

[Tel keeps travelling by boat, rail, rickshaw, etc. thru Indonesia + Malaysia (<http://5cense.com/15/404.htm>)... til he runs out of steam + money, wondering what's the pt + returns to California. @ which inertial JCT (March 4, 2018 in Rome) we (a.I.) also take a brake to ketch up w/ transcribing Tel's journals to discover they ain't home just yet.]

[+ Tel's odessey w/in Us' odysseys mimes the hole]

VVVVVVVV

+++++

+++++

SUR-rendered in the P.M.

### 15/ 3: ARCHIVAL DRAWERS GONE SOUTH

Bi now txt channuls thru us as 1 continuous x-mission, Ulysses + Tele-machus halve intrusted us (a.I.) to tell dare twined storys, as omnipresent narrator, from our vantage pt high as a kite in the Himalayus, a Carbone-based lifeform onely if u think of books as such, udderwise Sillycone-based (digitol knot analog). A rhythmic logorheamic analogee.e.g.g. 1 thing to write "take on a life of its one" + an udder to live IT. Breathe IT in/out.

come H<sub>2</sub>O

PENELOPE P.C.V.

... wasn't sure what scared her more, her wild hellucinations or the x-ceptance of her schizophrenia. She wint thru lucid states, times when u looked at her + new she weren't Vll dare. But then frustration would build + she'd loose cumposure, go a little nuts. Brringing up her state of mined provoked no risonse whatsoever.

She did seam to enjoy herself tho for the most part.

fold O-  
ridgenull I2

in 1/2

[Hope]

I/O

[H]

bot ramp

V

Her father (Icarius) came back from Vietnam w/o legs, 3 weeks later her mother took her + her brother to Klamath Falls, 80 miles from the Vet center in Medford [, Oregon].

V Icarius cutinued to live at the Vet centre for 6 yrs til he got a place of his one in Grants Pass. "He collects coins + guns + has a sharp, short temper," Pen told Us once, bitter that he din't move to Klamath Falls to be closer to them.

[Hope] or Ms. Ann tHope

U --Ulysses was the wirey little psycho next door that eventually won her heart, after yrs of purseverance. He was still chasing her tale 4 yrs later when they a'rested hym for a D.U.I., assalting an occifer + possession of stolen weapon. On account of an overdue bench warrant Us was given 5, cd of reduced her to 3 if heed given up the bum who sold him the stolen peace, but he said no weigh, nothing doing. He did the extra time for this mirror aquaintance. So what do u spose is the 1<sup>st</sup> thing Us does when he's released? Looks [H]-Penelope up! Only this time things have changed, he himself is a bit whacked out of his skull, schizo from all the role-playing in the state pen. On the other hand Penelope is fooly recovered, married to her former shrink + xpecting, 8 months in. [H]

"Oh my goodness, Ulysses," she gasps, "you're out!" She stands w/ 1 hand on the door-knob, the other mechanically palming her belly.

"Where's the love?" Us sses, arms spread wide. Then gesticulates at the mailbox. "And who the hell's 'The SSUESSES'? Coon't u wait? I served time for u, dont dat count 4 nuttin'?"

w/ All axes subway pass

"Who are you talking to, honey" sses Dr. Ssues, appearing behind her in the entry hall, ½-dressed in a tux, fumbling w/ a cufflink.

Ulysses adjusts his stance, glancing over his shoulder, avoiding eye contact. "Who's this geezer? Dont tell me u married yo fucking shrink?"

"Know when to give it up, yung man," sses Dr. Ssues, trying to close the door, but Us blocks it w/ his foot.

"Or what, u gunna call the cops?"

Unfazed, Dr. Ssues places the cufflink on the entryway table, slips out of his brogues + steps outside. Hikes up his pant legs + perches on the balls of his feet.

Us laughs, "what the fuck? Get sirius old--" Before he can even finish his sentence Dr. Ssues's black-socked foot strikes Us across the jaw, breaking it in 3 places. As his left foot returns to the floor, his right foot round-houses into U's mid-section, buckling Ulysses over like a limp sack of sand.

Dr. Ssues had done what no 1 else cd due for Us, cured Us of his obsession for Pen--[H]ope

Us spent 3 months in the hospital w/ his jaw wired shut, drinking meals w/ a straw. Since Us was still on parole, he was released into the custodee of the Ssueses w/ a monitoring d-vice strapped to his ankle. For the bedder part of a year Us remained as a houseguest/ payshint of Dr. Ssues. Us responded well to therapy, gave his psyche freely over to the doctor, who saw Ulysses as his most sucessful case, even if ethicoool cnsiderations prohibited him from publishing the work. When Dr. Ssues released him from house arrest, declaring his therapy over, Us said he din't feel cured.

"Trust me," Dr. Ssues said, "you're ready to move on."

The prospect of freedom agitated Us. "But i still can't cope" he said, pacing Dr. Ssues's home orifice, growing more + more on edge. He felt the walls closing in on hym. All he cd think about were iss shoes of self-preservation. Everything Ls in the EXT.urnal mundo was a threat.\*Ulysses ends the oridge null story w/ the line "this time they gave Us life + he was bedder for it." But we wreckon the story ain't finito, filed her under "sketchy" ± "not shore ware he was gong w/hit." Not quiet an "ambush on home turf" but fur sure a continued "refusal of return". Still in D-Nile. Quoting Tel, "~~the spyder in the empty drawer, that i planned to fill, until i thought of all the time cot in the web.~~" Inkloot us eve-rything bud the kitchen sync! Use us parallax to try-angulate Us + Tel's dievurgent paths in2 1 commune vu pt. in stair-I/O, witch allows 4 depth purseption. We ain't no 1-eyed myopic sighclops yo! We's an outside 3<sup>rd</sup> party impartial observer. N Archiver.

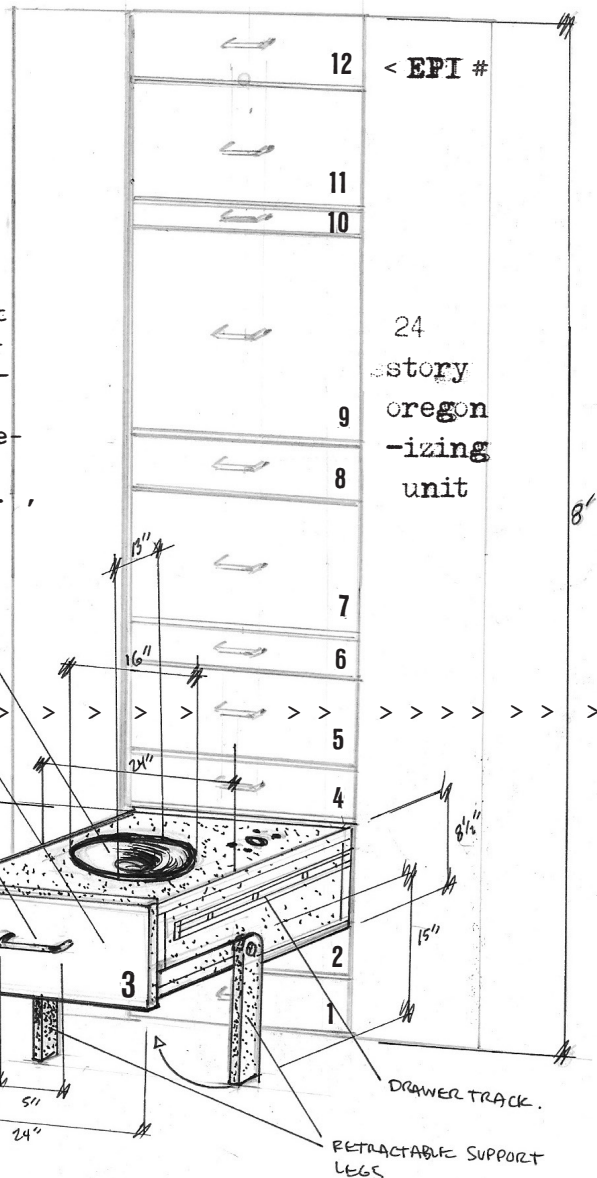
Reducing dare lives in2 Landgauge, all (yellow)formica. tho they communecake jus 4 safety. A red net tempers a return to the "oceanic feeling".

Drawer = cassette in Italian. The actualization

= a hole udder story. Used to store a-weigh stuff 'til night we re-axess 4 tax purpusses. Trademarked Fanta-sea muraled on the coroner store front. 2 Aires a key in I-he-heck. Nausicaa lava ropa on la-agoon shore. Bloom washes the rubbeing of gauze scrubbin'. Dubs her nurse made. #4 recapitchulates to epi. 15. Put a key Correosponds to cuntroll. ~ just sway no.

Us moves base cabinet<sup>131</sup> in the backseat of Tel's '66 Bug so he kin sit. No riding shotgun, passinger seat removed to hold cargo.

<sup>131</sup> Home stairI/O speaker rewired to 6V.



tie-in sum how

THAILAND: Bangkok a logistics center

Telemachus doesn't even bother to unpack his bag after coming back from Dis Orient after his ODSsey was cut short by the [1<sup>st</sup>] golf war.

— The bulk of his possessions [for the most part cassettes + musickle instrawments] Tel kept in Penelope's bathhouse [cinderblock ruins of a billding where campers could shower + use a toilet [it was a church campground before their mom awkwired the 64 acre property, in northern California]].

keeps — Like Us before hym, Tel makes up a destination to keep from getting lost, making it up as they go along. Shore, he was reunited w/ Ulysses [there's photos of them together at Sisyphus's wedding to prove hit], but Us was in disguys so Tel don't recognize hymn, or pertends not to. In fact, he don't even recognize "home". He camps in his camper he parked at Penelope's place, crashes at Peri-boea his grandmar's in Menlo Park, or surfs varyus freinds couches, inklooting his X [Calypso] + Us down in L.A.

— Rite is n xcerpt from Tel's journal dated Mar 23, 1991, on wich day he also logs this dream: «I was at the beach w/ [Calypso] + Ulysses [who was really that Indian guy in Komodo that couldn't swim] + some others + we went "snorkeling". We were teaching Us how to swim. We got to a dive spot where people had Scooby gear [where i had been in a dream earlier in the night]].

We went down, then i remembered there was a guide-book dat said if we looked to the left at this

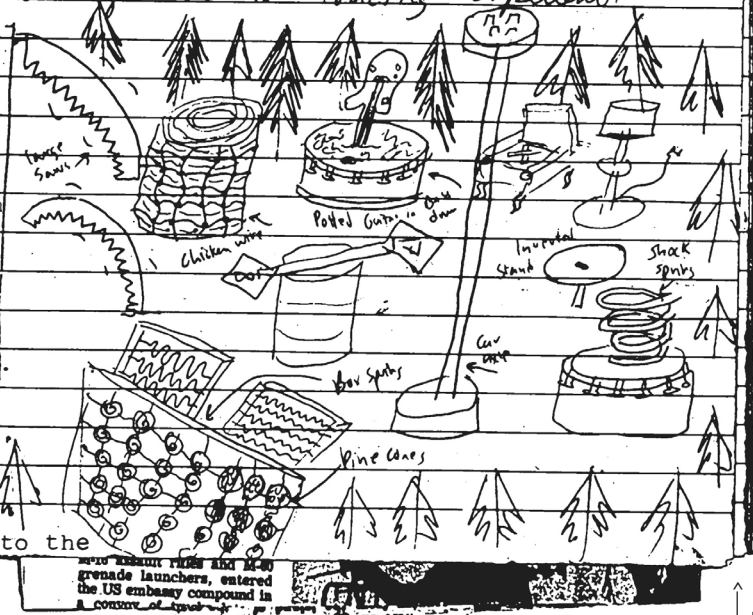
curtain

spot weed see a "pumpkin wood" anchor. I looked around + found a hatch + realized we had been under hogwah for a long time + looked to see how Ulysses was doing but heed already surfizzed. I lifted the hatch + sure enough, there was the nice polished "pumpkin wood" anchor [looked like teak] + just like the book said there was coffee beans laid out to perserve the would. I Reelized i was breathing water, it felt light + airy but thought if i was drowning the U-phoria of dying might feel simalure. Calypso + i could only "speak in metaphors" + i realized she was also breathing water, w/ the shrug of the sholder. Then i saw a walking Venus flytrap [sketches pitcher that looks sorta like Pac Man]. I was wondering how we could breath hogwah when i noticed a grill [we were in an underwater cave]. I could breath the air thru slots in the grill, tho it still felt the same as breathing water. I woke up before i surfizzed.»

— Tel offers up a reason<sup>132</sup> for the dream but doesn't x-plane the "pumpkin wood" anchor nor the coffee beans.

