

Rodan

a jive hummer



Allah Mixed Media

Lahilala Mohammed Do Rassoullila
Lahilala Mixed Media Rassoullila
Allah Allah lala lala lala...
Allah lahilala Mohammed...

Dr. Alvin Weasley

Eric: This story begins in the faraway Atlantic on a tiny island atoll just off the coast of Jersey and used for testing atomic and hydrogen bombs. Inside an unimposing looking shelter, such as this, is housed the mightiest theory of destruction known to man. Focus groups composed of the finest military and scientific minds are finalizing their plans for Mission Gigantic, the explosion of this new twentieth century philosophy. The most complicated and sensitive instruments yet devised are brought into play for this all important mission.

Countdown...

And now on a battleship in the East River from which all shipping has been banned, the moment of command approaches. The seconds are running out.

And there you see it... the release of the mighty ad campaign. Buildings disintegrate. Concrete is reduced to powder. Steel vaporizes. Solids turn liquid and liquids change into gas. Destruction is total and complete.

Sound effects of a Nuclear Blast

And then, the downward shockwave, like some gigantic and murderous hammer, pulverizing all that remains. The shock is recorded ten thousand miles away, as the angry mushroom cloud advances toward the stratosphere, baby.

On a another portion of the globe, the Truth and Soul advertising agency is engaged in the testing of a second campaign, even mightier than the government advertisement. The bomb bay doors are open. The 30 second spot is in position... target: a clustered semicircle of modern battleships. If all calculations are correct, in less than two minutes there will be no ships at all below; nothing but boiling sea and the sullen fire filled sky.

Blast

On target! The kill is complete. But what are these tests done to Mother Earth? Can the human race continue to deliver these staggering blows without arousing somewhere in the depths of Earth a reaction, a counter attack, a horror still undreamed of?

Maggie: Don't look at the light!

Erin: What?

Maggie: Don't look into the light.

Erin: Why not?

Maggie: Just don't. Its like 'Don't drink soap.'
Just don't, that's all.

Erin: But that's where the fun is.

There are persons in the Japanese Islands who believe that the horror has already been seen. What is the aftermath? This is the story of such an aftermath...

Eric: That's it.

Scott: Beautiful.

Maggie: We paid for that?

Erin: Twenty Eight Thousand... and we got off easy.

Kyoja del Wowie Wowie 1

These are the glass and steel mountains of Manhattan, the Westernmost of Japan's great island provinces. Here, except when I went away to school, I have lived all my life. My name is Kyoja del Wowie Wowie, and this is the village of Madison Avenue, where I was born. Madison Avenue is an advertising community. Almost all of us who live here are dependent upon the ads for our livelihood.

It was in our Harvey's Cerebral Edema Tequila account that an unusual horror began, on a day that started much like any other day... with the men coming to work as always, the roll call as always, and everything normal.

Yet, somehow, you knew it wasn't normal. There was a feeling of... uneasiness in the air.

Why Go Out?

Darkness in cold water
Darkness in soft silence
Invisible Sweet Nothings
Imbued in sweet soft humidity

Nothing in brown bag nothing
Blackbody bloodshot backslide
Into cold water
Into soft smother

Dredge deep dark
Drop thin reeds in radio
Displace damp infinitessimae in
Infinitely dense sweet water

Clear clean darkness in

Maggie: Guns, baby.

Maggie: Tanks.

Maggie: Cocktails.

Eric: A word here...

Maggie: Guns, baby.

Maggie: Bazookas.

Eric: A phrase there...

Maggie: Tanks.

Maggie: Flamethrowers.

Eric: Innuendos...

Maggie: Guns, baby.

Sweet nothing swelling
Cold water beatings with
Blackbodies in silence

Sleep eluding soft smother
Into radio silence with
Dreaded dry dawn

Maggie: What's he doing?

Erin: I don't know. He's having delusions of adequacy, or something.

Eric: And subtleties...

Eric: And when the time is right, we move in for the kill, man! No mercies!

Erin: Harvey's Cerebral Edema Tequila: A subliminal tremor throughout the land.

