'kontrapunkt,' he thought 'note-against-note,' 'removable singularity,' a distributive choice of a cold rest. More racing mind), to revolution and independence and freedom from Britain, 'when the Revolution takes place,' a contemporary Sugar Cubes, the Papineau-MacKenzie Rebellion. And Iceland. And to a better Britain. Nonetheless stood Milan. And a handsome pony. Thick fur, hair. In pose. Stood Milan. What lesson is it? Its independence? Love? One of God's creatures with esteem, confidence, wholesomeness, its health? A pony named Milan. An Icelandic pony. There is one child that died.

He had 'melancholic-in-an-empty-caloric-way' thoughts of his father, the 'almost' (black and white argument again rearing its head) hippie who had to bail out of his demonstration life and take on normalcy. Under the thumb of the local police, the Union, and the nearby Mob. Why? The lives and sanity of his family. That's the naturopath thinking. The naturopathic. The medicine.

'It would have been more murder.' The threats at night, broken windows, nerve gassing. Childhood of reading Sir. A.C. Doyle. May Fourth. The Fourth and its residual events. There was still a mourning for that loss. Of what might have been. No one, no matter how hard they try, can feel, experience another's life. Not completely. It is a koan. A puzzle. It was hard facing it therapeutically honestly after the facts had been scrambled. It seemed like a world away from the orchestra, art, the publishing business. Life of meaning, a reading comprehension, a relationship with ideas.

Witnesses selectively weeded out. Hauntingly he thought about his great-grandfather, nevertheless at the time going about his business climbing, gathering facts, the great-grandfather a wealthy farmer who had supposedly failed in business although the papers reported that he was considered a wealthy man in the community, found his niche in the spice trade, sugar cane, rum trade. And farm equipment. He settled north, pleasantly enough near the Mason-Dixon line. Dangerously enough it turns out. He was a just man, an Abolitionist, educated before taking a life of tilling the land and getting married and found at odds with a few of the early mobsters,

Irish and/or Italian, from a neighbouring city. Businesses tended to be run in a fair manner generally. In this case an ugliness had reared its head. He was found at the end of a rope in a barn not much later after they had their first born. It would have been to the advantage of the murderer or murderers to make it look like an accident or a suicide. There was some speculation it was not gangsters, and indeed the Ku Klux Klan, leaving some-such, orange pips or their other such signatures. As H. McKemmel, a fine detective, a solid sleuth-hound with only the occasional temperamental-ness of his genius, had a suspicion, the case was resurfaced upon suggestion by the judge as deeming sleuth work, contemporary and with her new perspective. Closure would add to the county's reputation of a worthy and secure place, adding a wealth to the citizens. And it would be preventive measure for heirs and others in a similar dynamical. The chase was to match the perspective, the mind of the culprits. It was possible the mobsters had planted the trademark of the Ku Klux Klan as a diversion. It would have taken only one, or at most a few. Was there a signature? There had been diary notes of a signature. Was it of such a signature? How could it have been both the mobsters and the Ku Klux Klan? A wealthy

businessman and as well a frugal farmer make a comfortable niche in society? Why? A cold pause to think, make decisions, assimilate. 'Kem' chased heirs to fortunes.

My grand-father. Generous, giving to others, religious. A hard work, a craftsman. The family had stood their ground in the 1850s when members of the Catholic Church in Jamaica murdered 'a nonbeliever.' If you hadn't joined the Church, you met death at their hands. It was a norm. A 'vox populi' relatively. Goat, 'They targeted the persons of colour and humanitarian supporters one of whom was my great-grandfather. He would sneak them to McCormick County, South Carolina, to Oberlin, to Chicago on the Underground Railroad.' 'He also ran with a few Jewish people.' 'Norwalk.' 'The northern walk.'

Some said it was the early gangsters with the rope, others the Klan. A newspaper, British Law Reminder, read: 'A distant Maccabee tracked down by the vulgar robustus. Poses. Angry anti-abolitionists. Angry Jamaican Catholics.' Other documents show it was the conspiracy of multiplicative resentment and an 'accidental' homicide. Haunting?

Goat found himself in study. His aim was to make right. He had grown to be driven. Under the yoke it was easy to see that when one is driven, it is often that one is driven. When one faces life, faces it openly, one is free to avoid what is imprisoning. He remembered the field of study Pirke Avot, concerning honouring our progenitors.

Those were family secrets, May Fourth, Abolitionists' suffering, victims of gangsters, Jewish and Person of Colour descendants. The first and second marriages unspoken, the illegitimate children. Why?

My grandfather was descended from Henry the Second (from William of Normandie) and of the living queen herself Elisabeth the Second. (He remembered at a museum during the Picasso sketches seeing a quilt embroidered containing the Ten Commandments). It was hard to imagine what privacy was like then, next to cyberspace and the open information available.

He lit a candle. His candle stayed lit. He remembered the 'I shall not trespass.' It was in a

rose thread over sky blue fading cotton. Recalled the tablets. One broken. One unbroken. In grey and black thread.) Thoughts had formed, like a grain of sand and a pearl, his family dynamics, personality and his rebellious nature, nurtured his experimentation in youth with recreational drugs of a culture and Freudian analysis. Odd that his great-grandmother was a practicing Baptist? That Goat would wonder about the phrase 'I'll cotton ... ' and it's relationship to 'I'll recall' or 'I'll recollect.' That one does 'collect cotton.'

Elliott didn't blame anyone in particular. He chose responsibility. Goat just kept his 'sponge' handy, soaking up clues. Even on the eve of the eve of Memorial Day. Yes. 'At least it wasn't the day before,' he said, breaking 'still mind.' It was better to stay in the moment of the cafe, the concert, the lovemaking, money. Creative thoughts. Enough to make some art. All of these secrets fueled his art. The mind is, with sense, a tape recorder, disc player, radio, video camera, a sponge. A computer? A neurobiochemical, electromagnetic organ. A superimposing of images upon images. Time a dimension.

He and his father discovered by chance a town in S.

Carolina founded by his relatives. They were into silver mines and spices and Jamaican slave trade. James Taylor song, 'Rum to New Bedford. Codfish from Maine. They were building a wall that will always remain.' The Buddha was right. 'Progress is an illusion.' The Catholics, some members that is, had killed regularly, thoughtlessly in the name of God to end, a toxic fundamentalism, to terminate heathenism, killed native Jamaicans that wouldn't join the Catholic Church.

It was that mentality. That same dynamic. That same mindset. Like the National Guard-Shotgun Solution from the Appalachian 'Problem Solvers traveling to Akron-Kent. More for a sleuth-hound. That was the shotgun mentality reminder that 'had the solution' for 'the peace movement.' Awkward times. There was no way to get a grasp on it.

Memories of Sweet Rachel and the synchronicity at an open-air cafe at Oberlin melt in my mouth, melts me in her way. Bob Marley singing, 'Exodus.' Strings and wot-not playing synthetic structural constructs in Fiebre Cafe.

Seltzer water. Chamomile. Money.
'Trouble ahead. Trouble behind.' The ride back

on the train humming 'Casey Jones,' Grateful Dead, allowed for some sleeping and some ideas to generate his electronic million dollar business. Safety in Europe's business laws. 'Numbers game, ... forget it. Be free from it.' 'Somebody's got my number.' 'I'm calling out to Canada. Or Canada is calling my name.'

'Free from an income ceiling, to flow state mind.' A woman next to him said as she explained to the bartender that she didn't want half a martini. 'Wait, I just came in for this writer.' She had on a French maid's uniform. She had dark, maybe Moorish, Jewish features. Technically a maternal lineage. She began dusting, waving her arse in front of him. 'If I could apologize to a Turkish gentleman, about lineage and belief, I wouldn't stop crying.'

Else. A clean, discrete 'cut.'

He took the invitation, hands on her hips from rear, hiked her skirt to her lacy fringed breasts, no panties, and took her over the bench seat. The train noises drowning out the primals. Primal screams expressing the screaming urge.

Breevies, back at her apartment, pulling in to take a

rest 'from the 'zine,' she had just received a box of old pear-shaped earrings from her lovely mum. She had some old notes (the tuning from a village ...?) about The Tailor and the Spectator and some other odds and ends from an old English course. Strand.

She focused on the immediate. Odd pieces and end prime pieces. The purpose was to inform the newly rich middle class that others had come before them. 'Fair warning,' chimes the sensual auctioneer, full mouth, wide teeth, moderate breasts, thin to thin-medium build. She remembered reading Pirsig's Lila, and about the ornamentation, useless metalwork for the neve-riche, yes neve, and their pertinently-twisted-by-gloating minds.

Gluttonous mind? She found notes on Addison and Steele and 'The Talkative Man' and how it was all going to fade, all a waste of time, curb-lawn lots, 'die-caste system' that it was more apt to please the listener and not oneself. Positing 'waste of time' and 'killing time.' Sensitive, aware to other such expressions. In Search of Identity in the World. Reminder to stock the refrigerator with the grape juice. Feynman's Surely as a bookend, 'happy upon the shelf.' On the norm. Perhaps studying once a week is freedom from a gluttony.

Still electron-quantum non-simmering soup on the Sabbath rested til sundown. Timing. Her thoughts drifted to her mom's home, the windows and persiennes. Addison wrote 'The Uses of the Spectator,' and there were some connections, connections that had been written, written and recorded, rewritten and interpreted, with a converse of coffeehouse philosophy.

Goat, 'If I could explain it all, I am not at danger of forfeiting my manly, male, maleness manhood, if I couldn't.' 'Wot, wot.'

'The Church.' 'The Circle.' 'The Mignon.' 'My, kosher salt. Meggoshers salt.' Bree Gosha 'Broodie' BreeBoop was in the twelfth grade when she first heard the phrase, coffeehouse philosophy, dreamt of writing this under-rated philosophy, having a real art studio, and for it was so that a certain boy dreamt too, and that she fell in love with the whole scene in the healthiest way possible, the social bit, at the time the way she read the time at the moment, the small, take-on-the-world, healthy and really obtainable moans of pleasure and pleasure-seeking dreams dream chasing, the psyche's exercise of what-is-a-better-word by a sidewalk with sidewalk chalk fixing it with the rain and another day to play, a lexical

access drill, to escape the boredom that she saw in her mother's suburban eyes. And there was the pool.

'Whose dreams' was answered by 'why' was answered by 'to find out why we are alive.' Oh, Goshagnu. Hi. In America they call the car 'she.' Did they let you know? Or did you, young precious genius, figure it on your own? An antique Opel white. If he were twenty-one and she were seventeen, then if they were to marry when she was one-half his age plus is it seven or eight by Chinese tradition for union of matrimonial path of ceremony, then they would be ... ? Or she were seventeen and he were twenty-one ...? Eighteen and twenty? An abstract thought. Hm.

The unknown added year and the same sun that was spinning through space (with the lovers' spinning sun) while the earth 'spun' around and the Uncertainty Principle ... a privity, the full moon image-reflection a prognosis, and the Five Books of Moses protected by new scholars like it has always.

... And Intellectual stimulation, hot tips on good reads somehow-free-of-day-trading-i.-e.-id-est-

obsessive-compulsive-dis-comfort-dis-ease-dis-interest. Her notes read (short 'e'), 'women-divert from greater trifles.' An essay on criticism must have been an assignment. On assignment in Africa with 'Super modelles' international magazine of the long legs variety and youthful features and upholding legacy of Twiggy and even Natalie Wood. At sea, free of chasing a toxic 'big deal.' Healing. Then. Death. Intellectual 'stimulation' is inclusive of a mourning process. And unexpected? A benefit of doubt to the student.

Like the first taste of blood-red and rare steak, wanting-fish-steaks rather later now in life making the whole tiger-eats-man theory fall apart by counterexample, her first critical analyses of anti-establishment papers made her own blood course through her veins like the New River or Colorado River rich in her mineral 'passengers.' 'It's usually something small, like cleaning your paintbrushes.' She meant to look up 'verisimilitude.' The move. The move is the next move, past move, present move. The present move.

For the etymology, for the sight that there is someplace else. That this word has been in another place, another time. Familiarity breeds her

contempt. A defense line, an offense to stay clear of the familiar, mind-numbing familiar. And to read Boswell and to become a satirist and poet. What was 'an arrogated life?' Skip a beat, whole rest, the only measure, bar?

To make it to Estes Park and Iowa City and her writers' workshops. To talk with her. A student working summers planting flowers at a campground. Earthy and natural and in a few words a Mother Earth au naturel. We in our natural state on the bank of the Platte River meandering, commingling juices of mind. 'Psychoactive.' Afterglow. She had resolved a decided that she had had to have had a decent high school education after all. Decent in the sense that it got her to the moment. This moment. Planting flowers making property lines, boundary lines, iconic sources.

And she didn't stop learning. She remembers all of Swift's targets to date of satire to this day. 'A satire is a mock of vices by criticism,' she read aloud the fading graphite, Nabokov's 'caviar.'

My travels have been many. My relationships few. Settling for peace of mind. And distance the greater

between love and any misogyny. The romantic has often an unromantic life, a genius, a simple one. Was there an angry crowd when ... ? When something happened. ... Exodus. The 'mockery,' of Proverbs, past the edge of the world, past Deuteronomy, remembering. Garden-bed of flowers of Adam and Eve for a bed of our lovemaking. I can tell I am in good company.

She decided in her novel, a novel of unreal verisimilitude and stepping stone to creative nonfiction, to really emphasize a caricatured urban life, why?-why-not?-agrarian-life-why?-why-not?, a characteristic of society during Queen Anne's reign and the Age of Reason. To life. To life. A.B., 'I am free of fearing death. And there are worse things than dying.' 'One's environment is an abstract, of life.'

'To be half-hearted when you are just in essence breaking your own heart.' 'Memorial three stones. What is beyond Vespucci-C. Colon? And beyond the spiritual analog?' Still I don't want to be separate from life. She thought about the paradoxical twists and turns like 'Adirondian' roads, like the Adirondacks near New Paltz, 'every day is a winding road,' a contemporary, say, spiritual Sheryl Crow,

Moebius bands and Klein bottles, the-one-sided-'two-sided' strip of paper, and how writers lost their reason during this 'Age.' His days of not escapism, climbing as a novel life, past. Was past.

Seven Days Hath a Week.

Age of Sense and Reason. Science and sense. Their sense. 'Worldly affairs?' Critically define 'worldly' and don't be taken in by the Tempest. Do you want the other option? Doing business with Satan, with an adversary, isn't doing business. It is going beyond a moderate risk with a sure chance for a life in a type of hell. It is gambling. And the gambit dances with the devil. Did Goat really want to go there? Seize gently the titillating and the erotic possibilities. Why not? Tesla tessellates Chagall's unsung mosaics. Highly sensitive papers. Knowing.

Near 'Void of Form.' There were many explanations, and one was that the writers were believing their higher 'civilization,' or a British 'civilisation,' and 'reasoning.' They were believing. Were that if one may, they believed, outside of their realm(s), perspective(s) fell, cyclical events, events-explained, questioned, a villainous 'blindness'

swooped in. A visual effect. With only acceptance as its first obstacle. She had given her word.

Free of a perspective of worldly affairs, free of burdensome baggage of material physical, closer to a spirituality, a vortex of crystalline lens, of crystalline soul. Rubber soul. Vinyl soul. Analog soul. Digital soul. Grab for the saving 'irrationalism.' This drove Man to despair, new heights, persons to crests and troughs--micromanias, ecstasies, depressions, to the elegant, intimate chambers of the palace and to the snake-pits' and asylums' cages of back wards and the ascetic's perch in the Himalayans. Dynamical. Would one read Sartre's *The Chambre*? Darkness and obscurity?

Seize the market of trysts, lover. Seize gently the hold. Efficiency of mind. Where was humanitarianism, why the moral fibre and its decay? The 'Crazies' were William Cooper, Johnson, Swift, and Smart. Addison and Steele had taught the Vulgarians to be 'gentlemen,' a needed social function. It wasn't hard to find a gentile who had fallen from being gentle. Writers had larger means, and larger means to an end, and larger means to larger ends, larger than what appeared as coffeehouse madmen's trifle toils, works of the

word-smythes. One was to stay on the list to remain amidst sobriety. A solutions? 'Give the crazies drugs. Chemicals. Oxygen. H₂O, C₆H₁₂O₆. Nitrogen. Milk of Mag. Calcium Carbonates. Carbonated mineral water. Tincture of Qui-9 (code for qui-nine)' And apologies when due. 'And credit where due.'

'What good earth-shattering moral essays had I written?' Breechkaeikeovicz thought to herself reading fine print. How was that for coffeehouse philosophy? She dreamt of 'Grub Street' where most poets were employed by booksellers for room and board. Broodiness, liberation, solemnness and meditative works, and 'graveyard poetry' had separated the latter part of the century from the early parts and its form, a mirroring polish, epic and heroic, and its politeness. Thoughts of Harvard's publication National Lampoon and a comic strip, a caricature of Politeness Man. She sucked on her black turtleneck. There was a warmth about her, a comfort, a realization of herself. If I were married,

Philosophy of the Coffeehouse.

Our words were only reflections of us. Our world

the same. Coffeehouse philosopher time-travels to ... ? Tritely saccharine politeness and her emptiness and weakness of cerebral immunity. She felt the reality of making lovemaking to a Grub Street radical in her parlour, hold his head in her hands, games which dreams are made, art made. Making love to a political dissident. Romantic. One had to look at times elsewhere. The coffeehouse philosophy was sometimes at another loci. It might be at a recital. A parlour finally found its soft violin, bringing the pose to you. She played an 1880s parlour guitar, Dave Brubeck themes.

Classical. The university radio played something in E flat? Lacy sensual-strong melodies and lots of rhythms, ... broken rhythms. A robust bass clef free of, say for better, mud. Clear.

Space Junk Futures.

They found Jimi Hendrix floating through space playing 'Little Wing.' Accessible as in Miles Davis and his message through jazz, without so-to-speak

language. The sight was like someone punched me in the chest with a Buick. The psychic energy generated whirling dervishes during the eighteenth century, was traveling into George Jetson outer space rocket ship ciel cognita (skies, ceilings unknown) beyond Neptune and Pluto and the Milky Way. So much for festive costume parties. So much. The ticket alone was thirty franks, the price of a duck in Paris. Plainly currency that flew and was accounted. One needs these expenses on occasion. So it remained there was no need to complain. Although if I lived in New York City and paid full price for everything, I'd soon find myself envying the duck.

When BreeCPO wanted to get in touch with classic history, she looked at the sky at night and gazed at the stars, C, E, and, O and the vastness. Why? A common element. Like going to a party and saying, 'This isn't a party. Everyone knows everybody.' 'See. It's funny that way.' Astrid presence. In the beginning there was darkness. Later it was found to be good. 'It was good.' She could hear the now-deceased Carl Sagan saying 'billions and billions of light-years away.' 'Later it was found to be good.' 'What were they thinking?'

The Coffee Wasn't Bad. In Fact It was Pretty Good.

She had an ear like that. Conjure any auditory she wanted, black kind of magic. Multiphasic. Could shut out 'noise' at will. On exams she would be able to recall the, in a quiet voice, the professor's exact words, inflections, In silent memory. That is what she saw, something billions of years old, of thought-stuff, of mindstuff, somewhere on the path 'still mind.' Of Puff 'n Stuff. Of the Magic Dragon and sealing wax. Actor's Guild. A couple reconciling. Actors make up. Actors' make-up?

The other fancy. Somewhere in between here and infinity politically conflicted grapplings of neural activity amongst ambassadors, statesmen, quantum Bohr's conflict of the multivariate political science vector spaces and resolutions, post-crisis, after a hook, with peace and parliament, wanted was the power of a king, magical, mystical, mystery tour king again. Princes. Other fancy stuff. Freedom and ad libitum has its time.

Not a representative republic of misrepresentation. Even a Gnu Blair lost sight, say, of the present moment from time to time. Dylan heeds, 'All heed

the call.'

Breebles settled into her couch and pulled her knees to her chest and wrote some notes, names, poetry, a copied phone number. Looked down and her healthy labia hung out one side of her loose panties, her dark skin patina adding to the temptation as Gnu looked up from his banana republic newsprint over his glasses. It could have been raining. Wet.

