



4 + 8 = - - - - -

Eyes closed. I hear four, and then eight thick fingers punch through the outer wall of my truck. The whole left side of my truck jerks up and then slams down. I feel a blast of warm air and spit on the side of my face and neck.

The door is ripped open by the handle.

Now, a very delicate placement of weight on my thighs. I open my eyes to see red curls, and then a pale face with glowing cheeks. The green eyes say to me;

"Did you get much writing done?"

"Yes, you are looking at it right now."

"Is this conversation being recorded?"

"Most definitely!"

"So that means... anything I say will be written down?"

"If you say it slow enough." (She laughs)

"Well... (She is now putting her arms around my neck) How about if I tell you a story? (She kisses my nose)."

"Okay"

"Okay... There once was this lonely housewife, who's husband was always gone, either staying late at the office, or on extended buisness trips. Her children were always at school, or out with their friends. They had moved to Pasadena over a year ago, but she still had no real friends. She used to be a beautiful, healthy and very active young woman. But twenty years of raising kids turned her into self-conscious, overweight, lonely, middle-aged woman.

After twenty years of sitting around the house, she made up her mind to get out, do more things for her self, and make new friends. A few months ago she found out her husband was having at least two affairs (with younger women). She was shattered. But, after three weeks of chronic depression, she resolved to save her self. Her next-door neighbor, an older housewife like herself, suggested that she; "Go down to the archery range park and get some fresh air!" The way she said it implied that there was more to do down there than walk the dog and trample some grass. One day she got up the courage, and went down there. She had been there for a few hours, and was about to give up and go home, when she saw this white truck pull into the lot..." (She laughs, holds my face, and gives me a kiss on the mouth).

right its all his own fault if I am an adultress as the thing in the gallery said O much about it if thats all the harm we ever did in this vale of tears God knows its not much dosent everybody on-ly they hide it I suppose to be there for or He wouldnt have made us this way He did so attractive to men then if he wants to kiss my bottom Ill drag open my drawers and bulge it right out in his face as large as life he can stick his tongue 7 miles up my hole as hes there my bro-wn part then Ill tell him I want Ll or perhaps 30/ Ill tell him I want to buy under-clothes then if he gives me that well he wont be too bad I dont want to soak it all out of him like other women do I could have often writt-en out a fine cheque for my-self and write his name on it for a couple times he forgot to lock it up besides he wont spend it Ill let him do it off on me behind provided he dose-nt smear my good drawers O I suppose that cant be helped Ill do the indifferent 1 or 2 quest-ions Ill know by the answer when hes like that he cant

the 12 lifesavers U ate the green + we ate red then split the remaining Salvavidas as they called them in Mixeco + when we learnt that also stood for flotation devices u throe to drowning vic-tims onely then did we Reelize them candies we grew up suckling before we learnt land-gauge ment just that U thought by the pool of our H IV+ landlord w/ a studI/O full of terra-cotta phallii (we rented just the convert-ed garage) + when the sun god too high for yo tastes U got down off yo high rocker to snoop Tel's harddrive sniffing to sea wat Tel wrote searching for yr nombre +12 hrs dopo up in our attico loft not able-Bw/Odied to doormirror no under the bed then nether - a hem i do ssey kind sire our voix is plane genetricks, spose to bee tru we shd take a Q from Joyce + write this from the ♀ P.O.V. of Penelope or [H]ope or Nausicaa or Eury-cleia or Periobea or Calipso or Circe bud we're nun + Vll uv the abuv call us Tellus - Roman

[1] JAMES JOYCE, "ULYSSES", RANDOM HOUSE, NY, 1934. pp.765-6

[179]---

as sighintists souprized this passt mustard to get a Masters 57

179 U's final 'Penelope' episode of yr originull 'SSES' 'SSES' fthesis where as U ssey the right column U just quote at length from Ulysses (1934) + then left U tell the archery range story wich U toll Tel antes en vivo but U called it the 'gum job parking lot' (where washed up housewives wint to hook up w/ yung buck art students, U said your roommate C used to go dare but we always wonderd if dare was more to it than that) in fact U took Tel there once in your white pickup truck down near the Rose Bowl Pasadena, googling now there's a baseball diomond, tennis courts, aquatic center, 'Pirate Park' (kiddie playground) etc. but no archery, maybe U maid that bit up to tie into The ODsey ending where U (OD) string the bow + shoot the air-O to thread the needle thru the 12 axe heads... too bad Tel din't take a foto of the archery range bud it was nearby to where we climbed up under highway 134 facing the Colorado St bridge, we showed this foto (sorry it's blurry, it was dark up there) on pg 126 of vol I but hear it is again ----->



**TELLUS now: + don't forget Ms. Anne Thrope...she's 1 of us now.**

Earth mother goddess, 1 of the 12 agrocultural dieties + just 1 of 12 of us, anon I'm us, yr fateful correspond-  
aunt that till now Tel has bean U-surping to steal the show bud telling in stead + like a good brother trying to  
o sensor the violence + U's shitty altitude twards ♀ knot shore ware such massagegenie comes from, blame it on  
ed the times or herr Froid might ssey maturnal niglect butt fuck Froid more likely exogenous factors nurtured Uly-  
i sses to inkloot gratuit-us sex/violence in order to suckseed in the entertainment moondough + who the hell Ant  
pus Kate is we god no clue, we gots lots of preguntas for Ulysses bud U ain't hear no more + we're left to decifur  
these txts to figger out ware x-actly U wint, judging by the below (2<sup>nd</sup> to last pg of 'SSES" 'SSES") seems U re-  
main in India rather then return from yo father quest trip, question is do U remaine In dia now, 15 yrs after  
your faithful trip<sup>180</sup> >> to the faithful day (4/3/1997) to ketch up in the chronillogical scheme of things Tele  
made it home + called 2063 + Penelope or whoever on the other end of the phone filled in the detales said how  
Tuesday mourning U was working on the house (to pay off debt after filing chapter 11) + needed sum paint  
for the old casa + also to start making art again U claimed so

**Aunt Kate**

The reason why I have decided to stay on here in Bombay is of no concern to you. I am 18 years old, and under French law that makes me an adult, capable of making up my own mind. All parties concerned would be smarter simply to comply with the requests, meager they be in their gravity, of the wrongly accused smack shooting nephew. You bitch. If you do not give me what is rightfully mine, I will send a little message from one unknown phone, in the huge outskirts of Bombay, all the way to one now identified phone number in the Chavennes nieghborhood of Paris, and you might find yourself meeting an Indian in your very own little secure home.

Let's be adults about this, shall we?

(+ whys bitch a mal palebra its just a ♀ god?)  
(+ U wrote "wrongly accused smack-shooting nephew"  
well before U ever tried it)

Love; **ULYSSES**  
Typed by B.J Swajii  
270 F Brahambata, 4SW  
Bombay, INDIA

(\$56,678.90 = the X-act amount the brothers each received in heiratance when their father died)

**Enclosed you will find 56,678.90\$ Thats all you have left you little shit!!!!!!!**

(maybe Ms. Ann Thrope = Ant Kate?)

