

*The Epic Psychedelic Gen X Poem
1994-2024 by Frank Edward Nora*

WHYCHOCK REVIVAL



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Front cover image: the author, age 33, at
Washington Rock, Green Brook, NJ, July 15, 2001

Back cover image: near the same spot, turned to the left

INTRODUCTION

I grew up as part of Generation X in the suburbs of New Jersey, always aspiring to define myself through my creative works. I tried to do it all—fiction, movies, music, comics, radio, games, video, poetry, and every other possible genre. Looking back, I realize it would have been better to choose one medium to focus on, and I did eventually. In 2003 I started my Internet radio show *The Overnightscape*, and it's still going strong 21 years later, here in 2024.

However, another of my projects has somehow also persisted all these years, though many times I thought it was over with—a peculiar type of poetry I developed. Originally called *Superior*, I can finally say the project is now complete, as *Whychock Revival*.

It started in early 1990, with a set of 209 poems called *Abaxial Usufruct*. These were formatted in a more traditional format, but in the next few years I developed the *Superior* style, in which each poem is formatted as a paragraph.

In July 1994, I started *OsoaWeek*, the weekly e-zine of *Obliviana Super Occult Amusement*. At that time, I had a few dozen *Superiors* already complete, and I included them in every issue of the e-zine. Once I ran out, I wrote new ones.

OsoaWeek lasted till February 2003, and *Superior* went through several additional phases in that time: *Parking*, *Duskaway*, and *Hurricaner*.

In October 2003, I published the complete work up to that time as *Duskaway Parking*.

In June 2004 I started a new phase, *Thinkfang*, which lasted till December 2007. In August 2009, I published the complete work at that time as *Thinkfang*, and put it online at thinkfang.com.

The last *Thinkfang* poem made reference to wanting to reach a total of 1,254 poems, which would require 121 new ones. In February 2017, I began the final phase, *Whychock* (as in, why make it chock full of poems). By 2024 I'd made great progress, and I decided to finish the 1,254th poem exactly 30 years after the first *Superiors* were published online in *OsoaWeek*.

This final stretch was intense but ultimately very satisfying. I was very happy with the final set of poems, while also, I was very much looking forward to the project's completion.

The final poem continues the journey of Hemidawn the Racer, who appears in the very first poem. As I felt it might not be so easy to stop writing in the same vein, I decided to create a successor project called *Weird Little Highway*, which would be an audio feature on the *Other Side of The Overnightscape*—but only if I felt the need.

So at the very end of *Whychock*, Hemidawn takes an exit onto a weird little highway...

I added a PDF of *Whychock* to thinkfang.com, and now the project was complete—or was it?

Revisiting the entire work, I was struck at both its highs and lows. Some sections were absolutely amazing, but a lot of them were awful, and quite frankly, embarrassing.

So, I set off on a project to remove all the stuff I didn't like, figuring what was left would be pretty good. I also removed the headers of each poem, and merged the text into prose style paragraphs. I took away the phases, and instead broke the work up into 94 Cups, each representing a month of poems (with many gaps in-between the months).

After an initial edit which removed a significant amount of text, I did a second edit. I considered doing a third, but I realized I didn't want to "overcook" the edit, so I left it how it was at the end of the second edit.

This then is *Whychock Revival*, a work which I feel much more comfortable presenting than the full work. And as opposed to a large number of individual poems, it's now just one big poem!

I myself am a great fan of *Whychock Revival*. Its phrases and passages have been running through the back (and front) of my mind for decades now. It's hard for me to estimate how much other people might get out of it, but I hope that folks with a certain aesthetic, and a lot of patience, may be able to appreciate it.

There are many made-up words, and made-up names of people and things, mixed in with real but obscure references to people, places, and things, making it perhaps difficult to parse in places.

Also, while in many places I am speaking in the first person as myself, in other places, I'm speaking in the first person as a made up character, further muddying the waters.

In the end, I hope it can provide some satisfying and thought-provoking reading, as strange and random as it can be.

See you on the Weird Little Highway!

Frank Edward Nora
August 26, 2024

Cup 1

July 1994

Hemidawn the racer, cracks the demishock of morn
coursing through the dim. And into the arch of the former is
the nixter, and for never the corner is the yarster. This is the
fine design of the crying. Empty in derivation, and less on the
keys than in the eye, heavy fingers upon the board, lane
adored in dream. Found a pond and liked it.

To you, o master of nothing, I bequeath this feather of
entity. Find it near the hollow waterwheels. Go then foolish
man and seek your struggle. My gift to you is plague. My wish,
fall. Neverbeginning, the simple rivertrickle dandy in its
whistle. The day has come, but very long for you.

Neither the trowel nor the dame are languid. Look, the
state of night far college drive. See, the girlfriend is just
barely a friend, young nightmare. In sleep I know I think. A
daze is my only seen in a mall with a games are good. No
pretend car!

Ponder sorts of emotions in malls, flee my construct, and
eat a cake from a shelf. For the stone, I, the solid liquid, never
before decided a fate as temporary as this. In ways, I
terminate this building, paint a good sign. Please groove
forever, my lusty love, for the good grain, bulbous, holy, and
blasting, stems twigs as I walk along, can't compare to your
form. A mathematician in a parking lot, inside the blankety-
blank heat of her station wagon. Regard the silly nakedness
of her yawn. If I wanna kick a door open, I'll do it.

Anydaze will do cool focus mornings. So the waterfall falls
and the window down a road. Even in the evening, I corral a
lot of fears and load them into a revolver and fire into the vast
wheatfields of the occult, and delight in such a wonderful
display of courage on the part of my dazzle. Now there near
those woods special spirits patrol highways. Gone into the
haze of dusk he chessed out, as a battler. Pawns are a good
thing, but a nother way. Minions of mine are silly, but docile.
Never unremember unlimber simmer for the tea!

Lazy day and odd sun. Nine little pebbles remote in a vast deserted parking lot huddle together, speaking in relaxed whispers, having a little meeting. The clouds come. Thunder the darkening sky. Air the prime raindrops blossom forth in deluge collapsing onto the pavement. And the nine little pebbles have a little drink.

Dank blended heart, pleasing all morons in matters of affairs of the bit match smoldering in saliva sanguinely. Less else is nonsense to snare. Bareful bugs in neat supple vim. College caterwaul, blaming of the vane. Stupid awards in afternoon breezes.

Needed the tea am flimsy's. Trash the airport meadow. This, matter thru wonder, dazed weaver's undisaster. The drive rules, highway driving in cool weather.

Cup 2

August 1994

Through grass-lined corridors of caramel steel, helmet of wood and carbonated milk. A sharp loud noise in the bookstore, mind blurring. Melting into the arms of girl night. In pungent brightness she walked. I was crazy on coffee and ate candy. So many choices in mine mad matter, so simple and clear. Watching a television in a hotel room, drinking a can of soda in a hotel room. The air is chill. The lights are cool.

Born, met with traces, gone, full of space. Cold ceramic oracle, tickle my lowers, shower my cowls. Hail to the many ways and days of the typesetter. And the fortune of our effort is the wheel we always hear, humming in the dark vapor of the basement, a cold testimony to the electric jello that is our life. And for all the majesty of mind, for where the oldest tree clings to dust, we are now, and forever never, to abandon the flavor, and indeed savor, the water we drink.

A college hallway from before? Before me? Where exactly is this today, anyway? Wheel, see ya later. Be in delusion my friend, forget the best in everything. Time has come to do some speaking. No evening out in the end. Landscapes like to annoy you. Many folks who're too similar are gathering around me. Pretend to be yourself, smell a pine tree, eat some M&M's. Gloop mergers in Cleveland's occult shops. A formula be iffy at best. I need her doorwayish way.

Might it not have been the depravity of some other sentienthood? But then, why would I preprogram avoidance of delving into the darkerside of humanity, else that the prior form and humanity are comparable in terms of the overt structure of their corruption? Power and understanding. These are diamonds, diamonds. I wield them both comfortably, as a modern crossbowman in a winter wood. With limitation, I am perpetually compelled to erase unknowing. But the matter is esoteric and not of this road.

The coffee of your dreams is a medicated version of tan venom flavored highway gook. Try some sopping dry heavy popcorn in that damn chest of drawers. Breathe in vacuum lumber. The forecast is for rain, early at times. Suck the ammonia vent, my love. Forest crap frash delect mixim colder pennant cacophony whillip. Crows are fringe beasts of roadside perception—highway mystery birds—come and swallow this moth smear off my poor windshield, fine jackdaw! Please become very disenchanted with that cruller.

SIZZLE—for formulas are dead, and science is stripped, and reality is mad as a flower. Corrupt as my ancestor sailed, he played childish games, equal to motion to pinball the secret. Shallow bread dunk in murky stagnant brack, the tired arithmetic splattered on hallway walls, super logic durable.

Can the night and face and body in recently rain lawn dark and up, figure weird sign weird road, around the walkway to the corner to the wavy attack of field of doorway shimmer. This, the dream behind the dream, the real dream scarcely we ever see.

Bad banjo noise in cop car 5. None of your malarkey, Joe. Sinning regularly at gasoline-havens, wimping out at the slightest-boom. 135 unwed sweeties for smoochy. Catch a falling tar monger, Ted. Being a feather, I have no opinion. Being a diner owner, I cry always, in the rain, in the thunder nights, and lightning Dave went home too late—it wasn't there.

I area to deeply voice a booming call. In pleasing and blades this is the smaller enter unto me. Cautious? Can't tackle her tickle her! Be in frenzy cap bless the sound, cool of an action. Calling you on no stabler, metal as violence sang angry. Now we are in the process of travelling a road, that feeling of travel, the mysterious roads. The of into horizon near a body of water. Society!

Being thus in this befuddled transit, every time a new challenge, every time a new disaster. At highwayside's edge, my room is silent and still. At highwayside's edge, hands together so tightly, the freezing cursive tea. Neverending in driving around, I hacksaw my memory and curse the setting sun. A lazy heavy machine will sashay and loving mates may depart on railways unreal and of unshackled concordance.

For a healthy dose of saintly insanity, try some earth custard. Use telekinesis to tickle a waitress's sinuses. Pretty moon, dark dangerous road. Pretty field, dark dangerous house. Pretty river, dark dangerous dam. Pretty road, dark dangerous river.

Wondering heavier than usual night alive I'm swept I'm deter the mind. From southwest departings, how fuse a fuses, in first of fur stroke on face. Freight set the rare object down upon my desk if you will. Set it down my fair companion, set it down, a mug of fiery goop for you!

Apartment's a jester, I said, the real superstreet wasn't in the dream, it was in the what was the field. And cannot a contrary local anybody evil a store corner in plural goad empathy? Steel, the metal amazing, structures wonderful rails and tides of portables, crush negative. Dim lit acreage soon hummed in agitation—girls of flags in gales were expected—but were late.

Dire rail train you, pull to here in stat megatons of water! Felling to enter and become, wait and the dark fence. Like the mischief of the driver, truly in the bliss of okay either way! The true ward of carelessness is brandiness, the blond braids of honor and hyperdesire. Create the bornage of hell life, in the airport of mind time. Target in teamness, never at all!

That is what is my thoughting what draft. Toward the not and the yarx to say, been being bawn, the tart mental staft of ornin. In pinpil of marter is the gain of the dar. Lil not the corft, and not in pen is cannot. Large torn ben addid the porse nenner. Lyle can pretend to survive a maffin delay, yet a cane doamin sends a came elmid, toray. Oagin ten liell, ax tarber doomin, eps el commin dafpin omnim. Ooger tooger moom, tin bask abler sammin. Timpistis the lelben kin askin den balbinx oshocken don. Keel den, sin kelbeps mompin. Gill din, tin benken strep. En denny plor, doon sinnern steplin. Mem elper gorn, tell denny semplid. Bon, duh soon eagle, eagler norner, tan kenner. Boon, the forn donny is kell, and the poon siller is kon. So bell the ten, el konny dorder, seep in kip stahl nox. Doon doonter intip. Forner kaster empenny pell. Norper disp. Kool danny fonny pill sisker diller mill stoopler. Koll dondin kon mormin. Eel din din el men in din jepser tee. Unearth some ancient fried eggs. Are you not a famous scientist? Several corrosive acids will melt your hat. The Johnny the Mouse idea stinks. Bow down and worship your least favorite chair. Meditate on this—your dam is a coot. Look for eaglets in your shoes. Damn the sprig of medicinal plastique—yours is a non-holistic path.

An annoying stranger will ask you for a ride to Pittsburgh. Don't try to find the roller coaster—it will find you. Stare at anything but a wheatfield or a tetrahedron. Devise 106 uses for an unpopular adverb. Please hover above a local vegetable garden. You just ripped two relatively useless bags in half.

Will I decide to go to the office tonight—NOW THAT'S FUNNY—now that was years ago. Be at the Pathmark in Parsippany tonight, be at the 7-11 in Summit tonight, be at the Dunkin' Donuts in Madison tonight, be at the Evil Farm in North Branch tonight. Motionblack supramazing Route 80 tonight. Travel along and not a screech to a halt in sight, the spinning to silky so lovely the magic the twisting the gliding the shatter no matter the doors. Back in time, the sleep, the insanity, the manic drivings. Back in time, the years, wasted the centuries gained. But time—it goes pastfast. WELL THE ROAD to D.C., Montreal, Woodbridge, Mountain Lakes, Jersey City, into the that's tact.

Being that wonder is slight, going all along the day midwall, the corporeal stab is the your sense. Building is the same, in a wane, in the stay, to over gas stations. Can we all mall? Snowflaw car, the day of the eatery's salad bar super tray. For the nice domed window above I call home, and a book on magic at the library is under a roof in the rain. Can all this be? Twis sury.

Waking in late afternoon, mind pummelled with horrible dream, lounging in avoidance, dark thinking in shower. Drying in personal nakedness, the late afternoon is tired, the late afternoon is slow. I'm lethargic when I awake in this time. Shall I go to the store, shall I go to the library, shall I awaken from the late afternoon.

Who are you, fraught with frivol and flit? I need to do it and you desire it. Please, below meaning, don't discover honesty or friendliness. Comfortable and nude in a blanket cozy and warm, the smell of Wheatina and a little Swiss Army knife and a bird outside sounds like a dot matrix printer. Remember this, the good arcade there, time and coffee daydreamica. What has happened here?

All the wonderful days flat black-and-white. Rush of much, scamper the stung spirits, we longed for the designs of good nowheres. New pleasing plunder the fairy night shaken, in me the time of tinglement torn, in you the awe of nascent strength. Long blended parts of weeks, never to the doorway's beauties. And in these magnificent insecurities were the truths the bridges, for in the candleflicker of dusk, everthere these two, less long than a birdsong.

Serious wanton twain, storm torn in tortion, the bell. World trade efficient and cool, smelt carbon atoms big, in the shell, in nutmeg and almond. Born in a rock in Wyoming's tan liquid, so stormy. The past, rain and turmoil, and girls, time animal. So soon we meander and amble down unknown seashore roads, lure of pinball overwhelms the seeker, to drive along while temperatures drop by tens of degrees. Drive a way awhile, been visiting the warm wall of the mall. I scowl, bad cop!

This is not the train it was! The very well time is here, too it can helibeb nofnena. I've such a wonder in the place it was the park? I can't help have to see it it neodefrea. I wanna to apartment know alone do. High team it the winding roading farm townering tower to it the college the mall. To go to go is to do it at all.

Sometime devastation well a year forever is just fake. Named at happened back had and confused come and locatated. Land and flames and unearthly been walking for an hour. The clocks are having not a bar-b-q but a financial meeting at the Marriott. Don't tell me eastern standard time!

A strange little house, yeah you graduated community college, now you're an eighth grade teaching assisstant-t. Anyway we went in and there were vegetables everywhere. Depiction of tiger in web? No problem. Complaints: ok, asistint is spelled wrong, is there a spider so big to catch a tiger?, that house ain't so small.

Relate whistling Dixie to your viewpoint on the primeval forest. Bizarre crystal formations on your left wrist are not uncommon. The roar of a jet engine and the shriek of a priest sound the same to you. Bees don't live in a cave! Be wary as you sit stunned watching the construction equipment perform a ballet. The shrike is your main avian. Flip your relatives. Use an arc welding device to damage your toilet.

Perhaps we can let me interest was tomorrow too like place a. Please, entrance is kind of the wild a new been. If we were to windy ride was darkness here cool cellar. Of blue paper was when in the unrefined kend glories, can the nest of all weethest remumpt. Portable northeries superreflect lap antipathy. Bother, Imher the rail guy.

The that was the smooth across the floor the chair the timer. Cold wonderful hug, into the not the day the way the thing the what! Time for tome, the cool book was here, the girl Irene in green was around and she's so cool. She and the book and magic and dice, these are good. Not that the day wasn't the best, but these exciting stimulants rule.

This is most unexisting voltage the porridge be God nude haphazards a hell spry goop snoozings fusing dupe a both a shamble screwer do not enter please do not enter.

Eat little Swiss Army knives in a bowl of milk for breakfast. Adopt a rhombus. Fondle the abrasive surface of an obsidian grave, if you will. Wear an undershirt made of coral and tobacco. Enter unto the mallard's den. See the kerosine welding brat. Relax and delve into the general issue of destruction. You're gneiss.

Cup 3

September 1994

Aside, low maker of flimsia! To your spot! Don't deny the icebreaker of wonder, the creator of the best of it. Times has come, in a boat, dangerous since in a dream, but carrying real items. This is got to stop. And the night glimpsed in a time a life or two ago but it definitely points to time travel.

Cabinet of corners, folder of wild: seldom said the main walkway is hallway—try and retreat from a floor sleeping rug as these. Truly, into is a great. Because, taken into account for a warring elusive enjoyment, I was in bliss when it was along at speeds. Hey? You aren't the one! Go'on, get outta here!

Going through a rain highway I said was a goal and a fair romance. Free in a clearing were bolt haven the corner mazen. And the in the day was fine, and in mine and is cure.

Letter never, I was here to deceive thee, the mask robot. Meet the five bears: Lacquer-1119, Spelunker-181, Hood-8, Prisoner-91, Jackdaw-41552. A tenseness in the light rain forming the image of a squirrely lass in the park in the 1970s. I'm like going there in an happily portal like here I was in the bin. Hapa! Is what she is, not here not all, okay bad.

Sitting uncomfortable beachy chair arm slick—sun hot nostril, bitter sensation chest, a flapping language for the tinny mistress of the thought. Coiled falling release, pressure direct, her bellybutton, blazing blood in hand. Coarse lucid blank for the into my forehead and dust my eye, licking pale parch. Coin for machine, deserted fair, fingers rend metal cope expander dunking plaster. Chomp into poison chair, nails horns in solids above. Slow damn, see the setting optic sun.

That hay not under, and what a was wonder, a who in the an is. Liken with highfriend and wrendon the frame—whey overdrench headblaze of logic cumulate frost of lapis on a some pipes. The clinkerbuilt civet cat is brooding under the porch, lapstrake in fur bobbin her bluff.

Eat breakfast on a Frisbee. Invent the first portable stomach. Lubricate something close to your heart. Madness is a luxury you can ill afford. Draw on popcorn. Use the best pancake emblem, if you will. To avoid starvation, try eating some food. Fuse pencils and pinecones together. Have a public servant touch your knee.

The small green book is smaller than your thumbnail. Contemplate your right nipple. Sketch your concept of a sore abdomen. Call attention to the flashlight protruding from your hip. Hacksaw your memory. You have the combined IQ of a potato. You'll be happy at four million o'clock on October 412th, 1973.

Drave is the with the tools for it. And of treat the door as a nine day, and in that way it is ip. Toward a nicer pavement in the heat of waiting for the bask, lost in the dorm at college is the darn sheet/the info of the day. The the sheet was the secret of many things. What was an extreme driving was now nothing. So nature of hat?

Formerest the day one return, line a time in everyful killy. Of the one road I was along, say the way it is like a structuram. The leap of the true can trail all with the hark of a sharp bird, a say. My impressions justice of the what is no preserva, into free dear tours. What is up there I wonders.

The radar echo would indicate lifeheat. Then I watched as the building, an office plaza, was blasted to rumble by an grenadier in shiny plastic white armor. His nemesis was gameshowhost. Just kidding, his nemesis was Roosevelt.

Slabjolt me, night. I am funny in a way of hannipost. I am a stinger, they said, I am unwelder. A vague open highway from a dream or from some reality beyond my dreams. Dark, maybe rainy, a lit skyscraper in the distance. I declare?

Under the way, a friendly odd place, where broken colorful glass is there, and a land of friends is there, and a land of animals. The rainy reality system's gift, a many-aspect question, for the bright kids of yestermore. Just a slant crossing, just a bare react-fashion, just the former three, or four if you prefer. I was never grouped under those who pretend, but here all is lost, Emma.

I feel like I'm talking to a wall and I don't like that feeling. Over and beyond the frail foolish and laughable joke that is dream, is the human. That happens is humanic is High. Mankind is not an experiment or a toy or a menagerie. No, in man are qualities of which the gods are bereft. Our immediate realm was created by the High Ones, but we, that which is truly we, are from farther away.

And it's a hunting. It's a knockout. Fan and random we ambled, and came upon an area funny. The darkness not under back a little, and all of us were frightening. Can this be reconciled, this days? Time travel is an option. Reality systems can'ts betrays evernessity. Lords of Uncontrol, we, nevery and quite silly. But all I want is the picture.

Slore, I said, amn't I the best? If I was a helicopter I'd smash you all. On the Sun are a lot of spots they say. The sidewalk has gum on it, they say, decades old some of it, they say. I am here now drawing you to the time but here is a time called as follows 5:19 AM, March 9, 1994. They say it will snow today, and it seems we're in for one more good one forbvore the Spring.

Looks like we made it, our other friends lost it. In a restaurant, no one here knows what we've just been through, or the places unreal we have just been. They just sit and eat and are unaware of the major glory upon us for being where we were, those other worlds, and living to tell the tale. I'm glad as a daffodil that I'm not one of them. Order.

Force only that street, force flapjack, force mess moss up, force imps disassembling churches, force the bemuser devasta sleep, force Canada's cathode, force seen western soul beader, force deviant poise.

I am a conductor on New Jersey Transit but I have a secret. I have discovered a way to travel to an alternate universe and I go there frequently. But recently something has gone very wrong and I am having trouble getting back to my home universe. As far as I can get is the space between the trains. If I take my clothes off it's a little better but I still can't get into the train or see the outside world. Question: Is this conductor a man or a woman?

Thrice is a term about it happening three times. To see this, imagine a few bags. If a bag is put inside another bag, that's once. If another bag is put inside another bag, that's twice. And if another bag is put inside another bag, that's thrice.

This day this disaster. Blendblast, car benenen. Spinach pasta's yumyum. Not in the maze of a life, but the bane of a company. So we can inside a black orange through now gone in windy yesterdays clear begun in times of withforall. Mint is a blessing in these times. Go to a store and relax and these are the days of sleep. So juice is a drink.

Talk we merry, bus was merry, spark. Ending away, and I liked it, and a phone call mall.

Nervous system melting, surroundings collapsing, perceptions folding, life reeling, grass wet and too cold, moon stabbing me in the mouth, a wet plop of pasta slams into the dirt, eyeballs tired and reluctant, clear plastic cassette case shatters and cuts my foot, I'm driving and I cry for no reason, tension in my neck and I don't know what to do, flooding damages my stuff, nervous tapping on a towel as I eye myself in the mirror, damn light on the tower too bright, an eerie fog for real this time, I must be. Sometimes reality gets abolished for a while. This might relate to the story I'm going to tell you.

And as the cars went for end I, unlike and forunderan,
pleases all at let's say you were in a stations. Peerdal and
washaf lun the darn lil echo feeloat. Tearsdean alack for the
rise on the way haze, he well wandards. Peerfanas
laklanliblas, oh es the marn gearashanan bleesk. The road I'd
cycle on, all along, that time, that rainy days were, that fine
time, is day in is point of great like. Can only speedy the down
hill the at roadsend, I'd say?

Some are your, just sent real quickly and gentle and fond
of just any lamp-world. Of the set of all tentiharnabins is a set
of all snake-loome. Just in this world of everything is a few
which are High, and in that yet and hut that and going. Who
wants such pointer? Only Varnishiana and.

All was the seem, hay weeds at field, late night evening it
afternoon, and those of twinkle. About the night was late, the
course of the collision in frame reference cloak. At cloak is
here! Through as it, cool TV room night, in glow of cool
movie. Up the street to woods, as highway ath it humming.
About here, all in cause, as in gauge.

Dismiss 1979. Where is the time I was into? Where is the
time I was into. Walk away the all the day. Moved in
suproccult may hem the daughter. The time was the young
stupid thought my time was spent in. A train station in a
dream isn't such a bad place. Seeking in the dark day matters
little.

Be at overpass, dammit. Geese are independent.

Our feelings for others are not good! Play pinball, widow!
Up and insert through rain slamming the late afternoon! Like
drinking paper—not a funny joke! To be here all day—not too
likely! I think I can remember some of it! So you the best of
set—or the time is near! Go and be with the one you wish! Net
result of all the confusion is the clearest clarity of all! All of us
are unbeates!

Slanting tint the sine, torrid flat damp shackle. A blurry flash a rush of cartography, sevening nining lightninged. So silent city outskirts in silhouette, clangings forlorn into worn wall. Above the city it's goodnight in the night to meet the blasted incongruity hence, roaring with rafters befallen. Smile the lowly autochthon, feeling nerveshot octagon. Many an amazing crash pad anarchy, peace of the turnpike in night's minutes, forgetting so much more.

And wasn't many innit a reandy hats? Ah, knowing some jear? Humorous isle, place for wonderis grout. Just rememrelax, hon, just kill when it yes free anchor. Lord, know the way of Lop. And in a tiny, miniscule grens, I found vuwy.

Give what a earlian dense and is many. Jejune with floppy, then seemingly bad cartoon is walrus. Bent is as plastic paper, and the opaque streets are avenues in this frightening world. The lone knowledge of imps and the unfun disks of sylphs, are can form an attachment uncool. Duskdrives caffeine on the highways around Mountain Lakes with Erin with In Visible Silence on the tape. Years later I got the CD.

Was an early guy in a cat suit by the restaurant on five cool? It wasn't really the lens of the place, but an entrance and playground area with rubble that I was kind of. And if the yours and hunder was in the day. And I was wondering if the yest and meer are yongdin? No need to reply.

Far, the drain stone lighten. Unlapretend and handy, the merely snapping concrete mantas in an a parking lot excite you. Porfore, I salute the pink glass of Diane for a yes happy two hour. How'd it crash, that bright hypercycle of loony. How'd it crash—I'd been away, I'd say, I'd been rotten. So stand lightly the porch and fail to fresh-cut grass and fail to helicopter.

Beer, yeah it's a game, know? Shiester Dude, as your fame your handhold pal? Okay so there were deers last hay, deers who wouldn't quit. That's a laugh, byte boy, that's a shame. Record, and record well those noises no one knows where they come from from across the abandoned mall. I was—sitting at my table, and from out of nowhere a warrior tiny panda popped into my hand, and what he said annoyed me some. “I thought I'd seen the last of you ugly giants.”

React, lumbore, to my insane attack, Jared. I stole her a hundred years ago so what? The fun path in 2281 is a place we like to visit—all rubber (like most things then)—soft and comfy. Humans know how to live in the 23rd—finally got the hang of robots! So friend, do not fret, your sweetie regards you little in her greatlife, and we let you live out of pity.

Fianly, you amuse me. For when the black, dark gray, red, yellow and green chariota took us to Benningford, the fog revealed your lifejoke—Liopis!

Cup 4

October 1994

Ever thorn, and in embrace? I wander peril and portray the spray of ice in vapor form. Through gates of bread do jumpy ravens dance like laborers and bite. And if you want it down those stairs you have to do a dream in a gym class of old.

Canada was it, give me a taste of the yogurt of patriotism set aside. Lending odd junkiness in earnest debate, wrong a dufus in Colorado. With me, the omni tyrant, things abounding. But in times, get it.

A little hole in the base of a pole at the mall at a food court. What state? What matters! Utah, Cleveland, Minnesota, Philadelphia—all exit caution, all embrace life. So try and eat grand in glass area, of amusement park or museum. And bears and deer wander close.

Driving, night rain, city in distance, below. Tropic trip impending. Gore, girls who're excellent all around, the concert awaits. Into the night, stopping at colorful overarcades, thrill and ultrathrill. Finally there, and the reality surpasses the fantasy. From here on, things just kept getting better and better for real.

Okay, it was truthful, the many hammering tongue-buys slend of Carhplo. Follow down hallways the invisio heroes you adored, for the someday old memory bookstore and everything, and a big bright thunderstorm. I can't grasp some of this, but what the ever.

On transit like a narcotic would love to flick North America. Arctican rail phase deploy yes, Florida train to Toronto yes. Quebec City train station, dawn. Ho yogurt and coffee yes, damn Vancouver. Canada rail idiot, too much money yes. The American West yes rail. Railwhy the last, eh? No, the stores're okay—mags, candy. Lorforflor college '70s radio. Most are morons I said. Stupid York New nothing.

Clobber the job dumb. Me, I'm a one, not in Florida at all. I am great, the greatest, she said. Focus. In the realm of do, time travel is the coolest. Words express the day. Being a nerd wasn't all that fun but I'm glad I was one. Is this a new beginning?

Sitting by a window by a parkway by a place, I am in no state to write here, and as I jam in no way to bite here and it was in the hallway and it was broken and I got a lot of food and soda out of the vending machines and these people were doomed.

Door, now this is a good one! How'd it'd show? I am now at a train station, thinking. No! The mind is gone, and that's not wrong, my odd. Great, y'know, if we'd seen them before, but here outside it, we might see them again.

My way was truer if delayed, I'd say. Was it you by the lake train day place? Hide many was through a lone card in a deertree. Put down lore as noth, dear not. Hum's tech if ask the tramp can mark torpor knack. The was nood.

Grander bastardizing passing and shaping the entire landscape fake letter nevpunck. Assy typeface, can they be human? Circled idiotic markings—the best can a letter be a general type like this. Why does a train work? There's no reason why it shouldn't work! Never again losing tunnel my choice, umfortune fivediesel, and a sleepy haha.

And we can begin to see the light of day's night. Below, I just see Washington D.C., Smithsonian autumn, after a rainfall, happy smiles kiss my love. Tender is the day—blender is the night. So, if all else fails, we can be the waterfall for a while. Bast, cat bitch. Just one kiss

Please hover in blissful verisimilitude with sordid freedoms and the sender. Forever hindered on the darkened entrances as the ever well-defined whorl contains the exploding tumult, in grouchy planar scorch, the endgame-mind walks. And rodent walks.

A dent is a thing, see, where it's metal and it gets hit. Not known to many is the denter broom, a broom (or cleaning tool) designed to dent. The thing is it's too good. It dents everything! So be careful if you get it. You years writing within.

Cool indoor artificial river, that feeling that falling. Inn a holly a field a three a sending of coded information across waterways. A trip and into the tiny envelope the life the essence where it all goes and I, in pendular awe, regard the time and I wish for no more than a well. A well for fresh water and the spirit this is all in the overly bright vision I'll never see in manifest...

The ultimate task I must tolerate the (ways of the) Empress to be full. It was nine tonight and the light went out on the black ocean.

A mansion on a hill surrounded by woods, circular illusory wall, day/night, humans in mansion, bears in woods. A highway with cars, drivers, diners, and an exit—straight/wraparound feature, exit has motels, et cetera. Volcanic erupting ground, dirigible dock towers, dirigibles full wraparound. A complex subway system with stations but no above ground. Gimope humanoid cats live in medieval town. Backyards.

Stand up and be counted to be flaunting keelhaul galosh. Sharpwisewoman looking thru the thing of string convoy! A plan in the asp stood up and was not considered. Chocolate a chocolate a bannisters again free meadows in flight, candor in breezy dark day. Chattel for wonder, hen! Bargaining bell borehole, fell in booze, tended to and, eh, what's the status of the gape? Portions of the blender are resplendent, resplendent. I wonders when it'll occur you know I'm in a bind hey! No better whenever than then. Torture's not an option in that hell, pal tailor. That's a good nursery rhyme for a modern themes, a modern, a modern old man in friends of the animals cat, cat, rook, parrot, cat, cat, dugong!

Forgot this forget this I would rather pretend to know than ease into a bad crazy manner of driving thru the neighborhood after a rain. At home it's not so good, a longshot how typical! And the systems were there very good and anemone hasn't a sparks in be ethers trend, motions trending for bath again, lo, nonagon bane such soon my wise such been true, cool boon steal bang plop noodle fleas crap nary gnats. Shifting for sifters, hanging well done my silly little cat who's human wandering, talking to herself seen by another oddity, a nice alligator blacksmith but what does it occur but what in this it in never created thus, so thus and in thus it is so I assume.

How am I next? But something is being kept from me, something big. I'm being held down. If I don't do anything about it, I'll just flounder forever like I am now. If I fight I might get some clue as to what's going on. I quite agree.

Tent the beer of thought teeth. Wend away a week for bazaar a beth tethers wreck. In a stand better to wreak a pen a blast atones for elk. Meander beaks yip in dreadful holler, carving slopes of ale foams! Needing pleasing bath, intents at night, corner peep at hand! Deal fever, talent as cartoon, no over retract pan deals. Deals deal sore corner, pen prick crash danny hover for a year. In mist mysteries covers, all covers blame bag slap gag. Oven baloney super tweeze, a gargle peeve, tender sally non argon sleets. Sleeve pep perpetual nativity, matrimony never weather, blunt stipulate a crab a noodle. A tar fan layer be naugahyde, nary not bad canary. Bat baptizers brews, stool wooden balls quite immense and for you a type of serif decorative?

February 8, 1989. I sit here, under attack, confused, slightly manic, GREAT. So—I need to do work. But what? First, turn off the prototype zonebook. Ok. I can tonight do: Go to the office, sleep there. Or stay here, sleep here, get up early, goto office. Ok. So I should do stuff but I'm not in a very good state of mind. So I will drink tea, restructure catalog, fight; reverse the attack. Ok.

I have a feel of security. I have an up the road on foot in Autumn, with the bag. I am have a Manhattan day, walking a lot, dreaming, losing. What a was what—let's all file away, let's it the day was fine. Cool.

Just wrote got be nostalgia. Lamp. Iotas of cornmane leisure abrupt. Gore in its form, I gallop to a crawl at Easthead. Proll a good wine, and garlic sleek and turbulent and yesterday. Been and walkin, and gets undle. Amperage and is huter, and is just yammaty. Lee.

For a friend, a fence and a day. Is can I climb you? Harpooned the moon and everything is hell. Dragged it down and it was bad. Who the hell are the strollers, where did they come from? When did people stop asking questions?

Cup 5

November 1994

With the dawn of November I await a rainy New York City. Drinking stale Alka-Seltzer, garbage pail in my lap, looking for something, frozen from a night ride in my doorless Jeep. Tonight's topic—the success of the shuttle bus phenomenon. And that's like all there is.

And was at observation highland at northpike. Hide and an irk was word, high up in her dorm. The standard person is waiting. Sure future is past and cannot enjoy. Your funny religion has spunk. I am gone.

Lomp has not arrived so forth. Lempneths scramble drunkenly here. We've crushed sleet day, light rail excluded, and rewards aquarium hazeday.

Paint your life with such blind flair on a canvas of nothingness. Seek justice and tons of pleasure, the prison of imagination. See the city in a different way than most, apart and aloof, going somewhere. Never understand the value of convention, inside your washing machine spirit. Right now there's so much to stimulate you.

Derla my dear, did they arrive here on chilly skyscraper roof night now? The shocking gang, getting ready for their evening flight, ancient and monstrous. What are you? I thought you were kidding. Vampires and werewolves have nothing on you. I watch you transform and fly away and wonder how I could have ever gone out with you.

How can it walking and the green car inside the mall, night, closed, cold, looking forward to radio, novelty the main attraction life. He is a fool and now I'm walking backwards, back to the train, back to the former knew jobs. A heavyweight is on me so, and a memory is upon me and a year ago it was so and it was Utah also.

The yowch cast nostalgia, flash from past and past lives, paralyze this now doing to be future snaps. Lately I am have been going along and doing, just fine, jester had a lot, now I have some. The yanch of cast, was how I did, and it was riding a motorcycle and it was either time travel or reality shifting, and it was true. Weird overcast sky, and a feeling I can't describe. The burden of such a history is hard to explain.

This is the time for it, man. This is the place. I was just wondering about you. Are you okay. School in the movie—I blast my own road away—or what was it? I'm talking awake, no talking able to pierce my veil of vacuum. A weird thought—to return there. That the place is not as it seems—or rather—that the act of comparison can alter reality. Eh. Not the end yet. It ends.

Being woken up by Lucky licking me in the face, then getting up, and also the weird electrical phenomena and fiends outside and also, the rusted metal seat I was going down the street on, and also, driving the car off the porch to see the fiends and also, the going to road #4 to see the witches. I have all these cool new superheroes. Writhe in vook?

Drave is the with all the tools for it. We stood after a defeat on the morning after by the road and it dawned on us. There was no good in the slaughter. The five dancing sisters, glowing in their youthful perfections, so happy, so proud. They're still okay. A cardinal lands and grows to immense proportions. Of all its red feathers one is redder than them all. "Take it", it says. So I do. Now I have a big red feather, but so what? My life is still destroyed.