She redefined/reflected satire as prose or as poetry that ridicules, makes lunatic-ludicrous symptomatic folly or divination-esqu advice. She had limits in her definitions, layers of 'onion' thinking not yet her time/presuppositions on sand, hourglass guitar metronome tick-tick-tock-talking, limits that she realized. Layers of images, superimposed images.

Attentive, Although Free from Arousal.

A friend reminded her to remember that she was bigger than the problem-solution, that God, Blessed Be He, ... took care of her. Take some downtime. Incubate. Take time to grow. Irascibility grew from her once-haven coffee tree mind. Remember it is okay to say, 'I can't afford that right now.'" She had

to say that about a man. She had to come past sketches pointing to 'Times of Hearty Yield,' spoiled Absalom and Achitophel and political verse satire. A friend in need is a friend in deed. Without defences, a glass onion is one which you see the layers, ... and the germ.

Word paintings had danced from her palette of a woman's frailty and edge and patent poignance, poignant polemics, and cerebral promiscuity. Watercolours, gentle, gentle brush. Literary patent. She recalled that the biggest influence a woman as child has is the life unlived by her parents. Carl Jung. Gustav. Her friends and she played 'Name That Pop Psych Book. 'Balance between love for herself and others.' A warmth settled in her womb. She looked through her inventory, and noticed the boldness even more, from the expression to the relative.

Simple beauty and complex or pampering beauty spun webs around each other like romanticism and classicism, dipole orbits. Brownian motion and chemistries' effects. Simplicity was always preferred by the thinking person. Felicity, the emotive. Why? It's not self-made. It's more to the heart than the coveting eyes of a stallion in rut. An Arabian's lust,

his transformed anger to passion. Sculpted. Are we going to let these crimes continue? The statue held her ground, like a source, the robust and wise horse. The true source being mind. The mind as source. All else is image.

Self-evident or sounding board? Her blue eyes, the anima, 'I always have to take my kisses from you.' 'Mezclarse,' an Argentine jazz tune, played. 'Mosaic.' Spanish for also 'Mix-ture.' Accessible. Minotaur Caressing a Sleeping Woman, a Picasso, nineteen thirty-three? The cover for a tune. To tune one's mind to the frequency of a Picasso who was said to look into the sun of Spain at high noon.

Bree S. Eliot read 'A Pindaric Ode on the Death of Sir H. Morrison.' 'Wasn't that on the edge of 'pandora?'" Academic moribund-ness. Her tea pot stopped whistling and gurgling. Their lovemaking oneness veered to the cerebral temporally. In Dali's drawers, there are boxes again in form, chess pieces of sorts and dancing relationships, lovely and delicate and purposeful for their play, boxes inside boxes for her infinity, a friend to the dancers. Alice. Barthelme. Short stories misnomered with infinity a mutual friend, the measure of a story is not always

in a word count. Meaning's uncountably infinite life, measuring a neighborhood of meanings, multiplying cascades, and Prodigal Generation returning to love, to God, a God who loves stories, so much that he created Man. And Wo-man. From the side of Man. And Man walks.

The Greeks Want Their Statues Back.

'Greek verse intended to be chanted by chorus,' Placida Bree Domingo answered as Elliott's Trotsky looked over her shoulder with a looking glass for left of the left literature through the shelves. And asked what an ode really was anyway. 'I know somewhat what you mean. I don't know. 'Ode.' It's like I've been specifically struck word-blind.' Pause. To resolve the conflict of British and museum and the Greeks' statues. It is Judaic law that land is not passed from generation to generation. And only God can have possession of the land for an infinity. And we are not God. Therefore a rightful and healthy situation that the world is in would have resolution to not test God.

You'll have to excuse me for ... , yes, beneath, underlying the surface, there is an oil underground.' 'Death is not like a tree, but a lily.' Elliott, a

coffeehouse philosopher and P/T genius on proper examinations days, said he always liked the look of love in Monet and the softness and gentleness of impressionism that calmed, soothed him. Like Passion Flower. 'In the privacy of friends one might show a soft underbelly.' Still one was likened to take refuge with Picasso's sun.

'You're more eyes than heart,' she said. 'More Barbara Hershey and New York City in the seventies running with the literary crowd. He thought about that and easternism, particularly Hinduism and elephants and their goddesses. 'You could sell Woody Allen tickets to his own movies.' Whether in the East, West, Byzantine, Mideast, Midwest, the focus is being where one is.

Self-made beauty hides the flaws. Pearl, the smoothest, most lustrous, in the bed. It is more the moon that is needed to bright the night with her luster. 'It's too contrived and too removed.' Breet-rosa-red-pink-is-still-red was beautiful without make-up. Just chamomile tea bags under the eyes a bit. Maybe rose-water and glycerin on the cheeks. There always is an abundance. There is an abundance like the beet. It might have been the year fifty-seven fifty-seven. That was a year where

there was a mild shortage, although one might not say that seeing that everyone had enough and enough had been enough. Nevertheless, beets, ... abundance. Life is illustrative.

Chamomile tea rinsing her hair. Elliott-Schwartz-Brot-or-Rye (S.B., black bread, food of peasants, working-class, hearty ,robust) hugged her and held her while she read and listened to his headphones. Big teeth. Rather contemporary. American Beauty was playing. Dark Star Orchestra was touring next month. 'I want to hear that tape of the Miami String Quartet again. The track on that alternative, espionage-independent film soundtrack.'

'How did it grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too.'

At one time that was the contemporary. Braelley 'the Shake' felt like a minor character in life, enamoured by trifles, diversions and distraction, like Lennox rehashing the question of Macbeth's murdering the grooms. Not the minor such as another Tess. There is no other Tess. The 'other Tess' is someone else. Unique and incomparable as

well. Like a Gosha. Or an undiscovered in an orphanage. Brought up hard, loved, experiencing the elements, beautiful, like an Eastern European model and others.

The few words he spoke, 'How did ... ,' were important to her. His cynicisms and sarcasms let Bree know that the people didn't necessarily trust dear Macbeth, and for that she slept better. 'Let it be. To be, to be. To let it be.' She talked herself to sleep. This was like an old tape from high school replaying in the car cruising with the girls in springtime. Only this time she wakes up with Elliott, tea, yes, and a gecko named Sol Amander, a male, and his unkempt and still hip-looking hair. 'So much for the well-ordered. Seems oft we have a goal.' 'I still spray algae in my hair for environmental reasons.'

Hair. The manager of a European tour of Hair stopped by last week she remembered faint, pallid memory. He said to Gnu about getting Chinese carry-out, 'I'm hip.' Elldte Gnu Housemix went into stimulus-response. 'Funny, you don't look it.' 'They're happier there today, Kent.' The emotive never ages in a lifetime. Sarcasm never bites the ages and the sages of Reality throughout the

milleniums. 'Rather a game of cognitive tag, solitaire. 'Tis with an author.' 'Chinese?' 'In their time they to will fall like the Japanese market in the late nineties.' 'Meanwhile, we might as well enjoy the ride.' Aeons, ages, light years, billions and billions of years ago

The tongue bitter-sweet time-honoured was never so sweet and never so bitter and so a harsh Reality dream when her father left her mother when she was in eleventh grade learning the Oedipal/Electra, when she first read the Macbeth, William the Shake. To turn back the hands of time. 'Why?' It was its contemporary awkwardness. 'It is hard to look good and grow at the same time. Awkward is a way of life. If you want to shed your skin, grow.'

Are commonalities and common ground and worn and beaten-trodden path to the coffeehouses after a 'graduation' from a science of knowing, ... electron shell orbit hopping Establishment the norm? A cry, kryas for humanitarianism? She knew that she had some cache of envelopes of her perfecting precis, short and sharp, laser-precision writings, to give to the world, her world like making love. Quantum soup, modern electrons and covalent bonding.

Affirming life, 'My efforts come to good.' 'First for love, then friends, then money. Writing.' 'School girl fantasy writing. Yummmm. Sugar and corn syrup bubble gum. Range. Keep in mind range and control.' Gnu, 'Like an artist's early death?' The Premature Death-Pack. Vincent's rules with Picasso's passion and Dali's timing. Melting timing.' Rhetorical. One can see an ogre looking at the Eigre. The range tells a story. The young, nubile fraulein, Jungfrau, Matterhorn, the Master, Flugelhorne, communicating.

Thirza Mettabel 'Mirabelle' Heatherz and she had coffee at the Mocha the next morning. They discussed the metaphysical and a moderation and a favoured world, Donne and an intellect and passion, and the classical and Johnson. Dryden and quality of common sense and Bacon, (stay 'hungry,' stay kosher, kosherer, like a Turkish gentleman well-bred) the inventor of inductive reasoning and essay form, ... Emerson and Thoreau, Thoreau was overplayed. He wasn't at Walden a lifetime you know). Time filled the early afternoon. Projects. Goat had decided. He really had wanted nothing to do with an America. Not the direction that it was going. Through its good times as well. Nothing. Not the America he had seen. There was within an

America that was not a shallow America. One of the Old Country, a true freedom, a promise, a real study ethic and work ethic, one of a true religion, religious freedom, one free of bureaucratic idiocy. Free of an hierarchy of idiots. Mettabel focused on a healthful moderation and its genius and another metalogic. One level above logic, a climbers perspective, the subjective and concrete, the objective view and a third, a blend, a housemix. It is in a way like Moses in the desert. G_d only knows what he saw. Pinkerton writes on psycholinguistics. A composer notes, writes sketches, writes compositions. That is what he should write. He doesn't drive a sledgehammer for a railroad? What one does well, anyway, is what one ought to do. If there are several things, music, art, writing, mathematics, engineering, that is what one should do. Practicing a religion. Practicing a study?

Sun warming the table. Sartori sun setting. The godly, the ungodly, dreadlocks, and gelatin, the trees by the water, willows and ripples 'where there is no pebble tossed,' still mind, and the ungodly yes, the chaff of the wind, took the better part of the evening, thoughts of seeds not sown. Moments of refreshing nature on the sidewalks with street-lamps. An impressionist painting captures the city-scape. Not

always a crisis, a krya, that a sartoric moment happens. When one sense of reality is lucidity behind, and an emergence of a new clarity manifests. It happens in the mind, her source? Out of a crisis, a crux, a crucial event comes beauty, abundance.

Quoting Lovelace to Althea his mistress 'Walls do not a prison make,' they shouted at a police cruiser nerve-gassing them, a May Fourth 'pig,' hatred rearing head, heading the other way. There were many in Ohio that thought murdering students was right. The bureaucracy still exists. That they won. Thirty years later. Throwing out the weak and lame efforts (after being beaten, nothing good ever comes from violence), peace-nik and holistic environment seeking holistic asylum, of causing a quiet and mild riot of disturbing thoughts to open doors? And shouts of environment pro, then to dart into an alley. Pro environment? The manifestation of a sick mind, a gag, a hazing. The result, additional homeless. The Holmesian beggar and a den of iniquity of sorts. This contempt, this boundary problem, this familiarity that breeds contempt of a fellow human being. Like a savage beast. Does one need to ask who?

Else. A Recess.

To find the security of lintel and bed and familiar ceramic cup. They then disappeared with the junkies and queers and sidewalk artist and critic's 'graffilthe.' Toxic critics. Angry. Hateful. Cartoonish, comical. What else? How else would you look at them in your serene world of tea and bagel and mindfulness meditation? The casualties of Mad magazine and National Lampoon. Heathers-it-could-happen-to-you-reflection's forest green 145 Volvo wagon settled into its bay, new day. Today we take the bear's choice to hide from the daylight. 'Mother told you. Yes, she told you. If you read Mad magazine you will go mad, ... or Mad.' 'One forty-five is a few steps back.'

Question a posit. Knowledge was experimentation versus the authoritarian just like over two hundred years ago. Two thousand, Three. Fifty-seven hundreds. Judaica beckons. Beckoned call on the bat telephone. Rabid? A half-step from still mind.

'We'll talk.' 'Kibbutz, kibbitz. I don't know which. We're Half, Dim, and Nit. The Brothers Witz.' Kind of sing-songy. 'Do you expect a chicken to be

something other than a chicken?'

Elliott-dissident-on-Memorial-Day found his sweat-stained and stale-from-the-sun-and-its-'sentence'-in-the-love-van journal from his trip to Colorado, the mountains, an Estes Park cafe. It was after he had gotten a master of arts degree, a celebration. He was doing some interdisciplinary studies for his doctorate. The first week was missing, not lost. Why? Misplaced was favoured to a 'lost' and its connotation perdition. Misplaced had an existentialism to it. It was a matter of relativity, inclusive of the whole.

Now what? The fine arts path of liquid roads and a hangover from vitamin therapy and chocolate and green tea and overhang from Jewish literature road winding why-why-not-why-not-why-not. Oi-gefilte-vey. The fine and well-and-good. So that is why.

Goat took time to read his journal. To uncover some ideas.

Tues. 10:37 pm central. 1995.

Just pulled into Parkway Campground. Capital 'S' Squaresville? Or Hipsters Writersville grounding? (Added later: Rectangular lots). It's cheap. No one

is here this early in the season so I make it hip with my presence. 2 mi. off 80. I'm parked between Corn Cob Road and Blue Jean Drive. Hoakster. I almost get hebephrenic, like Turret's, uncontrollable laughter at the 'road signs' on the lot. Hoaksterville.

Took a quick shower. No one to collect money (open 6-8). Estes Park especially seems like a world away from here.

Wed.

Van's running well today. Noted to write a book with working title, *The Fish Are Evolving*, about the entropy and evolution of mankind, humanity, and culture, and medical radiation therapy. New starter sounds solid. Owner's manual reads, title, *The Fish Are Evolving*. Kind of spooky. Tee-hee. Like a B film.

Glad I gave up Portabella mushrooms. No nostrum please. Had a chunk of novaculite, suffix representing an instrument, a whetstone, now truly nouveau riche, nota bene. Guitarmaking was a hobby to Goat. Something he could dance with between art and craft-work differences, definitions,

and similarities debates.

It must have been a beginning of a longer set of entries. To turn more somber. Nothing about shoveling horse manure at the kibbutz. How could he forget such a memorable time?

Elliott Benkorsteinbaum, M.D. got interrupted realizing he needed to do some work, needed work, cerebral efforts for some music compositions to take the form of text. He looked at the list of ideas for seminar and blank staves.

‘Accompanimental’ riff, chordal settling into gentle fanfare, solo forms forming a union technique, Third Stream, sound mass techniques, critiques and reviews of new music, politics in music, women composers, Stravinskii, Gorecki, Penderecki, Lutoslawski, notation, architecture and music, Ginsberg's music and his poetry set to, minimalist thought and theory, three hundred plus pages of his handwritten compositions, film scoring, old wine in new bottle (20th c. comp. for harpsichord, etc) mindset, performance art, electronic and computer music, and music during 'binding' oppression made up, comprised the list. Forbidden were male composers dressed as women. It was unknown

about female composers who dressed like men. It was as if all discipline had been abandoned to make a such statement.

On and on. He looked at a poem he had scribbled in the margin. Looking at it critically, as his professors had taught him, like professional billiards, anyone could have put the balls away. It was a matter of setting up the balls. And then at another glance, an orangutan with enough tries could have done what we had done. As long as the orangutan wasn't distracted by the television set. Television or being a good animal? A good ape?

Bridian's ass
died of hunger
deciding which
bundle of
hay to eat.

He had no idea of the origins. Baalam? Baal shem, an honoured man. He remembered 'jaw bone.' There was a seed, a kernel of good, in everything. Who was confused? The arse. The arse had free will. How did we spell it in England, Origen? Too young to study Kabbalah, he drifted anyway with etymology and evolution. Origen, Orient, Orian,

Orient, East. Side the Village. Unlike him he felt the mild catharsis of humor's bite. He chuckle-chortled in a S. Holmes' way, for minutes whether alone or with Watson or another. A madman with his wits about him. Enlightenment to be shared as wisdom. In all sobriety of mind he recalled an Origen of Descarte, of his maps, mappings. In a whole and complete world and a flux. One is asked if there is a separation or union of body and mind, ... or both. And how this leads to a Sartre's 'idea' and its form from object, introduce subject, nevertheless leading to a God, defined and described as Void of Form.

He decided to talk on mathematics and its relation to music and electronic music, on the 'Riemann Zeta Function Thenody/Rhapsody.' Presently resolve at coda undefined as complete closure of the harmonics, converging on eight half-steps in a klezmerian scale common with Yiddish folk music and found in European gypsy jazz. Near computer music. He tossed his day journal 'A-Day-in -the-Journey-of-my-Life, scribbles in the corner and headed to the library to look for his plaid skirt. Souvenir. Fashion-statement six-sided plaid becoming a retrospective resurgence, and 'B' rating movie-house. Oxen parked outside. Tessellations.

Something new. A rejuvenating walk in the springtime? No? No. The Graduate rewritten. 'I have one word for you, Benjamin. Tile.' Tile was function. Tile was in need. Tile was an art-form. Tile was with its coats progressive, a 'streamlining.' Tile was a product. It was something one could sell. Tile had mojo. People drank coffees and talked 'tile.'

Hello, Colorado We Must Be Going

Elliott, the Young Wrangler, got back to his journal. Dusk. Been riding across the country. 'Get back on it. Get back on it. Get back on the highway. I hope I see you soon.' N. Young song. He realised how nurturing the women are? He wouldn't be here otherwise. Neil Young shouted out the poetry over guitar riffs. 'Saddle up the Palomino. The sun is going down.' Pause. Added: 'Und der 'Yensen' inequality has a tell-tale of its limitations, jah, yes, yes.' 'It is a good study when one is young as well. To a point.'

'Aurora Borealis. Icy skies at night. Paddles cut the water. On a long and dreary flight. ... Maybe

Marlon Brando. Would be there by the fire. To sit and talk of Hollywood and the good things there for hire.' Images of Pocohontas au naturel. Added: Young again.

Reading entries took him back to the freedoms, the libertarian party revolts and liberals' liberties he felt driving west, an old American custom. Just an old-fashioned love song for the faithful road traveled. Added: Cowboys have their sunsets too.

His grandfather had driven west with some friends from boarding school, the Original Borderliners, the Road Trip Boys, in a Model T Ford subsisting on cans of kidney beans and 'single-hoodness.' Bachelors. True adventurers. I thought I saw Anthony Quinn walking against traffic. Couldn't have been. Bachelors. We practice yoga classes.

Wed. continued.

Went 65 down some grades, 60 mph drafting on the flats. Need to check oil tomorrow morning. Let it cool down. Met/talked w/ a Colorado woman about 70s cool in Denver while waiting for my van at Auto FX. Took a cab ride from the American Motel (\$36 for two double beds) for \$5 on the button.

Cabby skis. Thot I'd drive hack for the journal one day. Loaded with interesting stuff. Gold vein. Like De Niro.

Not too friendly of a driver, not too nasty either. 50s, bald, fat and a grey, day-old growth and somehow in shape somewhat for being fat. Fat, ugly hands. Typical humanitarian cab driver that loves to eat and drink, nothing out of the ordinary. Nothing weird except that he looked like Rod Serling crossed with Hitchcock in the face. Added: There was something about being the maverick. In many fields.

'Nuff said about him. Ate oatmeal dry at 6:30 am. A multifaceted talent of a gourmet I am. At noon had a multi-grain bar. Drank lots of water, and later some decaf tea w/ really salty pretzels. I had some really salty water left from a western Nebraska pit stop. Well? Recalled a seven van convoy I was in for a while, me next to last. Pen-ultimate. Lots of fun.

Lots of quiet laughs. Lots of one hand clapping thoughts. Two lines from songs ran through the old noggin, 'I'm leaving Las Vegas' by Sheryl Crow and 'I think I'll head out ... got some friends I'll go a-

working for.' Neil doing a folk tune Canadiana. Lots of fun. Lot of luv. Freedom and liberty-free-of-lip-service liberty. Faithful, winding road. Every day.

Thursday.

Shoot for California, you'll end up in Colorado. Camera's running. Like Les Brown, 'Shoot for the moon. If you miss you'll end up in the stars.' Made it home in two days. Stopped looking for coffee and found an antique store with a box from the sixties of a slot car, a 'modelle' racer of Mr. Gasser in an open wheeler Lotus Ford, in sixties purple and driver in monster green avocado. Flashbabbblebackmindstuff. Added: Dah. Jah. Ves.