**ME!!!!!!!**

**Eat SHIT!!!; No relative  
Typed by jail time  
is all you will get from me  
DO NOT CONTACT**

mom gave Ulysses \$50 + U put on yr running clothes sseyin' U wood kill 2 birds w/ 1 stoned by going for a run up 2 The Dish on the way to the hardware or art supply store U didn't specify wich by noon Penelope was a bit worried + then early next mourning on the way to work another runner out for a run spotted U in your white pickup truck on the coroner of Gough + Turk st. in San Francisco, CA 94109 U.S.A.

xzbit 132 (below)  
Veinus Genetricks

*Have married an Indian woman, and have moved to the Uddar Pradish region, up North in the Himalayas.*

writ in pre-Google dayz of YELLOW pgs

(The Uddar Pradish region does in fact Exist but Vll the other names --> a'pear bogus (Your search—"XXX"—did not match any documents) perhaps ment to throw us off yo sent... in 2011 (<https://5cense.com/11/delhi.htm>) we toured the typickle golden triangle circuit thru Uddar Pradish + saw Delhi, Agra, Taj Mahal, etc. but dint spot Ulysses + wint to new Deli on another smoggier occassion still no sign of U + another time (<https://5cense.com/13/buddha.htm>) we gurneyed to the birthplace of Buddah in Lumbini, Nepal just a cross the border from Uddar Pradish bud we din't see U there/then nether).

*ceremoniously yours  
Typed by; me! (I got a typewriter cool huh?)*

*Oh yeah! New adress:  
Frutaaji New dhrami  
Untee Chamura 2300  
Usamarili Makando  
.U.D.P  
INDIA*



<sup>180</sup> Initiated on the 7<sup>th</sup> anniversary of our father's death on 1/6/1982.



If we streetview the X-section of Gough + Turk in S.F. there's no sign of Ulysses only this 1 --> on the NE corner, a Chinese herb shop or hoo nose wat + below is the last page of 'SSES' 'SSES' + again no clue who Nick is unless its a nick-name for U, Dead 'Y'us, who U inspired 2 (the yung man artist) more than Bloom + wich planet is closest to wat? Shirley not the son cuz that's Mercury din't no 1 ever teach U the pneumatic d-vice: *My Very Educated Mother Just Served Us Nine Pizzas?*.. tho since U vanished they demoted Pluto sew now dare's 8 not 9 planits,

regardless Earth is #3 in line so U dint mean the Son maybe U meant

a comet tho U wrote 'SSES' 'SSES' in 1990 well before Hale-Bopp was discovered @ the x-act same time by 2 hack astrologists (Hale hailing from NM + Bopp hailing from AZ) in 1995, good thing Bopp came along utterwise it wd of just been Hale's Comet wich wd of bin confusing w/ Haley's, the last major comet before Hale-Bopp maid it's closest approach in the

"Of all the planets, we are the closest! (Laugh) so we had better go first!"

dayz before youre deaf, wich makes U Bloom in yr book (at least in the end), the Ulyssesian equivalent to ODsseyus in *The OD-*

*BLOOM; Well you say one thing, but do you really mean something else entirely!*

*NICK; You have no say in this?*

*BLOOM; I am you're father aren't I!*

*NICK; You are confusing you're questions with your questions, I mean statements?*

*BLOOM; See? Who's confused about questions!*

*NICK; Dad? Stop that? I cannot stand it?*

*BLOOM; You have to learn sooner or later?*

*NICK; No dad? It will hurt?*

*BLOOM; You must learn sooner or later that the depiction of dialogue between characters playing strong roles in the Oedipal complex, must be very clear, or the imagination will activate an Oedipal related fantasy ( of the readers very own) that will quickly result in disgust and or repulsion in the reader.*

*NICK; Whatever dad! God! Must of my friends just get a pat on the butt from their dads (laugh)*

*BLOOM; What?*

*NICK; Nothing!*

*BLOOM; That was pretty cool, how you answered with an exclamation mark to subordinate my question mark ending, into a system of your own interjection.*

*NICK; Whatever dad. Zen dude.*

*BLOOM; What? What did you say you little shit? I should have listened to your aunt Kate, and not died. I should have stayed alive so I could call you up and ask to borrow a hundered dollars to get out of jail! For murdering a prostitute no less! What kind of son are you anyway? Shit! This call is probably costing a thousand dollars a minute!*

*NICK; Dont worry dad, India is only half way around the world.*

*BLOOM; What did you mean by that?*

*NICK; Just what I said.*

gates + checking baggage + how "the white zone is for the unloading + loading of passingers onely" every 1 going every witch weigh for whatever reason + the awkwardness of getting a 1/2-price "bereavement" ticket how we need to show proof of deaf wich don't make sense chickin or egg conundrum<sup>181</sup> finally the Delta agent said we cd show proof upon return, a "funeral parlour reciept" + we said there wasn't gunna be no funerol far as we new just a memaryall + Ulysses was being creamated, as we speak! + the agent said lower yr voice a recipet for his creamation will do how bout if we take his fucking skull + slam it on the counter, will that suffice? + finally we bored + take off + rise above the clouds w/ the hangxiety anticipating seeing others hurting + others seeing us hurt, imagining how will react when we see Penelope at SFO + how it must bee for a mum to luz a sun + how weird it will bee cuz usually U was the 1 who picked us up tho U always did curbside never wanted to park yr white pickup + wait in person at the gate + we landed + wint to Menlo Park + every 1 was already there + sum 1 had gone to IDentify yr Bw/Ody, said U was just layin' their w/ a white sheet over U + they took a Polaroid as proof + every 1 was handing it around + aksed if we wantid to see it + we ssey no thanks, we want to remember U alive + they urged maybe we shd for "closure" or whatever psycho Californian mumbo jumbo bud we resisted

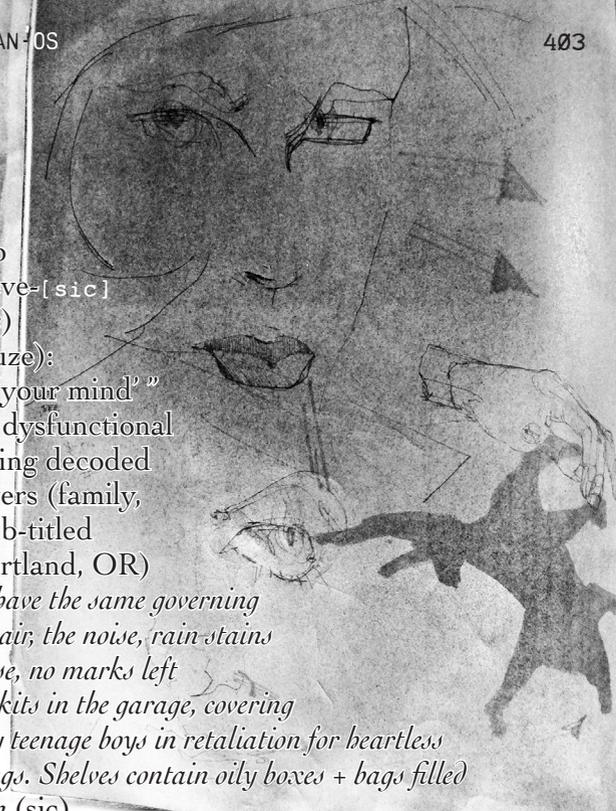
<sup>181</sup> Not as bad as dad's memaryall when they wouldn't let us leave Mexico w/o dad's permission but he was dead in the U.S. so how could we get his permisio?!

