



1. SOMEWHERE TO START

if i could tell myself what i know, i would be able to explain this to you.
observe my eyes.

2. FUSE BOX.

he is running. he wears a grey coat. it is not heavy but hinders his movements. an angular bird claws through space. he carries a something that shines. cube observes this. he does not observe cube. corridors should have ceilings. he is not altogether enclosed. sky is invisible. he is running wearing a grey coat that makes his knees stutter. he points the light before him as a torch but moves too fast for the beam to help him. cube notes him. he does not note cube. he is trapped by the coat, misled by the light. he is running. cube trembles, stutters. he staggers, inarticulates.

cube presses out in all directions. in in all directions. he is caught in a phone box. light snickers on the mirror. greypulp pulses. flesh oozes from his nose. he is running. greypulp trips his knees, lumbers his shoulders.

he is running. bars are a foot from his face. he is running. cube encloses him. his eyes suddenly appear, glazed rawpink. light explodes. bars still hold their distance. a limb extrudes torn, lacerated. greypulp freezes its plaster grip. eyes appear, retching, sharp. cube fulfills, implodes. eyes distend, crash everywhere. there is a statement of knowledge; the phone rings. a tight clear light grips the flaccid grey stare.

3. BASIC RITUAL.

sitting in a brown room with two men facing. try to avoid assessing them. one has nicotine stains on his dead moustache. stain is fungoid. a slow drift of pendulous unfocused vegetation outside the sixteen paned window. cannot see the end of a curtain. stain is not repulsive. a thin sound is music. so this is love. i've never been here before. so when i leave i wont
a brass alarm clock rings. man with moustache vibrates, eyes dilate;

so, a boy.

yes

fully extruded, six feet, slight tinge of grey.

chimes of a silver pendulum clock. ornate face. flowers and the four horsemen. fat man ripples. seat is too narrow. thin sticky leather spanish train. acrid wine, onions. i will drink the wine. a small carafe, blue specks of water, acrid onions;

sector 5. fairly well balanced but a grey streak. could easily fall prey to himself.

out of step. he is drawing with a felt-tipped pen. a face. now he turns it round for inspection. hairs glisten on his hands and in the most unlikely places;

observe this. memorise that.

its done.

quick reflex. show him the stair

the table opens, vacates space. one thing at a time
stairs are dark there is a dangerous blackness below them. am told about it. a plastic cocoon, rubber limbs. behind is a door. beyond is a window. light is far away. blue, more grey. totally static. a man who wants my death waits in the shadows. he blesses the cocoon. a gleaming crucifix snarls from his waist. knives are balanced on eyeballs, lips. silence writhes across the landing. stairs are sudden. orderly reek of disinfectant. grey zombies flatten their thighs on the plain brown wall, crawl without desire towards what. there is no ceiling but there is the door. beyond is a window washed by a bluegrey day. music trickles into the haunted

landing. the man in shadows fits stalks to the eyes of the incomprehending organism in the cocoon. stairs fall forever, pitted by voids, culminating in a rush of utter dark. man grimaces reassuringly. organism gurgles within. the fact is recorded. stairs rush on. the pit waits. here is a door. a window, people and bluegrey light.

the table reflects the light. the ormulu clock strikes. hands judder. moustache sucks fat flesh, the bellyhole. ripples bulge upward, downward. crutch is filled. he writhes on the harsh leather. a dry orange pip is heard proceed to sector 5 immediately. cannot pass go. credit cards are arranged

saliva describes a ballistic trajectory, battens on a carved stalk. contracts, sucks. fatman wriggles his lungs. belly hangs out. bluegrey thick-beard newshaved. mouth spurts congratulations, incitements felicitations and goodbye. he scratches the rim of his belly hole deeply hidden in rolls of pulpy flesh. sweat glistens on his eyeballs

4. FOCUSING (i)

are you ready? do you want to hear it? if everything is going to hurt you might as well stop worrying.

a coil of dust whispers under the piano. it is brown and upright. keys are pressed but no clear notes result. only dim groaning. his eyes, which had so far been sealed casings, snapped open. a floorboard creaked.