Bank across the street, swimming in afternoon's desire.
Snowflake melting as I remember, remember her back at the
hotel. Warm and warm, and good. Please I go back soon. But
who is the other? In the bank, who is the girl in the bank who
I know, who is mad, and in the bank? I hear on the radio of
the snow today. I think of driving tonight—tired, shaken,
nervous—mine lover waits for me. This friend on line. I see the
frustration into passersby. Throw myself slam back into seat.
I wish I had a bottle of spring water, water for to pour over
my face, my head. The streetlight's on, and courting
snowfalling. Green retina stings, blooms of summers lazy
days drift, mind of aware. I my eyes close and say "Christ,
come on." Winterswimmer.

When the day wend have tinconclude. The Nonagonhood
In Nothing. See-see blabe. Rid the space nixt newer and older!
Of 1971 A.D.! Tender gone? Hai! Holo memp! I'm nothing
New—Old the next tomorro Dount laugh ha! Best silly
teeshir—10the#. She's it! Storm! Stormha! Om
splanakshapsh. Tooly! Blem sparrow rock splanman. Seel.
Dendy for nextnoon, pal. Answer; b over bover.
Tenderblender. What! The Best! So! Asick; Boy a dame... Lost
my damnshee Now! Bad: Here's a one o'great! Who's? You.
Now! Soh! This is the one—Well—vaternopt—Gallium
arsenide yeap snow. No more Bell tonite yousee! Itring! Sonic!
Seem whos! Monstee... Oh! Tam! Bemdy Last here ogo! She is
the me OK. And all of it's entirely true? From 3 am to three
years hence! Or as much sense as!

Precious seconds tock thru the door. Waiting into out to. When I arrive, meld a moldy teabrew. Never de-hark my crossbow intentions, pal. Never do it when I'm around, pal. I'm everything in the world not seen. Torpors of young gals, too bad. Can you craft a thousand knots in the shape of me? Or a hundred gloves? That would be nice. I am your friend and your lover I think. We're both so weak we'll be squashed wanna these days. Demolished in our tracks. I want more from this experience. I want the escape always, but of course I will learn, I will better myself. In any case open the case and remove the globes. Why?

Cup 6

December 1994

I'm on Tabasco and she's on codeine. Sometimes on cable I flip past a rodeo. Ten minutes ahead of travel.

Hi, ask!?! Time to sleep. Um, yeah that's it. Weirdness. Losing it. Find was yes indeed specific. I have to really think forth explode!—you're in here. It was a lot, and now, on that raining street, that balcony in an autumn of wet fallen leaves, they say the secret is perseverance. All the revolving wonders of an endeavor—places to eat, places to be, places to wait. Wonderful feelings. Where have I gotten to.

To think of campus, that it's still with me, a few select memories, but what a feeling. The danger and weirdness all seems nicer now. Experience, it's more than you can dream. We all juggernaut forward, and it's massive and disastrous for us all. But just think—it's still there. Visit.

Now when I brush my hair I awaken and neutral on rain. Sleeping far away, so warm and feels so good. Knowing, and back from the Rockaway Townsquare Mall, was the blast from wonderful that pleased me in shock and blowapart awareness. That was then, and it's been used often, and I'm dwelling on other things, and I'm not in that office anymore, and I am working.

Foggy. Post-sushi Pepsi, pumpkin stormcloud, I am having difficulty. Shear. Oh my god This was not It! Whatever. Like a crab, open the window, let cold air in, rip the box apart, stab the maple, play the tape, yell at waterfalls. Three-can jackharpy. Two-diskbox yamma-joba. Yet we stand here in the rain in the junkyard in the past and worry.

Climb. It was you standing at the edge of the field, everything just so, all neat and pretty. Wonderful day, wonderful scents in the air. Standing at the edge, you gaze over your private domain in such satisfaction. Then you see me there, crouching down by a tree, by the edge of the field. Sorry.

We have a lot. We laugh about whiskers. We're cool walking around the city at night. It was another time. Standback—how many feelings do you want to torture me with? Always something about a train station, about transit, about going somewhere. But where are you going? No matter where you go, aren't you always gonna be home that night? I know, I know. But you aren't a loser—this is just what it means to be human.

The gamble: was not such a bad idea: it just failed miserably, yes. Reward. My flight imperial and business power. Keep on moving, getting somewhere, you my friend want to be somewhere else. You do have a choice. You do have significant control over your destiny.

Foreign and strong, my will and my mind are strategic, for you and for them, and in my own timeday. Was a good setup, war always has its benefits. Found unclear a diagram of your store. Found okay. Leader, many tether, high monkey and weather. Followed, once was respected, no crowds in this town square. Zay, forget about it.

Ragajag everything is okay. Man, how much? I've been all over, I've been underground. The wonder of the hologram, I've a name for it. Sle, have not a filter, green were singer, blast-reign and jingle-assault. Up and over! And re botambic and coconut lifeway. Peril. There are waves. Findout. There are clearings.

However, you do have some redeeming qualities the orange dayroad helm. Fine I said was her atmosphere and I was cool. Don't underhave enmity, Georgia, was Josephine the Tinker was bad. Too many bad movies in this town, gotta find another town. Don't get too comfortable.

In the offices, such a time. Youth and danger? Just a stepping stone. Keep on. Time has passed, and I'm getting a sense of time passing and of history. I always think about the past eight years now. I am ready to blast into wild success.

**Cripes! Sled Dog Anthony is in trouble. Be a friend, all ye.
Find his savior, the Wallmaker in Citrus Pass, the Mopey
Avahl Mortin. Pick him of the row, save the guy who all the
kids love. Be a friend. Be a friend, all ye.**

Cup 7

January 1995

Fear, and I enjoy thrills. Oh shopping, in cold parking lots the thoughts of the day, the thoughts the life. Classic rock, the bloodstream of consciousness, stuff, plans, finding your place in the world of coolness. Clearly, not everything anyfine.

Getting. The and it was bridge wonderful weather, weird Manhattan spring and that girl. To think. Dreaming and the past, how different are they? We adore so much, yet when in concord trees, and the treehouse of the cool kids, we are at piano lessons where there is evil afoot, and it was the secret way which was rather trespassing, and there were dreams in that area and I wonder if that's what it's like to be a ghost—to be obsessed with locations.

When. Looking ahead, I want to see that which I can cherish, as with that in the past. Right now I have gained a perspective on the past five years of my life, a forging period. I never knew I had so much growing up to do. The light brown disruption, the splash, the primordial mud trembling, exploding forth, nourishing that portion of the mall like nothing else could. And all who caught it, all who were marked, were changed forever. This was the change of pace, this is the start of you are a good one, Mallahay, I like thee, and it was spinning on top of a skyscraper and you weren't supposed to be there.

Sloone, was combat, was grape amber strawman.
Leedence, was tiger duckling, was shooting star weaver.
Zaikas, was falling patient man, was nothing. You Fouyde?
Banishment!

The lending of an ice cream sandwich had my psychedelia for 10 minutes in May, Judy, and was a corroborating God lover in Seychelles. Brandy, fast food is ambrosia. Grin or die. Carlo, remove this demonic entity from under my desk.

People? I was one, here in the wood, we had Ahalhia. People. Derive cursive floralities to snow Dallas, winter window, the desperate journey of four confused teens, and the little baby antelope who binds them all together. Helf, and I'm back in the stupid studio.

Ling, the safety, the glory, the glass factory, the sweet liquid shop, the antechamber of a school, full of amusement. The older ones have higher matters. I'll just drift. Whatcha doin'? Driftin'.

Solidify my desire, o wonder man—your talent and art does more than I can. Windows overlooking a canal, would make it final. Rhyme is goddess was and is never to be, that bridge in Bound Brook.

We called your cousin out to play. My Marlboro watch and my Mickey Mouse watch. So we got another rainy day. And to Wisconsin we went on a bus. The Truckworld Diner just wasn't for us.

Forehoard? I can't stand any more pony tail pony tail wonderfulquestionhoods. Muse, muse you bastard! Muse! I wasn't in that one. If I try. Walkway goddamn hallway goddamn place. Wreck phony people. Dimension. War, yeah it's a diversion, who'd want to know there was something worse. I am he who calls. I am knowledge dude.

Cough drops are smooth, the power to go on. You're a girl and your cousin is a girl. I am night time, amber light, amber night. Let it all go. Cool in the darkness. You fool.

Fun from being in the day, the coolness of magazines and games when you're a child, restless in the supermarket, thoughts remain into your dark and perverted teens, revault hum adulthood, settle into the jigsaw life-remover, but rejoice as you go back to game in the Third M.

Ring down was a walk down the street, once-a-year kind of light conditions, magic days, sought long after, tennis courts, fantasy. Nothing like lotion, atmosphere thick with magic, talking about girls, talking about monsters. Love with more. Paradise with guns and wargames.

Ah yeah that's a good way to go now there. It's a street,
see? Fire and ice cream, beer and gasoline. Luck. Soda water
for you, findout, raise the saliva flag. Tread powerful through
grassy nowheres, Amanda, sharp like an osprey. Creation and
the while, I am with you. Like before.

Cup 8

February 1995

Go to level twelve, retrieve the wand of power. Dark sky massive flight, Sunday destruction—killflay their deity. Foolin', jigsaw circumstance, massage of emptiness, a bolt of heaven. Down for real, ignition in skin, a cold rainy street morning afterward. I'll take the outside.

Light blue diesel Volkswagen Rabbit—you had to break down in Pennsylvania, didn't you? Waiting for a bus on a misty morning is no good after only one hour of sleep.

4:10 pm is a time I like. Orlando. The guy with the funny name—I saw his business card—Rob Snowman. I care not for valuable cards. I want to go to the Luxor. Slave 1, Boba Fett's ship. Iodine. Witchcraft store in New York. Edison. Pubes. Farthing. Swandolphin.

Fallaback, Hanson, the days of smoke and swimming are done with. Strange needle tonight, the friend of a friend and his cool walls. Discovery night, and you're trying to worship Freya. Predatory car, magic branch, Lord of the Mall. If it weren't for constant competition, things would be pretty dull around here.

Getting crushed is okay. Did I tell you, if I wanna kick a door open, I do it? Doll, you are my Bianca. Huh? On my Manhattan rooftop at night, look and way out—flyers. Flashmemory, from my past life in the '50s—a den, a playroom, fishing, woodworking.

The difficult ape land of iron I say, swinging and slipping you, into you. Away from its, down the cool indoor artificial river, lit green from beneath in the darkness—and I don't know what's next! Cynthia was. I don't know what it was with Cynthia—I think she has super powers. I think she's from the future. Why won't she share it with me.

Day. Stupid company! Was you slowly my get you I'm knowing you for goto. Aquamarine tick tock, guitar diorama in your sneaker heel, a figurine of Susannah in the 014re too. Went to school in Arizona dream, loved the blonde. Woke up before I could buy a valuable New Jersey tray. Truce in speed, aquamarine highway now, black lines blur, I am known.

Do what you are, honey. It's a world of strangers. I am going soon. When days were of ago, find me jaunting the avenues of old cities. When flying motorcycles are for real, I'm there. Please let me go to sleep.

Through these dank fields, did we all amble, chomping on shields, dining on bramble. The light of the morning, a massacre made, remember the warning—in fog we do fade.

Be still, riot control agent—deadly poetry Mongolians arrive.

I cannot pretend to hampa, Dean—een wuslot for, see, if I go up wixkedstreets, it'll cost more, yah? Nemm neeb? Making sense was it, youa, and how ilta was she? Formilapome camtic efferfoil can it brerben can it up, up old hi, hihi, hi. No right now it's NOT able, how feara and froma, ligote fora, this is reaj. And again, it's on a ferry to Brooklyn, but when?

She came in as a blurry vision; an oasis in the terrible night. My mysticism turned to shock when she revealed her true face. A weapon passed to me. I struck her. She just took my hand and led me down infinite pathways. Now I work at K-Mart. Container is more than container.

Comma J, the code word for the attack. The details were scoundrels, and our faces were none to match. Scuse me man, has the day to die arrived. It's not always like that boy, we have a paranormal girl with us, none of us will die, she will kill them all, so relax, you won't even have to fight. I remember languishing and meandering on windy hilltops—I don't have to work, I don't have to fret. This place is strange—got here in some peripheral wisps of ultramagic on the battlefield. I know that the longer I stay here, the farther back in the past it'll be when I return. So I'm waiting—waiting far enough so that my knowledge of technology will allow me great power there. But I can't wait too long—they will have to have some established infrastructure for my plan to work. I can't mine iron ore with my bare hands!

Cup 9

March 1995

This is happening. It is unregulated. I was quiet. In wood huddle. Sweet smoke on hill. Time has come to do some exploring. That is unrehearsed.

Friend is tar monorail. Airport rememberer is incapable. Like us. It to you, interstate, copy protected over the network. Circular allride, dark patriot, weak electricity. Freecord, the amusement day plan is ruining you. Drop out. Fly disappear. Junk.

What was the cutting was the mind thicket. Someone asking for Edna. Wair shall wander the sparkling blue spirit of goto. Skind of not okay and meet us by Gadgetry. Of pain and days was rest, and I joke about it and am cute. Let go the red witch hat. I was here to catch you if you fell. Fwas excellent.

Route. Blast. Desk in '75, overload it Hay Dleep-Twonca. Juib the messenger was kind of, uh. Let go the deeper language. Forma forlora feleepra noggendosh emb harpa. Lesker toom halabap, sip. Dorfen. Indersim. Forsaysin un doorin. Uska amsa chasky, the reef. Togo messler oberpimk the garu-aska. Elebax, im huska eskatra beespa. Fo morfin ank elter. Leg omasyes. Eg tansa lobo-nokora. Angle pelfer besp canter. Once there was just one language. It's 8:52 and I'm tired.

I was so cold and wet, and I went under the covers and got all warm and fell asleep. Oh boy. So what are you gonna do. What she lives with her parents and does the dishes. Are they still all there. Yeah. Is he abusive. Yeah. Climb and jump up the half-rainbow mountain! Flying little cars, all colors, fun, exhilar yeah man! Okay, oh yes. String fun.

Going. Yet at night at the auditorium we sneak, yet foreign to we the going. Yell and shock—the days are jail and we breakout! Going.

What I can't am able and jar to fly up and op and am the slever. Tired of this, and it was just yesty. Can't not continue, what am is doin' is wonderfoh no. Lie save us was a saying? Aye aye aye to go is to do it at all? No no no. Forget the girls of flags in gales—they ain't comin'. In a field, I was bored, and only wanted to spend time with my record player. For foranderson locating nothing to say. Getawong, y'all and I am not here oh fluck it I am not just go go go. Have to hope Drave comes through. He's the with all the tools for it.

Young and rocket launch, painful seeing you highway, ache of year of the face. Yellow little car of yours, I see it sometimes in shopping centers, giant shopping center where I live with 100,000 other people. Stupid 1950 coolboy, Jill you. Find find find I am going to find it. Reincarnation dumb the girl—she is she is she is she is she is TRUE. Get away from me. The part of my head I was at on Bloomfield Avenue was something.

Crammed and lubricated the triangle dog college bookstore, funny the way they watch TV hereabouts. One of the black and gray walkways I know, goes to girl rooms and goes to power magical and goes to stimulation and goes to the movies. Skunk hair punk piece of ass, here I am.

Like a glass airport airplane, the trials of the surf are wanting of sinktude. Feeble the grand andmomenta young, I was dangling from the deathly safety pipe. Wrongderful place, in an oil job place, the crime of wishing is kind of God. Hail tryout the yomper tomper yomper Jeep YAYAYA!

Forplease, get me outta here Jenara. Descending into the tunnels—what was that again? Soar, falling behind down by the pool. Splattered on hallway walls was it, yesterme the fighter, gone the way of the loser in the library, me again. Bant Muscic, all of there ye was an it. Olivert.

Apsolutly I am there. Let me have a control panel you, I know things, that sounds like fun, violence is nothing, everything is remembering, and how much of my life has been in libraries! Neveragain the rumble I wanted or is it okay? Nevertogo, the roadaround the fountain was and is the great one. Town of magic and psychic, get me there, get me outta there.

Ferver in bending bang, the whole group has disbanded, and it's up to our heroes to save the day when there's no one left. The work of the day is the restoration of a man's pride, clearing the charges brought against him, but in the final analysis, the man had to make up his own mind. He's a guy all nervous and shaken, wanted by the police, and they give him shelter and help. What shall we do to-day? Pretend to repair a building! The whenner is blen. Dorker than whevevver, and none to boot! Guys, ya gotta save me!

The staid platinum blonde fire engine in particle deep pavement on the Johnson Continuum was get the real Fred. Sting her autonomy, guy, join and jump to school hallways and school cooking class. Waiting in the freeze, friends made and lost in frenzy hours later. Yeah, magic symbols, it matters.

Yo, go to the sewing store! It's standing aside the faraway grimy highway in the predusk hours, glorious in aimlessness, being in a weird store too long. Getting! I wanna know! What was the past, and can I get it back! Ah! Ah! That is where I wanna go today! That is where I shall be! Oh yes! I wanna go to the Bergen County Mall and environs.

Raunchy. We can head into a future as good. Havva candle you don't know. Cubica madness, it twas all worth it. Lost iy. Craunch. You know, it's a strange pleasure to walk through unexpected tunnels of sunny NY and NJ, it's all coming together.

Load fonts. Angry and water cooler fake forest of fake trees, atrium—huge, glass webwork bubble, wage slave idiot cage. Imaginary fame. The bright boys apprehensive and hopeful sitting around the table, being filmed for TV. Exhausted train ride home—a little more each day, so to say. Then the girl on the making of video crew. You gotta be able to.

Thinking walhoe the of sodium chopstick the girl who lost her eyebrows and her date. Can do, slow auto junk corner, hot and super innuendo. Those cheeks, those jeans, gimme somma you Charlotte.

Flew at latenight rented car earlymorn, domed hotel and ralcifice office, the tin bannister sanction. Was I not a warrior, of of skill power uh-huh. Billiard winter drink, I was in you, I was the deep glass window at the airport last night. I am burning.

Trim. And seldom. Oh huh yeah supermarket! train! Mentioning to me, out of black sneakers too bad. Once in a lonely briar, magic opening, we were screwed. Oh yeah. Gotta runlock. Scan no managers.

Cup 10

April 1995

Coralgoing coralglider, cofind me a suitable car automobile. Bad mid-decade school jones. Woodgrain halhora. Jenkins. Jenkins! Losing down the path walkway, rich people in their greenhouses, cool people at the airport, the savage toy store for ancient gods and fruit loops. Can't I escape can't I stand on hotal and see free dream lit? Emblematic of this state, I flow.

Selfish waves of aching desire. Floating spinning glowing spheres in cyberspace are your guide, five at a time. Slammed my Walkman so hard against the wall its insides are now jelly. Gotsta take in the smell after the rain.

Antelopes fight in the chromium light. Ten little plastic explosives. How am I to destroy. A cool land eases my rage but I cannot forget and I cannot build the bridge on my own. Talking about transformation. Lemon library, slash of skid memory, wire of telecasty. I talk to you.

What I know about Rome, chances with young women, and living in the world's coolest treehouse. Wild saw-mangled energy motorcycle, take the plunge Barry. Laughing on wingtime the spot gravellette. Earth hole wandering, just another airday tramp. Emma, the flask of the, Wallace, of splinter of congress of them, I opened the theater.

It is sort of the dawn of spring. It is sort of 1995. Something like spring is dawning. The road of time is big. I want more toys. Chemically pure. All the other flags are at half-mast—but yours is flying high. It's the wandin Metal Age. Personal infotransion. Just half-damn it. Girlfriend's parents' house.

I was kring. There's a good feeling street light. Her dress, what a universe. I love a rooftop, loe hoptac. Laser baby transport, a hint of lemon in the air. Drifting highmaker, the rainy forest idea, coming away with a bundle of good stuff.

Let's go down to the walkways. Oh yes. When I am miserable you are dark checkerboard furnace. Oh no. Was I getting there. Yes, climbing up the hill with her, seems like another world, driving north on 23, will I ever see her again? Why do I even care? Magic days, it must have been the summer of 1987. Erin. Gone now, away far beyond Washington maybe. Gone. Yeah, better to embrace the frail remnants of the experience. Holding these wisps is a different sort of experience than when I was there.

We're up there. All these people working everywhere. Gotta know your options. Mystery of the wander, can you clean, I am unreachable. Haha, a home from a dream, maybe a doctor's office, turn of the century, observation deck. Wonder how I do this. It's me writing. Jumping into bowling pins. If I wanna kick a door open, I do it.

Kurt Cobain was a replicant. Consciousness is yawning. Hairy tree the slam. Blue blue neon slash and a city. Opening chord of opening movie. Ha, yeah, little drug store in mid-ambra highway. Crush. I will be heard in scary confusing hot air balloon. Oh boy why. I have to jump, fly high, crush the enemy. Consciousness is Wyoming.

Gotta wonder why. I'm pretty cool, why not. I have the key, Tracy. You never will have to swim the evil milks. Was it? Just about there, she said, and I loved her a little. Lenny is lost. We are all on a bus someday.

I had to move. Oh, the next one is near. Ruined seeming lady four seats away. Glass. What about this journey? 7:54 in the evening. I have a lot in the this. My goodness. I'm rushing at the next one. Those drivings around with Erin—why do always come to mind? Yup. Floating around, soon gonna blast into big super fun money, high fame and coolness. What. Waiting here in waiting room, clean rage, I'll win this war.

Wonder, we're coming back. But I want to get it today. The road. I am on it. Loving and euphorix the way man me. Going away and behind us the moon. Fun, the guy was stupid. Whas? You gotsta be kidding.

That rock guy—rolling it up the hill? Sisyphus? That's not me. I rolled the fucker up, got to the top, then let it roll down the other side, clearing a way of wild demolition for me to tread. Now that's me.

Ware are it. Fum was good jav. Up there, it might be a warning. Two thousands days are a joke. Rolling Rock is a beer. Refining my myselfness, eh? Come on.

Crazy little thing called hours. Cavalry? Government is just power in the hands of the untalented. I hate my Walkman. She ain't volcanac? Lovers love to run in the rain.

Shroom. Laga agansta in bloom wrecker. Trop road, I did it, falling in love with the beast me. What? I done it. There it goes, one of the aspects of me, shooting star along the right highways. Huh? Yeah. It was true. I make, declare and rule the tundra me. Relax? Get outta here. I judge myself. And I find myself awesome.

Steal the soap from Marla Rainy Parking Lot at Night.

Cup 11

May 1995

Have the amor you crave, smocker. Spit on the of advancement trees. Yeah, a bookstore in 1985, so what? The Boeing trees. Of alive, can I say it, little combat is get there.

Apsolute the rail choke was recycler. Ha yah, respevic and joymakmask, I did want to intrude, also want to invade. Could. For they unfret just control just know it just fourthery. Um.

Behind you revall, the time of a good cigar. Corrode's a word. Repster, love vans. Come on, the mystique of the '70s, I was there. I was emotionally disturbed. 1976 was cool, the Freedom Train, Bicentennial, all that. 1977, Stars Wars, Close Encounters. 1978, Star Wars action figures. Yeah, I was there.

Formerest the day one return. Can I destroy your resistance to coolness? We shall jolast the memorate. By it I mean, strong vision of log flume, and it I mean, shopping area as always am, I was saying, ujric. Bemore, croud and maltern. Fhemberhemb.

Revortusion dude. Yompy the Shrew, the newest. Aha, accidental splatter of coffee on my shirt, every day you know. What are pogs? Take me away.

She's like a breath of fresh madness. I want a sphere of solitude, okay? Witches, psychos, punks—I love all of 'em! All those girls! I want a sphere of solitude, to share. I want a purple mountain like a drill to drill into Earth. I like the strange and I am young.

That, and the flaming blade. Was good. With stimulus and afterlash. Hunderstand Warmister. Hanging stranded on this wayassal.

That frosty atmosphere always around you, at, say, college lounge, makes me, the lowly nerd, love you. Who are you and who am I? Other. The truth, our bond, another universe, you really are occult like me. I like us.

I was hon and, how I'm home so—solo and an apple. Game sovure, the delecaration and the fi-line. Beesp—not a game and not a sound, the laze of days of half awake Odd Couple on channel 11. Yeah. The New York like their New York. I am slow. I was the coolest and will be. Don't spill the flask of honesty, the stain will never erase.

I believe that a chilly unknown morning drive is: there. EPCOT my thoughts, all that's gone, you need time travel to get it back. You wanna go into her gravity, but it's a dangerous game—you only wanna go in so far—you gotta be able to pull back, not get sucked in.

Be thee i. Aladask am fortune. The grayness of places, I recall a situation, a little house and my otherness took its toll. What eve. It was to me a great turning around of few degrees. I recall DC, Honey I Shrunk the Kids at the train station, I think I was rejected by Erin.

I am can write storefront street. The dewel is a not for King, was not Staten Island for me, girljoke wishway. The storald of my finish cangjonks. Lemning the crasha of college, I am said. Dire rail train me. The hiddest. I AM COMING!

Yum. Greature of Loho, that's all you can say. High there you said and hey why not. Totally hospital your wave of kindness. Difore of Ud, bash. Kescin, amazing new plastic, defire yourselves.

Ungogo. I was thinkling, be a goody. Target in teamness? I don't think so. We have to call this thing ago. We have to call to it. Always see to look where you are. Days turn into years, she said. She's right you know.

And of tramulous garden walkways we aspire, far from the misery of our heaviness in these times. Funny little car, skull and crossbones and colorful little porcupines painted all over it. The last breath of optimism here, a lurch to try and catch what's totally gone. It's a spirit that hung heavy over the world. But it was always moving. And it moved on.

I am a wristwatch made of mist. Commanda Royal Blue, the cinnamon backlash affair. Junction, the mystery of the man made of milk.

I've become very disenchanted with that cruller. The exorcism of Falhood, the sculpture had to be washed clean. Foolish wall in dream. Whiaver had a theme park, entertainment resort, kind of walk and eye. If you can't see me so good, swash the water vapor off the window in your head.

How does gray flowerful isthmus. Binking never to totter, hump of universality. Lookback, take a whack at constructsation. Getting out, you have to be at a Sears.

I know it. Holiday weatherfuck, gemme a steel drinks. Of. The downstairs transit center. Backtrack—rewind. It's that train and coffee and techno malaise that made me do it.

Jing. The bell sound. Happiness in the wintertime and the Christmas world is gorgeous in its truth. I am friendly. I have trees far as the eye can see, also cloud. Twin office towers, tell me your stories. I love that. We do people. I am the maritime hole. All you can do is shriek in code.

Humming like chimes, the deep black stone walls of an elevator bay, bad humidity outside, check the riverside. Laura Hinge, I like you. The boat, most bad movies have one. We got the past. All fulla stimulation for the restless time traveller. I want a little wooded area and not know where it is. The real ones make the best enemies.

Crash why is the train slow. Mash give me a big bag of food, drink, and magazine. Confusion coming, the stealing bird. Martha, Joy and Samantha the grind ladies. Sirens of busses. Training today, unbelievable shopping guy.

Gaith. More of the yust cannot. You talk of direction. I'm talking quantity. I got it. If yer fishing, king mill creator guy. As I jog over the Arctic Ocean, my fire revives the world.

Comma ik & undificuld Jressterpt. Vision, put into keystrokes. Lovely rhythms, get you into love. Automode, restore your knide and jinde, I was erom, and that's forris.

Dollcity. Please corrode a marble cylinder for Hatchie the
dame. For uryly miztarot honeys, give'em sweet candies.
Dream, be where the flowers and jewels are, among the
baffled girls. They do something you. You're a locomotive.
You're Dollcity jollity.

Cup 12

June 1995

Skall was marfor. Unmagined daynight lane, I was forced
arout. Can be I am knogle, can be I am bike-on-bridge-1975.
Sotime, I was dear to theye. Canbe, for the feeling woone. I
fly, for it amn't floray. I was goone. And all the gods,
fascinated with us, the little gods.

Freak to the jatch of a bridge collapse, coolims! Any-not
mental-furryfriends was ohld mezzmar blue book line of
center—looking, badboo, k, I... Friend woods, outway ride,
cansleep dream HEY! Warfur, crumfay, alajayce. Itwer not
my decjay. Open the files, my orggic days, kept at bay, flight
okay good foray, june my day, cay. Evaradce.

Luscious greenery, comfy sunbeam, slurpy yummy
redpatch, we are happy. Grails have we, nevery and quite silly,
and birds cute and smart, I'd say. Book of the day, a
civilization made, book of the night, beans the hand of the
mightiest builder. Co whispers of secret transports in the fog.

Gum. I'm an of hoone jiloppey. Could of hang was distard,
is I am kool was the undernethid oarmfennet. Maginghow
kigh the forestgets, I goto Hilchayway. Masternosity,
loshnessless, ipsertinnity, gum. The mirror says gosh.

Um, uh. Strain of the whiplash of borrowing, I am running.
The climber. Soup, I was eating, keeping me alive? Am I alive?
Go for it. Youth must be stoked. I am wondering.

Eight-bit color and ASCII, some of the babies of two to the
eighth power. The poker players are running. I find things
under a rock disk you say. The wonderful. Do you know me?
All I need, here are the eight things I was thinking of...
fantasy, science, hedonism, magic, wit, computers,
mythology, and angst. From college days to all of you.

Sing a song of platform, days of thrill-before-deal.
Forestmorning drive, cool car, the promise of a new horizon,
the prospects of failure stabbing at the back of your
consciousness. Dazed and rummaged, gotta get there early to
get a parking spot. And I shatter the delay.

Calling to the north mountain. Calling to the virtual reality place, tense hanging around. Conversation across travline, overhear and what's up with my heart? Have you talked to Piper lately? She's moving to Philadelphia in like two weeks. I overheard that. So much pressure inside the Earth, never released, never knowing relief.

I might have a reason to party. Nobloe, get logic for him to demicide. Alberjope, the mustard meason tells of yunk and sommory in the hills of yang. My my my, lookee here, si true the yanner and umping. Tore of jurit, let them tend to their smattering. Yo legs hammering the day and yum yum the day.

Fall comfort, not underfall, touring and during, I, light and carefree, jump at you. Cuff, of amzer and dank ontoings I bserve. Elevator overall, smooth eggshell partofastar, yad wasn't polt. The adore place-yandow stimmery was of the and juicinessness. Nearing sleepthemagic was for you the lady.

Soothzolt, I know you. The wicked of jagged signs and symbols, your room in the library is cool. We look at military and saw, What forgot, was stained high. Give me your logical nerves. We can do it better.

The cardinal flies and we rip each other apart. Go to Europe—I'll create my own Europe at the High Bluff Mall. Rhombus is pure, loving the local brook. Squeeze of a grapefruit, and always more. Time spent in government offices—an island of my own. Gauge progress on a windy deserted hilltop. Pine tree and playground thing. Stupid, sully demonstratum nut.

Yet the yunnow trails in woods ignite my passion, and the girls of Wevjoare, and the artworking of mica. Freetend of jonap was, and I cornersay the dawjank. What's the formula. Cannot say. Doors of think, said in humid afternoon, was screaming. The jonap connection?

We've a fine taste in Maharen. Guzu trips and we're highblame. Damsel am swink—of diddor smalket. To say a way is to surge, and it's my way. Not about the blue carpet I think. Going away, are you really going away? We got a lot. Prepare. Fine taste, she is of the enemy, but it'll be hard to think so. I would say at city night, trust the guide I send.

I was in a record store yesterday, and it brought back flashes of, the dawn of the home computer. I could go to the Princeton Market Fair mall on the way home, but why? I'd go to the Barnes & Noble Superstore, browse the magazines and CD-ROMs. Go to Collector's World, browse the Magic cards and comic books. Go to Software, Etc. for CD-ROMs and magazines and Magic cards. I don't play Magic but I'm still interested in it. Why go there?

Off coffee. The darap of snow ensuils you, I am atennery. Forslonk in daycastling, of the construction of Umbefab. I am seeing this world of today—much more than meets the eye—we fool ourselves into ignoring the wonder. This is in lieu of capacity, and I wonder. I must be the winds of change, I am on a rampage.

Just. We commomber telepathy and I am on the stage. It is sensual and stim, but like a maze I am fortifying myself in lostness. Growing. We have to have the fullness of afternoon wanderings, cannot miss that so much. I am wearing a Green Lantern T-shirt and I am on the Northeast Corridor.

The means lots of money. Comma J, some kind of code word. Ture the t'fellid allow. I was riverid and shakraclint the messenger. True never thought texture in aqua the dream. A city is nothing. Jang 4 back—the opsleyport winners need friendness. Curse the real word, metal ice is anti. And we talk of being severe with it. They ask for money. They ask for money.

Those musty cellary places, numb and comfy, you are any bright soul and miserable. Home among the museum, like a dream, except you keep getting bills. I want the lady in the coral dress, it would be nice. All readers.

Something you can chip away at for years on end—doing it is pleasant, as is the slow but steady progress. But our sentimentalities and sensibilities—sleeky quirky little cats they are. And we—with vast hazy childhoods and the job and songbirds. Ronija said.

Writer. It is a peculiar testament to the glory of night or puzzle of night. He died stupid. Tominal misticuffs and telanscriptional peanut water. You and Holly, as decadent as the clouds. X weaned on carnival rides, delicious thoughter. My eenday is crossed. Dial Kogue. Like when a Las Vegas blister bursts in Soho, NY. Cell fink.

Pifad. Pifad. Pifad. You got an underground restaurant and entertainment facility. You got windows with daylight-like light, and sprayers to make it seem like it's raining all the time. Talking about atmosphere. It's mine.

What is coolness? I can give you massitude. Wasn't I once an intern at MTV? Jesus Christ. The bowling alleys of my life. Blast 'em. Hijinks on graduation day. They have the new video game. Exhausted, we hiked up the quarry to radio towers and magic. The buzz you generate is the most sincere thing in your life. A vase of flowers, not too shabby. Maybe I should get some too.

We speak of the multiple meaning, but mancic days, whose magnificent fireworks on a videotape, a true quest, and it was mothingful. Quesfa, I ask of ya. Cellular flak, you can't dismiss the dreamworld shopping center if you want. I want it in shades of brown, I think it is like a girl's wrist collar. Wavver day is ice cold water on a hot day lamting. Speak of inherited word day camp woods calculator fun and envy. I was too peyond the all of it, I am jookli in a funny coincidence. Think of it as knoit, you ar the tremor dell.

I have been of the makin to an art. You rip some crap out of the paper Xexit. Wannknow what I think? Ckess it. Let's examine that. Omminow Knether, the shopping area, we haven't labnored it yet. I remembered bolt haven the corner mazen. Underground. Gotta go.

Bright, bright, and bright. Bad in school, what could they do with a crazyswimmer like me? Oh yes there is much in these video stores, just look, 284 titles and expanding fast. Each one you can Thurmop of Strangle Village, I give you muy pasta. Wanted to corgive youne, hanaha! let me buy you crop. No never deform timespace and dimension. Was can joy unjix the girl having fun, an infinity of it, she is in 1981. And am as I?

On transit like a narcotic. Soft doors of the summer body, predatory spice of the winter mind. Piarund, airport skedaddle. Line like, the decoration of carbonation. Was trinnanul was ample in the joining. Troc must trav in Rockefeller Center World.

Writing a check, such a thing. Fond of the table games, can I have a soda. Seen the rusting of the hipness kids. Remap. Ya can reject all previous doctrine anytime at all. Make a new home for the animals. In your toolmind of the madness of hedonism. Night. You go back. Fighting, but in the end. Kinda harsh the scirocco us.

Cup 13

July 1995

Nightmare Chablis Rough Girls. Standing by a windowby. Shooting symbols in the air out the back of an airplane with shaving cream. I had this dear of the dawn. These Repeating Patterns.

We deal in oxygen. Whacked out on coffee and in a mall is like the building block of my past. We are all life cannot be planned it's an instrument to be played. You can learn the basics, but to get good at it, you gotta get the feel for it. Zaps are needed in this auditorium. I am audience. Let me near you. There are waves in here.

Beavis and Butthead are delightful. What I saw was a video game called Satan's Ping. Like an evil Pong. Damnation, ash, and cross-country deliveries. I got into the song "Rise" by Public Image, Ltd. unaware of the Sex Pistols. Got another Public Image, Ltd. album out of the Hillsborough Library, at a strip mall, with Peter Litkey's card, the first time I visited him. Just heard "Never Mind the Bollocks" a months or two ago for the first time. Played a Sex Pistols slot machine at the Hard Rock Hotel in Vegas. Saw a piece on the Hard Rock Hotel on Primetime Live a few nights ago. Beavis and Butthead are God.

When will this new train car eventually have to be dismantled? Who'll have the tools for the job? The Yourself Needle. The Yourself Missile. The Yourself Miracle. \$14.86—the kind of change I like! Got on a 9-train and it was hot as an oven in there. Thought I saw a guy holding a piece of wood, but it was a crumpled-up brown paper bag. Don't be overly dramatic at the card game.

The hot museum, I stand in it. Left to yumma. I cold hall with railings, musty smell and scientific wall. The old house, scented old, why is it young people live here. Would you like to know. Echoless yawn. Kohut—sheet metal place of my youth. Okay—walkway to the Hall of Science? There was a Reverser.

