

A Sucker for Mania (let me *explainia*)

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Chapter 1

To Be the Not to Be in To Be

Ya know, I thought long and hard about this one. I considered it seriously for as long as I consider things seriously these days – I mean, really, what the hell just happened? This wonderful, woe begotten hell-be-damned-I'll-use-you-'cause-you're-there and I've operated, functioned, or you've operated and functioned for me over the best part of this decade: our year 2023 in the Lord of this the 18th day of March, I'm thinking, I surmise 2 days from Spring, wonderful, and that's just the point!

This stupid computer, which is otherwise nice and dandy, smooth running, like a funny, bobbling sea beneath the boats and the birds fly over... Who knows what birds - and I sure as hell don't know what boats are called anymore, or after some mystic woman, or normal woman, she could be homely for all I know, but she's good enough to be commemorated and rock along the seas of blue and green to be this boat's name right? I mean, that's pretty special. I'd take a boat named after me. Even if it sinks. I mean, seriously wasn't the Titanic like a Greek god, the only Greeks I know are gods, or made them, made them up, in ancient Greece right?

I mean, they're not clowning around that nonsense now are they? The current Greek people – people of Greek origin who populate Athens, right? They're over there whether they want to be or not! They are where they have been some of them a while ago, some of them a long, long time ago, far away...

JOEY: "No they're in Athens, dummy! They're not that far away."

Well, where are these Grecian-urned inspired Keats, that John poet died of opium right? I bet you he did! They were all doing it those days, are you crazy! The goddamn god loving, ancient god loving, home fried chicken and potatoes, I never saw a home fried potato, I've only experienced the sensual taste of home fried chicken or barbeque or grilled – Ya know what those barbecued grilled home loving Charlotte Web spun freaks over there in ancient Greece are doing right now?! They're fucked up, are you kidding me? Don't tell me you haven't got this! You are a productive and hopefully good or well to fair contributor of this society! I mean I hope. Who are you anyway, really? You're a teacher right?

TEACHER: "Yes, I am a teacher. I am as I said I am, which was first spoken by the Lord. Not any of this ancient Greek tribal country fried yams, who are loving, but not fun loving..."

JOEY: "Greeks? Have we talked about the Greeks?"

PSYCHIATRIST: "Yes, you have mentioned them a fair amount in this conversation already."

JOEY: “Ok...”

Beat.

JOEY: “I didn’t offend any of them, right?”

PSYCHIATRIST: “Not me to judge. I can only indicate by what you’ve said and the expression and the sigh which accompanied it almost like *tandemly*?”

Is that it? *Tamden*? Ok *tandem*. Are you kidding me man! I had the word, it is my word, it formed in my own brain and this fucking computer, Word Absurd 2007, the last time I was in fucking grad school...

Beat.

PSYCHIATRIST: “You said you went to 2 grad schools.”

JOEY: “What, now?”

PSYCHIATRIST: “Just now” (awkward smile as if it will suddenly overwhelm his face and eat his head off!)

JOEY: “Well, I’m not sure as hell going to 2 grad schools again, certainly not at the same time, and certainly how I handled or mishandled the first one. Did I tell you that damn program for children with special needs?”

PSYCHIATRIST: “Yes and no.”

JOEY: “Ok... what? What are you indicating, man?!”

PSYCHIATRIST: “I’ve heard some pros and cons about it, let’s just say that.”

JOEY: “Like, really” (chuckle stifled). “Is this like the riddle of the sphinx you’re playing me? No, sorry to interrupt, I inferred by the slight shift of your head and how your neck seemed to comply or perhaps the neck first moved the head and the head was like – ‘What the hell, I’ll just play it as it lays! You’re the neck I’m the head, whichever way, whoever’s first - it’s the same game and I’m glad I have you to whom I play with!’”

PSYCHIATRIST: “Well, I have to say Joey...”

JOEY: “What the hell did you just reveal my anonymity for, are you crazy!? We don’t do that in AA! Do you realize that if everyone with a name -- I mean, everybody who possesses a name that is good and true and takes the road less traveled on occasion, ya know like for fun? Certainly not like the fuckin’ god damn, damnit to hell, damn it to the King of Curse Words! Muse of Cursed Words, along with Cursed Souls...! Goddamn this fucking computer!”

PSYCHIATRIST: “I am a psychiatrist, in the role of one at least. I have access to some serious shit. When this baby hits 88 miles an hour I am going back in time, you hear me?!”

Fuck it, in case you haven’t seen the movie.

Joey pulls the Psychiatrist’s polka-dotted hat off his head, revealing a shock of wild white hair.

PSYCHIATRIST: “Uh!”

JOEY: “It is Doc Brown, damnit, yeah I have seen that movie way too much, I admit it! Like what only 200 times.”

PSYCHIATRIST: “Wait. Are you seeing the real Doc Brown or the guy you idolized in the movies?”

JOEY: “Yes and no.”

PSYCHIATRIST: “Ok, so like apparently Yes means something to you and probably No seems to be more impactful. Meaning, to you. I mean, who likes to be told NO, right? I mean, it sucks, especially since I made the DeLorean and all and that wonderful – what was it *FLUX CAPACITIR?*”

Whoa, this damn Word spell check squiggly line did not catch that misspelling back a few words ago. You can catch it if you can. I don’t look back at the words I write, even when it’s on the damn screen mirrored right back at me. Little skill, little clue that was hinting at me all along, ya know, like “*Hey butthead! You know that little Road Less Traveled on about? Well listen to this!*”

Beat.

What the hell did I just reference? References are fun! I do them all the time, but what the hell...? Come on, what was that line, uh, “HEY YOU KNOW THAT *SOMETHING OR OTHER* YOU’VE BEEN LOOKING FOR...” (Fucking A somebody chirp in!)

“*There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood / Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode! / Go, go / Go Johnny, go, go / Johnny B. Goode!*”

“Chuck! Chuck, it’s Marvin. Your cousin, Marvin Berry. You know that new sound you’re looking for? Well, listen to this!”

OMG, it literally happened a few words ago, like I repeated the quote that last time, hah! Another fucking B2F reference! Ok, yeah, big deal. Now the discovery of that first thought, that pride and joy ya see in your kid all the time — If you’ve had, or at anytime seriously ruined a beautiful child’s life PLEASE STAND UP! There’s no Eminem to back you up here. All you

Slim Shadys you can go away. I'm the real Doc Brown and I'm here to stay! Now the line of the century in cinematic history, at least as far as comedy, drama (well a little right, I mean the whole thing's funny in all but really it would be nothing without this moment):

EXT. NIGHT (like what right a few minutes literally from when that fucking bolt of lightning they gotta catch is gonna strike that clock tower and render it useless for thirty years! ((Huh, you haven't fucking fixed a damn clock tower in thirty years?)))

Ok it's like '85, right, saw this awesome movie when I was ten, ya worked on that screenplay I know 'cause I read the first draft, which you apparently wrote and revised for like 5 years! Seriously the draft has basically nothing good, really it's in and out, kinda gets good, but promises more, but sadly does not deliver, right? How did they get that out of this? Fucking 5 years baby! They worked on that goddamn script day and night for 5 long, hard won at the end, I mean at least it felt like that in the end, but apparently this is a goddamn Hollywood movie and they make sequels out of movies like they're promoting the third coming!

HOLLYWOOD EXEC: "Is that what we're up to?"

HOLLYWOOD EXEC 2: "Well, I think this savior or father of God, didn't he come back twice?"

HOLLYWOOD EXEC: "No, you're thinking Jigsaw."

HOLLYWOOD EXEC 2: "Ok, a father figure, maybe a mere figure of a father, but all the same, he's there."

HOLLYWOOD EXEC: "Hah (lol), no, no he was a good man Charlie Brown."

HOLLYWOOD EXEC 2: "Did you just call me Charlie Brown?"

HOLLYWOOD EXEC: "And?"

HOLLYWOOD EXEC 2: "Do you realize how amazing the Peanuts are?"

HOLLYWOOD EXEC: "So you get the reference?"

MARTY: "Who are you kidding, Doc?"

DOC: "Marty, you've got to come back with me!"

MARTY: "Where?"

DOC: "Back to the future!"

MARTY: "But whose future? Yours or mine?"

DOC: “Doesn’t matter, *there* all the future or whatever...! Did I mix up that homophone?”

MARTY: “Doc, you just walk into a store and get plutonium!”

DOC: “Don’t you think I know that dummy, I’m nuclear myself! I need plutonium – to thrive – right to be brilliant but feel exceptionally well and multi-dimensionally balanced through all space and all time...”

MARTY: “Doc, stop right there.”

Doc does something interesting while saying all these lines he always seems to do.

DOC: “Marty!”

MARTY: “Yeah Doc?”

DOC: “I’m losing my mind! I mean, I’ve always had no mind, and no mind for minds, not all the time really. I mean, I could go on rhyming eternally and internally and post natal and pre-hydrochlorixied nasal drip down the back of my throat...?”

Meditates ponderously.

DOC: “But the thing about the beauty of my mind, and I really hope it to you Marty, we’re gonna die old Fox, you wily old Fox you. Great Scott! Michael how old are you!”

MARTY: “Doc, are you there? My hand, the picture, the guitar, Chuck Berry, whoever that musician was who got his hand nicked while getting me out of the car just before the Fish Under the Sea dance (Did you catch that? ENCHANTMENT! Right? Wow!) And uh, whatever...”

DOC: “There may be sequels, Marty, things even I as a time traveler can never know and you know why good buddy in the red uh...”

What was he wearing and they made fun of it a lot?

HENCHMAN: “Hey, Biff. Get a load of this guy's life preserver. Dork thinks he's gonna drown!”

I love that crap.

ALANIS MORISSETTE: “Isn’t it ironic, don’t you think? / A little too iconic, and I really do think. / It’s like rain on your wedding day. / It’s a bad cab ride on an otherwise nice sunny day. / It’s electrocution breaking apart your cerebral hemisphere (if it’s really there)...”

It's something other than ironic, and yeah I really do think. It's love suckers, it's been that all along!

Thanks Doc, you were a really good scientist.

Alex, keep fighting the good fight, and all you fun loving fans can donate to his cause and maybe a little of your own by doing so.

Thanks for the memories – I intend to keep them all!

Joey

Chapter 2

Gay Senior Meet

Gay whatever like when you have oral sex with a couple guys not saying this is an excuse but I was really horny on adderall and this other time meth. Have you done that shit. Seriously you'd fuck a monkey if it wasn't so morally reprehensible or unethical cause any kind of external stimulus I mean like from animate things other than environmental natural stuff like wind and rain I guess animals people no insects right I mean are there any that are size and scale big enough to stimulate a considerable swath of skin.

Some dummy literally dove into the train orange suitcase waving in the air falling down yelling out "is this uptown or downtown!" As the damn train doors are closing I mean you only get like 10 seconds right and she was desperate and acted with great alarm incredibly desperate as a few of us straphangers muttered or actually I wanted to yell but in retro I think we all knew she was gonna freak out if it was the wrong direction and I was really getting into some poignant satire right. swear to BG that bestiality shit I was getting into right? Like crazy shit.

I hope it happens to her again. I hope she falls down some steps and her dumb orange suitcase and all her life she has apparently packed within it ends fast cause that was some serious genius. This is the problem with writing in public. I have ralerly gotten brilliance when interruption is a constant possibility.

I am working it in as they teach you USE IT goes the cry to the distempered actor who doesn't feel ready for the scene. Your character could be distempered too or whatever ducking word the actor used at our old age in this this is I am falling

Shit man  shit.
I'll see you.

I have fifty tons of dynamite and some Elmer's glue in my orange suitcase with that dead butches hand I zipped inside it after I broke it from her lifeless now bitchless body. That's right suckers. I'm a murderer I killed you too you know. Why do you think I'm writing in present tense 'cause it ain't the past stupid this is happening NOW. I am sorry this is like it's my shoulders just shrugged like a motherfucker.

This monkey I fucked a second ago. Took his cock dipped it in that chocolate sundae fountain where I'm chillin' at the golden coral. See bestiality is a dish best served cold in a chocolate sundae fountain at Golden Coral. I love that place  

Anyway maybe I shouldn't be doing this right? Like isn't this what that pervert that dummy played by Geoffrey Rush who is awesome right *Shine*? But that sultry or sexy or I don't know what you call that genre it's considered literature now right? Wasn't he thrown in prison for good

after he became ya know scandalous controversial man it was 16th century. I'm gonna fuck another monkey in this chocolate sundae at Golden Coral, I mean this really pisses me off.