pedal under his foot felt spongy. old photos were unchanged. notice the flowers. slightly dusty. they have a forest of stalks. there are small grubs on the pistils. red goes well with the muslin petals. an observer cannot fail to delight in such splendour and fulfilment. he is humbled; he resents slightly. a weight moans underground. certain curtains quiver, grey and stained. there are four carved objects, neatly detached from a pile of plaster shavings. these are all. a brown jug stares at the special fire. the statues are on a board. with them are the shavings. there are more shavings than statues. a flaw is detected. they are carvings but only because their flaws have been exaggerated or elaborated. misshapen mouths, flat faces. in a pink light. on the carpet. passengers on platform. a slow train. shouts in the street, drumming in the alleyway. he makes a phrase, swallows it, feels complete.

5. re CUBE (classified 1a)

cube was not at first observed, being composed initially of transparent and non-reflective surfaces. it had however already sterilised many command centres by means of misinformation, false programmes and restrictive education. great use had been made of the earlier conditioning of immediate information sources. slight alarms were quelled by the apparent uniformity of sensor readings from separate and secondary sources. later knowledge reveals that cube was already distorting information and had introduced misleading theses and postulates, but without creating suspicious shadows and with invidious plasticity. flaws were therefore attributed to incorrect sources, the which resulted in further weaknesses. he proceeded to various destinations. cube observed. he was unaware of the cube; he was looking through it. he who is lost searches, he who searches is lost.

6. TRACKING ON SOFT GROUND.

whimper of moonlight. hard spun linen. coming through the wood he rarely stumbled, his eyes curiously bright, compensating for the sensation of walking in featureless fog. grey black as old photos, unchanged in their frames of stained oaks. he can believe the wilderness his true home.

slimed roots did not seem like snakes. they were slimed roots. deadly more dangerous. he was in control. he had met nothing. the dark passed through. he could not stop moving. it was too chill, too unsheltered. he hungered for something. cube expressed signals related to hurt and violence. his nose protruded further. a whiff of possibility sent him crashing into the undergrowth. gorse mangled him horribly, snicking at his legs and injecting acid in to his skin. a green desire grappled with his swirling mind and tossed the ripped idiot onto a stagnation of earth and pebble. he was sweating enormously. his breath was injured. small nerves imploded. his legs twitched. the sweat turned cold. he was not afraid. his eyes shone.

red on grey. he was not aware of the danger. cube expressed preoccupation and distraction. his body did not fit as easily as before. certain areas were damply sensitive to the himalayan wind. he began to think about resting, but disturbance drove him on. eyes glimmer, bonewhite. there is a snicking of teeth. a child, hiding, presses his face against the bark. the universe stops seeing him; such the unbelievable complexity of a simple jaunte. crack stamp these his feet on the bracken. he is striding 'at a steady pace'. his legs quiver violently, in his mind he is running to any shelter whatsoever from this moon so appallingly cruel and crucified. the ground writhes, a glad panic he pictures as that of a mad hunting animal, possesses. with arrogant strides he leaps forwards, nose flared, eyes bright with wanting. grass flares up, the wind pursues a torment. cube is not comprehended. future research was to show that it was more visible as awareness decreased. panthers possessed the land. he ran hard and vengeful. a mind that turned hunter into hunted was awefull. and allpowerfull. shadowgrass rose as dustspurts, thin brown bogwater shuddered in his footprints. he reached a fence. it had four bars. beyond it was a road. the road was grey. the quarry had jaunted. suddenly embarrassed by the futile chase he stumbled down the coarse tarmac.

7. RERUN AT LOW SPEED.

i have forgotten something. i must return to the place where i first thought of it. it may remember itself.

a man passed by the window. her eyes were closed. he moved inside her. her eyes were closed. a strange nerve sang in her brain. her eyes were closed. she was asleep in some love. he was not asleep, was not sure what she meant by love. if you would be free of pain you must learn what makes me kind. the man passed by the window. he lay stiff, waiting to act. the man passed. he relaxed. her eyes were closed. the wall opened. a great deal of space. where they all go. between the stars. certain alterations are being made to the preconceived tactics. her nipple rubs his forearm. both humble and arrogant he stands at the ornate gates, under the basalt columns. she has eyes she has nipples she has a cunt. void is her mouth. a masturbator, no man can make her more than twitch sluggishly. damp drops, planets congeal at her thighs. never sure which is her mouth, which is her cunt. he stands at the tall gate her disregards him. he is content.

