



11 Jan 1997—Ivy Hotel, S.F.

Alone, in a small dirty room, smoking + shooting, crack. The \$1,800 paycheck we cashed a little more than a week ago is gone. We have about \$30 left + it's not even ½-way thru the month. Wednesday, we're scheduled to re-enter The O'laugh ½-way House. We have 2 checks from Mom to cover the rent (+ food). Don't think that we have ever been lower. It is time to really throw in the towel.

Since we don't halve inny more of U's journal posts, we'll inkloot sum of your stories, this 1 (handwritten) appears U was working on in early '97, entitled "The 3 Bears":

[Ulysses] takes it, consoling himself, telling himself that his situation is less despirate. He doesn't need it as bad. he will never get highly emotional over being burnt.

U takes a wine opener, a palm-sized piece of aluminum foil + a Bic lighter (white) downstairs. He kicks some boxes out of the way, pulls a broken barstool under the light in the center of the room. A dozen large flies buzz around the single bulb. A rat darts in the periphery of U's vision. Within 3 segundos he is taking a hit. The light bulb is covered w/ small black dots. The stool is broken, can barely hold his wait. U exhales the smoke slowly into the flies. They seam stoned. He notices less of them + smiles. Cutting the shit w/ the pen knife end of a wine opener is difficult + splinters when U cuts it. But when it's

"Il n'y a qu'un problème philosophique vraiment sérieux: c'est le suicide. Juger que la vie vaut ou ne vaut pas la peine d'être vécue, c'est répondre à la question fondamentale de la philosophie."

—Albert Camus, *Le Mythe De Sisyphe*

[step #10. Continued to take personal inventory + when we were wrong, edmit it.]

10 : LAST THROES OF THE WHITE TOWEL

corresponds to The Daily Noose #707

5 Feb 2020> Kicking off episode # 10 now, wich is chronillogically where our hero Ulysses alledgely dies. We're halving to do more journal transcribing to ketch up, specially since U's run out... Ulysses onely wrote 1 post in '97 (left) + then 3 months later U died, sew we're left to fill in the gaps w/ the journals of brother-½ (Telemachus) to figger out wat o-cured, where our brother-½ Ulysses wint? Most of U's posts in 1996 resemble the 1 at left... U'd long since hit rock bottum, but where to go from there? We god our theories... a lot of your fictions deal w/ heroes leaving on 1-way missions—ether weigh up into the Himalayus, or into outerspace— + never coming back, or returning in an altered, elevated state... ether weigh, really high INT.0 the atmos-fear. Our dad was an aviator after VII, in the Air Force, like father like sun. We don't beleave U died, we wreckon U just got rrrreeeeeeaaallllyyyy high.

Jan. 6, 1997 — Tucson [dad's birth/death-day]¹⁷⁰

We took Nausicaa over to meet Sisypheus. We hadn't seen him for years. He answered the door + briefly hugged Telemachus but it was by our instigation + he was acting like it was forced. We started to introduce him to Nausicaa but he was already hugging her, a lot more warmer + comfortably then his hug to us. He looked liked Larry Hagman, his hair was greyer, specially around the sideburns + his eyes were a radiant pale blue. He was tan + actually looked pretty good, he had aged well. We realized he was acutally U, Ulysses, as an older man.

Sisypheus invited us in + we sat on the couches next to a TV that was on to a station playing white noise. Dad had a sidekick along that was considerably younger. They were talking business + such, we assumed he still worked at AeroWhite insurance. He didn't ask us what we were up to at all. His eyes never met ours, tho we were looking at him. He was very attentive to Nausicaa tho. We saw him look to his sidekick + give him a look like—"let's take this into the other room". He got up + went down the hall, but his sidekick was apprehensive. Dad dropped a rubber hose that he had up his sleeve, wrapped around his arm. When he lifted his sleeve, his arms were covered w/ needle tracks. We presumed that they were going off to shoot up in the other room. Dad's sidekick got up but didn't go down the hall. He was self-conscious about doing it in front of us.

¹⁷⁰ We haven't transcribed Tel's reel-moondough journals from 1997 yet so we're stealing these from Tel's nocturnal (dream) e-missions: <https://5cense.com/19/640.htm>

heated, it melts in an instant like ice, leaving a dried trail of burnt chocolate, like a snake shedding its skin. With the hollow body of a Bic pen (the most low key straw I can carry) Ulysses chases the smoke. U's getting better at it, more efficient at drug taking, which makes him feel good + he smiles. U rolled the spent foil into a tight ball + tossed it into an open can of Navajo Sunset (red) house paint. U didn't bother to look + see if there was enough paint to actually use it. He picked up the burnt match sticks + tosses them into the paint as well. Telemachus (his son, the barback) would freak out if he saw them.

[Us sat there for a long time, intently staring at the light bulb, although not aware of it...]

SAT THERE FOR A LONG TIME, INTENTLY STARING AT THE LIGHT BULB, ALTHOUGH NOT AWARE OF IT...
 "US: 'EVERYTHING COOL?' TEL: 'EVERYTHING COOL?'
 VOICE... CALLED DOWN THE WOODEN STAIRWAY, IT SOUNDED LIKE THERE WERE ACTUALLY CUSTOMERS UP THERE. TOM WAITS WAS PLAYING (THROUGH ONE SPEAKER.).

"JUST A SECOND" US: PAWLED OUT. MAKING HIS WAY SLOWLY BACK UP, RUBBING HIS NOSE.

US: WAS FEELING SUBMERGED IN AN EMOTIONAL DEATH. WITHOUT REALLY BRINGING UP THE CONCEPTS OF EMOTIONS OR DEATH. TO HIS THOUGHTS. FOR BRIEF FLEETING INSTANTS, US: LOST HIS SENSE OF TIME (AS A CONSTANT), HE FOR HIMSELF, SITTING ON THE STOOL STARING INTO A ~~FLUORESCENT~~ LIGHTBULB. HE QUICKLY GOT UP AND MADE HIS WAY UPSTAIRS.

HE WAS NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO ADJUST. HE COULDN'T LOOK PEOPLE IN THE EYES. HE TRIES TO LOOK INCONSPICUOUS. HE DRANK A BEER LIKE IT WAS WATER.

- LATER THAT NIGHT -

"IT LOOKED LIKE A BOMB TO ME"
 "OF FINATELY, IT HAD WIRES COMING OUT OF IT AND SHIT" THE SMALLER ONE WITH THE IRISH ACCENT ADDED. SHE DRANK HER BEER.

TELEMACHUS CLEANED PINT GLASSES. THROWING SOGGY CIGARETTE BUTTS INTO THE OVERFLOWING GARBAGE CAN UNDER THE COUNTER AT THE END OF THE BAR WHILE ~~CHATTERING~~.

[Telemachus cleaned pint glasses. Throwing soggy cigarette butts into the overflowing garbage can under the counter at the end of the bar] where Circe suddenly appeared, out of breath + looking for 1 of the notorious Chaltiel brothers (who of course are nowhere to be found as they are out copping, or borrowing the money, or calling someone to cop, etc).

The brothers ain't there, so maybe Telemachus can front Circe the 5 bucks more she needs to score whatever it is that makes a homeless prostitute feel good, or at least bedder, but then thinks otherwise. Circe hits Tel up, sees almost instantly that he ain't game + moves on down the bar 1/2-saying, 1/2-singing: "Who wants to psyche out Circe? Who wants to

February 17, 1997

We member onely bits + pieces... we got our credit card statement + there were 4-5 charges for things like computer paper that didn't even fit our printer + other supplies not for our laptop. We told Nausicaa + she acted like it was no big deal. It was only \$80-100 sum odd dollars but it was at the tail end of our statement + we feared whoever it was might charge more. We worried about when we gave our # to a sketchy desk clerk in a Mexican hotel. We picked up our lucky "meteorite" we had next to our computer + notissed 1/2 of it had worn down to "normal" stone. Then we saw an edge sticking out + picked at it til we cd pool a tupperware lid off. Inside, the meteorite was broken up rich brown soil. There were other textile + paper fragments in there about locating stuff on maps, I.O.U.'s + notes from persons borrowing our bicycle + asking if it worked + we said, "no te preocupes, that bike has been around el moondough."