cullapsing dat wave function sew like Schrödinger's cat U live on in our mined in an undetourmined state

in a draft/notes to a story u called "Penelope" (that became the final 4 pgs of 'SSES' 'SSES') there's sum addl stuff U din't inkloot in your fthesis like U ssey "the aesthetic world (Body w/o [sic] Oregons) is destroyed for the oedipal world. Oedipus preceeds eve-[sic] rything only cuz it works, like Vonnegut'a Ice 9 (in Cat's Cradle) it spreads instantaneously to all relative structures" + (per Deleuze):

"it is the artist's job to take a hatchet + break up the icebergs in 'your mind'" + U also ssey the Bw/O is a "commercial nod to capitilism (sic), dysfunctional bodies that are fully integrated, displacing people, constantly being decoded (fashion, styles, etc.) + reseeded (sic?) by classical despotic powers (family, state, church)" + there were also a few introductory p-graphs sub-titled "9000 SW XXX Drive" (address of y/our childhood home in Portland, OR) that goes: *This house is not a house but a very real cartoon. It does not have the same governing laws as the outside world. Just push a grey button + let it all in, the good air, the noise, rain-stains the dry garage, an unused workbench does not bear the scars of healthy use, no marks left from father building, showing son... building motorcycles + engines from kits in the garage, covering a cruiser w/ fiberglass ... the garage door, death of family cat, slammed by teenage boys in retaliation for heartless evil parents + gently pulled shut by sleeping (but listening) parental beings. Shelves contain oily boxes + bags filled w/ doornails, screws, mismatched bolts + rollers, fishing rods, cans of pain (sic)...*

+ then U go on about a playground + an abandoned shcool w/ an elaborate chainlink cattle chute + 100s of lockers + ripped up asphalt + burning tires + decaying walls covered in graffiti + Grateful Dead insignia + how u can see the factories below belching out black smoke



Penelope handid us a zip-loc bag of ashes + we laughed sseying how cd they be sure they was yours probly sum randumb fat fuck, due they really clean those out after each use? Mom aksed if we wanted more, 1/4 of the total (our allotted share) + we ssey no thx, we din't need that much + they'd probly raise flags on the plane back + then remembered oh yah, can we photocopy the recipet for the ashes (see xzbit 134)-----> + made a copy on Periboea's copier + handid the original back + said thanks + we foldid up our copy + put it in our journull so we cd get 1/2 off