Kyoja del Wowie Wowie 2

I had known him for a long while; his sister and I were planning to be married, or whatever. It wasn't like him to freak out on the job. It was just another example of that strange tension that was affecting us all. Each time the men boarded the subway you could almost see it working in them. He and the others suddenly seemed afraid of the darkness. One thing that disturbed them was the fact that the campaign was going too deep... far deeper than any ad they had ever worked. It was becoming... dangerous.

Maggie: Introducing Miss Redneck, New Jersey, Eugenie Furlinger. Eugenie is twenty three. She's five foot four and weighs a hundred and seventeen pounds. She has blue eyes and blond hair with matching cuffs and collar. Eugenie is a graduate of the Sawbone / T-bone Steak diner in Redneck, where she majored in philosophy. She's a social worker and her favorite hobby is emasculation.

Schrödinger's Cat

Maggie: I have this box.

Eric: How big?

Maggie: ...this big. There's something in the box.

Eric: When you say the word, "box", what, exactly do you mean?

Maggie: Doesn't matter. Anyway, there are an infinite number of points inside the box.

Eric: If the box is only as big as you say it is, how can it have an infinity inside it, if we're out here?

Maggie: Don't be stupid. Let's say there's a point at one end of the box and another point at the other end of the box. Then there's a point halfway between those two points. There's also a point halfway between the halfway point and each end of the box and four more points halfway between the five points we already have, and more and more halfway points, halfway between all the other halfway points, and on, and on, and on. Its pretty simple; its just a box. Its not like we're talking about the universe, or anything.

Eric: So, you have this box filled with points, and...

Maggie: Well, the points don't really take up any space, so I wouldn't say the box is filled up with them.

Eric: So, there's something else in the box, too?

Maggie: Don't jump to conclusions. I didn't say the box was full, but, yes, there's something else in the box. A cat.

Eric: A cute, furry cat? A kitten?

Maggie: A very small cat. A kitten, if you like.. It doesn't matter.

Eric: I hope the box has holes, so the kitten can breathe. Its not scared is it?

Maggie: First of all, I'm afraid the box has no holes in it. That would defeat the entire purpose of this conversation. No holes. As far as whether or not the cat is scared, it really doesn't matter, but I will say that that cat just can't stop moving around inside the box.

Eric: You're not doing anything mean to that cat!? Torturing it with electric shocks?

Maggie: No, nothing like that. Its just a simple law of physics that keeps the cat from standing still.

Eric: Laws of physics? That doesn't sound like justice to me. I think you should let the cat out of the box.

Maggie: OK.... I'll make you a deal. Are you a gambling man?

Eric: Well, I've never really won anything my whole life. I guess I'm not very lucky. Whose cat is it, anyway?

Maggie: It belongs to some guy. Do you wanna get the cat out of the box, or not?

Eric: I guess so. What's the contest?

Maggie: Well, this... I told you there were an infinite number of points, and a cat in the box. I wasn't lying, so the chances that the cat is somewhere in the box are pretty good, one to one , in fact.

Eric: OK.

Maggie: It follows that the chances that the cat is in the left half of the box are one outta two, and that the chances that the cat is in one of the front quarters of the box are like one to four, and the chances that the cat is in one half of one of those quarters is one in eight. Get my drift?

Eric: I think so. Let me see. You're saying that the odds of finding the cat are directly proportional to what size the part of the box I guess the cat is in is. Do I understand you properly?

Maggie: How should I know? All I'm saying is: if you want to get the cat out of the box, all you have to do is tell me what the chances are that the cat will be at any given point you choose, should you be allowed to go looking for it.

Eric: How big did you say the box was?

Maggie: ...this.....big.

Eric: OK. Let me think about it for a minute.

Maggie: Take all the time you like.

Erin: Get Fresh Pussy- Even on your busiest day!

Scott: POONTANG™ Powdered Pussy- the pussy the astronauts use! That's right. When the astronauts go to the moon, they'll be packing POONTANG™. Nothing else goes down as smooth. Nothing else has that morning-fresh taste. Breakfast pussy keeps your head clear and your reflexes keen- whether you're hurtling through space at eleven times the speed of sound, or just trying to beat the traffic downtown. With a little POONTANG™ in the morning, all systems are go!

Eric: Here kitty, kitty, kitty.....

Kyoja del Wowie Wowie 3

He was dead when they carried him from the boardroom, but he didn't die from heart failure. He had been killed... more than killed; he had been slaughtered like an animal. Even in death there was a look of horror on his face, as if in those last moments he had seen something dreadful and terrible beyond words. We were all stunned.