I can't write and Google at the same time. Always fucks up the flow and I hate how my narrative meanders right. I mean it's funny in a way but ya know it makes this point through confusion but also I have to be really upset for my writing to get this crazy. I mean I don't want to fuck anybody's monkey especially yours I mean monkeys are scum they really are they're dirty ugly as fuck. What feature on any part of the monkey is attractive to you? None. Right. Gotta be sick in the head right but if it's your pet I'll fuck your pet because I'm getting back at you. Can't fuck you. Don't wanna. Too direct. I'm artistic I'm not action oriented in reality right. I mean listen to this hatred I am spewing. I could really insult people right. But your monkeys I'm coming for em. They my monkeys now.

Chapter 3

Let Things Go (Grow)

Like my titties fuzzy. Like my girls cuddly. Like my tea green. Like the obscene. Don't ya know what I mean? Like James Dean. Pisses me off though. Rebel Without a Cause has flaws. It's really colossal. Makes me mad. Great title, right? Bowie used "Rebel" too, think he repeated it twice, ok title I guess, not like The Man Who Sold the World. Ouch! Right? Big man, little man? White? Negro? Bet it wasn't a black man who sold the world. Do persecuted people sell big things like worlds?

I bought something off the street where they walk with beaten feet, they would wear cleats but this ain't a game to them. This is not a playing field level commensurate with any actual game that should be actually played. Any war that should be actually waged.

I'm dizzy. Getting clogged in the brain, deranged, I like to use the brain when I can. I like to be a better man. Not like stupid movies or the actors we love to watch in them. Bruce Willis was a god in *Die Hard*. Handsome man, right? Nice features. Rugged, like a head like a jug. Big guy, of course he ain't peddlin' rap compilation CDs of their own devising, John McClane was a cop, he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Perfect, exactly the right place at the right time. That's a cop.

Motherfucker Hans Gruber, right? That Harry Potter teacher right, read the first one, very good. Can't think of that fella's name. Classically trained. Best damn villain ever. Takes over Nakatomi Plaza, right?

Tripping, tripping...

"Why do you wanna be a cop John?" Nobody asks him that, in all the sequels. Ya know what we get? That flat foot, fat, rotund, black guy who went onto "Family Matters?" Sitcom? Never watched it. What does he say when he divulges to John, when he entrusts him with the horrors of their gig? He shot a kid, that's why he has a desk job. Carl? No. Kid's name...?

He didn't say.

Could you imagine an action movie where this dialogue is exchanged, where you actually say the name of the kid you accidentally killed? Let's see it in action!

CARL (over walkie talkie, responding to John's groans): John? What's going on, pardner? Where are you? (Wipes his brow. Very concerned.)

Beat.

INT BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

John is sitting atop the counter, his bloody feet embedded with glass. He is picking each piece from his foot gingerly, face cringing.

JOHN: Yeah, Al. Kinda busy now, ya know. I'm fine. Having a blast thanks for the concern. (whimpers)

AL (chuckles unconvincingly): Hey buddy what's happening?

JOHN: Al, I want you to tell my wife something.

AL: Hey now you can tell that yourself when you get down here.

JOHN: I want you to say... I've said I loved her a thousand times. Done the fucking things you're supposed to do! At least I thought I did. You tell her Al that I'm sorry. You say to her, "John, says he's sorry." That's the one fucking thing I've never said... Ah!

AL: John?

JOHN: Yeah good buddy?

AL: We got a pool on you here.

JOHN: Oh yeah what kinda odds am I getting?

AL: Not good. But I put down my whole income, all my money on you John and I'm looking for my payday. I'm a flatfoot John. I killed a kid, name was.... John. Funny, right? I mean as in coincidental in names I mean...

Al releases the button of his CB and takes a moment. Stifles a cry. Puts his head down and props it up with a fist. He cries. "Why?!" He hits his head hard, almost callously like he is shifting, sifting through the grains of sand trying to find his place, the actual spot where his hand touches the smallest grain, the smallest particle, that essence, right? Where is the beginning, and how do I get there again?

AL: John?!

JOHN: You shot a kid named John?

AL: Yeah buddy. You know they can tell you a lot about being a cop, hell they can tell you everything, but nothing at the same time. This kid, well I know how old he is now, I knew how old he was then, doesn't matter the age when someone's pointing a gun at... ah shit my friend.

JOHN: Yeah?

AL: Kid had a gun, John! Ya know.

JOHN: Yeah.

AL: I shoulda taken the bullet right? Let the kid live, but heck I was a kid myself man, what 26? Shit man, there's no time to learn when your life is at stake. Not happening. You learn after right? You learn after you kill that precious kid. You learn to burn... to burn like I don't know it burns my heart, hell it consumes it, and maybe I will be in hell consumed eternally for it, but I tell ya, John McClane, if I have to be in hell for an eternity, you're my guy, pardner. We can get outta hell together. Hell, eternity is just a word, a concept, right? We're not in eternity now, never have been. We're in the present. It's happening now (shrugs shoulders), it's happening. Grease lightening, ya know.

JOHN: Shit.

John's feet are wrapped in mounds of toilet paper, bloodied partially and looks like he's wearing clown shoes. The lights flicker in the blue room, the air is crisp; you can even see the wisp of air where his breath escapes his mouth.

JOHN: Fuck Hans. What were you doing on that floor right under roof, top floor, Hans...?

Grabs his gun.

God cries. God lies. He says His hellos, He says His goodbyes, another kid dies name was John, sorry kid I wear your name like my badge now. I am taking this phony terrorist, plain ass con artist no good thief might as well be selling CDs of rap songs like those black kids. Good songs, better yet though the one I'll be humming at your grave as I set in motion the steps that will lead you to it right now, sucka! I got a gun, my feet look like two bulbous onions, never my intention to be here, but guess what your intentions are clear. Unobscured, bitch. I'm taking you down Hans. I got the muscle I got the brawn, my brain is fucked to hell but will be operating a lot better when you are gone!

John leaps off the sink counter, slips on the floor, bangs his head, the back of it where it's the worst place to ya know get hit, right? I guess that beautiful woman from "Cabaret," won a Tony, man, Natasha Richardson, Liam Neeson's wife, skiing accident, snow, hard shit, whatever back of head dead at 45.

WTF?! Losing it so, IDK I am thinking the gun goes off as John hits the floor.

What happens then?

IDK not necessary right? Too like ODD COUPLE, no uh Stooges right? Stupid.

Are you gonna have the bullet hit what like a TILE? I mean what could you hit...

Ooh ooh! Remember *Godfather*?!

Nice!

Right.

He plants the gun in the toilet bowl container.

No dummy behind this weirdly designed toilet, strange contraption check movie totally fabricated. Who the fuck remembers what a toilet is like in New Jersey at a particular restaurant?

Ok right?

Mobsters right, obviously maybe been to that restaurant a gazillion times I guess, right? I mean but it's so strange. Look at movie. It's this weird like porcelain, ya know going up the wall, maybe even half way up to the ceiling, but it's not a stall, right, IDK where you stand at, it's a sitting toilet.

So now snap! "I know Michael can get the gun from the bathroom, we'll plant it, they have this toilet, there's a porcelain contraption behind it, we'll plant it there, tape the handle so it's untraceable" (Don't get that? How does tape... get rid of fingerprints?)

IDK.

GAWD! Where the fuck was I? HATE THIS RIGHT?

It was good though.

Something there. Gotta bring it together, right? Feel like a juggler. Exhausting. I don't get it. Do you ever feel like you're gonna die so much suddenly and just ya know a sec ago you were king of the world? What happened to the man who sold the world? Cobain sang and then shot his brain telling us all how beautiful he was, but his beauty to himself was Hans Gruber, just another aspect, dimension of the almighty "I" ego ego, and uh yeah...

Lost train of thought again!

Not gonna kill myself today, Hans. Nope, done killing myself and done definitely killing the kid I used to be, especially the almighty "I" I was. No I ain't taking the blue bus. Morrison can chant all he wants about him or us being called to the blue bus melodically as hell, beautiful

voice, one of those dames, sirens, Odyssey girls, right? The ones Odysseus has to literally be tied to a fucking stern or whatever the fuck is up front at the stern to be tied to, right? Like wasn't he like literally Forest Gump tied at the... helm? (WHAT'S THE FUCKING WORD?)

Anyway right, like Gump, didn't Sinise, Gary, right, great voice right? Gruff, stern. "Apollo 13" right? Yeah man he did a few with Hanks he has this great bit on Letterman where he's like, "I'm sticking with Hanks! I'm going with Hanks!"

Right? Like everybody loves a winner.

Anyway, feeling better now. Really happy to be writing in this manner and I think it's awesome I really do, but anyway. Gotta let go. Wanna write everything in my heart right now FOREVER, but forever will have to wait for another day. There's some monkeys in a cage. There's like this porcelain toilet where a gun is taped inversely so the adhesive actually erases your fingerprints, right?

Yeah?

Shit.

Yeah.

What if they make like technology like that one day?

Huh?

Like you can just invert tape and the stupid sticky stuff, your fucking fingerprints could like, right, be erased by the tape!

Yeah, but you would still have fingerprints.

Not on my fingers.

Your finger prints can never get off your finger tips. You'd have to get rid of like the top part of your finger. I mean the most important part right after that stupid joint.

Ha ha!

(That was funny right oh shit!)

So like the tape, right?

Will you get over the tape!

Is it that easy to be framed or get away with murder?

Just stop this!

They're gonna sell tape one day, everybody's gonna know about it, big brand right, it's tape that can retrieve... Get my fingerprints just by buying the tape!

Barry Manilow!

Where?

Help!

Barry.

I'm laughing again?

WTF!

Ya know what I'm saying?

Why would his gun go off in the damn bathroom! STUPID OBVIOUS CHOICE!!!

Tiles dummy anything can be behind a tile too right 'cause it's like a compartment little squares safe deposit boxes real clean, nothing wrong with dry wall though, am I right? I mean punching your standard bathroom wall, ya know nice circular, elliptical, oblong punch hole, right a little less clean.

WTF!?

You are getting lost in the DETAILS! WHOAA GOD DAMNNNNNITTTTT!!! HANS GRUBER.

OH SHIT

Ok, here we go. EASY as she goes...

So anyway like I was or wasn't saying, uh... yeah, so this is a subpar ending....

Ok I remember

Something about the kid

No I did that

Fingerprints

I mean right?

Give it up. It's brainstorming. Why can't you learn to let things go? No one ever has to see this Joey! Learn to let go of the story right? It is so hard to walk away from good thoughts...

It's sad to see these words go. I think they were beautiful but I may really never know.

LOVE TO YOU & STAY TRUE,

Joey

Chapter 4

A Sucker for Mania (let me explainia)

Weird 😓 **I don't know. I am a sucker. I don't know. Just saw my psych. Said I am manic. Huh? Imagine if he saw my writing? What do you guys think? That stuff is MANIC**

right? Those 2 chapters 😊 **Brilliant right? I mean not everyone's gonna like my stuff. Cool. Whatever. Do I sound manic to you right now? I'm on this stupid subway I mean I don't...**

I'm exhausted. Seriously physically beat. I... shit! This is not mania. It's brought on by the pot edibles. Lasts about hour and a half. Amazing right? Look at my word selection milketoast. I AM IN SLOW MOTION PERPETUALLY at least for now. I was sitting in this dingbat's office.

Great guy I love him. Professional skater as a teen. Athletically built guy I mean not imposing at all just fit ya know nice physique right? Younger than me maybe by 5 years. Hell I'm 48 now. It's funny when you get these psychs and therapists who are younger than you right? Like a doc who specializes in physical things right like who gives a fuck. They're not gonna read in the tea leaves of your kidneys and estimate or diagnose the condition of your condition I mean mind wise. They're only gonna give you health advice right and obviously diagnoses and surgical

options. I mean 😓 it isn't like they don't care too. But they don't care about why they care about what.