I drove 25 hrs. alone back from a two hour hike. Go figure. Mum's in a Pittsburgh hospital recovering from three cerebral aneurisms, life-flighted for a half mill helio-chopper-mod 'ornithopter' ticket. She's not pretty. 'Mother and Child Reunion' is playing on the radio. 'No, I would not give you false hope on this strange and mournful day. But the mother and child reunion is only a

moment away. It's only a moment away.'

Paul Simon's making me feel a little better, a brain bromide. Breavisch smiles, been staying with Mom, with her with the lips of a classic Jewess, love. Willi Qi, an art student/mentor/fellow, was apartment sitting, still living in my pad. He had cleaned it, spotless. Been a long time. Guillame, we called him. 'The house is the end.' Road trip had started to wear on me, feeling a bit awkward, peculiar. Maybe some food.

I made some ziti and salmon, brain-fodder and parked the one-man bus-line econo-line out back after unloading it. Van Nunus (Nu nu? One of many translations/meanings: 'That is that that is that,' a van to road trip and debate the world's peace problems, agree to disagree, ribbons of climbing wall ambassador-type brain activity). Fell fast asleep in the sun/van. He knocked on the van an hour later, asked about the trip. Felt stranded and left for dead and pleasant. 'Dead Gecko,' respectfully. Saw Toreodore U. at Susnou's Cafe and He was painting houses this summer, on canvas, just got back from recording school.

Picking up fifty dollars playing guitar at the local cafes. Car's getting an oil change at Valve-lines. Holding my life at the border guard's. Willi and I went downtown. Added: Guille. 'This to let more ease into my life. This pen. Check out how smooth.' Bought a pen at Omni-Media Materiel, French-Canadien owned. Puzzling Koan was working and a new girl too. Models. 'Modelles.' 'You know you are putting on airs? A sinful act.' 'Promises are meant to be taken seriously.' Oaths and vows. You live a long time with domestication, and the allure of the exotic, ... woo-wie woo-wie.

Decided that I didn't want to be a-hanging out in the same cafe five years from now. And then I didn't really see to bother about the future that far ahead. '... home with 'one headlight." Jcb. Dylan singing on the radio. Pers is driving his truckster with short, stubby, wide rubber, pairs of 50s, a Dakota, with a W-Coaster, a 'Cafe Oakie.'

Remember the myth once a Byzantine Ohioan always a Byzantine Ohioan. Once a neurotic The news came on the radio. Ohio found unconstitutional. Relief in 'When-there-is-one-count-there-are-ten.' Unconstitutional in the year two thousand. What a away to start. Now Estes

Park I could handle maybe. Keeper memories. Glorified 'it's always better' past. Hoped the car's done by now. Scrape up the money. Added: This happens to the best of 'em.

Gotta go. Nice to be. 'Home-sweet-roam-til-you're-home, roam-sweet-home, Tra-la-la.' Radio plays some more. Bill's (William's, Guillame, Guiane, Guy's) going to take a shower. Bidet's down. We're decided on going to go to Zeph's for a late breakfast. The Wind Tunnel Zephyr in full course. Woke up at 9:50 ante meridian.

Bill (Guy) Vernii was playing Le Sacre du Printemps, Stravinsky's score sat on the patio chair, hauntingly rather ghostly, in a most Twilight Zone sort of way. I called my family telling them I'd meet them at the hospital, didn't know I had a medical doctor's education by now, Chouinard Bzmyeaukyeh awaits, at 'thospital.' Rule of Attraction at Infinity Books in the window. Added: All respect to European scholars. Scholars that study Europe, specifically in the times of sixteen hundreds of a particular calendar, bank or other some such? Now that I have reached the doctoral level, now we will see who operates? Yes.

Picked up the book to read in the lobby. I bumped into someone who had just come back and 'hit' the IRCAM, a European musical encounter, of 1995. Found out the latest.

Turned on Parliament on the telly, 'Reminders of British law on the event of 'suicide.'" Flipped to musical television. Screeching voice VJ (video jockey), 'And walking away, 'Walk On.' From the archives, Neil Young, again. Instrumental? Never before seen. Burden of proof.' Neil Young all-cotton jersey on the retro Day of Atonement thoughts thinking. Fringe. Arrow. Quiver. Broken arrow, peace. 'Mir.' That was another one. Don't shop for something, if you don't have the money.

Top detective espionage work, 'Code: best kept secret-never been told.' 'Oh, that's a Chinese's secret.' 'By the way, the folks back home still think it is a crime to read and speak foreign languages. Some residual from WWII.' Barrister in sunglasses, 'grunge' automobil (German commercial spelling?), his love waited for the Moby Dick white Polaris. 'Two words for the electric car, 'brushless motors.' 'Cobalt magnets' and 'brushless motors.' 'Okay, two words and two phrases.' 'Industrial secrets.' Sh-h-h. Lithium polymer batteries. Are you bid-ness

espionage?

Ben Mendelsohn is playing by choice on the tape deck, 'I am I.' I am waiting. A nurse comes up in white uniform, the works, cap, white hose, asks if I can help her get something in the storage closet. We walk, talking the short way. Go in and she waves her arse in front of me bending down to take off her tennis shoes. A most beautiful bottom, results of the gym, a neatly trimmed muff. An invitation. The fonts of the tattoo, gothic. 'R.S.V.P.' said in black. Not the least tawdry, and modern tattoos are mostly able to be done a way that is considered kosher.

She hikes up her skirt a little more, and slides the panties to the side, reaches back, works us into a mild pace/lather, and guides me in with her hand. The other rubbing her clit. Shallow gasps of pleasure. She helps me find her G-spots, has her multiple orgasms, milks me dry, and then it's over. 'If you can't have your health, ... you've got nothing.'

TV in an X-ray waiting room as we walk by, 'Unexpected encounter between pharmaceutical stocks and entertainment today.' I closed my eyes still waiting seeing dreams of Phaeton and Phaedra

reading her suicide note then reversing time to she and Hippolytus in badinage, he finally rejecting advances.

That was all that Elliott-the-Pleasure-Dome had left from his journal except for a Prozac stuck between pages a little 'disfigured,' out of character. The rest remains a mystery. 'We're building a mystery' plays through the van radio. Contemporary musician. He gave Tethers Moss a lift. She was preparing, 'The New 'Rucsac,' a lecture on creative writing and mind mapping sketches, keeping our ideas fluid in a figurative book-bag technique. Climbers especially took to it. Domestic as well as foreign. 'That's domestic and foreign intelligence.' 'In the bag.' 'Rather sac.'

Warning sign. Mosaic. He promised not to get pedantic and start critiques. Nightmarish abetting of 'the Pathological Critic' crept in? 'In?' 'Who is in charge of my mind?' Clear mind? Who would want to lead on ... to nightmares of his long forgotten, never missed clique of un-ruly bullies, hooligan-types, leprechauns gone astray from high school, his climbing partner, an early entrepreneur who abandoned the academic world where he was a true

star, an erudite, a mensch to replicate colonial furniture, a developing intimacy with woodworking unmatched, dear friend whom he rose above the unruliness, dead for ten years now, bartering with the Devil, the Adversary, to regain liberties that he had in his work, (It was hard to tell him from me sometimes, some ways), work at graduate school, and 'the Return of the Pathological Critic' rearing ugly Hydra-head.

Twenty years (Do you say two decades?) later a senior class president still thinks he's president. The skinny guy is fat. The guy with all the hair is bald. Most likely to succeed works at a job he hates, blah, blah, blah, is at the near top of the corporate ladder, a Peter Principle drop-out, and has terrible self-esteem, is miserable and sees life as an opportunity to make everyone around him miserable. The most respected is serving seven years for insider trading and extortion in regards to county funds. The Critic is 'stranger.' Not a stranger in a strange land? To have the critic become unfamiliar, completely unfamiliar.

She required, politely demanded, that her students keep a dream journal. Like Camus, the 'stranger' (adversary?) met his demise. Besides the stranger is

the one that says that the Emperor is not dressed. The one to fear, if there is anything to fear. She broke my awkward silent mind-speak. ' . ' Dreams are naturally full of rich images, places of enchantment, darkness and light, opulence.' 'An awakening.' 'To rest with, settle in with, to nestle.'

'Even ... a pomegranate can be a symbol.' Paused. 'Even what can be a symbol?' 'It's Milan, the Hypnotist, the film. Kernel of an idea. Dreams have no beginning and no end in a different way from consciousness. Not open, not closed. Just cycles of varying substance. Nothing is dumb, if it can generate ideas, stimulate the writer to speak.' Thirza Mettabel Heathers talked about her teaching and made her flirting gestures with her hair. She was amazingly healthy. People would stop on the street and say, 'Isn't she amazingly healthy?' She said she owed it to watching films and chasing eligible men, some whom were not married. Where dumb meant not speaking.

He thought about her when he was a professor and could speak for fifty minutes without interruption, finally a venue. He decided never to take that for granted. To 'mildly brainwash' students to see the world a little more closely to how he sees it, that is

something. Of course no one was not even mildly-mildly brainwashing anyone. They talked about teaching strategies. She had her students do a timed writing for five minutes a day to get into the flow state. Someone got out a calendar. 'Novel idea.' 'What did you expect? Life to be perfect? Maybe it is? I don't know? I don't. That's part of the perfection in all perfect worlds.' 'Einstein, you always have something smart to say.' 'Energy equals mass times the speed of light squared!' 'And a comic, to say, to boot.'

'Timed writings, ... scales,' said she. 'A musician has to pay the price. Doing scales is one way. So must a writer.' She told her students to quiet the critic, the pathology of unneeded criticism and friend the 'block,' and write. Some of her former students had really done quite well. Kenyon Review.

The Voice. New Y.(Why?) Review of Books. One wrote Sacred Are the Times (When She Walks into the Forest), an Alice in the Garden of Eden introspective of a Grateful Dead fan on the road after the death of Jerry Garcia. It was picked up and made into a movie. 'Without conflict, there is no story.' The new question is a point of attention amidst the forest. Although there are plenty of older

questions some of which haven't been answered.

Thine Royalest Heathers-ness got off at the wet bus stop. 'Let's go to the taco stand.' 'No, let's go to my office,' she said. Oval horn-rimmed glasses, fuzzy sweater, and fading jeans. 'I am dying to get out of these jeans.' Off they went. Back on the vacant bus she unbuttoned her pants, leopard print underwear on musky, sweet scent olfactory glands. 'Who gave you a key to the apiary's domain, and made you queen?' 'Most royal.'

She could pull her loose sweater over the woman-works, if something happened unexpectedly, part of the fun. She said, 'Put your hand there.' Naughty. Her swollen clitoris. Said he, 'Under where?' 'Oh, made you say 'underwear.'"

Else by Choice.

After the office. Oi-Gefilte-fish-vey. 'Know your demons are angels lifting you to heaven,' that with which she disappeared. I remembered she said, 'We are going to write a letter to a great-grandchild we don't have. Yet.' She looked slightly Italian, northern, slightly Jewish, like a Modigliani, you know, the, with a long neck. 'I could have landed in

another country.' 'I didn't know what ... city I was in.' 'I was so much the northern Italian I wasn't Italian any more.'

A long, sensuous neck. Feminine. M-e-o-o-w. Oi. And kosher salt. She had as many academic techniques as she did bedroom techniques. Just then a Volvo wagon drove by, bumper sticker reading, 'The brain is the important sexual organ.' Reason number one for education. His theory on life, with creativity, intelligence was that we are 'removable singularities,' 'removable points' that leave us in a state of a classic work. Everyone. It is a matter of awareness. A theory. As well belonging to be accepted or rejected. Giving an optimism granted, the benefit. This was his pursuit of an original idea, a truly original idea.

Marc Vancouver Est Film Student had left me at my curb, dropped a tape of some talking about an idea for a book he was working on. I plugged in. 'On the specific of love, we have the moment, we have a focus, and we have a compulsion. A wavering between primal urge and a consequential elation of a nearness to the heavens as-best-approximated Queen Jane. 'You ache just like a woman. ... You cry just like a little girl.' B. Dylan. He could have

worked at the deli. Curb. Thought to myself, 'Very 'curb scene.'

To be aware is to be more in the present, in that moment of rapture where origins of zen moment began. A person in love with the piano truly is drawn into it, some medium, jazz, or guitar, blues, new age, and drawn by it as well with no cause and effect, purely drawn into it, to pay the great price, practice, just moment, rapture and reckless abandon. Not fame. Not a magic number income. Chasing its angels, harmonics,

We are drawn to the near-accessible. With some effort and price, the accessible. Solid melodies. Lots of rhythms, ... and broken rhythms. Seeing life as a gift, a moment of 'gig-ness being,' today's crises as tomorrow's gifts, opportunities, not obstacles. Doable obstacles. The obstacle and its state of possibly being overcome. Of an obstacle and its state of being overcome. Overcoming obstacles. Overcome obstacles. Lessons. Life's lessons. Its wealth. Growth and learning events. Miles Davis, 'Don't fear mistakes. There are none.' At the workshop, one fine obstacle of a day. 'This must come out in a novel your working, a composition, a charcoal sketch, an oil, a film.' Marc drawled in his

best Californian accent.

In his ski accent-idiolect. 'F-o-o-c-u-s and pro-o-c-e-s-s and the fin-ish line, ne-ver coming. Zen archer releasing string, arrow, without thought, effort. An effort. The perfect script is floating in quantum soup, w-a-i-t-i-n-g.' He thought in blocks of words making sense somehow. 'Ride the roller-coaster. Dragon's back of Jim Morrison's mind-stuff. Better yet write your poem, the universe's poem about i-t!' 'T hyphen 't."

'Scribble the brainwave.' Stay in the flow state lines. It's always more interesting to be 'working o-n a book,' than to 'h-a-v-e written,' a book.'

Sutras are 'sutures' between master and student. Ties.

Another Thursday. Thirza Mets Heathergjis gave her students an assignment. Write a 'listing poem,' with lots of repetition. 'Who was Yusef Komuyaskaa?' 'Sutras are related, the giving and passing on of wisdom.' 'Color outside the lines,' she said like a madwoman after a pause, throwing up her hands in unexpectedness. Modern dance.

'Integrate slant rhyme. Look it up if you need to. Don't wait for divine intervention! You are the creator!' 'Too hard? Make it easier.' 'You are a creator.' 'Be an original amongst originals.'

Texts of language, a plural of sub-homologies and a singular One Homology, translations, other language dictionaries. She wanted a home somewhere that she could be an international citizen.

International. Looking at the shelves while the class wrote, her mind wandered to some fantasies, an equestrian ride, the lather, at the stable the dark, Moorish gentleman, sizing a pair of sandals, Naots while the young clerk made his way up her legs with his eyes and no undergarments.

Other times she slipped into a pool. Gnu and she going to the university pool, late, and afterward finding the women's locker room for an escapade, the glow of the swim afterward and the glow of the lovemaking commingling, 'Eeergh,' Goat and she shopping for dresses and the two finding themselves in the dressing room, keeping groans silent.

She found her soaked panties looking at the shelves, soaked crotch. Her sex needed tending to. She

began reading a new poem Bree Une Faber had written while taking Japanese for Business still melting.

Flowering Tree Ritual.

Circle of stones.
'Who am I?
Where do I come from?'
A stone asks after
its million years as a stone in stone
silence.
You are most 'buddha.'
'Where' is where I was raised.
The stone answers an unasked
question. 'Earthen.'
Like my brother glass, the lens of a
camera,
I see by my own self-less technique.
Are you from the Tap Root
Foundation?
Making a friend with a frog.

Frog Thirza Heathersan went on to write about the
Graveyard of Fools, of death and dying. Asked 'You
... are mostly buddha?' Junkyard of Lighthouse

Lens Foibledom. 'Like after a well-spent day, (What do you see?) we rest well at night. (What do you feel?) Like a good life, well-spent, we die well. (What do you believe?)' A life led well, dies well in its positivistic bonding semantics.

She borrowed from D' Vinci, paraphrasing the Renaissance Man slightly. 'The road less traveled is high adventure, unexplored country. What is the path of authenticity, and Eros and Pathos? If a lion is on the path, would you let your intellect fail? Would you see an opportunity, a dialogue with the irrational?

What energy created gives the will for life? The energies of relationships their lives?

Pythagorus, an Avid Thinker, argued that all numbers are expressed as 'ratios,' the other students had gotten mad, 'irate,' when they threw him overboard, irrational, ir-rational indeed, 'etranger,' (French for 'stranger'), stranger of another kind, other days, indeed. Camus, beach and Pythagorus, sail. A sail set of transmigration and the basic elements of the universe, a quantum soup, are numbers. One might say mathematics is then a study, of the characters. Characters of the universe.

Life being a story. This universe a story. Would you see becoming human as a goal? When? Or more human? What are your lions, what pushes your buttons? What allows you to see in a world of God, Void of Form, dimension-less elements as those of the creation. If not their foundation, fundamentals.

Else.

Anti-nonconformists, non-non, material possessions, goat milk fudge? 'Fly' is slang for 'cool.' 'Cool' for 'Neat-O,' as in 'Neat-O, Daddy-O.' 'Budget' is slang. 'This is 'budget.' Homework tonight is 'budget,' to an eighth grader longing for recognition of his beingness.

Even they, maturing and 'maturity's' geniuses, like the three year old, a budding 'language genius,' growing at enormous rates soon into the world of linguistics, from 'talk-talk' to exerpta to mastering essay or exemplum. We too are two years old emotionally? Living a life of abundance, especially with the words you entertain. 'Scat, scat to the scarcity thinking of a 'Dr. Evil,' the Adversary, Descartes' evil genius.'

Give to yourself, give to others, and give the wealth of mind. 'Never mind the critics. Don't let the bastards get you down, roughly translated you will find.' She paused again free from the verge of pontificating, letting ideas hang over their heads. Technique. Educator's tool belt. What was the word? Organon. 'Not repertoire.' She broke the silence. 'Learning technicians, techno-word-industrialists. Information-overlords.'

'Experiment with the dual ideas, soul in a body and body in a soul. The dualities. Imagine yourself a body in a soul, the soul of writing.' Pause for sunsets. 'Learn from all fools. And imagine everyone is enlightened except yourself.' She starts to fantasize about an Argentine student and the last night, the nights with him, his oiled hair and graceful hands on the guitar playing 'Oceania.' Returns. 'Have grace. The grace of a yogi, of a Buddhist monk. Have unconditional love for your work.'

Say, 'I want to practice humility,' not 'Gimbel, the Fool,' and definitely not abandon flexible and open-minded 'Gumby,' a redefined, caressing humility, to take a day for a walk and imagine that everyone you come in contact with has Enlightenment.'

Imagine yourself in a strange land, a stranger in a strange land, where you are just beginning to speak the language, 'Hello, coffee with 'lcreme,' my apologies,' and standing like bamboo or willow, wind east to west, pride a quick lesson in humility and putting on airs. Yes, my name is No, Where is ... my room? Why? Bye.' Imagine why you are in a strange place just learning the language.' A beginner's mind. And an appropriate exercise. Everyone except you. Just one day. You are the stranger. Like an Enlightenment.

Open the doors to the rooms in your mind. Images. Images upon superimposed imaged images. Mend your life, like faded jeans, your favorite, gradually without a day being torn, in so many ways. Your life has to be your favorite. It wants to be. The energy that created your life wants it to be yours. Covetous ideas fall like seeds on barren soil. It is your only one. This is ... it. Stitches in bleu ribbon quilt time. Thoughts. See the diving board. Take the ladder. Let the tiny demons inside you raise you to a zenith. Practice your sitting. Meditation, mindfulness sitting. Practice your cerebral orgasms. The mind of a goatherd.

She said to herself on breath, stares, looking, onyx,

ebony, black cool eyes past the class, through the window at the back of the room. 'Practice your mind's intercourse. A spiritual coital exchange of energy.' Much more audible, 'Class dismissed.' She let them go and turned one last, 'On the journey, in the belief that there are more than the external stimuli and signposts to our reality, go. Go within. There is no other way.' GT40 has spoken.

Rachel. Love or Contempt?

We are meant to live in tents. 'No one would have suggested from evolutionary development that Man would think to live so closely for so long. It is counter the evolutionary process. Biblically we are not to hand down property generation after generation. Why? Only God possesses the land generation after generation. And it stops there?'