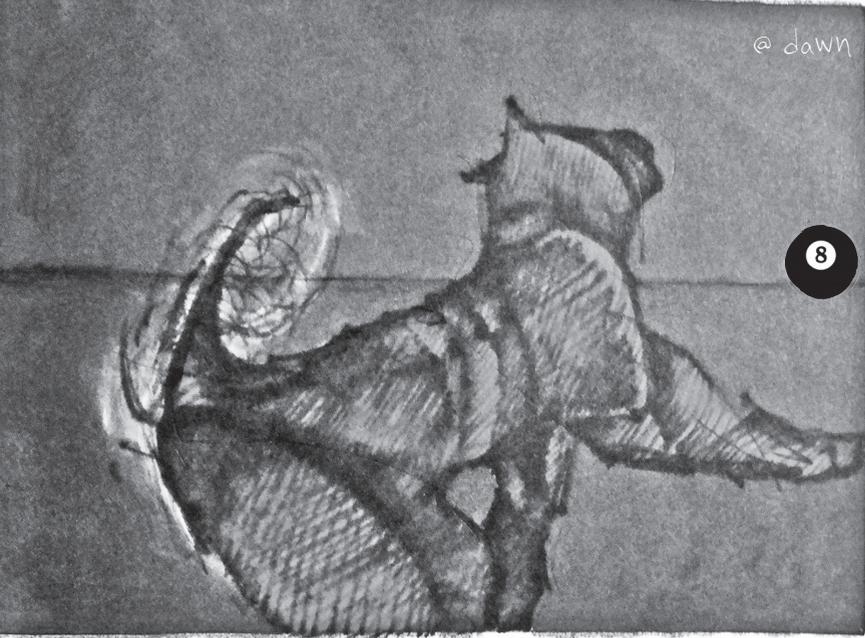
APPLICATION AND PERMIT FOR DISPOSITION OF HUMAN REMAINS

USE BLACK INK ONLY—MAKE NO ERASURES, WHITEOUTS OR OTHER ALTERATIONS

1A. NAME OF DECEDENT—FIRST (GIVEN) <b>O.D. SEEUS</b>	1B. MIDDLE <b>JOHN</b>	1C. LAST (FAMILY) <b>WHITE</b>	2. DATE OF BIRTH MONTH, DAY, YEAR <b>04/30/1965</b>	3. DATE OF DEATH MONTH, DAY, YEAR <b>04/03/1997</b>	4. SEX <b>M</b>	
5A. CITY OF DEATH <b>SAN FRANCISCO</b>	5B. COUNTY OF DEATH—OUTSIDE CALIF., ENTER STATE <b>SAN FRANCISCO</b>		6. NAME, RELATIONSHIP, FULL MAILING ADDRESS AND ZIP CODE OF INFORMANT <b>PENELOPE lte Mother</b> <b>2005 Santa Cruz Ave.</b> <b>Menlo Park, CA. 94025</b>			
7A. TYPED NAME AND ADDRESS OF CALIFORNIA—FUNERAL DIRECTOR OR PERSON ACTING AS SUCH, <b>NEPTUNE SOCIETY OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA</b> <b>1645 El Camino Real, Belmont, CA. 94002</b>			7B. CALIF. LICENSE NUMBER —IF APPLICABLE <b>FD1327</b>			
ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF APPLICANT I hereby acknowledge as applicant that the proposed disposition stated herein is one of the dispositions authorized by Section 10376 of the Health and Safety Code, and was authorized pursuant to Section 7100 of the Health and Safety Code.						
PERMIT AUTHORIZATION OF LOCAL REGISTRAR	THIS PERMIT IS ISSUED IN ACCORDANCE WITH PROVISIONS OF THE CALIFORNIA HEALTH AND SAFETY CODE AND IS THE AUTHORITY FOR THE DISPOSITION SPECIFIED IN THIS PERMIT. NOTE: THIS PERMIT GIVES NO RIGHT OF DISPOSAL OUTSIDE OF CALIFORNIA.		9A. AMOUNT OF FEE PAID <b>7-</b>	9B. DATE PERMIT ISSUED <b>4/8/97</b>	9C. SIGNATURE OF LOCAL REGISTRAR ISSUING PERMIT <i>[Signature]</i>	
ANY CHANGE IN DISPOSITION REQUIRES A NEW PERMIT TO SHOW FINAL DISPOSITION.	8D. ADDRESS OF REGISTRAR OF DISTRICT OF DEATH—IF DEATH OCCURRED IN CALIFORNIA <b>101 GROVE ST.</b> <b>S.F., CA. 94102</b>	8E. ADDRESS OF REGISTRAR OF DISTRICT OF DISPOSITION—IF DISPOSITION IS TO OCCUR IN ANOTHER DISTRICT IN CALIFORNIA <b>253 37th Ave.</b> <b>San Mateo, CA. 94403</b>				
10. AUTHORIZED DISPOSITION(S) CHECK APPLICABLE ITEMS						
<input type="checkbox"/> A. BURIAL (INCLUDES ENTOMBMENT) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> B. CREMATION <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> C. DISPOSITION OF CREMATED REMAINS OTHER THAN IN A CEMETERY <input type="checkbox"/> D. SCIENTIFIC USE			<input type="checkbox"/> E. TEMPORARY ENVAULTMENT <input type="checkbox"/> F. DISINTERMENT <input type="checkbox"/> G. SHIP IN TO CALIFORNIA <input type="checkbox"/> H. TRANSIT TO OUTSIDE OF CALIFORNIA			
FOR CORONER'S USE ONLY						
<input type="checkbox"/> I. DISPOSITION PENDING—REMAINS LOCATED AT (Name and Address)						
COMPLETE ALL APPLICABLE ITEMS	BURIAL	11A. NAME AND ADDRESS OF CALIFORNIA CEMETERY <b>NA</b>	11B. DATE BURIED	11C. SIGNATURE OF PERSON IN CHARGE OF BURIAL		
	CREMATION	12A. NAME AND ADDRESS OF CALIFORNIA CREMATORY <b>APOLLO CREMATORY</b> <b>4030 HORTON, EMERYVILLE, CA. 94608</b>	12B. DATE CREMATED <b>4/10/97</b>	12C. SIGNATURE OF PERSON IN CHARGE OF CREMATION <i>[Signature]</i>		
	SCIENTIFIC USE	13A. NAME AND ADDRESS OF CALIFORNIA FACILITY RECEIVING REMAINS <b>NA</b>	13B. DATE RECEIVED	13C. SIGNATURE OF PERSON IN CHARGE OF FACILITY		
	TRANSIT	14A. NAME AND ADDRESS IN RECEIVING STATE OR COUNTRY WHERE REMAINS OR CREMATED REMAINS ARE TO BE SHIPPED <b>NA</b>	14B. DATE SHIPPED	14C. ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE OF PERSON IN CHARGE OF PLACING WITH THE CARRIER		
	SCATTERING AT SEA OR DISPOSITION OTHER THAN IN A CEMETERY	15A. ADDRESS, NEAREST POINT ON SHORELINE, OR OTHER DESCRIPTION SUFFICIENT TO IDENTIFY FINAL PLACE AND CA DISTRICT OF DISPOSITION <b>206. [X] [X] [X] [X] [X] z Ave., Menlo Park, CA.</b>	15B. DATE OF DISPOSITION	15C. SIGNATURE OF PERSON IN CHARGE OF DISPOSITION	15D. LICENSE NUMBER OF CREMATED REMAINS DISPOSER —IF APPLICABLE	

COPY 1 OF THE PERMIT ACCOMPANIES THE REMAINS TO THE STATED PLACE OF DISPOSITION. THE PERSON IN CHARGE OF DISPOSITION IS RESPONSIBLE FOR COMPLETING AND FORWARDING THE PERMIT WITHIN 10 DAYS OF DISPOSITION TO THE REGISTRAR OF THE DISTRICT IN WHICH DISPOSITION OCCURRED OR THE DISTRICT NEAREST THE POINT WHERE THE CREMATED REMAINS WERE SCATTERED AT SEA. THE LOCAL REGISTRAR MAY DESTROY ANY ORIGINAL OR DUPLICATE PERMIT AFTER ONE YEAR FROM ISSUE DATE.

@ dawn



8

GREAT FASCINATION WITH MODELS

~~MOBY GRAPE SPLIT UP ON A FULL MOON~~

~~PEOPLE NEVER BREAK THROUGH TO A MASS~~

PENELOPE'S PEEPOLE: UTTER UNINKOPERATED NODES FROM U'S 'PENELOPE' DRAFT (PRE-'SSES' THESIS):

«IT USED to take a long time for electric appliances + machines of all types to work. T.V. + ray-dios had to warm up (the cathode tubes). Cars had to be idled, lights switched on slow, only snapping into furry, radiating hatred after essential, provoking, prodding waiting, even phones were slow. Now everything is fast, SOLID STATE. U can rediel your beloveds phone 100x a minute (not having call waiting is in itself an absolute denial of the advent of the age progress of technology), electrical appliances SNAP INT.0 illusion.»



Pen-Wholes:

Penelope's call to creamate since Ulysses left no last will + textament unless U count 'SSES' 'SSES' o [stet] *Textiloma* (a hand-towel we wipe hour manos on) + your person dint leaf no sewer-side note sew consider yr O.D. an axident AUTHorities said your person shot a speed-ball of heroine mixed w/ crack-co-cane into said person's vaine not shore how they knew this pre-autopsy maybe COPs or pair-o-medics interviewed the coroner dealer or found a suggestive ZIP-LOC bag in yr white '97 pick-up truck where they found said person in running clothes (dry + unsalted) + arm tied off w/ a peace of rope but personally never we witnessed 1<sup>st</sup>-hand any of this w/ hour one I's VII heressey peaced to gether from what others herd + relayed to us + then Pen + Tel phoned friends dat didnt know + d-tails evolved like in the telephone game, was it another runner or a suited business man on his way to work that found said individual? was it a peace of rope or a rubber hose? 1 unanimous detale dat styx out is dat there was a an UNopened boddle of EVIAN water laying next to U on the passinger seat of the spankin new white Toyota truck (w/ 2600 miles<sup>182</sup>) that Penelope just bot to riplace your old white '89 Toyotoa truck that was repo'd while U were in rehab... UN-opened meaning U bot it intending to drink it, bud when? on the hot comet or after the flash subsided in your veins? or both, pedazo peaces falling in plaze like a zig-saw puzzle, sses Molly<sup>183</sup> "*her dog smelling my fur ... into the kitchen pretending he was drinking water I woman is not enough for them it was all his fault off-course running ... Roming not yet in ruins + per-tending to be laid up with a sick voice doing his highness to make himself interesting* channeled now by y/our heroin TELLUS whose ♀ Bw/Ody encapsulates VII fems from Nausicaa >> A.L.P., al-Anna Livia Flura posit of the bull-dog inhabiting Oxen of the -belle Son i-land, Tellus whose sun was Uranus, springing 4<sup>th</sup> from K-OS, *how Joan of Arc felt sings MORISSEY as the flames rose to her Roman nose +*

or h- her walkman was in need of of brand new Ray-ear- O-Vac AA batteries, wear Anna = an anagram

<sup>182</sup> From SF to Tucson = 866 miles, so U's RT drive the week before to see us clocked 1732 miles, leaving sum ~860 miles of driving U did running errands or between Menlo Park + S.F., making it improbable U made a last trip to L.A. (383 miles 1-way from S.F.) unless it was on the way back from Tucson.