Psychs right psychotherapy it's like WHY? You get to the Why & then Figure out that What. Right? I mean he's in St mark's place institute of mental health in the east village. Lived there 8 & 1/2 years. Amazing times. 2000-2009.

9/11 right? Fuck me. Kinda intense. Still is. Always will be. Let's not talk about the degradation and loss of life needlessly on that day cause when you think about it it's like it's happening all the time anyway to lesser or greater degrees. And in case our minds aren't fucked up enough...

“Don't you think I know that?!”

This woman sounded like a black person's voice. Maybe it was. Weird right? How do I know. I'm not looking at her. NY is filled with all creeds, at least as far as I know. I've only lived one other place and that's VA, the DC area. Weird.

I went home after 9/11 to get out of the devastation, shock and disenchantment and also let's admit it, excitement right? I mean I'm a storyteller. Fascinating event from an objective stand point. But that's the problem with storytelling every person has their own and if how many people were killed that day...? 2,000? 6,000? I can't remember but let's say you wanna tell thier story. You know how hard it is to encompass and cover that amount of storytelling? 6,000 people dying in inconceivable ways.

Flinging themselves out of the high towers of finance these pair of vertical sky kissing scrapers. Straight up into the air but it's two right? I guess one day they'll make buildings in triplets and quadruplets and make buildings every which way going in spirals and quadrangles and Newton will be reincarnated and maybe scrape a little DNA off a rib bone from Amadeus and we'll put them to the task of making beautiful buildings that don't defy gravity nor even surpass the melodious mania of Mozart but they will like conjure up something totally different.

Like maybe 🤔 idk I'm thinking when you walk your own footsteps bounce off the walls like at the Guggenheim with all those paintings along the spiraling conch shell walls right? Like you hear music in your own steps. Like staccato, right? And what if you pause during a step, the music waits for you to continue the motion, your motion, your body, your soul singing like birds were built into the soles of your shoes. Like you had the soul of a bird in step with you, which is a funny thing to imagine, right? 'Cause birds aren't known for their walking. Ya ever see a bird walking like a dog on a leash? Even if it was well trained, maybe even a circus act it still wouldn't work.

Maybe the novelty of it, but what if you heard this guy doesn't let his bird fly, I mean maybe in the house he might say, right? But would Maya Angelo have known why the caged bird sings if she tried to change the bird to a different feather? Same concept, right?

Next stop is mine. Utica Ave. I'm in Brooklyn, Crown Heights. Eclectic mix Jews and African Americans. The Jews are orthodox or whatever that's how I can spot them. They wear ya know the garb. They seem to be in better homes. It's weird. We're all in the same neighborhood yet I've looked up twice now from this phone and all I see are black people. Weird right? I mean why aren't the Jews taking public transportation? Cause they have cars dummy! I'm not generalizing. I'm Jewish anyway but wasn't raised as. Raised American as far as I know celebrated Christmas, Easter. Good times. Nobody said I was Jewish barely. Just look like a white guy. dad changed our name. Smuckler to sanders. That's all I know about my heritage. It's changed. I got 4 nose jobs. Used to have a Jewish nose. Like father like son. Hide one's true identity right? Working so far 'cause everything is grand.

But what kinda pisses me off: no Jews, heck no white person, only me in Kings county medical psyche unit two months ago 'cause of manic episode. WAS there 9 days. No biggie. I bounce back fast. Back on Lithium - that kinda shit. Anyway like everybody was black and one Korean guy and there were like 30-35 of us, a continual rotating cast in mental wards but some surprisingly had been there for a month or two. Scary. I don't want to be trapped in a psych hospital for a fucking month.

I've been on Social Security Disability for going on 12 years now, from 36-48 yrs old. Amazing. Been in a dozen hospitals but like I said I bounce back fast. But this just pisses me off. So either the Jews in my neighborhood never go crazy or they must have like private insurance right?

Idk like I said to my psych I'm playing with house money. I really don't need to keep writing. But there's nothing else to do. I now have a screenplay "A Little Sedated" (20 years to finish, seriously I'll go into it later.) But in last 6 months since I got off the Lithium I've finished the

third act of a play, “Nose Joboholics,” that literally sat dormant without any good material to finish the fucking thing for nine fucking years? 9 years of brilliance but a story 2/3rds of the way finished?!! Can’t do anything with a story halfway done.

All you can do is show it to people whenever anyone ever asks anymore but really after a certain age people stop caring. I’m wasted potential. 4 nose jobs? Seriously my nose looks weird. It’s like all the scar tissue has made it asymmetric and bloated. Actually I look very handsome in some light still and in other light I look like Nicolas Cage with a bloated nose. Cage isn’t that attractive (excellent actor, right?). But people used to tell me I looked like him I got offended. It’s like damn Avatar. That’s my nose. Blue fucking aliens out of a James Cameron fever dream have my nose.

Ya see what I’m saying. Ugly. Look at their pictures. Big, wide noses which offends me even though it has nothing to do with nationality or culture ‘cause I gotta eat this. I wasn’t born this way. You can call it body dysmorphia and they do, but still to walk around and seeing nobody’s nose as big as yours, and watch a stupid 3 hour saga with ginormous aliens with otherwise beautiful physiques and all the wonders of CGI and you are telling me they have my nose? Pisses me off to high heaven ‘cause no aliens look good, right?

I mean maybe there’s some exceptions but you can’t outdo god’s design on the human form. It’s really noticeable when you do. I mean sure of course subtle changes of course but hey, it’s fiction, so let’s give Vulcan’s long pointy ears and let’s make Chewbacca big brown furry

whatever he is. I mean maybe “Chewie” looks cute  but that’s ‘cause he looks like a slimmed down tall bear and he never says anything offensive ‘cause he fucking growls. Yoda is ugly. Whatever you get my point.

But seriously does any of this sound manic to you? I don’t think so and if I do include this in the novella cause there is no way I am writing more than 100 pages of this crap it’s only by contrast. Frankly this has been a dry read right?

Peace

Joey   



Chapter 5

Clearer & Nearer

Guitar, boobs are the best with booze and...

Ha! Suckas I am back like I never left, I say to the Big G Man sometimes when my eyes gays at the skies, and I say GOD what up sucka!

Ha! God sayeth.

You forgot the quotes Mother Fuckin' G Man!

GOD: Hey bro, Joe, as in: whadda ya know? G Men is for Giants, not the Geek Greek Gods, I'm talking the New York Football Giants.

JOEY: Never gathered you were a New Yorker God.

GOD: Hey Joe, as in what the heck you uh...

JOEY: I love it G Man, you got an ellipsis, right? God is thinking about His next word carefully, or is He forgetting the next word? I'll side on the side of yak no give him the next ah wTF ya! Ah!

GOD: Joe.

JOEY: Stop calling me Joe!

GOD: Joey.

JOEY: You know me.

GOD: I am GOD.

JOEY: I am me.

GOD: Who made you?

JOEY: Not the tree. Not the sea. Not the salt in it. Did I tell you I am back?

GOD: But you are not God.

JOEY: Fuck Him, it's auto pilot baby you set it up nicely. We are creatures who create created by a compulsion to have immense physical desires, really ridiculous right the immensity of these urges, like why can't you Big G Man tell me hey Joey, aside from the Giants fucking up the cheatin' Patriots perfect season, which was amazing, made me a little more of a Giants fan

at that moment (Jets fan here, why we'll cover it later) so in actuality, as I'm sitting at my beautiful red head, 5' 10" Sissy Spacek-looking girlfriend's, ya know *Carrie*, dummies, little fucking movie, De Palma, probably introduced the spilt screen or whatever, at least in movies right there, ya know she has her period in the shower room at gym and all the girls are laughing at her as streams of blood run down her legs, like it's her first period and she looks like she's 19, seriously, Spacek was 26. Ya can't get children, or ya know an actual 14 year old to act in a movie like that, right, where there's gonna be some nudity but really do we really need a 26 year old acting like a 14 year old just so it's ok in our minds that she can be in a scene where she's naked. I mean it's like I believe they show a lot of skin, right? Do you recall? There ain't no towels when you are showering, right, you are fucking naked and it's cool I get it, it's provocative, it's almost like *Psycho*, right? NOW THAT IS HOW YOU KILL SOMEBODY!

Right?

Amazing.

Norman Bates. Good actor, right? Actually very handsome, boyish looks, an innocence in the eyes, especially when he fakes a laugh (ya know he's a psychopath, gotta have a good laugh right?) and it's like, ya know...

The thing that kills me about that movie. Ok was it Vivian Leigh? I think it was another Leigh I'm thinkin the former was in "Streetcar Named Desire" (this is RIDICULOUS!! How many times do I start the story and then refer to who made another story!? 'Cause I AM HANGING ON MAN! THIS AIN'T LOVE, IT'S JUST CAPS LOCK BABY!)

Been that way all along. These words, they may be snippets of song

Oh Kay ok o...

Like the uh drain in the shower, blood spiraling down the, ya know funnel right? the fucking spout where the water lets out DRAIN DUMMY!

Ok, and uh the famous scene, one of the greatest scenes in cinema history we all know it, and if you don't well eh heh please, allow me to 'splain...

Motherfucker! So just side note, the TV ya know "Bates Motel" (so I'm not a damn old man this story resonates today), very good show, great actors, again I rarely find that I see a bad actor, I'm talking movie, TV, Plays (Duh, Joey, that's where they act) I'm coming from the vantage point of Off-Off Broadway, the New York training ground, our ground zero, right? In retrospect I mean, right, because it is where it all burned to the ground, it is where most of our dreams fizzled out, all these beautiful actors, talented to the GILLS, I must've met thousands, tens of thousands, of actors, of course, I don't need to go into it, and I need to get

U know what this FUCKING GOD WHAT THE FU#..?!

Backwards. CURSOR JUMPED!!! BACK ONE LINE AND PUT A k OR A FUCKING q – some fucking letter that messed up the word, right? Had to act fast... too fast.. are you kidding me man!

Do you know you stupid computer how hard I work for you!

Do you realize the lies I read off of you?!

Huh, do you know how complicated life is?!

There were two dogs!!!!

They were so gorgeous. They were so beautiful. Husky & a Golden Retriever.

Very pretty dogs right?

GOD: And?

JOEY: So why do you make dogs so likeable what's the deal with dogs?

(God chuckles and winces suddenly)

JOEY: I mean, Big G in the sky, the G-men ruined the perfect season.

GOD: The thing about dogs Joe is they were feral wolves.

JOEY: Yeah man but where'd the wolves come from?

GOD: Hold on Joe, (pauses, inhales profoundly) The problem with guys like you, Joe, you're a sucker. You ask too many questions. It's good to be a sensible person Joe. But ya got little heart. And I gave you a lot. I did so you know this of course is coming to you in your own interpretation right? So you're getting some of this, you really ARE. The trick is: HEART, my friend: SOUL. You get it. Affection is great, but it's kinda close to attraction which can lead to other things, the heart is the most beautiful part I made in my men and women and all those in between, it's a bit of a dream, it's a bit of a "SCREAM"

JOEY: Good movie...

It's your movie, "Guys & Dolls" (Brando & Sinatra) Brando cannot sing it is hilarious HE WHISPER SINGS RIGHT WATCH IT

GOD: Joey.

God whistles.

GOD: Over here.

JOEY: Where?

GOD: Where are you?

JOEY: Where you put me fool?

GOD: I didn't put you anywhere Joe.

JOEY: Ya mean Big G...

GOD: Oh no.

JOEY: Am I tripping?

GOD: You flipping.

JOEY: Like a burger?

GOD: At the King.

"Pulp Fiction," Travolta's joke 'cause he was in Paris comparing ya know the fucking ya know fast food joints right?

I just put the fuckin' line there 'cause I just lost it again, so I AM PROBABLY GOING TO CUT THIS AND I LIKE COOL ENDINGS BUT I HAVE OTHER CHAPTERS DUMMY, RIGHT?

But FEEL LIKE I GOT MORE TO SAY, AH!!!!

It's a song, right? It's a continuation, an exclamation, a situation, an infatuation a ridiculous equation but an amazing EDUCATION!