The people in a, say 'hometown construct,' this class, where one is oneself, not an image of what someone else thinks one is, not what someone else thinks one is, this freedom from contempt, are most themselves and nearer if not achieved at least momentarily self-actualization. Completeness, wholeness. Is this self-actualization momentary? Yes. No. And every exclusive town, that is, not a hometown, are those

strangers, too? Self-actualized or having the capacity? We walk amongst and upon the earth with xenophobics, insensitive beasts, fearful of the foreign people. 'And the foreigner shall bow.' Who invented boundaries? In this sense? That we are, primal, waiting to be uplifted to new heights of awareness, a sexual mind awareness harnessed to a higher shakra? That we are evolved, although tomorrow's Early Man. The future is existential. It is just not available at the moment, romantic notion nonetheless. A spiritual enlightenment, an awakening. Within. The only way. 'I am an enviro-organism. We are enviro-organisms, commingling safe at home in our rooms, open doors.' 'I carry love.'

She waited by the door. Singled out a bleary-eyed. To the north is wear she lived. In a town named Aurora with its cozy January snowstorms. 'There may be a gift in a crisis in the future.' Back rhythms. We controversial 'neoTownies,' 'towners' living in the caravan, tent-dwellers as it should be, were, live in the moment, drifting dangerously to the past, more and more, free, freer from being borderliners, borderline depressives by being present, staying present in the moment. Learned optimism and counter, rust reacting, optimism reacting with moths.

Discretely? We were the bad boys' progeny of nineteen twenties.

A time before a dark time, say. To look forward to an obscurity. To tease and taunt and play and tease. 'Life never let's your mind truly sleep.' Walking to the library she let the thoughts continue, watching, mindful of mind. Another voice said, a gypsy, 'She foretold the future. See and feel the rose petals.' She thought about Marc Film and dreams of a documentary of May Fourth, the shootings and the community and its healing and the healing process, making her way through the doors of the library, to the elevator.

Remembering images. Buried in the library she remembered a game another eighth grader and she would play. It was called 'Library.' 'Truth or lie?' 'Lie.' 'Spell it.' 'L-i.' Spell it. 'B-r-a.' Then she put her hand under her silk brassiere in the archives alone and began to moan. He was beginning as well to remember the directions, rules to the game. And the consequences of each move.

Later that evening, somewhere else on campus. Vonnegut talks about humanitarianism.

Breebunz was home writing out sexual fantasies (entitled 'Hungry,' w.t.) when Ursula walked in, tattered jeans, cosmic, planetary-paisley patches sown with love, bellbottoms split and frayed, boob tube neon lime. Slits across her derriere. Nipples hard. Flush areolar blushing and sensitiveness. Softly. Sensitive, sensual moans. Softly silence. I never tore my jeans on the sabbath. Goat said, 'I never thought improving my sex life would improve my sex life.' Bree giggled in a womanly manner. His manners. Where had he left his manners? Next move. You first. 'Success breeds success. Such is marital bliss.'

Somewhere, off in the distance. 'We cannot have thinking in the classroom. Und der we cannot have der original ideas for an original thesis. Not der truly original idea. We shall not have peace during war and der giving of der Nobel Peace Prize.' That was heavy. It could have gone either way. Peace Prize. During Wartime. Interpretation of the recipient. One who thrives in war. Or one who is a bright point amidst another darkness. Posit. It is the unjust who thrives in injustice. It is a wealth who thrives in wealth, of sorts of many, the abundance.

Needless Else?

'Still mind no-hears, no-sees, a bird hopping to brunch in no-movement.' She finds a place near Bree Alexis. Heathers answers, 'Did the tree move or the wind? Neither. Mind. Nothing's left to write anymore. Been there? It's just a rearrangement of the alphabet afterwards while, a collection, a topology, symbols pushed without meaning? I'm going to e-mail Elliott-the-Hippie Sandals and tell him I'm a racecar driver and I'm starting to see the road move, not the car.' 'That the lights are on.' 'That is a very old utterance. It must constitute itself as wisdom. An idea.'

She continued. 'I'm not feeling promiscuous. Help me, Daddy. Bail time. It's time to celebrate my last race. He'd make such a good therapist. For the over forty mind. And 'racecar' spelled backwards is 'racecar.' Palindrome Pleasure Domes.' 'Tit.' 'An abbreviation for 'title?' 'Tit for tat. Tittle-tale.' 'So. Fun and games and funny responses bring out the mind of a comic and one's troupe of one sort.'

Someone cheerie-ohhhs, 'Ohio.' 'Ohio?' "Pen-palindromic,' near-palindromicdelia. Pen-insula, near-insulated, pen-ultimate, near-ultimate, next to

the last, annually. 'Pen-annuals,' per-annuals, like a behaviour, planted, once a year. Perennials.' 'Penultimate.' Next to the last, ultimately. Ersatz. One and the many.' 'Quebec?' Nah. You have to be forty with a sense of humor to enjoy that. Yes. A town of many people. Every body chemistry in its element. The machine.

Caveat.

Elliott and Marc Que decided to open a cafe, the Grub Street Cafe, found as part of setting in a British(?) literary work(s?). They rented a 'hot spot' downtown, about a ten minute walk from campus. Guttled. They sat in the empty space Indian style with their journals to write down the flood of creative ideas. Speakers here. Collection of collectors' cups their. Skylight. Unisex bathroom. A meditation first to think clearly.

Machines. Pastry windows. Tables. Futons. Outlets for laptops. Kitchen. Dishwashing area. Spice rack. Chalkboard for 'd'jour.' On and on. They got sidetracked from their business, their fledgling claims to entrepreneurship. Elliott, 'I am wondering where my article is that I had written in 1986, for a psycholinguistics journal. 'The board

does remind oneself to let go of the past.'

It was on the marble top last, next to my last photo album project, 'Faces in Mirrors.' Last week after the Lebanese house cleaners were finished.' It had gotten silent and Marc had said, 'Panties for your thoughts.' 'What a jokester. You sweet arse. That's a term of endearment, you know. Let me kiss you. Jolly Joker. Card.' Pause and playful kiss. 'You are so neutral. You are so feminine. You are so feline.'

E.J. Kahn, Jr. Sadly Is Not the Only Magazine Writer and its Consequences.

'Article on what? A, an, the, indefinite, definite article?' 'Mood and relative conditioning, aromatherapy and relative conditioning too. Impact of the Mood Ring on Society. On Society, capital "O" emphasis?' 'Noches.' A crossword puzzle seems to be a type of cerebral examination, so to speak. 'When one is handing a Times. One is said to have 'passed' a test. Does one measure?' And for estella noches ... ?

Having Had To Account for What I Accounted It Was a Good Year. At Least a Good Week. Rach's Boundary Problem.

That behaviours are separate from a person. 'And the Rabbinical Commentaries on Choker Necklaces.' 'You're a dream to me.' 'Didn't you write something on memory stimulus and response? I forget? Misplaced the neural pathways temporarily, I should say. It was rather not vague. And en vogue. I am remembering.' 'It will come to you. And the environ and mood relation, relationships and positive reinforcement.

How would a sabbath starting late effect the length of time of the sabbath? With the idea not to hurry the sabbath along. Flat affect for a moment. No way did Carii and Kelse, the Lesbio-Dynamic Duo take anything. They've been with you for two years without a hitch. Everything spotless. Tight arses and all.' Pause. No kisses. 'You are the one who waited to say 'why.'"

'The Seattle Riot of 1999 and 2000, the Northwest's answer/response to the Thirty Year War-May Fourth Kent State Riots, Conflict/War Internal. The Haman Revolt involving the blaming, pointing the finger at, upon himam, 'himam,' a word for a muslim priest, instead of 'Haman' of a Syria of the past, the revolt lasting from nineteen eighty through two thousand two.'

What are the commonalities? Why are there commonalities? What about a Code Forty discernment?

That stuff is borderline personality disorder just to talk about it? Traumatic stress? Seeing through the past in some neurotic, Rod Serling's Twilight Zone way. Add oppression. Felt? Perhaps an obviate, an experience unlike any other, especially when the twilight is closing upon the oppression, and in an amidst one is even leaving that nether state, into the liberties, the freedoms of a sabbath, a sabbath unlike any other. Memories of Marc were like Serling's astronaut. 'Hero or menace? An astronaut returns-- and threatens earth and its inhabitants.' 'It was a matter of sides. The question is of fair boundaries?'

What Were My Transgressions?

Slowly to a walk. Slowly to a study. Walking. 'Clear your mind for a while.' Pause is a button on a machine. 'Within.' Pause and then unable to hold cynicism. 'Nerve Gassing and the Four Noble Truths of Buddhism.' 'Article in the New Yorker. Read it. 'And zen, random distributions

of positive reinforcement and efficacy of closeness-time constraint to the fundamental reinforcement of peer reinforcement.' 'It was the western Indian Jews again. Getting along in their 'pond.'

'It would make a contributing article. Push rewards and Pavlov a sec. The Mob's influence on the Union, police on the take, was behind the Seattle Environment Protests. The Mob and the Men in Blue. 'Always seemed, ... got between the Mob and the Men in Blue.' Dylan. Whistle-blowing? Reporting a crime in the community. Knowing the consequences? It's just that nobody wants to talk about it? Nobody has proved it yet. It might have been ... in the heart of it all. 'T-h-e a-n-g-e-r is a-n-o-t-h-e-r c-h-a-n-n-e-l. Isn't it 'Dr. No?' 'Oh, no, Bond, James Bond. A wonderful day to walk our scorpions, isn't it?' 'We die by our acts, or our acts take our lives? From or by our sins? Ah. Yes.' 'It is a joyous day when the yoke is no longer upon us.' 'Tomorrow I will tell you. I will tell you this. Make it two days. 'Do you want to know my sexual history? History does not exist. It is in the past.' 'Meanwhile I will be solemn.' 'That joke could kill you.'

Their local paper called them a 'harmless social group.' Abetting. Yea, yes, if breaking knees is a social function. Is that what a 'civil' servant would do? Stop. 'Expect a chicken to be something other than a chicken?' Pause. 'They would get together to 'anti-socialize,' on sprees of mild and mild starch white-collar corruption, professionals, bankers, doctors, judges. 'Who were 'they?'' More specifically.'

Little random acts of injustice here and there. Adds up.' 'The Democratic Party always does try to cover for the Mob. If that doesn't work, the Catholic Church has historically done the covering up. 'Hey, they try. Then there is a hiccup in the system, the organisation. A certain Intelligence is required.'

'They just aren't really good at it. That is all. It's like you can't go to school for it. It's all a priori. Hard Knocks. They have that in common with a grassroots 'American Medical Association.' What do you get when you breed the two?

Pharmaceutical Wars. It's sneaky ground for conspiracy theory territory. As soon as two people are involved on the defendant's side, it's, you might as well call it, a conspiracy.' 'Kind of Kennedy-

esque.' 'There is a say, common belief that there was an energy. One would not argue there was also a hurricane and its eye.' One perspective is that there is just one big conspiracy, that it rolls through time, adverse people, various people, groups of people. Playing roles.

Difficulty Equates a Poverty?

'Why is that so difficult ..., why is that so difficult to see?' 'No one wants to stick his neck out. And if you mention the 'C' word, you are labeled 'mildly borderline paranoid. As guilty as, dare a conspirator.' Might as well consider yourself discredited as an 'expert witness' in court reduced to 'street person status,' forgive the expression, humanitarian, a dog without rights. A 'two birds' 'conspiracy.' The would-be assassin was hated. He was wanted dead by many. He was hated to the point of being eliminated from society. Resentment in theory and practical reality causes, leads to an accident or accidents. That is the more favourable. Another is the resentment led or bled into, crossing the line, say into direct action of commands to murder. It is only limitations of the United States law that distinguishes the two. The fields of psychology,

socio-cognitive programming, socio-behavioural, endless others in interpretation leads one to conclude 'It is better to be killed, than to kill.' An endless resolve? One can be hunted, threatened, stalked. Again there is comfort in G_d loving the persecuted. That G_d hates the persecutor. Who from zero to one is guilty? A 'continuous' answer for a seeming infinite sequence of events. And perhaps not seeming.

Else-ways.

Only the Left believe it, and the right wing conservatives are in the ivory towers, scoffing at the ludicrousness of it all. And you'll end up in the streets, if the Mob gets wind of it.' 'Let's take a break. Let's get a sense of humor here.'

'Even Lefties have rights. How's that? Gauche?'
'The back wards are filled with witnesses to the Mafioso. Like an endless supply of talented alcoholics. Talented nonetheless and incomparable. Even the Midwest isn't safe. Even outside Chicago. Seriously. Stronger in the 'broken' areas. A broken urban psyche? Or stronger? Like music. Measure, dare a posit. We are paying for the people before us. Anyway,

blow it off. Bree Alexis is probably back home waiting for you, wet and a bottle of Cognac and some early Miles.' 'Don't even speak about it now.'

Time Slips, Panties Slip Off.

She slid her hand up his thigh, and he kissed the nuzzle of her neck.

'Don't tell me because it hurts.' In disgust. 'The American law schools flunk any papers that dare question the authorities?' Pauses as he grabs the cheeks of her arse, massaging Bree Alexa.

'They've got the pace-setting antiSemitic Harvard for a role model' The Brit brought to point. 'It's rather old buildings and courtyard. It is difficult to think such is antiSemitic.' 'It is that interpretation that leads to a concreteness, of such, a concreteness of term that will eliminate said antiSemitism.' 'One might refer to a calendar.' 'We are lucky it is the beginningeh of the year.' 'Yes, a fine September.' 'They are turning out Attorney 'Cheeks' Turners.' 'And they turn into American judges. With nobody looking over them. That's why the criminal justice system is in crisis.' 'It's no international secret that the

American judicial system is a failure.' 'Why don't they just throw everyone into therapy? Not to knock therapy.' 'The Federal Nations' level is in good sorts. The grassroots, you see. They are nonprofessionals. Besides and not only that they are wrong at too high a frequency. By a nature they are removed from mainstream's justice. As well the economy. That is where the effort is in need. The universities have a human resource pool. One cannot argue, where injustice begins. Still. One would want an educated person.' 'It is about wrongful aggressions and the blonde. The gene pool is a certain way. Blondes are predicted, predicted extinct in two hundred plus or minus years.' 'It, a social phenomenon for a woman to dye her hair. That is where we are winning?'

From the Union and the loose bribes and auxiliary police/militant-types even to teachers' strikes to put the diversion-blindness on the general public with cunning diversion after criminal diversion. Thirza, 'Like I said, forget it already. It's losing the war and battle at the same time. Got to be another way. Besides apathy. There is a world order. Is that inclusive as subset no world order? To the Queen Her Majesty.'

Rachel. 'Yea, that article was loaded, like a panacea word salad. Maybe needed a little stuffiness. Drily with the seasons. They want everything targeted like western medicine. Dare we say, 'bullet?' One cannot look at a woman without a bully, nothing more than a sociopath, to go mauling after her. Never mind. I'm too eastern for publication.' 'Don't let the bastards get you down.' 'They are nothing, and' He stops and shoots down the last of his organic coffee. Near-audible scoff-hisses. 'Let's change the channel.' Getting home he has a woman looming about. 'Animal transgressions?'

She, 'We oughta set up a writers' club in the cafe.' 'Oh yea. What type of wood? Old joke. Like the page, a woman to 'sweet pine.' Like espy code.' 'Got any sleep last night?' 'Completely near-failure-waste-of-time.' 'Look at contemptuous White-Water-Saxophone Clinton and WhiteWater Hillary.' 'Let's drop it.' 'They keep repeating the same mistakes, a sign of political psychoses, exacerbations, ... , expecting something differently as the outcome.' 'There are political prisoners from backwards to homelessness and homeless shelters.' 'A shame to saxophonists, ...

and other horn players.'

Much more so at another time.

Gnus dreamt of flying goats and long-legged elephants, Ghandi, melting Rolodexes, yes Rolodexes, nudist colonies, Pakistani harems, ant farms, and purple sunlit stained glass. They both fell asleep that night with dreams of sugar plum coffee cups and Channukah Channukaman bringing bagels from Israel. Finally asleep. Trading dreams night by night. Gnus Gruppen. A Yiddish word? Gruppen? 'Kheh. That is that, that is that. Kh. That is that. That's that.'

Marc Vancouver Films wakes them up in the dream. Albert Einstein in Wonderland. 'Too much diversity for you two clowns. Now you must for being naughty, naughty, figure a mathematical model on the 'Applications and Expectations of Charitable Deeds Concerning Two Thousand Gallons of Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream.' 'Obviously that is not Albert.' 'That was a librarian in archives. You know how that is.' An old college prof that they both had had, well-fed to be polite, donning a purple nightcap with white trim and

beard had come to them in their dreams. A romantic, a never-ending helpless romantic, coral outside the reef. 'The special and general theory, specifically the general.' Begins. 'If we pick up a stone and then let it go, why does it fall to the ground? The usual answer ... : Because it is attracted We shall only mention that with its aid (a) phenomena can be theoretically represented much more satisfactorily than without it, and this applies to particularly to the transmission of ... waves. The effects of (a) gravitation also are regarded in an analogous manner.' Albert (in Wonderland). That's the electromagnetic energy. A certain character went about having a satisfactory 'sex' life, a romantic one in fact. Maslov's hierarchy was built on drives. Our minds are driven by drive.

Certain Consequences.

His voice, 'Have you been smoking the shaman's sage again?' Lucidity came knocking. The business had been dreamt by a giant turtle on a Ninja turtle's back atop another and so-on-so-forth, thousands of years ago, and now the dream police were putting the final touches down on canvas.' The prof's voice again, 'Creativity isn't necessarily

making stuff up. It's getting it down.'

In the clay, the canvas, journal, studio tape. Life's weird this way.' 'Weird-o-o-u.' 'That's your depression. Buried hurt. Buried anger. Rather flowering. Lotus petals? Nevertheless. It's when your dreams match the sofa. Then, ..., weird, man. Weird.' Elliott Gnu and Marc were able to communicate like this in their sleep. Bree Alexis (who has been wet for Gnu Goat since the ninth grade) or Heathers Mood Ring nearby sharing the ethereal space too. And El Gnu. 'Due to circumstances, the final exam will be one week later.' Hence his long term relationship with her when she met up with him in college.

And Briecheeserz and even Rachel and Ursula and Wool-Sweaters-Heathers' twin that died at birth. Their Indian Guru Rajdev said that it was a good sign, a good business partnership will come to fruition, good fortune. Dhan-gi. Joy and ghee and glee. Einstein was running around seeing it happen, getting his daily bicycling aerobic time in, saying what was happening was 'okay.' Mistakenly someone turned on the television. 'No. The image is still not there. That was the contrast.' 'I don't know. This looks educational.' 'Maybe we

ought to 'monitor' our input.' "Screen' our input.'
'Yes. Read.'

Broadcaster, 'Madmen saying the Jewish people
started the Holocaust, ... in America in '2000.'
That's the vulg- .' It was Jerry Garcia's reincarnate?
'Buy Ben and Jerry's.' Reaching for Frankl. Goat,
'Progress is a turtle's illusion.' 'Gotta turn some
thoughts to gold, man.'

A company stock split somewhere NASDAQ-
wise. 'It's like whenst acting stops being about
acting and becomes being about fame. It is about
the work, the work as a tonic for the people.
That's entering the pathogen. Brainstorms and
brainwaves and mindmaps and business plans
surfacing from subconsciousness, setbacks and
obstacles occurred. And then Elliott was letting it
pile up, to get a better perspective, picked up his
oboe and played for a few weeks. Got away.
That's the circulation for the brain. The
circulation in the mind.

Merger with a well-known press, trying a solo

career in one venture in the mainstream nipped at his heels. He saw himself reading to an editor and venture capitalist via electronic, didn't like it, cyberpower lunches, lunch pads, cyberpower-naps, telecom strategical sexual encounters. In fact he saw himself as a legend in his own mind. Got it? Electron taps and tapes. Two reasons for doing something or not doing something. I want to, or I don't want to. That's it. Academien News comes on. 'That's the circulation of the world.' Communications. Simply communications.

Jerry Garcia files on the Sociology and Psyche programme again. In Britain a band, the Dead, translated. And a brief segment on T. Blair's former band of merry people, a point of intent from a conspirator or two. 'Frequency and distribution groups (extrinsic) and the mapping of the individual efforts within a positive support group imaged as the topological structure, the Klein bottle imagery model straight in-is-out-out-is-in with its correlated Yugoslavean learning techniques peer supported and interjections of largo movements with constant exposure to baroque rhythms for the pedagogical period and the positive effects on memory AND mood are investigated. Smokestack lightning.' Progression,

streamlined, advancing technological-industrial artwork, 'craftsmanship.' The fine art of the art of the craft-work. 'That's the chord translation.'
'Something.'