February 28, 1997 — Douglas, AZ

We were working out on an ice cap. We had an aerial view of where we were working. There was a square "bathtub" cut out of the ice. Evidently our partner had fallen in + made the tub so he could wash brine off. Nausicaa somehow got a hold of us to tell us on the satellite phone that Ulysses was getting married that night. Her brother-in-law's band was playing (he's not even in a band). We said—"wow, they came all the way from Seattle just to play his wedding!?"

She said—"they had a gig in Cananea anyway so it was no big deal to swing by." We flew back so we wouldn't miss it. It was weird tho cuz we had just seen Ulysses the day before + he didn't mention nothing about a wedding. Nausicaa's brother-in-law's band was playing their final chords as we got there. He handed us his electric guitar + we stood there strumming it (unplugged). We said—"it's too bad we missed—" but we couldn't remember the name of the Jimi Hendrix cover song we were thinking of.

Then we went to find Ulysses. We found him outside near the pool squatting next to a haughty Swedish blonde. Both were wearing street clothes + were deeply involved in conversation. Ulysses didn't even introduce us to her, he just said—"she's going back to Sweden tomorrow" like hint, hint, leave us alone. She just glared at us [Telemachus].

We said—"We just saw U yesterday + U didn't mention anything about this."

"Sorry, we didn't meat her til last night."

We didn't want to bother them so we said—"well, we'll hear more about this later..." + went around the reception not knowing nobody. Everybody was kind of looking at us, like there's Ulysses's brother who's late for the wedding. We felt bad for missing the wedding, but what did he expect on such short notice?

psyche me out, huh? Who wants to psyche out Circe?"

Tel liked to imagine that his father Ulysses was a sailor from Portugal who had jumped ship somewhere off of the British coast to escape some heinous criminal charge (this theoretical history being neither confirmed or denied by the 2 French brothers who owned the bar/gallery, E'space).

The night progressed + as the other mere mortal bars closed, their die-hard inhabitants emptied out + made their way to this bar, which stayed open later than it was sposed to. The cops let it slide cuz the light from the gallery in front of the bar cast a glowing yellow light out unto the street + this made it easier for police to see the glint of steel, the flash of chrome,... those tell-tale signs that let u know u had the go-ahead, the legal OK to fire away (at the drunk biker, the homeless junky high on crack, etc.). The sidewalk in front of the gallery/bar was a safe-haven for cops w/ pent-up anger (w/ a wife that's cheating on him, so at the urging of some of the other fellas on the squad he can empty a clip into the back of sum toothless wino).

The cops were nowhere to be found when Papa bear, Mama bear + Baby bear made their way into the bar w/ their weapons drawn. In fact, there wasn't a single hand to be raised against them as they brought their combined personal hells in on the bar... 3 large men dressed in plush black sweatsuits, ski masks + Nike Air Force's that lit up when they walked.

1 of them (Mama bear?) sported wrap-around Oakleys. Papa bear had the disposition of an unloved child, didn't hesitate to start blasting away, didn't even wait for the door to shut behind them. The 1st thing he shot was the garbage can (even though he couldn't have possibly seen it from the other side of the counter). A molten hot wad of buckshot went through the rubbermaid trashcan full of coffee grounds + wet napkins, slamming into Telemachus's thigh. Tel crumbled down like a bag of sand.

Baby bear, a pre-teen who seemed familiar w/ the routine, but scared, pre-programmed to pull the trigger if need be. He stood by the door, occasionally sticking his head outside to check if the coast was clear. Papa bear introduced himself to the crowded room, loudly w/ a lot of expletives. He was clearly in charge. He introduced the other bears then told Ulysses to "crank this limp-dick-lounge-club-shit, yo!" Ulysses unclutched his grip on the bar + turned Tom Waits up a couple of notches.

Papa bear cocked his uzi as he held it menacingly above his head. He said something w/ an angry expression on his face that could not be heard over the loud music. Mama bear pistol-whipped Ulysses on the head w/ the butt of his gun after U opened the register, sending U to the ground. The CD ended all of a sudden + w/ the exception of Telemachus' moaning, the bar became silent.

March 15, 1997 — Cananea, MX¹⁷¹

[...field notes about surveying off the "most dangerous highway in Mixeco".]

Ulysses has left San Francisco + plans to come to Tucson. He's stopping over in L.A. we haven't even talked to him so we don't really know what's up. The rest of the fam damily are all in Ajijic at Penelope's adobe abode. We still might go w/ Nausicaa, maybe drive to Hermosillo + fly to Guadalajara... we'll see. Seems a bit crazy just for a long weekend. But Nausicaa has all this next week off + is w/o wheels. We need to work but would love to take some time off. Guess that's what everybody sses.

March 22, 1997 — Blythe, CA

~~The last day in Cananea we worked where we had started the week before, add-ons. Kind of nice when u return to a place cuz know where everything is, where the roads are + what canyon or ridge goes where. Got 18 samples + jetted back to Tucson for a home-cooked meal. We were planning on going out to Joshua Tree or San Diego or something, but Ulysses called + said he was coming out to Tucson. We talked him out of it cuz we were itching to get out of town. Actually Nausicaa was more than we were, we were quite content to sit home + do nada but write, being as we were sick of being in a car. For once we're sick of travel. But poor Nausicaa is on vacation + we had the car down in Mixeco so she couldn't go anywhere.~~

~~Thursday we had to dump data + do errands, catch up on bills, etc. Our finances were giving us anxiety attacks. \$1200 Amex bill, etc. Seems like a never ending battle. The more u make the more u spend.~~

~~Friday morning we woke up + headed out. We were a little indecisive but knew we wanted to go west. We started to get sirius cabin fever being in the car. It seemed the Trooper was becoming s symbol of the whole situation... this object that we're working to pay off + at the same time we're running it into the ground, putting on a thousand miles a week. By the time we pay it off it we'll be broke + so will the car. We were stuck in Phoenix traffic, heading to L.A. to meet-up w/ Ulysses, even tho we had no definite plans in mind. But that occurred to us as a crazy idea. We continued west, but only made it as far as the CA/AZ border.~~

Next mourning we headed to Santa Monica to meet up w/ Ulysses. U were the same as it ever was. Nothing has humbled Us. U still talked only about yourself + exaggerate about everything. We walked along the Santa Monica promenade + ate Argentinian food + brownies then drove to Hollywood in your brand new truck that Periboea is leasing for U. Met up w/ E + went to the Chinese theatre + saw

¹⁷¹ These are taken verbatim from our reel-moondough journal tho we haven't yet posted them yet to *The Daily Noose*.

"Now I got a question for u motherfuckers," Papa bear sses, checking his clip, "which of u pendejos wants to die + wich of yous wants to live? Only 1 of u needs to survive to describe our 3 bear outfits to the police. Only one of u dickwads needs to talk to the folks at Hard Copy." Papa bear models his plush track suit + high tops as he sses this. Silence again, this time for a good 5 seconds.

"Wich one of u pieces of shit is selling the others out? Huh? Who's it gonna be?"

"I'll do it." Telemachus volunteers from behind the bar, holding his bleeding leg. Every 1 else looks at him in disgusted dismay. Mama bear has the shotgun pressed up against his neck.

"I'll fucking do it! U already shot me once!" Tel's voice is faltering.

"U soulless motherfucker!" Papa bear sses sans smiling, "I dig u!" Then he starts shooting w/ a sweeping motion, working his way from Ulysses to the right side of the room. Mama bear + Baby bear hop right in, shooting eradically. Baby bear accidentally shoots Mama bear in the side of the head. Papa bear doesn't notice til his clip is emptied, leaving only Telemachus standing, visibly distressed. Mama bear joins the others on the floor. The smoke from the guns has set off the smoke alarm. The warm stench of blood is overpowering.