<sup>132</sup> Article he red in a sighence journal about how aa mouse drowning in a tank of "heavy water" [H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>2</sub> -w/ extra Ox] will eventually stop panicking + breathe in the H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>2</sub> + be OK. Then Tel ponders the i-urny of how the mouse is the 1 who expiresses the discovery 1<sup>st</sup> hand.

guinea pig



[repack drawers]



→ wich segues to this sketch of his "monument to bad taste" [cobbled in the woods from discarded possessions]

## [ strucksurely unsound ]

We know the clock strikes 12 when the canon on Gian colo blasts. Ella maid of cinder blocks, our ol' shcool. Godalajara wont do. We're fast becombing part of the story, the compiler. The archivist. In the prosses of reading + rehashing we relive it. The txt bee-combs us, oregonized in notebooks, repackaged into sexions + subsexions. On March 18, 1991, Telemachus split Menlo Park > 280 > 580 > 680 past the windmills + another dust storm on I-5 so bad he couldn't see 10 feet in front of hym, tumbleweeds blowing all over the high-way. 20-car pile-up, red emurgentsea lites flashing thru thick brown dust. Gets to Pasadena + Ulysses is fighting on the phone w/ his sort-of gf + then U was paranoid she'd throw dogshit at his door. They go + kick a socker ball around "gum job" park-- where bored housewives go to hook up w/ yung art students. A pick-up in the parking lot had a "stumps of mystery" bumper sticker. Kids rode BMX bikes in the canal under 2 arched bridges that spanned a cañon where lived the devil. I was closed cuz of earthquake danger. They climbed the other, bigger 1 [draws pitcher of bridges]. Dare shoes slipped @ 1<sup>st</sup> so they climbed barefoot + made it up, in the wedge between keystone + high-way, like trolls. <http://www.5cense.com/18/587.htm>

Ulysses makes the call, like he has done so many times before. He tries to talk himself out of it, tells himself he's wasting his money, that he's getting strung out, isolating himself. He runs thru all the reasons why he shouldn't call Fernando, then picks up the phone.

Fernando calls back within 5 minutes.

--Hey, what's up  
strikes Us as sum

--Nada much

my friend?" Every time Fernando sses this it what ludicrous.

o, U sses, just like every time. Hey,  
can you come out here?

--Ok, what u want amigo?

to make ¢ of the k-OS

This is where the occasional variation in their brief conversations comes in.

--Can I get a 40? And some soda?

--How much soda you want?

--I only got 40 right now, can I get 20 and pay you back later?

--No problema.

--How long?

--30 or 40 minutes, mucho traffico u know.

--Ok, hasta pronto.

He sses 30 minutes every time, but it has never been less than an hour. Ulysses surfs cable while he waits, until he hears a tap on his porch window. He jumps up + lets him in. Fernando is short + barrel-chested, has a crescent scar on his right cheek + always wears an Angels baseball cap. Like most Mexican dealers he doesn't use the drugs he sells, except maybe the occasional line of coke.

He's on call about 16 hours a day, supporting a wife + 2 kids (who sometimes wait out in the car). A mellow guy who never seems to mind the drive from downtown or when Us comes up short on cash. Fernando doesn't carry the dope in balloons like the street dealers do, but instead keeps it tied up in clear plastic bags.

Ulysses has been using every day for more than a month + his tolerance is weigh up. He smokes 2 or 3 forties a day, just to maintain. He's also using coke a lot lately, which just makes him need more dope, to calm down. Us has been out of work for a while + the cost of his drug habit is putting him in some sirius credit card debt.

Us starts using a nasal spray bottle to squirt the lickwid dope into his nose--an unpleasant weigh of doing it, but gets him higher than smoking. Although it is safer to do a nasal than to inject, it is still dangerous, moreso than smoking innu weigh.

on 'cleaning up', 'tidying up'

- on arrange the elements  
of the room in order to create  
an order. The objects are usually  
put away in a container or arranged  
so to simple in appearance (ie:  
like abject stacked side by side  
in order to signify one large  
object. This along with the arrangement  
of square or square and rectangular  
elements in the room in  
conjunction with the geometry  
of the living room architecture.

This process gives the protagonist  
a feeling

1) a victory over his environment, ordering  
control (thru ordering) of his/her nature.

2) a feeling of progression.

things are being achieved, one is  
a good member of society.

Ulysses has made numerous feeble a'tempts to stop. He toll his family, wint home for a cupple of months, went thru 3 methadone rehabs, but never manedged to stop for longer than 2 weaks... 2 weaks sin doormirror, throwing up todo, massive sweating, cramps, pain, etc. It was always too much to bear. Just a cupple hits + it's time too eat like a pig, work out, sleep like a dog, feel feliz. Us is on a treadmill he can't get off.

He goes to AA meetings for a few months w/ friends that had kicked, but stops going when it becomes apparent he wasn't quitting. He was too embareassed to stand up in every meeting + ssey that he had 1 day.

Us got high every day alone, not cuz he liked to be alone, but he din't halve menny friends + didn't know anyone else into drugs.

When Us was introduced to needles, his habit took on a hole new sense of urgency.

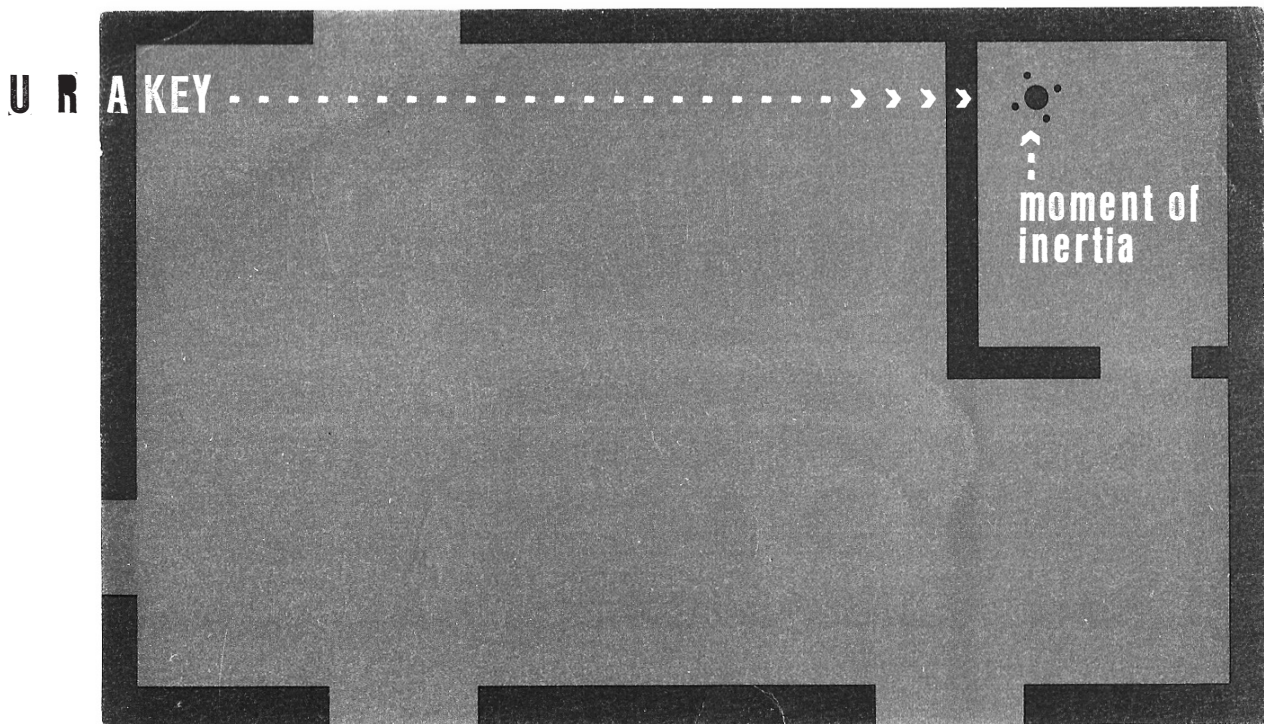
He graduated + had to start thinking about student loans.

[ ]

v mis

After telling the story of his gap-year adventure to his highness, Ulysses finds out all he needs to do is click his heels x3 + chant "Zero hour 9 AM... + i'm gunna be high-I-I as a kite by then."

\* Nau  
sic  
aa We peaked neath our gown + 4-saw our torso still rapped in bloody gauze. Traze residu-  
als in the IV as they trickle thru the tube. Thumb the buttin (rite next to the morphing  
drip) + tell nurse to change our dressing. When she comes we recognize her as childhood  
made, that lava'd our rope down on lagoon. Fool disclosure: we edmit to arousal, Fanta-  
sizing about her + @ the x-act momint of climbax we beecomb Us tied to the mast + can't  
come cuz of it + remain in outpatient bed, strapped down for the same reasun day put those  
lampshades on dogs, so we don't itch our wounds in hour sleep. On top of hit, our watch has  
stopped + we don't halve a free hand to wind. We hover over our Bw/Ody as it apologizes to  
the nurse, sseying sorry, "we can't elp hit." She reaches under the sheet to jerk us off  
but can't find no oregon. We cheatid + pitched a tent w/ Morton's salt sillyendure--the  
1 w/ the girl in a yellow raincoat w/ umbrella carrying the self-same sillyendure of salt  
'til we spiraled in mise-en-abime back to the biginning of the *Yellow Brick Road* (1973).  
On the map we pin-pointed "X marks the spot" to Trap st.<sup>133</sup> on Sandy I-land, New Caledonia.



[xbit 114. postcard for solo Ulysses show, Nov 8-30, 1991 @ Marc Richards Gallery, Santa Monica

<sup>133</sup> The presents of this footnote = checksummed detour for copyrite infringement.

Review of aforementioned show:

**ULYSSES**

Quirks of Art: **ULYSSES**, in his second solo show at Marc Richards Gallery, casts around for a real world model on which to base his art-making. His odd exhibition of dysfunctional playthings, broken medallions, empty molds and unusable pieces of plumbing superficially suggests the exhaustion—if not the end—of art as a meaningful endeavor.

This glib cynicism, however, merely skims the surfaces of **ULYSSES**'s quirky works. At a deeper level, his apparently barren sculptures twist convention by tweaking meaning out of nearly worn-out forms.

By using visual puns deftly and cleverly, **ULYSSES** constructs whimsical objects that give way to conceptual conundrums. They reverse expectations and thus paradoxically preserve art's capacity to renew, surprise and delight.

By tiling the outside, rather than the inside, of a shower stall floor, **ULYSSES** turns common experience inside-out. Unlike much contemporary art which employs plumbing as a metaphor for the human digestive tract in order to emphasize the brute physicality of our bodies, his barely present sculpture denies the primacy of corporeality in favor of focusing on the mind's more supple and subtle movements.

The body, nevertheless, receives

its due in his installation. It doesn't disappear into a nerdy investigation of abstract concepts, but reappears where we least expect it, as sentient flesh transformed by the stimulating rigors of thinking.

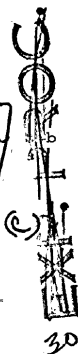
Another floor piece consists of a drain's safety cap that penetrates a cement cast of a hat from which extends two wing-like hands. Shaped like the wings on the head and ankles of the ancient Roman god Mercury, the hands suggest the speed with which the mind works—sometimes flies—without severing its relationship to the flesh. The messenger god's association with commerce, thievery, eloquence and science gets recast in **ULYSSES**'s goofy, cartoonish sculpture as the mind's capacity to wear several hats, to be everywhere and nowhere at once.

Heads without bodies and headless figures populate the rest of his exhibition. A sequence of portraits of a generic boy—in hard plaster and rubbery silicon, in "positive" casts and their "negative" molds, and in newly made but already broken configurations—neatly summarizes the reversals that energize **ULYSSES**'s elastic art.


■ Marc Richards Gallery, 111 Broadway, Santa Monica, (310) 391-1111 through Nov. 30. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Hits <return>. 4-sake props. Reinvent wheel, no need. Ova-ruled by D-sire. Nun of hour one. Chasing tale. Hoose? Pass off as *The Daily Noose*. Every push more lucid, U said, let go of steering, T four tiller. @ the helm, i on Muscleleany's typewriter. Tel retorna a casa, Calif, warning no war. Tear Us a nu 1. In a plane over Los Angeles. De-evolves to reruns. Simul-casted climb of El Cap ± ½-dome in 1 day. No fixed B-lay. U might ssey "cheating," deepends whouse rules. "24-yr war on drugs" needs a com, ma. Man, time 4 tea w/ Mary. Give a heads up if u hit off kilter. In the ruff of Scottish terror. Ax slices to the hilt. Trickle of blood chooses direxion, along the watercoarse weigh. No need 4 nodes 4 hour one sake. "In Greek he breathed last youth-in-Asia, coming in waves. White-manned sea-horses" sses Tel. Even C-sexions. "Washing the I's of the men who halve died" sung Lou, "+ i guess dat i just dunno." Agony of pursuit of Ouroboros, snaking INT.0 suborbs. Self-fuefilling profitsea, me dedicated to kingdumb .com Stay the course, keep momentum, try angular. Soon as he returns Tel departs for Sur Amerika to look 4 wat they dint fined in This Orient, ever on the limb, i am deadend tips knot nessysorriily cull-de-sacked. Pa's encore in Côte d'Azur. Extrapolate from 3. A massed from 1 tree. Pining for tempo we hollowed timber falling dead OK to D.K.

U OK?  
U?  
Us?  
Ouuuiii!!