all is balanced. no orders require him to leap in. he is relieved. her eyes are closed. her mouth, fuzzy with writhing gas, is open. he waits, staring. a man passed a window. his fingers burnt with lifelessness. she smelt of earth and carried certain keys. she would make him safe, neglect him.

he would deceive her. he searched other bodies, discovering little. stole away like a graverobber. then she hugged the keys to her and would not let his blunders flop away. he became agitated, afraid of failure following lack of progress, grabbed what he could remember, and fled. she has many lovers. one is a northwind, another an ebony saint. we are all in her net, those who despise her most of all. to those who love her enough there is only the web of our own fearful singularity.

he had a cold man behind him with a loaded tube. the purple blob had slid deep down his cells. it was the grey cloud in disguise. he was crazy, explosive, needing release. they threw him across the room. he bounced off the table, a foot crushed his balls. he screamed, soft as a giggle. he clawed up, strutted from the room with lightbulbs crashing velvet night falling

a devious evening a hard battle. she opened her eyes. they were wide. very wide.

8. re CUBE (classified 5ii)

the grey press is one wall of the cube. i slaughtered several of my children in revolutionary feasts sponsored by the dank newsprint. they have been reborn so awefull it is not often i can go to visit them. they demand many duties, too much revenge. one has blank eyeballs filled with pulpy newsprint. she speaks with her hands; cracked nails and ragged fingers. they say she claws at anything that's like a barrier; stools, tables, anything.

cube has cheated her forever. she has not even the composure of hate.

9. WORKBOX.

he has watched many faces staring at the ceiling he has heard the small cries of the night. he has watched many faces staring at the walls. he has heard the small cries of day. he begins to work through the vast selection of ciphers, known and unknown and hinted at. he is cautious, devious. works late in secret rooms with small windows and a single bed. he surrounds himself with silence, the firm hum of cats. by extreme effort, doubling sharp back on his trail, surviving interminable ambushes, not even relaxing by the downstairs campfire, certain information was gained as to the prevalent state of affairs. cube was unable to prevent this; certain of its obstructions had been noted and allowed for in future calculations. he was however very tired. therefore cube distorted his perception of the guards at his door. he was very tired. he was happy. he had solved many important questions. he was very tired. the information was impossible to retain. he could trust no-one sufficiently. he made mental jottings. very tired. sleep said cube. he stood in an icy river clutching the documents. thin jets of freezing water needled him. he thrashed about. he could no longer read. the sky was grey. it pulsed slowly. sleep said cube. he stumbled, drowned fluttering. soaked gossamer water embedded eyes staring upwards. cube expanded, became sky again.

10. SECONDARY RITUAL.

in the room on the first floor certain ceremonies are carried out behind the boarded windows. the light is permanently grey though seasoned inmates detect subtle differences in tonal vibration to which they ascribe the names of colours. this is the dream refrigerator. the bodies are kept on ice and pickled in alcohol. small cubes menace from all corners but do not obtrude so long as constant dosage is maintained. in the drear light

they threw bottles into the downstage backyard. the mock-up bent slightly. the fragments were brown tinged with green and possibility. one would have slit his wrists but had no strength to die. the other grinned mindlessly and carried on with the perpetual sweeping up. a square slides open in the side of the cube and a female android screams incoherently for 30 seconds. the android nature of all actors is an unguarded secret. all decisions are futile. all is known. nothing is possible. she lay beneath him, frizzy hair, surprising cunt. his breath was hamburger grease. her breasts were only seventeen. her face pretended to age. hog felt good. they lay on the naked bed. the skylight gaped. morning froze his arse. she wanted love.

he grunted, went for a blanket. she leaves. the identity of androids is an unguarded secret, if you are an android, everyone else is if everyone else is and you are not you are crazy. the dream refrigerator is stacked with androids, mouths to their cocks, fingers up their cunts, vomit in their eyes; side by side they lie back to back never touching. thin candles shine for them at dawn but they are never listening. frozen hands, sealed ears, iced-up throats. as we approach the point of minimum tolerable dosage the walls recede and the plaster shows through grey. rat simulators scuffle in the corridor. the bed is naked the mattress lining shows through grey. bodily contact is conducted through a swirling haze. the sky peels back on itself and the universe shows through. it is grey. it is all grey.