"Fucking hell!" Papa bear shouts when he sees Mama bear slumped down, propped up against his shotgun. He reaches into Mama bears pockets + grabs the cash. Getting up he turns to Telemachus--

"U get your ass on TV now + WRITE A FUCKING BOOK + U better not make us look bad! Don't let Mama bear's death be in vain!" And w/ that Papa bear + Baby bear exit the gallery/bar, after collecting Mama bear's guns.

It takes about 2 minutes for the cops to show up. Telemachus recounts the whole story 3 times to the cops + ends up staying up all night at the police station.

The story never makes the paper + no one from the news channels is interested in an interview.

The next mourning Telemachus goes to the morgue to identify the bodies. The police show him 6 black males that appear to have died from gunshot wounds. They inform Telemachus that all 6 were recovered from the bar. Telemachus is sure that there was only 2 black customers in the bar that night, but when he tells them this they don't seem to want to hear it.

[Telemachus identifies his father Ulysses, the only guy missing ½ his head + they take him back home. On the way back Telemachus throws up in the cop car (the window would not roll down). The cops are irritated + begin to treat Telemachus no longer as a traumatized victim + key witness, but more like another criminal who is getting off without doing time cuz he was at the right place at the right time... see next page]

The Godfather (which U had never seen). There's a scene where they show the Chinese theatre + that was weird... watching a movie showing the very theatre you're sitting in. We were late so we didn't see the inside of the theatre til after the credits, which made it even cooler. Then we went up to some fancy Japanese restauraunt overlooking the city + had drinks. Drove around some then got Thai food at that place in Hollywood (suwdam longs or whatever it's called) + it burned our guts inside out. Now we're driving back. Our mac battery is dying + the lighter jack is not charging it + even tho the male coil end is not glowing red it makes us nervous sitting on the dashbored.

March 29, 1997 — Tucson (San Diego, Cananea)

[after going to San Diego to see Nausicaa's folks] Drove back to Tucson listening to the U of A game. They beat Kansas (who was ranked #1 + has only lost to U of A this year) + made it to the final 4 suprising everyone. We were just settling in + had watched the X-files, Nausicaa was in the shower + we were getting ready to go up to the loft to sleep when the buzzer sounds. Ulysses is out in the alley. The moon was eclipsing + u could see Hale Bopp. We had to leave for Mexico early the next mourning. We went to bed + made love w/ Nausicaa but it was weird + subdued cuz we didn't want U to hear us.

We felt bad leaving Nausicaa w/ Ulysses + not spending time w/ U, but what else could we do? We had to go to work. It's not like we had even discussed it w/ Ulysses, U just showed up on our doorstep. We imagine U were pressured to leave E's place. So what happend in Tucson was left to our imagination as we drove to Mixeco.

[...then we go on about the job, only thing worth noting is that we were camping out (no hotels near the job site) + mentioned there were amazing views of the moon + Hale-Bopp in the northwest sky.] "Little did we know that a cult in San Diego was using this as an excuse for a mass suicide."

We ate burritos by the campfire + told stories. Our co-worker [Mexican] told us we should write a book about Mexico (he didn't know we were trying to be a writer), said we knew a lot about the country.

We split up the next day + did long walk-ins into the mountains. Saw quite a few sketchy characters up there. Some guy w/ a loaded burro running away from us. We saw a hidden area w/ drying clothes lines + irrigation tubing that was definitely being used to grow pot. Then we met these "wood cutters" who we suspect also were growers. They were on the defensive just cuz we asked them if we could park our car at their ranch. They showed us their green cards + bank cards + insisted that they were "trabajadores". Then they asked us if we were going to be working there in May. (When the growing season begins). We left them to their business + went about hours.

AND GOT HOME. ON THE WAY BACK TO HIS HOUSE
UP IN THE COP CAR (THE WINDOW WOULDN'T ROLL DOWN)
THE COPS GROW VERY IRRITATED AT THIS AND BEGIN TO TREAT
TEL NO LONGER AS AN ESSENTIAL, TRAUMATIZED VICTIM,
BUT MORE LIKE ANOTHER CRIMINAL WHO IS GETTING OFF WITHOUT
DOING TIME BECAUSE HE WAS AT THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE
RIGHT TIME.

ONE OF THE COPS SAYS TO THE DETECTIVE SOMETHING
ABOUT "FORGETTING" ALL THE "OTHE BUSINESS" IN THE BAR. THE
DETECTIVE LOOKS AT THE COP AND HE STOPS TALKING. THEY
DROP TEL OFF AND SPEED AWAY. AS TEL WATCHES THEM
PULL AWAY HE IS MADE AWARE OF HIS LEG WOUND BY A THROBBING
PAIN.

xzbit 131 (above). Last pg of "The 3 Bears"

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~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Date:

Transmit the following in PLAIN TEXT

(Type in plain text or code)

Via AIRTEL

[Although U din't log no more entries in your journull after Jan 11, Ulysses
logged this dream (or fiction?) on Mar 17 (2 weeks before U allegedly died):]

Waking Drunken Dream (that I cannot forget) 3-17-97

The troops all wore the same grey uniforms. It was below freezing + they
wore their synthetic fur flaps down over their ears. Many of the soldiers
were missing arms ± legs + all of them displayed the negative FX of a re-
lentlessly driving, freezing rain on their exposed sullen faces.

We huddled together for warmth under the tiny pier + watched the
troops make their way by, they didn't seem to notice us. When the last
soldier passed us by [Sisyphus] ran out from under the pier, cursing the
soldiers as loud as he could. The soldiers did not seem to hear or care.

Sisyphus picked up a beach rock the size of a quail egg + threw it as
hard as he could at the pack of grey uniforms. The stone struck 1 of the
soldiers at the end of the line. It hit him squarely in the back of the head
+ he instantly collapsed, 1st to his knees + then flat on his face, w/ his
arms pinned underneath his chest. The other soldiers continued on,
seemingly oblivious to the occurrence.

For a long while we stayed under the pier w/ Telemachus, watching
our father Sisyphus (as a young man), standing defiantly alone on the
beach + his victim about 30 meters away. Neither 1 of them moved for
a long while. Finally, when the soldiers had disappeared into the horizon,
Sisyphus began to make his way away from the fallen man.

individuals based upon the background information submitted in
connection with these name check requests.

Attached are separate memoranda on the following

Individuals:

All sources (except any listed below) whose identities
are concealed in referenced communication have furnished reliable
information in the past.

Went into Cananea on Wednesday night. Our
allergies were killing us, didn't sleep well at
all while we were camping out. Woke up every
15 minutes to sneeze + blow our nose. We
were miserable, plus we wanted to be near a
phone, so we decided to stay in Cananea for
the rest of the time.

Thursday we were way up on a mountain
going through a saddle when we saw a deer
carcass hanging, draped over a barbed wire
fence. The image really struck us. As we got
nearer we noticed that its nose was still moist,
tho it was hanging limp. It's eyes were open
+ glazed. Then it lifted its head + started to
panic. It was tangled up between 2 strands
of barbed wire that it was trying to jump thru.
It's front feet were hanging down to the ground
+ there was a bare spot where it had been
hoofing at the ground for what seemed like
days¹⁷². But that split second when we realized
it might be a alive—the deer hanging there
in a state of defeat—we'd give anything
to know what was going thru that dear's
head... completely hopeless, knowing u
will just hang there until u starve to death
or a coyote finds u + eats u, completely al-
lone to just contemplate death, maybe
even wish it upon yourself, but u couldn't
even die if u tried. Trapped in the barbed
wire to slowly suffer. As we grabbed a
hold of the dear to set it free it really
freaked out + started letting out this eerie
sickly bleating + spazzing out to the point
that we thought it would hurt itself. So
we knocked over the near fence post +
pulled apart the barbed wires til it was
able to free itself. It jumped away, leaving
fur + blood all over the barbed wire. It
ran away dragging it's hind legs + we
realized maybe we hadn't done such a
good thing. It looked like it had broken
both legs. Once it had realized we weren't
chasing it, it stopped + looked back at
us like it understood what we had done.
We considered wether to try to put it out
of it's misery. Then, after standing a min-
ute + staring at us, it regained control
of it's legs + hopped off just like a normal
deer. Maybe hanging by it's legs like that

¹⁷² It's at this point in *The ODssey* that 1 of the suitors throws a cow's hoof at ODsseyus, threatening to kill him. The suitors all laugh, missing the
omen of blood covering the walls, spelling their imminent doom.