El Gnu Goat's voice was calm and confident. 'Hold on a little longer with the monkey-mind prehensile tail, take the time to steep in the Quantum Soup, comprehend.' 'The primate is a legend in his own mind. First within.' His climbing background was really hard cash, pay down, at times like these, on the table. Garcia fades/pans in. 'It doesn't lie in the art gallery. It lies in making the art. Lovingkindness product-service art.' 'If one doesn't react, one is reacting cognitively?'

Maximizing positive (money in) reinforcements, denoted 'R,' (classifying positive effects on memory as 'S' for 'stimulus,' zen cause and effect) and minimizing (by ignoring) negative behaviours (extinction) finding classes and geographies of learning techniques in the twenty-first century and a reversal of the supreme court decision of *Griggs v Duke Power* in 1971 (intelligence cannot be a

factor for an employer seeking a candidate) will lead to a global socialist government similar to the socialism in Sweden during the 1960s. 'What about the consequences? All the professors on skid row and geniuses that can't seem to get ahead?'

Classes of learning styles will be holistic in nature and interdisciplinary. Extending into depth and broadness primarily through post-academy graduate classification with atypical positives onto positives (reinforcement and behaviour, respectively, (again an 'R' for reinforcement)) leading to autonomy and non-codependence of contemporary self-help techniques bridge the gaps that were once overlooked.'

Jerry fades out. Images and source dilemma again. Perhaps a second generation, twice generated. Then the radio starts this amazing run of songs. Cosmic Thing, the B52s, ' ... Shake your honey buns! Shake! Don't let it rest on the President's desk. Rock the house!' It must be something like the unusual, although meaningful, custom of shaking a chicken over your head, an old Jewish custom. A Jewish custom considered old. As opposed to a new Jewish custom which

would be a Jewish custom which is new. New.
Particularly popular during the ... in particularly ...

Topaz tune, same band follows, 'New cities by the
sea. Skyscrapers are winking. Some Hills are
never seen. The Universe expanding.' Jerry and
Bob Weir et al, ' ... It's the same story the crow
told me. It's the only one he knows. Like the
morning sun you come, and like the wind you go.
... .' These were stepping stones, stones in their
own right. There were other stepping stones.
There were classical stepping stones, inclusive.
Inclusive of a generalized jester, courtyard, and
stories. A philosopher and his pages, so to speak.

Ersatz? Don McLean and his 'And the jester sang
for the King and Queen, in a coat he borrowed
from James Dean and a voice that came from you
and me.' Jazz. Joni Mitchell, moderately bright
feel, moderately Jamaican, city-scape, growing
population, a city alive. ' ... Yes, I do I love you. I
swear on the buildings above I do! I swear on a
billion yellow and T.V. blue windows. ... ' A warm
heartedness of a 'Sweet Baby' James Taylor and
his poetic soulfulness come on the air, through

medium, timbres 'in moment,' stepping stone,
stepping stones, images, 'Paris's rooftops were
lovely to see, and Switzerland's vertical landscape
crossed my mind's eye just now. ... I've been away,
but that's all over now. Say I can stay for October
now. Stay awhile, ... and play.' Mind's source?
Lonely boy singing, 'My Great-grandmother was a
Baptist. She wore a flowered dress. My Great-
grandmother was a Baptist. Lord, ... be blessed.'

Continuing cascades. 'A gardner's daughter
stopped me on my way, ...We'll find a dry place
under the sky with a flower for a bed. And for my
joy I will give you a boy with a moon and a star on
his head.' Cat Stevens. Jerry Garcia picks up
his guitar in his grave studio and does a blues-y
medley of these songs. Lovely. Microstories. An
actual genre. Monumental. Lives spent by
expression, sharing, giving, feeding the machine, a
form of craft-work for an art-forum, the mindset.
A mind-set. Contentment.

'Be free from the thought that the world is going to
rule you.' 'Concept yieeee, change.' Heavy, heady,
techno-article/journal babble. 'It comes down to
you, and zen*headstrongness.'

Sociological phenomenons. Watch breath and breathe through it. Post-doc Elliott knew that he had written this at an art festival now or hash-bash or recital, now he remembers. Events differ from moments. That is what some would like to believe. In either Ann Arbor or Copenhagen. And where he was at the time is another question. He was Pro Drug Free. News of Art reads, 'International task force with crystal method of horse's tail whacks the target in bust.' Article, 'Painter finds new perspective on image of sculpture inclusive of modifiers.' "What a spanner in the wheels,' articulately mumbled.' 'Overcomes local dilemma, obstacle.' What did the laws state were not cruel and unusual punishment for this Les Miserable-esque case? Six days a week, a general sense of a 'fifty-two' weeks a year his yoke, the brush? Six years. And a sabbatical.

Later, a few weeks. 'Indian analgesics are fine, as long as we're not at the Craving Caves Mud Cafe.' 'He only needed to remember the potion and magic word. Was it? Cecile B. D'Mille to remember ... ?' Spellbinding. 'The guy, the boxer, and the brothers moving to northern Italy' Bree Alexis-Libido-in-Estrus and ruttish Gnu

watched the international film. In nature there are
few if any cases of monogamy. It just isn't
pragmatic. 'I have control ... of your ... mind.'

The Society showed weekly, and it put it on with
only a two dollar ticket. At an old front campus
auditorium. 'Undercover. I owed him. That is an
expression. For Ferroeuvidiglianiatti.' 'Set up like
a Tuesday afternoon at two post, meridiem
bowling pin.' 'I'm at the edge of my seat watching
the 'three-hundred games reruns-tapes.'" Laughs?
'Blooming where we're 'planted,' so to speak. 'It is
a matter of a society being at arms with an
antisocial community?'

This 'cheesy,' a 'cheesy' plant from the 'Tomato
that Ate Cleveland' comes onto the set. 'Cheesy' as
in a 'cheesy' comic. I can taste the burning rubber
in the back of my throat, L.A. or Akron.' 'The
pins will fall.' 'Tin' soldiers.' 'The strike will come.'

'Los Angeles is a mess. Ephemeral. Moves,
politically for improving the society.' 'See L.A.'

'L.A. clubs, cafes, distributions of intelligent
people. North Hollywood transcient states.'
'Scare tactics of the beasts.' 'I thought this film,
tittle-tattle said it was titular.'

Gnu Goat mentions he just got a new concert grand piano at the house. Film dialogue continues, 'They barks and growl and threaten your life away, your livelihood, your living. Til you can't make an honest dime. Thieves.' Near-naked librarian with big-round sixties glasses, next to nothing lenses, white blouse unbuttoned at the top to see the occasional nipple, at the bottom to see her navel, skirt hiked up, top of beige hosiery's wide elastic band at the thigh visible. The allusion of beige was primordial, a courting ritual.

Containment? Allusive? 'The chase?' The vibrations were humming. 'The screen whirred by like a nineteen seventy-one Playboy. Comfortably. Familiar.' 'As a Gran Prix driver, I wouldn't mind leaving some rubber tire on her track.'

She breaks the moment, 'His Gemini-June birth personality always left him in conflict of dualities. Buy into academe.' Banner flies by screen, 'This has been a paid advertisement.' Cuts back to the pleasant you-gotta-like-them hooligans. 'Buy. Don't buy. The Scotland Yard has an undercover agent, a Scottish mobster, kills for cheap. He was an undercover informant in reality. 'In the forest, many trees have fallen.'

Diet of 'haggis' for the 'undercover student,'
'haggish' for the professor. Tears of rage?
'Tangible ideas.' Gangsters starting to sound
intellectual. The intangible? Those dark glasses
lend you a look. It's a rating. Haggish. Haggis.
Teacher. Student. A magic kind of medicine.
Comfortably paying the bill. Comfort. Order.
Delectability. Ease. Skull and Bones code of
sorts.

Individual direction and her techniques and
extending from 'self-'help, applied philosophy, ... ,
to autonomous individuals forming peers'
supportive/grassroots organizations with open and
free and liberal mainstreaming without walls in
the docile group aid the preventive techniques,
techniques to eliminate re-cyclical, recycling
negative behaviours (whoever thought college and
graduate school was going to be like this?)
Remember the campus of 1966? Is that a 'cafe'
order.), behaviours not unlike the main characters
in 1984, the book, or Clockwork Orange.

What is counter to control? America, France,
their liberties? Canada? A Parliamentary

'anarchy' amongst well-bred individuals. A dream.
Long live well, and well and good the Queen.
Choices and the awareness of alternatives, to know
there are choices, options, to minimize or
maximize or optimize, to practice free will, the
optimal, to realise pre-destiny is really a clinical
hallucination, yes, ... , anyways, ... are freedoms
from the caste system, whitecaps, if we dare say, in
its hidden guises of education, career plans by
government and not by choice, not even choice of
government, justice systems (and look at the
nationalist 'western' medicine and its cell groups of
'holocaustic' practices, its monopolising over
alternative choices/medicine, (retro? what about
Sweden's new court systems, privatised?)
geography, diet, activity level controlled by
government television with her identity cleansing
(We can make your life comfortable, mindless,
yes, but comfortable'), and other medias, control
by and free membership to Big Brother Guild,
Your Cyber-Community Social Imbibe and Bribe
Group-(We'll break your motherboard's knees, if
you are complacent and noncompliant.), radio,
e.g., and entertainment resources. 'Aargh.' 'Even
Snoopy gets a rest on his doghouse, and self-
respect.' Art. Fair. Expression.

Everyone is ideally a unique individual, a lovingkindness-individual. Celebration of the creativity in the individual and its expression will be free from the 'walls that a prison make.' 'Walls that do not a prison make.' Creatives will be closer to a higher existence and a or the Creator. As the Jews had many gods. And one God. As the many gods of a Mayan culture. Type-T personalities, risk taker-limit pushers, have a greater response factor and higher incidence of success. Psychometric tools will globally be accepted and standardized, and validity will be brought to a respectable number of approaches to the Perennialist's Absolute Truth. A Mother Earth. Extended to a larger goddess. Of 'astronomical' proportions.

The future is in an existing state. Political? It is just not available in the present. At the present. Global harmony will surface, thrive, and abound.

Maybe not twenty years late. Maybe fifty or one hundred years late. Until it reaches 'the television' and is 'real.' 'Cyber-Thought Police must find new work. It's career switch time.' The boxer ends it.

Hey, besides you gotta like those Scotland Yard guys.

One third to a half of them are Scandinavian, Italian or French. That's the Norm. They just don't now it? Or they don't let you know it. Security. The sharpest, most brilliant minds in the world. Well-bred. All due to a healthy diet and a multivitamin. 'I heard Sean Connery is advertising pasta sauce in Parisienne television.' The editor looks at his screen and responds, 'Hmmm.' 'We are hoping for freedom from resentment with putting words in one's 'mouth.' Pro-actively. Before the action. Contractual. The construct does not have life until halfway through the womb.' 'Contractual, like the Gran Prix and her sexy grip and waves of a highly tuned machine, a mind. Screen. Liquid. Crystal. Diode-ic. Monitor. Pixel-ia. Blue. This will sell like Mad magazine and hot peppers in Annapurna.' Elliotkoshka called Breezerzvette and sighed. The Price of a vase. A vessel.

Goat Chagall dropped a bag of money at a pauper's door when no one was looking. Rick Wakeman plays piano at courtyards on campuses, colleges, universities. 'I can afford that,' he said. 'Coq.' Chicken. The piano movers were pushed, 'nicked the leg or a bit of cracking the piano's headboard. It was still playable. A tuning of a

'diacid,' dialectical on one key. Two resonating notes on three strings, 'harmonic,' like a clock's chime, London's bells. Metallic, crystal.' 'Anti-sound-environmentalists.' 'Borderline psychopaths' actions leading to a walk through a Al's Wonderland.' Dah. Jah. Yes.

Gaela Jyaegejlroq ('Wish I had Seinfeld's tenacity,' she always said.) from younger days, Algerian, another state of mind, (Her past never got in her way. Dead concerts, rather lively, turned to networking and fun. Winding roads everyday. From physical to cerebral. Every day a ball of yarn, direction and unraveling how? The only way it was supposed to, ... or things would have been different. Like an ice cream bar melting to a watch. It is a matter of inventing imagination games.

Advancements in sciences. Early Man had proteins, sugars, salts in his diet, other psycho-actives? Drug experimentations came into being, into evolving brain research and nootropic development, funded by 'the Aging Brains Group,' chemicals, chemical soups to enhance cognitive activity. Vitamins and herbs, naturopathy, zinc, E, ginkgo, ginseng, gotu kola, astragalus, choline, fish

oil's omegas, on and on.), (Gaela) came into his office, forced herself upon him, and the next thing he knew he was sucking on her fingers which tasted of womanhood. Touchstone: 'It is the fool who passes (by) a lesson.' It's a matter of a private and secured life. No matter the infinitesimal.

Hers? Who knew with this tigress. She had toured with the Dead, selling shirts, in the 'latter days,' post 'Touch of Grey,' some alternative bands hired her for promotion, and majoring in marketing, ads, and accounting had grown dull, obtuse. 'So this is supposed to liven up her academic career?' Thinking.

Even the hippies have their rules. What defines a hippie? Are we all somewhat in some way hippies? Rules like on a climb, the moment is the crux is the summit, the apex, that's the 'belay ledge.'

She had a job working for her father too, a bundle of love-y-dub Daddy's girl to be there when his books didn't balance or sales expectations were off, you know. A love, a woman's male affection. Mom, the removed from the family mild, functioning-at-the-functions chocoholic. 'Gotta

hear some Laurie Anderson, S. Crowe.
Contemporary experimental, rather commercial
university radio. And a white woman singing the
blues mode new alternative, as in a creative.
Wordsmith and Poetess the 'Shake.'

'I don't know?' 'The Goddess of Pop.' 'Athiene,
that's right. You're Greek, hmmm. Second
generation barely?' 'Dispersion.' Another student,
Athena Kavrinsdertigreberg, had met him at a
yogurt stand, and he had bought in his best Dutch
accent ... 'Yaourt?' 'It's kind of like ordering wine
in French,' breaking the mood, any tension.
Today I alter my mood by the sun and sky. And a
lexicon of words and finally stillness. She was
fluent in several languages. 'Your last name is
Stromberg?' 'Jes, das ist true. Vech. 'Ramanajuan'
Stormberg. From the west Indian Scandinavians.
Diaspora.' 'Yes. Dispersion.'

He had the kava kava, she, vanilla and echinacea
with Gotu Kola health yogurt. Sitting down I
jumped into 'top of my mind gear.' 'To give
intellectual intercourse, to make the soul bigger, to
see holism as Frankl's 'Man is Bigger than the
Psyche, Soul, Mind.' 'It is a matter of populating

the world with ideas.' Somewhere in the back of his mind was that this shouldn't be happening here. Oughten not, shouldn't, couldn't, wouldn't. Not be happening maybe at all.

But just to get his hands on her waist. He couldn't believe her talents, as a seamstress. Reduce this goddess to animal. To share lower shakras with commingling juices. The very and very back of his mind, have you. No one seemed to notice, and grades weren't involved. It had been a few semesters hadn't it? Besides, with the graduate faculty, well, some anyway, this was a common problem, nothing deviant. We weren't the first, not last. The creative juices were flowing.

Yours truly that 'Madonna uses a mixing board.'

The same thing everywhere. Termed by endearment Athenasnik was in a sophomoric 'undecided major, B plus average,' 'A maybe 'why-we-are-living-is-to-see-why-we-are-living,' obsessive thought dancing around,' she said. Her voice. The maturing young woman's voice. Range from child to sexual prowess throatiness of primal urge. I awoke. Visions of tall ships danced through my head. Two passing ships. The night. Rules.

Even the grandfather of hippies, Fritz Perls, founder of Gestalt Therapy, had rules. 'Starboard tack has right of way.' That can be an open 'gestalt' or issue. And closed, surmounted 'obstacle.'

Reading the wind. You want it for you. You do not know how it will affect your children? Of the first of May. A journal entry of Einstein's fifty-third cousin. 'I took two parts yellow and three parts green and went sailing after playing the violin and calling the relatives.'

'Grateful to hear it, going to take spring off and work at a resort hotel on the ocean? That sounds eventful. You'll be so far way. And Istanbul is so dirty in the winter.' He thought about a certain hotel manager somewhere, couldn't pinpoint it in the Etat Unisedathekh. That is a state of mind.

And 'the hotel management,' that shortchanged him, stiffed him for fifteen hundred when he was 'playing a jazz lounge.' Romping finesse.

He thought of an L.A. pool and a certain lifeguard that had befriended him, given him tips on his butterfly. 'Coming About.' The sailboat changing directions. A rest at the port authority, a dock.

Ships like books like women like a project. 'She slid her foot sans shoe up my thigh to my crotch waiting for me to become aroused.' 'I'd like to see your piano.' 'Exactly what?' 'Didn't she?' I responded in the third person to her. She responded, 'Like thus?' 'I like a cowgirl and a desert.' 'Especially when you come out of the desert and can't tell by one's clothes.' 'They are all something to be pleasantly attentive.'

Slides her hand under her bra releases her breast and the loose button-collar shirt reveals a nipple, Mediterranean patina. In Mexico. Bribes 'under the table.' The Mediterranean people are known for bribes as a part of business. Do you mean business?' 'You did live with, through discotheque didn't you?' she says. 'I taught social psychology too. Better be careful. Fair warning.' 'Social psychology isn't dead. It's a past time, a group effort, a tea time in the archives, a thesis or two of social-organizational psychology, of sorts.'

Bribes under the table. Sensual intoxication and the imbibing. Elliott dreamt of the sixties revolution and the liberation of lovemaking and peaceful demonstration. Love-ins and Hugh

Hefner, sex parties and liberalism.

With All Due Respect, When Due.

'Quad Erat' 'What?' she asked. 'If I speak a Latin-based language, a romance language, while we are impassioned does that make you my Latin lover? Or just a Dead Language experience? Perhaps that wasn't quite what I meant, er.' 'Quad Erat Demonstrandum,' he sighed hand on her mildly firm, womanly cheek. He began reciting Icelandic punk band lyrics. 'I am crying out.' 'That which was to be shown. Demonstrated?' 'I would call that expression 'procreation.'" 'Yes.'

Yours truly that 'There is a season.',
Goat.

"When the Revolution takes place" 'The Peacenik * Love Demonstration was ... racing for takes, experimental film real world, reels, sex shakras ache. Give the proceeds to the socialist kings. Kissing areolar rings. Tolkien sings scat, Trombone man and Tokyo Kat King of Jazz hides behind piano.'

Gnu later to a therapist reliving it, 'I remember doing it under the piano, the grand he had been talking about with the nick, in the living room, on an oriental rug, blue and cream and some dark cranberry pattern, off-white fringe at the two long ends, with the Mediterranean nubile, kneading her breasts, reaching, she guiding him in, massaging his arse, him rolling over and letting her dominate for a while. Goat had in common a vitality for life with analysts. They both were active with stories. Goat with his life, livelihood, the analysts, listening to others' stories, problems. Both hard work.'

'They managed to have him enter from the side, casually and the pace, slowed the pace to ... what is it ... largo? It all seemed so surreal under the piano, almost childish, hiding, hoping the Old English keyboard instructor wouldn't find them.'

It wasn't the same reliving it. It was distant somehow. 'I don't know how the brain doesn't know the difference. I mean emotionally.' 'There was an astral occurrence. Musical, astronomical orchestration.' 'When the baroque reached into a galaxy of a dominant klezmer field.' 'Izmir is dirty...

... in the winter.'

Gothic, French, movie poster fonts, injustices in the arts, bibliotherapy for the masses, social acceptance, influence on society, the peculiar word with colon 'po:' (as in 'suppose' or 'repose' and 'poetry,' 'posit'), highly sensitive persons diagnosis and religion, the misplaced query in her youth, and the French word 'ouvre' made up a list Ms. Breegley had made up for her students. 'Question authority. Question the 'posit.'