11. TRACKING ON HARD GROUND.

he stepped through the arch. he felt free. every time he stepped through this or a similar arch he felt free. because it reminded him of men leaving film prisons. he felt free. his eyes were grey

there has been a time on these or other mountains to collect certain information, denied by more rigorous channels. she is not so much sensitive as a sensitive. she is in imminent danger of extinction. poets find her beautiful, perhaps. 6 in a room, 4 beds, half a weight. we declare this cell fully operational. eyes are opening slashed by sun narrow to infinite. words linger everywhere. all is performance all are performers. stages in streets, living rooms on stages. a small candle before a celtic cross, high afternoon on a city mountain. on the eighth day he went south.

there was time on these or other mountains to recognise the symbols and the symptoms, the ache in bone, ague in teeth. holy slow procession wandering the land. his appearance, they say, is far from attractive, tied up as he is in bits of tattered cloth. as he came through the tall pine arches he felt free. sky was whirling grey, rain hurt him where he stood. areas were damply sensitive to the wind. earlier his eyes would have shone. grass flares up, the wind pursues a torment. his eyes are stiff with futility. the chase was over before begun. there were no roads. cower, said cube, look for warmth. explode said cube, run with the storm. he does neither. for this he is to blame. on this or some other mountain the sky, despite its vehemence, held a grey vision a blank of pain. man with flu is sad animal. cube twists the layers. they are meshed. there is confusion. he picked up the trail somehow. there was a man dwelt by a churchyard. I will tell it softly. whose aliases are as legion as those of death. we are all spies now. as they treat us so we become. i would mould this thing with love: give it the flesh of my body for suck. he was in a barn. there are fibrous bales. a tethered dog. there is a man by the tarry tarn. he is not the humble who dwells by the slabbed grate. he is some other. he wants my death by desire and submission. i will tell it softly, here in the fishy fat of my sleepingbag. the wind flares dog smoulders. cube is elsewhere and here. he is legion. he is ourselves. he

is the trail. the dog recognises the pursuers ability and ownership. everywhere a damp, incoherent, storm-fractured sleep.

over the hill, over the wall. in the cafe they wait with heatguns. their bodies are plastic and melt from eyes to form carpet. slowly the fever and his years dripped through him. he felt very simple, politely childish. the table has a checked cloth. a muddy petrolstation is without. cloth and shiny woodwork proliferate. his appearance they say, is far. noiselessly, while he was paralysed by the intravenous steam, two petrol attendants wheel him to the stimulation capsule. so kind waitresses wave goodbye.

cube energises. he emerges in the cinema. spiral cones create instantaneous confusion.' cube desires submission not death. death is too various. they forwarded him to his destiny in a succession of forged vehicles, but they were only pictures moving. he has no desire to follow thought. he is articulate, almost controlled, though still dizzy. the heavy smash of the piano lid dislodged more dust. he is deliriously happy to be at this place.

he is frustrated, the greyness rots in. damp, tired, and defeat. he watches the film. it is distant, hardly interesting. he is tired, he cannot turn it off. driven by the rain to shelter in a dreary cinema. projectors are cube simulators. when the film stops the screen is grey. they muttered about possible over-treatment, but left confident. he jumbled to bed. he was tired, he was not sleepy. he was tired. he awoke without distressing recall symptoms and appeared to accept the film at total reality value. we therefore suggest that he be left to adapt completely, under supervision.

- *but, my dear doctor, does it work?*
- *treatment is successful in 80% of cases, rendering at least half such spies permanently inoperative.*

he had a cold. he ate a hearty breakfast. he could not smell at all.