Whoa that was an exhausting sentence PHEW did U SEE that sentence? Do not LOOK BACK KEEP ON GOING I... I UNIVERSAL OOOH

Ooh this is HARD

Ah shit! OK OK

IT'S A UNIVERSE

WE'RE FLOATING ROTATING IT'S FINE IT'S FUN IT'S COOL WE ARE BEING TRANSPORTED
THROUGH SPACE IT'S

It's a very nice place... space... I like it, nice in dark with sparkles like theme parks

I like outer space...

People like Spock are made there, and his captain JIM

Leonard Nimoy I love you, you have funny ears and I do too

Whatever... Kirk Kurt Cobain Captain Kirk - what's his name DAMNIT!

Relax.

Brunette hair guy, turns out to be a really great actor.

SNL made fun of his acting "style" if that's what you wanna call it.

"Star Trek IV The Voyage Home" is one of my faves & I'm not like a genre guy. Ya know, tastes change, can't say I'm a fan of the franchise, like anything good and bad, right do lots of work it's life

STAR TREK 4 is like they save the whales. It's like Noah's Ark in the future which comically they have to go in the past to save the future but how do you save a species from the past right? Like its brilliant!

"We gotta save the whales Jim."

"Huh, Spock?"

(And WTF that clown's name I can't remember says He was in that GODDAMN LAWYER
SHOW WITH BOSTON IN THE NAME HE'S STILL F***ING ALIVE HE JUST WENT LIKE REAL CLOSE
TO OUTER SPACE HE'S LIKE F***IN 90!!! HE TOOK SOME KIND OF FUNKY SPACE CRAFT
SPEEDING)

(uh, excuse me Mr. Joey, that was dumb)

SHUT THE F*** UP

("Speeding?")

What?!

(Spacecrafts SPEED. That's what they do, ya know they move fast dummy)

Your point?!!

(You don't put "SPEEDING," "A SPACE CRAFT GOING, *SPEEDING*")

HUH?!

LINDA: JUST SAYING.

LINDA raises her hand apologetically but also defensively, cradling the laundry clothes in the crook of her arm like so many of MY WOMEN ARE WONT TO DO (LOL)

JIM: You looked back.

LINDA: Jim.

JIM: I am not Jim. I am your husband!! I am not some character on some cartoon...

LINDA: You are a popular sci-fi Jim...

JIM: Why can you never call me by my real name?!

LINDA: I don't know you Jim.

JIM: Stop it.

LINDA: Look you're a character.

JIM: To your heart!

LINDA: Ok.

JIM: Right? We walk we talk we fuck when we fucking can't fucking fucking...

LINDA: You're doing that again.

JIM: What?

LINDA: The cursing. 'Cause you can't do it on television.

JIM: Do you realize Linda (Jim clutches the wash cloth Norman Bates used to kill Vivien Leigh with and Tennessee Williams dreamed of a streetcar and a star), Linda this idea: the WHALES!

LINDA: No Jim.

JIM: Going back to the past.

LINDA: You did it again.

JIM: It's about the past.

LINDA: You said you went *back* to the past. It's you *went* to the past. It's redundant dummy.

JIM: You just looked back.

Beat.

JIM: Linda I don't give a fuck about whales! It's not about whales. I mean all species have great things going for them right? I mean, fuck!

LINDA: Right.

JIM: Star Trek can be big.

LINDA: It's on TV, Jim.

JIM: Just got cancelled.

LINDA: Oh.

JIM: I uh...

LINDA: Ya know, Roddenberry just called. He didn't say anything. Looking for you.

JIM: Groovy.

LINDA: So you're talking movies?

Jim exhales. He positions his two forefingers on his chin and leans into the empty space around him, outer, inner, fuck it let it roll, right?

JIM: Linda.

LINDA: Stop reminding yourself of who you thought you were.

JIM: Been digging on the pipe? (smiles)

She puts the laundry on top of the machine. It's a dream, this house, bungalow on Berkshire Ave. Nice place, nice space, but it is always outer with Jim.

He runs his hand through his hair. Again with the fingers fingering, probing, going nowhere, covering no skin, right, like WHERE DO WE FIND *IT*?

LINDA: *Jim.*

JIM: *Shit.*

LINDA: *Weird.*

JIM: *See the grass does fuck with you.*

LINDA: *Right?*

JIM: *Why do these italics look so amazing?*

LINDA: *They're the opposite of the whales the metaphor*

JIM: *Ok but they're just italics right? They're subtle look at them no biggie they are very intense to me right now they never meant a thing before why is this world spinning around the same way the same pace the same species well changing it up I mean is and*
oo

Phew, intense right?

Fuck this is hard.

Anne Frank, Helen Keller, Mandela, F. Scott Fitzgerald of whatever Gatsby guy, Gatsby's fly.

Did u see the movie?

DiCaprio (fairly talented fellow). Hah! Right? What the hell is he up to right now, right? Like what is he doing? Could you imagine a documentary like I mean live footage like...?

Joey thrusts his hands, his beautiful writing hands.

THESE ARE MY WRITING HANDS

I love writing with hands

FUCK THAT HANDS GET TIRED

LINDA: They're amazing, Jim.

JIM: What's wrong with you?

LINDA: They're Guittard's dark chocolate. Gift wrapped in dynamite.

She probes the inside of the candy box.

JIM: You are eating those like God made them especially for you.

LINDA: I feel like a goddess.

JIM: You are.

LINDA: I am. I know. You don't have to remind me.

JIM: You just remind me.

LINDA: You don't have to reaffirm.

JIM: Hey, I'm a god. We all are. So what?

LINDA: Yeah. Whatever.

JIM: Don't say that.

LINDA: Whatever.

JIM: You love being vague, you love the unknown.

LINDA: This from a fictional space explorer.

JIM: It's science fiction Linda, it's based in science.

LINDA: And I like Bukowski, Kerouac, the Beats, "On the Road."

JIM: That!

LINDA: He said he wrote it in 5 weeks on Benzedrine or something.

JIM: It's an amphetamine.

LINDA: Supposedly there's this "scroll" he taped all the typewriter pages one by one end by end repeatedly for what hours to get what 300 some pages together so he wouldn't have to pause to continually put the paper in.

JIM: Madness.

LINDA: Think of it, that one second, how long does it take? To take out a sheet of paper and put in another one.

JIM: A second.

LINDA: Mad man, right? But he did it babe, it's weird but it's totally cool, like linear, doesn't drift off and kinda prozac – prosaic...

She drifts. Far away in Linda's eyes Jim can see humanity looking at itself. He wants so bad to go back but he doesn't look back, he doesn't know how he's into sci-fi, she's into the Beats, they have a nice home, ambitions, dreams and moderate to severe addictions but life is cool, right?

NEED THE JUICE. NEED THE GOOSE. NEED HER GOLD & ALL THAT IS BOLD, NEED THE FUN BUT

Italics don't look good anymore right? They're ugly. Same italics right? They're the same letters. They're fine I guess. I'm not talking about going back and changing the previous italics I don't go back I'm Jim.

When I write. Right? It's a scene. It's like, but I wish I could go back and change a lot of things but it's a dream it plays out in scenes.

OH shit!

Ok, I'll wrap with this. I got a great premise for a movie, ok? Check it, so why are dreams so real just like reality when experiencing them, but ya know like ah...?

Eh hem. Rephrase pause.

So why, like, and you know this is funny, this is so stupid, I'm laughing a lot right now. You know what Arthur Miller said about "Death of a Salesman?" He built a fucking shed by hand in the woods up in Connecticut in some I would imagine sweet home he was able to buy from his Broadway sensation "All My Sons!"

Brilliant play I am not going into it now.

So he builds this shed, like ya know in a fever, takes him a day and a half. Then he puts his typewriter on ya know he sets it all up table chair it's a shed it's a small shed I would imagine I mean how fucking big do you need to build it! Ya got a dream and a machine let's make it green right!

Fuck it.

He writes "Salesman" in like I don't know another day and a half and he is laughing in histarcis hysterics whatever

Uh. AH!

I mean I never got that till now. I've never felt more at home. How at ease I am with this now. This stuff is good isn't it? But do you know how many times it's been bad? Real bad. I attempted suicide twice. That wasn't nice, but I don't want to get maudlin.

Oh!

So so check it!

Um.

THE DREAM. That's the title, ok, and uh, the thing is you know its reality when it's happening too but so do you when you dream, which is absurd 'cause dreams are absurd yet we believe them when we're dreaming so what's that mean? We are experiential, right? So anyway this guy starts having a chronological dream right. Totally normal just like reality. Cool right? At first (it's like Groundhog's Day in some respects right? Twilight Zone ya know) At FIRST (B2F) & he thinks nothing of it. What are dreams? Who gives a fuck what's in sequence right I mean life's a head trip, that's what Salesman and Streetcar are all about it doesn't have to be in sequence only uh... fuck! Whatever you get it.

My tricks are running out I am tired.

Um. But I really like the idea right.

Ok so he um he uh fuck ok at first he um he um.

I have exponential ums I can say 'em all the time, love to slip in a rhyme.

OK SO AHH JOE JOE LETS GO

So ok, eh hem, this is cool, right? This is cool. So obviously the dream continues, picks up where it left off right? Every night. He's the same guy, of course. The dream starts off ya know whatever.

The DREAM

The characters. Shit! I'm laughing, I'm really starting to chuckle I cannot believe this brain

Chug along & chasse / my brain and its thoughts are lapsing / I'd rather be laughing / all the way to the bank / but Bonnie & Clyde they shammed me / very good movie / a Psycho bloody drain, which spirals like an iris or that's how Hitchcock or whatever he dissolved it into it was amazing right. The shower scene

JIM: You left the laundry on the machine.

LINDA: And?

JIM: Just letting ya know. I'll take care of it I just wondered if you forgot

LINDA: And you were probing into the innerspace of my brain right now right? Yes Jim I put the laundry the WET laundry there 'cause I was like fuck it, these clothes are a little too wet and soggy and slimy and I don't feel like walking out in the wonderful backyard and hanging these fuckers...

JIM: You hanged them?

LINDA: Who?

JIM: The dogs?

LINDA: What?

JIM: The retriever and husky. You killed them?

LINDA: I didn't kill anybody's dogs.

JIM: You mentioned you did something terrible.

OK THE DREAM

So this is it so he starts having an unconventional dream SEQUENTIAL ok and uh right ok oh fuck

I'm laughing its complex

Ok

Ok

Fuck fuck. I'm tripping. I'm tired. You get it though right? Sequential dream over like the course of many days months years decades however long the dream lasts there are changes of course transitions but the dreamer confuses his dreams with reality because the situations and scenarios are both different but it's the same guy like ya know the criticism or not criticism of uh the observation someone online made about "Groundhog's Day" is it's brilliant right, but it's funny, I never even thought about it. He keeps retracing his exact steps, well to a point, but the Ned thing: "Phil, Phil Connors is that you!?"

Phil, taken aback, shakes his head. Ryerson clamps his anxious, hasty hands around his shoulders

Um

Ned?! Ned Ryerson

He swipes off his hat as if to remind Murray of his face.

He recounts shit and shit and wow, my mind it just went, did you see that?

MIDWAY AGAIN

Ya know I am playing with house money, right? I am. Just finished a fucking beautiful play

LINDA: Jim.

JIM: Linda.

LINDA: The play's the thing.

JIM: Groovy.

LINDA: It's Shakespeare dummy.

JIM: Yeah, heard about him. Heard he was queer.

LINDA: Funny. (she shakes her head in disapproval)

JIM: Ya know, babe, there's a way around this.

LINDA: What?

JIM: The soggy clothes.

He rushes over to her and swings his arm around her shoulders.

JIM: We'll transport them.

LINDA: Who?

JIM: The whales. The clothes. What if... You could... Shit.

LINDA: Clothes are wet, whales are in water.

JIM: What are you doing?

LINDA: I don't know, free associating.

JIM: That grass shit.

LINDA: You thought of the idea. You just thought of like two, didn't you?

Pause.

They laugh.

JIM: You're killing me.

LINDA: I'm not killing you. You are going to go out there now Captain Kurt and hang up those watery spermy clothes.

JIM: Whales.

LINDA: Bingo.

JIM: Sperm, sperm whale right?

LINDA: OK.

JIM: Creation. Uh

LINDA: Jonah.

JIM: Right.

LINDA: Ok.

JIM: Going back in time.

LINDA: Right.