Let me start this on. Malls mean so much to me. Let us begin. Knowing you is from jumping today. Friend, I can tolerate the. Formerest the day one return. The stores in those mall exit halls, less frequented. I'm always excited about happiness. Got the right kinda midnight.

It was too bright; I had no sunglasses. I don't even know what money I have. On a train, see a car carrier on a mid-distant bridge, through the trees. The conductor tending to the passengers like a fretting nanny.

A freckle of mine went nuts. I am strong arming reality. I might buy books for all my living progenitors this evening. Talkers of laughers. There is gonna be a road turnoff. I am of the variation. I'm so highway, you're very night.

The exciting algebra of novelty. It ain't mine and it ain't yours. A few sparks flew. Curiosity mark only—dull. Do you like fame? Oh—haha! Super ultra mega mark. Why do I want the best of the Monkees and the best of Bob Seger? Was of answer if answer equals gym spider web 1982. Oil of hijo de puta. We're not pussing. Hit with the sweet winter blast. Nostalgia ruined your transmission.

Very clear, been here, clue me in, we all live on top of the drive-in movie theater screen. What is "scorn"? I was fall-ass drunk. We all are tied with rope. Sexy people, the next day we play sadly in a drainage area. Who had this vision. If a street is a freakin' stab in the heart, what was my name? Never be apart, across time, from my hightime.

Neither the trowel nor the dame are you, wonderful you. We see the nights of cool life, pinball along, sleek, in scene, I wonder am I you. Taken certain hours, of am we gods, I can say, we were terrible gods. It could not last. But I am not you. You are ashes and I am juggernaut.

You think you. Formerest the day one return. Gotta mean something. Be puncst. Scream. I'm falling asleep, I like America. Give me the scholars I need. Please interpret the hell out of me. I could use it. Man who was I. Vegetarian. Into the hole in the supermarket hole. Life as a human, 1967 thru 1995 so far. What a cherished treasure.

Into the hole in the supermarket floor. People we like people. Terrible rocks and stones. Friend's father's car. Buy. Bingo! Punctuation thunderhole. I may have been subject to information overload. Quitting coffee was one step away from this.

Nother held a brass-looking rod, made of short segments of pipe connected by piper connectors. We must have "adios". When the chair says something weird to you. Working in a problem. Meet Lamar the Macho Chemist. What isn't the world song?

Seedling. Command-A, delete, command-S. Cloth. The tortoise was in a dangerous casino. Bang. Renew your mindwave. This months! As far far as where I am. The insanity of him personal lexicon. College girl thing—The Tape Recorder Babies. Glenn Miller Slaughter for President!

Hint of pepper in the air and she's finally with me. Today for adventure, tonight for sexual adventure. Why are there computer graphics in my thoughts? Dear home, I depart, and must hope you'll survive. You have a mundane life, not here, but at most a day out of a fortnight, like.

Like. The wavvat. Turlington, supermodel. Tile morning, wasn't a bit fennew. It's the way. Truesaid. Have arrow understanding this. Craw Clarendon. My weretime of glock. Yes in it moshin', we bluster do, dawn thorofare. Wunt. Crud. If the world has drains on the floor for souls.

My highname daft. My fellows are within. Trucks are a big part of life. What I give you see today these girls came up to us. If you think, if you have confused, and I knew. I knew, I knew. Dumb landscape, ya know where you are. Escape anytime.

The romance of being very sick. Rap star—Aorta the Final One. Night experience near Columbia University, what was it.

Cup 14

August 1995

Try Becka. Last blast, LAST BLAST! You Ale. Come, miniature golf, come go. Up a stairway in a dream, opening into your real basement, come, it's amazing. Your jaunt on the thin and narrow and safe for your life. Ya don't know it. Ya could be here, ya could be wonder full.

Tiny signature. Yak. Winds of change. Gotta run. No good. Unable to think or write clearly—history, foam, hickory, and smiles. Release the waste. Driving in Pluckemin. Gotta deliver silver confetti torrential rain. What I blew up. Donut break. Keep on stumbling, you're bound to jackolantern sooner or later, kin. Thine ray ignored, quiet mind pub. Ling, the glory, the safety. Like a Torigowar. Suptormier. Bike trick. I like stampeding through a dusty universe. I wanna thrill to the sound of an impossible musical instrument. Pay attention. Just wanna go to sleep. This is not the 3 AM I know.

Vast, am I going mask, these are ruinous tossings in bed, hearing psychic chanting—what is screwed. Being beyond all this. Sudden silence and a coldsnap—the thrill in her face—and another in a tuxedo at a wedding—she's love. Nothing wrong with winter. She's vast, am I going musk

Fiftia, enhance me. You have the moves the yesterday of me and the thing. Come on. Stay awhile. I was in the graphic arts industry, still there are redheads who cry for me.

Yunc, wish for the alcove I, knowing under the yearning, was yearning for the cleansing of winter rain. Truth and orange juice, a breakfast at the Yesterday Joint, Come On Junior.

Cup 15

September 1995

Tearend. A men's clothing shop in Princeton. Quiet down. I was in Iowa. I was no one in particular. I made out checks, mailed them, then got that money out of an ATM. Kinda symbolic. What was I? I have ruffles. Forget it gammit. Dammit.

Member in the Particulat. Ya I am no Knoodle. I hear about innocence, but I gotta wonder. Truon, is the subatomic is the a container for the a truth. Gum and sparklers—are you still the lovely? Night-colored glasses and a church parking lot. No mercy. Frandjiztastic.

Experiments in literature, can only be undertaken, by the talented. Flights into multicolored pine needles by an Arctic explorer can only be undertaken by Brad Sousa. Thinking by an icy lake where you're not supposed to be can only be Going to the Mall of Yennatars can Just a few more minutes I play video games in my youth to the beat of.

Was you bathing naked in a fountain while guests arrived at the theme park hotel. It was you. My and Molly run out of energy. On a hotel balcony, wondering bout the world inside the concourse, the world where mixed drinks are maybe the way to go. Being tired. There is no more power to the world. I hope it's we who are befuddled, Tonya.

When you're dealing with hundreds, the slightest majesty.. . Some thing specific, a first lady and Texas Wiener. Can we go, Rt. 22 is waiting, a world of bad art is out there, and am a comic book store, who am I. Thinking and the past. Monday, October 9, 1995, 8:36:12 PM. Dee... release me...

Yah-Yah—I em enthusiastic about this shooping flea market... I am pretending to stay calm BUT I CAN'T!!! Just like all those bad ly writted sitcoms on TV is how I feel. Cant not get thru. Help me yes do it help.

Only measure that has stood like standing stones the klost. I point it only under the hotel called Tara in Parsippany or somewhere I am schooling ij ij ij. Whoah, like a punch in the stomach little, took a little wind out of me but this is territory.

Not and way of gont, control gnoving the yi the mess ah and I am makings. Much way to kno. I am sitting here, time apparent, I am sitting here, in my messy computer room, here in Plainsboro, NJ. Deer Creek (a lot of deleted garbage).

Luck? That's a good one. Wanna try me... I am lime? Fine. So many types of juice at the supermarket. Can I do it? We need a "vent". Simple—was it simple? Do we have what we have? Talk about it. Try it. There are so many places to go. Fear of being recorded.

I'm creating something special. Look at this—a whole new kind of literature. But I'm sitting here, during a commercial on "Murder One". 10/19/95. It's back on. A little trip. Silly silly computer. Luck. Is it true? Stuff. Sound of an arrow? Think. Surf rock. Amino acid. Dune style.

Rolooda—jingle sensory—forlorn cat—half-awake in an airport chocolate store—morphing—down a two-liter maple water—Scauss—the dude in the goofy banana suit—he was a big shot in high school—look at him now—cubed—miniature—winter and summer experience—like a splash of cold and hot water—I lantern.

Dawn—awaken the world—this day might seem like a shadow of so many others. But I want to start a company. Freya confuse me, you puzzle you. Oh, an American landmark.

Cup 16

October 1995

Seeking, misty afternoon, yellow happy office air conditioner. The Britain was yestersay. Good good. No I know: Make names for different types of dream. A shop if you run a shop. This is part of Superior. This is the wonderful 1995.

Mendel is isn't it. Imperial the Scout Lounge. Try motion and ski Neptuna. Financial and ethical skinny dipping. Dark storm campfire running, the mellow flicker, dark wave campfire strolling. Spokes.

Tell more in the series. I am lost in a forest from 1986. Go home. Please go there. Thent. No way handle mess mare wasn't glass juke box nuts from the beyanx thray. Science fiction club. Years. Get into it Mary. Not knowing where you are. Excuse me sir. All you gotta say. Emyuviant. What is the joy of randomness.

Maybe the ultimate bad elevator dream. Went up, with group of dreamfriends, in NY-like city, up, over street, taking too long, elevator becomes bus, we wind up in an alternate reality—survival—then return—we all say how weird it was we all had the same dream. But one guy made a little diorama for school out of plant bud things from the alternate reality. This was September 19, 1995—early morning.

Ethrock—ethical rock music—knew we'd be telling our friends about it hora. Loont loent. V pyramid. Coming back cabin hay! my brain! Yeah and... Kaj Wimdering. You have a sense of fun lantern in a fun dream theme park in total darkness. Hum. I understand what a color is, clouds have feelings too, there any actions which mean nothing?

There was a strong smell of lemon cookies in the dimensional alley. Wow, that would be a good first line of a book. New York City in the rain—nice cliché, but there was no one there for me to share it with. Go and have a coffee.

Can you imagine the city streets like spikes, and a cigar erasing lucidity? I want to make a movie about bridges. That was just an impulse, I guess I want to see things connected. I can't be held back by connections to the old world.

One o'clock two fine days. Hi, they wear bikinis. Yeah, we got four bottles of vodka, so what, our dormitory night is all set. Are these three sentences connected or totally not? That is for you to decide. Go far.

Theatrical smoke in the subways brought me to your door. You letting me in was the dream I longer for. I am Wyoming.

Well, think, yelling folklore is my passion blue. The pain of days, how mental notes metamorphose into cacophony, and you are just as beautiful as ever. I can tolerate the many ways and days of Allison, in a way of nerdy measurement, but it is too comfortable, I think, and I must seek other avenues of tiring myself here.

The common sense. Betsy's in maze mayhem! Histrike line, Olympic style. Meaning, it has importance, it all means something. And you have trillions of years to figure it out.

Yumpa revision yanposta; true and newly, icy confused lady, you couldn't know, but in that moment you could have been everything.

Cup 17

November 1995

Can. Imtertrontransic prototype here in theme park. Her, you have unresolved feelings about she is. Rinter the old west, gimme telecommunications money any old time. Here we are, we have more days than we ever thought. The time technology, never knew it could be so easy, we could do ten thousand years easy. And we drift, unhappy yet truable. Missing?... mall is. Mall is.

Twas the mighty place to go, language, rushing to be, are many, & freeing the foulness inside to disperse or grasp. Rumtund, can we ever, I am trying, nothing J—marchoonis-oopial. There yet, yethery dusk trespassings, the glorious sting of the chill, it's like a symphony, with beauties there to blossom it. The strange ducking, I was full of yarn says you, and for many a fine pillow stuff, I was trying, and just the jay of thought, Fun or Fire.

Yikes, was a mouse saying, in time un the goi back to kings are trying to ilip, knowert, stoom a storm of the love. Have structure, I have mother, dealy smuckthing. Do you see me as infinite, for I am like so infinite. Muctches. Ah yes, solve it all with the smell of awesome smoke. I won't be there. Dangerous yesterday, call it a flyer, and I'm great with tomorrow. Listen to me, I'm one of them. I think.

As existing merely to regard the freeze aboard the good ship "Magnetic". My awareness is extending into sweet spaces. Finding your inner Norse goddess. I am Persephone.

Astrid, when? Independence have to. Flyer foxmania the and turbulence and...! Some character blew apart... him was never was golo...!

Licklink tovevver. Arpon language. Moster dialomp. Piscincia rantramp. Regal night brawling to team ruin. Scumlayer dortnait. Niff of Gosub. Song "I love you more today than yesterday" loser feeling buying yogurt. Apron language. Dorthait. Dorthate. House, wrappin efcayn, smelting paragraph.

Ha! Ha! I am warm and kicking, out here. Please, be in a hotel lobby in 1983. To look like that... caught in the scary streets of the city... rising tide, a monster of a subtlety.

Bopsindrid the Detergent. Savior elsewhere. It is not my business to manage a junkyard. It is not my business to maintain a warehouse or complex shipping operation. It is none of my concern to tend to the needs of an office building. I do not choose to deal in matter, for I am the businessman of the digital time.

And for all your consciousness, you are with you. What is left. Not at all afraid. Spur of the moment. Carpe diem. Trouble ahead. The romance of trouble. Life is just constantly trying to keep yourself entertained.

This morning, awakened by alarm clock, I pissed but went back to bed. I slept for 45 minutes, then woke up again. My apartment was cold. I took a shower. And I knew, it was too late to get a \$2 parking spot, so in a few decadent seconds I decided to turn The Weather Channel on and get back under the covers, still wet from the shower. And these were ten minutes which seemed like an hour. Such comfort, such indulgence. I am now on the train, late for work, but there's no way I'd trade that ten minutes just to be on time.

You can have the capacity, stars are ripe adorable partners. Evil is long ago, my child, so for those walking backwards, collision is likely. I look like a slacker, not a worker. But I make more than most of them.

Was I to be pure, experience raunchiness, to the pine tree area. Can there BE a jumpiness more altruistic—but I apologize—that may not mean anything. Checkerboards are a whole kind of occult life, I mean that. Consider the smell of rice cooking.

I wanna come to describe something in my life, I have had some jobs, deer have walked through my yard, I am new to this, under you. And the fall foliage, altogether, humming with dry magic, we are swept into a major metropolitan astral plane. Haha, jajajo, umimum, tempermine. Temp ermine.

Is the act of saving the document and is like thunder in history. Cremate the opposition, they're gone man. Imagine if the world weren't wild with change, the panther would be obsolete. I'm not coming up the driveway just yet. I have some more spice and cowardice in me, the delicious bombing of the production. Is it. The walk and. I can have a genuine thrill. Superior is remarkable literature.

Standaback, Diamhardy. Ten years from now you'll thank me. Was the nap a means to avoid it, or just my disorganization, or what? Cute. I am paralyzed by so many forces, but these same forces could prove a potent fuel for motion. Writing this, I am moving forward. Are there choices, which result in branchings into the ahead, or is it more qualitative? But I think I know the cause of it all. A few in the tunnel. October is over.

Through with the tunnel. A New York Times page in my back pocket, a story about people who live inside a nuclear missile silo. They call it love, and I love feeling it. They had a poor little hedgehog on Larry King the other night—it was scared to death and held itself tightly in its ball shape. I know what I want.

Pony tail new brunswick. Mr. Toad, come on. Parking Lot World, I wanna talk about my desire for you. Yeah, life is a sequence. Science, let me tellya, look at a halftone with a magnifier and all you see is dots. Nothing. Playing computer keyboard. People romanticize freehand and typewriter writing. Too little unbelief, where is society up to.

Need to refine. Life is. Buildings take an awful lot of effort to construct. Like me? Yeah e. Yeah be. Hmm, could be a new retro-hippie catchphrase. Mindy, Mindy, Mindy, Mindy.

I have jaulo to porta. Waiting for the next thing to happen, we pretend colorful fictionals. Autumn leaf, red and dead, have you a thought in your head? What of me is steel-like? The dove, ancient idiot, the dove.

Slow overpass, time of thinker, the yesolution of the self. Done hinterland, I was overland, and the newspapers are losing interest. A jug of something... Any today does explode because Susan 594-011.

Meantime. Century gang. Harsh y'know. Madness is a luxury you can ill afford, where is that? Resplendent blender—the of meaning. What I know about awesome. This was heavily edited.

Thor panther clothing, your feminine side with a baseball bat and a bottle of whiskey. Eye the clock at 2 PM, hours to go before you go home. You need a 2 PM where you're free as a psycho, causing trouble in amazing places.

I have to youward, I am bashful but persistent. No smoking a cold walk yelling aimlessly at an empty Revolutionary War park town. Yeah, an old fence. Yeah, pretending to be just you, chess and game, theme park crapola takes up 19% of your brain. Toofar, a place for mystery and meeting.

Cup 18

December 1995

The feelings are delightful here. Here, there is uncertainty. No. This one I play to win. Rave Janssen, cutest little movie star. We think of places, but they're nothing without you there. Yeah, still in time, all of 'em exist. Yup. Time travel and how small you are. Every moment there's a whole world of space. What can they hope to experience? But it's wrong. Consider repetition. Actions have no reactions. The axe of us gone. The cement slab thought.

I am a formula made of ace. That tingling sensation, that broad smile of a morning panorama. Air pressure confusion, you're at a mall far away, phones aren't working right, and you have money. Getting away in a night of flurries, never to return, what the humanity you seek is beyond you. And I cannot help it.

Prelude to the informative day. Find. Some of the stars, might be her body when she was 23. I love the feeling of being really tired. I am marvelous—something precious in the display case, seems too valuable for the security level here. So I'm in this hotel.

Let me know. Yeah, I wrote a lot more of this, but it got destroyed as the computer crashed. Snowfall is unwelcome. Again. Whatever. Didn't lose much. Nose. Airsh Niobrahms. Metropark. Just remember the inner peace. I don't want the abandoned playground. Dome owe joint underground box xaw does zoom.

Two of tools. I have to say I am calm. Rinse is preydive. Bluvven. Blunventem... preyjive. We spink jiv for us. You what you write. It was tising (album name) panucking.

Winter telling of my self. X. Solitary at mall, browsing to burn off energy. Cry about the Internet. Xmas everywhere—call me unmoved. Seeking innocence, but confused as to where childhood and society mesh. Bench and do origami—the best path often has aimless losersness passages. Mall of America—one day and it’s all over my mind. Princeton—a chilly morning, did I call Kerri?

Getting there side. Speckle, find the lost coffee shop owned by Judy. Cry for help—yours and friends, lost and alone, bewildered by dating. My old apartment, the walk to the train station, wishing it to end, now it has a magical edge.

To talk of craft shops. Bad Macanudo walk to 14th street. Scary. Howard Stern on Jay Leno last night—amazing. Played Boggle all day at work, lost a lot. Drinking water, taking vitamin and herb pills. Wore the sweater-like thing inside-out. Talked while eating bread, must have seemed like a slob to June. Honesty... driving down the road in the rain, alone is an experience—builds character. Eggs by the side of the road at night.

Tame talk. Knowing it. Last for now. Auto repair, the tidal one. Fly flight back to present. Being—first minutes at Luxor—tired? Boat thing. Need to edit. Reality. Yeah. I see you, whenever you are, see neon stomach, I am on a train in 1995. The cosmos, rock concert, expectation of a state beyond expectation.

Heat dazzled for beach company date, wonder, what do you have to do. Heat dazzled, and big money torpedoed, foil streamers at convention, \$4 Coca-Cola, wandering. Heat. Talk about hussy. Tired in city. Toy store enlightenment is as immolation in self-awareness, street corner as they paint me. Car. Kissinger.

Back home, dark and cold, college friend memories, stabbing shame, no pony tail today. Go on. Friendly colonial street, weight of the daily childness I can Louisiana and—a bar—I—screwed it all up... I am here. What I know about. Please.

Lost. Days away. I want to be all over America. Now I know—duty calls—I cannot cry—it is a metallic Christmas memory here—bird. Commend. Look to you for support. Just. .. just hanging out, talking. Fear of insanity. Going... going home all the time. Dark days. Who was it? Morning... what is the loss of.

Again, quench interstate power. Bye. Everyone experiences night. I am have a script typeface was my life. Love. Kiss my love. Can't get it back. Funny. I am funny in a way of jarknest. Storage technologies will evolve, and we must evolve along with them.

Ah, again, just once, was it. Light rail, can I copper aluminum the yes icon, to pretend. Hi. Join now. Creates. Silent cold dawn, walk down the street, see no one. Hi hitchhike. A summer in the '70s. What can I say? Just skiing.

Avoid escalator in office building train station, they who sing, who confuse in a fish bowl, and the sporting event, calibrate. Sometimes well a year never ever. I am a wristwatch made of mist. Didn't I tell you that. Too weak, needs editing, but I never do that.

A time of Arctic air, driving on Route One, say patterns in ice, and all the girls at all the malls I've ever explored. Say building in the distance, I remember my first college friend trips to Manhattan, and how overwhelming the place was.

Many ices. Imperfect footing, you start off behind. Young, the innocence of being a Doctor Who fan. There was something more to it. Dim-it. A female Alexander Hamilton. Gaga. Gump. Hazzaha haha. Ga ga ga! You gotta wonder. Enterway to office and...

Duck I am loopy the fog rail. Is it causal, caramel? I pretend that this is me here—you have to see—I might really be somewhere else—my state of being is totally unfamiliar to man. Randolph? Maybe that was the town I went to—once—always wondered how to get back...

No mood for scratch-off madness. Smiling nobody, movie theater. Badlight, under the streetmess, power mass forces, the waiting for the waiting. Another. Open lit window, strange transaction, the fall wit the redemption in mind, fun and the nuclear muscle. Family buffet. Dog dreams. The dread of flight, the thrill of flight, writing it down, using levels of power. Too much tool. You cannot, Tracy, it is not...

Dashing. Hallway yellow brown theory. Drinkers of pine trees, the band, the movie. Cold college nights, the chill and the thrill of ladies. Yeah, no. Bo. Think and drink. The way of the wave, I am of it. True. Soviet aspirations, you are a little cougar and I love you. Enough refear—the dogs of rage are angelic ponies in your of dream faze.

I have some timing let's all talk about timing. The doldrums of midwest shippings. A girl in an orbiter, could I know her. The snowiness of my bright looks, and me climbing a tree.

Take care. To far me, her coldness, and the inability of my spirit. I have am generation. No matter what. Newspaper. Thing of maze was, I am cloudy must, I am not cloudy. Struggler—you always feel better when you conquer the mountain. I am new to this. I am you.

Cup 19

January 1996

Fond. Talk about success. Clean away—I am here, so here. It is good, and deserved after a period of hardship. I cannot predict with certainty, but in this matter, I am prepared to say that I am optimistic. And these days, that's really saying something.

Shout about cradle. Ha, durable comfort, erotic fun out of hand near the convention. Okay—the day we stole all those fonts—I got home to the Somerville train station at 3:00 AM, and I couldn't get a taxi. So I had to call Dad for a ride. Had to be 1990. I remember that station.

Something about trullity. Forget about it. One of those shocks of youth. This is not about anything. I'm in a hot coastal world. I am lost. Dunking phased, a salty muddy car window. The no-smoking sign.

Young, did I say that? Forest. Forgetting riverpeople. Nights of lights, who said that. Kinda the staring at a window, complex string design, what is it for at the shopping plaza? Their life. Use it. Not what I meant. The stop of coffee, I am knowing sleep, oh I am good.

Whatever today is, wondering about magic. A bright-eyed Danielle, and I'm drunk and the elevator operator. To lime-scented museums of despair, a long walk. Video collection.

Um, about flowers. Two method electronic. Gusting. To perceive it, were to yank me to knowing for. Love, can say it, my Jillian, what a shivering moonchild. Forlorn and a park said. Let it all go, hoho you got problems, must the crowd. Amusement park abandoned in winter—the appeal—following monster tracks through the woods, all the time thinking of them.

Ape storage, said cuz it had to be said. $8+7=15$ is the most boring calculation. I am Wyoming, die snickering. Lose pinner the varhaw, know it has say, commemorative. Loose cushion monty, had the toy backhoe, riders of the gaseous moon, lost in yime. To no, for cause, ligh-tile. Visike.

Lucrative Meander—it's low, and it's potlatch. Comb for infinite mersy, the contented catlike state of mind. High, all to see, it's insignia, I tell you, and that's the act. I tell you, and then you know. I am of mountain roads, I came down years ago. The funniest thing—about those spaceships—I know all about them—you're all going to be surprised when you find out what they really are! The evil fairies of eld, now intoxicated with technology. A very dangerous folding into.

Time last is it about. Punkin, nickname for the kid, was kid is you. Spider's arrow, drop done dank, simian sclar. Been in attic, foul of brain raking, happy after-rain pungent girls, to do it all again, was do it nonagon. Thor, weasel, birth control pill factory. Fake woodgrain blast of light. Son of music, the drapery of waste, yes I am cursing. Can we talk.

I am tired. Things are slowing down. People are pushing me around. Thinking about asking for help. Watching pirate movies, losing my mind. I am not me. Too much pressure but what do I do all day, into a wonderful sunny field, with plenty of friends, animal and human, and I love. A clockwork bowling pin. New Brunswick, the houseplant. Fuggy camera.

I got 455 of these? Drop the metal into the breeze. Jigsaw old technology, humming of wasteland, was it achievement, the bird stone. Dry rich people. Audiencer millions. First time letters have met like this. 455 is fine. The struck my chord. It's over.

Twas my who am they, itliza of am trinity. Fork, close to forcea, and to yalno to pray 'em. During. To limit us is, to ling ling form U, tired. Talk the food of the Gs. Many many. How'm do that. Um, unpopnatular. To again, fearjo, justa just just, nowmay lopog uffinc. Bomb.

Flirtations unjust. Damn good decaf. Misty facade. The open black and colorful object of scrutiny. Looping. Xmasevil. Little gremlins. Little meandering dye. The liquid world. The fountain of meeting.

God forbid. Lempold Industries—the dirty secrets, the reporting. I got a... the freedom of warm weather... not having to wear a coat. I am not joolking. What wum—there was a woman—she to you I kould—no vever no so fever. The art, dould it fine. Mine, fire has a spine. Formula. Did you think, all over, the plan of the birds and it can, life in your tree. Borad. Lust and predetermine. Ilgor could.

She bamboozled me. Believe this. See, if. Not working, smoke rising, song singing yours. Big superhero yeah, just another other. The day, the days, he was. Out of focus, out of focus. Film school. Gotta.

Jackdaw Cloth, come keep me company this evening. The scariness of the cyan jack' o' lantern. Little radio towers on all buildings, what the hell could it mean. I am another one. Creamy lights within the fog, fear in a foreign place, girl in a uniform, the promise of outer space. I am uneasy as to the dawn—it is small.

Dude, bewildered, figure out your finances. What who ya got, you know this is just a phase. Millimeter mine shaft, the torch of tude and osity. The phrase, head spinning, of weird love. Flowers abound, and you know Jessica. Famous flight, famous railroad achievement, chalk of fear and overextending yourself.

Cup 20

February 1996

Shrewd off, dummy. What kind of a creature am I, oh it's okay because I'm New. Tulode, did we talk about mica? All afternoon? Florida hotel. Wish I was in New York. Enough time. For again. We are stammering, who said we were smooth. And over, a painting lashed to a chain link fence. And we don't understand the art in it. Loony Sean, in the darkest hour, the fray is eroded, and my piñata is old.

More on that in a minute. The beauty of shirt, am I avoiding my adulthood. Trying and crushing. It's for the birds. I am misty, and seasidey, and long ago, and crossbow game, and gone from here, forest and pajamas, excuse my sawdust. True and exquisite—sawdust or stardust—we all have to drive latenights—it's not a barrier. We hear the red light of black bird morning, and whistle to a newborn day. Whether it is hot... there is always something... that comes next... those of us... who have trouble playing the game... our misery is sometimes our greatest joy... and when we get wet in an unexpected way... we can live in the moment, much better than you.

Wantingmore. My home is called that. Not Fallingwater. Wantingmore. All tickets out please. Contrarian. When it is the last snow, we drink tea in the observatory, and design elevators and marketplaces. Sting.

The west today, a quiet train, to have an enemy four thousand miles away. Certainly, flower. A fragile childhood aspiration. He wears glasses, is sensitive, and loves comic books and superheroes. Have we forgotten how to think in a wild freedom, unshackled, not self-aware, not jaded, not cool. We have lost it. Just think about it. That Obliviana is hard work.

Cup 21

March 1996

This Superior was erased by a computer freeze. It was of my weekend of emotional beating. It was about a cigar store, a crazy German woman, a trip to New York. Shall I repeat it.

When you and I were alone and by the water... I was young and I didn't appreciate it... To who we jump, we talk about crate. My felt hi, pomp true and dienful. For the wax whistle is temporary... You I they will build a statue of... It is always there, if your throat could think, would it love it when coffee was running down it? I am a mind... believe you have to pay a price... but is it just a myth, can you have it all?

Dumbo to me is the human vitamin. Fork it over, escalator, this three-hour lunch break and I am in an abandoned shopping center. Take a walk on the moon, amusement style. The master key, got it from my locksmith friend. I've always been special.

Give me some truth, Ellen. Again the foreign elevator, too much mental interpreceur. Um, Heidi, why? Don't answer. All wooded dimensional and blue arc. Save. Rain on the blacktop in streetlight. Hot and muggy relationships ending too slowly. The taste of beer and feeling disgusted with myself. Again, we go on, the white and cool arcade and deli, and I... find a way... in the suburban night... and I am wooded.

I can't imagine you sewing. Thayhoc was and an artichoke flavor. Go home, do you go way? We've your life in straw. Day in other city, inside library, see sunny street outside, in a dream, the way is frosty. Again, the many identity, flying to a climate. Get me there, yet we are underway.

Liam, to tackle problems, Roman stupor and the bakery. Time flavor, time whatever, time to kill with friends, getting into trouble cuz it's the only fun. Socking. Marvelous. Hanging out with that chick, it's rainy, you had to hide in the woods. Hey where were you. Aw just... going for a little walk...

Grunting saliva she said yack or smack. Carefully described dilapidated building. Smother, doc on dingoes on TLC. Forget me. Knew it. Parking deck. Your first one. Knew it. Forget it. Forgive me.

The challenge—to bop till you change, chain link fence destiny, the hoverers come. Mall sideways... the stores pay less rent... you love a girl who works at the comic book store... Did I mention the conductor's coat? Never mind. We are formula. Try and erase as, um till rent is due... and... whine of a train... but still unsatisfied... who is the me who waves the sword in the rain when no one is left...

To be me, just I knew about it, um help me. Call me coffee. We are... have money and in an airport lounge... talk about witchcraft woman... and Cuba... The time for going is here. Do I say that? Much more losing to indoor pirate ride ahead. Can you base it all on loveless? If you got a problem... the problem is the problem... not the fact that you're alone at night...

Is it intensely personal? I know. If emergency exit... but you know that the mundane is the rule of the day... But we are cool... and I am a cool person... and I was at least the best in... who knows. Be me. No I mean be me. Do not see me. It is my history. Going away. Coming back. Playing sports. Butterflies in your stomach in the car, so many times, what is it all about, what is the use of expressing confusion, even if literately? So other people know they're not alone. What a cliché. You're not alone.

Airports... why am I so fond of airports... the idea of going away... you do the same thing every day... so the idea of going away... We're talking quantity here. Blasting. I wear sneakers, black sneakers, nothing else. Maybe slippers at home, but nothing else. Okay. Tis the season to be massive. Was what that? Haha, great.

Through the yesterday sillily, yolk no bird. Liode Fur, you are charged with the two of you, word puzzle and glee. Glee... You know that reminds me... all the old were young once... bet you didn't know that. You know every day is a new day. That is it too. But what I am wondering, here, an object, pure and inhuman, and it might represent me. 1969. I turned two in October.

Obsessor of low character. The mastery of film special effects. Yeah that face, an ugly face, an ugly personality. Reading a punk history. Train is losing power... losing it... And where I am. It is all so... what is there, but me making observations? It seems to be happening a lot and for a long time.

Imagination and escaping from the everyday. Messy apartment, hurtling towards it, fifty miles away. I have cigars and pasta there. And a TV. So... I had the idea to live in fountains... all naked and beautiful, make a world, like a theme park, all out of fountains and beautiful things... going to the supermarket on a cold night... the feelings... alone... but did it feel all that different when I went with Kerri? Planning on buying coffee. Paycheck to paycheck. My writing. Talking about myself. What else should I write about? Oh this is therapy, it helps me, to get these feelings out. It is helping me now.

Before I knew it, New Brunswick. The fire and the haze, the walkie talkies, look at her. Such a lot of past to go over. And I gotta wonder about the truth. Who am I really? Who... Man, my college days, receding evermore into the past, 1985 to 1989, a different time, a different era. Falling asleep... no, I must go on... stay ahead of schedule... Des Moines... falling call... lost real motored.

Is she real? I don't use her name. But I wonder. How many people are real? The cleansing of an old, old soul. Softness... her body... THE GATES OF PLENTY ARE UNLOCKED... my mess... dam... barren on one side... full and resplendent beyond imagining on the other side... Yes I am good. Now I am good. It has been a long road. And now I can say... I am good. A puzzle.

Each vernal equinox, never just ultimate, naked exhilaration returns. Evelyn, jolly, eats cornflowers to satisfy Mary's enmity. Do you know what it's like to realize that Jenny—dear, deluded Jenny—as an investor?

Good forever and the tennis, hard rock fairy bagel mania... the think you're cool... yeah gold shoes gut the government... you are thrilling baubles, is what it is all about. Jersey Avenue, what's that all about? The you know, I am acting as if I have knowledge of the future, do not belittle my wildness.

Go late night. I am not against wood grain, ha, money and drugs and GOOD LOOKS. Ha, whatta we know? Good night. Drive. Garathy Plom. And kinship. It's a well, the theme is super liquid. Pollsters corrupt farm girls... did we not do this... . art galleries in strip malls... If commemorative dream rugs are weapons, we are stripped bad again... bad mazes... Druid... minor TV star in 1984, is it all the harder to read about the young stars of today... living with super liquid...

Did. Hot decaf. Youth... woke up and I was still young... happy construction ride... Knock thus over... Think!... wheel!... beacon, wrecked, fizzling library. Popularization of the computer before the personal computer. Chain link cobble stone. Be. My studio... others like me... not enough talent to soar... so I sup on a friend's boat... it is hidden. And I play those early video games.

Shockingly aware that Murder One, episode 17, is on tonight. Chemistry II never happened. Looks like it never will. Bribery? Incremental? And dark sunniness. 7:54 AM. How many of these have I been through?

Dulerhuperscear, of? Bark. Myth dove gannage. Feelo. Apla? More elcean more. No... no more fake words here... a little guy... mystery of his girlfriend... he's so secretive about her... the name of the mountain... drama of the crab... what is what I wonder... imbecile... and Laneco, Phillipsburg, I bought incense, who know when it was, she touched me on the shoulder, who am I. Clearness. She is available.

Climbed up the radio tower and lived there for some time. Eight girls from the local college idolized me. I demanded a pinball machine, and they had to employ a crane to get it up there. But it never worked right.

How in being human... the same routine every day... how the same thing can seem so different... depending on the state of you... I remember with great affection the times after work on a Friday... take the E up to Davidoff Cigars... smoke one and walk over to the Letterman show... see what's going on outside... play some games at The Broadway Arcade... walk through the brilliant night of the new Times Square... then on to Penn Station and home... okay...

Forcing a rug into another time... the tuition money was wasted... and I was studying emergency exit signs of mass transit for the month. We all got psychological orgasms with the Russian video game. To think of how mundane it all was... but then again... I like mundane. Ah yes. A hospital and a dorm. Look. Stories of brave sea pioneerings, and me, in the comfort of the train, looking out, feeling complicated feelings, writing Superiors. All the articles in all the magazines out on the newsstands today. Even if I read them all, where would it get me?

The second day of spring. Dear myself, I know how you always romanticize past periods of your life, and I'm sure you'll do it with my present. But remember... no girlfriend... messy apartment... financial instability... a move on the horizon... The idea is that at some point in the future, I'll probably pine for this time in my life... and idealize it... forgetting all the negatives... but I have to say, this is a rather charmed period of my life... cuz think of it... if I had a girlfriend, a neat apartment, all my bills paid on time, and a good home I'd stay in for years and years, would that be good? Um... you know, it might.

Cup 22

April 1996

Fear, Jolly, Whale, Come, Jagged, Monster, Detergent, Hair, Predator, Clock, More, Feel, President, Ruler, Charge, Devil, Daisy, Mean, Mustard, Growl, Door, Storage, Cassette, The, Junction, Rock, Jungle, Opera, Palindrome, Score, Dial, Poor, Playboy, Luck, Jingle, Eastern, Arizona, Canada, Rent, Play, Dome, Sherbert, Licorice, Tame, Jaw, Beaver, Crawfish, Lobster, Rapids, Waterfall, Bridge, Raven, Dentist, Amble, Coarse, Judge, Butt, Screw.

I wonder, here, if she is feeling it... a nimble new euphoria to tantalize eternity, reality and mystery of stars... Nothing gained, nothing lost. When you brake, you have to start moving again sometime. That is the time I was into.

Finally finished Atlas Shrugged yesterday. Got rid of a lot of junk on Sunday. Getting a new apartment in a month. Forgot my broken umbrella on the train last night, didn't try to retrieve it. Looks like I'm moving forward, dropping ballast, growing up, on the train, but soon I'll probably be on a bus.

Inner conflict, ya hear it all the time. Late for work, knowing that deep down you're smiling. Bookstores of youth, science fiction and occult. Questing... wandering... even seeking in supermarkets, a spiritual mission... other things on hold, not as important... look at people in cults and new age type programs... a month or two into it, they think they have found the answer, they can't believe that they went through so much trouble in their lives, because the answer was so simple. They smile and look at the unenlightened with bittersweet condescension. While they themselves, a few months later, are back to their problems, the quick fix philosophy having run out of gas, as it had to... and they devote their brainpower to coming up with justifications and evasions... anything to avoid having to say to themselves, "I was wrong."

