

A i s f o r A R P

A. Aleph Arp, an amphibious animal having the abnormal appearance of an aqueous octopus (but one able to stand upright and erect as if at attention), was raised in an ancient alabaster abbey on the arid outskirts of Arles (an alkaline area noted for its Arab-influenced architecture, just south of the once azure, active aqueducts of Aquitaine), where he had been abandoned in an antique appliqué aluminum aquarium when he was no more than an almond-shaped egg the size of an army ant's abdomen (imagine an abbreviated apostrophe or an amended, amputated ampersand afloat in the atrophied atmosphere of an inapplicable aimlessness). It was at first assumed by those in the abbey that he was nothing more than an apparition, an apple seed asterisk alienated from its apple-ish appellation and set adrift absurdly, and for no apparent reason, in the unabashedly ornate aquarium, like an archaic vestige appendage—such as an appendix—or an ahistorical and long abolished addendum; in fact, it wasn't until they saw the apple of Arp's own aping eye peering at them from the ash-colored aspirin of his aura did they realize that he was animated and alive at all.



Arp

Age: approximately 1 Month
(actual size)

At about 8 Months



(w/an eye the size an a's aperture
& w/8 articulated appendages)

Once so identified (and accepted as one of God's apogamous actors), he was educated in the aforementioned abbey—by the age of eight he was fully able to leave his aquarium autonomously and without aid—until the apogee of his adolescence by Sister Antigone, the altogether androgynous Abbess de Arles, who grew attached to him as he did to her unambiguous altruism and affection. In anticipation of his adulthood, Father Aloysius Anon, the affable but aloof Archdeacon, appropriated for Arp an alcove (an unused attic at the apex of the apse and above the anachronistic and, in the acidic eyes of Anon, appallingly anemic apothecary) in which he could further activate his artistic aptitude and appease his aesthetic appetites.

He went on to spend a lifetime alone there in his atavistic atelier (he never did attract the attention of the Academy), long after the acolytes had emptied the abbey of its apostolic altar and its anthropomorphic

angels. All about Arp the abbey's arches ached with the asphyxiating agony of age while he, above all, ambidextrously working his eight agile arms around the clock, remained acutely aware only of the ageless and archetypal aspects of the abstract art he had so affirmatively and unapologetically authored (an abbreviated list might include *The Adoptive Apportionment of Adam's Apple*, *Agrippina's Arabesque*, *The Acyclic Abecedarian* and *The Abelmosk Amphora*, among other such alluring and alliterative agnominations).

The Adoptive Apportionment of Adam's Apple, *Agrippina's Arabesque*, *The Acyclic Abecedarian* and *The Abelmosk Amphora*, among other such alluring and alliterative agnominations).

When at long last Arp aspirated his last atom of air, it was the 100th anniversary of his atypical, but otherwise unassuming, arrival at the abbey.