JIM: To save the whales which in turn saves the planet because in the future a damn probe from wherever whales originated from and is sending out signals communication and the sound waves in which it's trying to message the whales through or in or it's actually destroying the earth, it's looking it's looking this whale probe sent out like they are sending out satellites now right?

LINDA: You are a tripper, you kill me Jim.

JIM: I can't believe you still won't call me by my name. You never remember my actual name. I'm still a character to you.

LINDA: People say names all the time, they name people by them, they call people different names at times their names, man chill you are way too cynical.

JIM: Cynical? I am not cynical.

LINDA: So?

JIM: And.

She raises her hand up again apologetically and defensively just for a sec.

JIM: It's the mind out of time. It's the whale. The whale, of course it's the biggest creature on earth.

LINDA: Duh.

JIM: Well, who the fuck knows. I don't think about whales. Are they the biggest, were dinosaurs bigger?

LINDA: Dinosaur whales.

JIM: Right.

He laughs.

LINDA: You're just trying to get out of this.

JIM: I don't mind doing laundry. I don't mind a lot of shit in this shit show called life, I may travel time baby, "but you were always on my mind..."

LINDA: "Thank you, thank you, thank God for you the wind beneath my wings" (Willie Nelson former & Bette Midler latter)

CHAPTER 6

An Eloquent Display of Innocence Portrayed

“Hi, and I hope you are having a happy day. I hope you are HAPPY... HAPPY...!”

Harvey was a harp he helped out homeless people, they were on the streets with nothing to eats. Happy likes to clown around he likes when he sings upon his steeple...

No

Not you

We never lost control

Alone in the world

The man who sold his soul

Niceties are pleasantries

Travolta flies a jet plane. He don't carry no gun even though he does in the movies, he dances in the sky now 'cause he's "Grease lightning!"

I saw him face off with Cage in a bottle

They went full throttle then they saw dimensionless time in all its multifarious ways of doing things

I told you *Face/Off* is a very good movie.

But it's stupid too, it really is

And we can go into that later

I took a jew for a date she said she hated me:

JEW G: You a sucka.

JOEY: You a bitch and a half.

JEW G: You a jew and three quarters

JOEY: Bitch and 3/5ths

JEW G: That Gonzo what race is he?

JOEY: Got a funny nose.

JEW G: Purple, right?

JOEY: I think the nose was a lighter shade of purple, ya know the rest of his skin...

JEW G: He was probably the same color under his fur.

JOEY: Who gives a fuck?

JEW G: So what do you do?

JOEY: I'm ya know a teacher, and kinda like a magician ya know in the classical since of the tradition.

JEW G: Cool.

JOEY: And you work for the marines and kill people on a regular basis, like our enemies....?

She laughs. Joe looks at her. Man she is hot, she has... I don't know she looks like Michael J Fox's sister, right? Isn't it funny how you see other people in people but you know they're a different person?

JEW G: Yeah that is weird.

She stirs her drink with her drinking straw.

JOEY: What the hell did you get?

JEW G: Roman coke.

JOEY: Cool. I can't take that stuff ya know.

JEW G: Light drinker?

JOEY: What are you an alcoholic?

JEW G: Don't tempt me.

Beat.

JEW G: So how long you been in the East Village?

JOEY: It's cool, like since 2000. Where are you? From whence do you hail?

They laugh lightly.

JEW G: I'm on the upper east side.

JOEY: Cool. I used to live there.

JEW G: Oh yeah?

JOEY: Yeah, nice right? Families. Lots of white people

JEW G: Really right? (she smiles)

JOEY: It's cool. I've always liked white people, but me unfortunately I was born blue.

She chuckles.

JEW G: Ok.

JOEY: Sucks to be blue.

She sips her drink.

JEW G: You look white to me.

Pause. She smiles. His eyes gleam. He rocks back on his wicker chair, reclining.

JOEY: It's funny... I mean it's like I feel like a clown a lot lately. Have you felt that in the air or..?

JEW G: How so?

JOEY: I don't know like I'm kinda goofy right?

JEW G: Yeah.

JOEY: Ya know I mean I'm obviously funny, but I just wonder when will it leave me right? And then at times I'm desperate to be funny, ya know what I mean, just to prove it to myself I can do it again.

JEW G: Yeah.

Pause.

JOEY: What do you do?

JEW G: I'm a fantasy editor.

JOEY: Cool.

JEW G: Yeah, lots of brilliant stuff out there. It's fine. I just do my thing ya know.

JOEY: Right.

JEW G: I mean it's like a part of me wants to do something else –

JOEY: Yeah.

JEW G: And then ah...

Pause.

Money and rats. Hats and friends. I told a lie once and from there it would never end...

JOEY: It's a dream ya know.

JEW G: What's that?

JOEY: This stupid place we call life.

JEW G: I love life.

JOEY: Really? An optimist or just a naturally ya know sunny disposition?

JEW G: I mean I'm still young.

JOEY: Right.

JEW G: And um, ya know we live in a great city.

JOEY: The best.

JEW G: And uh... right?

Beat.

JEW G: Did you hear about Mel Gibson?

JOEY: So what?

JEW G: About the jews?

JOEY: Big deal.

JEW G: Yeah.

JOEY: What did he say?

JEW G: Ya know, "The Jews are responsible for all the wars in the world!"

JOEY: Yeah, but he was drunk. He's Mel Gibson. He's nuts anyway.

JEW G: Right.

JOEY: I mean do you find that offensive? I mean to me it's like if "I hate Jews because they have funny noses," ya know, but it's like ALL THE WARS IN THE WORLD, right? He's a nut.

JEW G: Yeah.

Pause.

JEW G: "Braveheart" was good.

JOEY: Yeah. I'm a "Lethal Weapon" guy myself.

JEW G: Yeah those were the funniest.

JOEY: I'm not gay, I mean ya know, with you I might say that at the end of the date, 'cause I don't think this is going nowhere, I really don't. So I'm just setting you up, you know, you're a fantasy editor, ya get it, so when we are about to kiss... later... ya know, I'm gonna come out to you ya know that I'm gay, right, and then I'll dramatically exit and I'll yell, "THE JEWS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE JEWS IN THE WORLD!"

She laughs.

JEW G: You're funny. You're kinda crazy, aren't you?

She smiles.

JEW G: Where are you from?

JOEY: Jesus. Jesus made me.

You just looked back

WOW, UH OOH OOH AH

WOW UH

JOEY: Ya ever read the "Invisible Man?"

JEW G: The sci-fi one?

JOEY: Ellison.

JEW G: No.

JOEY: I don't know, he's like living in this sewer right, the narrator, he's here in NY, Harlem in 1950s, like I guess on the verge of the civil rights, ya know, era and he's like, "I'm not the spook from Poe's brain," like I think he refers to the crow? Raven, right, and he's like talking in a maniacal way, right. I mean you can hear the writing, I mean who the fuck doesn't hear anymore?

Whoa.

Ooh ah

JOEY: He was like stealing light from Con Ed in his sewer. I mean how much of that sewer did he occupy? I don't know if he got into the physical like environmental depiction of ya know his actual environment. It was like a metaphysical sewer, right, a metaphor ya know right?

JEW G: Uh huh.

JOEY: I was thinking of this Dream.

JEW G: Ok.

JOEY: Are you comfortable, do you like it out here?

JEW G: I'm fine.

Beat.

JEW G: We're outside, it's nice to be outside.

JOEY: Summer, huh, almost over. (smiles)

JEW G: Yeah, so you're a teacher so I guess sucks for you.

JOEY: I love teaching I really do but I gotta write. I really do.

JEW G: I can tell. I mean you are a funny guy, you're cool.

JOEY: Thanks. But really, I have to tell you something.

Pause.

JEW G: Ok.

JOEY: I'm gay.

She laughs.

JEW G: Fuck you.

She flicks the straw at him and some liquid sprinkles over him.

Ch 6

Heaven Ain't Hell, But I'll Be There Soon

Came 'round long ago. You said goodbye then, said you had to go. You called me Joe.

Like real surly-like ya know, like a poem without prose like petals sans rose, like so many waves and so many undertows

Undertones

Undergrown

These are four toes

What happened to the 5th?

Nigga.

Who sayeth that?

It's God, baby.

JOEY: You crazy.

GOD: I am God the Almighty.

JOEY: Alrighly.

GOD: You be a man on the wall, of the Sistine chapel reaching for my hand.

JOEY: You crazy when's the last time you've seen that chapel? It's on the ceiling silly.

GOD: It is far away, never beyond my reach but your god has always been beyond your beliefs.

JOEY: Sucka is a fucka.

GOD: You like to suck some cock.

JOEY: Nigga that bitch a ho she sucked it so hot.

GOD: You like that male dick.

JOEY: Do girls have penises?

GOD: They do now a days.

JOEY: No shit.

GOD: And hey my jew I just released the slaves.

JOEY: Where, who?

GOD: Don't you read my book ya fool?

JOEY: Which one?

GOD: I have been fairly prolific.

JOEY: Yeah but God your pages are everywhere, scattered along this huge landscape and I opened one of your books and it was like there on page 2. Abraham or some motherfucker he said to his girl, hey I'm gonna consummate with your slave, 'cause you as dry as a rake.

GOD: You leafing up the wrong tree.

JOEY: The song is long, and I stopped listening to that tune.

You are a funny star, Stella, you got hit by a streetcar named Desire, Brando was on fire, KARL Malden was good too, and that Vivian Leigh chick... why can't I get her name right?

GOD: Look her up

JOEY: God, this ain't the 1980s "Look her up" Who looks up these days?

GOD: The slaves.

JOEY: I saw a sailor with burnt toast lips like he was shoveling shit in his mouth, spit accosted, lawyers exclaimed defense defenseless and not acting on behalf of you your lordship

He drifts, he slumbers, somewhere wood is burning for all the wrong reasons, not like in a fire place but a place where the potential for pot and a lot of it...

Drifting... sifting...

GOD: You escape in your dreams that's what's this all about.

Beat.

GOD: You are figuring it out.

INT – Bungalow Villa – Day

WTF's name is hurrying about. He wears his Captain Kirk shirt inside out so the insignia on his breast bone or whatever the fuck you call that region where badges and shit hang

JOEY: You hanged them didn't you?

GOD: Who?

JOEY: You know who I'm talking to.

GOD: I ain't your God Joe, and this ain't your soul.

Beans of dreams stalking staccato into what it seems finding a place where writing takes its place

Head perspiring over tiring it went out... life the flame

trick

8th CHPT

A SOFTER SIDE OF MANIA

I LIKE to party & I cannot tell

WHAT can happen in HEAVEN or HELL,

THIS girl SHE got so DRUNK,

breath WAS SMELLING bad LIKE that MOTHERFUCKING SKUNK

I GUESS it's WEED, so far as I can see

I took the LAUNDRY DOWN to the SYMPHONY

THREW My dirty UNDERWEAR at somebody NAMED CHIKOWSKY

Said HE WAS a MUSICIAN but I THINK instead

HE'S ON HIS KNEES at PENN Station giving head

He is a MAN that We LIKE to Say

Used to call 'em gay but can't keep it straight

Kid ROCK threw HIS Bud Light out the WINDOW 'cause some crazy Lady said SHE WAS gay
but the rapper said to the INFLUENCER you been giving head

SHE retorted, grabbing the Mic FROM HIS bloody HAND

MOTHER FUCKIN prince WAS a PINK Cadillac

DUMMY that WAS Roy, NAME OF ORBISON THINK HE'S dead

FELL DOWN a HOLE and do NOT KNOW

WHICH Way I can go to Find My SOUL

There WAS a place DOWN in old Mexico

THE X IS Silent or WHATEVER they call... I hit the CONSONANT LIKE ASSONANCE, LIKE My
endLESS bottle, LIKE My cocaine-stained KURT COBAIN – ya SAW HIS pain I cannot say I totally
relate but Maybe you can see SOME SIMILARITIES.

I have a sunnier disposition...

I mean would he take so much effort in this visual way, visual artists, do they go as insane as the man who sold the world put a bullet in his brain?

Name is Robocop, he got no soul no more. Someone was raping a girl on the corner like she was some whore

He said, "my friend, let go of the girl."