In records he had only read about, a New York wine country's untamed lover (it had been noted that he pronounced 'over,' as 'ouvre.' Like 'cover' in French. This mild accent was aphrodisiac to certain women. It was his great-great-great-great uncle. 'In my spaceship I am laughing.' Where had he heard that, read it?

The compact disk player produces anachronological soundscapes to the room of collectors' posters, a window open threatens to blow off the graphic design artefacts on his drawing table, his idea board covers the rest of the constructs where Mizz Breez Aleksez and he had been working. Her panties rested on the lamp

base, residue of their lovemaking, it's polished aluminum, cold, hard, inorganic contrasting with the leopard-print panties, and their warmth, silkiness, and orgasmic reminder. Lampshades at the academy were of this nature. Time and sound. Frequency of colours and patterns. Images and meaning. Dimensionless elements.

The exercise was to use the list to generate ideas for a short story in the style of Donald Barthelme.

Most-must-read-ut-most. She put the master in her leather 'law bag,' with a copy of Utne Reader, a particular ninety-seven percent, equated with a seventy plus percent another measure, a pass at the doctoral level, on the positive take, celebrity-free issue, July-August apostrophe ninety-six issue, had article 'Attack of the Faux Feminists' in it, Utne's picture of 'Healer with Hand Mudra' (eerie) with caption 'If you want to be strong and healthy, listen to your body.' A constructive critic composes oneself. More a supportive therapist. Still one composes oneself.

'Learn from your life and don't allow negative emotions to manifest in your body. It's not individual health you work for. Your body is a microcosm of the earth itself. Take care of your

body and you take care of the earth.' Jacota Rai,
healer.

And there was 'an Underground novel or two,'
pulp-cover-torn-scores of Stravinskii graphic art
and working title, about laundry etiquette analogies
in cyberspace manuscript, (like lit crit book,
'Shopping in Space,') 'Hoped the Machine Wasn't
Down.' She stopped in front of the bookstore
waiting for the bus. 'What is this? A Woody
Allen scene?'

Residual Thoughts Plural of Computer.

Time and sound to dimensionless elements. The
programme, programming, in its austere form, a
cascading of decision making, a number of
stepping stones, countable, in a being state of
moment, flow, along chart-image manifesting itself
as an existence, a being, sentient, sensed, felt, with
measure, immeasurable.

'Don't Stand So Close to Me' played through the
speakers. Sunny Ade and Afrikaan drums
followed on the college station. 'Harvard was
declared anti-Semitic and on probation until

September twenty-ninth. 2-0-0-2. No one
benefits.'

It was fairly empty, the campus the courtyards, this
time of the semester and afternoon. Eerie in
some ways. A burrito wrapper tumbled across the
courtyard like sagebrush through a ghost town.

Someone was marching with folk guitar. 'Walking
Blues Line,' he said. Another geology student.
'Dig it, Man. Whoa-man. Dig it. Like a rolling
stone. Mother Earth. Strata. Nature's mineral
waters. Rock. Universe set. Planetary gears of
the mindset. Study. Oils. Cafe Perco-lation Test.
Common grounds. Archeology's sister field. Lava
dome kingdom. Crux of a climb, crust of the
hearty and robustus. Field work. Grids.
Resourcefulness.' She felt a little flush thinking
about one of her Saturday students. 'No one
noticed,' she thought and showed her
identification card to the driver. She sat down and
started to feel the warmth in her loins, getting
excited, wet. The laminated card showed her in a
much more innocent time. She was craving a
man. It started to rain. The Civil Engineers were
a group of scholars, some mathematicians doing
research of infinite magnitude in valuation and

topographies., electronic musicians studying
soundscapes similarly yet distinct and
distinguished, never leaving their offices unless
kindly asked.

The Coldness of the Rain Was an Awakening.

'Hard rain is going to fall.' she said to her new
neighbour, quoting the Dylan. He smiled and
made a peace sign. She couldn't tell if it was in
mockery. He had on a Bennington sweatshirt.
Hard to tell. Like winter's first rain, refreshing and
awakening. Full of love, free of fear, of any
paranoia, free of paranoia. Full of love. It began
to storm, an unbridled passion. Torrid.

'Coffee Monkeys Need a Raincoat' played in her
office. Los Angeles band. Still couldn't believe
the band Television was from the seventies. She
felt (may say?) 'gratefulsomely' old to have seen
what she did. In gratitude. 'Lighten up the mood,
and let me get you an iced decaf decadent.' Her
office-mate had the alternative station on. "De-
ginsengated' herbal tea?" 'That's the go of it, the
flyer.' An old leather, brow-beaten armchair rests
in the meeting of the vertices and vortices and

edges, a restful corner of the world.

It took a second to explain the usage of 'alternative?' A filmscript written in conjunction with Waterlieu Oars and Doors Records (actually tapes and compact disks) and the Micro-Alpine-Stories Club Writers' Club (rules hold for a master sleuth's psyche?) along with Garage TV, two scenes made into a musi-vidi caught Thirza Sensual Sexpot Heathers-cette's eye. One-hundred twenty pages of script. She had placed an ad in an electronic newspaper, and it was one of the responses. This was one of the responses.

A few South American newspapers ('regular' top fold, 'O,' ergo), revolutionists' yellow,' littered, say, any of the space for visual aesthetic sanity. It started, the script, 'If we had lived our lives honestly, our lives would heal.' Viscott. Cut to giant right-side-down ice-cream-cone monster with poster paint face and respective cone-head. Film reeling, footage. On an accompanying compact disk, as well. Filmed where? South America.

'Now the Revolution must heal. Don't turn

around. There are spider webs with Queen Echno waiting for your YKK flies, Sartre's coffee at the cafe with his biographical dead flies, caricature and characters, little women, juicy librarians-when-I-grow-up-after-I-throw-pots.' Then a list ran across the screen pixels. (Bottom of the screen, 'judicious' in the world languages 'flashing-morphologising.')

Creatives will rule the world with their creations. Like and unlike the history of Mankind. New Product. New Services. New Ideas. New Governments. New Inventions. New Movies, Films. New Intellectual INFORMATION. New history books. New FAQs (frequently asked questions). New Questions, rather not asked oft-times. New Crossword Puzzles and Anagrams. New Definitions. New Studies.

'Is this making you want to find your erogenous zones of the mind, reach musky-lunatic-fringe-orgasm-to-the-edge-of-the-mind? Run away from graduate or professional school and be a B-movie star. There is money in it. Lots of pesos. Aztec and her treasures. Montezuma's gold. People you will find as assets.'

Now You Say Liszt, ... Was a Musician.

List: Sting, James Taylor, Carrie Fisher, A. Lincoln, Virginia Woolf, Eugene O'Neill, Beethoven, Patty Duke, Michael Farady, Ernest Hemingway, Michaelangelo, Silvia Plath, Winston Churchill, Vivien Leigh, Isaac Newton, Vincent Van Gogh, Edgar Allen Poe, John Keats, Leo Tolstoy, Robert Schumann, Vaslov Nijinsky.

Did we say, 'Patty Duke' (excuse Artist Equity and guild political incorrectness). Rod Serling reads, 'The preceding was from a recent poster promoting emotional health, an awareness and the effects of environment. Persons with disorders, with bipolar, contributing 'drunks,' with schizoaffective, with obsessive-compulsive disorder, with clinical depression, with a displaced-homeless status, with post-traumatic stress, with borderline personality, with neuroses, people with anxiety and high anxiety, ..., geniuses denied their deserved credit. Enough to drive anyone mad.

'Schizophrenogenic' communities, social 'schizophrenogenic' conditions, not giving credit for these humanitarians' works. Serling is standing in a dimly lit room with 'modelle aeroplanes' about, as if an aerial attack has surreally occurred. A mature Brit woman is with him. The setting

England. And thanks to the work of Dr. David Viscott, L.A. psychiatrist, things are changing. Dr. Viscott, 'There are many geniuses that can't seem to get ahead, and professors on skid row.' Meanwhile at a London's rural airfield, a show is taking place. Scale pylon racer for the avid, dare say hobbyist. The professional. Title of the episode The Professional. Starred Tony Blair and Iain. And American world professional champion scale pylon racer of the world of the universe, Don 'Action Mode' Staulsberg.

Tim Curry in somber-mindstate wearing men's clothing except for an alleged cravat. 'Treat the cause, and not the symptom.' Impersonator, actor, vampire hobbyist. BMW, Bavarian Motor Works, 'Bimmer' Thyme. 'We must stop listening to the Cure on our drive to work. We are doctors and naturopaths. We are to find the cure. This is leading to near mild cases of road rage. Zero to minimal tolerance. Pick up the coronet instead, say seven in the evening, before you go off to play practice. Barbaric devices removed? The curtain. Don't you feel better already. And remember, you are your own guru.' Then the shocker bleeps in. Americans at one time in a Golden Age were avid hobbyists.

Productive citizens enjoying some good, quality time with the family. Like the Cleavers. There was something about being an American then. And you knew where you stood when you were in America. You were in America. Nonetheless international relations unfolded, and even haikus and foreign languages were once again taught in the schools. Something like that. People, yes, even enjoyed foreign films, AND could hold on to their heritage. A maturity. In this game of life, a game of skill, someone, somewhere placed a 'neutral' card on the board.

'People with stigmatized diseases have enriched our lives. (Did THEY know that? No? That drives anybody after a while to the snake-pits.

'After Van Gogh's year two thousand show in Detroit, the Detroit Institute of Art, ... , it was criminal what happened to him in his life. In Paris he had at most one show. I don't think he had any in his lifetime. Where were the humanitarians?

To live in poverty, the snake-pits.' Have we evolved, we must ask ourselves? A maturity of the evolution in medicine? In society? How does one look at disease? Wellness? Healing? Cure?

Treatment? Taking say, responsibility for one's health? Respecting one's health. Letting others go

about respecting theirs. Humanity. The Human Race. A Humanitarianism. It might as an adult mean letting go of a toxic god. In a state of acceptance obtaining a completeness and wholeness. Wholeness, whole, holism, healing, health, wholesomeness, 'complete and whole, as you are.' Hope, optimism.

How would you like to have your works be worth millions, and there you are with nothing to make the rent? Evil genius speaks, 'No money for you.

Undeserving talent.' Reads subtitles in Turkish: 'These people have experienced one of the major mental dis-eases of schizophrenia, paranoia and/or bipolar disorder, clinical depression.' Discomfort.

Dis-comfort. Dis-ease. Disease. Wellness.

Rod Serling turns his head into the darkness, turns back with an Alfred Hitchcock rubber mask on.

A photograph, a book cover of Groucho M. et al on the wall. Everyone dreamt naturally, crystalline that night. It was only known in a few, a handful of, common circles. Goat was an Israeli self-publisher. His most popular, although arguably not his better, work was his biography of Serling.

It made him a mint.

The next day, late morning before their early
afternoon lectures at the Mild Goats
Breejungienne met with a Humanitarians
International rep, was consulted, and Thirza
Heathereudva agreed. It was time. It had come
to term. Into 'being an idea' to 'will' to 'can' to
'action,' a special committee group was formed.

Everything was understood. And industrial
espionage was once again under control for a short
while anyways.

Many of the artists, composers, writers are either
'bipolar' or some such romantic character flaw.
'It's that artistic downtime to flurry of creativity in
the studio.' 'When I was young I dreamt ... that
people would be used like automaton
commodities. It was after my grand-mother had
told me the stories of the Holocaust.' 'It wasn't
necessarily a pleasant dream. An awakening
dream. To remember.'

Lessons that hit us cold, blind-sided, unexpected
'broadside,' not to have negative connotations with
the sacred automobile, were what Breebi-Doll-
Gustav-Jung and Thirzevecha HeatherSigmandi-
Doll-Freud wanted to express, some documentary-

shockumentary ideas onto the film, the acetate,
the brushed-under-the-carpet lessons so
overlooked down the ages. King David was
probably the only or most glorified lunatic, and he
was faking it in the prison of his adversary. To
believe sober of mind what happened, who knows
what happened? Overtly? Adversary?

She brought up some ideas from another poster.
Bree-ders didn't care for poverty, injustice, or
ignorance. The stigma was overwhelming. She
wanted to get the word out to overwhelming
'everyone.'

'Note your goals, for the Better Lofts and Society
Garden, for they will expire in the year 2-0-0-2.
And humbly, silently, and systematically answer
the call, work toward them anyway, the Higher
Purpose of 1984.' She imagined an artist
balancing an easel on a goalpost. 'Don't be afraid
to take the healthy risks.' And humility is not
humiliation. If you want a lesson in humility,
practice pride.

'Imagined a writer who equates writing with
drinking, reaching for proverbial shot glass and

nonfilter cigarette and stopped at the personal computer monitor with 'N-O, N-O, N-O, I am Big Brother.' The glass and the fag no longer serve the purpose.

Blinking on and off in 'modelle auto- miniature' orange replaced with a Salvadore Dali-melting effect of pianist, floating on the screen, in concert, shadows melting on the cyberscape running and a second way running into a composer, the creative, beautiful people becoming the energy of their works, at a terminal producing a palette of sensuality, olfactory the medium, the printer spitting out pages of scents with time lapse hand trails extending the cosmic, orgasmic Universe. The piano scene was there. All of it. 'Sixties' orange.

Later the following Memorial Day weekend. 'Yes,' she looked, Thirza-tee Heathersgah Forbes, ready to face some remarks that she had written to herself during the year, 'But why not write that letter to Tony Blair?' 'Why not?' The list continued revealing her doubts. 'I am never alone.' She pauses looking at the film society work-up of a poster for next year, sipping kava kava. 'I can't feel my tongue. Write an essay on

this. List authors, songwriters that keep her company.'

'Look at this. Eight cotton tee-shirts. Secular interpretation.' She hoped that they could work out the international copyright problems. Walked from the couch to the microwave to make some coffee. She started fantasizing about Dr. Viscott and a couch, his couch. And talking with him for hours when finally she removes her clothing, straddles his lap, and simply inserts her tongue in his ear. 'That is what I have been saying.' Goat feels the 'psychic' energy in the air. Picks up her panties and pin-stripe pants and jacket and leaves, no bra or blouse and finds the elevator. He chases after her, professionally. 'Every loss has meaning,' he says handing her the flimsy stockings.

Looks out the window. 'It must be lightning somewhere.'

This makes her hotter, wetter, more wanting to engage in intercourse. In the elevator they re-engage, heavier this time. She has developed the fifty minute orgasm. Pause in the action. Glides in. 'This ... is what I have been saying. Any novel honestly written ... has nothing to 'worry' about.'

Pause. Flare out in pilot-talk with a landing. He speaks, she doesn't care what he says anymore, just that he is with her. Heavy breathing. She no longer wants to please him by being the good little girl in therapy. She wants only to please herself to reach, be on a path to self-actualization. She is now her own guru. It was just a matter of the 'countably infinite' and womanhood. Manhood. Humanity.

The not-for-profit group would help her work out details of all the quotes that got out of hand. She felt weak for some reason. And awkward. 'The Buddha was dead anyway, right?' Unfortunate advantage. She contacted the company that made the film posters, and they were glad to help. 'That was another puzzle.' 'Arising the question, obstacle, 'a buddha amongst buddhas.'

She was on her ivory French replica phone. 'I live on the block that wants a better world. Near the Hudson, a river you can never step into twice the same way. Where do you live?' It's three ante merid here. I do my best thinking then. Let's roll with it. I'll pick you up. Last go for a drive downtown? And let's see how it turns out in a few weeks. Put a 'hold' on anything too quick.' 'Met a

young-at-heart windsurfer near abouts. Good,
solid reader of the wind. Dancing on the
Kennedy Curse, cases relative to 'bodies' of water.
A good, orderly-wise sense of direction.' Journal.
Had left the three and a half file in the car while
stopping for a hike by the lakes this January day.
What on the path was remembered a cold file.

'It's when you are alone in the dark knowing that
you are enough, as you are.' Like the cowboy who
meets the rock star. Heading west and on the
road* tour impertinent? 'We did this to get here.'
'And this is what they say. 'Leap and the net will
appear.'" Thinking to himself. 'The publicity
couldn't hurt.' The list went on. 'Don't work for
power or money alone. Do work that saves your
soul and helps you sleep at night.' 'I work to save
my soul. I work to help me sleep at night.' It is
difficult when Satan dressed as an angel is
beckoning at your door. Nevertheless. Your
dreams of composing (and holding onto your
hearing as long as you can), keeping your hands
free from injuries (to perform and write), to sleep
soundly, healthfully, long enough. To have
dreams that lead to dreams.

'I know, you want to be a painter and God wants

you to sling hash.' Gets comical. 'On the 'Liszt,' the Chopin-Shopping 'list,' we get a Handl on our lives.' She thought again of koans, monk-puzzles, and no-mind and no-being. Selflessness. 'Don't give up. To be vulgar it gets hard and ugly before it gets beautiful *better* good *satisfying. Good. Fulfilling. Like good sex.'

It sounded like some sound advice. 'You are a closet New Ager, aren't you.' She saw the notes on her cork-board. 'Continue learning and improving the brain, first within, then Society of Mind, Tentacle/Octopus Mind-Within.' She thought of images, composing, to dub with the ideas, and drew doodles and blanks, so she just continued. 'Sound advise, tubular.'

'Something will come,' she thought. 'Something will come along.' 'Remember that you are human and an integral part of the human race.' 'America, love it or leave it.' 'Remember that you have to love 'it' before you can cleanly, clearly leave it.' Lots of dehumanisation around these days. Yes? 'Where you are, isn't where you end up.' 'Count 'gratefuls.'" 'Clear skies.' Action has reward. Gratitude for the moment has reward.

It came as no surprise that her attorney wanted to scratch the most-part of her ideas, even with the poster company's approval. Thirza Pining Heathercopyrights said, 'We can bury ourselves so deeply in the Greater Cause, nobody would know anyway. Give to yourself in little ways, and the universe will return a lot.' Plus, you gotta break a few rules now and then. 'If two wrongs don't make a right, try three. As they say in music, 'a third.'

'Forget the Ways and the Means. 'Where have I heard that before?' 'I can be, will be, ... , living in Pakistan as well as here for fifty dollars a month.'

'Hey, and I'm self-actualised.' 'It is from playing Venezuelan waltzes, jazz, six-eight.' Brie got into the lion pose, gentle exercise, her yoga practice. Thirzazoo Heathers got into the tub. Running an international business while she was juggling the university was hard work. Electronic violin propped in the corner. 'That's the shape of things to come.' Practicing tai chi.

Next afternoon. They decided to break for a while and take a hike on Fading Way Trace Trail.

They drove the twenty minutes into the 'country.'

Breeze and Thirza-Heather-In-The-Sky-Diamonds-Mondo heard a knocking, looked at

each other, and then spotted a red-headed woodpecker. 'Wow, like Woody Woodpecker when we were kids.' 'I love the smell of leaves. Of the woods.'

'Knock, knock, knocking on Heaven's door.'
Bree-Free-Wheeling Dylan quoting Bob Dylan was silent. The bird didn't like being watched and moved to the other side of the rotting branch, an elm riddled with holes. Freewheelin'and Pirsig wonders aloud, 'Are you a cyclic cycle-riding, gyrating peacenik *hipster?'

The two stood there, then Bree Mosfet turned a kissed T. Heathers. Heathers moaned and slipped her hand into Bree's underwear. 'An old joke. This is the garment district. Undergarment district.' They both laughed, giggling, noticing the humidity.

Bree had had so many by now.

Three days later. Bree Buddha asked Thirza Heather Student what she thought about Elliodttienue Odin. 'He's reliable, faithful, and frisky like a gnu-goat, a gnu crossed with a maternal goat, independent and smart, finishes what he starts out to do, sometimes too much, too often, like even if it took him seven years to get a liberal arts degree. And I spent most of my life

wanting to be tall and exotic looking.'

'He makes me forget that. (Pauses introspectively). Yes and no. Some causes are out of control, you know, ... are they worth ... ?' 'Yea.'

'And he remembers his roots, his history. No matter how much he disagrees with where he has been now. Everything on which he stands. Like a modern Ginsberg. Speaking Modern English.'

'Lessons come up. One can be direct and look for them. He's like some rock pinnacle sometimes. Examined life, a fully-lived life. Bold and fragile.' 'And he's in charge, a feeling of, sense of being in charge of his own attitude, with and without its rock/water logical. Borderline optimistic at worst.' 'Sometimes when he gets quiet, it's like he's listening for his 'genuine' self. Like waiting for a rock to speak. A river.'