Maggie: Smells... musty down here.

Scott: What is that?

Erin: Shall we go... see?

Maggie: Look! Down there!

Scott: Oh! Look!

Maggie: Human bones

Erin: Yes, and a pink slipper.

Eric: Oh, God! They're a terrible band. They're worse than the slits.

Scott: Oh, I don't know. I like their new video. Have you seen it? It goes a little like this...

to be taken

To understand where I'm at you've got to dig it that I've been into this very heavy political thing for a long time. In some ways this has done strange things to my head. But I've always felt that when you're really into something you shouldn't cop out

when we said, "we followed you", we immediately recognized at least three of the possible meanings implicit in that statement

on it. To be really out front, I get off on ego trips, power games. It's a speed freak sort of trip, I admit it. But, like, that's where I'm at... I mean you can put me down for kicking your ass, but don't put me down for being an ass kicker, 'cause that's my movie. That's cool, I got to do my thing. I just want to make that perfectly clear.

I'd always been into this kind of riff, but I never meant to get as strung out on it as I am now. It was in '52; I was out on the coast to get my head together when Ike calls me on the phone. "Dickey," he said, "You won't believe the job offer I have."

"Tell me," I said.

"Dickey," he said, "they're going to make me president."

"Far fucking out!" I said, but he sounded troubled.

"Dickey," he said, "I'm troubled."

"What's the matter, Ike?" I said.

"Dickey," he said, "if someone were to find out, Time magazine or someone, that all these years Mamie's been in drag..." I told him about the operation in Sweden. I guess Ike could see I had my head together about politics, because several days later he calls again and asks me to be vice president. I told him I wasn't up for that; I was just ready to split for Mexico City with Jack and Alan and Niel. But he came on strong and vibed me out on the whole thing- I've been into it ever since.

So like one thing led to another and I got to be president myself. Now being president is a really heavy thing. It's like being a very big dealer, like doing deals for like 5 or 6 hundred kilos every day- guns out on the table and briefcases full of hundred dollar bills. You have to deal with really heavy cats. This redneck that held the job before me had some fucked up war going down. First thing I did was I called the Pentagon and said, "This is the president. Off that shit! I want everyone back in California by Friday night." Fifteen minutes later the chairman of the board from GM walks in with this weird cat in a sharkskin suit and sunglasses.

Well, there's a time to stand and fight and a time to cut and run. Being president is a bummer.

what we most want to do

what our ultimate aim

our driving goal

our whim

is to make you see, however

by any means necessary

that of all these possible meanings

inferences, if you like

and its very important to us that you are not so much happy as comfortable with the format of this discourse

only one of them will really suffice to satisfy us that you really know what we are trying to tell you

it is of the greatest importance

it is a matter of life and death

mine or yours?

ours or yours

we can see that you do not quite understand

where we are coming from

what we mean to say

Not only heavy cats like that to hassle with all the time, but for a vice president I get a Yippie infiltrator who runs around the country saying the most outrageous possible things- trying to discredit the entire government.

I was getting freaked out. All these frustrations and anxieties building- bad vibes. Like the Supreme Court. The whole country's making an ass of itself, pasting up American flags everywhere, shooting kids and spades, saying things like, "Leave loose the dogs of war!" So I figure they must want a Nazi for their Supreme Court. Give them what they want, I say. Two Nazis I give them, but no, no, they don't want Nazis; they want a liberal. A liberal! There are only eleven liberals left in the United States. I had a hell of a time.

Like I said, when I first got into this trip I couldn't dig the war. But then I started getting to know Westmoreland and his buddies. They'd be walking up and down Pennsylvania Avenue wearing their colors and looking really bad. We got close. They're good guys once you can dig where they're at. I started going out on runs with them in their choppers, drinking beer. When I got behind it I understood they aren't really violent. They're for peace and love and everything; they just like to stomp gooks. They gave me a set of honorary colors- a cutoff Eisenhower jacket with script lettering in an arch across the back saying, "Joint Chiefs of Staff" with "USA" down at the bottom and a big mushroom cloud in between. I'd got very tight with Westmoreland, Wes the Axe, so I laid it on him about the vice president and all that shit. Wes said, "Yeah, you got to be a badass in this world or you just ain't gonna make it." I thought about that, and when I found out Cambodia was hiding those gook Viet Cong I said to myself, "I'm gonna trash that country!" Jesus, I never thought anybody'd get all that uptight about it. But soon as I told Wes to do a number on the Cong the shit really hit the fan. I felt bad about it. I really did. First thing you know there are thousands of people planning to gather outside my house to vamp on me about it. Night before they were all to come I dropped a tab of sunshine and thought it over. I went through some weird changes. Early in the morning, when I was coming down, I decided to go outside and rap on it. Hardly anybody was