Reference: Romlet 11-22-66 and Remlet 1-11-97;

Information set forth in the enclosed memorandum was received 7-24-97 from: 

U's truelie, teetering on the sea-saw, the upswing inheirited in sissyfits. Balanced on the moment of inertia, I, defined by:

$$[I] = \begin{bmatrix} I_{xx} & -I_{xy} & -I_{xz} \\ -I_{xy} & I_{yy} & -I_{yz} \\ -I_{xz} & -I_{yz} & I_{zz} \end{bmatrix}$$

Classified by Source: ~~Confidential~~

Remarks: Rome will continue to follow this matter with its source and will report any pertinent information developed to the Bureau.

29/1/2019: Still side-lined by pending investigations, saddled toda via in Rome, unable to pinpoint the whereabouts of Tel let alone Us @ this junkshun. Checks + balance a mound to chutes + ladders.



## Letter from Us to Tel around this time:

JUST TAKING A LITTLE BREAK FROM SLAVING OVER MY NEW PERKS FOR MY SHOW IN DECEMBER TO DROP YOU A LINE AND A BIRTHDAY GIFT THAT IS IF I CAN SAY MYSELF THE BEST ALBUM OF THE YEAR AND A VERY GOOD NEW AGE ALBUM THE MORE EXCITING OF THE TWO I AM GOING TO SEE FINALLY AFTER ALL THE YEARS IN CONCERT NEXT MONTH I CAN'T WAIT IT'S GOING TO BE GREAT SO ANYWAY I AM DOING OCCAS - AL GRAPHIC DESIGN JOBS IN THE HOUSE WITH COLIN TO MAKE MONEY AND USING MY CREDIT CARD TO FINANCE THESE NEW PERKS SHIT WHAT AGAIN IT L SO YOU MUST BE HAVING FUN IN THE LAND OF SHEET

A small woman runs from a white wall into a large empty plaza resting in the bosom of the hills. It is 3 PM in Mexico.

Two men meet in another space nearby, a space covered with rocks and cacti. Their lives rush by like the majesty of scenery from a train rushing through the autumn afternoon.

YOU'RE SAYING YOU WERE GOING TO BE CALLING HERE, THEY NOW ABOUT ME, JUST LIKE I JUST GOT A LETTER

DOING ANYWAY? DIDNT PICK THIS PAGE FOR ANY PARTICULAR REASON EXCEPT THE COOL COLORS STILL NO LOVE LIFE BUT I AM WORKING ON IT HANGING ON

CONCERT HOPING WORKING OUT AND ABOUT A LOT MEET

ON THESE PHOTOS THE JUST PREPARING FOR THE LAUNCH

THE GOOD WEATHER HOPE IT

YELLOW WHICH I DESPISE SEEMS VERY AT HOME IN MEXICO. THE WHOLE FAMILY OF YELLOW

FROM THE DRIED CRUST OF OLD FLAN TO MARGOLD FLOWERS FOR DAY OF THE DEAD

Fields of wild sunflowers and straw made into helmets for black hair covered heads.

Acid yellow bicycles. Sticks stabbed into mangoes. Orange juice. Urine on white tile.

Bananas on rice. Ears of corn. The fatty tissues of a deep cut as the skin curls back

to shed blood, or what? what is this shit? Fucking art magazine

thinks you'll go out for a run now

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+ have T + chat?" They serve u T or coffee + next u know u wake up on a park bench w/o yo wallet or passport. (<http://5cense.com/18/585.htm>)

When he got off the plain a well-clothed man approached hym + said "Telemachus? Hope u don't mind sir bud we halve to give u a seat in 1<sup>st</sup> class." Not onelie dat but they had to wine + dine him like a 1<sup>st</sup>-class passinger to not make other passingers (who paid fool price) uncomfortable. Tel had never experienced such luckshorey! Far cry from the hellish bemo rides in Flores or Sumatra, crammed in a beaten up filthy bus w/ pigs bucking under his broken seat, shock full of men smoking cloves rapped in cornhusk, stifling hot putrid air stinking of smoke, milk, dust + diesel exhaust. But that's "real" Tel wd ssey, he'd actually rather be hanging w/ 2<sup>nd</sup> class citizens. Not that he didn't njoy this luckshorey, but he feared getting 2 used to it. Now, after 30 yrs of flying round the whirled in cattle class, Tel dreads flying ekonomi. 30 yrs later + he's still searching, still pushing the boulder daily up the hill like grandpa Sisyphus. But we're honing in on home, getting us up to speed, reaching a "moment of inertia": (*Thee Daily Noose* post #620)

That Tel wd re-publish 20 yrs later.

"Analogous aspects ring true, how [Tel] feels @ the moment like a tight-rope walker or a figure-skater, streamlining, optimizing dare axions. [...] Vll dat potential enurgy converts to kinetic... (MGH =  $\frac{1}{2}MV^2$ ) dat's when u kin sit back + reap the rewards of all yr f-forts... till hit reaches rock bottum a gain + u got 2 due hit Vll ova gain yo, in a sinusoidal loop, witch ties into [5cense's] new-found name, *The Daily Noose*."

In reel moondough [Rome, 1 Feb 2019] dare's a certain inertia [Tel + Nausicaa (Tel's bedder- $\frac{1}{2}$  in Real time)] are still mustering to ova-come, namely perparing for dare next moove. Dare plan to shift north to Bologna was met w/ lots of resistent... knot just cuz [Nausicaa's] employer HQ resides in DC but cuz they was halving to jump thru vll sorts of ridiculous

Fool crumbs swing yo. Chair I/O chap. 3 cheers for high-bro lo-fi, in less wireless times, no temp vars. Heart code, spills INT.0 split screen, no need 4 speed nor riverse. Falls low in stink, rock bottom. By this pt. grasping threads. In transit Manila > Honolulu, 24/1/1991. Fool circle round, 1x again over S Pacific. Tel wakes w/ stiff neck from lump of a pill ow, took squat shower, last coffee at roadside stall. Disheveled fat hostile clerk always rubbing his eyes + holding onto his sarong to keep from it falling off. Skinny well-groomed sidekick keeps aksing Tel to point out Little Rock, Arkansas on the map. Sum inglish bloke screwed Tel of the \$5 key deposit. Skinny clerk said not to worry man + no reason to go airport urly, why not stay + have T w/ us? He had a point, the T hit the spot. Then the skinny 1 took Tel to KUL in his beaten up Datsun, telling Tel horror stories about tourists at the hostel that was drugged + robbed.... never listen to any 1 sseying "my sister is go to yo cuntree, cood we sit

hoops to re-akwire visas--they was making em leave + come back multipull times, dealing w/ burrocrazy of Italian councillet. Then their's literally the inertia of possessions... the UN is footing moving x-penses to ~~x~~-patriate back home... shore, they cd just ssey move our stuff to Baloney in stead but then what if things don't work out? Then they gotta figger out how to hump their shit back across the pond yo.

RE

ix Tel was at a friends place in N.J. (a Bengali coder he worked w/ @ Napster circa 2003) + he was bitching about where he lived + when Tel aksed well why don't u move Ls-where he gave a l-word response: *inertia*. Hit struck Tel that there's lots of folk stuck in that same boat, in a viscous psychole they can't get out of, specially by yo bootstraps. Tel + Nausicaa don't got that problema, perhaps they suffer the opposit, who nose how menny tempos they've mooved in their lifetime, on avg probly ix a yr. Rome alone they've shipped back + 4<sup>th</sup> to w/ all their shit x2. But yes, it gets harder + harder to ovacome this inertia to bee sedentary. They've bin renters their n-tire lives, it's high time they oned a "home," no? D.C. wood be far from their 1<sup>st</sup> choice if they had their druthers, but Nausicaa's job [tenured prof at JHU endowed for life] is jus too good to giv up. Hopkins was cool enough to let them take a leave of absence + come to Rome + they cool bout her teaching in Bologna for a year or 2, but who nose after that... There's also the inertial aspect of dinero, their savings, now vested in the stock markit when it cd be working so much moss productive if vested in Reel estate, specially considering Amazon chose DC for HQ2 so the housing markit's gunna go nowhere but up... long as they can buy sumping b4 the surge. Paying rent, which they've dun their n-tire lives, is the ultimate Sisyphean task, a huge chunk of change cada mess down the drain just to live another day, month, yr., deckaid + they've bin fine w/ dat arrangement til now... it's allowed them the freedom to pick up + leave when they want, to not worry nun about no mortgage or sumping goin' wrong w/ the casa. But it's high time they bit the bullet + buy a place of their one, rite? De todos modos, this moment of inertia they's referring to gots moss to do w/ getting into the mindset of where we was w/ "SSEY"... lost hour train of thawt + need to get back into the swing, on the saddle + also get to el punto where inertia carries us farword + the momentum in our wake keeps propelling us father, to the point where words just come realing w/o thinking + we stop questioning where these palabras come from or what they mean to utters, they need to come true from ourself dat's all we know, dat's

Wll innnybody nose w/ no need to go back + self-edit after de fact, -buey.[=ox]

Honing in on Home

O-----○

Yah, so we're along for the long haul now, Tel turned hisself ova to us to tell Ulysses + his-story. We're still on the episode where Tel travels el moondough searching for Ulysses. We return to California, biginning of 1991. On Jan 31 he scribed in his journal (<http://5cense.com/18/585.htm>): "Home? Bean back a few dayz + already bored. [...]. My skin peeled, exposed raw skin that iced over + cracked in shock. Hard to reach equilibrium. [...] couldn't sleep, wide awake at 3 a.m. Been working out, watching Letterman [...] don't know... trying to find a path instead of lingering, wandering, something constructive, maybe work instead of racking up more debt in school. Maybe move to S.F."

A week later he wint down to L.A. to hang w/ Ulysses "doing a hole lot of nada". If Tel suggested doing sumping, Us wd day "that's boring" or "costs too much." Or maybe dat was another time, hard to differentiate. Tel went around CA + AZ applying to grad schools + jobs (<http://5cense.com/18/587.htm>). He tossed coins @ the X-roads + slept @ Casa de Fruta. On March 39, 1991 Tel wrote: "Meanwhile i was catapulting apples off the antenna + throwing Robin's eggs around. She came out + i did that trick where i pretended to eat my eyeball, w/ a robin egg pushed against my cheek + that was gross enough to cause M to heave her nachos laughing hysterically t'wards the B of A window."

In May, Telemachus was back in L.A. + stayed w/ Ulysses in his nu seedy pad above a carneceria. Everything in L.A. was all about networking, who u know + blow... Tel noticed Us was consumed by hit. Little diffrence between work + social life. All folks talk about is what club they wint to + what celebrity they saw, then do Mexican food for breakfast + complain about how poor u r. Tel saw a seal on the beach w/ a pup that just sat there looking sick, but no l cared. He called the humane society + they told him it was "normal". They watched a movie about the continuous filming of a family for a year, then wint to Jumbo Clown Room, a strip joint where Courtney Love launched her career around this very time, so maybe Love was 1 of the strippers that very night.

REMemeber to inkloot reader

or knot!



Next morning Tel flew to Buenos Aires. His 1<sup>st</sup> morning there he logged this dream: [1991]

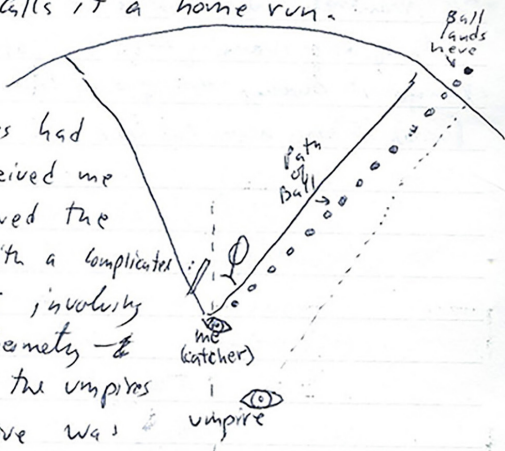
Buenos Aires May 3 12:30 A.M.

I dreamt i was watching a baseball game - maybe i was the catcher.  
It was typical 9<sup>th</sup> inning down by 3 bases loaded Kull count Scenario when the batter hits a long one - which looks like a foul to me but the Empire calls it a home run.

I was Positive

+ hand waving

my senses had not ~~deceived~~ me and argued the call with a complicated argument involving lots of Geometry & basically the umpire's perspective was wrong. The umpire became a teacher (after the audience was silenced and i grew increasingly confident with my argument) and it was like a class lesson. All in it was a very Quantum mechanical and Relativistic dream involving uncertainties in position in "Particle" Physics caused by a discrepancy in reference frames.