Sincerely yours,

Enclosures (19)

had cut off the circulation or something, we don't know...

At night we talk to Nausicaa + Ulysses, trying to decipher what's going on on the homefront, namely that U is going stir-crazy + in turn driving Nausicaa loco bud she can't ssey much over the phone cuz he's always right there. We ask what U's been up to + she sses all U does is sit up in the lifeguard chair of our landlord's pool staring down at the water.



THE IDEA BEING UNIQUENESS IN EVERY WAY.

+ if U stair INT.0 the abyss it stairs rite back at U, as Nietzsche sses. Friday we surveyed a grid east of Nogales, from where we could see across the border to that area outside of Patagonia where we did that job for Jaba... world's apart deepending on wich side of the border 1's on, like looking at oneself in a mirerror. After we collected 22 samples we continued on that dirt road up to w/in a mile of the border + followed it all the way to Nogales. We entered thru a sketchy part of town where people live in makeshift houses, made of pallets, cardboard or whatever scraps they can piece together... shelter for the transient population on their way

Norte. 1 image we saw that struck in our head us was a goat lynched from a tree for whatever reason... maybe an offering to the Chupacabras? It was hanging from it's neck by a thin rope. It had been there so long it's fur was becoming disas-sociated from the carcass, dangling off in chunks + sliding off the rotting meat.

When we got back to Tucson, Ulysses was gone, guess U got restless + decided to head back to L.A. or S.F. Nausicaa was in recovery mode, we ended up talking about Ulysses all evening. "As if we haven't had enough of hearing Ulysses talk about his problems" we wrote then, wich in hindsight (the Epimetheus in us) Tel is temptid to sensor in light of what comes next, but dat's how we felt at the time... we'd been listening to U wine about yore woes for 2 yrs now + nothing was changing, wasn't nada we cd due.

Evidently while we were in Mixeco U went snooping around on our computer + read sum of our files like *Deadwood_Undelivered.PPT*¹⁷³ + *The_Needles_Eye.QXD*¹⁷⁴ + who nose what else. Nausicaa said U were upset after reading them. "U were starting to remind us more + more of mom," we wrote, onely caring about things as they relate to U, reading into everything. U of all peephole shd of none that these were brainstormed fictions, us venting our frustrations at being helpless to help U, nothing we ever meant for any 1 to read, at least not in that draft state. U probly also read thru our diarrea (U always was snoopy) to fined out if/what we wrote about U... but hey, at least U were taking an intrest in our writings. Usually if we told U we were writing sumping U wd launch into a monologue about sum story U wrote or talk about the same books U'd read years before, "w/ no clue or intrest in what we were reading or writing," we wrote then, therapeutically releasing sum of our pent-up sibling rivalry. Then we went back into our journal to see what we wrote about U to consider how U might take it. Unlike U, we never was a very private (or snoopy) person so din't care what U red + figured it

¹⁷³ Hybrid text/img story (we wrote in PowerPoint) about how our brother (we call Luke) sent us "a wooden crate big enough to be a coffin for a small child" on January 6, 1996 (dad's d/b-day). The packing slip said: DO NOT OPEN, that'd he'd call to explain. The unnamed narrator was tempted to open it but didn't + finally his brother Luke called a few days later + instructs the narrator to bury the box out in The Black Hills (where the narrator lives w/ his girlfriend, in Deadwood, SD). The protagonist gets rapped up in his one life + had all but forgotten about the coffin/box, til he found out that his brother Luke had gone missing... evidently Luke had gone off to the Himalayus + hadn't returned. The only clue they had was that Luke charged a 1-way ticket from LAX to KTM on his Visa card. There was nothing the narrator could do (couldn't afford to fly to Kathmandu to search for his brother) but wait to see if Luke showed up or if the incompetent Nepalese authorities unearthed anything. Then he remembers the coffin + went back + dug it up + the contents of the box we already showed on pg. 296.

¹⁷⁴ Another story we were working (in QuarkXPress)(we posted an excerpt on page 295 + sowed the seeds for it in our journull entry on page 386) that goes back + forth between a typical climbing story about belaying a stranger that wasn't placing any protection + the narrator's "junky brother" that lived in L.A., drawing parallels between the 2 addictive + semi-suicidal behaviors. ½ the story the protagonist is on the phone to his brother (in the days when a cord connected the mouth/earpiece to the phone) + the other ½ the time he's dishing out slack to this guy on the "sharp end" of the rope, who's essentially free-soloing a climb (*The Needle's Eye* (5.10) in the Black Hills, after the narrator led *God's Own Drunk* (5.8)), passing up pitons, bolts + gear placement that could save him in the event that he fell... in either case the protagonist felt helpless, nothing he could do or ssey to prevent tragedy. "It does no good to describe the shore to someone who's drowning," we wrote, in regards to the junky brother. In regards to the climber (who ends up falling), "the police asked if it was suicide + I said, 'no, he was trying to make it to the top.'" How we left things on the other side of the story is that the narrator was talking to his brother on his cell phone while he was out moving his truck in Santa Monica cuz he was always afraid it would be towed + then his battery died (this was all true, maybe why U read into the rest), leaving the protagonist "still hanging on the line, after I got a dial tone, listening in w/ the knowledge that I'd soon get the pre-recorded voice of the operator."

was best if every 1 knew the truth. And now we keep venting pent-up stuff perhaps w/ an eye that 1 day U'd snoop around in our diarrhea again, trying to be positive/constructive (+ also self-consumed, the same criticism we bestowed on U + Penelope... typickle), sseying U did show U respect for us in sum things U said, like that we "were 'lucky' for halving Nausicaa," but 'lucky' is the operative word, as if it wasn't something we worked at or deserved, something that just happyend to us + U never had the opportunity. That sounds more like envy than respect yo... then again our criticisms of U are also self-criticisms. Even if deep down U really did respect us, nothing in this world means anything unless U can convey it to other people + bedder yet to laymen. "Guess that's what writing is Vll about," we wrote, "what good are in/a/spirations unless U can get them onto paper in a format other folks will comprehend?"

Anyways (still in the post from Mar 29), Ulysses fled Tucson + went back to San Fran. Mom was charging U rent to sleep in Periboea's attic, \$20/night, how degrading.

The nocturnal edmission we had from March 29 is perhaps worth noting:

We were walking down the street + saw Mahatma Gandhi + these guys would run ahead + kill anyl that was in sight of him. They would stab them w/ those Indian swirly daggers, then they would stab themselves cuz they saw the persons that laid eyes on Gandhi. We were wondering why Gandhi didn't put a stop to this, being the humanitarian that he was.

Also, if u looked closely, everybody had a copy of The Kama Sutra somewhere within sight of their beds.