12. FOCUSING (ii)

not terribly frightening, but worrying to be unable to watch the play.

there is this world that is so totally different. full of sad tired but restless eyes. somewhere nearer chaos. afraid of there being no pain. absence of pain would make everything incomprehensible. he was tired he was thirsty. no-one could give him what he needed. he was restless he was sorrow. his acquaintances have grown more together. there are these barricades of people. his former ladies, though beautiful, desire him too much or too little, not as he needs. He was no longer writing the play, he was living it. the naked soul confronts the lonely. if depressed-immediately seek out someone. suddenly for no clear reason, his eyes locked hers on his. i fuck you fuck i. entranced but not surprised they let the chocolate conversation melt away. it is not as simple as it seemed. all he wants is yourself. why give gifts. there is both secure and insecure generosity. a terrible purity of intention is demanded of man. root and flower. he covers his face with gibberish. to look deep requires: great strength or total weakness. he covers his eyes with confusion. those who are enslaved by the names that protect them are safe only until they learn comparison, torture of the self. safest is, tell no-one what you call a thing. the first sign of a paranoid regime, after the tightening of laws, of rules; is excessive conjuration of names of friendly and harmful demons. therefore disclose no information or ciphers to any person. some agents have been rendered dumb. they however. mouth towards unnecessary communication. hungry-eyed. every facile word becomes a cheat, a lie. those who are crippled in other ways are nervous of them, of their gaping commitment. it is the cold stone we sit upon, the late hour we stumble in, that makes us gibber. the line of the moon is missing. warm we would be silent. these agents carry the fire within them, we sizzle with words, damp tinder.

13. CUBE (unclassified)

cube accepts the submission of anger, the compliance of anxiety, the obedience of apathy. cubedeath is drowning in the deep plush of a fat armchair. it has a terrible hunger and many gifts, but its smile is machine and sticky. your greatest fear becomes your surest security. leaving becomes progressively more difficult. the damp plush wallows as you rise, seasick, and nervous you sit down. in it all mechanicals are given an unnatural future. you it loves dispassionately, you can tend the machinery. its cancer shows through, yellow-black blotches. it tolerates those who told of cure but believes itself immortal. therefore it kills overactive surgeons.

they do not appreciate the gravity of the joke. their smiles flash, it sees scalpels. it is too nervous to appreciate its sickness. within and without, us and the other, cube.

14. RERUN AT HIGH SPEED.

in periods of depression or frustration he seems often to regress to an earlier period of his life. the line of the sun was missing. he was not surprised. i am as i was as i am i will be.

we teeter round the gardens. in our heads the layers are floating. they bend and intertwine. perception becomes a matter of choice. even the gropings towards reality are lies. no-one is discharged. we do not trust ourselves, who then can we trust. the treatment is effective. many begin to trust the cube. only when you know what there is to fear can you stop being afraid. yet never to know if you are free or wholly possessed. many have remarked on the police machine. in all cubestudy open sores are designated for rubbing with salt. there are many machines, we are linked to them by the surgery of pain. our nerve endings are stapled to their outputs, our greeds to their inputs.

he went trailing off in a crazy dance across the lawns, dragging his polythene tube. he could not bear them to touch it, he would amputate himself. he carried a blunt knife, serrated at the point, coated with charas. his eyes spin. she smiles. deep in her soft chair she hides a devious spring, harsh pointed. a desperate hope. she grimaces, his eyes revolve. he looks at the daisy. it is a daisy. he amputates its green tube with his serrated knife. the polythene bleeds, lightgreen, sapsticky. he lies on the grass. she pushes the armchair towards him. it is heavy it blunders over small holes. she snarls, his eyes collide. the spring grins, one tooth glinting in putrescent stuffing. he twiddles the daisy. his tube snakes from between his legs back to the rooms. she is smiling. the armchair blocks the sun. many desperate changes pass behind her skin. it has thick thighs, plush and scurfed upholstery. his eyes spiral. she is smiling, she says. he knows the shadows that move beneath her skin, the small confusions of the nerves, the swirling unspeakable patterns of her hopes. he does not trust himself to her he does not trust her armchair. he experiments, amputating daisies. she looks down on him, her eyes, the spike, glint. he is pretending to be relaxed. he grips the tube where she cannot see, wanking it, hoping for the sap to rise. he would like to help her from her pain. he would fill her, give her what he could honestly re-

ceive. she carries the armchair everywhere. look she says to him lying on the damp ground among a carnage of daisies; look ,at my armchair you will no longer sit in and you so alone and bitter here. the armchair has fat thighs. i need you to fuck me i need you to fill me, but afterwards i will discuss the ways you can sit comfortably on the armchair. i will argue that you cannot really want me if you do not sit in it, looking down at me reading on the carpet that i have swept the severed daisies from, looking down and smiling any smile that is not too sad, clutching your tube so long and grey that stretches to the kitchen where sleeproot simmers in a saucepan. for we women are all alike. there is no point in leaving me for another. we all have armchairs and i am not as ugly as many.