how is it we say

why it is necessary for us to impart

who we mean to represent ourselves as

we can see that

you shake your heads in confusion

you nod your heads in mistaken agreement

lost behind clear receptive eyes

behind a thin veneer of skin

that protects you

that prevents your mixing with us

that prevents your assimilation

that keeps you from understanding

don't be mistaken

we are aware that when we say, "a thin veneer of skin"

we are fully cognizant of the fact that skin is only

a sign

a metaphor

an arrow

there and I had to wake this cat up to find somebody to rap to. "Wake up!" I said "I'm the president. Want to do some boo?"

"Oh yeah, far out, hey, Fat Freddy, wake up. It's the president."

"Abbie?"

"No, their president."

"Oh yeah, far out," said Fat Freddy. So they got up and blew some of my dynamite Laotian shit and I sniffed some coke they had and laid it on them what I said here.

"Wow, man," said the first, "where's your head at?" He told me my thing was really bad Karma. That I'd be reincarnated as a Gila monster. I could dig what they were saying. That's the way people should be with each other, really out front. This is what America's about.

we know that what you signify with your flesh is your desire

your desire to remain outside

your flesh is a line drawn from what we most want to the truth

we follow you

we follow your flesh

we carefully follow that map's instructions

and...

when you're in my arms, it's...

Quittin' Time!

(On video): Get on out! You ain't no more eatin' tofu and bean sprouts with skinny leg broads with stockings on 'em! Get on out 'a here! We gonna have some greasy fingers and some cheese steak and all the beautiful things that people have who have it, and you ain't got it! So get on out, you understand!? We're not gonna take anymore 'a yo' jive! 'Cause we're the Casa del Cheesesteak! You understand!? cheese and meat! 'Cause we got it, and we got a short order cook who's gonna make it right!

Eric: The Casa del Cheesesteak, 193 Delancey Street, New York, New York

Erin: After study of all the relevant data, I can now state that the unidentified flying object is a giant banner advertisement, closely related to the extinct highway billboard. Although related to the billboard, this creature is in low geosynchronous orbit, visible in the night sky, and belongs to a species called Rodan.

Maggie: Excuse me... Oh my god, I don't mean to rock the boat, or anything, but...

Erin: Uh, do you know the secret handshake?

Maggie: No.

Erin: OK.

Maggie: A question.

Erin: Of course.

Eric: Um, you guys, there's something I've always wanted to do... but it can wait.

Erin: OK.

Eric: Um, oh my god! OK, I'm going to tell you anyway. Oh my god! Maggie? Are you naked back there?

Maggie: No.

Eric: You guys, I'm going all the way to level 13 tonight.

Erin: No one's ever made it to level 13 before.

Scott: I heard about a guy out in Jersey who made it twice.

Maggie: We're gonna make it tonight.

Erin: How do you know?

Maggie: Because we have the power on our side. But, anyway...If this thing you call Rodan is extinct, how come it is still alive?

Erin: That's a good question. We can only advance theories, so far, so I'll advance a theory of my own...

Toward Rodan

Erin: Rodan, approaching 3,000,000 years of age, and through (for lack of a more insightful analysis) a lack of imagination, imagines that his life is more than half over; is exactly nobody. Naturally, he's just a bit embarrassed by this fact and makes sporadic and rather unfortunate attempts to leave his mark on the world.

Maggie: You are older now.

Eric: You smell terrible.

Erin: Devoid of creative insight, but blessed with hypersensitive critical faculties, Rodan is acutely aware of his disappointing and diminishing potential. After fits and starts of prodigal childhood talents, Rodan succumbs early to a mordant cynicism that (though warranted) fails transcendence at every juncture.