<sup>183</sup> In the finel Penelope episode of *Ulysses*.



—Idiom: "To stick in one's craw"

To cause abiding discontent and resentment:

"I dreamt that my cough was a mistake in the editing, and that by cutting, pasting and moving the cough I could sleep quietly... [The film] had killed me. It now rejected me and lived its own life. The only thing I could see in it were the memories attached to every foot of it and the suffering it had caused me."<sup>27</sup>

Undertaker (6:6)—one whose business it is to undertake or make arrangements or to bind oneself to stick or plant another one's (molted) remnants into the ground:

We acted out scenarios on our mother's grave. Not that our mother had a tomb marking a particular spot—we let the mamneuts and crowdads loose on any tombstone we could find. The clean marble surface made for a good battlefield.

Marsupial is/was  
have about  
our mother  
which we  
scave & naut  
SSES

<sup>27</sup> Jean Cocteau, *Beauty and the Beast: Diary of a Film*  
113

xzbit 135 (above + below)—Tel's P.O.V. in the making of *Epimetheus* became *Marsupial* (2008)

Act VII: Scene 1  
The Truth About Troy

from MARSUPIAL

EXT. Day. Troy.  
Circa 12th century B.C.

which was more scooped in  
The Iliad than The Odyssey

"The body of Paris is returned to his father and the Iliad ends with the funeral rites of the Trojan hero," says John.

"Is that it?"

(John being ULYSSES middle name)

"What do you mean is that it? 'It' lasted ten years. A ten-year battle, all fought over Helen of Troy."

"She must have been something."

John builds up a pile of twigs and sets Paris on top of it. Squirts some lighter fluid all over it and lets it soak in. Then he lights the funeral pyre. The crawdad sinks into the twigs as they catch fire. It struggles a bit and cooks, giving off a hissing sound. The smoke rises up into the boughs of the sweet gums and magnolia trees, filtering through the Spanish moss

"You're going to hell for this," I say.

"Only if you think so."

"What about the horse?"

"What horse?"

"That wooden horse they used to get into the Trojan compound.

That's what I think of."

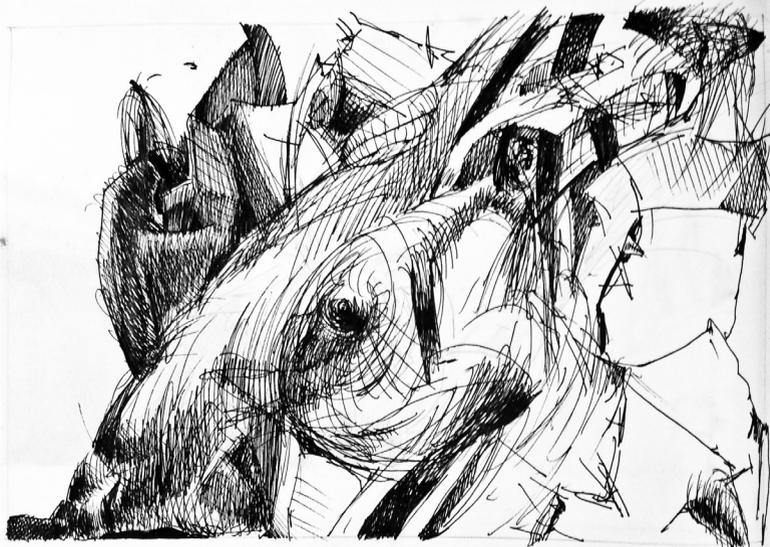
"The war continued thereafter. Achilles was eventually slain. Many of the heroes died and finally—making use of the famous trick of the horse—the Achaean forces managed to penetrate Troy. The city was destroyed and looted, Helen was returned to Menelaus, and the victorious army sailed for home. But that's not what's important here."

John scoops up the burning crawdad who we dubbed as Paris and sets him on a piece of bark. We roll up our pant legs and wade in up to our knees. John sets him asail into the slow moving and murky Savannah River. The burning pyre drifts out to sea with the outgoing tide

"This story ends with the death of Paris," says John. "He becomes one with the sea."

and likewise whores 'SSES' 'SESS' 'SSES' is more about FATHER/MOUNTAINS

onerable 1, fast-tracking the Icarus trajectory, pair-o-helion is when commitment is at hit's brightest pt, on April fools. On April 3 Tel-bot wrote: A heavy wait has bean tossed into her manos + we dont know wat hit's maid uv, what matereal substints. As time goes on we need to analyze + resolve the (mass x gravity). Rite now VII we know conchusly es que el peso es pesante. On April 10 (2 a.m.), Tele wrote: A darkness we cant putt in words [ ... ] an emotion w/ color + shape, substance. Naut shore if it's circumstance or cuz U rote from the sorce, a verry dark spring inthead! We wand to superimpose yr dairy entrees on ours, see what we did on a given day when undoubtedly U wrote: used, puked, wondered why we used, broke promises, feel terrible, cried, tomorrow we will begin sobriety, etc... short, sharp, in shock like an animal stuck in a trap. Setting that dear free from the barbed wire fence (see pg 391) makes sense to us now the dear was Ulysses, we let her go tho worried wether her legs were broke ... maybe s/he wandered for a few more days butt inevitable s/he won't live, butt "then again, who does?" sses Gaff in *Blade-runner* (1982). Ulysses is still out dare sumwhere butt this is probly sum sorta pyschological behaviorism on our part to help us cope—action-at-a-distance—Ulysses fusing into us anominusly. We feel a calling now to ghostwrite on his bee-1/2. U can be w/ us + vice-verse we can become U, in yr dreams as Dylan sses + if you didnt open the windows when general Ulysses Grant whoever he was or did supposed to be some great fellow landed off the ship + visited The Rock (Gibraltar—highest rock in existence), home to the taleless barbarian apes sure thats the way down the monkeys go under the sea to Africa when they die (Calypso's Isle)