He aimed his gun, it was a big one, an old son of a gun, Murphy he aint no ground hog day its Murphy Peter Weller and the actor he portrayed

Shot at bad guys like he was eating candy

In Union Square Park they got a statue of Gandhi

Chptr 9

Antipsychotic

Talking to a crowd in my head / feeling special & feeling dead / you followed me along a dark road / I saw the hoary toad Jim sang about / some kinda murderer on the road / brain swerving like a toad / never understood that lyric, still trying to figure it out / got a lot of brains but still have my doubts / there's a lot of pain what's it all about? / I'm not really working that hard but I guess my mom worries about me / see she was or still is what she was but never will be / she was a nurse and she worked hard to feed me / I breathe because of her heart that is dark in cavernous shadows within / there's a lot of sin in the world where do we begin?

Don't know if you notice my style is changing / is it DNA rearranging or evolution sayin' hey Joe stop explaining / god got you covered he set you with some genetic magic we know lots about / but great magicians have their tricks and they are spectacular like Elvis shaking his hips / the king is me the king is you don't matter black or matter jew / brain splatter on the pavement and I just want out / seriously this is fun don't worry about me / I got a gun am having fun perpetually / just dancing with the language in my head still figuring it out....

It is a dream we know that now so when can we wake up?

I don't get it friend can you cleanse my sin by talkin' it out?

Got so much hate in my heart it's so dark and I want to kill everyone

But I don't want to see the blood and gore of my deeds / is that what we cast murderers for in the place of Macbeth? / 'cause that guy couldn't face his pain in the face of a vanity so he killed the king, even the three witches said he had it in the bag, it was his destiny / he took a dagger he saw before him illusory / he asked the dagger

King and I was a musical, never saw it but it was another connection a cheap trick redirected / I know not why I have erections but no more since I've figured it out / if this is mania I'll take it any day, but I ain't no hero in any way / I just take my cues like a good actor and do what I do / the best director is god 'cause he directed Shakespeare in so many ways / there's so much beauty in the world it gets quiet for days

I hope you like my rhymes but I think I use them too much, but I don't know what else to do right so why let em go / can you hear the rhythm in my head I really don't know / btw I'm sober now and sound still kinda funny / been sober for 'bout 12 hours / edibles lasted maybe 2 but that was half a day ago / I gotta beer but have no fear I only drank about half the can / I think I'm figuring out addiction in a brand new way / or is that the crazy brain just sayin get outta my way? / I'm the brain you're the pain body Eckhart figured it out / with his little friend,

though I shouldn't call her little, nor friend, 'cause she's bigger than all art and all I can encompass in my heart / her name is Oprah and she ain't no Madonna but I love them in different ways / one's a mysterious girl or glamour girl or vogue / and Oprah just does it in a different way / I love my heroes I need them so badly I hope I can talk to them one day, but if I can just see them on TV I'll take 'em anyway I can get 'em 'cause America says that's the American way / you work real hard especially in NY and then someone bumps into you and you say, "Outta my way! / What's a bum got to do with anyone these days?"

Ya see so many in one way / different men and different women in the same beds reading writing typing texting sex don't rhyme well but didn't want to say sexing, didn't sound right but I think its *sexting* / does it matter? It's dirty sex and we shouldn't be fucking over our phones just 'cause it's easier to do now a days / kids are abducted we just hear What but little Why, what's up with dat? / why is Hannibal Lector more popular nowadays than that other fellow general was it what the fuck's his name? French? Napoleon / fuck / I / don't LOOK BACK...

To the future 'cause Marty Mcfly he really could fly and either the Mc is for what Biff calls him an "Irish bug" or the Mc is for Mc Donald's, but that's like Roy Crock and Hanks again / strange how Tom keeps showing up like he's got nothing to do than be retarded and be a space man too / he walked the moon found no cheese just doodles to eat, contracted a disease or two

Like the concept of eternity but who plans to live through all that? / where does it end if it begins and I don't really know / it's so weird to hear this rhythm in my head / don't need no instrument / just words and my Acer laptop / it's lasted 9 years can you believe it and has never conked out / 'specially while I'm writing 'cause could you imagine if I lost any of this shit I'd freak the fuck out / but now it's late and I'm tired of figuring it out / I want to rest in a grave but not by anyone else's way / I ain't a slave never plan to be but ya know society rocks like a boat but the boat ain't named after me / I get the stormy rocky seas / but the sleep...

Just lost the rhyme, or rhythm, did words run out, or was it the rhythm? Which came first the guitar or the man who played it? / may never know 'cause a man had to put the strings on the guitar first, but we're in a Uni-Verse so figure that one out / I play through time and space and feel so free / but this is you and me and we're having fun / maybe you can read me in your bed, in your head like the Sandman of Metallica's song / kid sleeps with one eye open / boogey man or something to that effect very good song

Iron Maiden is my favorite & can't believe I didn't think to mention them earlier / they're an amazing band just listen to these titles: The Number of the Beast, Wasted Years, Quest for Fire / some other stuff didn't say enough, their tunes run through my head, like

Powerslave, Bruce Dickinson sings like an opera star he's really that good, he's manic too I think 'cause his lyrics are so fast he wrote Powerslave which is amazing 'bout some Egyptian back in the day made a slave in a gold pyramid chained and hiding thinking thoughts of the devil even before Egypt believed in him too / Dickinson, and what's his name / can't think of that other guy / think he is strumming his bass in my heart / a darker place never came to light till he took the stage and saw my sight / day trippers of course penny farthington or Penny Lane, right see I'm figuring it out

But this is a tap dance but still don't get how that Robin Hood guy Flynn was such a hero but alcoholic too / said he was a gambler & womanizer and ruined his life / saw his poster the other day at the laundromat, 100 year old movie / what's Errol Flynn Robin Hood drunk doin' at my fuckin' laundromat? / get lost you're just like my dad / you stole from my heart and gave to yours / but yours is not pure / well it's rotten now and you can rot in hell

Love you dad, I really do, but fuck what a miscue.

Chapetr 10

How many Experiences do ya gotta Experience to figure out You're You?

Hi,

I hope to learn to love you, I really do. I took the edibles like 11 minutes ago. I don't get it. It's fast right? 11 minutes, 20mg THC chocolate-covered coffee beans and WTF?

Phew! This is hitting me hard. But so far the words are fine, right? Why can I write and look back? Weird, right? How do I know what I am doing is right, right? I am seriously glancing at the screen occasionally, hell a lot, huh? I see the words as I'm writing them, but they are not getting in the way, right?

Totally natural wording, right? Wow, I am saying right a lot, right?

Huh?

Who am I trying to convince?

Totally cool.

I don't need to rhyme Jew with shit anymore. Sick of the word Jew.

Sylvia Plath? Heard of her? Weird, right? Her writing is like shattered glass. Not my opinion necessarily, some critic in London where she was. Killed her kids. I'm sorry, she killed herself with her kids upstairs, like maybe 1 & 3 yr olds, sleeping in their beds, right, and she fucking writes herself to death. She does. She's really weird. I mean, why would you kill yourself with your kids upstairs sleeping and she gets a Pulitzer for the stuff she writes while she's doing it, right? Huh?

I mean, I guess *Ariel* is brilliant but really I hate it. She rhymes Jew with black shoe or something it's weird, but she's not a Jew, right? That's cool, I say nigga cool sometimes, but I really don't like that stuff for long, at least not all the time.

Cool by design she was raised I am thinking like North East, Massachusetts where I guess it's more sophisticated there. Funny word *sophisticated*, right, to describe like a state or city? Who cares, Boston, who cares? They are just names, they're just names. I have been to what 6 states, been through 10 who cares? Where you been? People get such a trip outta travelling right? I guess it's fun. Never wanted to travel much, don't know why.

Like, what do you do you get on a bus, and like just travel cross country, for what?

Funny, right? I sound funny. WTF? Who the fuck travels!

It's travelling Joe.

You again.

It's a conversation a persuasion.

And you are converting me to a guy who converses, right, like on a regular basis.

YOU LOOKED BACK

I am JEW

You tripping...

It's ok.

Time and space defy this place, like my poetry to rhyme, that is what this is all about.

Rhyming?

So your mother Joe.

They were really nice dogs I really don't know. I don't know what I did to the dogs.

The husky.

She was beautiful. Rainie, fuck can't even spell her name right. Can you give dogs like last names?

Wouldn't that be funny right? Raini, GDMNIT! Ok.

Bruno, the golden retriever. What she would name him right?

Bruno Sanders? For a dog. Fuck it there's some Brunos out there right? That guy who sings a loot.

Fuck it.

I associate myself with wealth but don't have a penny to my name and my name don't have much commodity these days when I found out my dad changed it

It's cool they did that with the slaves.

Names?

Ya know what is hilarious? It really is. Shannon Sharpe, no well he's a pro hall of famer, like what 3 superbowl rings. He's funny man ya ever watch that guy on "Undisputed?" I love that show. Skip Bayless, those guys are funny as fuck. Talking football everyday like it's the most serious thing in the world right? Like who the fuck cares about this shit? I guess like a lot of people, right? Sharpe's got these huge like ya know shoulders, like he is about to bust out of his goddamn suit, right. He's really hilarious to look at I mean he is so fucking big, but he looks amazing he really does you should check him out.

Skip gets so intense. Sharpe just left the show. On like 7 years. People hate Skip, they bash him and even Tom Brady was like, well Brady started defending him actually, well 'cause Skip loves Brady even though he's kinda a cheater right? Let's face it. I mean, time will tell. He's like a God, Brady, he is really a handsome man, but whatever time will tell.

Making people out of gods making people too tired to talk. The edible effect left me right? Where did it go? My prose right it is so slow or whatever well it is SLOW like ya know.

I was thinking of rhyming something with snow no... slow, uh snow

Ya see what is happening, wow?

This is hard

Shit forgot to time this. I have no idea how long I have been writing. Not long right

DON'T LOOK *BAD* uh! I mean *BACK* shit.

Did you ah!

Just see that wording? If you said Don't look *bad* when I say I mean

Uh.

Don't look *BAD*!

Wha?

Huh?

Like uh ya know someone could misinterpret you right? Take it out of context. Like if
you

AHHH

I am the HULK

David Banner right? Bruce. That funny guy, Lou Ferrigno who played Hulk. He's like the studio said they wanted to turn

Ah.

Something about being gay. Seriously they changed...

Right they changed Banner's name they did.

Ferrigno's like the studio said we're changing the first name Bruce to David 'cause Bruce sounds gay right? And Ferrigno's like THAT IS SO STUPID right?

Nice. Like stand up for shit right. I have no idea who that body builder was or is but fuck he was a successful body builder you can kinda tell by seeing the Hulk. Nig... big motherfu...

Ah.

Where I guy I just don't know, take it fast wherever I go

Like the petals on the rose

Prose

Sylvia's *Bell Jar* is actually a very good book it really is but its kinda weird right.

My therapist even asked me, "What's a bell jar?"

Funny right? Classic book. This guy who's a little younger than me, Eric, right, smartest man I think I ever met, helped me a lot like especially when I didn't want help, right? That's the best kinda help.

And he's like, "Bell Jar, what's a bell Jar, Joe."

"Well I think the name sounds cool but pretty sure it means babies in a jug (Bruce Willis' head, Die)"

Ooooooh

So it's like in the novel, these fetuses are in bell jars and its fucked up, but it's real she was a confessional poet that's the thing, it's weird she made herself her own character like that all the time, all her poetry, well let me rephrase that the poetry I have read 'cause like I read *Ariel* a lot, got the Pulitzer posthumously, guess even big time committees like artists dying for their art too, but really those kids upstairs?

What did her therapist say?

You could tell by how much tape and things she put at the base and top of the door.

Ya know to cover so the what is that gas that comes out of the oven they don't make ovens like that no more but back in the '50s London, depressed like crazy, Hughes her hubby the soon to be wtf!

What, England's Poet Laureate or something.

He actually burned some of her diaries, they were too painful.

Now they're literature.

Weird right?

I don't know where to go, I say I don't look back but see.

THIS is problematic. Just LOOKED back, uh.

The time.

The stupid computer said the fucking time! Was oh --

I only have 49 words? oh!

49 pages. Well that's good but

Ah!!!

It's time it gets in the way at every stage at every page at every rage.

It is insane see I am slipping tripping dancing spinning.

I can't look back.

Uh.

Keep going.

It's just a diary entry. Why is it so hard to write a fucking DIARY!