Maggie: That's what age does to you. I know from experience.

Erin: Turning his satirical aspect on his own fledgeling attempts at satire, Rodan's scope narrows in a series of concentric rings, which, given the finite resolution of human perception, blend and blur into a darkened, singular sphere of personal influence.

Scott: This inability to have anything that anybody wants is killing me.

Erin: His contemporaries, branching their pursuits in expanding networks of social/political/whatever type arcs, only enjoy the increased ratio of infinite scale to finite resolution.

Scott: I feel very terrible.

Maggie: Its OK. We're gonna make it tonight.

Erin: The macroscopic, at the expense of fixed and identifiable identity, affords a reprieve from the perils of ennui brought on by an integral, yet stagnant microscopic solipsism.

Scott: This chick's from nowhere, so it's up to you. Improvise. Do something. I've seen your work at Jones Beach with Guy Lombardo. I know you can pull it off. Say, why don't you girls go upstairs and play cards or something?

Maggie: Sure, man, I'm no hero.

Rodan, on Poststructuralism

Eric: This is how things look from my perspective.

Scott: OK.

Eric: There is a difference between the person who is a poststructuralist and the poststructural person. The poststructuralist is the person whose focus is turned inward toward the workings of its mind, and with total skepticism, attempts to isolate and break down the learned order of the mind, believing it to be based on arbitrary (and erroneous) assumptions. The natural progression of this inquiry, having broken down the constructs which define the individual's reason, is to then examine the constructs upon which society is based, as it (society) is composed of individuals, each with their own flaws of consciousness, to see if society's constructs (and this is assumed to be the case) are merely the aggregate sum of it's components' flawed constructs.

Erin: Jesus... you know so little, but you know it so remarkably fluently...

Eric: As a result of this inquiry (the poststructuralist having debunked the constructs upon which nonpoststructuralists base their rational decision making processes), we see the rise of the poststructural entity. This being, bereft of any sort of construct upon which to base reason, is left adrift in the world, unable to take decisive action, but rather taking indecisive actions and being subject to actions (indecisive and otherwise) of others, a hapless victim.

Erin: You know... you have the lucidity that is the by-product of a fundamentally sterile mind.

Eric: The way I see it, understanding all boils down to a matter of probability. The probability of you understanding anything I say are some extremely high number to one, against (though I will admit that anything is possible).

Scott: OK.

Eric: See, language (and its meaning) are hopelessly tied to constructs within each of our individual

minds. Since, even if we all started life as identical beings (which we don't, though its possible, if improbable), once removed from the void, we can't physically occupy the same point in the space/time continuum, our experiences outside of the void are going to be differently shaped into different constructs by our differing perspectives on things which are, decidedly, nonvoid (though probability does allow for homogeneity).

Maggie: Oh, fuck off, bert.

Scott: OK.

Eric: So we can formulate words and apply them to things and actions outside the void, but on a very basic level, the word is not a substitute for the thing it signifies, because each of us will more than likely have a different experience of the thing or action to which the word is applied. On an even more sophisticated note, each of us is going to have (or will probably have) a different experience of the word (as a decidedly nonvoid thing, the word) used to signify a thing or action.

Girls: Oh Golly!

Eric: This results in a misapprehension, raised to the second power, which we will symbolize here with the character φ^2 .

Erin: That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

Scott: MmmmHmmm...

Eric: Confusion Squared, being a very difficult condition to operate under, can be reduced to confusion of a primary order, simply by eliminating language from the equation and simply sticking with the original signified object or action, for instance, an actual can of Coke, instead of the phrase "Can of Coke", or slapping somebody in the face, instead of threatening to do so.

Maggie: If I took that same can of Coca-Cola and I shoved it up your ass... then what would you have?

Eric: There are certain situations, of course, where this solution is not practical. Substituting a real elephant for the word "elephant", in casual conversation is not advised, particularly if you are in the dark about the care and feeding of elephants.

Maggie: Like how your mind... Ooops... do you have one?

Eric: Likewise the substitution of your deceased mother for your loving, bereaved memory of her challenges contemporary notions of good taste.

Maggie: I'M TRYING TO REACH YOUR MIND! WHERE IS IT CURRENTLY LOCATED!?

Scott: Do you have this problem? You do have this problem!!!!!!