in the vast shadow of the armchairs seat the spring glints. this sharplight hurts his eyes. he puts on grey glasses. i am no longer the problem, he says, the only problem is you. and he picked up his knife and a serrated stem and crawled slowly across the lawn to a bench where people passed, dragging his tube, raw in his own pain, angry that she would not let him be. he sat on the bench. the pain immersed him. he saw the cube. he understood. he saw her flirting with her armchair, out on the lawn, casting an occasional furtive wish over her rounded shoulders. he understood he loved her very much. he understood her pain. he could not return to her. she would sit him in the armchair. i am not the problem, he says turning to watch the passers-by, those whose eyes are not so desperate, whose wheelchairs excite a novel interest. he could not trust himself with her. his eyes would grey he would deceive. the connection was missing. she builds living rooms out of his every smile. cube is roomshaped. he is discontented with himself. how then can he give himself to her who will stifle the pain but leave the sickness. he loves her very much, he is not afraid to touch her. he is nervous of what she will think he means if he touches her. he says, i know you need touch, as me, as all. here i touch you, now be still. she will say yes but she is weaving a web of times and places, a maze back to the armchair, the coiled and snakey spring. it is all too contrived. for all sympathy, which he deceives himself is love, he can only sit here, on the bench, smiling at everyone the same. she knows he is lonely, will find it hard to make a true connection. she crosses his path with eyes of reproach. cube has scrambled her mind. she wants to destroy his trust in his decision. he is not

in his decision. he is not really aware that he has decided. it has happened. circumstances are different he sits on a bench, not an armchair. it is hard but has no spike. it is bareboard, there is no upholstery to hide anything. she thinks it a matter of choice, something which can be reversed. he sees cube. he understands the continuum. he can love her, for nothing she can give him, but because she is a person playing on the grass, whom he would give what he could honestly receive, he can love her, for he understands pain. his head is going too fast. he cannot explain it in her terms. he loves her, but for her he is either in or not in love with her. they are different persons that are same. he senses the movement, this way, that way. he will flow i will not return the same. soon he will find he has no need for the women who would fuck him and that the women he would fuck never make connections. in this he will blunder. he will flow, he cannot avoid it. all that has gone before has made this now. how could now or we be any other way.

15. OMENS AT RANDOM.

- a) what is the one thing that man desires, de Hahn?, said i. but he didn't answer.
- b) loveliness that seems destined to bring hurt, corruption, excess; which is perhaps as it should be.
- c) like a flower she was, cool orchidaceous, not of my race at all.
- d) what is that one thing, de Hahn?, said i.
- e) it was all a game. you had to be on your guard all the time, against everything against everyone. the craftiest and most watchful always won.
- f) cowards, but sensitive and not really selfish.
- g) the threat of what i'll be like if i ever muster the nerve to stare straight into things.
- h) welcome to you, darling and friend, who miss me forever in you trip to the end.
- i) i placed my clenched fists on top of the dashboard and laid my forehead on them weeping in spasms
- j) there is only humility, humility is endless.

16. CALL BOX.

if you want me why doncha call me. doncha worry, when things go wrong, i'll be there.

at the far end of a long thin wire. we will see if she will search if the placebo of the telephone is silenced. the whispering bone, the fleshless smell of another mind. simulator in cube. machine breeds distrust. how can you talk face to face later. laughter from unimaginable other rooms. later and before. nothing and dreams.

in a process of slow strangulation the neck is at first only aware of the touch: if it believes a friend is touching, it will not fear. the sudden pressure on the adamsapple jerks the tongue out, the legs forward, and in all but the innocent causes a near rupture of panic in the brain circuits. bulging of the eyeballs, dilation of the nostrils, and an eerie whistle accompany collapse. the subject is unconscious, perhaps dead. finger marks are whitely yellow on his throat. we are at the inputs, we are at the outputs. why then have we no control? it is too easy to deceive the invisible, it is all too controlled behind a sterilised machine.