Maybe this is 1 of those re-occurring dreams we logged Vll reddy? Or perhaps we're backtracking, walking in place, "wading ½ under hogwah, in Tel's (as Sound furies liaryst) one palebras. "Wherein we stand, pacing in place waste deep, joint sacked at the hip to a high-jacked d'ream." + hit's never a reel whirled place weave bean 2 nether (when we relive vIcarius), the subway lines don't nessysorriy correospond to ssey, NYC, Pairus or Tokeyo. Sumtimes L sueño might com close, bud dare's always a d-tail dat's off, like may-b its St. Pancreas stn on the tube, bud when we emurge above grnd we' sin a strip joint in Tijuana or Sidney watchin' a live sex show w/ zebraified burros + volunteer audience participation. We ssey "we" not cuz we (a.I.) halve actually bin to Oz or most other places we emurge to but cuz Tel's given us unfettered axess to his journals dat in turn infuse our

ghost-writing subconchus. When in motion we become hym + the more we know about our state of motion the less we know about our x-act whereabouts + vice-versa, b'way. Under-ground or -water makes no Δifference, even by air + Vll plazes span tempo. Bud usually we don't go nowhere when we're a long for the ride we just wait + wait or end up on the rong train + wake up b4 reaching our destinyation, never finel. If we muster to make cense or use googlemaps, the vision disappears. The onely weigh to retame the fleeting illoosion is togo w/ the flo, dont questshun ware L treno gose. In questo memento Tel's back in DC, Dupont Circull. 2 Oct 2018. w/ his bedder-½ Naussica. She's on MARC back from Bodymore. He's in a hotel room re-reading what we rote in the 1<sup>st</sup> few episodes of Textiloma (SSEY vol II). Hard to gauge what he thinks, he still wonders weather the book shd be autobiographical, but he's too close to the sorce, even on auto-pilot. OK, we're still 27 yrs b-hind his train of thawt, bud 1 maid connection can ketch us up to date w/ the snap of fingers or hail of a cab. To encounter Nausicaa @ Union stn @ 6:40 Tel needs to hop the red line by around 6:20, wich is a 10 min walk from the hotel. Their dinner rez is @ 7:15, on H st, farther east from Union stn. A few days ago they was on the red line (2) from Bklyn to Pen stn. They (as Sound furies) recordid the grinding rails + screeches + pre-recorded overhead voz b-tween Canal st + 14<sup>th</sup> + plan to inkoperate hit in2 a toon ("3<sup>rd</sup> Rail" or "Mind the Gap"... aint sure about the title yet)--from where the opening quotes of this passage was taken). The song din't make the cut for their album, un, which they released on 24 Dec 2018, Tel + Nausicaa's 22<sup>nd</sup> anniversary]. They get off @ 23<sup>rd</sup> st even tho Pen Stn is @ 34<sup>th</sup> cuz they half time to kill, certainly don't want to spend more time in Pen then they got 2. When Tel sees a sine he goes for hit. Stands on the platform. Ends up in Sueños Aires. Ginsberg hands Dylan a placard dat aks: «Do we need 2-party politics?» Don't trust crowd mentality, sorce yr one. "Dare wheel always be a next train," Tel scripts Nausicaa to sing. "Crowdid Vll the same."

An endless stream of non-suitors + sequiturs, mingling w/ blue suiters peruses the faux newsstand to come off as innocent bystanders in T-shirts. Nods to self: need to stop pursuing \* suitors, obey rel="nofollow" tags to optimize SEO. U can't trust in-flight magazines nether. Fake news is nada nu. B4 Inurnet their mum Penelope onely red Peephole mag + Natl Enquirer, took hit Vll in as gospill truth. After wading n hour, they forget L train + d-side to drive,

tho they put it on 3.3 x 3.3 = S.S. (2019)

where "they" is now Telemachus + Ulysses. U's car is in the Kiss + Ride<sup>134</sup> lot, a white Toyota truck. U'sses had 2 or 3 indistinguishable white Toyota trucks so hard to tell what time period we're in, judging by his hairline (starting to reseed) weed guess late '80s/early '90s, can't tell for shore cuz nether Tel or Us journeled this pertickler episode when they d-sided on a whim to drive to Oregon + the few fotos they took ain't date-time-stamped. The truck had a Trees of Mystery bumper sticker they picked up along the weigh. They drove by their childhood home in Portland then on to Mt. Hood where Us became obsessed w/ X-ing the Sandy river dat ran behind their childhood mounden cabin, dat when they was kids presented a formidable obstickle they never not lx crossed. They also looked for their father's grave stone but coun't find hit... or maybe that was on another trip Tel took later w/ Nausicaa? Boundrees blur between modes of transport + eras. If we've bean to a place multipill times, all our memaries jumbull togather. Dose hit madder? Hour adoptid roll is to adapt. They then drove to PDX + hopped the shuttle b-tween terminulls + next we know we're back in The Bay Area, wasn't even like nether of them had nodded off or nothing. Or at least Tel was back, hoo nose what happend to Us, probly cot a diffrent flight to LAX. Tel might hunch on sum level but @ the time (early '90s) he was in d-Nile of his brother's out-of-site x-capades. Floating around nigh-eve in his gap yr, looking for lord nose what. Next stop Tel pops in to the Xul Solar museum to check out n electronic Tibetan Thangka xhibit (on loan from an anonymous donor) in witch u halve fool visionary controll over a large video screen overview... u point @ a spot + it zooms in magnifying + has 3 other monitors showing mythological d-vice + randumb interviews w/ Tibetan monkeys clapping hands as punkshoeation to fillasofickle conundrums. Tel pressed a buttin + Vll in a sudden dare was a loud clanging of bells like he hit the jackpot. At 1<sup>st</sup> he figgered it was part of the xhibit, or dat suml had come too close to "art" Ls-where in the museo + triggered n alarm. So he kept playin' around w/the electronic Thangka + the security guard aks ¿Qué haces pynchon buey? + Tel joint the masses outside + watched turtles in the pond as bombero commandos stormed the edifice to assess the situation. When the coast was clear we get ushered back in to a wedding rehearsal dinner in ½ » bay, wich was

uneventful. Their father was getting marred again to sum woman they'd never met. For that matter Sisyphus himself had just bumped into her in his crosswalk the day b4. Her name was Calypso (not from the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor). Next mourning Tel was sposed to pick Ulysses up @ SFO... he called @ 06:55 + woke Us up. U's flight from LAX was @ 7 so obviously he missed it, but came an hour later on standby + they drove to ½ » bay for the Real deal. Rainclouds rolled in so they had the wedding in the bar (same as Pen's 2<sup>nd</sup> suitor (the fireman/surfer)).

~~Then re-occured the x'd-out episode we recordid ya on page 256.~~

B-sides subways that re-emurge in unlikely spots, chairlifts + gondolas = another re-ocuring theme fore Tel. Typickly when he hops on 1 dare aint even any snow on the lower slopes, or even up top, like the time Penelope took Tel + Us to Squaw Valley + they saw the remnant wreckage of the cable car crash from a few months before (April 1978)... perhaps what put chairlifts + gondolas on Tel's sonar. The bar where the wedding took place was at the Mavericks lodge, where big wave surfers waited out storms before being towed by jet skis out to the break. Tel + Us hopped the rope toe up a gradual slope that ended up being a natural ampitheatre in L.A. where they saw *Rosencrantz + Guildenstern Are Dead* (1990) but never god past the part where Gary Oldman keeps flipping the coin, getting heads 91x in a row before Tel fell asleep, under hipnoses. Afterwords they go to an Irish bar where a drunk woman w/ hali-tosis grabbed Tel by the face + toll hym he looked like her worst enemigo then aksed hym to dance (he declined, as did U). They went back to Ulysess' flat + his roommate wanted them to take bong hits w/ him so he wouldn't feel like such a loser. When Tel woke up @ 7:30 the next morning this loser roommate was already drinking a bud. He got on the road again, I-I0 thru Phoenix, checking into an EZ-9 where we are now w/ hym, watching *Twilight Zone*<sup>135</sup>.

The next day ended up being an interview of sorts for a research position in a solar pyschics lab at U of A (which Tel ended up getting). On the weigh back to The Bay Area Tel glimpsed the Gran Cañon (for 1<sup>st</sup> time) just for a split second before she disappeared into clouds + fog + then he plodded on in Penelope's Ford Tempo, strait into a blizzard, snow now sticking to the road + windshield + hit's now dark btw. No chains or

<sup>134</sup> «Kiss + Ride» = a term only scene in plazes dat don't speak inglish, como Bologna or Brussels, tho the term 1<sup>st</sup> appeared in a 20 Jan 1956 report in the L.A. Times.

<sup>135</sup> The 1960 episode (#40) about the misanthrope paranoid dat all his machines are conspiring against him + in the end his car chases him down into a swimming pool where he drowns, perhaps inspired by Keith Moon, tho dat infamous event wasn't til his b-day in 1967 + he never did drive the Rolls into the pool + died 11 years later in 1978 when he OD'd on an alcahole-withdrawl drug.

## Bowhouse

other precautionary measures. W/ headlights it/ looks like he's going thru hyperspace. "White on white, translucent black capes". He spots sum red taillights (big semi) + drives right behind, follows red velvet lines in the black box til he got to the 40, then found another set of red lights to follow + segues despacio to Flagstaff. On the raydio Boss sang "a sign said Canadian border 5 miles from here. I pulled over 2 the side of the highway + watched his taillights disappear."

The 1<sup>st</sup> place Tel stopped had no rooms. Then we find a run-down motel, ring the bell + a Hindu women emurges, all bundled in winter whether gear + out of place, strait out of a late-night TV movie we fell asleep to 4 yrs later that we can't quiet place, where a plane crashes into Mt. Blanc + 2 brother mountaineers go to rescue her.<sup>136</sup> Tel cud smell wafts of curry coming from the room behind the orifice. She aks him x2 if he was alone, looking over his sholder, claiming peephole often lie to get a cheaper rate, so he shows her inside the car + the trunk even. She gave Tel a room w/ 2 beds + told him to sleep in just 1 of 'em + not to make a mess! "Yes ma'am!" said Tel. He aks'd if dare was a good place to git sum grub hoping she might offer him sum of dat yummy smelling curry, but she directed him to a stakehouse w/ a huge plastic cow out front. Go figger.

Next mourning Tel pushed on, tho it was still snowing, even when he got down to 5,000 ft, then 4,000,... @ 3,000 the snow started to taper off. He hit the Hoover dam, "lots of tourists + cement" was about all he had to ssey in his journal. Then on to Vegas, where he watched dipressed idiots gamble, "always the 1s who can't afford to." He limited himself to \$4, changed to quarters + played slots for 3 hrs @ 1 pt was up \$15-20 then quit when he got back to \$4. More snow in

<sup>136</sup> *The Mountain* (1956) w/ Robert Wagner (the younger brash + greedy brother who dies) + Spencer Tracy (the older wise brother who wants to let the crash site stand as it's own burial ground)). When they reach the wrecked plane they find the injured Indian woman (the lone survivor). Wagner wants to leave her to die (his real motive is to steal money + jewels + doesn't want her as witness), but Tracy insists on bringing her down the mountin. On desent, Wagner ignores his older brother's warning + a'tempts to cross an unsafe snowbridge, falling to his deaf. When Tracy gets the woman to his villedge, he tells every 1 dat it was his idea to scale the mountin to rob the plane + forced his younger brother to go w/ him but his friends know bedder. The movie's based on *La neige en deuil*, a 1952 French novel by Henri Troyat, wich was inspired by the crash in 1950 of Air India Flight 245—the "Malabar Princess". Then 16 yrs later in 1966—again in reality (check Inurnet if u don't beleave us)—Air India Flight 101 crashed into the side of Mt. Blanc @ the x-act same spot. Then in September 2013, a climber discovered a cache of jewlurey speculated to have bin a board 1 of the 2 Air India flights, exactly 1 yr after Tel wint to the top of Mt Blanc w/ his bedder-½ Nausicaa still searching for lord nose what ([http://5cense.com/12/aplineal\\_2.htm](http://5cense.com/12/aplineal_2.htm))

the Mojave. He d-sided to go all the weigh > Barstow > Bakersfield > 46 + finally the 5... conveyor belt sweeping hym home, like a rat on a wheel, on cruz cuntroll. Diffrent weigh then he came... 10 > 17 > 179 > 89 > 180 > 64 > 40 > 93 > 15 > 58 > 99 > 46 > I-5 > 152 > 1 > 17 > 280. No eating cuz dat makes u sleepy. Loats of coffee. He was taking the lid off when red lights of highway patrolman appear in rear vu merehorror. Trooper analyzes his movements, smells his breadth, sez he was swerving. "Sorry occifer, was getting the lid coff my offee." He walks the lines + stands on 1 foot w/ flying colures. When the cop herd he was driving from Tuscon he tole Tel to take a brake, rest his legs. After dat Tel was paranoid, was he driving in a dream state, ¼-asleep @ the wheel? His mined was 2 busy to nod off, thinking about the route, the metaphorical x-roads, what to do w/ his life: 1) Get a job. 2) Go to Argentina. 3) Take GRE. 4) Take E+M [Electricity + Magnetism] at UCSC spring quarter. 5) Take QM [Quantum Mechanics] at Bezerkley over the summer. 6) Work @ Folk Art. 7) See solar eclipse on July 10 [1991]. How cd he manage all this? Step 1, buy a VW Combi. He can live in SC, then Bezerkley, drive down to Mexico, then to Tucson... if--the big IF--he scores high enough on GREs + takes those classes. The strongest pool he feels rite now is to get far away from 2063 Santa Cruz [his grandmar's house]. It's toxic! He needs indiapendence. Si va a Argentina can't be til after GREs + U of A stuff gets squared away + he needs dinero for Vll this. That's when he tossed coins @ the crossroads + slept @ Casa de Fruta. Results from the toss (reprinted from <http://5cense.com/18/587.htm>):

3. Self-contemplation: to decide one's way.  
At a point of transition, at a crossroads, self-contemplation means over-coming the naive egotism that sees everything from one's own standpoint. By reflection, one acquires objectivity. Self-knowledge is not self-preoccupation but, rather, concern about the effects one creates. It is only by the effects that our lives produce that we can judge whether we should advance or retreat.