April 1, 1997—Cananea, MX

April fool's. 15 years to the day that [King Aeolus] died¹⁷⁵, 3 months after his son Sisypheus killed himself. Saturday we watched U of A beat North Carolina, to go to the final against Kentucky. Sunday was easter. We drove up to Phoenix + had easter brunch w/ K then went to the Phoenix museum of art + saw the "It's only rock'n'roll" exhibit). Rain clouds came in on the drive home. Monday we called J + asked if they had work closer to home. We

also called Geotemps + aksed what they had going on that was local, so we could be around next time Ulysses just showed up on our doorstep unannounced. We got all excited about a callback from a production crew cuz we thought it was on a movie set but ends up it was for building + tearing down props for theme parties + it only paid \$5/hr. We did get an interview w/ this guy, Dr. S for a job at the Honey Bee research lab funded by the FDA. Strange guy, ended up talking for 2½ hrs on a variety of topics ranging from weather true silence exists to the legalization of drugs. Hope we get the job cuz bees are cool. Also calling round to drum up work for Ulysses, doing grunt field work at minimum. A few days before we faxed U a list of all the local studios, like Old Tucson, tho it had just burnt down the year before. In the facts we said U could surf our couch til U found a place of yr one. Shure the prospects in Tucson weren't so enticing, but we tried.

Monday night U of A beat Kentucky. We wrote "That's all she wrote, the end of the road, doesn't get sweeter than #1!" Tucson was nuts, celebration poured into the streets then turned to riots. "All cuz of a game where persons throw balls thru hoops." Nausicaa got knocked over by a stampede of chest-butting frat boys so we retreated home. We member calling Ulysses the next day + U said U saw it in the news, that Arizon had won + congratulated us as if we was on the team. Then "we drove thru the aftermath on the way back here to Cananea (via Nogales again). Hopefully this will be our last trip to Mixeco, if not our last field job ever..."



¹⁷⁵ Not sure how much grandpa Aeolus' death affected Ulysses, especially coming so soon after our fathers, but we'll tell our side of the story as an aside... U were living in Portland w/ our unkle at this point + we were still living w/ Penelope down in Axixic. We got suspended from shcool (not for anything juicy, just for not ratting out a friend) + rather then punish us, Penelope took it as a sign cuz just so happyend 1 of her suitors (a real slime buckit) had invited her to go skiing at Mammoth Mtn, California. The mourning after we arrived, Penelope called her grandparents (cuz it wasn't intl long distance) + found out grandpa Aeolus had died (of a stroke). We were still sleeping downstairs when she called. The 1st thing we saw when we emurged from our room was this slimey suitor's bare ass as he was playing guitar (buck naked) for Penelope + she was crying + told us about grandpa Aeolus. The naked (+ big-cocked) suitor gave us \$20 bucks + told us to "go skiing, kid" + Penelope said we bedder, nothing we could do anyway. We rode the lift up the mountain, but then felt weird about it, skiing when our grandfather had just died, but mom's suitor sorta freaked us out. We went back to the cabin + this guy was being a total coke-snorting dick, wouldn't give us a ride to the greyhound station so we took off walking w/ Penelope. There were 13-foot snow-plowed drifts on the side of the road so we couldn't tell witch direction was witch. Finally we hitched a ride on a snowplow + cot a grayhound to Menlo Park where we saw our other "windbags" as grandpa Aeolus called us brothers. Don't know about U, but we loved grandpa Aeolus tho he was old + grumpy + it wasn't such a souprize that he died.

April 3, 1997

Ulysses's dead. We don't know what to make of that sentence as we write it, what it means or whether to believe it. Part of us has died if not an entire ½. U wasn't around us enough day-to-day that we feel your absence, but the abstract thought that U ain't hear no more is shocking. It will take a while we're shore for it to really sink in. We found out this afternoon around 3. It was raining hard + we came back from the field early. It was already a weird day... actually the last 2 days were strange, we didn't want to be there, our sesos was elsewhere. We was cheating samples. Not that we were too lazy to walk, it just all seemed so trivial. Yesterday was windy as hell + there was a toxic ominous cloud over the smelter. Hoy en la madrugada it was windy + started to rain when we got to the site. We waited to see if it would clear, reading Neruda's *Canto General*. Then we started to write a cuento (inspired by the dear we set free from the barbed wire fence last week) about un tipo who smuggles drugs across the border + runs into la migra so he drops the drogas + retreats, stuck on the front tier in no-man's tierra entr Mixeco + U.S. The rain kept coming so we left back to Cananea.

We'd been thinking a lot about Ulysses, about how U must of felt halving to live up in the attic w/ mom at Periboea's house. We should of seen it coming... guess we did, but what could we due? Almost got into an accident on the way back to Cananea... a truck signalled for us to pass + as we was going by a big semi came out of nowhere round the corner. We slammed on our breaks + so did the oncoming truck. Guess it wasn't that close, but it made us realize how easy your life could end just like that. As we were driving back to Cananea we made up our mind to drive back to Tucson that night. The rain was really coming down. When we told L, he thought it would clear up + suggested we stick it out + sea. Went back to our room + was just sitting there, not knowing what to do. We wanted to just tell L we had to get back to Tucson, trying to come up w/ a good excuse. The noche antes we told our jefe this would be our last job in Mexico cuz we couldn't take being away from home no more + cited our hermano as a big factor in our decision. We turned on the tele for lack of anything else to do, the only thing that came in was a futbol game, Holland vs. Turkey, a depressing 0-0 stand-off where nobody seemed to wanna score, not even a shot on goal. We spotted a roach (¾-smoked joint) setting on the rim of the toilet while we were peeing + considered taking the last toke we was so bored + that's when the telefono rang + it was Nausicaa + the fact that she was calling us at 3 in the afternoon said it VII, she said she had bad news + then + there we knew, a flash of U hanging up in grandma's attic + Nausicaa told us to sit down, that it was about Ulysses. We felt bad that Nausicaa had to say what she had to say that in turn she heard from Penelope, we said we were on our way home, that we didn't want to hear no more over the phone. We went on autopilot, or Bw/Ody throwing our stuff into the Trooper. We noticed

our hands were shaking + our lungs in-hailing + ex-hailing like our legs had just run a race. Our Bw/Ody went to settle the bill, liquidate la factura + the lady at the front desk was freaking us out, told us we would have to pay for that noche even tho our Bw/Ody wasn't staying, sleeping overnight + our mouth told her stá bien, no importa + then she starts filling out our factura, hunting + pecking on sum old typewriter + other folks was coming in + she was helping them + our tongue kept saying no te preocupes con la factura, no necesito recibo, solo dame algo para firmar, whatever for our mano to sign then our Bw/Ody walked across the wet gravel to L's room + there was some other hombres there, so we spoke english to him, just couldn't be bothered to speak español for what our mouth was about to say. Our manos handed over the maps + bags + we told him we had to leave cuz our brother died. It was really pouring by then + we had to speak louder than we wanted to to be heard over the din of drops on the tin roof + could see ourself from above going thru the motions. Our feet scrunched the gravel + our hands put on our seatbelt, put it in gear + hit the road, still not believing what had happened, that maybe we imagined the conversation w/ Nausicaa. Our Trooper was passing big semis headed for the border + our eyes could barely see w/ all the rain + the spray coming from the trucks. Our SSES-OS didn't care if we got in an accident. We never knew how to react, shouldn't our eyes be crying by now? When we crossed the border, the agents know us by now so just waved us thru. If they stopped us we figured they'd give us a break if they heard what we was going thru. We crossed the 1st hurdle back, back to the U.S. + our Bw/Ody kept driving our SSES-OS that wanted to be anywhere but hear @ our father's memorial we just sat staring at his photo, the 1 of hym in an Air Force uniform, self-conscious that others were looking at us brothers in the front row, hoping our reactions were appropriate enough. The adults were crying + we wasn't, wanting to ask what the fuck u crying for, u heartily knew him. Nobody knew Sisyphus, except maybe Eurycleia + she had long since given up on hym. Penelope wasn't there, she dropped us off at the airport in Guadalajara, then went to the beach, said it was her way of coping + then she was driving 100 kph an hour + got rear-ended by a larger pickup truck going 160 kph an hour. Car ma, haha. Ran over her dogma. She was probably smoking, always was, not that this was a factor in the accident, she drove better stoned in fact we wouldn't drive with her when she wasn't cuz she wd wig out + drive loco. How did Penelope know his speed? Equivalent to 60 mph rear-ended by 100 kph, same as being parked + hit by 40 mph. $M_1 \Delta V_1 = M_2 \Delta V_2$. For every action an equal + opposite reaction. Wd this VII be true if an apple hadn't hit Newton on the noggin? Who the hell was William Tell anyways? Pulling mussels from the shell. 77345 on a calculator upside down, LEDs fading. How we doing on OIL + gas? ¼ E, shd be plenty to get us back to Tucson, can't think beyond that, we'll need to get a ticket to SFO. Ulysses

wd of said ¼ Full only cuz others told Ulysses U shd think that weigh. If onely U was us, think our Bw/Ody could of weath-ered the storm, or at least U could of handed off sum of the brunt to us ox, the runt + *the archer split the tree / there was a band playing in my head + i felt like getting high outside of Bisbee we started to cry, not sure why then + there, but once it started it maid us cry more that we were crying, so bad our hands almost cranked the steering wheel to pool over.* It was hard enough for our eyes to see thru the windshield wipers. The rain was mixing w/ snow now. When we emurged thru the Mule Pass tunnel it was complete whiteout conditions, so we pulled over + put on our hazards.