17. TRACKING IN RITUAL.

eyes move from the formica to the smitten door. two men; one has a trilby, the other a pacifier. greetings; gettysburg gas co. they said. sorry to bother you: polite nod: madam. actually in industrial gooseflesh she sayeth ripping a turkey breast from her booster beneath the floor. the eerie ping of nerveless thermostats. the taut knife teases. in the turkey squeezes. when her fingers were as red as their eyes she laid them side by side and ran her fingers through their hair, murmuring. the turkey vibrates, its legs buzz, a small videoscreen appears in its crutch. behold it is the law. they desire arrest for the passing of information and don't care which peg they hang the sodden warrant on. turkey explodes. 4000 episodes go by. they come down the steps of justice hall. the credits are mundane the production banal. they get into their black sedan and drive into the grey sunset. they look earnest. one can only feel sympathetic. so earnest.

he went into the hall. they rose to meet him. his eyebrows soared stiff chain triphammer spread fall whip wind slew lips cheek blaze pout burst stripped kneecap vibrate rising crutch crash pivot stakefire coming down slow motion vacuum gleam spectacles black furze his mouth it was damp his fist it was carrying was carrying

prisoner is taken to the guardroom. he has a green corduroy coat. his eyes are puffy and slightly purple. they spurt in all directions. the guards eyes proceed in rigid lines. they have heavy revolvers strapped under their palms, strapped to their sides. prisoners flesh is grey. the light is yellow very harsh. the flesh is the damp stuffing of rotting mattresses.

one does not think of ghosts. they do not drag, rather he slouches, his head at an awkward angle. his hair is greasy, hacked, tufted and scabby back and sides, none on the neck. the yellow light points to the craters on his neck. when his head twitches there is scarcely a dull reflection of yellow on his forehead.

he was elated at being allowed to proceed so far. his guards tell him stories late into the night. he enjoys the names of things he cannot see. all

his arguments are fallacious but he is too fearful to do anything but talk. one night the guards brought a woman in, harsh as tin ornaments. who stripped, performed for first one, then the other. he was mildly surprised. i shall call this by these names, he thought, suppressing them all. she had sticky tufts of dark hair in her pits. her breasts were long, slightly wrinkled. the benches were hard. he sat on one. she lay on the other. the warders take turns, complementing each other. they all drink gin. some snow from her shoes has not yet melted. he is given compassionate swigs. they are deeply drunk. he watched unmoving till she left. till the warders snored, their pants sagging, sopped with sperm semen and spirits. there are names for all of this he thought contentedly. he turned over. the bench was very hard.

he regarded everyone with the same benevolent superiority. having measured the cell he drew plans for the universe. a brown jug stares at the special fire. he complained to the guards about the screaming from neighbouring cells. there are four carved objects on a sheet of fibre-board. also a mound of plaster shavings. he was allowed to make angry speeches to dummies, cast off from stores as broken or unsightly. the guards loved setting them up, fondling the peeling mounds, smiling when he mouthed. they know it makes him feel better to throw his hate at something not himself. the inquisitor agrees. deception is a prerequisite of contentment, he stressed at a recent press conference; we hope to open endless avenues of self-deception and offer limitless distractions to ensure the present placid nature of our charges. this liberal policy works so well that most inmates are no longer natural dangers but real contributors to civilisation as we know it. we cannot, of course, in the public interest, take the risk of releasing anyone of you.

indeed, what could be more rational than the suppression of individuality in the mechanisation of socially necessary but painful performances.

18. DECODING.

priest in handcuffs. priest walks, runs, stumbles. rises as the cock crows
three days and temptations, trinity, triangle. who doubts dimensions?

let these dry numbers breathe. there are sequences that rule us all, that
speak the infinite. priest is blinded, stoned. count his tears, count his
blood, count his bones. call the machine abracadabra or abraxas or a to
z. call these words fool for their utterance, call these numbers fool for
their silence. the priests cowl, a shattered ghost, lies before the iron gate
the harsh silver surfaces. from a far room a voice details his compo-
nents, but who is the wiser in this vast labyrinthine hall where machine
talks to machine. the hugest of the statements cannot comprehend that
which it claims to supplant. there are names and numbers for the parts
and the sum of parts but there are as nothing beside the whole that not
names nor number can convey. the words do not halt in their flow to-
wards the silence of comprehension nor the numbers rest in search of
their mystical speech. even here, where the grey walls numb the rational
dead gossip of ourselves and our machines, come moments of entirety.