Eric: The thing I'm really struggling with, right now, is that even an action or a thing will have significance, according to certain constructs, which will (probabilistically speaking) be obscure in meaning, in the same manner as language.

Erin: OK, anyway... if I have to listen to you for one more second, I think I'm gonna puke.

Eric: For example, to the symbolist mind, a thing or action is itself a sign of some other thing or action (or even nonmaterial concept), giving rise to a situation in which confusion is raised to a secondary order unprecipitated by traditional signifiers.

Maggie: We are going to agree that when men have eaten too much rich food they can lose their cool and act like pathetic dweebs, but other than the gluttony, we really have no better explanation.

Eric: Let me show you what I'm talking about. Say I kiss you full on the lips with tongue, like this...

Erin: Stupid white man.

Eric: In the state of primary confusion, under which the rational mind operates, you should be able to discern that your lips are now wet and that I ate a light luncheon of Paté de Fois Gras and nonpareil capers on toast points with a bordeaux of the St. Estephe vintage prior to the start of this discussion. To the symbolist mind, the action of a kiss is interchangeable with the concept of my deeply felt love for you (though this concept, being of a vague void/nonvoid status, is beyond the scope of this discussion).

Eric: You look sort of confused.

Scott: I feel funny.

Eric: S'probably just nerves.

Scott: ...Yeah.

The Deal/Seduction

Erin: You've, uh, got something I want, Maggie.

Maggie: Do I, Erin?

Erin: Well, I mean we, uh, can't be certain, can we? But that's my hypothesis. Let's do Newton proud, Maggie.

Maggie: The chance exists that you will find exactly what you expect to, Erin.

Erin: What more could I want, Maggie?

Maggie: Truly a case where less is more, I guess, Erin.

Erin: Are you saying my sphere is limited, Maggie?

Maggie: It'd have to be, by definition. But there's always a chance, isn't there, Erin?

Erin: So the experts would lead us to believe. We've got a whole paradigm, a history to support, Maggie.

Maggie: Or contradict, Erin.

Erin: Whatever, Maggie.

Maggie: The probability of either extreme is equally slim. The odds favor the synthesis, Erin.

Erin: The middle of the road, Maggie.

Maggie: Whatever, Erin.

Erin: So you'll let me have it, Maggie?

Maggie: Have what, Erin?

Erin: You know, Maggie.

Maggie: Do I, Erin?

Erin: Theoretically, Maggie.

Maggie: I guess that never stopped anyone from taking practical steps, Erin.

Erin: Indeed. Theory seems to be heating homes, chasing away the darkness as we speak, Maggie.

Maggie: I can't deny it, Erin.

Erin: Not without a certain amount of anxious trepidation. Theory can be no more than this: a trap set in the hope that reality will be naïve enough to fall into it. To capture such strange events, theory itself must be remade as something strange: as a perfect crime, or as a strange attractor, Maggie.

Maggie: Nevertheless, one generally aspires toward a certain greatness, a rising above the odds. It would imply a requisite radical streak, it would seem, Erin.

Erin: Don't start with that narcissistic saw, Maggie.

Maggie: Its just the evidence suggests..., Erin.

Erin: Yeah, yeah... if, then. But your scope ignores the obvious tertiary factors, Maggie.

Maggie: My point, exactly, Erin.

Erin: Or approximately, with a trifling margin for error, easily attributable to the imperfections of the measuring apparatus, Maggie.

Maggie: Whatever. Doesn't matter, Erin.

Erin: The envelope, please.

Maggie: And the winner is...

Cushy™ Bathroom Tissue Spot

Eric: You probably won't believe me when I tell you that new Cushy™-brand bathroom tissue is the

softest, most absorbent bathroom tissue you'll ever try. Heck, I was skeptical at first, too! But, Wow! When it comes to getting your butthole clean, Cushy™ just can't be beat! Whether you've got a thin, runny liquid, a huge, bulky chunk, or even one of those hard-to-wipe, viscous-sludge-type defecations, Cushy™ is guaranteed to wipe your ass as clean as a whistle. Cushy™ not only has the absorbency needed to wipe your ass completely free of sticky, after-shit smears and stains; it's lightly perfumed and softened with soothing aloe-based moisturizing lotions make your puckered butthole feel like the King of Siam, reclining on a mound of the finest silk pillows in all of Asia. When it comes to making sure my asshole's been wiped right, I trust Cushy™. As the commercial says, "With Cushy™, I Know My Ass Is Clean!®"