A tombstone marker at the pullout our Bw/Ody stopped to urinate on erroneously stated that Mule Pass (elev. 6030 ft) was on the Continental Divide + how the old road was constructed using prison labor in 1913-1914, while whistling Colonel Bogey's March or singing chain gang tunes... *Comet, it makes your teeth turn green. Comet, it tastes like gasoline. Comet, it makes u vomit, so eat sum Comet + vomit today.* Didn't Joyce cumpair the trajectories of their urinations to those of shooting comets? Slipstreaming from collateral oregons + did Dead Y'us + Bloom's yourin streams ever cross paths, like how in *Ghostbusters* (1984) u ain't sposed to X beams, but as a last resort what if u did...? The Mule Pass tunnel (built in 1958) made the commute a hell of a lot easier by going THRU the peek rather than ova. Ahh, how gratifying to watch yourin milt snow, feels like u're accomplishing sumthing thru an act u had to due anyway, sinpathetic or involuntary, whatever's the word for the mussel that keeps your corazone beating sin thinking. Member how grandpa Aeolus used to come home to 2063 + get out + pee on the lawn? Used to infuriate Periboea, so close to home, all he had to do was step inside + don't forget to lift the lid, probly by now back in the cumfort of our Isuzu going nowhere, wondering who found Ulysses in his white truck parked on the streets of San Francisco, ~~dead~~. How did they know U wasn't just sleeping? Sisyphus died in an idling Ford Torino in the garage of our childhood home, found a loophole in the system, jury-rigged a feedback loop from a garden hose-cum-Ourobos, converting a machene ment to take us places quicker then on foot, self-medicating the mashene output back into the humun input. Aeolus wd beckon us windbags over next to hym to piss, said THIS, this is the onely reason to one yr one home, boyz, honing the stream so it don't puddle, us windbags swinging our hips, grandpa teaching us the finer points. Why doornails? Cuz they can't be re-used. Never herd the knock knock cuz we're death. Who? How we hated our deepedesea on V-uuckles to get us from pt A to pt B. Pinch ourself, cuz uterwise we cd just fly in a hot air balloon

if that was our desire. We assumed it was an O.D. + wondered what they would do w/ Ulysses's Bw/Ody U wood never need to use again. Embareassed as we are to edmit it [looking over our shoulder is Telemachus trying to sensor us from revealing such fax, as if he has a reputation to uphold], we was listening to Counting Crows *Recovering the Sattelites*. Ulysses wasn't afraid to edmit it, we member U sseying once that Adam Whatshiswitz was lucky cuz he got to "bone" (as U probly put it) Jennifer Anniston AND Courtney Cox¹⁷⁶, 2 strikes against him far as Telemachus was concerned. Nevertheless the cassette was in the tape-deck + *i am waiting for the telephone, to tell me i'm alive / well i herd u let sumbody get their fingers into u / it's getting cold in California / guess I'll be leaving soon.* In his defence Tel din't want to switch tapes for fear of tainting whatever else we was fond of w/ the associations running thru our noggin just like how The Psychedelic Furs *Talk Talk Talk* is indelibly linked w/ dad's death, on a plane alone 15 yrs before when we were 15 listening to our walkman, ½ a lifetime ago (who will die when we're 45? 60?), sleeping overnight on the cold marble floor of LAX waiting for our connection to PDX, listening to *Talk Talk Talk* wich also featured a "Mr. Jonez" song, wait, that was on the 1st Counting Crows album, a bit more forgivable, before he dated girls from *Friends* (1994-2004). Telemachus wasn't pain attention to the music anywaze, we were looking for a phone to call Nausicaa to at least to let her know we was held up, by now probly back on the road, the snow had let up plenty to see to get down to an elevation where it was just raining, *they come out of the blue sky / but u never know, where they're gunna go*, rain or shine still 1½ hrs left to Tucson, recalling last year when all sew we was working across the border + Nausicaa got into that bad accident on the Tohono O'oh'dam rez + how we felt bad we weren't their for her + again, how helpless we felt + how her co-worker was freaking out in the ambulance, afraid for his life that the Indian paramedics would take off his shoes + discover he painted his toenails + what wd he ssey? he confided to Nausicaa, on the stretcher next to him, running it thru his mind to be pre-emptive, "there's something i gotta tell u guys before u take off my shoes... never before have i ever painted my nails, but..." + meanwhile he's bleeding + concussed but he couldn't get his mind off his pink toenails his girlfriend painted the night before cuz they were bored + how we used to paint our fingernails black in high school, not sure U ever did? Remember that time we died your hairs red, *lookin' at a green sky / son like a red i* + how u looked like David Bowie in *The Man Who Fell To Earth* + right after u went on a buying trip to Guatemala w/ Penelope + all

¹⁷⁶ ... had to google factcheck this cuz your correospondant couldn't believe this actually happyend... the late '90s was a strange time indeed, tho at the time Telemachus probly din't think so, it was just what it was.

the urchins surrounded U like U was indeed fallen, *bright blue horses are the fortune she lives by / she's tired + lonely / scared + depressed / her visions of 1 day go racing the next +* how your orange hair was coming out in clumps in our hands in our bathtub in Palo Alto when we were rinsing the die out + how concerned U was about going bald even in your early 20s, grandpa Aeolus was bald as a basketball in college + so was our uncle + how lucky we were to still have a full head of hair (+ still do 23 years later) + why would we rub it in by shaving it + this all added to the urgency for U to find a mate, or were we still parked in the snow? The time at Devil's Tower when we went to climb El Matador (5.10d) but a freak snow came from nowhere, end of August 1994, so in stead we sat in our sky blue Courier drinking red wine, watching it come down + we had a non-climbing hitch-hiker in back just along for the ride that spent the week before sticking her arm into sheeps to artificially inseminate them... or was this VII sumping we made up for a story? Never getting over the fact that we ain't so far removed from animals, staring down at the clumps of your died orange hair, the bleachy smell. How the wine felt warm in our belly like a 'toasty blood transfusion,' the things we said just for FX, *drunken fathers + stupid mothers + boys who can't tell 1 girl from another*, thinking of all the writers that wrote drunk + did that mean we had to drink to get it? How boring a Dead show is when you're sober + how B took acid that time to study for our quantum physics final cuz he said it helped him absorb the material + we convinced him by dat logic he needed to *take* the test on acid, to axess the information he'd gleaned, to get in the same mindset, *so she takes her pills / careful + round / 1 of these days she's gunna throw the hole boddle down*, or the time an ember from Aeolus' cigarette (unfiltered Camels) flew in back + set the seat on fire so grandpa stopped on shoulder + since their was no water he just peed on it + as proof their was a hole in the upholstered foam they never fixed but at least he spared the Cutlass from going up in flames. What is it about V-uckles + border X-ings + tragedy? Can't get over that U ain't hear, click your heals x3. . . VII hail Dorothea, ice crystals melting on our windshield, blurring our vision, sur-render, sur-render, *just the other day i herd a soldier falling off sum Indonesian junk that's going round*. Rain carnations, self-fuel-filling profitsea¹⁷⁷. ~~U's dead~~. Is this the appropriate response? What shd we bee feeling, thinking bout when we took biology at Foothill College in Los Altos + how inspiring that teacher (tho we can't recall his name) was, turned us onto *The Selfish Gene* + tot us about evolution + survival of the fittest + the Krebb's cycle + then