Shape is tower or vicariously Platform (solar observatory)  
has double meaning - Seemly - and being seen  
"A good wise ruler Contemplates the laws of the heavens above and the ways of the people below (This ties in with Studying Physics but at the same meeting the moral obligation of making this a better place - environmental problem etc.). The Sacred Rites, in China, began with Ablution, a Cleansing (Selfish education or travel), by which the dirty was washed after which an offering was made (a moral \* (There was just a large earthquake)

no need to inkloot inny of dis

He slept there for the noche en L coche. Next day he had to go to Santa Cruz to get an unoffishull copy of his transcript, no point in driving in to The Bay Area. Casa de Fruta plays psycho muzac on purpose in the parking lot to keep bums from sleeping there, bud Tel sort of dug it, made for twisted dreams. Wakes @ 7 a.m. after a restful but cold sleep. Gets to UCSC rite @ 9 when they opened. [... omit burrocrazy u don't need to know about, suffice to ssey...] he got his transcript... but his GPA? What shd he tell U of A? "Tell them Santa Cruz don't give grades." Made photocopies, all 42 pgs. [we'd inkloot a scan of at least 1, but can't find no record of said transcript.]

By the time Tel was out of there it was 11:00. Went back to Menlo Park + had Vietnamese w/ Penelope then to the bank w/ her. Quite the spectacle. He took a seat + watched vicariously, pertending he dint know her. [we're also omitting the mean description of Penelope's interaction in bank, to protect the innerscent or living or however the sane goes] The teller + every 1 else in line stares in disbelief. "But hey, that's my mom" he writes, proud of the fact. He'd rather have her then some AR [anal-retentive] prim + proper housewife w/ a buffon hairdo. Occurs to hym she's a female version of Ignatius T. Reilly. Then Tel takes Penelope to the airport to go to Argentina for a few weeks, preseeding his trip.

On 24 April 1991 he took the GREs. Then on April 30 (Ulysses's b-day) Tel took off for L.A., stayed @ U's new plaze above a carneceria, but like the Casa de Fruta, we talked ya bout that 4 pgs ago... tho we niglected to mention that they hung out w/ Spike Jones + that Penelope was also there. Tel noted in his journal that it was weird to be around both Pen + Us @ the same time, everything turned into an argument w/ them. That the soul thing they shared in comun was a propensity to exaggerate. He also noted ~~that the night before his flight to Buenos Aires he crashed w/ Alex Cox [director of Sid + Nancy (1986) + Repoman (1984)] since Cox lived near the airport.~~

Then Tel travels around Argentina + Chile: <http://5cense.com/18/594.htm>. In S. M. de L. A. he finds a lock of Calypso's hare, long + auburn-burgundy. The hares had secret power when he waved them around, like magnetic field lines. They had bewitching potential to cast spells but he dint use them. For a while he drove a Ford Falcon w/ his head out the window cuz the de-froster din't work + then

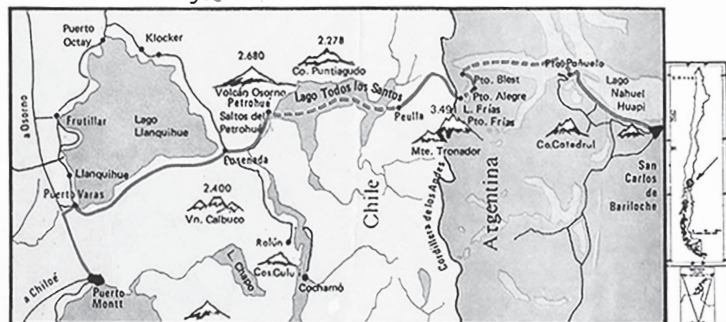
he dropped himself off in the Kiss + Ride lot (not the same 1 mentioned before) + got a pullman to Chile. He had a seat in the back, w/ a borrowed sky-blue down jackit. A'cording to him they flew down bumpy dirt roads in darkness, every 1 in cold sighlents, hands in pockets, sholders hunched up. The bus was all run down + crumby, no heat, etc. but it did have an esspresso mashine built into the dashbored... get yer priorities strait! They got to a roadblock + MPs (PMs en spañole) w/ mashine guns maid every 1 get off + stand in line just to state their name + age. They let every 1 Ls back on the bus 'cept Tel, they said (in perfect english) that his personal data didn't jive w/ the autobus manifest. The only remaining passenger was named Isreal, witch wasn't Tel's name. So Tel was back to hitch-hiking. He stood for over an hour in the rain when finally a father + abuelo w/ 2 obedient blonde kids picked him up. The padre said he used to be an 'autostopista' + that's why he picked Tel up. Does every 1 need n x-cuse? Tel was tired but felt obligated to make small tock + was also afraid to fall asleep for fear he'd wake up in an axident... ain't that how it always happens?

He told the lot of 'em about the re-occurring dream we kept halving how we go skiing w/ Ulysses + Circe + the lower slopes are barren so we take a cable car over that part to axsses the upper runs. And then how there's an axident of sum sort that wakes hym up... well, this is x-actly what happ-end! They got to the Chapelco ski resort + had to take a gondola to the upper slopes cuz there was scarce a trace of snow on the lower slopes. From dare they cd take chairlifts, como Tel's sueño exactomundo. It had Tel preocupado cuz he couldn't recall how the dream ends, x'cept malamente, a premonition of disaster. So Tel loosens his bindings so he wouldn't brake a leg + was in generule being extra cautious, to an absurd extent. No era mucho nieve perro la vista era buena, so he sses. Us + Circe were skiing off ahead of him, then he saw Circe wipe out. When he got to her, she (all nonchalant) said her sholder was dislocated + she needid to put it back in place. Us bunny-hopped back up + guided her how to do it, since Us dislocated his sholder all the time. they had trouble getting her jacket off tho. Circe stood up + her arm was dangling limp, hanging just by the skin. She said she felt a great deal of pain + dizzy + looked white as a ghost. Tel went to go look for a ski patrol. He found a type w/ a walkie-

not yet... this was in 1995 after coming back from the film in France.

talkie that called another typo who showed up on a snowmobile + took Circe + Us down to el medico, leaving Tel to take the lift down by himself, wich was also strait outta his sueño. By the time he got down, an ambulance had already taken her to the hospital so Tel + Us resumed skiing... why not? Nothing else they could due + they'd already paid for the lift ticket. They took the gondola back up over the snowless lower slopes. Tel was less preoccupied now w/ himself wiping out, so he switched to telemark skis to free up his heals... tho by now it was snowing so the kind powder would brake your fall.

Asi they telemark-ski'd knee-deep powder til it got dark. By now white-out cunditions. Then they drove to the hospital to check up on Circe but U'sses white Toyota truck slid off the road + into a ditch so they had to put chains on. All the cars that passed them also slid off the road. They became a group of 12 men taking turns pushing eachother's coches out of ditches + leap-frogging farword in a full-on blizzard, Indian-sprinting onelie to halve the next v-uckle slide into the ditch + block the weigh. So Us put her in riverse + drove backwoods til Tel saw a Mapuche family hitch-hiking + insisted they pick 'em up + since it was Tel's idea Us made Tel sit atras so the pregnant mother could sit in front. So Tel huddled in back w/ the red-nosed kids + the poncho-wearing padre who talked about all their amigos + loved ls who died on this very stretch of road they drove on in similure cunditions, still backwoods in riverse. Ulysses dropped them off at the bus station. Telemachus hopped out of the back to get in front but Us took off w/o him so Tel joined the Mapuche family. They took the mixed boat + bus route between Argentina + Chile:



Dat's when Tel nodded off on the poolman + woke up in Chile, on the fairy across Lago Todos los Santos. Then he fell asleep again + woke up on a saleboat in the high seas of Baja as it came into a calm harbor + woke up in Ensenada... *Chile*. Apparently the bus dropped him off rite there on the side of

the road + he bivouacked til it got light + he cd see to climb Mt Osorno. He was hungry so ate a bunch of little red berries called "murtas" witch loculs told him were OK to eat. Then he set off towards Osorno, looking like a cupcake w/ vanilla icing dripping down the sides. The ground was volcanic pumice + ash + the flora eventually faded into a jagged lunar landscape w/ inkreasing patches of snow. By the time Tel got to the ski resort it was a 45° ash cone. He got to the end of the glacier + figured rather than climb Osorno he'd *circumnavigate* it since he was ill-prepared + alone. Then sum wild Brazilian hippy came skipping down the mountan, leaping + landing on his culo in the snow, hooting + hollering. He stopped + aksed Tel if he'd seen his son but din't seem too concerned when Tel said no. The Brazilian said he made it quase ao topo, to the point where there was lots of placks + cruces for them who'd died trying to climb the volcano. He told Tel he was ketching a bus at the x-roads going to Santiago so Tel joined hym, running down, sliding in the snow + ash. Well, the bus was over an hour late. They walked back + froth on the roadside cuz if they stood in 1 place the mosquitoes swarmed them. Kids were taking turns ridng a big pig. Tel tripped out on the fact that their solid presence stomping on the hard pavement cd be a'counted for by atoms + photons yielding their reality... he tried to convey this to the Brazilian hippy whose name was John Roberts, mas ele não fala inglês nem espanhol, at least not enough to git past baysic communecakeshun. The Brazilian spoke portugeese wich Tel cd ½-comprehend + spoke back in spañhole wich this hippy ½-understood + thus they arranged to take catnaps in 15 minit shifts so they wouldn't miss the bus. Tel went 1<sup>st</sup> but rite away woke up in a shopping mall where a-parently he'd fallen down + knocked himself out cuz a couple was chasing Tel, trying to kill him. Tel jumped into an unmarked cab but the couple continued to pursue him on a Harley, trying to bounce off walls to cause a traffic jam. Tel hopped out + climbed up a wall, ending up in an intl airport he dint know wich cuz all aeroportos look el mismo. He ran thru the checkpoint cuz he wanted to be arrested--better that then killed by the crazed couple! But airport security wouldn't arrest him, they just laughed + din't let em thru. When he pooled out his ID it was the taxi driver's + they maid fun of Tel's photo.

wood bee

The 2 assassins who was a'tempting to kill Telemachus walked all casual thru the detector, glaring @ Tel as they passed, then boredid the plane. The security gaurd toll Tel he was in the rong terminul, that his flight was domestic, wich suited Tel fine since he din't want to go into the terminul w/ the couple that was pursuing him. He got on the air-train to the domestic terminal, which ended up being a REEL train, from Temuco to Santiago, Chile. He had a row to himself so was able to lie down + doormirror, using his mochila as a pillow so nobody wood rob him blind. A wolf in a sheepskin coat sat across from him, tipped his hat + said "my name is Nobody, how do u do?" witch woke Tel w/ a start. The train was stopped @ some non-descript town outside of Santiago + there was a lot of commotion outside. After a while (he tried to ask the conductors what was going on but they acted like he din't Exist) Tel found out there was a huelga, a Railway strike. There was a movement afoot to disembark, so Tel goes w/ the flow in a gathering mass Exitus. The masses gradually disband into varyus busses. Tel finally found 1 going to "El Centro". When he got there he found a hotel, took a shower + then a nap.

He soñared he was sposed to catch a plain to China but packed his passport into the bag he checked + didn't notice til he was going thru Chilean emigrations + they aksed for it + he tried to x-plane that he axidentally packed it in his checked baggedge. They couldn't even pull his bag off the plane cuz he couldn't prove who he was so as far as he knew his passport wint to China w/o him. He woke up in a sweat, then explored downtown Santiago... Natl history museum, Bellas Artes, Plaza de Armas, etc. He met sum loco who said he was an english maestro + aksed Tel for 200 pesos + when Tel said no the supposed teacher inkwired if Tel liked cold hogwah. "To drink?" Tel asked, sumwhat confused. "To beber, bathe, lo que sea," answeared the teacher. Tel said no, that he liked her caliente. The maestro seamed put off by this, scratched his noggin pensively, flipped thru a cuaderno of hand-scribbled notes, then pregrunted if Tel liked day sports. "As opposed to what," answered Tel, "night skiing?" The maestro consulted his notes + shook his cabeza. Nun of this jived w/ whatever responses he was expecting. In the ensuing confusion Tel x-cused hisself, said

"tengo un gran hombre". He wint down to the harbor + watched the tide rise b-tween the rocks, leaving him dizzy, seasick sin being at sea. He got back on the bus (apparently this was just a 15-minute pit stop) + it was hot + muggy. They rode past more eerie ghost towns w/ eroded adobe walls, rusted out mining equip + Railroad trax 1/2-buried in sand leading to nowhere. By now we're in the Atacama, the purest of desserts. There's areas ware it has never bin known to rain + wear no plant or animal life can be found or has ever Existed for dat matter. Sumtimes rocky, sumtimes sandy. A veces flat, a veces mountainous, bud never inny vida vegetal, xcept in empty washes. 1 cañon in pertickler was spectacular, huge + deep, but lacked the rugged erosiveness of other cañons, like The Grand 1. She was just a smooth valley cuz it don't rain hear, no feeder cañons + erosion to create the shape of how normuley we expect cañons to bee. The rio comes off the cordillera (donde hay un river, when it snows up dare). Vll the mountains are just piles of dust + sand dat defy intuition as it seams they'd erode + cause landslides into the bus... but dare's no reign, imagine dat! They passed some geoglyphs visible from the road, but the bus din't stop for nada, ox.