'When nothing is there, he knows he's found it.'

'Holy Void of Form, stream-of-consciousness Catwoman.' 'This sounds like sales talk, ... and it is in a way. He lives in the present, his defined present, his account that slows down, includes plans for the future, hind-sights of the past now, and within him lives stillness in his ideal.'

'And he is so confident that he can make a change
with his life.' 'And he's such a great lover.'
'Attention to details, h-m-m-m.' 'Somewhere an
average of on a soap box former lovers would
vouch.' 'Soap rock opera star/alternative alpha
band member/ minxy sex-craving groupies
target/GentleM's Quarterly material/ Village Voice
ad model and writer/European windsurfer/Forbes
magazine photogenic editor/full professor at
Liberal Arts College America.'

'Reliable-cadence of words and lovingkindness
expressionism. ... I wanted a better word than
expressionism until I found ... a work of ... it had
to be Pochstein, 1881-1955?'

It was a Sunday. It had that quiet stillness of
Sunday, even with the train noises, a sense of
silence and quiet. Bree stood in the door of the
bathroom with a towel on her head. She was thin,
slender with a attractive, fleshy labia and a little
patch above. Small breasts in scale with her
slender model figure. She stopped posing silently
getting Thirz Heathers slightly damp.

Who said that for at least two days of 'studio
fasting' to leave the chaotic brush-stroke as 'one,'

'as is?' 'I don't think I can leave you as you are.'

Thirza G. Heathers made her way to her. She, they wound up on the floor, and tongues her labia, clitoris, working it, massaging her. Her blonde, curly hair only got curlier, like her lips. Described as 'ripped.'

Vincent Van said that the 'cafe is a place you can go crazy.' Ravenous Braeegen and Thirza Weatheredheathers Seasons, well-tempered look, stood with newspapers under their arms with looks of the same, deep green and cranberry, the clothes, pensive ponderings of puzzle technique.

Bree thinking aloud, mumbled 'avec,' ... 'miss my French class, German, some tinge of sadness.

Bree-ner said, 'I am feeling so mellowed, melancholy. Almost like a lotus layering petals of breath.' 'Gaw, in two days it is Saturday. I'm going to pick up a German verbs book. Take today off from it already. Count to seven? Count breath. Let's get some frozen yogurts and juices at the new smart bar/cafe on the corner.' 'Pretty smart. I am learning about cascading of events, the consequences of my acts.'

'It wasn't Satan. It was an angel. Last night I

dreamt I was David with an angel. How do I
know today I am not David with an angel
dreaming I am me?' 'Logical.' 'Electrical. 'E-
vulgade.' 'Vulg-ade' is a little-known punch that is
passed around, made from milk (that's the dairy),
ginger ale and the equivalent of powdered ginger,
some appropriate nutmeg, and cinnamon, and
salt, not the 'Vulgate' ('common' equates with the
Latin word near 'vulgar,' a translation). 'H-m-m-m,
oh, that now-deceased Garcia and living utterance,
a higher power for some. I can still see the
sunbursts. With assistance 'without?' were
noticeable auras for each, 'celes-stein.' 'That is the
book.' Okay, I am whole and complete for today.'
"Today. Even today, even so there is something
that says 'Beat.'" 'The Generation of Beat. In a
land that time and sound fell into the fad of history
always present.'

Their raincoats are unbuttoned, and their aura is
something slightly defeated, not as obvious, in
their postures. Like model's postures at the end of
the show. Still upright, slightly wilting. Like Bree's
lips after their lovemaking. 'It's the act, not the
person.' 'It's the behaviour.' Paused, like an
experiment, two rats one learning 'it is the wise
man who stops along the way.' The other to learn

wisdom from the other. From caring burdens.
'There is an anticipation.'

Astro-Marc, Goat's cousin from Texas, ...
Houston drove up from Cocoa Beach, Florida, in
'Astra,' a reconditioned 'Galaxy' Tour, Ford GT40,
looking relatively self-composed. Serling's
astronaut. And film director of sorts. Goat had
the Volvo 145 with epoxy paint and the odometer
that had an extra digits place. 'Tres retrospective-
tively. 'Most-ut.' To the GT40 'utmost.'" Last
summer he worked on getting it in near-mint.
Getting it on the spiritual path/road. Not to where
it was, something more. 'What's up?' 'Breezer's
mother Laurels called this morning. Bree's dad
might have skin cancer, some minor melanoma.'
'The Texas air would cure him in the wintertime.'
Astro Marc had handsome answers like that.
'Then we'll start him on vitamin therapy.' 'Hold
the Echinacea.'

They shared the bag of fresh bagels from the Juicy
Secrets and the Coffee Agents Booth. Gorilla was
manning it. He went by Gorilla because he was a
biologist at heart, a naturalist buff, not because of
his physical appearance. In fact he sort of looked
like Jane Goodall with his ponytail. He sold Vitz

and Wvitz bagels, the doughnut with a college education. 'Weren't we in Hawaii last year at this time?' 'Thank you for reminding me.' 'You're welcome.'

Hiked and headed to the Universalist Church craving sights of Matisse-like works. Rabbi Adamsteinern talked about remembering the Holocaust. Spielberg's at least fifty-second cousin was there taking questions. Big on solutions. Three answers for every question. Heathers couldn't get a song out of her head. 'Even downtown, voices carry.' She looked rather British today, a ruddy frailness. The Jewish studies goal was Holocaust Awareness this month. Each generation having its holocaust.

It turned out that it was nothing after all with her Dad after the family doctor had consulted a dermatologist. And they did some more tests just to make sure. The family doctor was tied up in courts, a near-medical fraud incident. He didn't want to take any chances. Plus he was going through a divorce.

Bree was like, 'Medical insurance, what's that?' Life as a student. Someone had complained

about the inbred medical community covering its own rectal exam, and its respective white-collar criminal activity and paranoia of 'closed' records from the patients, blah, blah, their unnecessary tests and experimentation on monkeys still and their 'borderline' test results, needing a second look, diversions for a field in crisis.

The classic psychiatric symptoms of the Diagnostics Stats Manual were consulted. Protests. 'They aren't like the Mob or Academe or the Movie Industry, only killing their own. They kill others, too.' Usually something is being hid. Some 'perfect' doctor can't reveal his mistakes. Anyway Heathers Bum and Bree Alexis made their way to the hospital to do their own 'check-up.' They sneaked into the administrators' wing going through files. 'I was catching a spy.'

It looked like someone had made a mistake, no one hurt, just defending a doctor's almighty image. They sneaked into the uniform room on the way out. Got into uniforms. Bree Alexis got on the latex glove. It was Heathers' turn for the pelvic exam. She rubbed the back wall of her vagina with her two fingers while she gave her a tongue bath-lashing. Bree says, 'Hitchcock says, 'I'll fix

you." 'About?'

They went at it for a while until they felt that were sure to get caught. They could flirt their way out.

Bree said, 'I wanted to be sure about the diagnosis,' rubbing her clitoris at hummingbird speed. The nurse's dress was over Heathers Coming hips. 'Is that alright to ask a second opinion?' And went at it with a second wind. Her tongue traced her lips, near her anus, her fingers massaging and pinching her nipples, her tongue teasingly finding her clitoris.

Two weeks later. Bree's grandfather Ansel had just passed away. It seemed like everyone had passed away this year. Bree Swami's hypnotist even died. Dr. Schuette had invented a technique that Barry Konikov had marketed to the bookstore chains. He was in his eighties. It was visualising an orange fluid coming up through your feet to your head, then leaving through finger tips, toes taking with it the negative energy.

A lawyer that had been taken on the patent, dying before justice got its wooden nickle's worth of the patent case. The courts were too far behind, full of myopic and closed-minded missing-the-points.

At the funeral she missed the academic life
somehow still. It was the feeling of
impermanence. Where was the feeling of keeping
an open mind?

Elliot Trotskii, the Always Larger than Life, was
looking at a list that his kid brother Trev Noggden
had made, things that he wanted to do with his life,
that he had left out. Surprisingly it was organised,
one year, two, five, ten year goals.

Clean out the van, do a run, printout of a novel,
take an inventory of the garage, figure out more
perils of technology not mentioned on OK
Computer, Radiohead, more 2Do's, see Alan
Freed, center stage in Blues for the Moondog,
make some more masses of postcards, work on
the sailboat, draw plans for an environ-awareness
electric car with 'fibreglas' Cheetah body, carbon
fiber fuselage, similar to the 60s Ford GT-40,
design/make a road bike faring, design a
'complacent' cabin, and contact Perry about
antique car restoration. Bentley Perry.

Get some artifacts to some archeologists. Sketch out a modern Walden Pond-commune film. Call Malibu. (A girl named, 'Malibu.')

Names people to call, write, stay over. Then he had a list of places to go alone. To go with people. The mall, the fashion museum, Ararat College's student show, Maenschtein's Gallery, the Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh, his business post box (Elliott had to give him credit. He wasn't all pipedream.), the framer's shop, and some hiking on land their father owned.

Trev-man, The Little Shag-man, wanted Elliott to invest in a bottled water company with him. Sell B-3 to health, head shops, through Yoga and High magazine and the like. Elliott thought that his father would do a 'first-flush' to Shane-Gates in the wet blanket category, iffen that he had ever had even heard of the idea that Dad wouldn't go for it. He could hear it now. Like a modern Wally on Leave It to Beaver.

Just what I needed, Beave. 'Word noise.' You are just what I needed, Toxic Beave-Guru. I needed someone with Higher Social Awareness, man.' Shag, the reminder of joyous, careless youth, was too smart for college, suffered through

it anyway. 'Four years to take one course, to take
'Entrepreneurs I.' He was autonomous for a kid
brother. He couldn't leave Bree alone, playful
advances and her flirting, crying 'lip-service.'
Wooie-wooie.

Uh-huh, h-m-m-m-m. Remembers Trev-Churchill
pontificating, 'And academia killing creativity,
freedom, free thought, advancing. Letting the
fruits of youth rot on the branch. Caustic burn.'
'Ouch, that hurts.' The degrading, 'There's not
much chance, only a few make it. You ought what
to try ... something else. Not to be disheartening.'

Back to the list. Building a writer's cottage seemed
like a good idea. Henry David's Pond?

The Adversary said, 'Want to get to Minskii? Say
Rosenfeldt twenty-three times.'

Territorial terra firma keeps a land surveyor on
the up and up. Above and beyond and eye level.

Running level. Who invented boundary lines,
property lines? The dramatists with their props?

Or pilots with their props? Was it biblical and
Moses and 'Thou shall not trespass.' Or the Early
Egyptians and their minstrel men with copyrights,

on their theatre props and text of plays, filled with many original lines. One-liners, gags, and early situational comedy dialogue?

Sunday night was writers' club night. 'The Club rules.' Fran showed up a little manic, hypomania from the Diagnostics Manual, from the high octane coffee. Caffeine neuroses in reality, high on a caffeine buzz, ('You really ought to try decaf, Madge, blah, blah, blau, blau What's gotten into Fran?'), one stepping-stone-path-Way-Tao-ness mindset from the fleeting ultimate legal high, sweetening and saccharine caffeine neurosis from the cappuccinos.

'Western rock logic tumbles. A scree slope slumber silences the approach trail quiet.' She paused, remarkably. 'Transplendidly' transpires, while Bo Diddley sings the blues, feeling certainly misused.' Coffee cups pounding down solid on the bar sounding more like tumblers. They got very little written that night. 'Goat, how did you get your name?' 'Man, well Mom and Dad were doing research in archeology, in Israel. Dad wanted to call me 'The Goat.' 'The alpha goat was chosen to balance one's sins by sacrifice. If one remembers, and who does not, the father

Abraham had a similar situation.'

The sacrifice idea I guess in the middle of their childless social and academic climbing and post-doctorate work. They were doing some eventful Rosetta work at the dig. Guttural and consonant shifts were hot in the research bed, new progress everyday. From French and German High-like-Norse to English shifts, vowels and borderline consonants were tapped out in the research field.

Of course Hebrew and Aramaic were foundation stones, so to speak. Some Egyptian and Syrian slipped in, despite the Maccabees deathbed wishes. Anyway the guttural 'g' as in 'goat' went to a 'gee,' 'en' then to a double 'en' in Spanish Ladino versions and other. That's where controversy came up. And 'y' like Dutch 'youart' before the English 'yogurt.' 'I need a Valerian root.'

Other words in the same classification: Guillame to Guian ('m' to 'n' similarities as in 'mnemonic' and 'Nmosyne, Goddess of Memory' to 'Guy' and 'William', proper name-wise.' "El' like you know is the masculine for definite article needs in Spanish. Mom has Moorish blood.' Pauses. The settled

for Goat. Said at forty they'll let me change it. '
'Other lines, masculine' and 'mask' or 'personality-
personae' have their lexical nets. I could go on all
night if we had enough coffee and spirulina.'
'Small hands harvested blue-green algae.'

Pause and black-light goes on, security, whilst
abetting narcotics agent lurks on the curb in
undercover car. Alluring Fran and Heathers go
up to him after watching him from behind the
drapes a while, screwing with his head. 'Want to
buy some Columbian, pure water decaf treatment.'
Pause. 'Look what I got. It's an artifact, for the
strobe light effect for the cerebral organ.'

Pulls out a coffee cup that say 'Female barbers give
good trim.' Barbershop pole paint. Slowly rotates
it. The Church.

Ten days later over coffees at their apartment,
Bree Alex and Heathers-Do-Me-Write. 'Doktor
Lovenamourlyblythely would 'die.'" 'You'd love it
in Berkeley, the research. There is a
learning/research institute in Germany in which he
is affiliated. The digs for 'kicks,' old cave paintings,
sandstone castles, 'progress.'" 'Oh, reality-bites

check.' 'There is research in the space *strata
between my ears these days.'

Pauses and goes to the cupboard to find the little
cups of French vanilla cream. 'Don't mention the
new 'zine, Pulp Research, a nonfiction review.'
'Creative writing, creative nonfiction inclusively, is
making the scene, woman, the cerebral 'stands.'

Like, quoting, 'Yogic standing, standing still, soft
breath catches dragonfly and blossom in one
universal humanitarian sharp cusp, soul rising
unexpectedly, bardo tsunami, covalently sharing
the field, bonding energy, strands of genetic
quantum soup, gummy rands of the climber's
shoes, with the sundown, of the physicist-observer
and noisy mind poet.' Stops, gets introspective
quietly enjoying the cerebral buzz.

Girlfriends pause after reading, listening, and
continued, bringing to an end the readings. Spent
from the mildly orgasmic experience. Puts on
Hendrix, 'Fly on, little wing.' So innocent. He was
so engrossed in his music to be otherwise.

One week later. They had been out to Blue

Wednesday, a jazz joint, smoke-free. Still thinking about Hendrix. 'He like did this pulse wave thing then he was done.. I think I walked around for a year 'being' that album.' Stopped in at the art school, someone showing some of their work in progress. Dancing bears talking. 'They were sometimes cross-eyed bear co-op roommates 'on the prowl.' Furry jazz-kats and catesses. One name. Art Tatum. Django Reinhardt. O-kat-kay-o, two.

'Healing fragmented rocks, slowly to speak as transient smashing 'rock-mouths,' dinosaurs with speech capabilities, crashing on the shores of frontier minds and lips of flakes, the bovine ambient works, ambient world, like a Buddhist Dutch farmer chopping wood for Van Gogh's frames and stretchers, carrying water and finding enlightenment, while O'Keefe paints tulips. It takes a thousand years for a rock to speak, ... river, tree? Solution left to the student.

Answer. Too contrived? Leave behind what's left behind. Did you say this can't happen to me?' Talking cartoon bears still. 'My Twenty-first-century Buddhist Lutheran Ms. L'Lyonmne. Welcome to the Congregation of Wharf-Rats.

Voo-doo children welcome. What I'm working
on now, what hits them dead in the chest.'
Dancing bears grab multivariate colour guitars and
begin playing Hendrix-jazz fusion version of 'All
Along the Watch Tower.' The curse? 'Curse me,
and be cursed by G_d, Void of Form.'

Seven thousand years ago. No-fence creates no-
boundary. Electronic communication from South
American pyramids to extraterrestrial stations-
satellites, honey and nectar trade, in the modern,
remembered city, galleries entertaining the non-
believers as freak show and glitter-scapes.

Teak-wooden frames, Norwegian frames of
reference, Odin rides the bus, a poster boy carries
a parcel. Odin can't wait to get home and chop
wood and carry water. A mutant bipedal shines
shoes. His uncle, the owner of the stand,
complains of his back. Second cousin is at a news
stand, running it. He has ties to Algiers. The
'zines, the magazines that made copy, hard-copy
then. In the younger days we were so bad, calling
them 'mags.' Digital-copy today? 'The same laws
hold from generation to generation, and yet today
a religion is not what it once was?'

Elliott's earlier ancestor Gudtev walked home in
the grey rain, memories of ancestors of Ursula,
Brie, H., Rachels, and Meg even, every other
Ameri-Euromindsets cerebral. Ms.
L'Lyonevmne, and Steve, Elliott wondering where
the box with his sheepskin was. 'It was there when
he moved.' 'Where was the 'Works in the
Canister,' manuscript inspired by Iggy Pop's early
ancestor.

'It all changed for me, cashed in my past for a
whole, new world.' 'Richest Man in Babylon kept
my hood after graduation?' Atlas, Goat's friend
that didn't come around much, 'Didn't know.'
Shrugged.

"Elliott' was the conventional of 'The Goat-El
Goat." Shane-the-Artful-Dodger entertained Bree.
'Like some Picasso something.' Bree sketched
minotaurs. Miles Davis and 'Kind of Blue,'
playing through the speaker cabinets Trev-the
Artisan made, really bringing home, representing
jazz. Kind of Blue. She listened, remembering
before, no prompts, the etymologies. It was quiet.
Like Picasso on the speaker circuit, a raging bull.

The jazz had made it quiet. The wind. Rustling tree leaves. 'In the garage, in the can I've gotten the most exquisite, erotica animations, very sexy, very sensual, they'll make love to you,' he shuffled along, blurring his words shyly, kicking an imaginary microphone stand, dreaming of his next film. Grape Juz Logique. Dedicated to Dr. Feynman. 'Wanna put on Lou Reed?' 'It really broke the mold, was a stretch.'

Orphan Man with Top Hat and Stick,
Seen from Behind.

Spiritual newsprint: Vincent found not
emotionally upset.

Thus spake Nietzsche,

'We live in a period of atomic chaos ... the terrible apparition ... the Nation State ... and the hunt for happiness will never be greater than when it must be caught between today and tomorrow; because the day after* tomorrow all hunting time may have come to an end altogether.'

What was to come? A whirling dervish*maelstrom of mind.?

Nietzsche and Jim Morrison are alike. When I heard what they had to say, well, they were not like anything else. I mean like 90s chunky, platform shoes. Architectural and elegant like that hiccup alternative band, Sea Monkeys.

Josh (Joshuaeva) and Gnu chomped on some homemade peanut butter and mushroom sandwiches. J., 'The sixth and the seventh books were written. On.' 'G., 'Such is a holy thought.'

Non-buddhist. The mushrooms making it so, not the peanuts. He had been reading advanced chemistry books about chemicals that are psychoactive. About lithium carbonate and its history, areas in the world with concentrations in the soil and water, all about geniuses and artists

and all of these people that made great contributions to the world with bipolar disorder, and modern sauna treatments with high levels of the salt. What is a matter of doing non-doing?
Doing nothing?

'It's a salt, like the salt, sodium chloride, on the table, but with a stigma. It's natural, alright. Some health spas have natural springs that contain high levels of the stuff. People come from all over to soak in the stuff. Art Buchwald takes it.' (Sea Monkeys are playing on the CD, 'We can't be forever young, and can't we be forever blessed?'
Guitar synthesiser riff.

'Sometimes you gotta depend on Mother Earth. And take a rest.') Up walks (Miqi) Guillam.
'These sandwiches are an invention of the wonderful, yet grandiose Duke of the Art of Internet' 'Huh?' 'You mean Duke of Sandwichen,' Josh said. More Sea Monkeys.
'No, no. I have never been laid so low in such a pro-o-vocative, mysterious way as the salt of today, earthly mellow tones, sweetened milk. Salt of stone.'