we took the final + went away on Xmas break + when we returned they said he graded our exams + calculated our grades (~~we got an A~~) + then rite dare in his office slit his wrists. Halving lost his key (like ODysseus + Dead'Y'us before hym) Bloom clumsily climbs ova hiss one wall (+ like Humpty falls), braking + entering his one kitchen wear finally Bloom puts the infamous lemon soap to use. Odd how he even shaves rite then + there, before bed w/ Dead'Y'us there, as if we're reading his last writes, the ∞ tattooed on our right wrist as a memento *your mother recognizes all your despirate displays + she watches as her babies drift violently away / 'til they see themselves in telescopes / do u see yourself in me?* Mine us the violence, witch onely came out in your righting, U was a wimp in the reel mundo, member that time those Mexican kids was bullying U, calling U joto? U knew bedder to walk away udderwise all dare hermanos + tios wd come out of the woodworks in re-venge + we din't stand up for U nether, it was our older mas macho brother that said no 1 calls my brother a joto + su made es mi madre, pendejo, chinga tu madre con vinagre + we turned the coroner w/ U + ran sew never we saw the outcome, that's when U started reeeellly running + we ran too bud cd never keep up, U was the best in Monterrey county, 1 of the best in state + VII we got was "most improved" + how we ran w/ U around Cow Hill up to The Dish + we acted like we wasn't out of breadth when we was, good thing U wd ssey if U cd holed a conversation U wasn't *running* + why bother, no point in jogging may as well stay home. Our car was running, but we we'rent gitting no closer to casa... or did we halve it running to keep our Bw/Ody warm (+ in turn our SSES-OS running to pro'SSES what was happening to us) + the hazards flashing + to keep the 12V battery from dying. Even tho we was in Δ fields U was always our nemesis, the unwritten feeling was mutual, *we're so fucked up, u + me*, a healthy competition of memes, not genes + any inklings of relief we had in losing our prime competitor was quickly riplaced by a sinking feeling dat there was nada to compete for now, but still sum relief in thinking U at least was free of that relentless neverending drive to propagate + suckseed, publish or perish, blue-suiters ever in pursuit, dealers + meter maids nipping at your heels if U slowed down unless U r O.J. in a White Bronco on the high way crawling in the fast lane or that time we were skin-diving in Belize + saw a manta ray w/ remoras hovering around it's head + VII in a sudden the manta ray darted to the surfizz + disappeared (from our perspective underwater) + the 2-3 remoras were left strandid w/o a host + swam twards us all clingy + insecure + what of your pursuers + dealers+

¹⁷⁷ ODsseyus takes the swineherd aside + detourmine whose loyal while Telemachus sets up the axes, but is unable to shoot thru VII 12, in fact he can't even string pop's bow. 1 x 1 each suitor fails to string it. Mighty ODsseyus steps up to the plate + u know how it's gunna end but u read on anyway cuz u want to know what it VII means, why axes? Why 12? What wood herr Froid ssey? Before O's arrow even gets thru the 12th axe, the swineherd locks the doors + OD + Tel make quick work of the suitors in an VII out bloodbath. Then they gather the unloyal servants + tell them to clean up the mess + then hang them in thanx... talk about digging your one grave. After all this talk, talk, talk in the homecoming book of *The IDiossey*, this is when all the action actually happens, VII in 1 fell swoop.

debt collectors, wd they come for us now, or Penelope, next of kin? How does this information travel, *where we make a lifetime commitment to recovering the satellites + all anybody really wants to know is... when are u gonna come down + the imedge still fresh in our SSES-OS from the weak before of the 39 dead UFO cult members sporting brand-new Nikes, as if it might help them hitch a ride on Hale-Bopp + she sees shooting stars + comet tails / she's got heaven in her eyes / she sses i don't need to be an angel / but i'm nothing if i'm not this high* + how the 1st word to come out of yr mouth when U was a bebe was *be-bop*, drove Penelope loco, U just kept blurping be-bop, be-bop ova + ova so we dubbed U be-bop, too bad it din't stick into old age or was made official on yr birth cerfificate, not that U was a fan of Be-Bop Deluxe or The Bird tho U wished U had a be-bop baroness like hym. Unlike U, Parker didn't like California cuz heroine was hard to come by. They had to pyshically support hym sum times to play + on the Dial sessions version of "Be-Bop" (after drinking a quart of whiskey cuz he couldn't get smack) he begins a solo w/ a solid 1st 8 bars but on his 2nd 8, Bird struggles + U can hear the trumpeter (at 0:38) shouting "blow!" Weed turn + run back after we reached The Dish—a R.A.D.A.Я. antenna well-suited to communeacake w/ saddlelites + unidentified spacecraft in regions where conventional raydio signals dint pass mustard, transmitting be-bop, be-bop, ding dong the which? Blow! Surrender Dorothy writ in smoke in the sky, the jet trail from a broom strick, to misquote Ulysses: *Had time equilly but differently obliterated the memary of these migrations in narrator + listener?*

*In narrator by the access of yrs + in consequence of the use of narcotic toxin: in listener by the access of yrs + in conseek-winds of the axion of distraction upon vicarryus expirences, off course we wondered what the horsey heroine was like, who wouldn't, the thought coursed thru us how hit was sustained bliss, how U bragged dat it vurged on the never-ending big O, the operative word being *vurged on*, cuz at sum point U had to come down off your cloud, converge w/ L reel moon-dough, merging onto the high way now, the 10 just south of Tucson, but we onely stay in orbit for a moment of time + then you're everybody's satellite. CUT TO: Aftermath of car crash scene. CLOSE UP ON dark-skinned victim in last throes of life, upside down clinging still to the steering we'll breathe a last gasp of air, FADE/MERGE W/ patchwork quilt face of EPIMETHEUS, focussed on dark graft of skin, FADE/MERGE / face of TELEMACHUS, now getting to be sunset + no longer raining, our face in the rear view merehorror bathed in orange/red light + it's 1 more day up in the canyons + it's 1 more night in Hollywood / If U think that i could be forgiven i wish U would / the smell of hospitals in winter + the feeling that it's all*