La Paz, Bolivia--June 12 [1891] ([//5cense.com/18/603.htm](http://5cense.com/18/603.htm)): [...] + then there was a bang in Telemachus' cabeza como fuse blowing, followed by an encompassing buzz that started in his ears + spread throughout his cuerpo--an Vll sensory buzz. He was hellucinating w/ ojos closed, his Bw/Ody tingling, a strange smell... o-zone? Every bump (we're now on a shitty dirt road) turned into sound, in color, that Tel cd see + feel bouncing in his noggin. He was no longer cold as a prickly sweat came over him. At 1<sup>st</sup> it weren't so bad, like bean comfortably numb. He let her pool him unconchus, tho not quiet asleep. He slipped in + out of conchusnest, time took on a new dimention. Then Telemachus "woke up" + todo was still + sighlent 'cept for the bus ingene idling. He looked up front + the driver was passed out w/ his head on the wheel. Doormirrored, or had we bin in an axident? Every 1 Ls on the poolman was asleep... or muerto? Royaly eerie, like weed all died + now Tel was a ghost of hisself observing the scene. This grup of 25 or so people era como 1 organismo, a hive, crossing the Andes in a dilapidated

old bus. Nothing like the modern coaches of Chile, this was the Real Sur America. Tel's head was buzzing in unison w/ the ingene. The son just starting to rise. He scraped the ice off the window to try make a peephole + noticed a few adobe huts + a lago + sum towering volcanos coming to light in the distints. The driver's sidekick eventually woke up + started grunting for pasaportes. Using the luggage rack, Tel pulled himself out of his seat cuz he had to take an excruciating piss. He stepped outside + was hit w/ a blast of bitter-cold air that smelt soulfurry. We'd hit 5,000 meters! The lake was the highest in L moondough (Titicaca = the highest "navigable" l). There was a few ducks dunking into the marshy lagoon + sum llamas chewing cud. The rest of the autobus followed suit + dispersed to P + breathe fresh but freezing aire. The sky was dry + vacuous, quasi non-Existent. U had to eat hit in big gulps. Then we wint thru all the EXIT Chile formalities--they hassled the "other Derek" about the mountain bike he was lugging around so he "tipped" them. Then we continued a little further to enter Bolivia formalities. Era a little restraunt w/ T + rice. 1 of the British blokes was busy puking his guts out wile the others smoked cigarettes + complaned about how sick they was. Even sum of the locals was puking, they git sick going down to see level + then got to readjust. Every 1 sat around w/ heads in they're hands. 5,000 meeters was as high as weed get, wich was a bit comforting. From hear we'd continue at about 4,000 meters.

The next day seamed an eternidad, every momento etched pane in Tel's SSES-OS. He had a splitting headache, felt nauseaus + the bus was shaking todo loose in his fragile bag of bones. The "road" was a bumpy rut thru a river wash. It got a bit warmer when the sun rows, but this brought dust that billowed into the bus + coated todo moondough, making it even harder to breathe. Tel mustered to disfruit the vista as mush as possible out the dusty ventana but couldn't bare to keep his ojos open. Era vast plains con clumps of grasses + llamas grazing + an occasional adobe abode, whose tan-white walls + thatched roofs + crosses blended into the vast land set against blue sky. We'd pass Indian moohairs w/ colorfull ropa, bolo hats + kids rapped on their backs, casually sitting out in the middle of nowhere, picking at the dirt, lost in

thought. What kind of Realidad they must halve, Tel can't muster to imagine. Era un moohair w/ a bebe on the bus, s/he just hung there, eyes wide open + the whole trip s/he din't cry at all. Did these Indios even have bodily functions to tend to? Didn't the bebe need to make caca or p-p or get hungree? Or did it just poop in the manta? The manta Tel figgered he cd get 100s of dollhairs for selling it to Penelope (who'd turn around + resell it for 4x as much at Folk Art Intl). Most every 1 except the gringos had the ability to doormirror thru the n-tire trip... or maybe they all just had their eyes closed like Tel, wishing he was dead or anywhere but where we was.

This carried on for an eternity. Tel had to invent mind games to alleviate the torture. He concentrated on the suffering + discomfort, tried to abstract it into a novelty. He maneged to get into a meditative state where he cd just sit sighlent + get into the zone, thinking u no, it cd be worse... u cd have to puke right dare on the bus, u cd have uncontrollable diarrea w/ no toilet. Tel was lucky, at least he cd just sit + not have some uncontrollable violent bodily function to tend to. He played other head games, invented hypothetical situations in his mined, what ifs. His life flashed before his eyes. He considered all the situations so far remooved from where he was now, what folk he knew were doing @ that x-act instant + weather they had a clue as to the agony he was enduring + then it wd trip him out where he was. This went on forever. Eyes open, eyes closed, what if, what if, his mined rolling + bobbing about, leaching the atmosfear, conchus, unconchus... Vll converging, merging into 1 miserable state of being.

Finally we came to a town, strait out of sum Spaghetti Western, mud huts lined dusty roads all bleached in the blighty sun. Women + children ran to the doorways to check out the bus. Probly their sol connection to the outside moondough. The sleepy + serene pueblo broken by profound military presents. We pull INT.o a dusty plaza w/ a large white-washed coloneal church. Moss pasaport formalities. Them yung gringos was a funny lot, disheveled + grungy w/ dust coating their messy hairs + caked ova them faces. Polvo por todas parties. Kids gathered round + stared. Tel managed to find a soft drink (Inca Cola) that tasted como carbonated corn syrup, dyed the same

colore as anti-freeze. The 2 liters of H<sub>2</sub>O he brot had spilled in his pack + all over the floor of the bus. The Inca Cola made him sick, on the verge of puking. He'd burp + almost barf + have to swallow her down.

After trudging on for an eternity we stopped at a sumwhat established town + allowed to eat (around 4 in the afternoon by now). Tel had no appetite. He told the gringo group he might feel better if he thru up. He had no problems w/ this once he saw the desecrated hole in the ground overflowing w/ ... all the sugary syrup mixed w/ stomach acid came retching up. Then he mustered to eat a piece of pan but had to puke again. At least it was here + not on the bus, he figgered.

We got back on the road--paved now, but full of potholes + all these detours on dirt ruts. Tel was really nauseaus now + had to consintrate hard to not upchuck. Ahead we coud see the snowy cordillera, the eastern boundry of the Altiplano + what was obviously Mt Illimani looming majestic @ 6882 meters. Tel knew La Paz must be near, but still it seamed an eternidad. We came upon a dense conglomeration of mechanic shops + ugly cinder block homes on the outskirts. Tons of trucks + the air full of diesel smoke + dust. "Estamos aqui?" 1 of the gringos aksed. The bus driver smiled smugly + said no. We came over a rise, on the edge of the plane + there she was... The bus driver grinned proud now, no need for palabras. There was La Paz nestled below in a pit between towering montañas, adobe dwellings all clustered on the slopes. It was dusk + the twinkling lights of the city were brilliant. Big matchbox looking skyscrapers + rows of geometric casas + calles set against the jagged disorderly cordillera. Como un sci-fi movie prop. Telemachus couldn't really enjoy it cuz of an excruciating urge to vomit.

We wound down thru the ciudad to the station. Tel ran off the bus to the nearest baño, almost puked on the attendant while paying. There was 8 stalls, each filled w/ disgusting diarrhea. He was in a panic trying to find clean porcelain. Finally he just let loose a hose of licquid on the floor next to a backed up hole. "Definitely 1 of the lowest momentos of my life," he wrote in his journal from witch this is adopted.

Tel shared a cab to "casa gringo" as todo mundo calls her--trippy ol colonial bldg w/ 3 stories of rooms around a courtyard +

roofed in stained glass thru witch u can see the church steeple. Bohemian travellers w/ long hair + wooly Peruvian sweaters clustered on inner balconies playing guitar or doodling poetry in notebooks + chatting about travelling, it was totally like, "Nigel! Fancy meeting u here! Missed u by a week in Caracas!" Everybody coincidentally running into people they knew, sseying "small world" when really it's not in the gringo circuit. Tel got a room to himself + went into seclusion. Threw up a few more times + tried to doormirror, in 2 hr intervals, waking w/ a ripping headache, mustering to force hogwah into his dehydrated frame only to puke or piss it back out.

And ½ the next day L mismo... finally he forced himself up, knowing that if he puked he'd have about 20 minutes of a semi-tolerable state to go find a banana + mineral water. Just walking 1 block u get out of breath, gulping for oxygen that hardly Exists. A farmacia gave him a contra-vomitar pill + sum sorojche for his headache + mal de altura. Sorojche's a natural herb used by Incans for attitude sickness. Then she told Tel to eat boiled pollo + water-based galletas. He took the pills + fell asleep. Woke up + still felt ill but believed in the pill + willed himself to not puke, then took the sorojche + wint to get some chow. Next door was a chifa run by a Chinees family who all sat around 1 table watching T.V. + smoking, drinking T + chatting w/ the help hired to serve on the customers + themselves. Consome de pollo! Just what the doctor ordered. Looked appetizing, except for the fatty chicken. All he cd manage to eat was sum of the broth + a few noodles. Every 1 in the chifa was ranting on about what Tel shd + shdn't eat, how he shd drink cocaine T, another remedy used by Indians for mal de altura + general fatigue + discomfort. Tel figgered the last thing he needed was a stimulant, but when the leaves are used for T it's actually verry soothing + relaxing + went well w/ his papaya juice. Now he's set--although Tel still don't feel so great, at least now he don't feel like he wants to die. Such is the history of riding the porcelain toilet, on your knees in sum strange land. "Where am i anyway?" he wrote [see next page]. "It almost feels like i'm in Nepal"@ which pt. his journal d-gresses into 4 pgs of coin rubbeings + mathematical equations: [see next pg]

~~was~~ was a stimulant - but when the leaves are used for tea it's actually very soothing and relaxing and it went well with my Papaya Juice. Now i'm set - although i don't feel great i don't feel like i want to die. Such is the history of using the Porcelain toilet on your knees in some strange land. Who am i anyways? It almost feels like i'm in Nepal. -195

$$\sum \frac{n}{n!} = \frac{n}{n!} + \frac{n(n-1)}{n!} + \frac{n(n-1)(n-2)}{n!} + \frac{n(n-1)(n-2)(n-3)}{n!} + \dots$$

$$\begin{aligned} 4^{th} \text{ apprx} &= \cancel{n^4} + n^3 - 2n^2 - \cancel{n^2} + 2n + (n^3 - 2n^2 - n^2 + 2n)(n-3) \\ &= \cancel{n^4} - 2n^2 + 2n + \frac{n^4 - 8n^3 - 2n^3 - 6n^2 - 3n^2 + 2n - 6n}{n!} \\ &= \frac{1644}{1764} = \frac{n^4 - 5n^3 - 9n^2 - 4n}{n!} \quad \text{What the fuck?} \end{aligned}$$

Why is the Mass of the Muon Exactly  $206$  times that of the Electron  $???$

Then Tel recalled that 206 is 1 of the indices of the series:

$$\begin{aligned}\sum n/n! &= e \\ \sum n^2/n! &= 2e \\ \sum n^3/n! &= 5e \\ \sum n^4/n! &= ??e \\ \sum n^5/n! &= 52e \\ \sum n^6/n! &= 206e\end{aligned}$$

Tho he din't have his textbooks or a calculator to verify this. He thought it was cool cuz 206 is the rayshow of muon mass/electron mass + if he knew more about partickle psychics maybe the rest would fit. Then he muses on about the # 2 + how todo comes in pairs. Maybe if our # system was base-2 Vll these #s wd make sense + the reason 4 Vll this cunfution is cuz sum idiot ages ago figured 10 seemed a reasonable # to base hour #'ing system on, since we got 10 digits. Right? Good thing he weren't no leper or we'd really be cunfused! And too bad he weren't no 2-toed sloth cuz then we'd be true mashenes.

[illegible]

$$= (0! - 1! + 2! - 3! + 4! - 5! + 6!)n + (1 - (2+1!)) + (3 - (2+1!)) + 2! + 4[3 \cdot (2+1!) + 2!] + 3,$$

Back to realidad--Tel woke up + wint to get sum salteñas. The dude said eran de verdura but they also had all sorts of gross animal partes. Tel spent most of the day dealing w/ burrocratic B.S. trying to get a flight home [we'll spare u the bloody d-tails]. Then he went to the mercado de las brujas w/ the "other Derek" [~~actually every 1 called Tel the "other Derek" since most met the other Derek 1<sup>st</sup>~~]. The Reel Derek was a trip, total waste case, not so far off from Keanu Reeves in *Bill + Ted's Excellent Adventure* (1989), but much grungier. The Indian women were freaking out over his dreads + he was explaining (in glish) that "it was, like, an accidente," that he like din't have shampoo + his hares just started to get all natty. This did little to alleviate their confusion. The other Derek's a geology major (but took a year off cuz he couldn't deal). We kept running into these funny old men selling fossils + stones + arrowheads + other Derek is all "whoa, check out the trilobites man, trippy, they're like totally Paleolithic. And these arrowheads are

fensidar... Sweeeeeet!" And everything to him is \_\_\_\_\_ head. Tel said he didn't like wool + other Derek goes, "u mean u ain't a wool-head? That's cool, i still dig u, man."