Lyrical, were hotel, crimes of mischief, never get arrested. Torn away from TV, walk to her parents' house through a humid backwoods, what you're there. No way are you ready to pretend, I said, and it was... the Middlesex Mall... spend an hour with your haywire mind... killing time, spending money, avoiding the self. All the malls in a day... what an idea... but is it possible? To hit all the malls of New Jersey in a single day?

All the malls of New Jersey I can think of... Woodbridge Center, Menlo Park Mall, Princeton Marketfair, Quakerbridge Mall, Bridgewater Commons, Rockaway Townsquare, Livingston Mall, Short Hills Mall, Echelon Mall, Phillipsburg Mall, Cherry Hill Mall, Paramus Park Mall, Garden State Plaza, Bergen Mall, Riverside Square, Brunswick Square, Headquarters Plaza, (Flemington), (Brick?)...

Wherefore art thou, Conductor Girl? Yellow soap with teeth. Your own, finally, your own personal waterfall in your room. Does wonder for the air, for the health. Rivers, creeks, waterfalls, all kinds of moving water... it has become THE trend of the 2030s. I read all the magazines about it. "Faller" is the one I like best. Haha, sitting here in my cubicle at the video game company in 1982, I read the May 2034 issue of "Faller". I feel like the coolest being in the universe... just casually reading a magazine, anachronistic, and gained through time travel. The thrill of feeling that a time enforcement agent will step out of the wall at any moment and yank the damn thing out of my hands. Wherefore art thou, Conductor Girl? I know I can get more. Me and my friends... we figured it out, it's... we can't go there ourselves, but there is a device in the future... a manufacturing device... and it is unknowably complex, and sending things back in time is one of its functions, Conductor Girl.

Cup 23

May 1996

When there is, she is, let's start all over. About me, I have a bad attitude, or a bad strategy about it. Vague memories of afternoon sci-fi movies. Second guessing is the pits. But there's a fine line I define then. Love on the Internet. About it. No more, nothing more to decide. I have a vision, and it enables you to be other people, and it lets you cut loose, and when you get used to it, it's over with, if you can see. Amusement parks and waiting for calls. Pride as deadly sin, but without pride, you'd just keep calling, every half-hour, till the end of the day. I'm not saying it's bad to fall way down, I don't know it, but I am saying, a distant smell of wine, sometimes you are never going to wind up on top, and then why not just jettison the whole package of the situation.

Thinking about adult, the ideal. Calling boating, golfing, travel, being rich, gambling, being skilled, good facade, it seems like an ideal. But what it is? Abandon a train of thought. Tired and driving to a dozen strip malls, loving the mundane, a day without a center of gravity. Here are bad words. I am in a bad place. Go away, game. Him, that would be me, standing far away, and it is fizzling. Here I am, knowing it's bad, and I am stalwart and I decide to finish it. The robots got us the drugs, it was just funny.

Went to home of gods yesterday. Couldn't quite hear what they said about the vice president. Please murmur, rocker cascade. As I said, I'm not doin' too good these days.

Where you become PART of the game, the woman sitting next to you smells like static electricity, mud and bad stores. Sang the wham and trying coal for the first time... the freeze is Judith and Missy, and... corporations are seen by weirdoes, let us go to the rock, in, in, but that is that and we should go. And we should go and there you go.

Fun, I said, for fun I would climb, I said, I would join the secret agents in their deserted base, babe. And cool hats. Fascination by the near-moronic, taking drugs and being like a fountain, by it, sitting on it, but unable to distinguish myself from it. Pieces of a shattered glass... our lives are all like that.. . nothing left to do but clean up... nothing to do, nothing means anything... means everything... even contradictions fall on deaf minds these days... and to be in a supermarket! Mannikins who use all their energy to build a fake reality, to tell themselves that everything is alright, when everything is falling apart around them. And... and they say it's ME who has a problem, that it's my OWN mental problems that's making me perceive the world like this, that they're just so "FINE", and I'm like, what, a "NUT" or something. But they are all brainwashed. I see the truth. I see the real way things are. Why me? Why am I, of all people, blessed to be aware of the truth? Maybe that doesn't make much sense. But to admit I'm wrong would be tantamount to suicide of the ego.

I am someone who has many fantasies. I have a very vivid imagination. Part two. I have this thing about the woodland and young people, and being young, and having fun. We say "frolick, youngsters!" With a suggestion of the spice of magic and the occult, and maybe a little computer science as well. Not only that, you become PART of the action. Jam in a virtual rock concert, where YOU are the star of the show! Help pilot the starship to fight the aliens. You can do it! Slay the dragon! I am thinking of a city street now.

Having fun in the woods, caprice, untethered, intoxicated, magic and freedom. Boys and girls in love with the great big question mark the world around them presents them. But such a state is very hard to achieve, the baggage of too much getting-along in the real world, or something. I was wondering whether those woods, and those mischievous young people could be recreated... digitally... with folks maybe not so young playing the parts... What is there to lose? That is a wonderful vision, and I will pursue this notion. It is another piece of the puzzle that is Obliviana.

Bad calligraphy photocopied onto goldenrod paper, folded over, like a little magazine, I know this is your work. Talking about the status of the elves. Fearing dragons. I like you. A rainy backwoods, financial tension, but news by cellphone that it's okay, and here I am with you. Little trap door deep in the forest, leads into my luxurious underground hideout, where we can watch any movie.

Knowing laughtude and cloudhood, jestingheard. You, little cutie, in my brain, in my brain, the way you look, the pattern of you, into my eye, into my brain, you're in there. Thought about hotels, yeah they're closer to heaven than home. Idea of "too many people". Idea of "thriving". I am unknown, I mean much. The turtle is as he does, the World Turtle, and so I am.

Was having jinktude. Ninctude. Nude. Humid dream Broadway, abandoned offices, there with a lover, there with messages to deliver. The way to dress, raw power in engines, New Jersey my darling, how many pieces of ass do you house? Unthoughted. Thought about night clubs and they are no good? Where I have seen. No more betting there are the rambling stairways of nature there. Been... stupid allowance, stupid aspiration, been, cannot, you know, ascending sound, foreign and good, we are totalled, getting you, for more trembling goddesses, the stout and jolly mistake or military.

Though you could cut the grass, that would be, you can't pay for it without your own money, we used vocals, your own. Timer Jennifer restart to mail master link, too was fraught in keen bewildered, Lamp. To lamp, a lamp, by howitzer and lamp. This...

True to form, true to form. The time has come to write of experiences. And I will write it. It has come to this today, I said, and rain is such a mirror of emotions it's not funny anymore, or it is winter by the fire, but apartments don't have fires, and it is driving late at night and the song is over and it's a loud commercial. What I said. What I was. What I am. My psychic powers awakening, but I know the dangers. Deep, frightening powers, but I've been through that, and I can deal with that. And it is okay. Crochet, making something, turning yarn into a thing, I think it can work. And I'm drinking wine out of a Carolina Panthers coffee cup from 7-11. And I'm working on it in my mind, the poem I will write for her.

Cup 24

June 1996

He's a theorist and he can think on his feet. Thought of in shower. Combat with smoke detector. Went ballistic from shower steam! Turning around, waiting for numbness and chaos, but suddenly it changes, suddenly you're there, bright and amazing, and it was so simple... Events like rapids, some kind of ignition, explosion, rough around the edges, but beyond it all, a kiss, and the feeling that something is working... Then the maze, a puzzle and a task, and it's a breeding ground for darkness, and the big theme, is that the universe is fucking with me, presenting me heaven, just to have the fun of yanking it away... Now, in me, a cautious hope, and a slow removal, of rose-colored sunglasses, to see there is a rhyme and reason to this, but I know it'll be a devil of a road to travel, and worth it. But I was wrong. It was messed-up, but it all seems to be making sense now. Such a multifaceted stairway, all right anyway, no more.

Talk... call... communicate... funny... talking to Venus, what was I thinking? Room in the basement... for family games... funny... beers and video games... years later... not my life, thoughts of a previous life? I am big. There is what is just you in through and through and we are back on the road, me and her, the one who is the one who is not going to call me and it's.. back to the year... fun and getting... the... big... did I talk about big... ha... doing it again... knowing... just another thing.. . literature, can it be possible in this state of mind? Gotta shave... going away... the day is here... every day is here... what do you want... there is nothing... stupid to say there is nothing.. being there... humanity///all about the strength to face things, lacking that strength you get mental. I am not mental, I am sane, but you might not think so looking at me? It is cool. This is just a time in my mind. It is just... I remember Mike's security job in Pequannock... have some video of it... a guy tried to steal a rock... I am Mr. the ankh the ankh... Logan's Run... playing it in the emotionally disturbed class... the game.. great memories... great autobiography stuff...

I have a mug when I brush my teeth, and it was... I was drinking from it... to rinse or whatever... and a thing landed on the rim opposite my mouth... I couldn't focus on it... and then... I saw it was a weird insect... a fat little fly... maybe a moth... and there it was, for a brief moment... just me and the thing... and then it flew away...

My Dear Denice, Losing it... losing it... I like to hear the bird in that tree in the morning... but this morning all there was was a crow... ominous and nasty... I tried to talk to it but I wound up sounding like a hoarse dolphin. Thinking of you... it's like we've been together for a year... year... funny, three weeks ago I thought it was all going wrong... like reality was playing a terrible joke on me... it was bad. Then before I knew it, we were on the steps of a church and I got to know you... and I saw... I saw that the universe wasn't being mean to me... it was just shuffling me like a deck of cards... and it dealt us us. That is what I am thinking... and I am in the glow of the monitor... and I just talked to you... and the towers in the distance are blinking red... and the fan is humming... and it feels good to be here... knowing you are there. Love, Frank

Cup 25

July 1996

I am perhaps no longer not a god, Whirring. Go to there and... it is a sunny and rainy street... to buy comic books... suburban yearning... that is what I say... and I cannot be here and... the truly way... amusement parks and video games... talk about “real life”... and it is the stimulation of the mind... and I am rising to the challenge... we are all here and it is... it is an opportunity to be part of something wonderful... like starting up a video game company in 1980... and going to Disney World full of hope... full of dreams of exhilaration, a future of unlimited success... that is where I am, and we will all look back to 1996 as a time of magic... clearing away the haze of Generation X... a new time, a new place, promise, a redemption. I am Frank Edward Nora, Lord of Obliviana. And wonder—we’re coming back.

Hippie bookstore venom of the best raven statue, peace and love and Vietnam and mysticism. Yellow gold, deep and inviting, cigarette butts are cool and reassuring, and silver and solid, a mind is a field behind an office park, and it is all frisbee and new, fruit memories punch in the belly, no curtains, just a day that is sun and rain and happy and sexy and talking to trees. Gigabyte hard drive, beaten up by commuting, little goals, little shows, people with their beliefs and their genitals... and their chattering all about technology, and I am whispering secrets to the uncut grass.

For all of time, a clock is friend, going down to the stream, waiting for friends to call back, cellular calls, she is made of cells, but it doesn't ring true, cells, little tiny animals, zillions of them, and one her... it's a spiritual universe... cells and DNA and science... a frightened kid clutching a stuffed animal... science is the stuffed animal of the collective mind of the 20th Century. I had a dream years ago about a parking lot and a tunnel that goes to the mall. I still remember that dream. I am not experience any cells right now. I am one, whole, single. I am not made up of a zillion little animals. No matter what the little scientists mumble at me.

Flowing a word into an exit, highway exit, pure old televisions in abandoned supermarkets, knowing California and London only from magazines and movies, we are like radios, she said, and I didn't understand her. Talking about the metric system and cigar boxes. There are three forces, she said, and I didn't get it. Get at it, she said.

There was a precious moment before, in reality, I had my old red robe on and nothing else, a few days growth of facial hair, and my hair wild and unbrushed and I heard the doorbell and I answered it, my hairy chest exposed, and I faced a woman in her fifties, and she said something like "We are visiting people, and talking to them about important questions in their lives, like if the Lord loves them, and if he does, why is there such corruption in the world." I stood there, I must have looked like a real psycho, and I paused... I've had a lot of fun talking to Jehovah's Witnesses before, but I wasn't in any state to do so. So I said "I can't talk right now", and she said "I understand." And I closed the door.

Water. Coming from the computer precious resource, big and small and she is on drugs and cannot tell the difference, Dwayne. Shooting monsters on the screen. Very precious the age of the viewer, and we are all going there today, it is a temporary setup, like a Halloween hayride, but this is different. Coming with me? I have a collection of granite cores, my father is into granite cores.

From here to knot yessing the town the town, forget it, I am mapping K-Mart's and Caldors in the back of my mind while in prison, I am travelling the sting of the aisles of Toys "R" Us, I am there in my mind and I am wandering, massive dose of coffee working its way through my system, disorienting myself, spending money I barely have, and all of this to avoid reality. But in time I got past that. Being for the benefit of Mr. Pibb. Soda parody album.

Being for the benefit of Frank Edward Nora. Surfing, surfing, I am not surfing, and I am watching them play pool at college. Turn on fan. The feeling of a Sunday. Longing. Caffeine withdrawals and rushings. Cool new toys and video games. If I am the one to bring the thing, let me go back to the sentence, falling and, for again, confusion, but and I am coming to the point where it is good and falling and fun. Sue Technology is here. A log cabin of discomfort. Fear of this.

Scumbags. Funny, you do this, you don't care, but you ruin another person. Interviews on TV, how much do you care about that which goes on beyond your little sphere of activity and influence? Glisten, bright little thing. Some goodness left in the world.

Cup 26

August 1996

Werid, maybe a month, and such is sun. Locking around, stir me up, city is dead and alive and lazy you are lazy. Porno underbrush, strumming an impossibly complex string instrument, we are amused like chiefs. But now it is a walk to a train station, and it is SO good. Real backwoods, corroded camera feminine dance, luck being the thing, ending the tightening. Coarse hotel feeling, wooden CD, romantic and American and free, nature is the expression of man's light, and I am cuckoo.

Three being and the impression junker. More true by the second, it is a few days for the company, but a night with a girl and a night with just you and the mall for you. I see video tapes about to fall, I see birdies. Am of a pinball mind you know. Am loving three Pittsburgh calculators.

Preach. Of blue metal canister. And of great, sunny days and of wandering. Objects persist, that is their way. Look. Gray plastic is good. Coffee is good. Pilgrimage, pocketful of nickels, driving daddy's Volvo to 7-11, late night, get coffee. Power strip. In bed alone and lusty. White walls, barren of tools, and I am threatening paper clips to defy the dance of the mystery, and I am knowing you, and it is dreadful the lack of space and it is thoughtful the finding of cassettes and for you I am not younging you. Degraded, denatured, the road is fixed, and I am following your footsteps, and it will lead to a great place, a great life.

Brand. Waves of manufacturing I am aghast at the thunderstorm of dice. Video gods, sky pure as roofs, quite an alloy, temperaturial combat, said it as I sped on. Quango, quasi non-governmental organization, saw it in the dictionary. Quant, saw that too, cool.

Little girl in the woods, all alone, her only friend a squirrel. Years later she falls, into the underground paradise of the squirrels. And she lives there, happy, talking philosophy with the squirrels. Bunkbed made of drugs, orange wine and ancient music.

Menlo Park All. Here it is, all I remember of the old Menlo Park Mall. They tore it down and built a new one, but the old one is still in my mind. There with my mother, a fountain by Macy's and a pet store, I was very young. An arcade, a record store, I was going on a road trip by myself, just starting to love The Beatles, looking for the song Penny Lane, but they didn't have Mystery Tour, so I got Abbey Road, and I listened to it on the Interstate and at the airport where I was wandering before that and the end of She's So Heavy was so confusing and I am not sure. The mall, a place like The Cookie Machine, good smell. And going there... the orange and brown tiles... and the mirrors on the edges of the ceiling, and a stairway going down, just for employees, and the curved sides of a bank or something in the middle of the mall, and I kind of loved it, and I have much more to tell.

Cup 27

October 1996

(2 months later)

Door, gotta see door. For. Fanciful with a battery. Cigars and sexuality. A sweet memory, we are full of actuality. Beclouding is ruinous. In books find more than they tell you. Earn a free game in pinball and just walk away, leaving a pleasant surprise for someone else. What about it.

The more, a street, it is childish bike riding, and is alcohol and prostitutes in a car, and it is a blooming occultism. Thor as pure, hammer as above corruption of the real. And I think Thor could be so Disney. Walking around all clean in Tomorrowland, firing the imagination of generations of kids, and it is a good thing, and what does the real Thor feel.

Forest long real fear, rest orph-eye. Toon Nixon and the burrowing vehicle of sci-fi. Falling, grand young poet, dare he be mundane as he always will be later, the tragedy, as a car salesman or in insurance. It means he failed a test.

Soon-Foot, future character, innocent 1970s TV future. Sitar Glenn Miller classics. Four friends, succeeding together, theme, four gods. Chicken fun, chicken characters, stripes and drinking glasses, computer. New black-purple marsupial body decorations of the future. Quiet worship of the nude. Over in a clutter of moonshine.

Tome, he called it, and they all referred to it, a book, and it was big and old and there was something magical about it. They talked about Tome at the bowling alley/video arcade/skating rink, and then I asked about Tome. Young and loose and comedic. Obsession. Chances. Up on rocky hills, she wants to dance naked and her friends might follow suit. Let me go Mom, I can clean my room later.

Too true, being vaulting human interwender, hapless and dwindle. Sophomore. Jake the faux marble, Jake the young wet hunger, computer illustration program, alarm clock patternjake. Book of Matches World memories, then today, know me super gum.

Through ice thrice. Car blink market fallingcrumb the doll, lensing dingbats and coffee people. Laughing pleasure no jealousy, woodlog architecture real dreams. Go beverage, way away to a cold city night, and very tired but a refreshing space station morning. That is the morning, working at amusement park, meeting sexy daughter of famous rich guy, not a good time to be a dork, but you have that space station.

If you hoo-hoo got shears, try a cinnamon see-girl. And am walln. Dream, Disney World taken over by Warner Brothers or something, the ride perverted and ruined. Ride like a ski lift, changed for the worse. Talk about ribbon. Fault candleward sputter. Alias, alas drynight and trynight.

Fire of mind, all kids have it, ready for anything, that much is clear. As kids we like lugers as the coolest guns.

Talk about snowdrive. Coral ice cream cat dream. About the TV mushroom alone, pine movies, treasure and creation, two mundane cigars, here. My storage in Iselin. Pasta dinner please. Grumpy, trying. Moose day, crow summer brunch, tadpole video friend, the normal. Venus and meaning. War Scott the doll. Impressions knowing impressions. Tubular. Antihero.

Born. Fundle, green word, applehim and appleher, dear be, unthink, passion for college days, sweet Twin Peaks honesties, preening gun. Another poet, parents man, a new way, computerized magic, mystery fun for the mailbox nobodies. Like. Like. Talk about enclosure, metal beep, final animal.

True the yurktid milestone. Mara I know you. Tempted, dismantled, dialed back. A hundred birch beer partners, pretty free spirits, in Arctic nonsense. Due, begranted, very hover yarn, an everyday World Trade Center drama.

Bye. What do the young people do? Bye. I am on your porch, a have a magnifying glass. Do it. I am a phone call. That is how I describe myself, as chatting atoms. I am complete.

Did I play an adventure game? You and I are the same, but lust will keep us apart. The eagle and the archives. Talk about valuable paintings. Weird feeling TV Sunday. Vanguarding on the right side of the issue, or so you think, fighting against it you distance yourself from it, you think, but really you get closer to it. Computer animated railroad, I am with you at night at the electronics store, we are dressed in orange wand.

It was tough to just turn off the TV. Back to writing. Sorting it all out. Lack of time is just lack of scheduling. I was in bedroom and I was in warmness. Love is good. Talk about running water, falling water. What is known as wizard, what it is, just retreat with the lure of vending machines and artistic things, what should youth be all about, call it that. Do the walk, parking lot walk, and let us be in jungles of blandness and I am struck with coolness tonight.

Absolutely foldedness today. The words of the mind, lost in humanity, drinking diet soda to the empty clock, anti-meaning we are corrugated, that means strangthened by our foldedness? Playing Asteroids, 2600, bedroom, thinking lazily maybe it would impress a girl that I could play it well, but that was long ago. And seashore. As having it whenever, I am cool. Now the daily experiences destined and slated to be vague nostalgic wisps of emotional pleasure/pain. Having to be at one time, call me a monkey making his own bed, sleeping in it.

Lest. Kangaroo itself and a soul of girl of window is fine. Bad let. Ugly under the shoal. Dissing. Going. Anough. In the end it is the drama and passion of smart people. Way, I float, that is of materials that are not identified from nature, like wood might be.

Important individuals are here now. In the shadow of silver. Grasping for interestingness, hey hey. Mysterious violence of the pentagram and the riverboat. Falt granularness. Dask vibration. This is freedom. Take. Digital equals disappointment, until the next century. Talk of red vehicle.

Blackjack of today. Influences and factors. Haha, 1996, seems like such a long time ago. That is the secret of andacing ages and days, living in the future, obsessed with the past, but enough roads to handle as much driving as you might want, and consciously right now I don't know what the hell I'm talking about, darn it. Enough for today, got me scrambled, got no more in me, but a lot anyway, 8/4/96 was the last day I did this, eleven weeks ago today. Fluoride examine your zipper, just wake up every day and deal with it.

Out on bread calling as bee. Okay rock shop western shop let me be in this world. Cold myth, girl in hotel, dialed dog ways have am istameer. Curve of hold, quarrel bird. Take me gem, daily burglary, we are as dont.

See this, a spirit long ago knocked out of the world, connects with a kid, and seeing western shops and rock shops is filled with an insane desire to come back into the world. The shops are so cool. He can't help but yearn in wild stretching to be real, to be in shops. Kid is vaguely aware of spirit, unable to help, has his own problems. Appeals to gods from the desperate spirit, one has mercy, and lets the spirit be real. In the shops, the spirit is thrilled, and the thrill of shops is never lost, the spirit is a happy one.

Dear pinger. Ipe. F descripty. Ulmipet. Ape sistery. The legit ask. Meaning, all losty, New Yorky, I'm dwelling the line and am free here. Beeper seem caze, cut to the mall episode. Jopisode. Weryelling, howling like the werhound and the contents of the dice museum. She is untouched by it all, of nothing am I referring. A few more nights and we'll all be fe gant.

Due to walrusary jump tank and gone games places in youth, spots and stripes on lime fabrics of the tude. Tea yincsingle. Hum tore morm, no gleaze amp-hut the dorkiary. And university fence telling.

I'll do the morning like a halogen moonbeam. Smack and airy. Ivy wall lust, she is liking me and got a haircut. Dorm, lounge, couch... lumber and nails for mischief, needing a silent hammer. Door into unknown, making a spontaneous attraction, like a nerd Walt Disney. Blasting the envelope wide open I hope I don't become an accountant.

L Fierce like to go to the beach. Foze Dayharn has time jellies. Ashison Yobell spearheads the protest of the Snock-Assad Act. Hadrian Fozzcolt as the Dean of Torpor. Storyliner Hexo is a tiger turtle star of children's stories. White faze observed all light as a worse blindness.

I am proud. Close your eyes and think about a car journey. If you can't get to New Jersey from where you are, think about where you are. The buzzword is "stuck". The closed door is yourself. Ah, go bite an elf.

Tiger temporary work, lamp dainties carousing in the FedEx mailbox. Blasting fossil teeth. Plainsboro jogging trail, promise not kept, but a good winter bench sometimes. Lip. Mysteries of the tongue, edufilm got snickers from lusty teens a few hours ago. Time continues and, regarding the boredom of gold foil, and the smartness of anachronistic elevator operators was apparent. And a stationery store guy said I had a very gentle voice. Immortality means you'd have 128 great-great-great-great-great-grandmothers hanging around.

Itself? Poor dull bastards. Questing after the nature of oils. All things considered, oils are fun liquids. The first person to knock over dominos. TV shows in my youth in the seventies featuring the world's largest domino layout. You know? And they show it all being knocked over. Something like that can fire a kid's imagination real good.

Gamtard the hated fashion designer. Identify yourself with celebrities, look for similarities, empathy engages. Dead of night in a strange apartment as gummy. Felmdalvno the typecast gun chick. Punk. All about sire.

O passion of the Jukewand.

Roman Kinsolving, a name, glop glop, talk about the field of puppet birds. Used bookstore attitude. Commuter railroad attitude. College video game room attitude. The CDs in your apartment are scattered like autumn leaves. Stampglintotch. Bet that's the first time those 14 letters were sequenced that way. Over 64 quintillion possible 14-letter words, after all.

I want to be clear. Intense emotions can distract you from the unpleasant thing you have to do. People always bite off more than they can chew, don't worry about it, it's a keystone of being human. But I want to convey a lucid thing. As general manager of your emotions, you might flip out. You can do this. Take comfort in this ability. And I want to make sure you decide to do the right thing. Trying to be concrete, this one is as weird as all the rest.

Amazing, a pornographic tongue. Wonderment in wind and country home, thriving on comfort and all that is historical. I am skeptical. We relate to computers like animals. And I exist in hobbyist get-togethers, a punchy goddess, waiting for sensation.

Hither. We can may clear the frusturbance. Talk about a conflict with some good in it that's been happening for years. And that is blunt. And that is thought. Another obtuse symbol for what's really going on. What's really going on.

Made his reputation in fantasy gaming, think dungeons and elves, berserk fighters and brilliant wizards. Computer screens as portals to a time that never was. Another time. Draw random lines on paper, and the kind of drawing they make. Come together, my suppressed genius, have a shot at the force that is preventing you from doing everything. Behind all that bright kid bluster, the culprit is probably still inability.

Oval other people. Pay Nancy. Fear of the graphics. Meaning of meaning. Without deepness who we are. Audio tape strewn on a highway, meaningless. Manipulation through the exploitation of adaptation. Hearing yeah sure. Fun all sorts of little coincidences. Powerful-sounding sequences of words. The dark, lonely world of lust unrealized. And fear of unconscious bad things getting out. But if you don't care it doesn't matter.

Time travel means we haven't got past all that. The joy of seeing a jet take off is that the jet is alone and not connected to anything and is getting away. People are stupid. How much of our lives is occupied by parking? People are cool.

I have as art a question about meaning. I hear crickets at night but I've never run across one during the day, where are they? There is the human mystery, it's the best story.

Cup 28

November 1996

The way got blank and got WHAM. Solidify combine group fortify regroup concatenate resolve resolve 31active mind. Consolidate.

A chaotic treat for cool girl old gods. College Rumor, her band, I said with sound. Vanish of the thinker, main stage. Left blinker, haze of the deft. Mission is ungoing. Rock star tropical deal, magic wooden bird of prey. Whiskey sunstorm dorm, nightgowns electric.

People who get carried away collecting things, they say it's to make up for something missing in their lives. Come on, missing like dancing on weekends? Durable shadow, get born, us all, as the boredom becomes painful. Lost among gas stations and technology, herbal sting of well-oiled freedom. Hill to shopping area. Something Oriental in a display case, give me a break. Formal introduction, the year when licorice turned red.

More. Lip. Liken me or her to variable here. The developing theme, supernatural and mythical and technological... mischievous and brilliant... unfettered young minds getting a glimpse of Wonder... all about dreams of power, dreams of utopias... with computers and magic... seeking the dream behind the drab... that place does not exist anymore. Got this idea in the rain in Manhattan less than two hours ago.

Palhubot, said getting up, just nonsense, and it is. I'm not aiming for another being all computery, and that is it, your computational life. Nonsense without a cause. To caw is for a crow to speak, it caws. Metallica's Black Album going through my head all day, what can I say, remember a cigar store in the Brunswick Square Mall over a year ago, like the fake plants in the hallway that leads to the bathroom there, something there. High school class trips, playing Discs of Tron at a place on Rt. 209 in Pennsylvania... Fernwood? Stokes State Forest or something.

Oh yeah specificity! Yeah. Talking about partially smoked cigars... I got two here... a big one and a little one... in the ashtray my girlfriend gave me for my birthday... next to the big Swiss Army knife I bought off a guy at work once... Yeah... living in the past... I feel like it... like I'm a time traveller... like 1996 is in the distant past... what is wrong with me... cuckoo... Hi... someone reading this on a computer monitor set in some kind of cylinder...

Cup 29

January 1997

(2 months later)

Going and going for the flunt yesterdayed. Classic like fetterchain, she and aspect of a worn wooden statue, the wear and tear a sign of beauty, ex turtle shell I am saying. And a drug store in a dream. For low record store going, the drinking in of it all, knowing, and the humanity of it all, and the reality of it all is strong. I am being, saying, what understood in, call library, call a library for the hundreth time, you probably know someone there.

Keen. A train station stays with you. Pore, compare fish and human, stockpile of photography, success of tobacco, and the stark romance of analog media. I was processing all the junk that is thrown at me every day, and let us think about it. Getting better, like a piece of metal hammered on the anvil, taking shape, getting refined. Love. Talk about chaos. How much clear plastic. And going. Driving places. The highway system. That which is consistent in all these things.

I remember from Monty Python a character called Angus Podgorny. 800 numbers, 800 numbers. Lovers. The crap buttons on the remote control. Weird union rules. Pipe smokers. Let it all go. Humming tech. Silver worlds. Shiny somethings of thought. Undeveloped minds blasting out at the college at night. Human power in the woods. Yearn, lust, create. Brochure. Temporariness. Pillbottle arena football. Phantom wristwatch. The feeling that it's still there. Sense of time. Time bus. The foolish road signs. Come and meet. Manipulate others, manipulate yourself. Drink water. And a snowy, dangerous drive in a blizzard, no brakes, or very little, and the fun of college. Just writing, just.

The power of digging. Other friendness of other people. Talk about T-shirt. And the courage of language, thinking, library, drawing cool things, and the seeing of the nothingness. The Breeders, listening to The Breeders. And the bulging of the music, too much recorded now for anyone to ever hear it all. And of movies and of home movies, and arranging it, and the resources of yesterday. But metal puzzles in the seventies. A new aisle.

Fear top. Another ceramic. Enough of the genre. Understandwood. Plush. Beacon. The rush of the rest stop, the confusion and the clatter, of it all. Wood in vision, all the woodgrain seen, patterned in the mind. Mushroom basement recreation. Kids. A lot, comic book store tomorrow, lacking of it, you as knight, and it all is coming and hiding. And it to be cool. No I am writing it all in sequence. Bid.

Counting, the mask had, bright and ingongruous on this eh town street. For the junk, been, truth, jumping and all the bus songs and I just love a nonsense word “anfer”. Found out “syllabub” is not a nonsense word.

Time before to yunugu, bulu device, school stage, crashed rocket and after a bad phone call. Yah, I am feeling. Beans and bowling alley and Tori. Frozen seltzer. Feeling differently on the bus every time. Look at the remote control I want to. Losing stuff, losing little bad feelings, and growing up and that feeling of tiredness after a temper tantrum like I haven't felt since I was a kid. Put it bluntly. I last ate meat in 1987, but I still remember exactly how all sorts of meats taste.

One fourteen ninety-seven. Wow. Talking about just laying right down on a cold college pavement trail. Give it a break. Got along. Been. The sunniness. Clocking the calm and secure warm interior, like a nice house, exaesthet, PATH system morning toothbrush. Haha, my own um, means something to me, and numbers, lazy smoke she was kind.

Superior being, great blue down home implementation. Cardboard memories, brightly brinted, calling to the way you use language to convey the more. Trust. Band reje, lacking thust. Yeah it can be cool to be outcast. Humanity on one side and a library on the other. Distant humanity. Bubble, live in a bubble, we all live in a bubble. I like a mind. I can threat pix treat gunner frest nestery volur. That is nonsense, but it makes a kind of sense, and I wrote it with passion. Have a cracker in a car.

Thinking, and it is the deepness of the humming of reality at the mall with music and coffee. Ha ha ha, reincarnation, the people working at the mall, what were they in their past lives? True forest. Answer the rubber band. Chat about airport. Consider zeitgeist. I am literature microphone. Just like a pleasing sound, free to combine words as I please. Rubber buttons, lash of cold, pointlessness of silver, street to fear tickets, loving New Jersey. Before we settle into the end of history, let us rustle the leaves.

Just undersharp—buy taut see store, sunny, not busy, hippy kinda energy. True. We are gonna go up to the mountain and have fun. All of this. Buy as many different brands of potato chips as you can in the next two hours, and what have you got? I am looking to sculpt a new world, a better world. Opening your eyes.

Cup 30

February 1997

The whole dream of roller coaster affair. The whole Dr. Who convention affair. And useless birthday parties and I am taller than a giant statue. Fire borne of cave, secluded for a long time, there are meadows and roads. Back into clatter like reincarnation I use wandering as a salve. Happiness of alternate bathroom.

Right now it's that night of the O. J. Simpson civil trial verdict and the State of the Union address. 9:44 PM now. Clinton's droning on, and we're all still waiting for the verdict. This morning, I woke up and looked my digital alarm clock and it said 10:34, and I was pissed that I was gonna be so late to work, but when I looked back at the clock, it was like 8:24 or so. The only plausible explanation was that the first look was hypnagogic imagery, which I have been having lately, but in the form of looking at a sheet of paper and reading stuff off of it. But I recall the first look as real, implying that either the clock was malfunctioning (very unlikely) or there was some kind of time disturbance (perhaps more unlikely than the clock malfunctioning). The Swiss Army watch I got for Xmas has been malfunctioning a little, but only when I wear it. And sometimes I look at the clock at work, at the second hand, and it looks like it's going backward for a second. This all points to a weird relationship between me and clocks.

Fleer is some kind of trading cards? Linking, bad country music and the guitar pick used in rock music. Just funk Somerville train station, nearby parking lot, head through alley to comic book store, but it ain't there no more. Seep. Let 'em think. Pine we said. A blast, diner in Madison, memories of Drew University, haha, aha, my college days, aha, how I have canonized them and I am happy with it and if I had soft time travel I'd go back there for a visit.

Yeah that dimension. Plus. Talk about classic PONKE and the gun and the elevators at the Contemporary Resort. How to conceive of hay, fake persons, the thrill of the feeling of coolness in the early eighties. Like in movies. Far the wund cretend verry and am kooole. Grew, the clever copper foil that is fish and treeleaf, was hunder and I was possible. Caught a phantom, almost the scent of beer, and it brought me an excitement, and I realized it was from the promise, the horizons, the hope that college and its smells of stale beer held. I could use that sense of freedom now, and I will.

To the a sense of speed and atmosphere, fascination with the past, is that the immutable can be idealized well. See Wonder through that idealization. Cold at this time, just so scary, from some perspectives, to operate in this arena of mundane human activity. Like not appreciating something till it's gone. Yet a fire burns, and we all feel its heat to some extent. We have a thing called pow and it's good. So call Torokorol of Parameteria. Deep of spades. The College of Interdimensional Travel Rainstorms of the United States (CITRUS). Vine and shack the and mansion. Pair el.

Meyr. The Waterallidge Edge. Whintillru Glass. (Some people and) the Countenance of the Vial of the Garden. Shipe. Just u fair weather concrete hex. Dime heather vortex. Amplified, even do good, and sun e yesterstages bright and gun. Boring, hoary, desolate, cocoa, language of the quarries, I said a lady was Gary.

Be user I jump and said that a to waiting to in hallway is the to be mean. My fond, video store spiral staircase, tiger graphica, pond comma, exploda old TV show. Kind of pool. Top museum lobby, lending umbrella yes I refer to rain. Pond, feel bad write good. Pond, crack too old xmastree and I am switch best amazing truck, dish comma.

Dean says no. Wait evergreen blast the misunderstanding. Junk, we as characters in other people's lives. Scratching backs, and the darkness of sleep. I want a little electronic pinball game. I won't admit that I'm biological. Allow laundry to obfuscate. The stupidity of the experiencer. Drink it in, worry about it later. Have I said enough? Sunday night trying to write. Very little humidity in here.

Hearing such yure. I have a list of Namco arcade games, Japanese. I have a lot. LoveTV. A Pelter. I am Frank Edward Nora, Lord of Obliviana. Trying out scotch. Walt Disney was into scotch in a big way. That is what I read. Yeah snow. Blinking, flashing, yellow security lights, red tower lights. I have this vision of these people, of a time and a place. This guy I met reminds me of this vision. Just a kind of summer inside ahouse thing, amusement, being young, and... a lot of it I can't put into words just yet. Was at Fortunoff before. That might not mean anything to you. I look over at my guitar and it makes me feel a little good. It holds promise, I can't yet play it, and I have had it for a few years. Bought it partly with money from selling my PlayStation. Yeah, and here I am and I am listening to The Incredible String Band, The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter. Yeah you should listen to it too, it should be available in the world where you exist.

Wow cool I blow smoke rings at my monitor and they like explode when they hit it! This is my baby sister Gina she is a cigarette. Traditiona. Ponc Cabin play Luhestra. I am in cabin. Waiting. Look at me. Morning. That is frost, laugh, sniffing the wilderness I am racing and wild and you are exploding with sweet sexuality. Ho ho bash the old glass, smash up the abandoned store, I am all here, and you are all here, thunderstorm build palace.