Blood descendant of William the Conquerour.

Miqi (from Izmir). 'How can I get rid of these hand trails, these lingering mind tours?' He moves, swears, babbles randomly?, 'Sodium, chromium, magnesium, potassium chromate used in photography and dyeing (lithium battery of a former model aeroplane builder/photographer), radium, Californium,' and takes a potassium chloride tablet saying, 'It takes the edge of Manic Mondays.' 'Who knew how?'

'Who knew what?' 'A most alluring disease.' 'And why?' 'And why what?' 'Who cared?' 'We live in a fragmented, fractal sea horse hippocampus of emotional storm (stallion fantasies of Bree are hidden away, safe? in her journal, or riding the smoothness of the lithium gelding), never broken, never tired by a clown and his rodeo? You tell me who and why and what. How, Dear God?' We are floundering in a sea of open systems of futility and fighting for air and open air cafes to boot up digital sounds, bath of chemicals.

A handle on the coffee cup.' 'O.K. You win. Hand's thrown in.' Sometimes Miqi, the sequentially mad and maddening genius just needed to be entertained by simplicity and dump logic in the proverbial garbage can.

Science,. Nature. The brain. The rocks or the water. Only way to get along outside the research institute. 'You guys are nonsense. Reality-based nonsense. The best at it.' They tried to see what else bonded with lithium, found in minerals, diet, herbs, 'What about these notes? Aspirin increases levels in the blood. Correlations? Their cell units organisational structures? Someone from the J. Community Center should do something.' Magnetic waves of an electronic musician. 'Acacia has her sea cliffs in Maine.' 'The 'googol-multi-plex' (ten to the tenth to the tenth power of zeroes after a one) of moments of connectedness of moves is a 'covalent bond.'" 'That's the physics and neuro-bioengineering of the metaphysics.' 'A multiplex.' 'To life. To life.'

We drifted back to Nietzsche's immortal words, to words of Bob Dylan, ' ... God said to Abraham, 'Kill me a son.' Abe said, 'Man, you must be putting me own.' God said, 'No.' Abe said, 'What?' God said, 'You can do what you want, but the next time that you see me, you'd better run.' ... , said, 'Out on Highway 61.'" Like a Sartre who is tempted not to write, to read N. and other philosophers whilst during warring nations?

I'm heading out on the Pirsig Bike *Mind-Hike Parkway from Marblehead near the Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame globally thinking. Road trip classic tune, Dylan's 'Highway 61.' Makes up for Mr. Jones and Desolation Row and its Darkness. Obscurity in a temporal sense. Relatively. Elliotts promised to look for some Sartre for a magazine prototype basis. Rachel sulkied in, sultry glitz eye-wear and seventies velvet, purple stretch top with an oval, elliptical neckline and opal beads (Opel matchbox necklace?) and hiphugger slacks and a long pause. Excitement was contained to a minimum. Although the aurora borealis was stunning beyond a refrain. Yogi softens the eyes.

Chunky shoes. French tee under arm. Women.

'The bees hummed 'buzzzzzzzzzz,' and 'drink my honey' and Winston Churchill's voice boomed on cue, reflecting off an oil painting rattling the frame of Vincent's, some poppies and butterflies floating.' 'Sting operation.' 'What was the article, 'How Was the Performance Piece?' 'Get a job, a real job, what, take away time from my art and writing, the part-time college teaching is enough, a matter of being sober with money, ... I sold an ink drawing last month? I am contributing more to

society this way. That is what socialism is all about.'

I have a higher calling-materialism drunkenness, materialism numbing my life so that it is bearable, gone awry-ly far-gone, and ideal-true capitalizing capitalism with tinges of pale fire socialism.'

'Okay. Have a sandwich. Have a Cuban cigar. Oats sportiva. Pure.' 'It's the same thing, like my life. Do it anyway. If you lose you win, and if you win, you win.' 'The French have one word for both work and study.' 'The sabbath is a matter of discerning.' 'A father-teacher, son-teacher, studies, a triunal matter.' 'Yet it is no time for sorting. All being one, then.' 'It is a father's duty to teach (the meaning) of the Torah to his son. 'Meaning' being part of a valence point of a triunal construct.'

'I'll just have a clove of garlic. I'm trying not to live life in the fast lane.' 'You little pill.' 'Are you still answering questions with questions and asking for questions with answers?' Paused. 'You with your distancing questions and more of your James Bond complexity of daisy chains? A structure. Yes. Not unlike a GT's wiring harness or the

valence points of something to eliminate the HIV virus. Else? We used to do that in the fourth grade, fourth grade logical discourse hidden by syntax, textbook for the semester, Introduction to Syntax with Applications to Dement Your Little Brother's Mind.' 'I prefer the horseradish to garlic.'

'Mainstream America gets to runabout to where for vacation in their almighty autos? They worked at it. Evolution of currency.' 'You have to prove Existentialism of 'Mainstream' first.' 'Definition. Technical. Axiomatic.' Dead-pan silence. Glitter on the mattress. Glitter on the bookshelves. Darting-Tongue-Heathers-in-Chunky-Shoes, the only thing else she has on is some musky perfume.

'I didn't know science could be so much fun.

Whoa, check out that trajectory. Hot rocket ships.' 'Sobering. I just got a brain wave impulse cascade event on the tiling failure of recent past futuristic ethereal evolution. Galaxy-gang warfare.'

'Back to the aural sensations and rejuvenating gyrations.'

Brie-Lust-Mouth, the same, Elliotts-Sportiva and Marc-Cannes-Film-Festival broke up the cerebral

mountain goat ramming. 'Lets have a Love-In.'
And a poster of N. facing A. Einstein. Dylan's 'R
U Cyc.' Witnessing the orgy of words. Love
Chant, seventies punk band that went nowhere
plays on the quartz lock dinosaur turntable,
'Psyche's a goddess. Unquote goddess. I want to
take her home, Tess. After she's been around
awhile. On the cold, cold, cold, ... T-I-L-E. After
we both get undressed.' Edgy guitar work.
Cosmos and the synthesizers' resonance of wave
theory.

Text continues. 'Botticelli paints while I'm
panting. Sister's in the closet writing art grants in,
... , the closet. S-T-O-P T-H-I-S S-E-T.' Harmless
cue cards, ... unless one were to get bonko-
bonkoed in the headnik.

'Text.' Goat talking, 'I always liked that term for
lyrics.' In European languages that is how it
translates. 'Text.' Adds coolness to it. Rather
than the school days sense 'text.' Rachel Lauren
laid a novel, scintillation of words, by Eric Ellis
Acker, a maitre d' at the Hobnail Bootup and
Bootsup, a restaurant and cafe, on the coffee
table, downloaded cybernetic from the Cambridge
Left. 'Cat's meow. Panther's pajama.' 'Digitally

dazzling.' 'Comfortable environ.'

Heard to say, 'Lefties have rights, too.' With you
mouth full of marbles. Danger, don't try this at
home. Vincent Albrechtaegnu discovers
genealogical evidence\artifacts that both his
mother and he of course are Jewish. The same
thinking that was used to write his award-winning
scholarly work on Beethoven was the same
thinking type, mode, way of this breakthrough.
Ambassadors Alperiti finds judiciary balance,
September twenty-ninth, and settles some
unsettling cases, the magistrate amongst
magistrates and barrister amongst barrister. Back
to Cambridge. A magistrate's magistrate. 'It brings
to attention the saying, 'Never go to court with a
judge.' From Jewish literature.' 'A puzzle to play
one's mind's wits.'

There had been a manuscript, written in the spring
of nineteen ninety-seven, literally beaten to Hell,
assumed by oral tradition, a town on the upper
third (southern) boundary of Central-East Africa.
A pathology of edits, simply an abuse, of toxic
criticisms. 'The most important day is today.'
Read on the page of gratitudes. 'Rather San
Francisc-o-ian, wouldn't you say?'' Right to left.

Left to right. A map showed the migration of Man for the last ten thousand years. That is the adroit to the syne, syne to adroit. Goat realised. He had quite his day job. And he always worked better at night. To lean on Sartre he chose the preferred evenings to cultivate and write his ideas. Only later did he write in the mornings at advantage with a more lucid thinking, clearer mind. One did not have to invent gratitude. It was a matter of practice. 'It 'makes me' want to build guitars.'

Designing for Scots and Horses.

Some hybridise a better oat. Nutty Professor Six-Sided-Plaid and his, yes, invaluable patent (The Aires-Humbly Matrices) for hexagonally shape titanium 'nuts' used for wedging in granite and dolomite, for technical rock-climbers had become the rage icon for the fashion industry. Blaire was in control of the grant writing. It was justified that the design would, well justify the Nash Equilibrium Theorem applications in solving world hunger and war. Not a better oatmeal? The papers couldn't get enough of the latest twist. Pattern.

Dreams. The helical snake. The ornithopter.
The first man to ride a horse. In motion while
standing still. The professor was delirious in his
own sober way.

There were even innocent white cotton panties
with the 'hexcentric' patterns in hot pink for the
prudish in the closet. Dancing over his head.

And woolen blankets. Other objects, with natural
fibers. An eccentric investor in horse racing
favoured the extreme sport as well as her
derivative climbing. He too was a buyer of the Six-
Sided Plaid. 'Yes, at first it was a little awkward,
like anything new is. Colours of various
combinations were permuted, until winning
combinations came about. With the horses it was
a matter of proper fit. Especially. Then the
orders didn't stop.' 'It was not unlike a used car
dealer when he's found the 'flow of traffic.' He
not only needed to remember to chose games of
skill over risk. He needed to practice it.' 'To
exercise a 'loan-word' 'loan-saying,' concept, made
up of words, which is an obviate, a saying of
words, might generate, might lead to an expression
without words and even expressing a saying, a
concept, ... 'It is a nut to crack. One says also, 'A

problem to solve.' ('Although it was rare for me to experience talking numbers until I reached the age of forty, at least cognitively.')

Professor Plaid had advised the aforementioned manuscript. He was having a time of it now, fighting off 'three modelles' and the rest of the respective crowd, the fashion journalist nubile, riding her talent on her way to the top, etcetera. It might as well have been Milan. The outlining patterns for 'plaid' skirts, the titanium nuts for earrings (they are rather light) making a (dare-we-say-it-climbers-excuse-us) splash. Last splash? God forbid that a model fall on the runway.

Professor Plaid at work on another paper. 'Now to know the translation of this music. Like DNA codes, binary and binary, yes, yes. Pause and a 'break unquote' in the surf. Someone needs to stand up for what's right in research,' 'Jewel dat, yes.' He was filled with enthusiasm, a residual affect of the fashion world publicity. 'Art,' he said, 'the ... (losing the connection between thinking and speaking as those deeper thinkers do every so once in an often.) creating, closer to the Creator.' 'Mysterious. This utterance of 'jewel.' What ever could the Brain of Brains have meant? It is not

unlike Fritz Perls. Perhaps he is the reincarnate.'
'Blue carbuncle?' 'The adventure?'

And with a businessman's grin, hoping his, for better 'scientist-ific' meaning won't not be, wouldn't be not lost or misconstrued, he finished his thought. A rather 'crux move,' as they say in the climbing world. 'The way I look at it, the Universe that is, the Creation, we have about a proverbial 'five-year-lease' on our 'lives-as-we-know them.' Pauses to pause. 'At best, like this flat.' Picks up a trombone and plays a solitary note. 'Only joking, my changeling.' Pauses. 'Ha!' 'A laughing buddha laughs. What would you expect a laughing buddha to do?'

A month later. Elliott is working out some details on a legal contract. As he signs the bottom line, his hair no longer is kempt. 'Wildebeastesqueish.'

Bree says standing at the bathroom door with white and buttoned collar only. The shirt is unbuttoned at the top to reveal her breasts, marvelous works of art, and unbuttoned at the bottom to reveal her little muff of hair and swollen, full labia. 'We have to stop this foolery about making up words with meanings.' 'I didn't know you felt this way. Your left hand. Ah.

Stop.'

'Fantast-ific.'

He doesn't break stride, except for blood surging to his loins, member becoming engulfed. 'Three working titles come to mind at the time. One, Bottom Line Signatures. Secondly, The Life Facing Us.' Rachel asks from the futon, 'What else? Tertiary?' 'Thirdly, And We Start.' 'Like in 'plan to start tomorrow, and you never get there.'

In unison. Bree's arse is pressed against the doorframe distorting the cheek's outline ever so slightly. 'Meaning and Perspective.' 'How is one to begin and continue on 'nothingness?' States of 'sets' of this 'nothingness?' Upon 'sets?' Lexical constructs, these 'sets,' of form discussing no form. From 'nothingness' is created the universe? Yes? Yes.'

Too begin, a God, Void of Form? In the ethereal. 'Sounds too 'therapy.'" 'All these years of self-help books, and I find I'm an highly sensitive person, an HSP, the majority residing in Sweden, Japan, and China, in the U.S. the elsewhere positive traits are considered negative. I'd rather stay in the strain.' 'Fifteen or twenty percent here, stateside, and that does seem high? It explains a lot.' B52s,

playing on the CD player, 'The Universe is expanding.' 'The universe of nothingness. It is delicate and resilient upon creation? Upon its existence? Before?'

Gets off-course. 'Universe, Uni-verse. Unison. One song.' Near obsessive, you've gotten to be in the academic world, breadth and depth of study.

Primarily depth past the master's level. Pesky, persistent daisy chains. 'So many things I cannot touch. Now come here, Bree Alexis, and let me take you over the arm of the couch.' 'You naughty koala bear.' 'I thought you would never ask.' 'Do you know an Olga?' 'Yes, and then yes.' He enters her from behind, left hand on a breast, right hand on the pulse of her clitoris. After some time.

N. the 'Aussieieni.' 'I must realise that when I am all out of faith,' that that is when I have faith.' 'In my youth I once had an ant farm. My youth was misspent on my youth, where perhaps I am not alone. From a digress. The workers had formed a union, ... and a school. Earnest. Persistence. Ants that persisted. Those who did were a study, as well as those who did not.' 'Especially wonderful was the ant farm study on a sabbath.'

Next afternoon the mail comes. It's a card. 'To

give to you for it is so.' Bree's little sister writes her big sis. 'P.S. I think some boy likes me. The inner child of Sartre in Goat.'

Ursula. 'A Leningrad cowboy rodeo is what America is today.' Bree. 'Riding around with funny haircuts and bushy eyebrows of shading mind's eye.' 'What do you mean?' Rachel asks, almost cares. 'I have got a semi-seedy apartment with the smell of Old Europe, I wear funny hats, and one would rather be riding some horses so that I have intense, erotic dreams at night.'

Bree, 'Or better yet an old limousine with Biltmore champagne and independently wealthy lovers, giving, exchanging thoughts, riding over some strange, foreign plains, silver, mystical rivers, getting ideas, and for hours and days all of the buildings looking exactly the same, three stories tall, brick, eighteen fifties, business or residential, the restaurants where we stop, serving the same thing, herring and yogurt with cognac with multi-grain breads.' 'Notions, beau geste, the 'beaugeauouillesie,' the bourgeoisie, would take one to the Inquisition, to a noose or guillotine.'

'What happened to me?' I could find what happened to Paul Bourget, critic, poet, novelist,

and the town of Bourges, a city in central France.
At least hypothetically.' 'A 'good genius' perhaps.'
‘Seeing where one had been was a pleasant side-
effect of palindromic forms.’

Eight months later. The pitter-pat of Baby
Footsteps, little Goat in Bree Alexa's arms. And it
had been ten months. Reading Indian folklore to
him, Carlos C., explaining the escaping zest-for-
life-on-equal-terms with sentient beings, and nearly
losing consciousness Bree cuddled Little Gnu
Gnu. 'Sartre. The Sartre. Could I get a little
more Sartre here? I was pushing the Sartre.' C.
was only a moment.

Headlines. 'Bring back the days of the dollar
international and independent filmes.' Shaman
breath and dance (neighbours don't understand,
neither nor the drunk city police officer who in a
sense shames the department. With the empty-
calory nightstick threats that lead to no trials and
beatings). Love and its dilated pupils in love with
worlds lost and present boundless of a Rolex
watch's tick-tock-tick-tock-tock talking, black
enough eyes, forks in Man's road and society's
river, carving stone talking once every thousand

years-were you there for the comet?- and creation of walking, living past ghosts unlived lives. Life whole is a Rolex watch without the intoxicating label. 'Very dialectical cognitive 'cognitions.'

Spirit talks?. 'Ugh, you are so politically incorrect?

Green Party stands for grassroots democracy, social justice and equal opportunity, ecological wisdom, non-violence, decentralisation, community-based economics and economic justice, feminism and gender equality, respect for, understanding, and acceptance of diversity, personal and global responsibility, future focus and sustainable ability, sustenance and quality of life.

In need of an order. Wall Street Blues and Reds and Whites and her ups and downs, levels, graphs, curves, minimums and maximums, relative, cyclic stocks and Zen Day Trader, sober and solemn five year, blue chip stock. Nothing much was on the commerce channel. Manhattan beads counting the points. Slaughterhouse open for business. For pelts? Mink pelt? The equivalent of your luxury car's lease for three months. Jack Kahn of the New Yorker wrote in an autobiography about an organization supporting

the United States flag. Not to deter from an idea, he was led to believe it was a committee of one, an organization of this particular person. That would include him cleaning his office. An organization of this one person. He had what he had as beliefs and ideas. One being that the colors always being addressed blue, white, and red, in that order. E.J. Kahn, Jr. had at least the two autobiographies.

Goat's generation and youth were faced with obstacles concerning the flag. Nevertheless it is the wise man who plans generations ahead. It leaves the drunken heathen to plan for Saturday night.

Rachels-the-Protesting starts to read the manuscript. 'Two sixty-five a month, grubs on the basement walls in the spring, and a box number. And I'm living it up, working my arse off working five part-time jobs and going to school. I'm living the American Pie Dream. Yea, sure. Now I have gotten my own American dream, an e-mail order business where I do ninety-five percent of my business, a 'cyber-catalogue,' 'unquote, shall we say,' in post-entreneurship phase of cottage industry herbal tea maker, post-cottage industry bugs out, the paperwork, the tiller-man guiding, e-mail mailing list slimmed down to the zen archer's

'neither high nor low,' and a higher quantum soup
beingness of resonating visual screen super-thin,
like granite razor flakes of tech rock climbers'
liking, on the tickertape at all times.' 'I am
building experience to be classified as an
entrepreneur.' 'How long have I been consciously
making products?' The next step is to sell, money
sober, free of being a money drunk, going rate,
world going rate.'

Rach, in the basement of the library, tape reeling.

'Before I was a college teacher, yes, with no real
goals of my own outside departmental syllabi, and
seeking, stretching an education beyond any real
efficacy or pragmatic utilisation, toward zen
spirituality mindfulness meditation, not knowing
frog-outside-of-the-pond, teaching business
courses to unsuspecting buyers called upper
division students fishing for answers, someone
else's answers, to the Universal cookie jar. Then I
realized I was a cognitively wandering Generation
J. Generation Jewish Man, capital 'M.' Man and
wo-Man. H-u-u-u-Man. That is that.'

And a hot bath, a rest, a good meal. Who knew if
anything really mattered beyond articles and grants
and never-ending grant writing?' Pauses. Points to
the blank wall. It is a dilemma of two-fold. Racing

mind and still mind. Intelligence, craziness, and
solemn mind. It seems for parity, three are
mapped onto two.' 'The analogue.'

'Walls of plaques, display cases and certificates,
document my successes. Like a New Yorker
'toon, reading something like, big sofas,
overstuffed chairs, what not. 'Those were my
bipolar days.' 'A 'friend' is only to the competition.
Reading a lot of moderate, 'beige,' the lacklustre
articles won't get you past adjunct.' 'That is far
from 'the alpenstock.'

Recalling Trev, 'Purple and pink and black and
gray even go well with beige.'

Action continues. She faces away from the
camera with a turn, returns donning leopard-skin
pill box hat. 'Tres mod.'

'Who got here first?' Rachel answered, 'The
rocks.' 'Really.' 'Prophet's words. Honest.'
'Struggle to be free, Rach,' Marc Chagall browsed
the hardcopy manuscript. H-m-m-m-m-m, ... ,
The 'Club Rules.' 'Allusive?' Cosmos. And
before? God of Goat and the Void of Form.

'That was the climb.'