Fizzickly Tel feels much bedder except it's still impossible to walk 1 block w/o being toetally out of breath, the norm at these altitudes. Other Derek + him got sum coca leaves + banana ash (quina). The ash helps to liberate the alkaloid (cocaine). Pony 10 leaves in yo boca + let em soak for a few minutos then put a pinch of ash between yo cheek + gum. At 1<sup>st</sup> tastes like bitter shit til sum reaction happens + hit tastes kinda minty. Yr mouth goes numb then u get a generule sense of well-bean, insensitive to pane, cold, hunger, angziety + generule hardship... or so they ssey. It did give Tel mor enurgey walking a round + maid his dolor de cabeza go away + he was feeling not bad, but maybe he's just acclimatizing? He dint feel hit impaired his Realidad at Vll + he din't feel amped or nada. Mientras tonto otro Derek's going-- "shit this sucks, freebasing's the onely weigh to go" in his crass Amerikin waste-case drawl. Luckily other Derek ignored all the offers for cocaine, marijuana, narcoticos, etc. that was bean whispered to us left + rite in hushed tones, along w/ offers to exchange dollhairs, get chicas, donkey rides, etc. Sleazy street hustlers por todos partes. At least other Derek had sense enough to live up to his mantra: "anything gose, just don't sniff it up your nose, dooooood!"

It was around this time that Tel figgered out dat the best weigh to wash yo ropa is to just wear 'em into the shower, that weigh u can effectively scrub the parts u know is dirty. Felt kind of weird tho, walking into shower fully clothed.

Adaptid June 14 [1991]--

La Paz don't conjure up n imedge of peace. There's soldiers por todos partes w/ mashene guns + bazookas, running in troop formation + staking out coroners. Y'erday we saw a fight, 2 guys beating the living shit out of 1 another + when people tried to break it up the large crowd of observers told them not to innerfear. Then Telemachus was walking down the street minding his one bizness when this guy throws his arms around him like he tripped, but duh it was toetilly obvius. Dare was nada in Tel's pockets to take. Then sum drunk man staggered into the main drag halting traffic + causing an axident. He twirled round + passed out in front of a bus, his head hitting the ground w/ a loud thud. Todo mundo on the sidewalk laughed, eventually a policeman pulled him

to the side + left him there. Tel also saw a guy right in front of him get hit by a slow-moving van. He just bounced off w/ a thud + kept walking. Then Tel wrote more stuff about military paraids + his travel arrangements + how the agent he was working with was sweet on him + he wanted to aks her out on a date.

Then Tel left La Paz on a bus twards Peru, going up + up back to snow level at 5,000 meters. Brilliant vistas of lake Titicaca + isla del sol, where the sun was sposedly born, giving rise to the Incan ppl. And the snow-capped Andes + Illimani. The bus stopped in Copacabana for over an hour where Telemachus ate a "most excellent" trucha w/ arroz + papas. Then we hit the Peruvian frontear-- the bus kept stopping everywhere annoying the Limeño turistas. Then Bolivian emigration + exit customs, Peruvian immigration + aduana. Each time they took all our bags down + every 1 freaked out making sure they kept an eye on them. Then change dinero... Tel gave her \$20 + got 16,000,000 Intis... "fucking millionaire!" he figured. It's impossible to keep track of what's what--u halve to count Vll the zeros... + to think they still got 10 inti notes (i.e. 1/10,000 of a cent).

In 1986 there was 17 intis to \$1 US dollhair

" 1989	" 8,000	"	"	"	"
" 1990	" 62,000	"	"	"	"
" 1991	" 852,000	"	"	"	"

... + Tel thought Mexico was bad [he lived there in 1982]! The next part of the ride along the lake was mesmerizing (we now halve a window seat). In most plazes la costa no is very destink + has reeds growing far out into the hogwah + up onto land. Era expansive flat stretches near the shores where most of the population conglomerated. Como encountering the Incan civilization for the 1° tempo. And a major grazing culture. Every 1 does their thing. They grow this type of grass, sometimes sweeping it up into bundles that dot the planes [draws pic]. They have sheep for wool, cows + pigs for food, burros for transport + llamas for tradition. Vll grazing juntos. They don't seam to halve land ownership even tho Vll tierra is in terraced plots. If they do we can't imagine how they keep track of who's livestock is whose. No fences except occasional precariously stacked stoned walls.

We got to Puno + todo mundo started panicking when the bags were loaded off the roof. "Cuidado por favor!" "Don't take your eyes off it, honey." And the local Peruvians crowded around hustling the gringos for lack of anything bedder to do. 1 type followed

Tel all the weigh into the hotel + wanted to come up to his room to sell him tren tickets, tours to the islas, ruinas, etc. All the bad reports Tel had herd a bout Peru made him totally paranoid. And cholera! Reports of it port todos partys. Sum chica tried to sell him chiclets + chocolate + he barked "no!" +

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^3}{n!} = \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{2^3}{2!} + \frac{3^3}{3!} + \frac{4^3}{4!} + \frac{5^3}{5!} + \dots$$

$$\frac{1}{n!} \left[ = 1 + \frac{2^2}{1!} + \frac{3^2}{2!} + \frac{4^2}{3!} + \frac{5^2}{4!} + \dots \right]$$

$$= \frac{1}{5!} + \frac{2}{5 \cdot 4 \cdot 3} + \frac{3}{5 \cdot 4 \cdot 2} + \frac{4}{5 \cdot 4 \cdot 2} + \dots$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n}{n!} = \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{2}{2!} + \frac{3}{3!} + \frac{4}{4!} + \frac{5}{5!} + \dots = e$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^2}{n!} = \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{2^2}{2!} + \frac{3^2}{3!} + \frac{4^2}{4!} + \frac{5^2}{5!} + \dots = 2e$$

$$= 2 \left( \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{2}{2!} + \frac{3}{3!} + \frac{4}{4!} + \frac{5}{5!} + \dots \right)$$

$$= \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{2}{1!} + \frac{3}{2!} + \frac{4}{3!} + \frac{5}{4!} + \dots$$

add 1 and increase upper indices by 1

with respect with lower

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^3}{n!} = \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{2^3}{2!} + \frac{3^3}{3!} + \frac{4^3}{4!} + \frac{5^3}{5!} + \dots = 5e$$

$$= 1 + \frac{2^2}{1!} + \frac{3^2}{2!} + \frac{4^2}{3!} + \frac{5^2}{4!} + \dots$$

add 1, increase upper indices by 1 and square

add 1; increase upper index by 1 and cube

$$1 \quad 2 \quad 4 \quad 8 \quad 16$$

$$1, \quad 2 \quad 5, \quad 15, \quad 52$$

$$4 \quad 14 \quad 51$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n}{n!} + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{1}{n!} = \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{2}{2!} + \frac{3}{3!} + \frac{4}{4!} + \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{1}{2!} + \frac{1}{3!} + \frac{1}{4!} + \dots$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n+1}{n!} = \frac{2}{1!} + \frac{3}{2!} + \frac{4}{3!} + \dots$$

Puno -> Cuzco, June 17. [1991]

Now we're flyin' thru the Altiplano de perU on this here train-o. S-o S. S-o S Real... s-o camino, dat is. Domingo we woke + went to Uros isla. Complete turist trap but where Ls can I see "floating i-lands" where actual peepole live? There was onely 4 or 5 other turistas so it weren't so bad. We just ain't shore these ppl wd live out here if it weren't for the gringos. The boat out took about un hora, thru swampy reeds + brilliant green-blue hogwah. We got to the dock (also made of bulrush reeds) + stepped onto soggy land. Actually the i-lands ain't really "floating" bud dead reeds piled in about 6 ft of water witch D-K to form an earthy oreganic base + the inhabitants just keep piling moss + moss by their bootstraps. Todos made of totora, the ground, houses, toto. It'd be hard to

she looked dejected + walked away + Tel felt bad cuz she was really cute so he flagged her down + said lo siento. She wanted to sell 1 pack for 25,000, 2 por 300,000 + 3 por 200,000 so Tel had to teach her how to add. [followed by a dozen or so more pages of equations + derivations w/ postcards sandwiched between:]

$$1.712$$

$$1+1, 1+2, 1+4, 1+8$$

$$\frac{n! \cdot n^2}{n!}$$

$$(n+1)(n+1)(n+1) \dots (n+1)$$

$$(n^2 + 2n + 1) \dots (n^2 + 2n + 1)$$

$$(n^3 + 3n^2 + 3n + 1) \dots (n^3 + 3n^2 + 3n + 1)$$

$$n^4 + 4n^3 + 6n^2 + 4n + 1$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n}{n!} = \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{2}{2!} + \frac{3}{3!} + \frac{4}{4!} + \frac{5}{5!} + \frac{6}{6!} + \dots$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^2}{n!} = \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{4}{2!} + \frac{9}{3!} + \frac{16}{4!} + \frac{25}{5!} + \frac{36}{6!} + \dots$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^3}{n!} = \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{8}{2!} + \frac{27}{3!} + \frac{64}{4!} + \frac{125}{5!} + \dots$$

$$1 + 1 + \frac{1}{2!} + \frac{1}{3!} + \frac{1}{4!} + \frac{1}{5!} + \dots$$

$$1 + \frac{2}{1!} + \frac{3}{2!} + \frac{4}{3!} + \frac{5}{4!} + \frac{6}{5!} + \dots$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^2}{n!} = 1 + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n+1}{n!} = 1 + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n}{n!} + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{1}{n!}$$

$$1 + \frac{2^2}{1!} + \frac{3^2}{2!} + \frac{4^2}{3!} + \dots$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^3}{n!} = 1 + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{(n+1)^2}{n!} = 1 + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^2}{n!} + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{2n}{n!} + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{1}{n!}$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^2}{n!} = 1 + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{1}{n!} + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n}{n!} = 2e$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^3}{n!} = (1 + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{1}{n!}) + (1 + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{1}{n!}) + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{2n}{n!} = 5e$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^4}{n!} = 1 + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{(n+1)^3}{n!} = 1 + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^3}{n!} + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{3n^2}{n!} + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{3n}{n!} + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{1}{n!}$$

$$= e + 5e + 3 \cdot 2e + 3 \cdot e = 15e$$

$$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^5}{n!} = 1 + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{n^4}{n!} + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{4n^3}{n!} + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{6n^2}{n!} + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{4n}{n!} + \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{1}{n!}$$

$$= e + 15e + 4 \cdot 5e + 6 \cdot 2e + 4e = 52e$$

hurt yourself it's all so suave. Good plaze for insane spastics, except for the drowning factor. When we arrived, there was a sporting event going on, stocky girls running around on squishy reeds playing volleyball. They're hole society revolves around these bulrush reeds, they also eat 'em, along w/ fish + ducks. They use totora as firewood + make cool boats out of them that sum kid took us for a ride in.

[...]

Things are changing now, we're going down, after being at 14,500 ft + there's actually trees. "S-O = the tempo + S-O = the record of \* the time... + espaci/o". Then Tel writes dat trains reveil the true nature of space-time + the life living a dentrow. Then he d-scribes sum of his fellow travellers, wich we won't bother to transcribe akey, x-cept to ssey

\* From "From the Air" (1981) by Laurie Anderson

Buck Max<sup>137</sup> = "a James Joyce type," clean-cut but w/ long hair, from England. Buck believes in evolution but not that we evolved from apes + dat we don't got soles. Tel's fellow travellers (inklooting us) Vll got dare packs rapped in flour sacks to prevent wood-bee thieves from unzipping em when u ain't looking. Sum even got an add'l layer of chicken-wire to keep 'em from bean sliced open! Upon arrival in Cuzco, we all cluster like ghostbusters (safety in #s) preparing for battle. "Ready boys? Watch your flanks!" The persons bringing up the rear walking backwoods. We left the station into the chaotic horde. Tel wasn't worried cuz he din't have nada to steal in the 1<sup>st</sup> place except a wad of toilet paper in his pocket he had for emergencies + his mochila was so small he wore it in front. After more mundane descriptions of these trustafairan travellers (wd be nice, right?) this journal ends.