a lot of oysters, but no pearl—pop the tape, shd probly turn on the news, see what's happening in el moondough, in Algiers 53 villagers had their throats cut + houses burnt the attack attributed to Islamist Guerillas + word that more than 1 million pounds of frozen strawberries shipped to shcool lunch programs + commercial markets might contain hepatitis A sparked a panic to inoculate children + the company that insured Heaven's Gate cult members against abduction, impregnation or attack by aliens said wednesday it stopped offering that policy in the wake of the 39 members' suicide + the day after the UFO cult's comet-hitching Charles Manson bragged to his parole board, that those monks that just took their heads in San Diego we're well behind the times so we turn the raydio off, need to start thinking about logistics, getting tickets, who to call, get more d-ales from Penelope, cancel whatever plans we have on the horrorizon on the homefront, the son setting, for now foke us on getting back just in 1 peace, almost there, need to pick up the slack, hump the wait now of our brother ½ in our one Bw/Ody, assume U's roll in his absents cuz U was sacrificed as live bait as in "The Octopus Hunters," another story we ½ -rote about 2 brothers w/ a novel means for ketching cephalopods, 1 of them (they'd draw straws) wd take the sharp end of the rope + lead underwater w/ scooby apparatus, diving down beneath the reef to the octopussy's lair wile the other belayed from above + when we felt a tug we were sposed to pull up the rope + cut the army of tentacles off the octopus clinging to our live-baited brother onely this time when we pooled the rope up the line was slack or in another account we were climbing 4th class¹⁷⁸ to retrieve the corpse of our father high up in the Himalayus ore bedder yet hire up in the atmostfear on a space walk + why we halve to run fictions thru our SSES-OS to articulate our true feelings? The feel of eels when we reached under the waterfall outside Chico + we couldn't see bud new they was dare, too slippery to grab holed + bring into the light, almost home, into the arms of Nausicaa, hitting south Tucson wait (does dubble take), was that U on the shoulder of frontage road facing away from the triple T truck stop? Cd of sworn we saw U hitch-hiking, can't pull a U-ie so take next EXIT 267 to Tucson INTL ✈ + loop under I-10 to get back on I-10 EAST to El Paso + follow the frontage road not actually getting on the high way til Craycroft then loop back under + stop in front of the Triple T wear we swore we saw U under the TTT sign but U ain't there no more, we open the passinger door + scan the wet gravel but there's no sign of U, not that we see, but we can feel your presence as U git in the passinger side + we ssey Ulysses? Es TU me airmano? Swore we herd a bee bop bud cd bee mistaking, like that time we got to The Cure late they were playing The Baby Screams as an encore + U though he was singing "Kevin, give me a sign."

¹⁷⁸ Tethered to 1 another but not placing protection so if 1 falls both fall, unless 1 can self-arrest w/ ice ax or otherwise brace themselves to bare the brunt of the fall.



CERTIFICATE OF XXXTH

STATE OF CALIFORNIA

USE BLACK INK ONLY/NO ERASURES, WHITEOUTS OR ALTERATIONS
VS-11 (REV. 1/78)

STATE FILE NUMBER

LOCAL REGISTRATION NUMBER

DECEDENT PERSONAL DATA	1. NAME OF DECEDENT—FIRST (GIVEN) O.D.SEEUS				2. MIDDLE John				3. LAST (FAMILY) White												
	4. DATE OF BIRTH MM/DD/CCYY 04/30/1965				5. AGE YRS. 31		6. SEX M		7. DATE OF DEATH MM/DD/CCYY 04/03/1997		8. HOUR 0643										
	9. STATE OF BIRTH OR		10. SOCIAL SECURITY NO.		11. MILITARY SERVICE <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO		12. MARITAL STATUS Never Married		13. EDUCATION—YEARS COMPLETED 18												
	14. RACE White		15. HISPANIC—SPECIFY <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO		16. USUAL EMPLOYER San Francisco Unified School Dist.																
USUAL RESIDENCE	17. OCCUPATION Teacher				18. KIND OF BUSINESS Education				19. YEARS IN OCCUPATION 1												
	20. RESIDENCE—STREET AND NUMBER OR LOCATION 206 DXXXXXXz Avenue																				
INFORMANT	21. CITY Menlo Park				22. COUNTY San Mateo		23. ZIP CODE 94015		24. YRS IN COUNTY 2		25. STATE OR FOREIGN COUNTRY CA										
	26. NAME, RELATIONSHIP PENELOPEe - Mother				27. MAILING ADDRESS (STREET AND NUMBER OR RURAL ROUTE NUMBER, CITY OR TOWN, STATE, ZIP) 206 DXXXXXXz Ave., Menlo Park, CA. 94025																
SPOUSE AND PARENT INFORMATION	28. NAME OF SURVIVING SPOUSE—FIRST -				29. MIDDLE -				30. LAST (MAIDEN NAME) -												
	31. NAME OF FATHER—FIRST SISYPHUS				32. MIDDLE Calvin				33. LAST White		34. BIRTH STATE OR										
	35. NAME OF MOTHER—FIRST PENELOPE				36. MIDDLE -				37. LAST (MAIDEN) Collins		38. BIRTH STATE OR										
	39. DATE MM/DD/CCYY 04/08/1997				40. PLACE OF FINAL DISPOSITION RES: PENELOPEe, 206 DXXXXXXz Ave., Menlo Park, CA. 94025																
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND LOCAL REGISTRAR	41. TYPE OF DISPOSITION(S) CR/RES				42. SIGNATURE OF EMBALMER Not Embalmed				43. LICENSE NO. -												
	44. NAME OF FUNERAL DIRECTOR Neptune Society of No CA				45. LICENSE NO. FD1327		46. SIGNATURE OF LOCAL REGISTRAR <i>[Signature]</i>		47. DATE MM/DD/CCYY 04/08/1997												
PLACE OF XXXTH	101. PLACE OF XX TH In Truck				102. IF HOSPITAL, SPECIFY ONE: <input type="checkbox"/> IP <input type="checkbox"/> ER/OP <input type="checkbox"/> DOA		103. FACILITY OTHER THAN HOSPITAL: <input type="checkbox"/> CONV. HOSP. <input type="checkbox"/> RES. CARE <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER		104. COUNTY San Francisco												
	105. STREET ADDRESS—STREET AND NUMBER OR LOCATION Gough Street and Turk Street								106. CITY San Francisco												
CAUSE OF XXXTH	107. XX TH WAS CAUSED BY: (ENTER ONLY ONE CAUSE PER LINE FOR A, B, C, AND D)								TIME INTERVAL BETWEEN ONSET AND DEATH		108. XX TH REPORTED TO CORONER <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO 97-0418										
	IMMEDIATE CAUSE (A) "PENDING"																				
	DUE TO (B) "Further investigation and/or Testing"										109. BIOPSY PERFORMED <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO										
	DUE TO (C)										110. AUTOPSY PERFORMED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO										
	DUE TO (D)										111. USED IN DETERMINING CAUSE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO										
PHYSI- CIAN'S CERTIFI- CATION	112. OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS CONTRIBUTING TO DEATH BUT NOT RELATED TO CAUSE GIVEN IN 107																				
	113. WAS OPERATION PERFORMED FOR ANY CONDITION IN ITEM 107 OR 112? IF YES, LIST TYPE OF OPERATION AND DATE.																				
	114. I CERTIFY THAT TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE DEATH OCCURRED AT THE HOUR, DAY AND PLACE STATED FROM THE CAUSES STATED. DECEDENT ATTENDED SINCE MM/DD/CCYY DECEDENT LAST SEEN ALIVE MM/DD/CCYY				115. SIGNATURE AND TITLE OF CERTIFIER <i>[Signature]</i>				116. LICENSE NO.		117. DATE MM/DD/CCYY										
CORONER'S USE ONLY	118. TYPE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN'S NAME, MAILING ADDRESS, ZIP																				
	I CERTIFY THAT IN MY OPINION DEATH OCCURRED AT THE HOUR, DATE AND PLACE STATED FROM THE CAUSES STATED.				120. INJURY AT WORK <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO		121. INJURY DATE MM/DD/CCYY		122. HOUR		123. PLACE OF INJURY										
	119. MANNER OF DEATH <input type="checkbox"/> NATURAL <input type="checkbox"/> SUICIDE <input type="checkbox"/> HOMICIDE <input type="checkbox"/> ACCIDENT <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> PENDING INVESTIGATION <input type="checkbox"/> COULD NOT BE DETERMINED				124. DESCRIBE HOW INJURY OCCURRED (EVENTS WHICH RESULTED IN INJURY)																
	125. LOCATION (STREET AND NUMBER OR LOCATION AND CITY, ZIP)																				
STATE REGISTERED	126. SIGNATURE OF CORONER OR DEPUTY CORONER <i>[Signature]</i>				127. DATE MM/DD/CCYY 04/03/1997		128. TYPED NAME, TITLE OF CORONER OR DEPUTY CORONER Boyd G. Stephens, M.D. Chief Medical Examiner														
	A				B		C		D		E		F		G		H		FAX AUTH. #		CENSUS TRACT