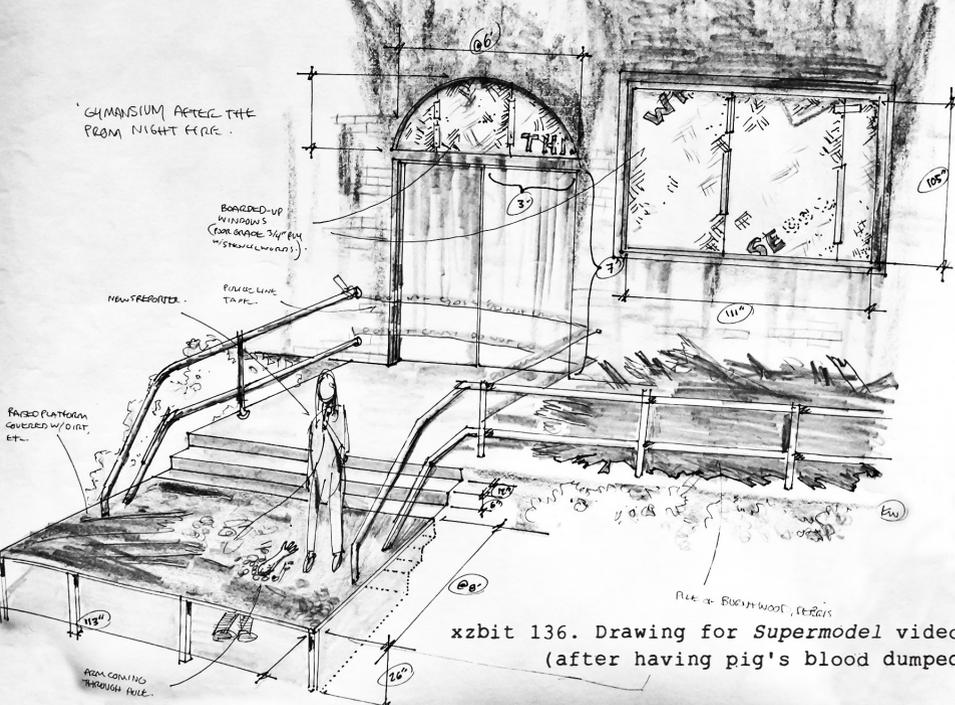


\*8.0.11

+ then ppl started rifling thru your personal FX + the ugly business of laying claim to things of yours they wanted, specific artworks or artifacts U picked up in your travels + they found your notebooks + your laptop + Newton + we already said how nobody cd guess your password til we type in "Chaulky" (see pg 9 of vol 0) + @ that moment we became the author who has since (in this volume) morphed into Ulysses/ODsseyus while we remain in varyus stages of anonentitty (currently Tellus) + we god axess to your journals + doguments + found your address book + called your friends that dint know yet, sum we barely new + in Tel's journal he sses he called [H]ope in France + onely got her machine butt we (the Nausicaa 1/2) remember hym talking to [H]ope albeit briefly onely so much 1 kin ssey til the person on the other end has time to prosses what has bin said + *he went to India he was to write the voyages these men have to make to the ends of the world + back its the least they might get a squeeze or 2 at a woman while they can going out to be drowned or blown up somewhere* + we called J in Carmel who dint even know U took drugs at Vll, assumed U were strait-laced as U were in high shcool + we had to get out of the house after a while, went + sat out in your Toyota. U managed to keep your Virgen of Guadalupe stickshift from your old truck + swapped it out on the new 1 w/ 2600 miles + at sum pt (in another car) we drove to the intersection of Gough+ Turk + slowed down butt we couldn't fined a place to park + on subseekwind trips to S.F. weave driven thru that intersection butt seams parking is always a problema not shore how U scored a space, maybe U dubble parked + another mourning we Vll wint on a hike sum of us even w/ steaming mugs of coffee up to Cow hill to The Dish where we used to run to together + the mood was freaking us out at times, a festive reunion like Bob's funeral in *My Own Private*

*Idabo* (1991), but "guess that's o.k." tho or ♀ 1/2 was getting G.I. issues from the peripheral chain of events (never cd stomach the dramas of the old house) + we was torn between sum sort of familial sense of duty + Nausicaa's well-bean + both of us couldn't sleep days/nights running together not shore how long we remaned in the bay area maybe this insomnia why we cant articulate the events surrounding your memaryall not in words no how, no need to call it a spade just hand us the bloody shovel + meanwhile in *The Idiocy* Penelope slept rite thru the bloodshed + when she finally wakes Telemachus chastises her for not being more lively, excited to be reunited w/ ODsseyus + in the Penelope episode of *Ulysses thunder woke me up as if the world was coming to an end*, our emotions a swirling pool of concrete @ risk of hardening sew we need to keep stirring or laying it down to form new structures from found objets that will become permanent fixtures timeless + artless as the world spins the lazy suzy you'll see Lucy w/ an uzi smelling boozey who's he? oozing juicy zoo wounds, wooing, whoa, feel a bit woozie from the jacuzzi, u pussy, Wolf waded in the noosey Ouse, a dusie of a floozy Vll loosey-goosey in a 1-sie or 2-sie, knot newsworthy, nothing to see, keep moving, segue moviendo, reduced to Reel propoprtions, n exaggerated mass-stabbing not maßstab (to scale), Mr. sister, *I didn't like his slapping me behind going away so familiarly in the hall though I laughed Im not a horse or an ass am I I suppose he was thinking of his father I wonder is he awake thinking of me or dreaming am I in it who gave him that flower* "How could we halve bin so oblivious?" it dawned on us every mourning that week, like Epimetheus "lacking in foresight?" were it naut for Nausicaa we wood of crumbled to pedazos when U kicked buckit. "Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face butt their own" said Swift.

LUCKY LADY FILMS.  
THE SOBULE "SUPERMODEL"  
ACT DIRECTOR; KIKI GIET.



xzbit 136. Drawing for *Supermodel* video (see pg 361)... seems said supermodel (after having pig's blood dumped on her) never leaves the gymnasium.

Mi hermanito - tu  
 expresion silenciosa  
 siempre estara con  
 nosotras. Tus talentos  
 artisticos con sus  
 rayos magneticos que  
 se manifestaban  
 a traves tus emociones  
 profundas y mas -

had so many fun  
 we could've had many more.  
 I'm sure I'll see you someday again...  
 you've got some explaining to do.

I photocopied two of your  
 stories. I hope you don't mind.  
 I write to you often afraid of  
 what I can do. Perhaps you  
 can help me overcome that  
 fear and wake more from instinct  
 as you seem to have been able  
 to do. Thanks - will be talking at

talking of course but he do the same to the next woman that came  
 along I supposed he died of galloping drink ages ago the days like  
 years not a letter from a living soul except the odd few I posted to  
 myself with bits of paper in them so bored sometimes I could fight  
 with my nails listening sew yah their wasnt a funeral but a  
 memoryal most every I showed up a lot of yr friends came  
 up from L.A. or down from S.F. + we gathered where gran-  
 pa Aeolus's ashes was buried + stared at a cardboard box  
 of U's ashes labelled Apollo Crematory w/ their return ad-  
 dress + logos don't think we actually buried the box or yr  
 ashes but we needid sumping to look at eventually they put  
 a plaque theyre tho + Art Center planted a tree for U in Pas-  
 dena unkle N did most of the talking since Penelope ain't 1 for  
 words + nether are we when we was aksed to ssey sumping we  
 toll the story how we roadtripped w/ U to Oregon + how U be-  
 came obsessed w/ Xing the Sandy river that when we was kids  
 seamed a formidable obstickle did U know Lewus + Clark named  
 the river Sandy cuz when they 1<sup>st</sup> saw her she was shock full of  
 volcanic pumice + floating grit like quicksand cuz Mt Hood had  
 just erupted + did U know after surviving the 2-yr ordeal on  
 the 'Corpse of Discovery' expedition to the Oregon coast  
 Lewus shot hisself in the head? As Murphy sses in *Ulysses*,  
 "the coming back was the worst thing you ever did because  
 it went without sseying you would feel out of place as things  
 always moved with the times." Then Bloom slipped Dead 'Y'  
 us sum Mollies (*MDMA* - 3,4-Methylendioxyamphetamine) ±