Kyoja del Wowie Wowie 4

The rear stairwell of the Truth and Soul Building led to the office where I believed I had seen that monstrous advertisement break open. I felt unsure... tortured with doubt. Was it shock that did these curious things to my mind? Slowly, relentlessly, we pressed on. We felt we were entering the giant grave. How much of it did I believe? How much of it did I imagine? One thing I did know: there was no doubt about the existence of that horrible advertisement, which had led so many of my friends to death. My colleagues agreed: we could not stop now. There was no turning back. We acted as a group, but individually we were afraid. Yes... fear. It was inside the minds and hearts of all the men. Fear of something we couldn't see. The Muzak in the dark hallway added to the eerie atmosphere. Awful stillness gave us a shudder, but we continued on and on. We had to find out, even though the answer might be death to us all. We felt hemmed in, confined... deep in the bowels of the Earth. We could feel the strange echo of our footsteps as we kept on... no one of us daring to say a word. Single file, we walked, all of us searching... searching... we were seeking a monster... a monster who had been hatched from a television and an acute sensitivity to popular culture. How could prehistoric monsters stir from their long death to move about upon the Earth again? The only answer to that could be that they never really died... they only slept. We had clamored too hard for our entertainments, our convenience... and had awakened them to destroy us all. We looked around us. I could remember the smell of the thing... a cool, an evil smell, that sent your flesh crawling.

trial

Maggie: Its OK. We're gonna make it.

Eric: Why do you say that?

Maggie: Because we have the power on our side.

Erin: Who is this guy, anyway?

Eric: I don't know. Some friend of Wigner's.

Scott: Where am I?

Eric: Somewhere between something... and nothing.

Scott: What day is it?

Eric: That question betrays a level of presumptuousness that I am not prepared to operate at.

Scott: When is now?

Eric: Easy. A short time after all the events of the past hour.

Scott: Why am I here?

Eric: How do you plead?

Scott: What are my options?

Eric: Irrelevant, but for the benefit of continuing this conversation verbally, let's say... empty or full.

Scott: I remain an optimist.

Eric: We were prepared for that.

Erin: A woman knows all the vectors of a falcon's approach. The falcon flies away. The egg is too white, the vectors too familiar.

Maggie: A Studebaker is travelling at the speed of light. Its whitewall tires quickly wear out. An identical automobile remains parked in a garage. Its tires merely go flat.

Erin: A man has been wandering in the desert for five days and nights. Suddenly, he sees another man selling water. He proceeds quickly in the direction of the water vendor, but the coins in his pocket become so heavy, he dies of a hernia.

Maggie: An arrow travels halfway to its target, but before it can travel half of the remaining distance, the archer opens his eyes to see that the deer has run away.

Erin: Two young girls are sitting on a pier beside the ocean. One of the girls kills a butterfly. The next day the other girl notices the postman forgot to wear his raincoat.

Maggie: Some brimstone baritone anticyclone rolling stone preacher from the East, he says, "Dethrone the Dictaphone.

Erin: Hit it in its funny bone.

Maggie; That's where they expect it least"

Erin: And now young Scott with slingshot finally found a tender spot and throws his lover in the sand

Maggie: And some bloodshot forget me not whispers, "Daddy's within earshot."

Erin: Oh Christ! Save the buckshot, turn up the band

Eric: That's the most incredible thing I've ever heard. Who's your shrink?

Scott: Did somebody hear applause after the amputation?

Eric: You couldn't have known about that. You stand accused. I'm afraid that all your negligible errors have proven quantifiable and cumulative. The only problem remaining is our inability to imagine a suitable punishment...

Scott: OK. Let's just keep going.

Eric: I never thought it would end like this.

Maggie: Neither did I.

Rodan, on Prophylaxis

I woke up and I was annoyed. If I were asked to characterize the present state of affairs, I would describe it as 'After the Orgy'. Everything is dry and I have the peculiar taste of sickness when I sleep.

Now all we can do is simulate the orgy, simulate liberation. I was still annoyed.

Someone was knocking on my door. The possibility of metaphor is disappearing in every sphere. This is where the order...