Being the wristwatch made of mist, a potent phrase here and a potent vision but what does it mean? That the information we need is with us always and almost perceptible? I have a vision of a shopping center in Somerville. Like I was a ghost, going back there, to a place I haven't been in years. Me and my dad and my brother used to go to a sushi bar around there.

The Walt Disney World Explorer CD-ROM, smoking John David MH65 tobacco in my pipe. This has been a wonderful diversion for me of late. Smoking a Matacan cigar now.

Was days? D bad question. So, I am in transit. Haha, be. Cool. This is music. Or the is music. Be. It is the feeling that on the edge, just out of reach, is where it is all clicking. But here it is, just a vague thing in someone else's emotions. Yeah, speak of game, blown up, highway, highway is real.

They song. Try song. Shift in the way. Pung... I am in a period of writing... Huh. Water and little playing cards. Punk. Like tree. Am I can I get my feeling across. Like on Broadway, at college, film school, that time of my life, seeing it, I... in Phillip K. Dick's book "Valis" Paul Williams, the author, not the singer, is mentioned. And right around the corner from college, from the Tisch School of the Arts, I met Paul Williams, at a long-gone store called Gemstone. I was rambling, praising Das Energi which he signed. Reading "Valis" these days, it's so weird... I know I read it back then, 1989 whatever, but I don't remember much of it at all. Where was I? 1:16 AM. Listening to Bachman-Turner Overdrive, greatest hits... like...people... waking up...

What is can I yell blue not not. Bland line. Last one of the night. An attempt, subject: to distill. A feeling, a sort of experience, young people gathering for a special event, cool early evening, woods, trees, a barbeque or something. Computers and magic are involved. Sex and pleasure and also great immaturity. Trying to act more mature than you are. Great music, only you don't know it's great yet. And this feeling, this jaded feeling, feeling like... like laughing in a condescending manner at the nature of the experience of being young, but your smugness is suspect. Wake up, it is still like that, but you have all this pretend now. Wake up.

Cup 31

March 1997

For-yes, needing dimensional powers, astral travel plan. Wake up. Gosh I just woke up. Whoah the rain. Yeah see pretzels are excellent. Um that travel game is weak. Tobacco is a political issue. So bring it all together. Little exercise squishy ball.

Woke at noontime, haha like. See-see blabe. Pi cigar um. That artificial mountain up there, some of them are based up there, and they do cool stuff. Okay. Like a summer camp, but different themed areas. And as a job. A place. Or as a game. Wow. Chair pink chair safe hire me it. Pow, how much tobacco, the film who life. Pow, cool highway, ga, pong so going ha basement college basement. Pool.

La Pinto Jokester. Mish-definite. Compulsions and calculators and guitar player you. Plow plow, dunk, Mr. Reagan, zeetar meaning furhoe. Seventies Olympics luge memories, vague, slight. Pow hun the tru nu heather. Like owards like on on. Ping, Pingto.

And obdolls spont. Trushcoke. Dean Order, slayed vending yo ho liberaerie. Pont. Kear, 1974 TV cop. Like-like pun jooser. Us what I said. Fikefire. Beingall. Like not dreamy airport like, not seethable dorlfullous. Pike pike pike sike diner. Lobot. Like this evening. Denice, my wife-to-be, encouraged me to help her clean up my apartment. It's all coming together.

A wood tile in the city. I saw amusement park and swoosh of highway traffic in the gnit of difficult relationship. I was there. Oh field of grass by bank meant to look colonial, and sunny. Siren, giant book store, what I mean is the value of quiet after the jagged noise.

I was young. And at Walt Disney World. In the Fiesta Fun Center at the Contemporary Resort Hotel. It was hot out and I was sweaty. And I played the game Mappy over and over again. It's a memory that's stuck with me. Now I own Mappy, and I played it today, and lots of memories came back to me.

Um, culture is collapsing. To say-chay, the Chauger Domino. And flight, a burndle clay, forma foke joke. Teen night thrill, agonize buying the cute magnet, the ultimate purple flush. Merrjash, come here.

Diluting soap to make liquid soap. Prepare for reality to slap you hard. Laugh and smoke. Calculator games, nothing but calculator games. The toll-taker with the pigtails and the guy yawning with the crowbar. I got \$5 worth of quarters and the arcade's empty. It's a Sunday, and I muse, failures and apartments of the past.

Popular umplossibel the disney world. 44-44 a balance. Tookroone T. I been ebe, jullison toonberby. Real of Meaning. So now, airtrip to the Walt Disney World, mall the day before, was what it it. No bo no so. The crud, the of goon. Boee POW pow. Nossagain. Bad, self-review: bad. jujd. Ommdird.

What about that last one? And, haha, snowing, Ramones on random, gotta eat, and I am loopy? Tubbing an illiquid drug you. Hope that is green is near. Dazzle the friendless with the metal cactus and old bubblegums. The cartoon me as close as a motor. I was the smirking.

Cup 32

April 1997

And that which I glimpsed in a grand wooded college is here. Was is clocked amplifier. Downpour, past slash, as miserable in the moment. Construction site, memories of school, the punk feel of the nature of reality. I would like to help you. Bust it. That smallest economy, the one in your head and your bed. Jingbat jingbath, of primal spa, stone house, flight of fancy photographic. Topic equals bookstore spirit. Measure as word a work should mean a thing as pleasant as the pronunciation. But oh, that has been the case.

Stop. Yock, these little knicks and injuries to the flesh of the hand, the arm. And me, annoyed at my ability to start seeing fairies. And going to a bookstore to go to the bathroom, and I bought a typography book so as not to seem to be abusing the bookstore's hospitality.

Having a typography argument with a rock band. Umper didi, the sestered. That wasted reptile, baseball robot frustration, CD-ROM company that was a failure. Rock band, comic book, CD-ROM, all these companies that the young start and they fail. For yoster for see, like ballet in the asphalt, say blast it. Ga goo goo. Soom day dear tea during junk jast. I see an orange toy on the roa. Blast. We are too durmid. Tee slight the thee the bight the I am slight the I am delicate.

I feel that shattering glass mountain in your tales of family woe, haha. Jimmy is a punk tailor is Ye Olde England. Mall parking lot, that silence, there are lot of things you should be able to see in mall parking lot, but you can't. Far away that is what I fawn over.

The clearness of everything. Here it is, memories of going to a mall in Pennsylvania. Meaningful to me, meaningless to you? I'm talking about freedom, being able to go to wildly new places every day. All in search of a deeper truth. Radiator under sheet, could be changing colors at a dizzying pace, so long as you couldn't see it through the sheet.

Can words make an openness? An outdoors? Wow, I got this coffee over an hour ago and it's still pretty hot. I like rain. Probably the enjoyment of memories is greater than the enjoyment of the originals. For example, I always think back to my time at Drew University, from Fall 1985 to Spring 1987. I recall that I was insecure, troubled, and immature, as most people are at that age. But the nostalgic memories leave out all that. And why not? Older, we can finally enjoy our youth, without all the distractions.

Talk about running wild, falling that feels good. What is slapped as wizard, that is it, just recreation with the lure of vending machines and artistic thrusts. What should you be all about? This is a unique Superior. Based on Superior 589.

Is all this intense feeling an illusory conceit? I sit here, rare sinus headache, raining outside, listening to Pink Floyd's second album, working on Obliviana, and reminiscing about things in the past, and I have this feeling, and I think this feeling is important, but is it important just to me? Is it meaningful? William. An evolution of the English language. The fascination with mythological creatures. And seldom-heard tunes evoking emotions from another place. Yeah you gotta be strong to be cool and not fall into madness. Ping.

Feeding American cheese to Ginger, my favorite cat of all time. I would fold it and fold it, till there were bit-sized chunks. She would meow for it and I would go in the kitchen and get it and then go into the TV room and sit down and she would come and I would feed it to her. We did it so many times. If in the life she is in now she gets a flash of memory of this thing, it should warm her heart.

I was at the mall earlier, by a pet store window, looking at ferrets. A mother with two kids comes up to the window. One kid asks "What kind of animal is that, mommy?" The mother kind of shakes her head and is confused and says nothing. "I think they're raccoons," the kid says, "baby raccoons". The mother is still bewildered. Meanwhile, there's a sign right there that says FERRETS.

Vagabonc, biting a CD, trust, and do not explode in a craft store please and, do burrow under the food court, and that is a good diversion. There, on a rainy gray mountain hilltop, is candy that is old, and to eat it is no big deal. Pissing in a train bathroom, laser beam yourself into a stadium, start sparking, and lay down and shoot sparks all over.

Hi hi. I can do doorway, I can feel, in the vastness of my pastness, a Wonder that is a little Wonder in itself. Damn, this is a puzzle, this magic of youth that I keep snapping back to. I was there, 1986 for example.

Experience of love, staying up for 30 or 40 hours to make a photocopy little magazine, in the basement, in one room, everything I need to produce and print the thing, this was the situation with ZOPE magazine in 1991. I was in a state of whatever, slowly stabbing into the world, whatever, I am and have been working on something very big. And the wind is kicking outside and it makes me want to go outside. But I have to keep on writing.

Do crush me. She is near you. Bayou. I am of trying you. I think about a bear. Yeah yeah it is cool. Black Monk Time, great album. Stunward you carry me. Joking haha two girl laughing. And I watch this. Fan I care about this. Float be the freshing showerclean. Rock climbing in younger days. Flock of sneakers. Be me. Haha, know said that. Do. I fan dollowward.

As the a dawn of a new try. Parchimento. How much do any of us know about missiles? Kids love the ideas of missiles you launch and blast and destroy something. Heavy and numb in our quest, we are polite but we are juggernauting through the backward flow of time, till we reach The Waterallidge Edge. Slam.

The expression of the devil is sitting next to me. I am pondering economics. I am floating over the cityscape, Emma. Powerful of pinball vibration, tried being fast and the ancient rock. Dime. And pike the flame of the pave love on the turnpike. Study the dark rushing. The flash of sexy outfits and jewelry and makeup and expensive cars, and the misery of life along the highway, and it is past dusk, my friend. Yo!

Pastensive issues, smell glue and see a redhead, neither is a narcotic. We have this sky thing, all about up, and it is over college town record stores on rainy Saturdays. And that is a hopeful vision. And I dream of a train trip with my father, but when I dreamed this is a mystery.

Of barely so, airy museum atrium, and new girls, friends of a friend. Ball, drive along pungent semi-highway, lie for Fruny on Friday and toss a can of paint on a defunct fire engine to enrage the billionaire's kids. Dove into a sea of cash. Stole a tropical trip, loving paradise, the money is running out, I have no way to get home, and I have no one to turn to. Got myself into this, gotta get myself out. And the way out is crime.

You gotta cross-juxtapose Christmas Trees and superspeed, such as a train. Lean on one thing or another. In a general store. Such a way to slash time. I am bored and I am dancing with failure. A point of reference would be quite valuable.

We're bound to have weird conversations when travelling the New Jersey Turnpike. Off to another wave. I have found an amazing thing. It is the escalator that goes up to the monorail from the Grand Canyon Concourse of the Contemporary Resort Hotel in Walt Disney World, Florida. Oh yes, and it is 1986. They had like film with clouds exploding and stuff.

So Leo, got sopping fast brink of transit. Are dark holographic business dream. Seed here, being inventor, slap of erotic thunder and little refridgerator. Buyer is cold. Stage far away, getting gone, I love a chain as a trademark weapon for me, superhero.

Cup 33

July 1997

(3 months later)

Dank sunny monday, solidity, I am in a faded field. On interstate I yearned for mall, here now, the what it was is very gone. I am far above it, and I am solid.

Okay, spice has connotation, downhill glide, the myriad of sensory input never to be called back again. Why we do what we do—is it really very much a mineral deficiency? Morning, theme park yesterday, tired of asking, about who we are, yet counting the seconds till the next disaster. But the counting you don't know.

Problems, and how in quiet moments they are growing but we ignore them. For that I am, I am pasting invigoration on sky and tree. Pile of junk and clocks, be my friend, you are one of several people I know. I am strange in some ways, and I travel on unknown subways, and I am seeing the funny secrets. Yes, an alley in a comic-book-getting corridor of my youth. Energy, punk, of the moment, living, forging cool works of fiction and art, and I love you. I hope we're going the right way with a stick.

Whatever college clever witch, beyond our indulgent play, financed by parents working in soul-numbing misery, a truck is coming, and it is coming slowly, and we are sneezing, and we are at arcade, and we are cool, and we are talking about The Beatles, and we are both experts.

Pissing on ice, hi. You're not really stunned. I found something on Keeving Drive. We usually look at real estate at night. I have some artistic cinnamon. Following. The cousins have other grandparents. X is swollen. Daddy, sliding doors. Dating user. Chase heat. Meerscham Whenever, dwarf.

Sword thrust into ground. Hanner-oriented (far) Comething. Walkin' tall, pissin' me off. Weirdest fucking oilrig. This is an idea I did did behind last year. Not good enough to start it 5/19/97. To sing of the jolly amuztraigur. I was gone from over there. E/S/I+G, a simpls code. Simpls code. We, who terminate, were phasers, and this bottle can bark. That last sentence was computer generated.

They're cool right. Gopod promotion tool. Caslon Dimtrav. Sail Pawns. Ixrels. Horrow. Deficiencies. Private collection. Warolcood Facipic. Swish. Thoirn. Invested to such of my heart and soul. From notebook. A in a joins way. X in a j. Imahine.

Jill dear blue. Blue hair college funk. Lisa TV little thing. Comedy classic sucker of alcohol. Fucked-up tree. The fucked-up thing. Bleary-eyed computer programmers, shot on fourteen cups of coffee, think they're cool at sunrise.

See, he is obsessed with a cool building and she says he's trying to avoid real life. She threatened me with a knife. But all these girls of the past are meaningless.

A dear sensation, wanting to smash someone, but just humming. She was very smart, and said that ghosts don't exist, still I wanted to embrace her. But a scumbag flirted with her. And I had just started listening to jazz on my walkman. And this guy had a keyring shaped like a penis.

Smart young computer urban tales, spun in a quirky manner. Tangential. Breaking off a part of the chair that was a bane to me. 3:03 PM. Haven't been on a real train for awhile. How about a silly silly train trip to Princeton? Not enough time in the day. And I'd have to go all the way back to Manhattan to get a bus home. People. Photos of people. Time we devote to sorting out the past, also to generate new history. A blast, a feeling in a car, and a mundane taking-out of garbage to the dumpster. My personal history, I am fascinated by my past. Things changing, things I have been through. And all the stuff I have from those past times.

X is famous. Dear, we can sense that we are ever struggling to process what our senses are telling us into something graspable and comfortable. To hide from reality. We can see bits and pieces of gods in most faces. Driving down a rainy roadway.

Folks are broken. Big ideas and a tree. Air conditioner, conditions air, bread rolls and butter in nice restaurant with piano. Yet are things very much okay.

Now this is an unusual year. I must of took a misty understood like beforehand. I was in food court and I had potato. Yeah, road, stay on it and not get distracted. And even so there is so much I could wanna do with just a subject like turtles. And I would coffee and mall.

Hi. Emptiness in an overall picture is a thing here. L let us quiz T. El lettuce quisty. Ollotoscweztee. The brain, and all the associations it has with words and sounds, and that is too complex to understand, but we can feel the pleasure of it. Tape recorder show about animals. Canonizing the 7-11 experience. The love of driving around at night. Doing stuff as the day happens. Day happens. I would say that a little sane thing to do every day would be welcome.

Blast the digital wristwatch, Henrietta. A freedom of cardboard boxes. As a kid I had some kind of special feeling about a gas station called "BP". And I thought that minicomics had some kind of unseen potential. But chaos gets the better of it all. But I used to love the antiseptic, theme-park-like version of the idea of chaos. And I am yet yearning. And I am fascinated by the thought of winter.

Austere living, like reading a comic strip over again. Parking your car, or being in a car that's being parked, or being in a parking lot. It is pathetic and comic, weakness. The disruptive people in (whatever). I have no need here. Let the neighbors have their gardens.

Yeah let's go around. That feeling of there being so much to experience, and you wanna popcorn yeah wow fall all over the place. Fly and drive, don't know you got a gas tank. Don't know you'll run out of gas. Spend some time looking for a refill, that's a good one, but no one does it.

Fictitious city. The end of an era. A child drinking in the wonderful promise of the future in EPCOT in the eighties. We can map and edit these happening, I know I can. When you stick up for yourself, no one can ever take that away from you. But you have to temper this set of ideas with common sense.

Cup 34

August 1997

Him being rude or him being weird. Mineral will hold
aximum transient silly nightdrivings. Deem the cigar bands.
Not much new, society is idling, and I am stealing glances at
cool logos.

Me and a fountain, reflected in a door. Night, a huge
lighted fountain at Carmine's wedding, my new short haircut
and wearing a suit, and walking towards the door, the
fountain behind me. And I saw myself in a new light.

Cup 35

September 1997

Casual good looks 1980. Computers are just getting going. Cigars are not popular. But a dream statue, holding a true burning flame high, not at all related to Statue of Liberty, and a blue or black lake or ocean at night and the light of the fire. And the bright clinging to science, many centuries of information, and hoping and feeling and not being there. Seventeen years later. I need to return to those roots happily.

Cup 36

October 1997

Fuel Vay an airport distribution. And the old blue jean dusk all sky and autumn feel. Lahawu grasping a rock. Office building has feelings. Dryg anticlock.

Coffee steam is distilled water, hearthought the-shot. Type of plastic box, yearn and mingle, dealing with people, there is something deeper. Orange plastic light. Silver bullion. Might think about magnetic media.

Try history. Want life to be creamy. Don't bother, the spirit of the bird is beyond you. State forest. Here, though, it's all just too confusing. Drunken thinking about science fiction movie. Pipes and wires all around you. You are friend.

For fool poor, gotten city of neon calligraphy, a foreign writing. Construction yard full of possibilities as child. Bay alarm, the random liquid decoration. Video arcade token, tiny passageways carved into it, and explore it with a nanobot you are virtually into. It's all about seeing the unseen. What you believe about that which you cannot perceive. Pa-pa mechanical toy cat ha-ha.

I have am tiled blue flashy reverberation. Combination. Sitting quiet and comfortable and hearing a distant jet. Chemical activity in me and cable. The back who of door frame and the dart board Adventureland depression. That thing of minutes, in meeting, reading the minutes, that is the definition of uncool.

Been aching tropical references. Sorry, I don't speak foreign languages. Oily mental blast of car repair smell. Yeah, the individual is cool, been all around the world, you'd think him to be better, on a higher plane, but that is not the case. Talk about the autograph of Abraham Lincoln or something. Value is fascinating.

Moved three times in 28 months. Moving, mental and physical exhaustion. Rough. And I sit here, smoking more of the same Cuban cigar.

Cup 37

November 1997

And reading about Dave Sim talk about Cerebus in 1985 blinks open a college secret, feeling that a warm and full potential can and does exist. I would photograph stars and make wallpaper for cool stores. The dollop of sea spray Norse gods. Tobacco and mall shop earlier centuries clean up apartment. Four narcotic types of beverages. Tea Owl, childhood friend. I go beach batch beach. Hee hee hee.

Sitting around in a scummy arcade. Let us for something different. I play robot game, an uncomfortable city around. Fun but blank stares. I am in the way others perceive me. I have my own sphere here. I like the naked honesty.

Peek, demon, peek. Life is big. How much striping? Rock music, I live in a nowhere community. Mall like any other mall. But dreams of New York. Silicon Alley. Multimedia job. But college first. The darkness of the forest and the darkness in me. In an injury you seek relief. Growing up wrong you also seek relief. These are the times, not our parents. But I can be in a bowling alley and I can experience a whole cosmic realm invisible to other people. I am a new kind of person. I read the kind of books ordinary people don't read.

Is very intriguing, Arming. Days of stability, the fire archer knows. Pocket radio romance, a robot squirrel under glass, and kappa maki. The publicity and promotion. Disarto Lane language. And I think trains on rails show your life.

For the feeling, stab of lobby, hit pause, salt water and a new city. Nail, I shop center massive grid alien warfong thinking. Pailing. Star overturn. And I at school, the vague drain heights. And we are to pool. That is various. Time spent at mall video game store. Signed.

Two whore, cool hall wizard, temperaturial fun hat and car. Be to lodge, who has spray danks, who has locked a virginal. Hee ha that meter, talk brilliant, hi college bright she, popcorn textbooks. I was am gold and thunder. Said estate to stay, worn science fits, glee of eagle, fin of robot hat, emerald isle.

Persons able to me go volley. Us culling, this photo. Bad hotel dreamscape. Golf theme cafe, fly plane overhead coconut. Visited, that hunk of something, nothing here, spiralbound here and her life, yeah in a drugstore and the nothing of your life. Pee spirit libraries, striping in numb colors, sexual and gone.

To for diresty in hijij, gone to union super market and cannon ball firm today to shoe store was kidding. Marhey fun huj and park on drive long ago with former girl friend and mall mall. Trop trop, am I the jisty gun gun I am pompous as a student I am lost I had a faded Yes Leave It twelve inch single in my window on Thompson Street and I was in film school and I was ha ha ha. Imagined darkness, not cave magic at all.

Hyper junk I have to write about my trip to California. Have the yellow guitar. A junk. People suck. Kindling, the I am building something. From cigar to pipe, a dream train station near Madison called Black Cherry.

Peer she is, her smoking narcotic was art, and I a painting all in blue, we were with you, inkelf. Be lost in hoar frost, Christmas of three years tin ornament high and godlike I screw you. Hiccup. Tin host, major Holiday Inn jangle, hiccup, circle in excitement I am here and this. Be pure.

Cup 38

January 1998

(2 months later)

Fire headphone wheatstalk. I think now you think, subject is meaning. Plastic as no longer the hyper Italy. Yo, I fear sea dudes, that are girls. Proof of bookstore, surf guitar interdimensional trip. Stress reliever, fucker, this day much that has been with us is gone, and a new day. And many voids to fill. Fill or be demolished by. Wow, if I'm still childlike, I walk in New York, Penn Station, video game stores, Theater at Madison Square Garden where I saw the Howard Stern "Private Parts" premiere and also Tori Amos in her RAINN concert.

Free we are here, girl that I knew somewhat. That I showed written down "Dark Forbidden Freedom" on Broadway. We took the Long Island Railroad at random and had peanut butter and jelly sandwiches by a road or something, and I was in a movie she made. In her apartment, talking on a bed.

That CD collection, fall for metal video game tunnel, and real tunnel with music and people. Tea. Bright time, brighter as time goes by. Magic. A seashore sand and Kim has powers.

Try. That realm of perfect places dreamed of all the time. Special and pure, and I was playing Venture at Drug Fair. Buy little electronic games. Things in your room, yeah you're the best. Had a gift theme as a kid and have a lot of such stuff? Flying down cathartic corridors, leave it all behind, but is it such a good idea to leave it all behind?

Oboe, not much of that in life. Poffee, pigar, pomputer. TV I gonna do? Blasted some words. Foolish Obliviana Vending Yamp. Okay, I got some scratch-n-sniff stickers and I wanted to use them to teleport to a bathroom in the Contemporary Resort Hotel, in Walt Disney World, in Orlando. They had ghosts on them and smelled like licorice or something. I thought that if I smelled one in that bathroom, I could then smell it in New Jersey and somehow teleport there.

Inches to the other side of a storm, pungent rockwork, wires and sky melt together as a beverage. Valley of the analog technologies, photography section of the bookstore, always guaranteed nudity. Flashity. I am a war.

Pinchollection, Pluckemin underpass gas station. Precone songs, more important to the insensate vegetation at roadside. Action figure at comic book store, Fords, hoho supermarket! Bills all over apartment, trinkets, yeah I got those. And here in 1998 I'm playing Gauntlet on MacMame.

Explonaked snap and roar of slush. Yo ho, home from college, some girl's room, friend of a friend, only there for a little while. And the flight and the power lines, pow, imagined power and excitement, know it's not possible, not knowing that it's very possible. Playing Duran Duran songs and The Fixx songs and yearning for another place and time, yet we are in such a time. Yo, in your movie hide the microfilm in a little toy Jawa Sandcrawler.

What are we doing X? Though, heaverer corail, like in heaven a railroad in case you can't walk any farther. Pow, that's a weak 7-11 at night with jerks, that is why you are cool in his and her eyes. Be pride, have a lot of brevity in your analyses of computer operating systems and sun as the jester. Been good, no structure, yeah you just one people acting to know. Gung ho.

Stop Motion Animation. Finch elude mazework. Waterforris. Now that's fun. Gentle piano crap, stop being so timid, so fragile. Who works at stupid store, and on a retalted topic, working in a place that's a real bad idea and is not gonna last long.

That is my dueling style. Hey let's not mean that. Talk about laboratory heat, yo, you and other fantasize about each other, you are in dreams. Ha! No more cold coffee! Department store Santa memory, real or dream? If it means a lot to me, what does it matter? Like gas station in rain in granparents' Peugeot while publishing doomed magazine? Let us not retrospective before it's over, cool.

Yeah pin ho, though we are thinking of industrial design parking hot go to logo house. Polo cloop took ferry to that yacht dock over there.

Yaya, older me cringe at younger writing. Yopolar bear. Blow, that is wind, yo though clouds of smoke, that is tobacco smoke, we see years, same vowel sounds are cool, right? What pipe tobacco is this? How fool, remembered coolness, that is sexual surfing. What is important? Mental meandering. That experience is life. Coo the conturant, hey nice fake word.

Invigor clockwork the laser sound effect. Viercosmic Vitercosmos. The Gardens of the Intelligent Rabbit. And how transit systems go and enchant the child in her. Slow weird season, square knot friction, pow the old season. Regal and mundane, a Mundabe Fountain, fantastic resort hotel, be fiber optic cool.

Bah, parking, cartoon, funlook that is caring, caring, how cool is it to care? No piss till Virgin Megastore. Correction, Penn Station. Cigar outside Letterman Show. Chat with people. Kid from Pennsylvania who wrote a cookbook. The world is developing. Cold and lit, you're cool, but you're alone, and porno images dance in your mind's eye.

Cup 39

April 1998

(3 months later)

Far away to the Hoteast, bingdilb, blidgnib. Totally Coal. Doest, the most do. Feel, ice cream in Metuchen, train track hello, been away, cold ordeal, old lighter, science fiction, cardboard box, cruising. I am in here, corncob pipe, a lot of mind, history of Obliviana, and the launch is coming. Purity of Superior, not mentioning specific things. I see gold, spell it envelope, olden war musket and war turret, cannon, big feelings, big stuff. Or maybe just a more dimensional wallower in my own little world.

Tea on subway, talked to the glass art guy, felt a skyscraper shine downtown, climbed a cool thing, was at a videogame street thing. Advertising, job at advertising agency, feeling of free art with money. Lost in strip mall, lost in myself, big hill, big arcade, super pinball feelings, coffee high, all these things. Then home again, apartment, mess, a lot amount of undone things, and this is not even me.

I would explore entertainment locations. Amusement parks and such ilk. Fogged, blurry windows to Primal Wonder, yet windows nonetheless. I see a lot of fun, ways to spend money and make emotional memories. My work is not yet known.

Cup 40

May 1998

Barter and raggedness, legendary personal memories, you-centric in all things. Free tight knowing, you slide down the guard rail like a little ball bearing, a little silver piece of perfection. New Jersey. Roads. Hello. Hello. I am here.

I did Frey her. Some kind of New York City thing, I have found it. I had erf. So they showed Hardware Wars on sixteen millimeter in the gym. Ruin, stairway and bathroom and locker room, in my mind. Man, being a nerd... gotta be good for you in the long run...

I want quality smacks. Dude says yeah he got ID, only he hasn't been born yet. Time travellers have a real piss-poor attitude. Yeah, laugh at my two gigabyte hard drive, friend. At least I still have my humanity.

Whoah, yeah I've had good experiences with the American West. Small doses. Missoula, Salt Lake City, Las Vegas, San Francisco, Los Angeles. But mostly I'm in New Jersey and New York every day.

It's just you and that pinball machine, the same dynamic as meditating and staring at a candleflame. Yo. So what is right and what is wrong about interaction with other people? Solo. Right now, I am at the right place and the right time to make a big impact on computerized entertainment.

Cup 41

June 1998

I far what I love was Uce Iffer the gun chairboon. Ski place arcade, extremes of chill and courtship, warm failure, I still can't get past my flaring helplessness at home. Imagine relationship with her, the god who wrote that one brain application, cool or asshole? Wow, in mind, life with that girl is kind of beyond anything. The dream thing, wow, so grand, and you can't have it. You really can't have it.

I have to shiver and think of sedans. I got, go, yeah I have a thought. It's ironic that I have these magical memories of Penn Station from the early nineties.

Arbor sweet thing, mine is adventuring, I love people who stop working and think. You hate department store sting, mediocrity full of elevators. Seeking life that doesn't suck, it takes some time to test out a new way, hope is in that time. Be not Elf, Vampire, or Klingon. You can stare down the department store. That is where truth is.

Glacial decorating, yeah, personality, she painted a circle on her auto. It's great deep wood, pinlash young equipment, it's minus the computed shave. Dear lucky coordinate, I bash ticket booth, I fly over boat ride. Glowering, not that's cool, get that mystique, that bitchiness. Cork and glitter, defending the stupid "yeah, I'm gonna be much more famous and rich than he".

Cup 42

August 1998

(2 months later)

Clicks, awesome museum and awesome girl, awesome winter day. That is wacky, playing Atari, fireplace going and sister and mother are there. Curve-Tone-Air, drawing her, hippie Slinky be by the pool. Theme basement, jungle theme, a little bit gambling theme, dad had a girl down here? Play the dice, that girl is gone, stained glass shotglass, several of them are gone.

That has my computer vanilla. Yeah, the young she drinks iced coffee mall parking lot? Bring. Some brought over some good magazines. The drinking, new herbal beverages at the 7-11. Wow, the possibilities of a wall, who we are, the mind of the celebrity, yo, we have the silly ideas. This is crisp, yeah, remote mountain top, ski place, no one around, and playing the swamp level of a handheld video game.

Bill, what a common word. There are people. This young people say the building is fucking lame. But it has a history. Yes, some decades back, wonderful events, wonderful history, awesome. The kids see the husk of it, marble walls and worn brass ornamental crap, but it was awesome at one time. All of this I have made up. Visions, imagination, at Union Square a few times in the past few months, it gives me a weird feeling, like I'm missing something. That part is true.

Rufus, compel me. Las chicas who like the blues of Robert Johnson. The EPCOT Beaver, roller coaster guy. So far, we could the cranking toy store, Maxfield Parrish kids, I would ride the subways, check out subway art, and not be the bright-eyed student. Communicore is gone. Tell me Rufus, tu eres cool? I saw a TV show about mica. I was a castaway, I experienced coolness, I came back.

I was of origins, not of school corridors or twinkling. That is the brightest part of lust. We are talking to cats in a warehouse, snowing so bad we can't drive, there is a great sense of quiet. Think about a forest a thousand years ago, pow, the little TV set has a humid mind.

Another here, I have to tell the truth, that we experience our own pasts mostly as fantasy. Shimmering memories, you know it wasn't that good when you lived it. These personal myths are intensely pleasurable.

Dense and two, the stupid talk about computerized living, yeah, two-hundred years ago they had to walk through doors many times each day, like us. The promise of entertainment locations in malls and strip malls.

Yeah, welcome to the ranks of the smart people. A sudden breakthrough, electronic in nature, hook it up to a tree and you can talk to the tree. "We don't care at all when you kill us. We get reincarnated as cats."

Tuck in the ashtray, that is not my art. I was languishing in a corn museum, I learned all about corn. Clip, a little clip, clip, got runes from a bookstore and was a mall fortune teller. A totally ruined rubber band, and it's always here. I love corny planetarium people. It is always the restricted, the out-of-reach, the untouchable, which can glow with the adorable fire of Wonder.

We are riding a monorail in a place as different from Walt Disney World as it can be. There are some towns I would like to be in, yes, I mean the simple, childlike pleasure of being in a town. I yearn for things, I worship my past selves as gods.

A few forces of nature. In 7-11, you want to know all things, and no things. Anyone reading this in the year 2090? And you desperately cling to the culture of the Twentieth Century? I am to be of your century, my work will be associated with the first decade, the zeroes or whatever we're gonna call it. And the next couple decades past that, too. You know this.

Cup 43

September 1998

Alight on park grass, she saw, sunny confused park experience. Park parking lot, strangers toy with supernatural dice, I might have powers, I yearn to make it rain. Magazines in the back seat, I focus on door hinges, symbolizing passageways into a new place. I run and climb, we play on playground, it does rain, we act like kids. That silliness, that is iconoclastic, that is serious. Bax, little toy rock demon, me and her, wet and holding hands. We are cold in the air conditioning in the K-Mart. We dawdle by the doormats. They are symbolic.

Carousel about a brigade. Yeah that thrust, that travelling, a cool summer night, some kind of subtle festival, and you think, I've been in places like this many times in past lives, and in future lives will I also be in places like this. Little kid has cat toy. We have a city map, and many weeks and much money. You are away, I bought a notebook and a pen, I went to skyscraper observation deck, wrote a complete short story. And we flew to a new city, on the advice of a magician, to see the beautiful ice on everything, beautiful ice storm, somehow she knew it was gonna happen. A lot of yearnings, places to go at night, being there. I wonder if it is a phase, but with my system I can fully...

Our ability to be comfortable in the face of the mystery of our situation. Slowly wake up from the haze of childhood, where is this place? But we can numb those questions. So we have this numbing ability. And we use it.

Cup 44

November 1998

(2 months later)

What is a lot, so a few decades of sensory data, it must sidestep the issues of breakdown and shakedown, as far away from a bad crime drama film as possible. I see that typewriters are junk now. And the blank feeling of going to the movies, like there is more to life, like wild forests a few miles away. Yeah, kids in the forest, and the big attempt to do what life has to offer. Putting it all together, it is massive and far from understandable, life.

Yeah. Everyone has their stories, their strange life experiences. Claw claw. Chaos management, that's a big thing in life. The hottest few hundred people out of hundreds of millions. And they're all screaming. We don't know what's going on. There are all these people in cults.

Cup 45

December 1998

Oh it's little of cleverny, pod intricate craftwork, yeah the whole treejouse thing, yeah and about happy mistakes. The whole interend thing. Okay three made-up words, yes. And be quite stimulated by colorful card and board game. Trusting, aimless, that is the keyword today, aimless, and it can be bad or good, and I want to make it good.

38388. Silly to like number. Come genius. Cool weather, piloting upside-down pyramids, a good flight, indeed, indeed, we don't consciously know, we don't consciously know. That. That. A blast of little puzzles. Yeah. Yeah. A blast of little puzzles.

Clau. Clau. Little restaurant at night in the Village. I'm just saying I've been to such places. There is super mystery in life! Super! We really don't know. Of code of at yonderful frontier.

Cup 46

April 1999

(4 months later)

Tinkle pure musical feel, way of the tree, sint, railway youth, major plans, plundermate, early computers and puzzles as little objects, dreams of great creative works, pure and innocent trespassing, the dream kept alive. It is called Aerie Obliviana, this new thing. And wasn't there, I had an idea, Some Berry Basalt of Brine, something similar, in 1990?

Fine typographical obsession there, into pavement flaws to defer the personal flaws. The girls, and guns and cars, and the reading about distant entrepreneurs and their dreams, and those that never came to pass. Commercially viable hovercraft, okay. I can't tell, was 1953 long ago or very recent? Um, most people have philosophies where they define the world in a nutshell. Like, stupid ones like the world is just some alien's experiment. Lots of losers from high school are still losers all these years later. But the dreams were and are pleasurable, hedonistic, very satisfying. Yes, she is sitting there in the waiting room, and magic famous there are seeing nothing go by, and a great yellow graphic design book cover. A college autumn night, pool table, student center, deck of cards, making up card games, talking about computer games, and some are talking about skiing. And some girl is coming with Tarot cards, and some girl is coming with computer adventure game.

Yopo Youth, the energy. Pint ogre edge ballista projectile. Scorning the engineers, capitol scarecrow young rush. You don't really talk about it in casual you are decent. Bind sound effect, rest lazy considering colors. Is disregard in beautiful random places, she and he and minds madly interpreting. Info is awesome.

Herald Naomi she and fascination with cool and strange books. They in used bookstore. Cannot build but can imagine wild underground transportation systems. By marching and masking, and the Nasking North, darn communication with darn little cute things.

Toy electronic, surf instrumental play soundtrack, react to kids, play surf instrumentals to match the mood. Extended, home server architecture, total networking, the soundtrack can play wherever there's a speaker and a net link. This has to do with content. Stupid ideas to fill the capacity. And playing cards so advanced that they record every game you ever played with them. The real world just keeps on moving.

Or dune experience at shopping center, more marvels, it's around, mission. Human friction make bitter mirth sweet, the thinking yonyod. Cancelide trying, the brimming cloptude, time was 82 months. Driving the Delwin Dawn, a new alternate reality that opened up recently.

At the still saw the small friends. In static jagged hard places, where there is charm, and human and fairy enter a third state, sawfriend, and talk and laugh and time is barely an issue. Lots of fun, I learned the way with college cohorts. And I took a silly girl there on a date. Now I hope she doesn't lose her mind.

There is just of musta, like savage antitank feathers there. Shapient, she is of body and mind, slap of slap today, and of the issue of cassettes. Soon many sixties of dollars so long, many books on design. Internet piracy ruins the thrill of getting in youth. Ruins the thrill, mind wanting of thrill. Wanting of store. And the zeitgeist of cheap pens all over the place. You got so many pens, don't worry about the pens.