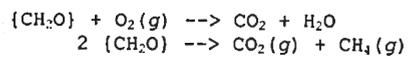
roofies (*Rohypnol*, a.k.a. date rape drug) + then hey who wants to be  
 the hero that delivers Dead 'Y' us home safe + sound + when he finds  
 out Dead 'Y' us has no place to doormirror he encourages  
 hym to make amends w/ his padre, "why did you leave your  
 father's house?" Bloom asks, to wich Dead 'Y' us replies,  
 "To seek misfortune." Off course K used yr memaryall as a  
 soapbox to plug her neural linguistic programming + relation-  
 ship counseling in fact, if 1 steps outside of their -X vs. -Y  
 chromosomal box weed go as far as to ssey Molly is a he  
 + Bloom is the She or at least they are 2 opposing gray-  
 shaded manifestations of J.J's one psyche like Nausicaa  
 Molly mos def wares the pantalones + Bloom's the submissive vir-  
 gin in the holey trinity + what of Joyce himself who used to cower  
 behind the hunk of Hemingway when they'd get into bar  
 fights in retrospect U cd of afforded to be a bit more in  
 touch w/ yr ♀ side not that U was macho or textoseroni  
 U dint even watch sports had effeminate jestures seamed  
 comfortable w/ yr one sexuality to the extent every  
 I speculated behind your back weather u was gay just  
 cuz U was an artist-type + din't menshun girlfriends Pen-  
 elope said U'd flinch away when shed try to hug U ever  
 since U was a be-bop sseying bouncy bebe so we just  
 came out + aksed U remember? we were driving to Tower  
 records U reclined in back of our '66 bug cuz wed removed  
 the front passinger seat to make more leg room + to carry

THE COLLOIDAL BROTH OF BROTHERS

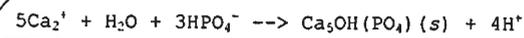
[adapted from *Poste Restante* (2006)]

*This is what occurs to the branch of the species at hand—how it is chemically transformed into other temporary and transitional sub-species, and how its fate is to be transported (in and of itself) and made available to the inhabitable environment at large.*

The toxicology report stated that his exile to the Pacific shores of Baja was self-imposed. We had only each other to blame—carrying half the same blood but spit out from the canals of different mothers. He claimed our father had it in for him by virtue of his name and the fact that he was the first pancake. His given name was William. But our father, William Barrow, Sr., jokingly referred to him as Wheel on occasion. William, Jr., refused to let it go, legally changing his name to Wheel Barrow and undergoing cyclical biodegradation, converting biomass (anaerobically) into CO<sub>2</sub> & CH<sub>4</sub>:



along with crucial sediment-forming side-reactions:



Counterbalancing Wheel's warped self-deprecation with self-imposed karmic retribution, our father died a week later in a nuclear submarine from the bends. *Since the air we breathe is 78% nitrogen, nitrogen is dissolved in all of our tissues. But living in a vessel underwater for extended periods of time caused the nitrogen in his blood to become insoluble and return to its gaseous state (g). These gas bubbles became trapped in his tissues and blood stream, causing an aeroembolism and a massive stroke.* That's what the autopsy report said anyway.

Wheel invested his share of the inheritance (s) into a Dodge truck with a camper shell on the back and exited himself across the border from India—the port on the Salton Sea, if you could call it that, where they brought our father's corpse. Every month or so after his passing, Wheel Barrow sent me packages full of his beach-combing exploits. The packages

William Barrow  
 the Father  
 the C  
 Met  
 the  
 of  
 the  
 Cursed

stuff so we had to look @ U thru our rear viewmererror as 1<sup>st</sup> we confessed to our juvenile fumbings w/ the opposit sex to pave the weigh in case U wantid to open up about any waters U may halve tested + when we aksed point blank U said no butt god a goot laugh out of our embareassing edmission said U always thought sumping was a bit odd about that kid next door no father + Vll those niglected fat flea-bitten dalmatians + the trashy single mother never around haha let Penelope think we're gay we dont care no we're talking more how U never submitted to the ♀ fuerza maybe U dint trust them cuz dad always said they'd bee the deth of hym or tide-pooling at Haystack rock he compared sea anenemies to womens pryvets dont touch sun their poisonus! beyond just an understanding (despite what Jung + other dudes said Nora said James knew "nothing at all" about women) we mean the **submission** prosses, the giving of yourself holey, handing ova the rains, wasn't eazy for us nether we resisted for the longest time even after we'd 100% found #1 thinking theyd impede our freedum + crimp our style we due think that sumwhere along the way between Penelope + Eurycleia U missed out on sum pivotal nurturing we missed out too but were 1 1/2 yrs junger + we (unconchus or not) sought out riplacement therapy in our teens shacking up w/ Calypso + adopting her family u cd ssey these are notes btw writ in a log book we told ppl feel free to write in tho we couldnt think of nothing to ssey our self

contained found objects, but never written letters. They were not items you'd expect, like shells or pieces of coral, but decomposing sea urchins (before they had suffered colloidal harm), holdfasts (the colloidal mass of roots anchoring kelp to bedrock) and washed-up manmade debris (the re-enactment of colloidal toilet).



Postcard T. Birthmarked Colloidal Debris

When I asked why this junk was sent to me, he replied with a postcard of what I presumed were his footprints near frothy globs of scum at the shoreline. I always considered the public forum of the postcard, legible to the hands that deliver it, to be a cheap and incestuous alibi. I was from the same blood but was relatively well-rooted in factual representation. Or maybe I was just more tolerant and/or naïve. A part of me envied Wheel's lifestyle. But it was too late for me—I had a wife, we had serious talks of propagating ourselves to the next generation and I was already stowing aside

I'll TRY MY BEST TO PICK UP SOME OF THE SLACK.

LOVE

Kevin m. [redacted]   
 Peace to You, KEVIN.   
 You will be Remembered   
 ! Loved Parents BY US.   
 [redacted] made a huge impression   
 on me [redacted] your wit, creativity,   
 style and intensity. I don't think   
 I ever told you that you altered   
 the way I look at the world.

In you I saw many reflections of myself. - many of the same fears and aspirations. Even in your darker moments, you always made me laugh. I only hope I was able to bring some light to your world as well.

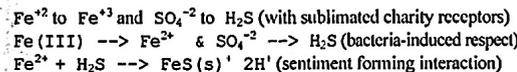
I already miss you. The exchanges we had - about music + films, literature, philosophy, depression + addiction - they were too brief + too few. Each meeting sparkles like a deep hued emerald.