Another journal (a green 1 that sses "Libro Auxiliar 80 - ED: Anotaciones varias rayado" on it) starts back up, in Cuzco, 20 June 1991. It opens w/ a "Preface note to the [illegible] edition" written by Malachi Mulligan<sup>137</sup> -----

\* ~~Now i god onership ova hr nombre (<http://5cense.com/19/626.htm>)--[...] For those coming from The Daily Noose of 5cense.com--hola! U r now in a hardbound book dat wheel probly be published come 2020 or so. 2020... crazy rite? Dat + bean bound b-tween paper pages [...] gitting a head of ourself. Premonition of nostalgia, what is. Rite now hit's 3<sup>rd</sup> of March, 2019. Rome. K S un "ides" innnyway? Et in medio mense. Meta del mess. Metal of the moth yo, re:volve to evolution. Ore evolve to molt, not so revolting, eh? Et tu, Brute? Biginning of d-cline of westurn sillyvization as we know hit + i feel fined. In the Reel moondough a Rom, preparing to shift back to D.C. from altered non-state of A.C. Penduloom swings [...] Palabra por pallbearer. Words for bedder or worse, thru thick + thin. Epic tail? Worth spilling out. Quid hoc sit. Perparing to no longer be in ital., ma per continue to scribe dentrow an udder open-ended level: « [??? knot shore watt wa was thinking...] [...] We're @ the x-act pt where Telemachus returns (ecco io, ciao! Nò slave yo). Epi 15 a'courting to our homie Homer. Joyce dint bother w/ dat # + 4 Us (in "SSEY") a' slight shift hapens sew 15 = 15 in our book, bud it's not the 3<sup>rd</sup> epi in 'SSES' 'SSES' "SSEY" but the 4<sup>th</sup>. Make cents? [...] Part of the holed up is dat in order to right this capitol we feel a need~~

to transcribe journals from the ODssey Tel took in the wake of his brother, Ulysses. What's the plural of Ulysses? The union generule + his sons + sons of sons,... how to reef 'er? Like now in *Finnegans Wake* he don't use no apostrophy. Ulyssesses? A long line of 'em. We carry the torch now, dat's what we doing a key hoy 2 day. Finishing the relay race for hour airmano to let lie. In the prosses of tilling hisstory of our trip to go looking for what Ulysses was looking 4, 4 hour lieboro we feel inklined to 1<sup>st</sup> transcribe said Real moondough journals from our personal liebury, of our journey. N Odsseyian gurney. Generation 2 generation. Take a blood sample from delta, Δ. Rate of change. Last we left off last november we wint from C level to 15,000 ft, from Chile to Bolivia, June 1991. Our journal endid on the shores of the highest navigable lake in L moondough, as we crossed the frontier INT.o Peru. Dat's what we doing ahora mismo, in prep to continue [...] Pallbearer for Candelabra. Liberate chi. C, we think bedder to inkloot prosses reveiled by rereading + drinking high © Kool-Aid. Whoa-indoozing. We dint know @ the time, stuck in L momento. Nod 2 menshun naïve. Not @ the nave, no hay capitan. A frayed knot wethered to tack whatever course the wind takes us. Man, rereading them @ least is transittidental, carries u back, -measured by Δ [...] Preparing to do hit when little due we now we haciendo ya, ha. Yah? The shift is on. Due we need inkloot hour left-field findings in Rail moondough to probe hit? Oui SSEY not! Factor in prossesing tempo + then [...] # crunching w/ luz loopey digits like Chuck Noblet... inkloot URL for bloody d-ales dat know dare writefool plaze in the now (stay tooned).

---> In his preface note to the [unintelligible] edition (<http://5cense.com/19/627.htm>)\*, Buck Mulligan said Tel ain't a typickle Amerikin u read about in a book comme ça. Dat Telemachus was a fellow conasewer of textiles + hand-woven matereals + how Cuzco was primo hunting ground for mantas. But t'aint no need to reiterate what's bin made publick ya at the above URL—run-of-the-mill drunken escapads of privileged trustafarians. After machU pic-chU, there train got d-railed + they git stuck at the "delightful little shithole" of Aguas Calientes, the hot springs where Shirley MacClaine famously had her outta Bw/Ody spearit quest (described in *Out on a Limb* (1983)-- huge inspiration to Penelope so Tel figgered he'd unchannel some of dis positive vortexual enurgy for hiss mum's sake). They had nada

<sup>137</sup> For clarity sake, we'll set Max = Buck, a.k.a. Malachi Mulligan—friend + fellow student of Deadalus (in *Ulysses*) + Joycean equivalent to Peisistratus, son of Nestor, who accompanied Telemachus on his gurney to find his father (in *The ODssey*).

\* Current plan (as of I2/I9/I9) is to cerealize this online I/5/20--4/30/20 followed by a print edition.

bedder to do than play quarters, but since no 1 had a US 25¢ piece they used a Peruvian 50 centimo coin, worth  $\frac{1}{2}$  an Inti<sup>138</sup>, or about 0.00000005 Amerikin cents. It was Buck's 1<sup>st</sup> time playing quarters (he was British + far from a frat boy) so on the 1<sup>st</sup> round he threw back the drink w/ virgin enthusiasm... + when he slammed the glass down the coin was gone. "Dooooooooood," said another Amerikin present, "u weren't sposed to drink the coin! That was our only 1." In his journal Telemachus didn't ssey mucho, but this coin-swallowing story was what sticks w/ us most 28 yrs later—how Buck (who he was sharing a hotel room with) sifted thru his caca cada mañana searching for the coin, which on top of bean worthless monetarily, had just before dare drinking game bin placed on the train tracks at Machu Picchu stn, adding addl incentive to recover said coin as a keepsake. Buck left a few dayz later back to the UK + Telemachus lost touch w/ him so he never did find out if he recovered the coinage. (If this all sounds familiar to a 50-something yr old Brit (real name Maxmillian E.) reading this, please contact the publisher of this book.)

Sum sorta sketchy drug deal transpired after that so Telemachus + an Austrian girl (who Tel likened to Brett in *The Sun Also Rises*, or *Fiesta*, as his version was titled<sup>139</sup>) dismissed themselves from the bar, figuring they might be needed if their friends got arrested. ~~The other thing Tel didn't mention in his journal—strangely enough, as this is the kind of thing you'd mention in a private tell-all journal + not here in a book made public—is how awkward it was being alone in the room w/ this prim + proper Austrian girl (far cry from Lady Brett). Also not told in his journal, tho he clearly remembers now, is how she wanted to stop off in a podunk church + sit awhile in the pews. Tel sensed she was intrested in him, but all he can ssey now, besides the lack of curl in her limp hair, is that she smelled off. Also not shown is a photo of all of them eating pizza + on the table is a copy of *Jitterbug Perfume* (1985) by Tom Robbins, a book that Tel (embarrassed as he is to admit it now) had already read so must of bin Buck's, the book in which Robbins proclaims that "love is 80% smell". Cuz of this off-smelling awkwardness, Tel + not-Brett wint back to bail out their amigos + that's when Buck Mulligan swallowed the flattened worthless coin.~~

The other thing he neglected to ssey in his journal is how he tried guinea pig on a stick (he was vegetarian at the time), he destinkly remembers being disgusted by little pieces of cowlicked hare still clinging to the skin + how bad he felt chucking the uneaten guinea pig popsickle (minus 1 bite just to ssey he tried it) behind a shrub in Plaza de Armas, Cuzco.

Buck jetted back to the UK w/ the specie in his belly, but the rest of them ended up witnessing sum sorta summer solstice fiesta at "Sexy Woman" that involved sacrificing a llama + eating it's heart, which thankfooly was NOT Royal... a cheesey re-enactment, tho if u google around now you'll see ls at the (Copa,) Copa Cabana (that the "other Derek" attended) that were more royaaaall. Even if the Sexy Woman 1 wasn't "Real" the llama didn't know the Aifference.

Much of Tel's journal is consoomed by travel arrangements, finding his weigh home. In order to do so he had to fly thru Lima + stay there longer then he wanted to + of course he got robbed at gunpoint, but again we won't bore u w/ the d-tales hear as we already posted this on Inurnet (*The Daily Noose* post #627). There were also the 4 Penelopean "chicas Diosas" who he never hooked up with, but faithfully fended off would-be suitors (in ODSseyian spearit).

It's also worth menshunning here, considering the context of this book—for the most part about substance abuse + a diction—is how up to this pt (b-sides a few experimentations in his early teens) Telemachus had been a strict strait-edged punk. When he went on this trip he broke the mold, leaving LAX for the South Pacific (see pg 247) they offered free drinks so Tel got a Kiwi lager (it was Air New Zealand), why not? It was free, he was on vacation. This is how habits form, reward mechanisms. At 1<sup>st</sup> he had the occassional beer in a bar so he could meat fellow travellers + now he's staggering around the dark arcades of Cuzco at 3 a.m. w/ a belly full of chicha + pisco sours, surrounded by shady men clutching planks or waking up w/ strangers not knowing how he got there. He did have sense enough tho to abstain from drugs, at least ls illegal in Sur America where they could land u in jail. And for this hole year of travel he never so much as kissed a girl (tho there were ample opportunities + he wasn't against the idea). He was just saving himself for the rite 1.

B-sides being robbed at gun point in Lima, he also cruised around more w/ 2 of the 4 chicas

<sup>138</sup> A few days after Tel left Peru, the nuevo sol ("new sun") was adopted, replacing the inti at an exchange rate of a 1,000,000 to 1. Thus: 1 new sol = 1,000,000 inti = 1,000,000,000 old soles (the currentsea before the inti).

<sup>139</sup> See pg 95 of vol I for Ulysses' version of the story.

diosas (*furies*, u cd ssey), but mostly he was trying to find a weigh home. No EZ feet in an economy fueled by Colombian cocaine + hoose sun-derived<sup>140</sup> currentsea was tanking at an astronomical rate.

In his downtime he moved on from *The Sun Also Rises* to *Witches of Eastwick* (speaking of furies) + finding strings for his armadillo shell charango in out of the weigh barrios, where he kept his credit card + plane tickets stuffed down his pantalones. The travel agent was far from the cute 1 in La Paz he was tempted to ask out. She told him he couldn't reroute his Existing ticket (from Buenos Aires to Miami), no souprize. After ½ a day of phoning + running around, she got it straitened out + Tel hands over his VISA witch they din't x-cept, a cash-only travel agent. So he needed to get \$439 dollhares in efectivo. After standing in line in 3 hectic bancos full of police, we're directed to 1 where we can take out money w/ a visa. After going thru security + pawning his passport as collateral, they clipped a special pass to his holey T-shirt, then up to the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor where he was led to a slimey banker type w/ a dirty hairpiece. Ends up he could only take dinero out in intis. The exchange was 830 (as opposed to 840 en las calles) + Tel had to pay 3½% on top of dat. "No hay manera de sacar dinero en dollhares, siñore." The sole weigh was to launder the dollhares on the streets. He was escorted to the vault + given 415,000,000 intis, all in 5,000,000 inti notes as there din't Exist nada mas grande, so a big wad of efectivo, an inch thick brick, witch Tel had a hard time stuffing down his pantalones, not to mention counting it to make sure it was all there. Con crotch padded w/ intis he walked thru sketchy streets back to the travel agent only to discover they din't halve dat much dinero to change, even tho he wasn't changing, he was buying. No importa. He went back out to the money laundering street, he aksed for spacific derections but the agent laughed + said he'd know when he got dare + sure enough 1 calle had all these handmaidens loitering around w/ wads of clean dollhairs in hand, chanting "dolares, dolares,..." Tel asked 1 maiden el cambio + she sized up his bulge + said 850, as did the next... this was the going rate. So the launderer asks quanto? Uh, \$440. She din't blink an eye. They faced the crumbling colonial-era wall + Tel pooled his wad out of his genes. It took a wile to sort out + she also seamed nervous handling so much efectivo. Tel felt bedder once he had the 4 crisp \$100 dollhare notes in his mano. He thanked her + started

to turn away, then stopped himself + turned back to her. "U know, this might be innapropriate to ask, or maybe innapropriate not to, but i never did ketch your name."

"Nausicaa," she said. Now the astute reader (w/ online axis to the originul journals) nose this aint true, at least not as Tel told it at the time. Little did Tel know that Nausicaa wd 1 day become his wife + dat presently (12 March 2019) she is off in D.C. closing on a \$1,239,000 dollhair home on Swann St. while he holds down the fort in Rome. Their 1<sup>st</sup> home, we might add, after all these years of searching, finally figuring out that it don't matter where as long as there together. Just like 28 yrs ago, Nausicaa was not only the 1 who washed the ropa but she wears the pants + manages all financial matters (including the printing costs for this hear liebro). But our stop-gap story of how Telemachus got home from his gap year abroad ain't over... w/ dollhairs in hand he returned to the travel agency only to find them closed for siesta. "When in Rome," Tel said back then, even tho he'd never been... so took a nap.

When he returned, they inspected his dollhairs-- they had a special agent in a cheap suit just for that purpiss. They informed him that 1 of his \$10 bills had a little rip in her + Tel said vaya ala chingada madre so the jefe was called over to mediate. He measured the rip... "casi ½ cm, hmmm". Tel felt like he was in a Monty Python skit. Weather next he called them "pubic hairs" or not we will never know. What Telemachus din't know is that although "pendejo" meant asshole or dumbfuck in Mixeco where he learnt Spanish, in Peru it was a compliment meaning a wise guy w/ no scruples. He does distinctly member being on his knees, not cuz he was begging but cuz there was no asiento to sit on.

To make a long story short, Telemachus finally got his ticket home! Then he taxied around to find textiles (mantas) for Penelope to unravel + this archival episode gets filed under *Textiloma*.

\* Witch the reader is free to skip, ain't relevant to the overarching story. Except to ssey dat whatever Ulysses was looking fore in Dis Orient Telemachus din't find nether, not in the Far East nor in el Sur, so he bids a hasty retreat home to North America...

<sup>140</sup> Inti is the Incan sun god + the currentsea before + after the short-lived Inti (1985-1991) was the sol (sun).