Anne Frank, can you imagine writing like this right? I mean like in a fuckin' attic with her family just sitting there for over 2 years like, huh? Hiding from the Nazis, huh?

And you wonder why people kill themselves all the time. Dumb family thinks you're stupid or something but I can watch a guy kill himself in the movies but it's fine if you do it there right.

Why?

It's just fiction.

Feeling fine I am the wine I drink I am the thoughts I think.

Getting cocky again I'll glance at the screen. I'm cool again, got plenty of time, divine
finely another rhyme I climb into places and find my race erases.

Nicholson in *The Shining*, chasing little kid with an ax, Stephen King is back!

Running through an outdoors bush maze covered in snow I mean who thinks this shit
up?

Kubrick motherfucker was CRAZY.

And amazing. He really was right? But I didn't like everything he did. *2001*? Huh? I guess
it was shown earlier obviously like what 1970s?

Have you watched like the opening 30 minutes? What?!

A bunch of fucking monkeys dancing around or cavemen right? Doing three stooges shit
I guess not I mean like a great monkey named Moe bopping.

Ah.

There was a connection to that fucking fucking *Three Stooges*.

The Monkeys, "Here we come walking down the street!"

Ok.

Phew.

So like the uh *2001*, was supposedly revolutionary in filmmaking at the time, right like
old man Kube was every time he made a movie right like on the screen write right wrong song
"Singing in the Rain!"

These are the movies of our lives! I love good movies but my dad used to get so upset
watching movies. He walked out on me once in the movies when I was like I'm thinking 6 or 7. I
don't think I cared much at the time I was watching the movie, but he was like "LET'S GO."

Right in the middle right? Funny.

These guys were like jumping on a fence and the fence got struck by lightning and they got electrocuted and they went back in time.

Funny as shit right they were like scientists at some kinda thing ya know, right where scientists FUCKING WORK. I have no idea why they were runnin'.

Oh.

Oh shit!

Right?

They were running 'cause it was like the atom bomb or nuclear plant was gonna blow up, right?

Oh shit it was so whack! But that's all I remember, wish I knew enough details about the movie to say more or to look it up.

But anyway these clowns get electrocuted. I mean I remember the vision, like just the picture, but that's it, like electrical, like ya know, light ya know, jiggling, oscillating through the fence and these science clowns they are like shaking and sparkling to death and then some kinda vortex opens in the night's sky and they are about to get sucked in and your dad yells out, "Let's go!"

Huh?

What's wrong with that guy right?

"I like the movie."

"It's so stupid."

"Why?"

"Cause they would never do that!"

And then he jumps out of the seat and he's like, "I'm getting an ice cream! I'll be in the lobby!"

I'm like... "Oh ok," right?

Funny right? I mean I am laughing but who else does that...?

Anyway this clown I guess he's in the lobby waiting for me to get out of his movie, or the movie he took me to right, funny I mean I am really REALY LAUGHING now, so get this, this clown: dad, the Jew shoe Plath talked about oohhh...

Shoo.

(do not fuck this one up)

Ok, so my dad, clown.

Oh shit.

So *Clockwork Orange* right, fucking crazy! OH MY GOD.

Can't read the book but it's like... He has a bunch of this slang or parlance, and ya gotta fucking look at the fucking back of the book to figure some of these curse words out, it's funny right, like weird curse words can really throw you.

And like like oooo

Oh kay oh kay

Um so like uh shit!

Ok.

HAH!

Ok.

Hold up.

Give me like a sec.

Pause...

Ok so where was I?

I did just look back right. Stupid rule. So uh...

Shit!

The sleuth, the detective Weller, no Peter Sellers right, *Pink Panther*. HAH! Never saw that shit but he's in *Dr. Strangelove*, and like he plays three or four characters its Kubrick again and like it's about nuclear war scare, the parenthetical is "(HOW I learned to love the bomb...)" something funny like that, and he's like the president in the war room, and ya know it's like

George C. Scott who was like Patton in another movie they were fucking funny as shit, right. They're like bouncing ideas off each other in the war room...

Phew...

Ok.

And oh ok right!

So Peter Sellers gets freaked out about some general from Moscow or ambassador or whatever like coming in and Sellers gets all excited is like, "You can't let him in, he'll see the big board!" like with pauses, like comically, it was funny whatever, and this one time Patton guy is like hustling backwards for some reason and he topples over and spins around, right this hulking big guy right doing back flips and shit or something it's hilarious and he jumps up so FAST he is like a serious actor and he is doing comedy like a motherfucker!

I mean funny right and then he hops up right!

James Earl Jones in I guess his first role is like...

I am laughing.

He didn't do shit. I mean he was like the pilot or something but he was throughout ya know. Now you know it's him, right you are like say something great dummy YOU ARE DARTH VADER right? But they didn't know it then so they're like who's this clown, right? I mean he's got glasses and uh ya know he's very young, he doesn't like look like uh... mature. You may not even recognize him ya know, but when he speaks you get a hint of what that darkness would be...

Lucas, I love these guys. Hated his father too. *Luke* Lucas? Funny right, and uh well ya know Darth is supposed to be his father, you get it...

So uh oh shit!

Ok, uh like oh SHIT!!!!

I can't recall but I remember like when Vader smashed or whatever, cut Skywalker's hand off and like uh... it goes ricocheting off the damn huge walls right? Motherfucking hand, ricocheting off big gray walls and shit right, like with the life force or whatever right, the uhhhh. The sword, whatever glowing in it still...

Hand falling down a goddamn fucking uh, blackness, hand in dark, whatever you get it

And uh so like

This is weird, right. 'Cause Luke is like crouched over yelling NO! (Mark Hamill's pretty good right, people've criticized him, right? Like he's Chucky and Joker in the cartoon and whatever) so like...

What I don't get is like...

Luke decides to jump off this fucking platform they're fighting on, him and James Earl Jones who's really just the voice. They wouldn't let the guy in the suit even show his face in uh ya know, the *Jedi*, they're like, uh...

Ok.

Whatever it is funny, no uh shit wait.

Pause.

So um.

(Where shall I begin, I am laughing right...?)

Slow right slow.

Like Tom Hanks again in "Cast Away," and he's like

Oh shit!

Like bottles, messages in bottles right? I've been sending out a few emails to old select friends like as a surprise just for like ya know say "Have you heard from me lately?" Like funny as fuck emails I mean you can imagine right, like I'm on Zemeckis' and Hanks' island right ya know SOS bottles (he didn't do that in the movie did he, didn't have to?)

Tripping.

Hold on, so like

GAWD this is so FUNNY RIGHT?!

So like

Tripping

Slipping

So

Uh oh uh ooooo

Shit

That was a wince

Chair is good right. Comfy? It's like

Phew.

Funny right, so hold it...

Ok like right

Phew hold it...

Head forward, not too far from the screen.

I am Joe I'm lean and mean

I am the monster of my own devising

I am the fool Lear keeps getting by deriding. I am a RHYME LOST IN TIME. I am the divine. I am the god and the Jew in you, you kill me brother you ain't gotta clue. It's cool it really is. I mean what are these movies about? Stories told by a clown: A universal one and a smaller one. There is a two in you a Jew in the tree & apple she bit into. His girl was Eve and she said screw you...

I took a bite of the fruit of the forbidden tree / I raped a man back in ol' Honalee / ya might have seen Puff the Magic Dragon / his love for books put Sylvia Plath's in her head oven.

Love to play tunes all day / if I do this right I will get laid / used to dream about sex like I was Satan's tool / rather be him than Lear's fool

It's cool

Ya don't have to finish a story all at once. Gonna take a break now 'cause I ain't a dunce

Not gonna slave away all day in Satan's cave, not gonna be cruel to the page

I write like a fool I guess I'm a Jew too

I am the oven Sylvia put her head into.

She was beautiful she really was

Read her unabridged diaries one day / she's very descriptive she really is / she documented her life and how she lived / in great detail and descriptions / this crazy girl let her light in.

We are dancers we are all slaves but just 'cause we got cancers we shouldn't put them on the stage. Sucks to be you too I get you fool I'm the fool too.

Wrote some poetry and it flew away.

Into the wind.

Into the Socratic cave where shadows creep in.

Not gonna walk from this stage. Please allow me to bow as I fool you with a presentation and a vowel / like my words like them sexy and hot, there was a girl name Erin and I liked her a lot / she was like 5'10" (guess very important to me) I like 'em big and sexy / she smiled at me even pushed me over literally / like in the back of the truck she was like, "What the fuck, why won't you look at me? (beat) I'm so important."

And she really was / I was like whatever, it was from heaven above / she said something what was it what it was...?

Sparkles shining of your own devising. Times are happy times are good, things fall to the floor like poison and old wood... the traveler can travel traveler travel as they travel I travel is traversing a capital with a shield from some mind a jelly I like in my jewelry juice

I like Kmart but WTF they closed them all down and we still don't get a Walmart / as progressive as NY is, where the fuck is my \$2.59 sliced orange cheese I used to eat at this shitty place when I lived on the Upper East Side?

"Rocky 5" was really great it really is / Stallone goes from a hero to a palooka in the ville, Brando again oh shit!

I am laughing now this is so much fun it really is.

Oh shit where was I? Let me begin again.

"You coulda saved me Charlie you really coulda. I was a prize fighter Charlie. But no, you come into my room and say 'Tonight's not your night, Kid. You're gonna take the fall in the fifth tonight's not your night kid.'

"I coulda been somebody Charlie. I coulda been a contender. 'Tonight's not your night kid. This ain't how we live, you're gonna take the fall.' You shoulda told me Charlie what..."

Brando digs his hand through his hip pocket, fishes something out.

“What is this like a key? Huh?”

It’s The Velvet Underground sound:

LOU REED: “Holly came from Miami, F.L.A. / Hitch-hiked her way across the USA / Plucked her eyebrows on the way / Shaved her legs and then he was a she / She says, ‘Hey, babe / Take a walk on the wild side’ / I said, ‘Hey, Joe / Take a walk on the wild side.”

Those dogs again. I ain’t talking about the DOGS! They’re ok, it wasn’t really bad it really wasn’t, but I really shoulda taken better care of those dogs right? Was so excited to get those dumb dogs as a kid and then in adolescence I was like fuck you I don’t feel like walking you guys, so I won’t. I mean they had a big big pen outside, we had lots of acreage, and uh ya know they were ya know just there all day, and they could ya know walk around and Rainie was so funny right? She would sit on the dog house, like right, on top right?

Funny right, yeah like hey let me chill on top of the house, right? I mean she was just chillin’ looking regal and then there’s like I remember my mom getting dragged all over the block by Bruno once, he had vicious strength, and we tried obedience school. Rainie would pull me on my skateboard sometimes, huskies love to pull, so maybe I wasn’t so bad to them, but I’m just wondering why memory won’t allow for more than the few times I remember us walking them. It had to have been more than a few times right? Imagine a whole life lived for the good parts only just a few times. Or a memory that will allow only access to a few moments of joy, irrespective of the almost surfeiting love and appreciation for such joys, only in little glimpses? And if more than a few times, how ‘bout many, but nothing specific enough to enjoy and savor?

Oh I hope my life is better than my dogs’, and I hope I really take better care of myself than I did them. But who gives two dogs’ lives over to foster and help flourish; at the minimum maintain a life, even a dog’s, to a wayward boy given to depression and volatility? Maybe the dogs gave all those qualities to him. Maybe we’re all a lot of dogs, smelling scents that would otherwise go unnoticed other than for the permanence of the actor and the impression he made on our senses, the olfactory, which ornament of I changed four times, ah hah! I was trying to get back the noses of my dogs: Those powerful, discerning apparatuses of odorous perfection. Ah, it was the symbol of the scent that I snuffed out, at least the doghood of my dogged childhood.

Ah, I see it all now, but alack, alack, I sense it not. I see the nose for the snot, but not the rose of whose prickly thorns the beholder may be pricked and ticked off for the bloodshed, as minor the wound juxtaposed with as major the man, let alone his hand, which he pierced and

not pet, the former on too many roses to behold, the latter of which should have graced the soft down of his husky's and golden retriever's heads as he pet his companions and did not try to fall into the morose prodding of his other phallic apparatus, and with it, he the thorn, to prick Juliet's bourn, boundless and skirt-less, with a whim toward aloofness, she shrugged off his advances, but then a coquettish laugh and blush that made the painter brushless before her immaculate canvas.