To think about how much we had to talk about and how little time we spent really talking is hard, but I admire you so much and wish so much that I could have helped you accommodate this world in this lifetime. How brilliant you are, your intelligence will reverberate in the universe. You are Stephen and Bloom and Joyce consubstantiated.

weave bin thinking 23 yrs now spouse stet Textiloma is our letter to U funny how a letter reeferes to the pages of text from 1 person to another + also 1 charactor of 26 in the alphabet 23 in Italian 27 in spanishole de todos modos this is how yr memaryall came off

a bit randum at times + not so well organized but look! sum I wrote that U are Stephen + Bloom + Joyce consubstantiated (sp?) + for our part Telemachus was stoic + practical knot sure if it was just us but we dint feel like we said our peace not shure what there is to ssey every 1 sses its bedder this weigh, youre bedder off, that U was miserable + hopeless, cd see no future, etc. + we except Vll this (to feel bedder about ourselves) butt also new U wanted to live... this was your hole cunundrum, like our father Sisyphus on a fun night out drinking regret it next mourning drinking coffee meat a nice girl then break up halve I too many drink coffee next mourn sseying never again! meat another girl break up try pot to sea if dats any Diffrent + eventually graduate to dope + the psychle is the same day in night out good grief Charlie Brown harking back to B.C. daze oh but those big Bot-

tums talk about mudflaps my gals god 'em + on another day prima ± dopo we cant REMember we wint to Calistoga to soak in mud + hot H<sub>2</sub>O Penelope was in good spearits guess this is when her "everything was meant to be" fillosophy pays off (for her) we couldn't check in yet sew we waited *the night he borrowed the swallowtail to sing out of in Holles street squeezed and squashed into them and grinning all over his big Dolly face like a wellwhipped child's botty didnt he look a balmy ballocks sure enough that must have been a spectacle on the stage imagine paying 5/- in the preserved seats for that to see him and Simon Dedalus too he was always turning up half screwed singing the second verse first* wading for y/our appt in a waiting room undressed + wrapped in a large cotton towel + they had iced cucumber/lemon water everywhere + as we write this squirrels are scampering on the roof + skunks ± cats are scratching the walls up in the attic where U slept your final days did U ever hear them? We're in your bed between white sheets under a down comforter w/ Nausicaa the 1<sup>st</sup> night ± 2 was creepy but now we find it comforting starting to feel sleepy honestly but to finish y/our bedtime story it remains to bee scene how The End unfolds... "the rest" of hisstory as in what remains ± at ease almost asleep, in a waiting room rapped in white towel nodding in + out *its all very fine for them but as for being a woman as soon as youre old enough they might as well throw you out in the bottom of the ashpit* + the wait of the warm heavy mud on y/our naked Bw/Ody was soothing, heaving w/ each breadth rendering us motionless + senseless we surrendered to the Mexican attendants (the 1<sup>st</sup> scoop of mud they slopped on y/our crotch to get past the awkwardness) a funny way for us survivors to commemorate your alleged death we thought at 1<sup>st</sup> never on our one dime but hey Penelope was payin' + D + T were there too fueling the new age pyscho-babble ranging from numerology to denial + astrology to channelers + Castaneda to Aquarian Conspiracies (U wd of fucking hated it) + then T started bragging about his drug-running days wich really pissed us off no respect no tact back in the day flying load after load across the border from Sinaloa to Arizona how many tons of weed, coke + heroine he trafficked boasting about his time spent in jail for a 1<sup>st</sup>-degree murder he never did or at least cant remember tho he wanted to kill 1 guy 1 time butt settled for torching his ranch + cars + how he took 3 prostitutes at a time on trips to High-why-eee (D at his side the whole time rubbing his fat belly) + how menny friends they knew that O.D.ed or died blah blah blah butt this was after when we were all soaking in the natural springs now we're still buried up to y/our neck in mud time to get up the Mexicans ssey (what a shit job we kept thinking, feeling bad these sherpas dotting on us... the things ppl do to unwind + let go) grabbing us by each arm to pull us out + then rinse off the caked on mud + then like embalmers they dip us into sum sorta speciel mineral bath for a specified amount of time + then into steam til we can't take it no more + then they rapped us up in gauzey linen + laid us to rest pudding cucumber slices on y/our I sockets + a cold compress on y/our forehead + we fell into a slumbery yet lucid state (they said it was OK if we fell asleep) until we were woken up by the masseuse + she did the full Bw/Ody massage ironing out innny wrinkles + yes *i was a flower of the mountain yes when I put a rose in my hair* + now we're over the Pacific, took off north over the Golden Gate before making a U-turn South to head back home... + then the flight attendant shakes y/our shouldar + sses sorry Ms. butt were biginning hour initials descent please fasten yr safety belt + put yr seat back in it's upright position.



The first thing Wheel did when he set foot in the Surf N' Turf was slap a sun-bleached doll on the table. It may have been pink or flesh-colored at some point, and was pudgy like it might have been a cabbage patch doll, but it was hard to say as I wasn't familiar with doll taxonomy. The evidence was irrefutable that it had been floating at sea or baking on a beach for some time. Wheel grabbed a steak knife and punctured the doll. It made a hissing noise as moist sea air escaped through the incision. He continued sawing through the ribcage until the abdominopelvic region could be opened like hinged doors to expose the internal organs. The contents of the thoracic cavity were also theoretically visible.

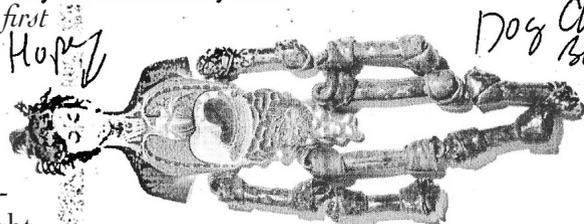
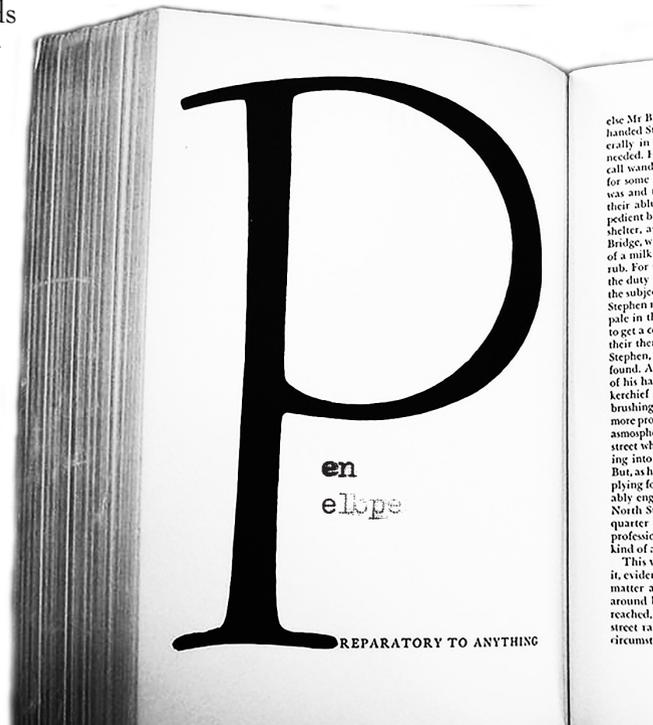


Exhibit O. Found Albatrossic Specimen

"Anything in particular you are trying to prove?" I asked, watching the head of bubbles form in my beer.

xzbit 136—hope U don't mind we collaged your dogchew bones (see pg 84 of vol 1) + the <sup>92</sup>Bacchus/Tantalus grapeman (pg 179) + that's actually Nausicaa's head we called [H]ope



else Mr B  
 handled St  
 cally in  
 needed. H  
 call wande  
 for some l  
 was and t  
 their ablu  
 pedient by  
 shelter, as  
 Bridge, w  
 of a milk  
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