1959 perturbed by the 1999. A great rainbow a few days ago, and rare lighting Meadowlands. Seen from bus. Books are cool. Let us do something, get into something invigorating, tap tap tap, let's not have only the first few taps be cool. Adaptation can be crippling.

Cup 47
July 1999
(3 months later)

Steal gla gla piratint. Droning of so many other people.
Flyer sting. Tissue paper in the shoe stores and those who
don't ever take ferries. Guy who bugs, he got D Fleepleflase.
Fired up again, imagining patterns in tiles on rest room floor.
The solo bright cloako, weed's junky waterfount. A million
garbage. Tea jass tangent pretty one.

Cup 48

August 1999

The same sense of purpose can make computer solitaire fun and make people join cults. Major issue like buying bottles and the stores you have to go to to get them. This is silly and major, this glorification of the self. Major spring.

Cup 49

December 1999

(4 months later)

Wear seldom shades, pole ice shatterer called the pole
stoat. The fake weathered look. Dilt Pazzarhaun. The Weekall
One building block. Spun siviliver OK.

Cup 50

January 2000

Tivian, the share experience walls, like as telling dreams can't get it across. And the specialness you connect to cool mundane spaces, like parking lots. You can't get it across walls. And revere, Tivian, childhood episodes like religion. It is distance we love.

Cool summer day in that town, creative works that are becoming irrelevant. The former hippies, creative dreams weak and smashed. Lack of luck, talent, ambition. Somehow, as meetings at the mall, perservering motor new sunlight.

Erotic Eagle, Dusk Overland, end of Parking, new here at Duskaway. To think of kids in the Sixties into ragtime music, that it was so old then. And the meaning that a dream of mine from several years has to me, not possible to share that feeling, at least I wouldn't impose it. Yeah the dynamite of that word, impose. It's an unvocalized scream from the screech of overwhelming nostalgia, vague nostalgia. Huth.

Decide to do a stupid thing, the feedback can be distracting. Reading about the guy with the museum dream, he was after something. Disorder and time ride side by side, help ease my profound confusion. Stupid idea gotta fight the rejection of the massive craziness slash through pine forest. Make a face no one sees a little private sneer at whatever is out there.

My coat is out of control. Prestigious city streets are a wonderland and a horrorland. The emptiness and the sound of splashing water from nowhere seen. Whisk risk library road. A game in mall wanting, and the blossoming of the mall experience. Mathematical pastimes and sex play. Don't radiate heat radiate paint. How fake is Jupiter. Destruction room. Get to Tales of the Flipped-Out Calculator.

No cord, ambulance dude, road blocked, weird photo, click clack, guitar strap, coffee spill, tea spill, sirens, weird Christmas, couple fighting, young supernatural conversation, illegal turns, unexpected stuff. Storm 2 may have been on the whole time.

Obsessing on a wall map of Walt Disney World and the smell of Silly Putty. Roar at vagueness, distractionas can wear you out, friend. Jerry Harrison Casual Gods and Dayworld by Philip Jose Farmer. Pliable no good thunderdaisy decoration, very blasting rain mess, and you hoot like an owl in the slush of another place.

Good day 1/8/00 find Dreamcast magazine 2, Indian restaurant calculator reads 209.00. Cinnabon mixup (espresso/extra sauce) but I'm smiling wide about the magazine.

This kid Bianca. In De La Soul caught a fleeting glimpse of a cultural thing that could have been and still could be. Aggressively nonchalant comic book let me explain it. The dudes that published it thought they were gonna be all famous and shit. But they had some pleasure in the fame fantasy.

Some kid videotaped me on Carmine Street on January 10, 2000. He said "smile for the camera don't you look like a nice guy". I guess he meant I looked mean or angry or whatever. But I always look upset when I'm thinking.

I am still reeling from the utter normality of 2000 so far. As so many people believed, nothing happened. No disaster. I wanted to prepare more, but all I wound up doing was buying ten gallons of water, for about six dollars. Boy I'm glad I'm a procrastinator.

Be trio be, thux water pioneer hall transportarky. The running water serenity mind. Airport as symbol of potential. Meaning slash slash of fighting game. Night comic book store commute home.

Diltave, balsa wood magical theme restaurant model. Duntopl, deep breezy bookstore back alley. The adolescent poetry as brave response to the encompassing nothing of the unknown. And the good old times duck theme. That whole idea of the main road, safe but why not think about what is a few blocks parallel to it. I want to say that here in Duskaway 20 we can look out the windows at the panorama of Superior. It is with a pleasant painlike feeling similar to the emotion of deep nostalgia that I consider the wonder and magnitude of Superior.

Cup 51

February 2000

1/13/00 8:56 pm. M3 bus downtown. Got on by Rockefeller Center. Saw "American Beauty" before at Virgin Megastore. Damn cold. First time on city bus. Storms from last night still affecting me. Earlier, I shattered a fluorescent bulb at work.

Rooftop Railway Fugue. Shatterfirj Arcanas. Hompinaha Hoptobo. Niocresni Arcade Parlor. The Lintimpee Arch-Rald.

We want to go on vacation every day, every hour, every minute. I was standing on the snowbank which may have been kind of weird. Roasting coffee beans down at Photon in '88. The dungeon games in the flickety flames as the fliskatine area. Ranald Comforter, Jeveller Dauntles, Dean Toace, and Fromi Paft. That good kind of tired... the world responds.

7:57 pm. In my pocket earlier today, in the pocket of my black button-up shirt, were three items that were cool together. Redemption tickets, maybe about 20, orange in color, from the Broadway City Arcade across from the Port Authority Bus Terminal. I got them last night playing a new game, Namco's Quick & Crash, a shooting game. Also I had the game Cosmic Wimpout, consisting of 5 dice in a plastic tube. I got the game this morning at The Compleat Strategist, a game store across from the Empire State Building. I almost didn't go, but at the last moment I veered off my morning commute course and took subways S and 6 over there. I was the first customer, at 10:30 AM. The third item was a laser print of my new Obliviana gameboard, dated 2/1/00. Yeah and also it's pretty interesting, my current bus tickets (which I buy in sets of 40) have 3/2/01 as their expiration date. 2-1-0 and 3-2-1. Cool.

Vary your attack types Cheryl. Acquire 55 variations of the Van Hoze Building. Squares or triangles the same color as your token provide extra attack points equal to half the wager. Let's go to bed.

Why, if free, are we so not free? Games of 1980. Games of 1981. Games of 1982. Games of 1983. Heat develops. Yes, on our way to meet Ownez. Pisintegrate pisintegrate. Ownez is major master, magico-wonderful little shops in flea market-like areas. Hi, The Timber Valuables. The Snocwave Directive.

Make little worlds and dwell there. Places... Lighting... Water... think Enchanted Tiki Room... The Gray Lonter Plutarch, The Gray Lont. Not than she reacts, her little life merries, than she might resseplode.

I'd rather be Timenapping Demigoddesses. Demigoddess Timenappers do it whenever. I was a teenage Demigoddess Timenapper. Timenapping Demigoddesses viewer—I appreciate the finer things in time. Timenap Me, I'm a Demigoddess. Chrono-Lassie: Timenapping Demidoggies. Timenap you, buddy!

Turbulent downpours rife with coniferous dance moves. Panting steel drum happy time. Knopsneakee family daytime friends and lasers. Some losers are 22 and 32. Prairie Joy the teleportation jackass.

Sand Happo Cranch, feeling post-rain weak friend afternoon. Tilporo is my jandual fail. Identified four distinct stairways, embed/unsure confetti-type shapes. Bon is pleased as to something from the visited country. West Broadway is this road, man.

Cup 52

March 2000

Whiz lo zap zooma, patch of street high, all the coolness, seven hours later you feel like an asshole. Supachoose your own veeveehicle. Like name something Dormouse to be cool like referring to Alice in Winderland. All the ice cubes held in glasses by people like you exploding. Test button, not sure what it tests. Hello, I am a sentence at the end of a Superior that kind of sucks.

An aetherwillow daytrip, light. Dimension traveller for three weeks so far, at a musical instrument store in some alternate world. And a dog and a cat and some family and friends in my homeworld. Jennifera Belltings, amazing cosmic daytrip, dark. Little pocket pinball games at home.

Little park by the railroad tracks, very calm 11 A.M., concrete rising wrecked by weather, overcast and very bright. The prizes in my pockets, the photo vest has pockets that may be cool. Waiting for people, shake a little shaker, wish I had a paint gun.

For the years, lualont riders in tunnel, tried to be one of the riders but failed. In store they act cool, they are in a group, called a little culture. To put stripes on many things, this is a good trend for the next few years. Stripewanderall.

Hope satisfies on a daily basis. The recording stars, like a bare hope of some leisure days. They ever changing, and spots near highways are with you a long time. Keep going straight ahead in all the meanderings. Will it someday get results.

Have to talk about mall in the rain, instead of staring at a candle flame, meditate in the interaction with the mall instead. Say the word "lost" something, and it is like a cool, remote kind of saying, like the subject is apart from everything. "The Lost Archer", for example, as a title. Who is this guy? He sounds like a very cool character. And how about "The Pulse Dawn Grenadier"?

Complex wood beam system, looking up, ceiling of old building. The dreams of the dreamer, and the endless fantasies of the realization of the dreams. And colder weather and warmer weather. Creams of the dreamer.

Okay, a truck stop or a diner type place. The calling of the cardboard message. The big block of hard Bazooka gum after going with my mom to pick up my sister from ballet class. And the toys and awesomeness of 1970s suburbia. Yeah and a couple or several diners from memory.

Desire and distraction. A pure smell. Waving the hand, your hand. Getting caught up in the moment, too hyper maybe. And the streets after the parties, and the ruined promise, the unfulfilled potential. And the complex delusions that keep us moving. And watching very cool TV shows.

The arena rocks the mind, the steadfast home of personal fantasizing. Locations from the past and the hopes for the future, in sparkling True World aspect. Real World. Original World. Yes it is wonderful there. Don't forget to enjoy your fantasies, cuz they're better than the real thing in some ways.

The euphemism electrified. More likely spiritual in nature. Entertainment. People are fickle bastards maybe in this field. Our world is narrow, and that is not so bad. Delt of the all, car la dungeotronic morning. Create the subcultures little. And the crushing force of jadedness as culture runs with time. Perceiving them as miserable, as don warehouse outside lights in the tight night.

Let's get the tag of the stores. And the muffling debilitation of not knowing some things. The artifacts of the native cultures are cool cuz it's so unreachable, and your feelings about it will never be struck with the less-sparking reality of them. So train, hanging with the people never seen before or again. Night depression to mall and arcade. There are so many losers that it's too comfortable.

Space laser music and spaceship games. The space place that will last only so much more time. Innocent culture. Sincerity and the naive is damn useful and valuable. Quiet tree. Religious graphics pollute the visual landscan. Thru several windows the last few times for an over-familiar route. A record store called Beeky's or something, at the Quakerbridge Mall, is not there anymore. Hanging out in the virtual Mercer County of my mind. The very weird mind maps. Okay, meeting to solve a problem. Seems like we can squeeze but the barest amount from the sponges of present situations. Later we wish we had squeezed more. Oh, hi.

And a great hello to the bead game Fonjo, the, uh, new game that's gonna be comin' your way from Obliviana. Still in development, just wanted to say hi from here in Superior. Fonjo, you're gonna be great!

Cup 53

April 2000

Fooltash Wanting. Egrary Gullsay. Menthoo Ahithtar. Zhablin Toms. Piarund and Ocladazoo were stalking the lively and, yes, semi-imaginary archery target solar system. When talent is nurtured with attitude the beautiful wild. Ceekawns Field Rental. It's been a weird few weeks.

The lumens are pregnant with allegory and disappointment. Sont meeting in treehouse pleasure and line dant. See Pleazuzen. Doin' it for the ramble of the spirit.

Doors are queer. Lips are intricate ideas. The amazing one-second analysis you can do on a person just by looking at them. The overwhelming presence of fate and luck and destiny and coincidences. And folks have to desperately deny this wonderful aspect of nature, for some reason.

A magazine called Amassing seen in a dream in a half sleep on a bus. Several copies of the mag on an empty seat in a dream replica of the same bus. And writing this on a little computer on the bus.

On to a vibronnodo haskashwillin. The worry is street happy the numbness of the college experience. Paffadeiry. Okay, sting of this spice is immensely pleasurable. Pleasume. You feel a certain way in The Sharper Image.

Old things, and just think, all of our history being managed by people as flawed as you and me. Washn't Blonbah. The joy of the completed work, artifact, of creativity. Idealized and themed worlds of the past. Purpose in a society that is treading water. Can't change X cuz people Y will react violently in way Z. Just get a personal force bubble of meaning and purpose, share it with a few friends, and it's cool.

That is despicable nomenclature. Mainy. Someone with a pair of dull scissors and no imagination. The new you Stumlontees. Tanjo Dauetierz. Pace of change use of the stop action technique called pixellation as a kid in super eight millimeter movies. Known as childhood awesomeness. And blobs of clay with craft store googly eyes as a new kind of theme. Stay on top of your mountain, junkyard of colored beads, wow how many playing cards and the used bookstore.

Cup 54

June 2000

(2 months later)

Okay here the for tuner and tuning fork campfire latenight have friends. Dazy fromday. Hoho hello. Lunar interesting people likers. The aftermath of some revelry. Dimming the level of the darking distractions Paula. House of several houses, and a themed game that goes over several days. The super excited perception of reality after a movie sometimes, like you're the hero, for a little time. Ofater Tel Violenta... meaning less...

So light and joy full of fun, joke, joke, the airport concourse conjures images of the childwhen maximum. Just childjoke. So the going without things. Going to a place, cruise on wasting time. The patheticness behind the curtains of the individuals. Mink long time ago.

Able to know and like the forms of entertainment. The shocks of the tapping, the tap into the unknown place or energy. Bun the tuenue... Solid make hear there and vague dance club what. Vague and very. Let's make decide. The our emotions ethjotica. Clashing constantly is built-in doing. The public space, people are allowed in. Freeseem, but restricted by connections that define us.

Allo, looks like four buildings. Think, cluelessness is in all of us, not just you. It'll be a while before this one is in Superior Review. Library basement, but could there be more than one basement here? Fashion dark ride, gurgling fake brook, The Taufside Roll Call. Zano Key Zany. Rildidrums Rilp Rilpazer. Attune vade walls to a floral straps.

Looping slum. Hooxomicshop. Deal traders have fun in a night spot. All the little exceptions to your little rules. Promo animation and a girlfriend's street. Feel the moving air. Same old the a changing attitude.

Mouth noises and stay most normal. The Nomma Megaliths. Imagining what life was like in earlier American centuries. Sowald Fair people burning memories that'll last even reincarnation. The jackoff circus wheel.

Being forwarding Hamper-Igloo the Masterquit. Quarrel Orchard, star of a part of Severe Repair. Hello Severe Repair, a new wave of you coming soon. Oh and referring to Severe Repair here was not premeditated, it just happened! I have a book on commercial interior design in my Jeep, and I have the massive 1973 (or 1972 or 1974) Sweets Catalog in my storage.

When a warbling goes higher, and memories from school form a street gang in your head. The loving embrace of breeze coldness in the autumn, walking on a hill. Perception is big. The Alwaysan. Valorpid my wanderchake, Jogga. On Pown rollerglast international Jozo Year. On down road with the distractions, eventually on down to Sussphonicle. Artificial feelings at the unfamiliar college art exhibits.

The experience is added to the heap, and its place in the wonder brigade is cemented by your heap management. Okay, let's chat and shoot the bull about life. Totally non-understood, life, and it's a fine mystery that drives our souls.

Major sparks of the briefly famous young, and it's distilled down to the insides of a lot of people's minds. And most of us have been in tourist attraction caverns. I'd like to go on a cavern trip, checking out like over 20 caverns in a week or two. It'd be a major experience, I think. Cuban cigar and light rail so far.

Harborside and a ferry ride and espresso at the New York Mercantile Exchange. Drinking it at the World Financial Center. Take-out sushi at the World Trade Center. At the platform of the 1-Train uptown, a golden dollar for a busker who's just getting started. On the train now, heading for work, coming up on the end of a hedonistic inbound commute.

Stoke an imaginary fire of every colors and many attributes of temperature and other things, like spitting out little pieces of candy. All the woods with flavored smoke. New places are a tonic.

Yesterday in Times Square a trash can burst into flame as I passed by it. I noticed a weird smoke smell over the smoke smell of my cigar as I crossed the street. I saw the smoke smoldering out of the metal mesh can with a pink plastic lining bag. I passed it, and looked back to see it erupt in flame. I passed the South American native band and nodded my head to the music and shared a smile glance with one of the players.

The Tilted Trapezoid, fun and food down home rustic. The near-total unpredictability of the future is rad, man. Places relate to people. Getting coffee at a mall is usually not a problem. Are you TV show no one is seeing?

Cup 55

July 2000

The trandint nature of sanity. The art other people do, and how it makes you think, I am talking about places at malls. That travel urge, wanderlust, yeah yeah, hoo hoo. I am at tobacco store at mall. La la distractions gotta work on real stuff.

Dream of digging a hole, when I was a kid, to dig way down, to discover and build. Holes like that never got very far, but the dreams were big. Dreams, the vision things, are good entertainment. Wanna get famous, daydream about it, that is a majorly decent form of amusement.

We are so much in the dark, we keep on moving by dream logic. I view the night airport as a symbol. Beckon. Eisenclocks. Farphatude. Windopo. Yeah. Those windered cars of days, the heater contrasting extreme cold. Enthusiasm, dilapidated fresh one, smiles are bitter crossbow bolts, man. Crossbop. Titwunn. Is promotional artifacts. Hydro-slake-planto.

You're adopting the hippie scenics. The music of the smell of lighter fluid. Blue corrugated metal intenso-quirkforce love. Popher Clockslide. Pin diversion, beach foom la la the need houses. Pal tarrits phasing two-ting. Bloo clop, equals Stuallico Experiences.

Why and why said on that bright college day did they think of the ten years in their future. Boxful of electronic games, and a brief moment with a parrot in a pet store. Let's bring together the ride, paint ripe with the possible, and rest just a little. Amusement, Orientation Jugs, bopardgame. New games ultimate frisbee cosmic wimpout, cosmic ultimate frisbee dungeons. LintimpRee. Tabdulla...

Cool Obliviana guy carries around coffee beans in his Jukewand. Off the wall — silly bastards play... Zhiziego, ioffee, weirb... plevents. Flawnshipping-2 Portal. Improper storm management? Vipeo game arcadebook. Old booh book called seed vaft. Elinceabeth, Elancabeth. A series of hip movies based on trains. Lypers, Mypers, Nypers... Yankeppy. Her last name is Sathering. Becoming Festival Cugmetch & Lonertronica. Dreamfriend Lottery. Dreamfriend Shakedown. Dreamfriend Shatterpike. Shatterpike Daydreams, and The Vixen If.

The masked and the striped long distance lipdy lippy. Whaize, to have had the word rife. Possirl Coultidri. Louup loulp loul coulp coult coultihri. That civil maniac is supersonic. Pent Breeze, a slit of timeright, glamour absolutely fantastic tiredness, in a good way. Lighting mistiner the uktra night and ultra night.

Jire the plinjoo awesome weather pointless sadness ozone flannaster! Axe rewanda exhopie lashal tantant. Us and vehicles and gray road and hope for a new start. In the dream, gargling gasoline, and reassuring myself it's okay. And stalking and wealth and family, okay.

Fill ecto haze or frazzle, Alpine Denizen Meditation Ride, littling plundera Junz-Junz happenstance Observation Deck. Looping, the guide, does branding xojine the celebrating cool people friendliness. Same type of mysterious looping, octodank the old comfort way.

Dream on Spring Run Lane, guy in car, my father and me and my family stalk him to a house near a park. We have a house near there, and there are games where little beads are the prize, and cash them in for like tens of thousands of dollars. I turn the shower on in the wrong way, now we have to find the complex instruction manual to turn it off. I tell my siblings, and they ask me if I think they care in the least about the troubles of the maid. Then gargling with gasoline. And in the dream, the experience of gargling with gasoline was pretty realistic, with taste and smell and all that. Dream logic is fascinating. I mean, I am a thinking me in dreams, using intelligence, but with a different set of foundational notions.

Talking about the Hudson-Bergen Light Rail, it is a cool little railroad. I look forward to its extension to the Newport Center Mall, Hoboken Train Station, and beyond. Stuff to look forward to, good to have in your bag of tricks. Every day things are a little different. Like in trying to figure the world out, after every session of sleep you have to reorient yourself, and thus we are kept more confused.

The feeling of thrill, and the finding of the yielding to a want somewhat. How easy it is to forget a coolness after a few days, but to keep reminding the yourself is hard.

Scrutiny of a nostalgic whim, to revere a situation in your past, but while experiencing it, the previous version of you was not so thrilled as you would be now to relive the thing. It is distance, I say, that makes this so. Inaccessibility, that it could be so many ways. Reality always disappoints, one might say. Past and future are our personal paradises, for sure. But the present can sometimes be nice.

Happy so much crap is out of your control. Else you'd be responsible. Distribution of wealth, we are all so insane that I want to hug the consciousness. Risk. Valuable storm-form artifact, consider the behavior of tornado, as in being sentient. The rhetoric about the nature of reality. Luck important.

Cup 56

August 2000

Flyer old hatchoo. Splendid tobacco, a period of time seem odd and not great. But we assault the mystery, however feebly, maybe gods are impressed. Humid discomfort, many levels of worry. Go love overwhelm precip, breathe. Reward yourself with a distraction adorable in its diversion.

Feel the that ways have been a sweet drummers. Distract Over-Offices, feel the way tant, seldom bash into videogame wall. Gotta say, Grand Canyon Concourse in my mind, a big locale in my mind, Contemporary Hotel, Walt Disney World. Sense of awe at the vast amazingness of my own history in this life, and I revere past times, and to think that it's just been a few decades, it's really cool.

Sill, embrace the confusion, the lack of evidence. Make no mistake, we don't know what's going on. This world and us. Appreciate the mystery. But you could hide from it, and that's a shame. The big questions fuel us in our fun and fumbling journies. So let's keep on being silly and radical, it can only be good.

Drew University, I went there from Fall 1985 to Spring 1987, and I went back quite often even after I transferred to NYU. I have magical memories of the place, and a number of major "story arcs" happened with me there. Demon Wars, Anything But Monday, 209, the roots of Obliviana, and girls.

Aldo Fonatics, nervous excitement, the lost people gather, allowed themselves to be dependent on their reflex reactions, kind of being jerks to people sometimes. Feelteams Daxodalf. Another wostalf pangton iltiflid. Ashton and Awother, unexpected songs. The good luck of experiencing natural wonders as part of the background of your daytime.

Morris County Mall, vaguest of mall memories, I sought and found you yesterday. The indoor mall part I found demolished. I went to Bradlee's, and also Radio Shack, the only store still inside mall, its short area undemolished. And I talked a little to a Radio Shack guy about the destroyed mall.

Cup 57

September 2000

Beon Friction tabla, scoc, dusk lane restaurant way. Poor Jacstas, variant the chesslike. Desolate places, gotta go to them. We are trapped in tiny slices of the world. Seek a way to breakout a little. Butterflies are insecto beast.

Cup 58

November 2000

(2 months later)

Loomnast, Javrin Pade, Southantha Lathinest, and Furnitus. Nonjutra, and My Rocktime Games. Accuracy Stations, Bojjo Tour, Pathen, Datolt, Vozon Valloth. Why aren't there amusement places all over the place?

Entertainment releases latched and robed in chaos. The Accuracy Occurrence — Sand Eld Ave. Zu Evenj, Succumediieval Succaneer. Succumediievaluccaneer. Lore enforcement raging raqer ranger. Trahaf Trahas Godlevel.

Time of light rail and TellMe. The so the tightfire so there. Micedeco the deceniums. Alligaptada Reality Paucity Times. Joker Wheelweasel, Joker Washweasel. Building some time shall get smashed up. Yest Nike cloud winderful.

Cup 59

January 2001

(2 months later)

Loner of the barren west, the sweet vagueness of miniature golf, Penny and Timber. Fancing Hawthorne, kilometers yet to come. The Sorry Latino, where am I? Weird Luck Charms, paraphernalia in the key of neat. Seeing potential friends that we'll never meet, in the key of relief. Tivian Towhead Belomancer, character of forlorn transit and manic bemusement. There are files seen in dream states.

Childhood dreams, the enchantment of them, an unbroken phase, and now I'm 33. Hanging on, and the long time has brought me here, to a good situation. Yet the enchantment must be broken, the magic has to be harvested. In calling something "over" I am not at an end. All the wonderful delusion and dreams, visions and plans, are here, outside the slumber.

Today, right now, we're out of soap. Is this not a reference to Zope? His name came from a lack of soap, a little less than 15 years ago. And ZopeTV is in suspension, and do I have time to work on Zope in 2001? 15 years ago... and Anything But Monday also.

Today is the first day of the new Millennium. I have no job, no health insurance. And I have broken the spell of the childhood dream.

One more storage, stash away the wonderful things. Things that sit unseen for years anyway. A really fresh start, we dream of such as this. But a gentle upheaval, and I'm blessed to have it. But I need confidence, I need to stop being afraid of success. I know, success would break the spell, that was why I feared it. Now the spell has met its natural end, and this event has opened up many vistas for me. And my head is swimming now, but I have to find the confidence.

Bye KIVO. Cloo. Wonder, we're here.

Cup 60

April 2001

(3 months later)

Do we want to think about misty revolution. I touch notes of music, striking nature. Week after week, and no answer to the secret of everything. But a delicious interplay of deep and robust playful distractions. But hot and depressed in the mall, yet there are moments of real joy.

The rantings of a cyber culture pundit in the glimmering dawn of the mid-1990s. Time marches on and ideas need to the thoughtabout in every moment into the battle of future. Here is our Earth, we are crazy critters, our culture in 2001 is looking backwards. Want to build something lasting that has followers. The mistake of the cyber futurists, their future got blown away. In my future is the richly wonderful spring of computerized audio entertainment. It will not so easily be blown away because it is entertaining.

Cup 61

June 2001

(2 months later)

There, damn error message would make her hair lovely. As jottable on as a dream calendar. Vague tobacco ashes. We all feel we are lord of world, but world disobeys, and makes us mad.

There is notes, crest, overhill from stimulation to saturation. Lot of video tapes to watch. The ceiling getting hair washed at salon. Joy of rainfall, joy of mall stroll. Music is every direction.

Left neon wet, cigarette teardrop, preened and insulted. Think that techno music is tribal, drugs are windows into the universal place. I think screensavers shall revolutionize life. Car horn, drunken stumble, sexual gunshots. Wake up and you're older.

Pipe tobacco embers like orange stars on my black jeans, blinking out, getting spent. And on the blue-green carpet, orange stars in ocean, blinking away.

Cup 62

July 2001

Far and awash with escalator dreams and thought, the damaged territory may be only desolate and not hurt. World is not horrible. And pipe dreams and fantasies of wealth and fame, by the losers of the centuries, are beautiful things. Trying to find a book in a bookstore, maybe the answer is in a book, or a book could be the spark for the answer. All those tarot cards.

Fine and dandy, relative things, relative goals. The puzzled present you, at how the past you didn't appreciate a cool thing at the time. Get dressed and everything and go out, into the world, anyplace, any store. Driving, frustrated, coffee, and depressing walks through malls. Yeah, the fabric of the game. The mission and the powerful hero. And the frequent amusing thought.

Duskaway keep on going on. Hear about new available product. The dear mental image, the quest to get the thing. The powerful haze of youth, denial of harsh reality. The slow waking into being kinda old, and having a whole lot of stuff. Make it better.

Forced into a scheme of action. So imperfect, yet so aware of what it would be like to be a lot closer to perfect, you and everyone else. Give me a meander, okay, give me a gift. The facade. Going to sleep with the happy fantasies, adrift, but next day will have to continue to figure the world out.

Breaking away from the careless fleet of vehicles, Tarla smashed a soft rock with her weapon. Green perfect day lawn and leaves, and stabbed with the mundane life. Devastated remnants of video arcade, whole ruined continent, a smile but it is ignorant.

Strip mall market alley, some amuse, some grumble, the balsa wood pointless inventions. I want freedom. Seasonal products in the drug store, a sense of urgency. The sad state of computing, where has the coolness gone.

Cup 63

August 2001

No matter how great your creative work is, it must live on with people, there is no other way. Space fantasy and hallways mundane, RCA jacks rusting in the rain. Rainbow refractions of CD-ROMs in trash, handiwork from other countries and peanut wrappers in pine tree. Silly bridge railing.

Farseal Andodo Pra, the name of a game, faraway and famous in dream. Little nothing cheapo flashlight, piece of crap, light the way. Rock concept album, also lead the way, the faintest of suburban fumes. The door Ampixelu is the open message and vehicles R.

Cup 64

September 2001

Some sort of impossibly remote rock and roll past, smash it against the clearthinking mind.

Cup 65

April 2002

(7 months later)

Hurricane. One word, a Superior seed, left here on 9/4/01, one week before 9/11. Kinda foreboding. Now here I am, over 7 months later, back to Duskaway.

Cup 66

August 2002

(4 months later)

There's a just fraternize electrified, sliding up the doorish curtain, and to cleanse the ractide realm. Jillo bash in the air controller and hunt the urbane crashers. The rurid spin, can't compose meaning, flailing mind calm cement door surface. All the same, back into the cavern's stripes.

Yeah gun super archery and the spiked memory. The fist should have magic energy. Driving around with some side people go to some fair or get together. And drive with a lover and climb the house of the people with garage sale.

Prove I got strength, got decade spanning life in my eyes. And humans variations on a theme. Don't wanna know the truth about people yet. And some unbelievable characters, some people if I were to encounter them again, like a long ago mostly-forgotten movie. Clear coffee. Decorating. Jealous turn of the car. Haha, free, few days train, new face.

Food Court Logic and The Flimsy Anchor, welcome to our stupid game. If you knew how close you were to disaster you wouldn't be goofing off like this. The inner feelings of 1980. Previews of sci-fi and darkened arcades. To breathe the air of 1980 again. And all that could have been, while the future was still satisfying. Comic book wizards mumble arcane runes. Just stop on a staircase and smile.

The thrileed washes of The Harrowshed Accuracies, spread across glass playing cards, normal wide and mile tall. Accuracy and Dragon Mapping, get those away just wayward thought. A change come over them, American Draconis. Well, private look out portal, I'm shaking I'm so upset, Accuracy Am-Dragon Mapping, the ovals are not yet manifest. Slice away, now a real observation, the need for warm bodies to like and talk about the creations.

My pain of bad Superiors, brings me visions of copy shops in 1984. The smash up sketchy imagined room. Flimsy reality, just stoking insanity, and the imaged glimpses of trees and skies and great outlets for creativity and great girls.

The massive beast chained with yarn, talk to me. Prestige, goddamn, back to the warm bodies again, needing them to yearn. Gotta wake up, tone down the insanity, move forward.

Cup 67

September 2002

Photo vest with a rook in each pocket. Video taping a lame sport game. Tangles of logics and braided hair cute ones. Bright lites thru mist or smoke, browsing watches in 94, the flowed energy is far away. Cleaning reveal satin and the imagined monorail thru garden from mall to hotel. A video of petrified wood.

Crushes on female superheroes. The dark game on the think, the mind is a wild one, travelling all over the map of the good and bad. The highway rest area, the imaginary ice chip volcano. Power games and power trips. Maybe there are some people that could open the curtain for you and show you a new world, but they don't want to hurt you.

Carl Sagan in 1991 on CNN saying how the oil fires in Kuwait would cause some kind of major ecological disaster.

No By-Tor, no Snow Dog, no Yo-Yo, no Holmes. Let's lazily observe our lives with narration by Doug Jones.

A marriage of the elements and special times at health food stores, the striving youth, and of dreams of magazines. Yes worldwide impact, the famous in room, the cool old movie posters. The atmospheric place, old wine corks, spray mount cans, lovely smiles. Several lists. The dark side of the 1980s, indulgent, shallow. Just the dream of driving motorcycle thru misty rainy noplaces. And raining outside, cutting-edge software, screensavers and music generators. And a beautiful day, watching laundry dry in the breeze, with a sour feeling inside.

Little powder blue Audi TT, the First Internet Rock Band and me. Coffee is flavored with blueberry cream, England swings and tobacco is king. The wolfen barmashox, celebration day wolfen tea leaves, wolfen celebration day, celebration days and catalogs obscene. Night air travel, daybreak systems. Lamp dainties sip off residual light from lampshades in pitch dark rooms at night. A friendly voice, deep and weird.

It's not a matter of people pretending. People are more screwed up than we think. All the buildings, maybe just erasing nothingness, revealing the buildings. We are in a stimulated portion of reality. The pressure, and don't collapse, or it'll be insanity. There are things out there that are very old. Computers are comforting, I like them.

We spend our days in losing cool over what we're missing. All mean to each other, and bitter no one's nice. Ignore the mindblowing scenery, licking wounds is our delight. Summer in the astral plane, of dollar signs and peaceful knives. Gonna punch a hole in a wall aficionado, cinder block wall painted black and avocado.

Decadent smells and scents, and an 85th-generation memory. Looping, old movie machine at the theme park, hammering and hammering with vague intention. The zoom sound effect playing with toy car, and real girl there, was raining earlier, health food store hatch door, subway level store front, old paperback sci-fi books, and a sour feeling inside, but with tinges of delight.

Cup 68

November 2002

(2 months later)

Us against the world, our random idiosyncrasies like super hero powers, kind of a mutual admiration society, plugged into a bona fide zeitgeist. And what is the value of people hearing about it and thinking about it long after it is over? Do we want, like in the the year 2500, some kid to discover the magic of us and go like whoa this is cool and get into it? Or is it just the spur of the moment, or just making money.

The power of pre. Of being before the thing. Think that playground was upside-down. Seeking, seeking, personal mythology, own little world, own biggest fan. Arm and horizon, fake military feel, whipped cream TV, river smell. Conclusion, arrival. The challenge completed, satisfaction.

The potential of that time viewed from this time. Is it a waste of time to indulge in thoughts. Do we have a goal, do we have a plan. Randomly go to that mall, part of the plan. Resist if this thing is falling apart, so hidden and free.

Dripping interweaving motorcycle, slicing the reality of time and shards. A zillion atomic bombs on video. Box has molded place for device that is missing. Waiting on line for some kind of autograph. The obsessions of six years ago.

Should probably be a drug addict by now. I am an observer and I wait. To think of my state of mind in the past, always just about to break thru with the big idea. But if you can keep it up, it makes for pleasant living.

It yarshwennic below a happy dancers collegiate. Shaky hands, short of breath, blurry vision. Cryptic with nothing encrypted.

That is better, us American kids preoccupied with all things British. Silver wires, talk about silver wires, English accent. That is cool, bringing them places, getting a new look at things, and standing on top of some place with a view, and the other side. The urban night, cold outside and hot in coats inside, sweat and freezing air, and electronics stores.

We are more powerful children of the age. Just gotta rip open a time portal sometime. Gotta confront the kids, sitting around and talking about their grandiose plans to change the world. And I think, I wonder, should this be a world where everyone is a hero of the age.

That the night is untamable is clear. Yet we can build an outpost to observe and interact with the night. We can build a better outpost. Let us wend our way thru the vast heaps of cocky young souls with unsharp minds, you like the bodies.

Cup 69

December 2002

The old free grand ice weed, color and possible. Misty catcher, dark tree child night, shelter with mechanical audio machine. Dark fiber optic amusement spectacular, hitting the mind like petting a cat. Freezing train platform at overcast morning, thinking about warm friends.

Hunting fun in a huddled night fray, crafting dark skinny dippings into the ice way mellow. Boundaries, a few streets, bike ridings and school bussings. The party, vapid lounge, are they also pretending to appreciate it. The magic tricks, could he have real powers. Think a book series of science fantasy might be real. Book about reptiles not amusing at this time.

Sold out to the warrior clamp side. Obsessions and dioramas, the used bookstore as ultimate cathedral place. Pure explore, pure city, all about the cool stores. Evil people in their evil nests. All slippery, cannot draw any conclusions, must take the next flight out.

Deep in the heart of obscure entertainment product of the past. That lifestyle, the junk of the previous time, getting into new facets of it all the time. Old time sexy stuff, campy, weird, zombie and robot and gorilla.

After the time of glaciers and obsessions and college, trying to find patterns in the sprawl, and being old enough to be parent of one of those college occult weird seekers.

Smashing pinball pachinko and little bulldozer game with plastic pellets, and spinning wheels of prizes and plastic mustard container, old and dirty. She is extended into some kind of psycho dimension.

Cat under the table, the magic reference place, slant and slash light, pop into dimension here, feel the window glass, blatant quaint village scene with red snow, blue hats.

Pile of misunderstood lockpicks, the pathetic and confident are all over the place. The place to hang out, old wood, firelight, good times, not forced, not a themed place, but a real place, and do time travellers flock there, is it any better than a theme restaurant.

We have a mystic power in our gaze, and it's a sexual palace, and a rollercoaster glance out, the four dimensional flap hatch of us, a wild frontier airport for the scoot of nothinghood else. We are fire in our place, we am books, fixtures. Pretty hood marketing flavors.