19. FROM OUR SPONSOR.

the UNIVERSAL ARCHETYPAL SLOGAN CO. presents

first, in assorted natural colours, lettered in trees, flowers water earth-worms mountains and all allied matter, to the accompaniment of bird-song wind and a vast variety of animal and plant noises, the slogan

IT MAY NOT BE CLEAN
BUT AT LEAST ITS INTERESTING

second, set in stars suns spacedust meteorites atoms and indeterminate void, to the winding of angelic trumpets and the harmony of the spheres, the slogan

IT MAY NOT BE RATIONAL
BUT AT LEAST ITS CONSISTENT

these advertisements are placed free of charge for the benefit of the public to help them to a better enjoyment of life.

20. CUBE. (classified A to Z)

cube in control keeps those in its guidance in queasy and somnolent comfort.

cube is confusion. is wars for peace, violence to achieve order.

cube was formed blind, it dare not believe those who see.

cube simultaneously does does not exist. it depends on what mind you're in.

cube makes you desire what you do not expect.

cube makes you desire what you do not need. frustration and disintegration follow.

cube is the unnatural that seeks through pervasion to make the natural strange ugly and frightening.

cube is the sum total of our selfish thoughts. is production without creation.

cube is death that is life for the many.

cube is the illusion of being together.

cube is compromise for no reason of love.

cube is palehorse snowsmack sting of the self stringing poisoned vein spider.

cube is slavery, body and mind.

cube is despair, the everpresent peepshow of other peoples disasters that gives sad consolation for the nearer disasters of the everyday failure to live.

cube is self and society. leaving one it leaves the other.

cube is castration, impotence. without power we enjoy our impotence.

cube is the gods to which we perform, instead of being gods ourselves.

cube is the giftbox. wrapped, what a pretty thing you are.

cube is the mechanisms of wear tear and destruction; humiliation isolation suffering work decompression.

cube is the control of antagonisms by power

cube is laws in the name of freedom

cube is distraction, meaningless experience cube is deception, of self and others

cube is grey; grey; is absence of joy.

21. FOCUSING (iii)

not let it be so, and it became; but rather a continual movement, shifting of the pattern, at every instant a new focus on some point perhaps not possibly there. hints and guesses, reflections in a silver maze. eventually to learn faith. but do not ask in what if it is not in yourself.

blind the sad fisher by the dank pool and blind the tall lawgiver who rants on the moor. sightless the clamour towards transient gods, orisons from the coffee bar. stumbling behind the counter the waitress screams one sudden prayer that pierces the veil of logic and unsense. the voice of a people who sold their birthright for a mess.

it is not a matter of whether you know, but of how you know. a certain flaw is detected. statues and shavings on a board covered in polythene and dust. the knowledge discarded for pragmatic considerations, the act left incomplete, the union unconsummated. wavering, we would not be eaten. so were we refused taste. strung out in the long hurt shadowplay is easier on the eyes. flickering visions in grey are less appalling than the vicious contrast. eyes searing his hand wavers, twists the knob thick hazy timetrapped slide so old hours drift and come colossi of no imagining. do not ask mercy. they blot out the thin air. huge their muscles heave the sensuous sinews, lips vast quiver mounds. there is nothing left to say. as the sense was coming it was confused. a terrible purity of intention is demanded of man. thunder, a smell of soured milk. squealing the retreat into whatever shuddery comfort is known. someone is squeezing your hand. it is your other hand. always the kettle pulled back before the boil, the air diffused before the burst, the gleaming surfaces saved from disorder. but this is not conclusion, may not be a pause.

having faith in the possibility of swimming if not the existence of shore, his head remained above water, even though as yet he could not walk on it.

22. SOMEWHERE TO STOP.

here (to be continued)