Who is this?

What's that, Joe?

Dog comes in, M-an in hat M-an Ant motherfucking Man. Apatow clown and the funny "40-Year Old Virgin" guys and those other fucking funny clowns, laughing my ass off right, funny shit Rogen and all those guys - "Guys"

Like I *know* them.

Actually have an old friend... who worked with them, very pretty girl, north of somewhere, very sexy smart and hilarious right? They love very smart sexy and hilarious women in Hollywood right? It is so FUNNY! These hilarious smart and sexy, barbarian type ya know Angelina Jolie Jolie ya know right "Tomb Raider" and like what else do they drum up?

Same familiar tropes.

I came for gold. And my body I sold. I sold my soul for rock in roll. I am Back in (to) Black like AC/DC / Amy Winehouse

I'm sorry. I am laughing hysterically right now. I am literally falling off this seat

ARE YOU KIDDING ME

I am out of gravity right?

I am falling, inertia!?

Where does inertia begin, really? Do you get that stuff? Inertia. They say inert and it's supposed to mean like still at rest, but then it goes both ways right, like I don't get it. You are moving forward and you remain in motion... something or someone knocks you off your current trajectory and um so now you are not inert, something has stopped your inertia, and then what happens? What happens then, what category does a poor inertialess ya know what does the inertialess cave thingy whatever woman I was just talking about...?

Ah!

The inert object, which is no longer inert, goes to get coffee at your local Starbucks. I mean really I mean it's funny, right?

Is like Nietzsche hanging out at a table smoking opium and meditating on why minimum wage is unethical and we should, like, I don't know, have that communism guy, Marx, whatever, or Nietzsche's mother says, "Why do you fuck inert objects?"

"Why are you fucking my son who is an inert object, who likes his coffee black like his women with a little suga suga? I mean what the fuck!"

Oh snap

Dragon

Krispy

And

Pop

Cocaine on the membrane. Chick's insane, been doing too much cane.

Membrane menopausal this is colossal

"Excuse me have you seen my dinosaur?"

"Sure!"

Nietzsche whips out his toothpaste from Kmart and says, "This tube looks like your mother's penis. I mean, am I right, or am I right!?"

"Phil! Phil Connors is that you?"

"Ned."

"Phil?"

"Would you give me head Ned with the groundhog I mean?"

S/he's over there chilling with Andy Griffith/Warhol and Ferrigno, they are doing cocaine and a little meth they are still ok, and man I am laughing to death

Whit shit! Shit whit! Twit twat, I like twits with twats I like 'em a lot, but sometimes they make you sore / I like imaginations and equations with my frustrations / I like pigs in blankets and women who spank it / I got friends and furious people on my back like "Ordinary People":

Redford and um, ya know, about a kid who attempts suicide. And he's found on the bathroom floor, blood at wrists, staining the white rug on the floor and later he says, "Do you know why my mother was mad at me?"

Mary Tyler Moore?

"Yeah, 'cause I got blood on the rug. My death would've stained her bathroom tiled rug."

Tiles again, right?

What's behind the tiles?

Godfather?

Yeah.

Corleone's tiles ...?

Nothing there.

Die Hard.

Tiles. I don't get it... What?

Something's behind the tiles in the bathroom scene with Pacino where the gun was hidden.

Hold it, what?

Ya know like in "A Beautiful Mind," Crowe is like wtf...?

Putting the documents, his deciphering analysis results and stuff and he's uh, feverishly running back and forth

But that's a mailbox, what's that got to do with tiles?

I mean it's the compartments in his head right?

In his Beautiful Heart, what? You want a Beautiful Right Ventricle? I mean what are you saying?

I want a fucking taco! But what I am saying man in the box, Alice in Chains enslaved, falling in Ophelia's grave / Hamlet in that nut in his head, so small and confined contemplating reality

Phew....

Ok, so the uh, the BOX.

Uh.

Man in a box.

“Andy Griffith”? Um... Ron Howard as Opie, then Lucas movie “American Graffiti,” then Richie on “Happy Days” with the Fonz then he became the Ron Howard, director of “A Beautiful Mind” and now we are back to the mailbox with Russell Crowe as Nash going nuts, right?

I mean.

(Side note, since we have eternity, or infinity, or black hole sons / or mushrooms from dung ((which has magic in them. They are made or come from and originate from shit right and they make you trip)))

LIKE &&&&&&&&&FGGGGGGGGGk woah

That’s the linguistic, no whatever ((I can let a joke slide right)) no... Punch line hell. Rocky why won’t you come in here and punch me up a line or two. Or we could do a line or three, or we could have someone and make a foursome, and fore score and 7 years ago I killed my son with pills and thrills from an Englishman

“Adrian! Yo...!”

Hey shut up with that shit. You really don’t love the girl do you? I mean I am not saying it has anything to do with you Mr. Stallone, am not implying that you got a black man to win your fight at the end. Just like *Lethal Weapon* with Glover, you got two crazy white men, goliath men, built well, modern day heroes, uh which is fine. I mean could you imagine doing coke with Mel?

Mel, if you are out there somewhere, anywhere through the great reaches of despair and time unbounded, hey man, it’s cool you called me a Jew, it really is. Sylvia Plath killed herself over that shit, she really did. And she wasn’t even Jewish. Her father was a bee professor, keeper of bees with a PhD: spelled capital Pee, a PhD.

Look at the PhD. Huh? After a name, right? MDs are pretty special, right? I am A DOCTOR. I am a highly trained and overly-strained professional and I am here to save your life. You got a part of your body – I do not operate on insects, too fucking small, right? I mean, man, I would like to get a good look inside the Fly one day: the one that got in Goldblum’s transporter egg-thingy?

That Fly! Fuck that Fly!

How so?

Huh. That small? How can the fly constitute, ya know infiltrate and consume this big man's body – and I get it, I guess, well hell, something small can constitute anything. Look what they claimed they could do with a drop of blood: Theranos?

Bitch.

Holmes.

What's with that?

Rich white bitch funny looks like a bunny, her face, right? Very pretty, beautiful even, haven't really seen a picture where she hasn't looked hot right? Haven't heard anyone mention that. Just concentrating on her being a crook I guess. Let's not talk about the other issues at play. How much of an influence looks have on society. I mean she changed her voice. I got my voice changed. I did. For depression. It was a study. 26% chance of working (Seriously, I am a sucker).

VNS Therapy. Vagus Nerve Stimulator. It's under my left breast bone or just above who fucking cares.

I mean it's the size of a pacemaker and ya know with a light scar atop, and it bulges out, but what the fuck!

For a solid year this device would set off a shock that would immediately (as if there were ever a slow shock) jolt or jiggle my vagus nerve at the base of my brain, slightly above the left vocal cord. The point is every 5 minutes for 30 seconds a pop, my voice would go silent. Literally, a faint forceful wretched whisper. I mean, maybe laryngitis, right? I mean people could hear me but I had to hide from a lot of friends and family that year.

Could you imagine?

Like my old sponsor made a wise crack about it on the phone

And I said "Don't mention my voice!"

And he said, "Well, you're not mentioning with it."

Badda bing boddaboo!

Rocky your 5th one was really great. It don't get as much credit, but it's never too late to watch the Stallion go from riches to rags, back to the streets of Philly, it's the ol' time story, the old adhesion on the inverse of the tape, which will remove your fingerprints, and it's never too late but it's always too soon to get it at Walmart.

I mean I'm the Terminator 2. Ha Ha suckers.

Lot of blue in *Terminator 2*. Love my Cameron blue.

Ciao for now, ol' Bruno & Rainie, I lay my dogs down. Shoulda walked 'em more. Robocop what's it all about? Your name was Murphy & you became Frankenstein with a badge, a big big suit with which to catch the bad guys and you capped their ass.

Watch Robocop today. He will save your life. That's what they do ya know. They're cops, dummy. You know how hard that job is? Crazy, right?

But this was a good session right? I mean you can't question it. This is proof. If they try to "commit" me to the hospital again I don't care. I'll get out again soon to finish this, but hey man let it roll, right!

Love you guys!

Joe[y]

CHAPTER 11

Do you Have to Find the Right author to find the Right Person?

Do it & Do it & Do it Again & if they Don't believe in you They'll Never Win

Well that's it I guess I really do, climbed a few mountains and got my fuel / life is a duel & ya know what I'm serious now there

Ain't enough vowels in the human race there's a raven crowing something that spook in Harlem under the sewer cried through. Poe's words are cruel dark and beautiful. If you don't read em you're just a damn fool

Peace on earth and where shall we begin? We begin again and we just try to win. Been hell and back and I guess I'll be there soon before I do so I'd like to really say thank you to Mark Twain he took a black man and represented the human race. Why you could just see the lashes of oppression on ol' Jim's face / think I used the right guy's name / he was a slave now he's got someone else's name. / Float down the River of Dreams like Billy Joel. Love me my piano man, him and Elton got hearts of gold

It's a story as old as rhyme and all that jazz. Heard Billie Holiday is in heaven but she hasn't dropped the habit. Not like a nun's outfit where Hamlet said to Ophelia, "I liked you better when you were dead."

Got thoughts of uncles killing brothers to be kings. Just lost un-thought unthinking and caught and it's fine to be who you are when the timing's right, and ya wanna be a star, "baby you can ride my car / yes I'm gonna be a star," and how many lines of the Beatles can I say without Michael Jackson's estate billing me or whatever they do like the Tax Man and George Harrison too. As his guitar sweetly weeps, ever so gently tunes of loons in the loony bins I have been in.

Sometimes it's good to go crazy u really never know when you're gonna find a rabbit like the red pill in Matrix and you get the idea.

Not 'fraid of going outside anymore. I guess I'm kinda gay, but who the fuck cares? Maybe you like me that way. I am a clown. I am the rabbit in the hat. Fuck this world's all crazy, it's all been one tragic act.

I love you all if you never see me again. I'll be ok no matter what 'cause I know I believe in a god of my choosing I learned in AA. They won't want me back 'cause I relapsed, but ya know what they're really great they're they really are. Think I'll go to a meeting right away. This trip was hard, wanna be a star but man the efforts you make...

Anyway go get some help, don't wanna be the book that Alice killed herself, 'cause she was drugged up in a hole – oh, whatever you get it, and if you ain't tired of this shit I am.

Maybe god maybe you / I am the *w* you are the *u*. The one in the car the driver drunk and killed a couple on their wedding day. They were in a golf cart beautiful and young and some beautiful

young woman too went 65 in a 25 mile zone, she drank too much, fucked her life up, and if you want the rest just shoot me a text.

I'm like Batman with that friggin' bat symbol in the sky. But tell me, and this for all, how the heck does Batman know when that projection of light, ya know, the Batman symbol in the sky appears in the sky? What if there's another bat somewhere else that happens to glow and radiate, and Batman's like, "No, that's the one I'm responding to."

You get the point always thought it would be nice to write an epic poem but it really never mattered much and my phone just beeped so I'm ending it here. This duck in gone
Phone could die. Someone could call I won't answer it just the same. I'm busy being dead in my own grave. 'Least like Sinatra I did it My Way.

Love my city, it is my world if you ever visit shoot me up. I'll be in a sewer here. Rather be a brother in a sewer speaking prose and poetry of his rose than a caged bird singing any day. We are men and women and now this other category. It's cool right, it kisses me off the attention. And it makes me a cynic, but as you can see I'm a little gay a little bit you, a little bit me:

"When I saw her face, now I'm a believer / Not a trace of doubt in my mind!"

Neil Diamond wrote for the Monkeys and now the former is on Broadway with Jackson and Back to the Future as a musical. All musicals are funny right? Barely watch 'em, but I do rhyme like crazy right?

Really gotta go things are scary in my head again. Need somewhere else to hide out now things are sweeping and emotion is intense.

Have no intention of influencing anyone in any way. I ain't no influencer, can figure it out myself, but I'm sure they're good too, but when you get in my face everyday don't care if you're physically there or on the myriad of screens...

Had a rhyme or two, but really what if this phone conks out right? But anything can happen and I hope it all happens to you too!



Peace on earth 'cause I like it that way.

Your pal, "Joey"