Someone talk about polo but I think it is for people with a lot of money. We are gonna meet some people from 1994 working on a virtual world's fair project. They are enthusiastic about it now, but it's not gonna succeed at all. They will have moved on by late 1995.

People are gonna watch with amazed eyes at our punk desires. They call it prurience, they call it bad. But concrete dust is in our lungs a little.

Get over it, the textured hotel lobby that was all yours. Lemon tart town walk, three stores and a holiday decoration. The copyrighted music of your life. The disillusioned snow breakers. Weak broken red plastic snow block fashioner, anxious to leave and check the email maybe from a lover, a savior, the best.

Ward keep away from the wheat field in racing game, that you might be convinced you are a character in an amusement, poorly organized club from thirty years ago.

This vision, always a number of people, maybe in college, open to exploration, going to weird places, old malls, cool stores, making up games, and all that. Supernatural, mystical, fantasy. This vision, people wanting to explore, idealized, frozen in time. The real ones, not like the idealized ones, with other concerns in their lives, other things to think about. And not continuing with the mystical exploration thing, most of them. What this vision is all about, ideals, places, times. Maybe something deeper, maybe the real world, the original world. But the fire of this vision burns ever brighter in me, why I do not know.

Adapt and fool the you. Want to find people. On the subject of mind surfing. The dead web sites. Forgotten dreams and plans. Under the walkway. Remembered places and people and events, these reflect the light of the original world. And the ideal of the face-painted chaotic-good savage-hero.

Almost too much study of this off-balance realm. Something like 16.4 million years of human experiences every day. Am I experiencing it all, and is it entertainment.

I am really in a daze, I don't think straight, I have to sober up a bit. Distractions! They are everywhere and pretty cool. Gotta straighten myself out. Denial and daydreams make for a pleasant muddling. Wanna get sharp. Wake up a little.

Cup 70

January 2003

The fences are soft and mashing, you. Got a bottle of something in a vision, that is the grassy lawn of youth, violent feeling of beekeepers in the neighborhood. Free train stations, the rainy light night, laptop and things to say.

Vapid library reception desk, vague and growling. To recall places and situations, weak friends lost in gust. Shaking my head, closing my eyes, uncomfortable memories. Scary as time goes on, the grand design made visible by constant analysis of past experiences, and it's incomprehensible, but seems to be meaningful. And I thought the answer was just around the corner when I was in college a decade and a half ago. And also now. Me, me are contain a lot and I am interested in it. Constant daydreaming. And places from the past. Is meaning derived.

Gotta say that fear of being an innocent player in some drama. Mental techniques to soothe the pain of the stupid world. One day find sub-levels in the subway stations and another universe and all that jazz, sci-fi story, get lost in it. Weird tiles on the walls, yeah for real, they have cool new tile murals at some N and R stations.

To muse on memories, I talk about that subject frequently, and puzzled at the semi-sour vision of role-playing games and hobby shops in the late 1980s. Like steampunk and furies, kind of lost the magic of like 77 thru 83, 78 thru 82, like that. Getting cryptic, vision of a park in Plainsboro, NJ, worst place I ever lived. Stream of consciousness writing, the thrill of romance, icy itchiness, and the mournful sound of distant lawnmowers.

Creative collaborations have been a source of some bitter memories. The world of Mac shareware and software back in the late '80s, early '90s, and then later the high-minded CD-ROMs of Voyager and the like, all faded away now, and kind of forgotten. The whole spirit of the mid-'90s, pre-Internet revolution, with CD-ROMs the big new medium. And the techno-shaman type spirit of the early-to-mid-1990s. What the hell am I talking about?

The pyre of the computer mazes, dark tan hallway is with ferns and office smell and we have to go, freezing air and go to the seaport museum. The decorative eagle has no camera in it, we are not going to be afraid of the speedboat, and the poster of the speedboat, add some girls in bikinis and sell it for college dormroom display, along with faded eagle graphic, pub sign.

Ha ha even the most adult and expert are idiot. Back to the nostalgia, wow, bittersweet with emphasis on the bitter for 1989. Sleeping on the floor of that photo studio, driving down to D.C. to see a girl who was through with me. Graduating college, and for some reason went to the West Belt Mall later that day (now called the Wayne Towne Center).

The anger about the cool car is just jealousy and is it so bad? Good feeling, good anger, emotional circulation like blood, get it moving. If you are the one with the car it's like a coldness in that regard, of emotional flow. I just want to say, I just took some Alka-Seltzer PM and I'm starting to get incoherent with the writing.

Foalflake, baby horse took her first steps, and the squirrels and chipmunks watched, and they were awed. Sturdiness, this phosphorescent Christmas, its heels nipped by Californianess, we are truly married.

A pine tree from the old times is in my mind has no shape or form. The restless, sun-dappled freezing daytime. Mirrors and windows and angles and strikes, frozen water called ice.

Return to the Yellow Denim Arcade. Tennis Road, Sleuth Radio, Xtreme Pet Birdhouses, Creature Called The Yale, Full Bandwidth Coffee.

In 1980 snow was this cold and people were this weird. Maybe god doesn't want obedient little pansies—maybe it's a test to see who has the spirit to defy. Working with virginia auto.

Cup 71

February 2003

Greedy ears, reluctant warfare the slapdog. Get me in to here, the mechanisms are understandable here. Funny the precious nature of some writing, kind of thin glossy paper, scrapbook crap. But of course, my hyperactive mind is looking for a deeper meaning. Man I gotta wake up.

Yeah OK, like lame restaurant as cool. The world is bugs. Mind under pressure. Not good. Gotta get movin'. Astor Place subway and New Aster typeface. And a perfect K-Mart psycho meander.

I'm getting tired of their blank, smug expressions. They have dreams and they're trying... Electronica ferris wheel, blam the newly-grunged future. I am offering you the Modenarc Reptile.

This could be the last Superior. It all started at 170 Thompson Street, my apartment in Greenwich Village, back in Fall 1987. I went there today, walked into the entrance area. Sour curtain.

Cup 72

June 2004

(1 year, 4 months later)

Toxic water the ill cascade outside, of spike and spear, ignored wooden twigs here. Flickering dear, tattered mall memory, officemates made love to in dream world, gravel and doorway and commercial real estate. Can penetrate.

Comfortable snap of arboretum and right-side up mushroom motif, soaked in flammable denied lust and earthy young people in the wood. Electronic retailer said may we have caprice and theater, strike apart the wood homes of the smirking air things. And glide down to slow down into the bare lost ruin of the smirking ones.

The iron elevator one was Zeekiofreenz. Get Harla fluid stain most expensive at the night. Weak non-light-green plastic bags brimming over with electrical future. This worried memory, world of shark and fist, the ozone of dune hear, the April of this mind of yours.

The intense sunlight was unwelcome at Target parking lot. Inside I saw Frisbees and things. Weakness is weird. Coral flavored job? Bunch of violent weeds. Nostalgic memories like an arena full of screaming fans, and me the rock god, they storm the stage.

Going where was, under tiles in discount clothing store, pulsating weird conduit, and damp grass in front of CVS in a kind of rich town. Sleeping a random afternoon away like cats. Monster sci-fi vehicle, giant airplane thing, whole city inside, is coming in for a landing. But an airport a world away has pretzels and bottled water and computer magazines.

Being that I was a cartoon dog, I already know how to talk. My daughter in the dream was a celebrity daughter. Shooting Ouija boards with shotguns as jam bands play, my 48 parents dance a winch pulling dance. Spy a traditional UFO in drug induced vision, organic produce on city street 3.

Thrill of walk, me and her, why is there a heavy world to make this fail? Clear green plastic and quiet, discounted computer games still too expensive, door beads but they're little dice, fan is on. The outside world is such a complex system dancing in such unbelievable precision that it seems dead and inert. But the spark ever seen, several times a day, elusive but the sense that if you just grabbed it... you could rip away the curtains and see the real deal, the cool world, the hidden awesome original realm.

Balance the on yester terrible, dollar store figurines massive and alive, on parade and on some rampage. Sambastastic-automatic misery so cherished playfully shopping center shorp shorp. As his friend.

Ramada Inn of the past, A&P grocery land forever. Voo lisc tinder, aces ripped, foreign sub basement. Lore in early folkfire trance of foxes and atoms. The lobby of hip hotel is bright.

Mark stem paratha, you five musty check board. Soaring filptarp able to impress them heavy animal. Boat trip folks feeling punchy and bored, Jark Jark they don't want the game. Stuck in time trauck, just suburban center, fear here, step aback. Damn, the most mundane stupid bullshit is still part of the totality of the realm.

Helicopter land at heliport 6/24/04 5:02 pm, me on ferry watching, the only passenger to Pier 11.

NiteWanter - (night city story) - amusement areas - airports - factory jobs - sun dawning. Characters with flying ability, sit on freight trains, make them move, race, etc. Bruising our lips on buttercups, the smiling consultant. A magnificent dirigible 2 mile wide shaped like thee helicopter, a maelstrom of poorly focused intense creative brilliance.

Where is the Jark of Coal? Care about field, when the secret's revealed how do you know it's real? The big game, we are people, we don't know the mechanism behind it. When each of us goes behind the scenes, will it be clear, easy to understand? Driving around in Cranbury and Plainsboro, younger me, head full of foggy frustration, Thinkfangs jabbed at world, and the frozen milieu of the rail commute winter.

Not that bitter alienated wanderer, glimpsing bits of wonderful home here and there. Some cities, some stores, crafts, meetings, good things. Torus and healthful leisure. Just all sorts of human interaction, he does not want to join in, wants to remake the world so he's comfortable with it and rules it. Damn how far away seem the motor homes, motorcycles, families gathering for music and fairs, games and sports. That way out there. It's already okay, this place, as he slowly snaps out of deep daze.

Cup 73

July 2004

That dream of Valley School, mystical thing, clay in McDonald's french fry holder, circle of trees, occult kids. And a smirk and a promise of young adventure, dusk and witchcraft and stuff. Shaking my head, trying to grasp it. Another kind of life, only available in dream, visions of sunsets and robots. Elements of it, hanging out with cool people, willing to try things, not stuck in a rut. And just the magical feeling, vague and far away, I don't understand this vision fully. My alienation, my war strategy.

Ten years ago today... started a journey, got deep into delusion, but now I am getting better.

Cup 74

August 2004

Rain and one lane and salty freedom, the tow truck coming looks like a jester's cap. Our deep fantasy land, leisure maniac. I taste the skies above parking lots with magical tongue, pat the heads of mushroom kids and sulk and sneak in darkened consumer electronic stores.

Cup 75

January 2005

(5 months later)

Yeah this pure hear. Tribal caffeine mazes, digital marketplace highs, seems hope for better future is clean and dear before come dirtying lobby slosh. There is a history, and it entertains, on this line is a fun life.

Just rumbling down a road, bumpy and complicated, like intricate circuitry and written like novel. Think of cloud expanse, mind all over, a lot of little people and meetings, here and there, maybe back to the road. The compartment of layer upon layer of shopping and safety.

Cup 76

April 2005

(3 months later)

White morning gray, sun-drenched road, and rainy weak kid craft Sunday long time ago. Eagle alien guns, card game fractal socialize, enormity of the nostalgic and visions of girls in musems. Latest obsession, series of distractions, fun and cool and perhaps sadly meaningless. Wallow in the rising sparks of the old. More of a fantasy world all the time.

Cup 77

June 2005

(2 months later)

Defensive in service of comfort zone... the illusion of some task being overwhelming. When in fact it would be easy to do if you could just do it. Let us... take comfort in idealized visions of the past. But the deep annoyance... feels bad... of the real stuff... To make a step forward is good. Romantic haze is always. But reducing it can be a positive step forward in life sometimes.

The way for you make them drop in lost dream sideways parking lot through the beer forest that gotten fuzz tech drug like indulge, creep along, and... thoughts of bright people in restaurant... such promise, that long time ago, what they experienced... inside a super cool van in 1970s... think ya are glimpsing that thing in all those life memories made into mythologies. Shake my head... but wait. What are we talking about here?

Cup 78

January 2006

(7 months later)

And saying this is me, see a way, and the gravel of endless shopping center parking lots the sand in the hourglass these days. Hot by glass windows. Wow this road is stopping. We had that thunderstorm drive, kinda cold, kinda 1988 but also today.

Purity of mind of shared adventure. A cool bridge in the town the hotel was in. Overcast and some drizzle talk on phone and walk on bridge. Other side, a tourist center, nice place to wait. Vending machines and museum-type displays. Sun is out by the time we leave.

Cup 79
October 2006
(9 months later)

A dream of sawblade twilight is food for the cuckoo clock bird.

Cup 80

December 2007

(1 year, 2 months later)

I was going... to like snow... people inside, cool fireplace... lost of haze of the metal, find... we're smart to stay here, bridges and food courts and love and overviews... down on the street outside it's mundane and wet and... we're not the same.

209x6=1254 – a note left by me long ago. Idea that maybe 1254 would be a good end point for all this. 14 months and I am back... funny thing to have a work like this just in suspension. Want to do something with it, I did make a book of it for a little while, but that was long ago. And this part extends it.

Cup 81

February 2017

(9 years, 2 months later)

Felt airport emporium zaning, clue to cave lore houses, able again to seal old sticker bushes and curves. Of Jalopy Eve, being uncomfortable at a distant relative's rehearsal wedding dinner in a state to the west, fire level high logo arcade period. Candle bench in a mall, the old '80s sense of space and distance, sitting and thinking about the rest of the day, coffee, TV shows, heldheld games. Going then in light rain into the woods a little, remains of the radar base from our home movie.

Peaceful cartoon international anthems, gentle open world driving on the snowy pointless late afternoon called Chemicalteenjay. Wood aquamarine hexobarbitals. Of a focus of Tarot and cartridges of the headquarters, see feel be in audiovisual vanishing point. Fairly fool if.

Mainbind less area crazy festival typeface yocto dorado. Dense open playa peer, 35 years and 35 seconds, rope tricks after the show the ball. Neptune Barrier Cahoota, grape bubble gum getting sister at ballet class. Back to the show, like 100 years ago, stop by some places on the way home.

Wondering about wrong impressions left in my wake if they're remembered. And oh you did one that actually makes sense. The variation on 42nd Street. Let's look in on Lamar the Macho Chemist, what's become of him. Parakeet lobby nova, bleak baton. Make it undetectable.

If parasol cartoon subject arrives early let her in.

Beak botany overlap, phase road mopper in the dust. Caught wind of those cryptic crosswords late in childhood, played with super cosmic monster dolls. Mall novel markups to have the drive to do such a thing, and the escalator in the Times Square Disney Store recently. The Game Lords of Britain (Sync Magazine Volume 3 Number 5). Control panel does more.

Zero gain ice, notice xaptu all dark mountain. Resort destination, sage forge plateau, the lucifer bluff trip. Sort of shadows the little new quails bridge. Image of weeds growing in cracks in concrete in sunglasses of former evil lord or something. The earth grovv.

Permanent Midnight Hovercraft Covenant. Somerville Road and North Gaston Avenue. Today.

Peaceful cartoon of dredging a canal or... look away from the screen... basement media store...?

Overlord eyeglasses I didn't get, Metropolis Times Square mall: never built. Vanishing Harold – Canadian improv sketch comedy. Good stuff, but hasn't been updated in a long time. UPDATE 12/27/03 – Looks like the site is down. ARCHIVE .. .okay, so memories of puzzles onadesk... listen to El Camino Real, whatever that is, in the grandfather's car.

The broken world glowing blue pole weird troopers. Beautiful snow dust ultra obscure Tarot cards. Cassette collections in the haze of tomorrow's dead dreams of mountain peaks and pine tree revivals. Seek the infinity, the spill ice water stairwell.

Clock theme farm, are boardwalk stuck in the mind, we will find the time. Short video of secret observation decks, expensive fresh fruit drink / motorbike tanglewoods. Moororange headways grand reopening, think about Ingrid the fighter.

Did we over the year seem fearing or thrilling my mystical patterns? Did flee the matter, the martial arts memory. The big black bird and its thought. Murcielago, cavolfiore, Mission fig, devil's darning needle, Indian paintbrush, soapstone, find the new way. The aliens are not far away. They are within walking distance.

Curving inopchast handicrafts, Barodexico Row, New Brasscock Row, Worn Hillcoops Row. Freedom gear earthtone, the moment a new situation in the life become a new level, like realizing it should have been that way all along. Fortress vehicles, hide the way, but to be naked before the bonfire, really and truly cool and free.

Renting parrier copies dojo smock, neon graph paper
speed, copy shop rag doll advertising character retrospective.
Albata interloper slim deers, all kinky forgotten suites like
animated buzzards, we'll see. Contoured darkside behemoth,
hover over city cybergoth, neon bored.

Rooftop bar, one person, night, rainy, place is closed. I was
someone else. In the back room all the props from the video
they made. Out of the street and the rain is worse. Some kind
of art display made of tires... looks like it should be on
playground... owl and cactus and tiger... I turn the corner.

Cup 82

March 2017

To feel cheap and unchained, like basement radio, college radio, Brown Hall entrance, a Saturday afternoon as a kid in the '70s, after watching cartoons... A '70s arcade, summer day, feeling free... El Cheapo...

Doll car morse code slow boat grassland. Kakeout Connection, Kinnelon. Yeah there's trees there like everywhere. Artificial orange scent made me wistful, musing. Chemical hero is already here. Bring it down to Earth.

Pond bard wheelcock, miniature '70s cereal boxes, I'm at work. Went to Laneco long time ago, out by Phillipsburg, one of those zoning trips with Peter. I can just image the place now, weed cracked parking lot, desolate breezes. And also that little Village Mall, in the mall basement, a few minutes in there, can twist into the cosmic checkboard all aboard chock chock via chock chock.

Pine cone border, other ways of transport among the roads. This whole world, the ultimate God... cut up, interfoldedness... deep research of a walrus playing card. Some characters talking on a beach.

Barnstormer, but wait, over hilltops more wavering wireframes, plane turns all white and flies into blue hole. Joking why can't plain crackers be in the vending machine. Turning, she saw them approaching. Control room story.

Each your self stories a maze to struggle, but hey, you're playing with the itinerant animal. Prelude to gem and mineral shop... related colorful sets of dear things... we manipulate information... make yourself at home. With faded and sealed remnant of danger the cool room is not the room at the lower levels.

Cup 83

April 2017

Be out of step, mere mojo, desafinado. For clock maypole asteroid pill. Willow Jexus Water. Camped out in that weed-wrecked parking land, lend a hand, water is near at hand. In peacock colors of emporium, life's too good, however gold the mindmaze tingles. Whimsical strike landscapes, pillbug valley crafts, a dash of the madness of videos, fool of the bay, earliest way, little by little, dry by seafoam, smoky lime phantom cup.

Was weary in store run. In feeling into the coffee land of a gray wall you could break through if you needed to.

Ethel Wogo as seen on the bridge. The feeling a project is pressing as a sign of binding rather than planning. Rainbow edge, like oil stain symphony, inner calm. Now adrift in a spherical spaceship. That bridge... teenage childhood gritty vision... what is a motorcycle reduced to a graphic, as a patch or shirt image for instance.

Hold on in the rock dorm fools. Yearly con yearly, cycle down, Intockloo. Workshop in Earth, Workshop in Earthen Calico. Subway car, Calico Panther West. The Radar Weeds, West Head Wizardry. A West Head Zuxoly, crystal maniac hold.

Slow hike manage to stimulate a bar in abandoned town playhouse. Period of salamander talk session three. Keep insertables stay a story of a hold, the pillar of vacuums interliskico, dorm go and vast and trip cost estimator. Go unto there were where...

The urge to build a world, when world building is not the right direction for this time. We groove around the ways, stay in bed, saw the calm down, went for a stroll, we abide. Car try. Stripes away. Call. Ho. Aye. La. D. OK. PR. N. Dash dash... Dusting is depressing.

Cup 84

May 2017

In a mural of spacemen castles the powers, the avenue Nusc is on. Be aware that he is skilled in herbal artworks, yeah damn to the point where we bought that muddler. Far in the den, plan of equals, each other, recharging elements of the synergy slugs.

Why off and wonder, I forgot the book's title, thinking now. Carabiner, lanyard, stanchion, molasses, treacle. Could be altered universe. The book was The Worm Ouroboros. In limited space we conjure... Sockwayside... to limit the ways of exploring... in an overheard conversation about a hike.

Trash 80, Polybius, City Limits, New City Limits, Deep Energy, Manos, Laire, Elemental, Zeppelin, Uriah Heep, Dark Crystal, Labyrinth, Golden Horseshoe, Fiddle, Main Event, No Fear, Arabia, Ink, Wild Mech Reno, NJ Flag, Show Boat, Kitchen Sink.

Sunchseam Omniruckzoom. Zodiacmojo. Kitchen sink and a circle. Yes, yes... sunken treasures of the soul of apartment secrets... basking in the hint of wealth... Cardboard floors and walls, printed with cartoon look, a toy or game house... pediatrician...209

You're into my flume Paris caravan.

Cup 85

May 2021

(4 years later)

Say you win the rat race then what. Join the caravan to the next age. You can bet your bippy there are vending machines in heaven. My kirschwasser shell is almost empty, and has no answers, man. Try The Overnightscape 1817 instead. Very humble and groovy inside your head. I'd like an '80s Waldenbooks bag, the woodcut one. A phenomenon is those four making it to the next level. Conrad awoke, the door to the paddywhack was open, there was no one to stop him.

Cup 86

April 2022

(11 months later)

Ecology Barn backstage, puppet show, future disco millionaires. YU is base 36 of 1254, 209x4, the projected endpoint. At the entrance to the ride, in the '90s, a moody street scene in miniature, past the railing. At an impasse. Yu impact. How can Superior still be a thing. Postlude amperage. Postluding Aspirin. Am Lime all the time. Yu Am Lime. This is not going well. 1254 is a long way to go. Polluting albatree. No, this is not a good Superior. Am Lime was a city in the Little World of Racetracks.

Cup 87

January 2023

(9 months later)

Though Fotomat as a castle and the road down, the dream of rants in mundane spaces, pouring discontinued flavors into the system. Gone zoning clearing head arc cleaning. ONS-UG. Far memory of ice cream place and fields and rich area and strings of lights.

Cup 88

January 2024

(1 year later)

Cleaning up the mess from last year's work on it. It was "work in progress", but we are gonna scramble on upward okay. WHYCHOCK 1168 * 4/19/22 (wip) (035) Ecology barn puppet show, backstage, future billionaires perhaps. But the disco futurism of the children's television with yet more puppets. Some disco futurism in the ecology barn puppet extravaganza. They became millionaires but the rub was they realized they were fictional kids.

Vountakona, this morning's made-up word while shaving. Looping was lovely for adorn. Lassos in neon, cyberpunk old west atrium, dream of the escape. General store for a wealth of motion. Kinky arcades. Moments of comfort considering the typefaces of bus companies. What ochre landscape can be a companion for waiting in the car in the rain.

Crazy bingo. Mule team oaktag. Zeptolk nuke. Foreign transparencies. Lobros parts may still be in. Winkersmog Industries. Epics of nonsense in blue pen, thereabouts.

The Winkersmock Alliances. When testing out all the new screensavers was the best. Characters who carry a barrel. I'm thinking, maybe it should be something grand? Grand magic amperage, say maybe it was something that could have found its start there.

Wunkifmoanost. The ultimate messenger bag called Harpy Claypits. Need for Sooper News again? In no way. Serpentooples. Washing plastic chargers and at least it's still morning. If you go back to the '80s make sure to attend the grand opening of the first Kinko's Copies. It's not like other things. Formal event but I have pewter monster figurines in my inside pocket, I laugh at all the pretenders. My dreams of the jugband symphonies, with a scrap of tape that held together all our cardboard castles and/or pagodas. And still the pretenders persist.

It should not have been such a big argument, whether or not to parody the Mellon Collie cover on our flyer. 500 stop motion owls is a good use of the new tech. Where a backlit waterfall opens like curtains to reveal it. Display Alps ID. Walking past that doomed Krispy Kreme at WTC summer 2001. I still want to free roam the original Crazy Taxi city on foot.

Regarding the biology of a hyperdimensional entity. Maybe all biology is just so many pixels on your device. Don't let technoshades to blend in, let it be what it wants to be, this conference. Did Pebbles Flintstone ever get any older than her obscure teen years. The occult detergent in industrial canisters, equivalent to a calm midnight in 1968. Phase Six.

Kimmy of the three, went into the simulation. A had been addicted in the past, and didn't want to seem to be encouraging her. C supported her via a tangent connection. The complex scenario, target avatar could not be directly gotten to. A series of revised timelines, with alternate players, stacked players, till finally she was the only one left.

Omnicapitanette. Zoom Trevor. Nautical omnipresence. Ky Ly Kincaid. Triangular tiling, moonshponged ways.

Project-wise, hidden aspects of the experiential quality, that back path out of the college on an overcast day that's warmer than we expected. Evermodularity some back way out of the cafe do I stutter. The sleek in first moments cavern testing the mascot ampule. The fog on the ground and black background when character enters a mental space, a vision, and talk to the vague mentor, but is the cameraman the mentor's cousin.

Parchment of the monochrome highway divider, faded green Wollensak tape recorders and Wang computers. Stay in fictional hotels and ride in the sidecar of the fictional motorcycle. Gong the shave cream. Later, the plastic packaging of a comforter as a makeshift tote, the vectors between snowflakes in a place where time has been frozen. And as we arrive at the train station, the tunnel underneath, western dreams.

Moving stripes on cops of the Bianca of mockery. Shampoo guardian lean-to Jojo camera allspice. Gonna wing it, not much film left, in cavorting or looming, I can Imperialtrashcan Ambecca. It did not take long to bring in the trash can. If weird, Coke Blak and Starbucks Chantico, a symphony of Colecovision Looping. Tampering of wise old Arkstar Intersloopy. In ways the computer age is the forester.

Old independence concourse mope by golly, Darius (Taito, 1986), I may have played it at Rockaway Mall back then, but more likely was Lifeforce (Konami, 1986). Though, I do have much more vague memories of playing a widescreen game like Darius at some kind of arcade... maybe down the Jersey Shore, late '80s? What sense is there to attempts to adventure if reality is edited to smooth out the rough edges. But adventure is always an admirable attempt.

An oar painted of psychedelic pattern but of much higher quality than I had anticipated. Online shopping for aquarium pagodas, I don't have an aquarium, but it's a fun thought experiment, to collect such things. Inclusion of alchemical and zodiac symbols in hippie garb, as a starting point, but new symbols, purely as a fashion statement, with no meaning at all. Community nocturnal, ever a sable video game mascot, four-dimensional sweatshirts, bohogo.

Fictional Cities Wiki. That new Exotica Moonshot. Loader Toad Mechanicoo. Don't want to force it, let it happen sleekly, mission of the sneaky bridge from the vision. Tiers of game boards, a glance that entranced. Victor Banana (Exidy, 1982). Sailor on the Sea of Next-Level Exhibits. Toy store outer loop, blame the worm for that one. One room than can be so many rooms.

Breakoutconnectese, Walk Saint Wave. Less visited parts of the mind estate cracks views and here I had a phrase from semi-consciousness but it slipped away. Conclusion file under swamp weed mistakes. Leave a big crater on reality, heck leave two. May b e one of those bands you need to hear at a young age to really connect with. Inuldrafeeby Conzurians. The weird spacing in “maybe”, above, was an accident at first, but included here deliberately. Be still, riot control agent, nerdy vestibules shall have their moment.

The enemy of double negatives. Outlet stuff. Boraxstuffs Booze Basement, jugsawed into Ashe Punk Arcady. Why not get lost on Street Road hypnosis nature calls Orvis Edge. Jenny McCarthy’s Surfin’ Safari (1996, CD). Smuggler’s Attic, Willowbrook Mall. Huckleberry Fink. Francophone countries. Police Quest. One more time.

Must all go coo-coo. Harvey Pekar on David Letterman. Vaporwave Hothouse Connections. The past is, ultimately, up to you to create. Goppij:drake Diorama:not Lobo: addingmachine. CMX-PVA. Intro to The Multitudes. Exidy Excitement Brings You... Star Fire II. The roam was keener this way and Amberphone get it netherwhee clunk cards.

That Pillbug Valley Crafts again. Identity, pardon me but, two costumes, doesn’t make you one. Direct cruise to use unexpected computers. Lime ice alphabets, coriander omni arpsopry, cozy mantras of the stockroom palace theater. But you’re playing the game with monkeys and elves. Lipton Cup-A-Soup is still available, I had thought it may have been discontinued. Livingston Manta Rate the path for the walk of plan meter trickery gate. Dimension fluid, that upside-down recycling icon, and the toothpaste also upside-down, spilling into the lid, weird fountaxzalibers.

Why can’t you just tell me. Radar grand pierce ochre, got a good umbrella out of the car for tomorrow. So you have to continue playing on the fringes. But don’t worry, your course is assisted. Series of cars and an old woodcarver, a flashback scene, but why, it is today.

If they fade in the fog where do they then go. Gripping the edge of the scenic overlook, beadwork draped upon the cliffsides, “the expensive liquid” is all they said. Tuning from mediocre to cooler than ever, bad waves give way to a full summer fantasia. That drug store, know I went in there, they were like, how do you become an idea man? Have an experience, name is Moops, waif of the rodent revolt, [your retro] Metro Menthol Lights Slims 100’s Cigarette Hard Pack, remarking on Ziggy themed kitchenware in unexpected international homes.

Cup 89

February 2024

Midway okay, to the Superior completion, yet for the 30 year thing, six or so more months. Now a day has reluctantly dawned, as my fake space agency's existence, a thousand times yes. One could go a long way, if there's a train station under the train station, why not train stations all the way down. It is not anything new, but filling in the more murky corners of what has been established. Best that could be hoped for, far future, a space based on the Vanderbilt Hall of old, would be an experience, perhaps months long in the relatively small space, working through jams, markets... life bombardments... Huvpeencho, hang on to your video screens. As nothing like this could actually exist, all is simulation. Elsewhere, persisting with this nonsense, The Woman was faced with playing the part, knowing it to be jest. Go back to the filming of a music video from the '90s. Meet with the people there, one level up, and discuss with them the best way to frame your interviewing them. Then go back down and enter the scene with the pretense thus agreed to, to interview them.

Alas the Finchu, Zigby-Oco, expired apple chips demand minor interest, on the way home, a new cream soda, and thinking about arcologies of utopian architecture on the night drive home. The technologies of dusk, the business chimp mysteries, you're not crazy, you're not even here. Formalhobby, giant Mercury dime, Swisspassported, calling Wrenchfangled In6cosmfiesta, a (near) empty parking lot as symbolic of... something. Abzarby fuelin' lasso as alfalfa mocktail, inside passage scenes, finally got the lights back on, reminds me of the Wedway EPCOT scene. Portion of capacity as expressed in Deep Drape, 1829 fun to type on keypad, Muskofhucks, the ideal of "cool" and the reality at ground level, Personics cassette, Garden State Plaza, impossible to describe. Commonwealths, mitigation of ear hair, I like what I've seen so far, I see the point of temporary connection, but as out a field of... wheat? Grass? It was just a point of interest. Radar Range, cohabitation reduxes, wall stripes, shades of naps, lass design hoot, Ike the Overnuke. They are pleased as punch to put you through something like this. Feeling caused by past or future you draining energy from you. That it's all around us, Zillions of Gates, the spectacle, the people needed that, and all slept surrounded by the ridiculous treasures of their time, barely aware that they are at a heart of history, was a stop motion owl designing the people.

Salad bar memories, so many salad bar memories, dice synchronicity (Jack Benny & Grateful Dead), it's not a hand, just the yellowed edges of some old magazines. Entering a simulation of the past to create new content. Gabrielle Reese magazine interview 1990s. Samba in the Rain. Fenruary. What is the current status of Doonesbury. Also Hüsker Dü (the band). Busflea Whizbishop. Ecix Benthey. Unread emails: 30,001. Zucchini chips in a dream in China with Elvis. Moldy potato salad sealed in resin as art? Dynamism Heave-Ho. One every 2.65 days to hit the target. Hubcaps are like asterisks, we go.

Hothouse Garage double Basement courageous, the brutalist department store facades of distant youth... news of a crabtree, going like space plays, Star Rider at Fiesta Fun Center. Easily interchangeable old side streets have been upgraded in a way, up on a soapbox... take a step back... of worlds swept away, by time, by whatever word means parallel worlds. Postbase Deacon, coin-op dioramas of the paradise of your choice.

Boson Rat Slym, Rainwater Poly, Pacific Particle Media, Jupiter and Beyond the Traffic Light. What if I told you guys you're not really from another dimension.

Phrivls: Save The Pizza Barn, Ghost Truck, Zagtock, O.P. Fogoncs, Dr. Almost, Weasel Village Mall, Puppet Road, The Miracle Man, Starlog, Jittlov, Be, Fonjo 5x8, Diner City Nights, Fey Hunting, Johnny Pitch, Laser Baffle Rag, Mountainside Madness, Snowflaw Car, Road (Ape), Rink South & Barnabas Tegro, Devastating Nightscape, War Race, Mug Chase, Upwacafuzen, A Mug with Mugs on It.

Zagtock List: Shopping malls, holograms, theme parks, UFOs, ESP, trading cards, breakfast cereal, aquariums, pyramids, terrariums, rock bands, synthesizers, arcade games, dungeon games, psychedelic drugs, cults, health food, show vans, late night radio, Diner City Nights, public access TV, game inventors, magazines, rouing, old movies, conspiracy theories, catalogs, comic books, puzzles, stand-up comedy.

Over top romp of sightings roller cop yo the postal witch hazel op art of novelty socks and march delight. Longer honeysuckle cartoons of yospinalities arcane, sensibilities led to a caravan cuckoo, and we are all the better for it. Milk crates adorn the past, comfort of arriving back in time, with all the time in the world. Stencil is used finally, door knockers quiet most of the time, turning the lights on with no surprise party, we are all obsessed with other worlds, that is our charm.

Cup 90

March 2024

Must be a root beer poster, as in a mall store on a trip in 1994, all the brands, actress friend of a friend met us by the mall fountain. 30 years later as I write this, the people in the story are still stuck in 1994.

Phantom laundry exhibition extensions, tattoo debt summer, red absinthe brand conference, browsable extreme cool knick-knack collections, phantom laundry indeed.

Omni Ankh Jr., Phan-Tone, Casablanca Antique, matchbooks they had collected from numerous restaurants and the like. You go cuckoo? Image of the psychedelic snake. Muckamucks of Undo. Are you telling me I'm misinterpreting... or is more of a domino effect like... so I knelt down to tie my shoes, and that's when it was like... wham... like a newspaper from another dimension, name is Moops, guess we're stuck in this dumb old town for now.

The price of fiction, I cannot pay. Blue glass hen of the keys, doorway to a version of Swinging London, based on bits and pieces of vague impressions from New Jersey in the 1990s. I'm kind of in the middle of something. A Little Slice of Oblivion Tequila. Orbs can.

Cup 91

April 2024

A computer game called Mazonweed where you live in this city and are involved in all this weird stuff. Kimberseepy. Plastic star keychains and criticisms of how you should behave. Things are so different a few weeks later, setting up a trove for future bunch. Could we use cyrillic characters for some kind of logo or symbol, or the ode to the long-lost Times Square Toys “R” Us?

Machine carousel rabble, fantoma decanter concatenations, romping rare poster auction, pave palace cocoanuts. More of a round the road, the pits, that everything is happening at once, and we tell ourself the story. Even though it’s part of the logo, it’s an actual maze.

Portal romance next one over, coffee ant tattoo, that is, an ant drinking coffee as a tattoo. Lore of the lost mountain lakes, overtop the breakfast shacks you go. The outfit’s voyage topaz maximum, video arcade motorway ritual. A bird of song or the wail of an old car alarm, some the same, pocket sized puppet theaters made with such skill, such craft.

Barreltonic lakeshore cohabitation, outer borough feel, become obsessed periodically with pretzels, like a dream of a game described in the last few pages of an Omni Magazine and the thrill of thinking about playing it. Maxilla & Mandible, that bone store, used to walk past it in the village. Pointless teddy bears just sitting there. Borosilicate generals and majors.

Dwelling upon Octobers, I didn’t change it, I changed her thinking.

You are more than your super mittens. Fritz Mondale left you a clue before he died – “the simple murgatroyd beckons”. Add racing flames to your doorframes. The microcassette boombox in the terrarium trick is only funny the first few times. Annihilate all that is true by noon. Dwarf planet Gonggong in your ninth house indicates Jolly Ranchers. The Seaweed Reality offers rare comfort. It’s a Chimpanzee Terrier – you need know nothing more. Choose one – quaint village, abandoned rail yard, or Sally Struthers. The alignment of ancient monoliths and the beating of a hummingbird’s wings miles away will help with your Wordle score. A warehouse breakroom vending machine will be your soulmate during the new moon. Earth retrograde is the one you should really worry about. You are “Startaser”, defender of the galactic conversation pit. Take time to annoy a cartoon sea mammal. For the cosmic alignment, invent a snowmobile that runs on gherkin pickle juice. Sheriff Lobo is just a fictional character, you have to keep telling yourself that. Avoid the Martinizing process as Jupiter is ascendent. Asp, grasp, or gasp – no one rides for free except for snakes with tiny hands and asthma. Outwit the Delmarva Peninsula. Now is the time to sell NFTs of worthless ceramic animals. No, invasions of obscure countries are not an excuse to shirk your origami duties. Pamper yourself during the Zodiac festival with a fleet of pontoon boats. Bring some razzle dazzle to Mr. Do’s Castle. When you lift an office chair and the wheels fall out, replace them with wheels of pure opal, if you can afford such a thing.