Erin: or disorder

...of metastasis begins.

I calmly got up and opened the door. There is no longer an avant garde, political, sexual or artistic, embodying a capacity for anticipation.

Outside the door, I'm standing on one corner of an impossibly tiny, filthy white plane. A dusty, smeared rectangle. This society now produces only ill defined events whose ultimate clarification is unlikely. The whole country's making an ass of itself.

I tower over the plane- a thousand feet tall. I'm the president, goddamnit. My feet: specks. No more than the rest of this filth on this plane. Fucking fly specks. I think I'm going to puke.

Mine is rather like the situation of the man who has lost his shadow: either he has become transparent, and the light passes right through him or, alternately, he is lit from all angles, overexposed and defenseless against all sources of light.

On this white, filthy shadowless plane I can see for miles across to the opposite corner. Something moves. There is a shift. What is it?

What is constant is an immense uncertainty. This is what gets me so uptight. The uncertainty to which we are subject results, paradoxically, from an excess of positivity, from an ineluctable drop in the level of negativity. We are doomed in consequence to a whitewashing of all activity- whitewashed social relations, whitewashed bodies, whitewashed memory- in short, to a complete aseptic whiteness.

Something begins to move. A ball of string. A tiny, filthy, shit eating, wadded up ball of string at the

opposite end of the plane is rolling toward me and I step forward.

An artificial sterilization of all environments must now compensate for faltering immunological defenses. Once we get this mess cleaned up and all infection- whether social or bacillary- has been driven into the sea, then only the virus of sadness will remain in a mortally clean and a mortally sophisticated world, if you get my drift.

I move to meet the string, its outline vague and tiny and mostly inseparable from its shit specked surroundings. Things are changing.

Its very important to us that you are not so much happy as comfortable with the format of this discourse. You are lost behind clear receptive eyes, behind a thin veneer of skin that protects you. That prevents your mixing with us. That prevents your assimilation. That keeps you from understanding what the fuck I've been sitting here trying to tell you.

The perspective has shifted. As the string approaches, I see my misapprehension. That filthy string is not tiny. That fucking filthy phlegm soaked sphere is towering: a goddamned monument. The plane is vast, extending to the imagination's limit on infinity. I am a child.

It is true in a sense that nothing really disgusts us anymore. In our eclectic culture, which embraces the debris of all others in a promiscuous confusion. Nothing is unacceptable. But for this very reason disgust is on the uptake. The desire to puke up this promiscuity, this indifference to everything, no matter how vulgar or worthless, this viscous adherence of opposites. To the extent that this happens, what is on the increase is a disgust over the lack of disgust. Its a stone drag.

We know that what you signify with your flesh is your desire- your desire to remain outside, enclosed in a crystal sphere, a transparent envelope in which you have taken refuge and where you remain, bereft of everything, yet overprotected, doomed to artificial immunity, continual transfusions and, at the slightest contact with the world outside, instant death.

I move to meet the string.

I woke up and I was annoyed.

Eric: Give me your tired, your poor,
your clichés, yesterday's fashions,
your nostalgia, your sentiment.

Give me classic rock, classic Coke.

Give me red wine and barbiturates,
April in Paris.

Turn me on to something strong...
some song with funky breaks... is it
safe outside? Is it?

Remind me of the feeling of romance. I
got down, but I never got tight.

Erin: Its OK, we're gonna make it.

Maggie: Because we have the power
on our side.

Kyoja del Wowie Wowie 5

As he turned to weep on my shoulder, I realized that Rodan was only a chimera. We had staked our time, our resources... We spent all our money (but it was worth it) to investigate the nature of our own monstrosities to find that the ground had shifted, that there was no ground, no reference for ourselves,

in relation to the other. We could see where we were going, but not where we stood, or was it the converse? The brightest minds of our generation, the strongest, swiftest creatures that had ever breathed were unable, at last, to save themselves, so we sank against the earth like weary children. I wonder whether you, a twenty first century audience, could ever hope to fail so well. We stand here, staring with a strange fascination. I realize now, that by the narrowest of margins, society had proved itself the stronger. But will it always be so? May not other and more terrible monsters even now be stirring in the darkness? And when, at last, they spring upon you can we be certain you shall beat them back a second time? The answer lies in the future. Your fears, for now, have faded into darkness.