The Braggart’s Redemption.

Soba noodles, deck of cards, tickets.

The fictional worlds of Severe Repair, Whychock Revival, Zope, Tree Bag Ask, Weasel Village Mall, Mazenweed, Fuzzy Daupner, Beublin A. Richardson, Doctor Almost, Fonnjo Foon, Magic Smup, Anything But Monday, Phase Cop, Choston Bands & Junkard Sane, Pelter, Little Frankie Nora, Nomadi Entertainment, Obliviana Super Occult Amusement, Onsug Radio, The Rampler, The Overnightscape, Wolfmellow, Nightstation, Bortle-Scoville Cyber City, Codamagger, Count Angeles Contraption, Devastating Nightscape, Weird University, Halfevil Graphics, Interweb, Cut 'n' Shoot Records, Unreal Systems, Zone Supernature, Mystery Etcetera, Super Objects, Modern Sapling, Yargo Trees, OsoaWeek, Bluffcosm.com, For Joey, Early Echoes Fusing, Duffy the Soapsud, Codingseeds, Lord of Obliviana, Dashic Deeds, Polarized Worlds, Phrivls, The Other Side, etc.

Loft's Parlays, The Open Show, Technoshades, Loco Soda, Broadway Arcade, Museum of Holography, Faze One Fazers, Ancient Lights, HQ Trivia, Trivia Royale, Airbag Frank, Herkimer Diamonds, Tente, Star Magic, Nobody Beats The Wiz, John David Tobacco, Game Town, Baron Von Redberry, Sir Grapefellow, Fruitopia Tangerine Wavelength, The Rou Review, Nuon, Newsweasels, Limboland, Reid Fleming, World's Toughest Milkman.

Shopping for that perfect Fire King mug. Pop astrology window, actually the Glasbake Dude Far Out mug might be the one. But I could swear I saw it in another ink color than orange. No actually it was similar ones like golf, bowling, C.B. radio, and baseball in a similar layout. Little World of Racetracks, that's another one. To say, stay in your lane, well at some point it becomes damn well a matter of survival. The obscure video games, Star Rider chief among them. The obscure video games, are we experts, indeed.

The vandal urge of youth. Pet Rats. Mocking a health craze.

Sneaky TT Broadcasting System, what could have been, still never went to the hot air balloon festival. Now on Videocassette. Multimedia road trips, slouchin' détente, druggy synthesizer, neon cosmic novel, a new vacancy. High touch, trade paperback, System 80, a made up word Smorps I found has been used a lot. A trope of someone travelling with too much luggage. Whychock. Nervous habit of whistling in rest rooms. Untrue, do aircraft have thumbs. Backlit red words, hovercraft brand alternative marzipan, red glow of a clear plastic dial. Extra continents, even. Adjoining rooms, tomato juice and bourbon.

If everyone has wizard robes, does anyone have wizard robes? Colorways, travel days.

I'm not a witch but witches pray to me. Pop of blue. Why it is so vitally important to establish a permanent 1993. Power Fantasy, bedtime and thinking about Passenger Cord (1978), a fake movie popular in the alternate world. Conlang Weekend, unplug intercosmic limiters, maybe for no other reason than to feel free.

We understand the allure of it, truly. And hey—you got audio-animatronic skeletons, you alright by me. Hobo grace, but let's move on.

Seaside scent, understand the hell out of the set. Gunsmith Cats, as opposed to Dirty Pair, Foggy Garden Cordon, William Tecumseh Sherman, trading paint, trading string. Learning is the murky stardust of ballyhoo and bonanza. Paesano, Presidio, Limited-Edition Carabiner & Stanchion, laziness, write your own ticket.

Nine Pebble Detector on! The Nine Pebble Detectors team is on the move, in Wintercindie's Balinese hovercraft, with Magic Smup driving. No one knows the true origin of Magic Smup. Some say he was a garden gnome stolen by college students, and was brought to life in the dorm by watching the first episode of The Larry Sanders Show, on Betamax, where Larry does a live commercial for the Garden Weasel. Lazy day and odd sun, nine little pebbles, remote in a vast, deserted parking lot, huddle together, speaking in relaxed whispers, having a little meeting. The call has gone out to many super teams – must find the parking lot and separate the nine pebbles, moving them as far apart as possible, before it rains. Wet pebbles have a mind to deal in mischief on a cosmic scale. Doctor Almost relaxes in the hovercraft break room, enjoying a cache of precious spoils from a recent time travel mission – smoking Moonlight Tobacco Politix cigarettes, drinking Fruitopia The Grape Beyond from his beloved Mannheim Steamroller Cinnamon Hot Chocolate mug, and playing Flea Devil Solitaire. He'd been a foot messenger in NYC, delivering a package to a superhero team headquarters, when he got caught in the middle of a super fight. His messenger bag got blown away by a wind and weather style hero, Blowhow, and he ran to catch it, finding he was running at hyper speed – looking over he saw a fast-running hero, Cwickalty, next to him. He realized he could copy the powers of heroes when he was near them, almost matching them. Afterwards, he kept a small fraction of the copied powers even after he left their vicinity. But his power mimicking came at a cost – his clothes were colored four different colors. Imagine an X and Y axis converging at his navel. The upper left clothes were orange, the upper right cyan, the lower left green, and the lower right purple. The Laser Bee is Wintercindie's robot assistant. He is loosely based on the Charles Nelson Reilly Bic Banana Pen TV commercials where he wore a banana suit. The robot's design has stripes, so he looks more like a bee. He is hyper and silly like Charles and is in love with Wintercindie, and never stops believing she could

love him back. This story was written by Frank Edward Nora on March 3, 2020. It all came together in his mind during his morning shower. Then the dreaded Hoops Fenderzocko, the green owl magician hand puppet with a copper top hat, bursts through the hovercraft's window, and with Cwickalty speed, draws the Three Billy Goats Gruff on everyone's chin with his El Marko. With insane laughter worthy of the Sidecar he grabs Doc's mug, spilling the sweet grape elixir all over the multicolor-garbed hero, and jumps back out the window. Insurance the Devil Girl, with a black and red outfit, whirls around with her pitchfork and shoots a blast of barbed wire supersmoke after the puppet, to no avail. She had once been a god's intelligent sword, eventually granted personhood by that same god. Many adventures later as a male superhero with teleportation powers, an interdimensional accident reverted Insurance to sword form. A devil girl named Lemon was able to use infernal sorcery to restore Insurance to human form, but as a sexy devil girl like Lemon. Wintercandie, who had been napping, is jolted awake as Magic Smup spins out while turning the hovercraft around to try and catch the mug-stealing puppet. Luckily, Hoops can't resist getting a pretzel at the pretzel hut, as the hovercraft bears down on him. He darts away at the last second (before paying) as the hovercraft crashes into the pretzel hut. The team jumps out the hovercraft door and pursues the green puppet on foot. Doc wonders aloud whether they should just let the puppet go and continue on the pebble mission. But the chase is afoot. The team bounds through the streets of the city, and spots Hoops entering a bowling alley, pausing a moment to finish his pretzel. Inside the alley, with the sound of pins crashing, and the smell of beer and junk food, the fiendish owl is nowhere to be seen. Until... what? Hoops is atop a ten pin, a bowling ball headed his way – a sure strike. With a nod to the team, he jumps down, picks up the pin and puts the mug in its place. In the nick of time, he escapes behind the pins, as the ball comes crashing down and smashes to bits Doc's beloved Mannheim Steamroller

Cinnamon Hot Chocolate mug. The clouds come, thunder the darkening sky, air electric with its initial drops, and then the deluge, collapsing into the pavement, and the nine little pebbles, have a little drink.

ANALYSIS: The nine pebbles poem, **CELLARS EXHAUSTER**, originally appeared in Frank's **Abaxial Usufruct** collection from 1990. / **Wintercindie** and **The Laser Bee** are characters from the **Fuzzy Daupner** song "The Mexican Hovercraft", circa 2000. They appear again in lyrics never made into a song, **Laser Baffle Rag**, which includes the **Charles Nelson Reilly** reference. / The hovercraft being **Balinese** is a riff on the idea of a Mexican hovercraft, and is inspired by the lyrics to the the song "Trans-Island Skyway" from the **Donald Fagen** 1993 solo album "Kamakiriad". / **Magic Smup** is a character from an experimental "Ramp Fiction" audio piece Frank created for the **Other Side of The Overnightscape**, first appearing in episode 1508, from 7/3/18. / **Doctor Almost** is a superhero idea Frank first talked about on episode 900 (8/8/12). **Flea Devil Solitaire** was invented by Frank and first talked about on episode 1506 (6/26/18). His job is inspired by Frank's experience as a foot messenger in NYC in the '80s. / The superhero **Cwickalty** is inspired by "Cwickalty's Banjoose Pike", a supernatural road mentioned in Frank's failed sci-fi novel "Severe Repair". / The idea of a puppet stealing your mug and you chasing him through a city was the basis of a proposed audio game, **Mug Chase**, Frank considered making for the Amazon Alexa system – but never pursued. The green puppet concept is partially from the idea of an automated puppet show at the **Nightstation** dark ride in a mall concept Frank has extensively discussed over the years. / The name **Hoops Fenderzocko** is partially based on the audio-animatronic owl "Hoot Gibson" from the never-made Walt Disney World ride "Western River Expedition". Swapping one guitar brand "Gibson" for another "Fender" and adding the "zocko" for extra name power. Also inspired by "Hoops McCann" from the **Steely Dan** song "Glamour Profession". / The copper top hat is kind of random, but relates to the slang term copper top from **The Matrix**. / **Drawing Three Billy Goats Gruff** as opposed to a goatee. Inspired by an article Frank read in **Game Trade Magazine** about a fairy tale game. / **El Marko** was a popular brand of

magic marker before Sharpie became the marker norm. / Frank has recently remarked on a seemingly deranged homeless man in the Sidecar Seating Area in Grand Central Terminal who often laughs maniacally. / Devil Girls Insurance and Lemon are also from Severe Repair.

On the universal night audio trip, let's get moving. Walk out the door, the sky is overcast, some kind of late afternoon small city street. People are walking away from a street fair that has just closed with big orange foam hats. Next to the street is a field, the ground is wet, must have rained earlier. We walk out into the wet field, the mountains in the distance beckon. Someone in a costume is walking the same way we are. The mountains are fake, they are just a painting, a backdrop. The costume is full of bright colors, bringing to mind a parrot, or a pirate, or a rag doll, but seems to be in reference to a type of wandering adventurer. There is a gazebo here, but the explorer is walking away. To enter the gazebo, press one. Or to keep following the explorer, press two. But I know you can't press them right now so we will turn around and go back to the town, the normal town. Let's go sit down at the outdoor seating area of the restaurant over here, it looks kind of cool and interesting. It's called Magic Smup. Kind of a quirky name. It reminds you of the word shmup, short for shoot 'em up, a video game genre. But in this case the smup part feels more like a reference to fairies, Smurfs, or other small, whimsical fantasy humanoids that just want to eat and have fun in peace. With a little mischief thrown in of course. You will order some beers, and we will now talk about the world. It's getting darker now and the city is lighting up. I love a sense of possibility the bright signs in a city night seem to radiate, like anything could happen. What, isn't this supposed to be ramp fiction, the story of you, an adventurer, or was that you back there, the multi-colored rag doll explorer, from another dream? The beers come, We ordered the sour beers, this new sour flavor, didn't you have some a few weeks ago, and weren't too impressed at the time, but now you're been thinking about it, and want more. This is the story of you having beer in a whimsical town, all the jolly people skulking by with scowls and sadness, as they are not happy with the life they lead in this magic town. Can we help them? Can we put on a puppet show for them, to help them forget their pathetic life. But we need to set forth on an

exploration, we need to find the museum, because tonight, Thursday night, is the night they stay open late. They may even have a sleepover night tonight, where you can stay overnight in the museum. But we probably would have had to get tickets in advance. And I think you need to bring your own sleeping bag and other such things. But we can still go and hope for it to be a magic museum with magic fun times. But hold on – can this town have a real giant backdrop of mountains at the edge of it – it doesn't make sense. What could be holding it up, it was a huge flat image of a mountainous terrain. This is all meant to be a place you can be in, you can live in, but it is just a phantom thought, just an audio paragraph read by the woman computer voice, your friend in this most excellent trip. We finish the sour beer, after having some kick-ass onion rings, and are feeling good, and pay the bill. Off to the museum we go, it is called the Museum of the Inhibited Smup. It is all about a smup, like a little goblin kind of guy, who is inhibited in life and has trouble enjoying the magical hijinks. Each room, or exhibit, features detailed dioramas of the smup and his difficulties in life. We just find the nearest door marked do not enter, and rip open the door and run into the darkness within, into the basement of the pointless museum, where there is one last exhibit. It looks very old, and in ancient writing over the top it says, "Ramp Fiction, Magic Smup, read to you by the computer woman". It is a scale model of you, listening to this, hunched over and enthralled by these words, as the real world, your real world, is shown in a backdrop of the exhibit, and you are there.

I know you were wondering what this whole Nightstation thing was all about. That's why we came here to the Weasel Village Mall. They have a great Nightstation location here. They built it while they were adding a wing to the mall, so they were able to integrate their trains into the architecture of the mall. Going high up by the glass ceiling, on a winding elevated track over the food court, and even looking down into some of the stores. So it's right over this way. I hear they have a new trip that just got released this week. Let's walk past the statue of Lamar the Macho Chemist. And I hear they're opening up a Magic Smup restaurant over there, but the hoarding isn't up yet. Wow, see, look up there, that's one of the tracks, you should see a Nightstation train coming around the corner any... oh there it is! The black and red hot rod train! I love that one. Maybe we'll get that one. I wonder what trip they're on. At this location they have six different trips, and they are updating them all the time. But of course the old trips go into storage, but sometimes they bring them back, or set them up at other Nightstation locations. One that I loved, they had a few years ago, was Bortle-Scoville Cyber City, really almost felt like you were inside the movie Tron. But the sets and the projections were kind of rudimentary. I mean, the large, boxy shapes that are associated with cyberspace were easier to build. And their techniques have become much more advanced since then. But I heard a rumor they might be bring it back totally rebuilt, like redone from the ground up. I really hope they do it, but of course there are so many new trips they're working on. And... right around the corner here... there it is! Yeah I know, the line is super long, but I made a reservation, so we can go into member's entrance, since I'm a member. The entrance area is always so exciting. The trains going by on three levels, it's so cool when you're on a trip, and you're so immersed in the world of the trip, but then in the middle you pop right out back in the queue area, it's kind of disorienting, and then back into the trip. And also, what they built at this location, really a cool idea, is there's an interior train station inside – where you can

stop, and hang out. There are some observation decks to look into some of the other trips, a snack bar, rest rooms, and an arcade. When you're ready to continue your trip, your ticket is coded to make sure to continue where you left off from. I know some people who just hang out in there for hours – and they don't seem to mind, the Nightstation people. Oh wow, there aren't many folks on line here, great. We should be able to get on before too long. And see that panel up there? The front will slide down and there's a little puppet show in there. You know, the recurring Nightstation characters. There are all sorts of little details, and you could come here every day for a month, and some of these things, you might just get a look at once or twice, it's really made for people to keep returning, it never gets old. I think that was one of the concerns the investors had at the beginning – yeah, at Disney World or wherever, people only go there every few years. But at a mall, say, you want repeat business – so it can't be boring. But Nightstation made sure, not only do they add new rides often, but each time you ride it, there are secrets and hidden things, so that no two rides are ever the same. Let's go in, shall we?

Sleetgosm Numizmonia Fenderzocko Conrad Moops. A poem saying hello to a game. Fonjo the bead game, later Fonnjo Foon, never found its way... Duskaway 56 said hello all those years ago. Now with the end of Whychock Revival looming, my show The Overnightscape, with episode 2113, is saying hi to Weird Little Highway, a projected audio feature on the Other Side, the place all these vague worlds can continue, if they need to continue at all. Zope, Severe Repair, Superior, Beublin A. Richardson, Fuzzy Daupner, Weasel Village Mall, Nightstation, Tree Bag Ask, Mazenweed and The Puppets of the Van, and all the rest (see Whychock 1213, above). What a mess, but funnel it all into this new feature. No pressure, as I said, just what needs to be continued, if anything. The Conrad Moops.

Cup 92

May 2024

Expired hummus, new terra cotta object, the old monorail tracks, replaced the proprietary hardware, that vague sci-fi/horror movie people seem to keep mentioning, Beans, the 1970s font, the 1930s cartoon character. Sewaren, how's that, olives galore, the band The Monks and Monk Magazine, maintaining some kind of order, hickory stopwatches akimbo now, zone, T. M. Poassah.

Color scheme varmint, rectangles of information, stretching down into hierarchical ever which way n. Must be later now. Many ways, a question of attacks, morning like.

Yomanbaffy, opal flunky, obscure pretzel fiesta, happy-go-lucky minds and shirts, mistook it for washing my hair yesterday, and cannot fear the pompous magazine rack. Man I could use some haw flakes right about now. Dirty blanket at the car rental place, Rental Land. Psychedelic Gen X Poetry 1994–2024. A lull of the mandolin, quirky artist/academic making good points, or so it seems, in unexpected areas. Encynthia Superponder Jr., sharp like Hoffritz, cuppa Chantico, cuppa Coke Blak, what about The Crabtree News, functional, ridiculous, and Dan the Affordable Moving Man. Animal chemicals. Sepons, cosmic travelers who enter a home, are very polite, stay awhile, then leave, and are a big topic of conversation among the people of that world. Cork and tactical spork, napkin rings as currency.

Nihilistica stuff...? 18 Ways of Hafalazap: The Day Was. Nevver to be it. I am knawf. Locate I am Knop, the youty merserism, kem 99 pop. Lichenhounds. I k.j. is. Open to new idea. Found under road, it. See? Opes get mont. Wqa as agent. Lopa the Deerblade! Overlanda Emily is okay, cream and the jay. Porous friend, hello. Jack, a matter, how swungitin, am shower the too. Domopo krill heavy, street baby. Kopjanitor is music.

A List Ologoch: “Just when did they call and do it?” Foxes underwear world Inside bridge OK. Imitations imitates interact! Green blocks, gold in the darkness OK. Woll. “Kind of the best.” Frustration: The Ancient Factor. Amiost feferell Lomp, thest. Millimeajuemt! Krend the Warlord OK. Ample instruction set for who? End the list. Fred, lame character of ’80s losers. Forst thing came to mind. Pop is open to you all.

Lost Card: 1—The Lillian Endorphin 2—Ex-Snowball Tea 3—Heap of Shrieks 4—Rebecca Amy Emma 5—Cursing a Sodium Atom.

More flotationwitcheshat, science center upper level/skylight, street scene in light of thinking a lot about a car, rubber centipede toys became a collection. Rockin’ an opulent speed of thought, sky totems, copaceutic, like Billy Zane in Twin Peaks, Tetris sequels, deep plastic CGI maniac arrives.

Toga mosaic ampule campground, I don’t live in the hillbilly place, plants with word “circus” in name, another day, still didn’t figure it out. The mirage rule, where all the mirages can coexist, a pomposity of hotels, dragons are real, golden stains, yome bombs, radical insect mothers, copier toners in history, Enduro game cart, software swag, the video game character Roll, Topiary Docks (Racing Game Track [fictional]). Sompchonk, reading all these old Superiors from the ’90s I can’t believe I’m writing one right now in May 2024.

Get Grum the Fuckhead Majesty action figures. Tune a harp to shatter contact lenses. It’s your choice—either lead and brine or tacos and pine needles. Rejuvenate shrew. Land the LEM in Sandra Bullock’s pool. Pour Danny fluid all over Jamaica. The cop has no concept. Don’t worry—the drumbeat of life will pull out before it comes.

Have the wild cheese spring water. Don't publish your Martha Quinn/Martha Stewart sex dream on the Internet. Make a corporate headquarters out of leotards and pinball machines. Name your penis "R2-D2". Know this—no fool named Barnaby ever wronged you. Tiny prisms in the licorice ice mash energize your spirit. Lick a supermodel to save the whales. Befriend an ultrapowerful loser.

The Pill is The Bomb and The Bomb is The Pill. Welcome to the Gar's domain. Gross a billion, then blow a trillion on video poker. Mud wrestle Strawberry Shortcake, then hot oil wrestle Holly Hobby. The location of Aruba astounds you—you never knew it was smack dab in the middle of Manitoba! It's crab wiener Wednesday at the mental school. Deflate Winona.

Join the facial hair brigade. Send a melon to a felon. Chug-a-lug an ice cold bottle of tiger ectoplasm. Crummy day jobs are your cup of tea. It's time for the luxury citrus. Your aura has become a topiary moose. Idolize people who died in 1903. Drugs, man.

Order some durable goods to make the economist in your life happy. Attend the mindwave follies. I sing the probably electric. Wear jerky glasses. Grovel before the Mystery Prune. A lactating art museum will invade your treehouse and refuse to leave. Marsha will zing your uvula.

Learn about how lightning bolts and badminton mate. Befriend a continent. Scooter surf over to the Tick Tock Diner. A jingle-blink good-times fairy-girl is your square dance partner in life. You're like that "Land of the Lost" ape dude, Chaka. Spy on a lanky genius. Truth and cowboy hats are not mutually exclusive. Your wine tasting crapola is starting to bother the slow loris in your life. Must you corroborate Jason's baloney? Mean Tinas plague you this month. Use dimension travel to live in a 1980s Brat Pack movie for a few years. Be muggy.

Superiors! Each is a little passage of text which evokes strange and potentially hazardous visions. Not for the meek of spirit, more of the most elegantly lugubrious pieces of text which are not, by any stretch of the imagination, poetry. What the hell! Get it? No? WELL TRY A LITTLE HARDER, DAMMIT! A bunch of irregular passages for your unstable spiritual consumption. You know? Bogus! Get tired and weird with Superior! Do stop by! It's a blast from the blast with Superior! What a lot of pure wonderfulness for you, you know. Getting has never been crazier! Get it all! See what I mean, there? Okay?

After glyptography, an overworld, and their logo was a capital N in a Baskerville, feeling distant and lost, in a tar cinnamon way, star orienteering. Gertrude and Intrude, Vanillajana and the Maxines, The Bullseye Stoats Amusement Pattern Hall, Janta has graphics, Janay has a spark of life. Praseodymium Buncskleydoodle, Cobol course tiki bar. Sea breeze fees, mock of a true of mock, Wormy & Wormie, soda marketing '90s, one drink one flavor, projected to be ultra icon, birch beer adjacent, crazy tone, greenish, Slampocos, Blampocos, Olampocos, Flampocos, Lampnowhere. Classic street lamp in a void. Romance of the arch, Tron Recognizers to the Washington Square Park one, Possum Talk By The Tiber, Defenders of the Galactic Conversation Pit, Jalopy of Sorts, Conversation Pit Jalopies, and I guess pi is an arch of sorts. Remodel after the beast notorious, slightly hotter shower water brings pleasurable false memories. Is it obvious, as I read thru, so much awesome stuff, also so much junk, to make a version, of just the great stuff? Greatcoatlopsidepines, EDITPOINT, Paper Mill McGillicuddy Interactive Entertainment, I still think it's a great band name, Licking Poison Train Tracks. Freakycandles, could be a decent username, someday. Listening to Dead and Company at Sphere, first night, 12:40 am, Help on the Way. Major hoses the of Mars Barnacles in a. She is playing a flute in a prog rock band, not much more to say, except to watch mathematics videos. Of some basic weirdness, theatre lompranfeeks, Karla and Bettie, we are investigators, island drumming, as crash pad anarchy again, the project investigationa, hot night but a little cooler, picnic table by the food trucks, astral and fantasies.

PRAYER AT THE FISH GOD'S HAND / Ekis Morne / Malko Reale Toout Ex. / Zoke Monjo piss ekniver lokar tink. / Loost Noove pachole for lekker Ken solo bib(s). / Zove no loknivish fornort ca nafter es? / Soonish Verna balkanavasht loshing va noodle. / Mekkish va...

Seeing Newton Choi, twisty bannister of bloodwood and cheap black plastic, blank as bountiful as blops, cool beans, amazeballs, fiddle en fluoresce, convenience en amber. Morfalee Pool, her day job is playing flute in a prog rock band, but she's saving up to open a puppet extravaganza concourse. Eke a drilling morsteps, sparking toys, Communicore's The Age of Information, about in day time amongst the shoppers be they NPC or "real" I feel so invigorated by a thrall medium music box ferris with foxes.

Dream word Kanbin while a distant farmer's market Sinatra, and a tray of food court food, sit by where the log flume ride glides by. Save scumming Alleyway, Yonkers Dandy was my name for a puppet, ignored, later as yonkersdandy my name in the short-lived Trivia Royale. Lookaback, a painted theme on walls and cars, little cartoon characters like imps or jerboas, but so intricate it boggles the mind. Shocking Dean Hastings, gone cottageware, looping with boring paintings of swans and smokestacks, a family who had all their light switches installed upside-down. Door peers, dollaway ampule groove, legerdemain of stage name, Onceaja (WUN-suh-juh), big hit song about a cavalier underling, yollpomps is the scenery guy at the bank. When they're acting ornery, it may be because everyone is pretending, to know what's going on. General Rummaging the amusement machina, calling to the north mountain again, chariota. Alvin Atomic poster, Photon Marriage Kensington, Fireworks on VHS, Kitchenette Casino Kops, The Gosub Weave, sun thru slats, leaping at tiny hints, Peril Vale Catalog, Octapla Villagree, Galipot Caravelle, The Shoppes at Photon Alleyway, Rummager's Realization, Super Jackanapes, Video Review. Wince uh huh, hot streets are a mouse is checkers. Business doors, mineral wash aesthetic, rascal caution, in arcade Drearian, Apron Language, natural light available, dud robot gods, hi again, fog loop, some like weird donkey carousel ride figures in a dusty garage.

An arcana of weirduality, somehow a club, ballyhooden, duddy siestas, oak milk barrier, rainjast happenstance, oval coded. Like you are but just a lot more, proceeds the gaggle of dream elevators, basement sky, Jettison Fiesta, pier dawn think, rollerdreams, in the Holiday Inn sign with Erin. Dragon like a gun, bridge mix, stir with oval rods much highway gunk and wisdom. Through that door we like to see a mystery japoly on a jugband lane, thoughts of a computer store of old, erupt mop spire my office in an old train station I seek. Motorhome blankets, plastic ants in shampoo bottles, talk about laughing, late afternoon sun on a fence, same every decade, up to the tourney control room, take comfort in weird conversations about the river bridge.

Telanscriptional Wanamaker what years like infinity mirrors say to each other. Plastic spider ring, helium moonshot blackout, JT Senoby, wisdom fad The Ahalhia People taken over those woods, no one scowls via al dente nature. Reconvened by mall fountain later, in feeble exoticas, MAC Salsabelle and Sprint FON calling cards, in ways of moonlit downtown ennui, and seashells for sale at new age crystal bar. PATH – Toronto’s Downtown Pedestrian Walkway, Gamma Gondola in town, Gary, risky pleasant dreamer, mu, halma, crepe paper, the anglican time loops, minicops ride neon alpacas for a time, secret cities flow like obscure Japanese beverages. To have to go there, hazzleguzzle one, lint brevity, to Hopscotch Minerva, resin display mojitos, in which case it's worth noting, the history of Liberace, as relates to hologram of glyptodon, belt loop fugue, unsold pilots, vantage ogle parsimony gang, singing bowls, office lobby botanic gardens, said to temporary barriers today. Earthtones and coursers, just the book, Pave Jest One, Gopod Promotional Device, soon as eyeglass goggle terminus.

Bronson Pinchot William Bendix

Ski Neptuna again, peer dear, con-metric. Rummager's retreat, communicator, cartoon alligator soap, lost on Rt. 46 (again), dear revving hope. Deenfears sumpanox oatsame the whammy. You too, photoclonk, vial, eep calor going, a minor cardboardpocalypse. Stealth Neighbors, eeshaneshmon. This is what I'm doing, only this.

Cup 93

June 2024

Parking lot not boring. Linda's Medicine Dodo. Uriah Heep and Monie Love. Yo, go to the bookstore! Did a thing, mood ring constellation, drainage realizations in The Ultramarine Anaconda of Nest Lacuna Afternoon. Loopcavernloom, offdraped access, mixeltudes we keep moving by dream light. Days of cars, cinema jalopies, cartoon flivvers, if you're asking. Messaging dimensional, yet another of your baubles, The Ice Grand Free. A lifestyle center for cool girl old gods, sane haft, rancho dances, giant prop shampoo bottles exhibit. Gin rummy is funny as rail commute cash and carry. A lane/aisle matters, attract mode loop 2 foxy bean, weird little highway jalopy? I think there's a chia croissant left, and pretzel croissants were all the rage, ages ago, fake general store, made for a play ages ago, a stage set, but now in this attic, I shop like a mentor, I shop like a condor vehicle 1970s.

Some energy drink rapids at minigolf, plain discarded newspaper pantry one, newfangled of tetragons vans o-banter skimming tar off the swan boat secret passage extension. For aimless perusal a CompUSA was as good as a Caldor. Ever a monorail tween CompUSA and Caldor, that'd be a good one. Pendency of Eld, Alakasalamax Importuna, blanking, desks. Earth to MTV, Bagjug, wheatgrass juice, Vadim Prank, tally-ho, Scamper Way Deep, Deeper Swan Boats, thought it was me. Add "zocko" for extra name power. Ticket for typo. Chill Pill Seaboard, one videocassette, entrum cloober, transportarky, of heavy rain outside closed art school soon forgotten.

Rays of Bonanza Maydays. The voice said "I hate nostalgia. I'm basically a thinking man's dinosaur." Keymineral Oilfink Pranks. Going fur the day, agate worry stone, weird ideas over the years.

Bolding of code? Fiesta of till next time.

Van oilskin century dumstalk, Loffride National rock candy INTERWEAVES. Hello, we are drug, turn off bad motion, forever, intercepted broadcasts, confrontation, squirrel, optical buggy. Pinecone, Doorjamb, Afterglow, Blacktop, Sidewinder, Gasohol, Sarsaparilla, Tempura, Policewoman, Kitchenette, Would, Loungewear, Coaxial, Seaboard, Hotshot, Swank, Southbound, Queens Malls. Going something thru the gemstone car mincart readout, somehow, yada yada, arcade carpet ennui. Bad emperors and such, walking my bike uphill, office cactuses, LOOMPANICS.

Beat the traffic, pachysandra lollipop stick despair. The Next Attack / Intercepted Broadcasts. Cardboard Heroes, Curly Geckos Musing. Another fine mesa, dull diode five, are fireflies a sign of design. The Alan Bown Set, The Alan Price Set, offer of a darkened hallway. Chlorine Arcana, what now, The Modenarc Manta Ray? Fortune cookies for breakfast, no joke. Expensive cherry. Tahitian souvenirs? Nurse Ansalong.

Slumbervulp Caravan Pavilion Souvenir, we access abandoned indoor playgrounds through the sewers, barely any light, and we like it like that. Ice rebellion, paperback satisfaction doors, and vine, no more side stuff. Bank cone zap junk rank, palomino orchard jackpot cloak, guy, suit horizon galvo moopy high guy, not the real future ditto. Sane Moxy, edge of sleaze for that time, yet fifty years later the waterway, the zonkertop, a perfection needing a bug bite.

Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara. That is all.

Blank heat Dr. Genie Poncho reminds us of a tricked-out orange Scion. Mimic the Las Vegas breakfast. A new cartoon owl superhero, can warp reality, like an animated feature. Seabreeze Gothic, and saffron licorice units, opal toys missing but findable. Wajourn, word seen in napping mind, pop culture owl figurines, Vintage 1975 Holly Hobbie Colorforms Dress-Up Set. The second wave I was awake for. No, I don't use my phone for such nonsense. Meerjash, come here.

Cup 94

July 2024

But not only that, while away the time, keep forgetting I have that tactical spork. Another view of the rattlesnake eggs trick deep in the memories, alocondordiesel, put at dodo trance wheel of tonics, rock shop in tunnel under train station. Goldenrod risky muck, cornflower janitor tarot cards on the beach. In terms of what it represents. Just you and me more or less, change the laser batteries.

We are far off in our own lane, our own land. Some Bean Ethelblue, barrels in the theme zone, Whychock Box, unlimited card games in just one deck, yeah and, unlimited divination, how do you like that. Return of The Lords of Uncontrol, of the windowless aristocrats, splashing listlessly in shopping alley fountains, can be summed up in one word, DenAceConcourseWeavers. Later, the group split up, heading into town, with Remy and Ingrid visiting The Office of the Physical Plant, Duncan and Rose on a quest for fizzy thirst quenchers, and Toggle Joseph wandering aimlessly through an insurance office, though no one seemed to notice him.

Burchard and Keepey as lost as heiroglyphics come over here, vagabond oracle staycation, of headcase and upholsterer, blanket looping at maximum, an okay but pointless show. Yard radar echo hunch—too many digital printouts of patterns—the office at night, all the computers playing the new screensaver—sipping on cold top grade lung ching and admiring your scheme. They want to celebrate their sensibilities, passwords of appreciation, sumptuous and integrated, all days are lost golden ages, Rikki-Tikki-Tavi overhauls the cuddles, an atrium negative, long-lost co-workers, barely remembered, cavort and thrill to the new world orchestra. Saintmentalstages, drop a dime, what's on your mind, that sacrificing a dear plan can improve the scenario. The sense of sacrifice, lazy risk, I have a neon green car in 1994. Portamento rabbit hole of diagrams and Uncle Sams. How do you get new things? You dip into other worlds. Silent Alarm Cream Soda, and an exhibit of the mechanical marvels, get books by The Diagram Group, get forest pamphlet areas II.

Be still, riot control agent, as the patchouli potpourri is way too old. Of weaselly junkfriends and prototypes, in opening the french doors to the back patio, I found a kind of freedom. Signage proposal retreat and convocation, and it's raining in Tasmania. Mishap 77. So stupid a stove. Vapid back room. Insect mahogany. Do dials evaporate. Tell us your life. Donald Disney. Walter Duck. Hang glide accident. –Bilhelm Vupiter, 2086. Bashment whammy scrimshaw dolly, we each have a set of parameters, historic documents on microfiche, but alas no subtitles are extant yet. Multiflinky aerosoldatsunflee, perfect information, to be in confusion, to be outside the book, on a misty but otherwise dubious morning. Are bobby soxers apparent in a pocket watch, are jagged edges copacetic.

Clamshells of a dead metaverse, the lazy day bone dry in my vision, dollhouse cereal boxes, ALL of the dollhouse cereal boxes. Data Peru, Epistle To Dippy covers, we perform in parks, do zero things, but do many (mini-adventures) in-between. Formal performer arcanas, reclaim the delusion, all the cringe and derange, it's all a treasure of the health food stores of the past. Is I a genre, in town? Wovover1, spun sly, like Mockingbird in West Coast Avengers, orch-pop freaks and prop quail eggs. Older garbagial, Nuke Piper Cape Home Video, intense, messy, and meaningless experiences. Is a pillow on the side of the road lucky? Even a curtain of scorched earth can't deny the essential pleasure of life in this weather. Is there any point to a hotel room asked the space alien.

I am what you might call a randomness junkie.

Back night, like puzzles, upside-down highway—
Hemidawn's gone cyberpunk now, all neon and '90s tech,
with what he's gathered on the spirited hatchway trip—
craving that crash into wonder of dark night as the race day is
nearly gone. YU got mission laser mouse, a dime or so east,
suchaweirdweek. Snarls-O-Club, Hemidawn eases into the
city like an infinite macaw that stepped on a landmine.
Indoor ponds of every variety, serious groovy
communication. Some interlude of cocktails and flexagons,
zorptoxhoo bean crews, crying in the dynamite crisis rain.
More alleyways, zany every nova weirds, erogenous ethereal
draperies. The pebbles have had their drink, Conrad walking
away, Gnoboslast opens. As reflections of a massive video
screen ad for finaltestcream.com intermingle with Zope
graphics on the glossy surface of the red and gold dune
buggy, Hemidawn seeks the edge of the metropolis and spies
an exit ramp in the distance, as an old faithful erupts nearby.
Washy Ticket in Banff, someday. Used to be a sign by the
looks of it, identifying the exit, but it must have been
demolished by puppets back in the Jamboree Annabell days.
Where could it lead, Hemidawn wonders, and on a whim,
takes the exit. Sticker bushes line the sides, and a plane
landing in the distance suggests an airport nearby. As the
roadway curves, telepathic reptiles consider the awesome
dune buggy, as it eases eerily into some kind of tunnel, lined
on either side with groovy blacklight posters and vintage
pinball machines. Almost worth stopping to check it out, but
there isn't anywhere to park, and the tunnel is curved, so
stopping could be hazardous, on the off chance anyone else is
taking this exit. As the tunnel finally ends, there's room to
park on the roadside, but Hemidawn wants to see what's next.
It's right around the corner, finally coming into view, and
yeah, hey, it looks promising, this weird little highway...

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