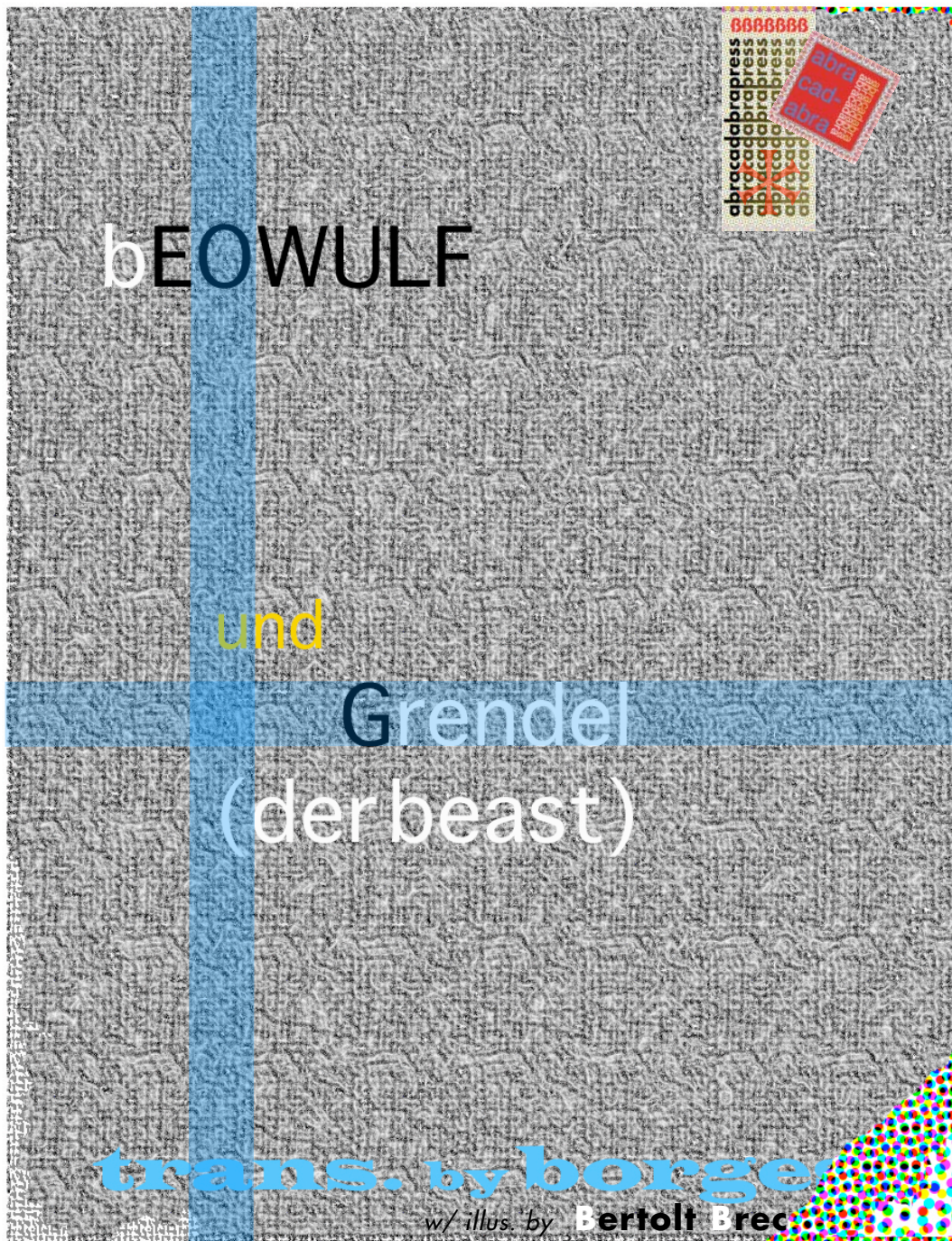
Aideu, mon ami.



The Abelmosk Amphora

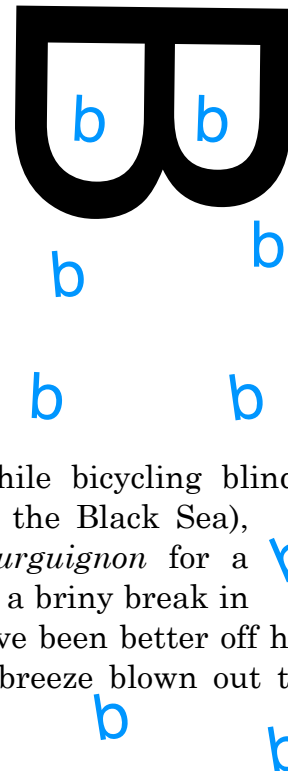
A

B i s f o r **B I L L Y**
Billy Beauharnais von Bülow, a bizarre bilateral balance of both bovine and boy, was kept beaten and bludgeoned in a box in a boarding house basement in Baden-Baden by his bullying, beret-wearing big brother Benoît, a beguiling bandit who let him out briefly as his beast of burden only to burgle banks in order to bankrupt the bourgeois.

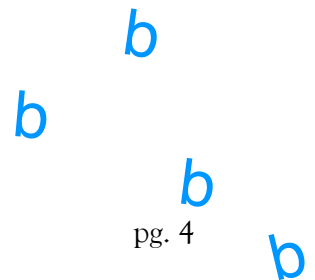


Billy's Beloved Book

Billy's one meal a day was a bland and banal breakfast (to Benoît's blasphemous tongue, anyway) consisting of belladonna biscuits, blood bread, buttermilk, bitternut bisque, *boudin noir* (black pudding) and blue cheese. Beyond that, Benoît kept Billy at bay with belittling threats of baseless abuse and brutality, boasting it was for his own benefit, including, but not bound to, battering him with burdock-bespattered burlap bags filled to the brim with buzzing baroque bumble bees, bitterly barricading him in a bat-beleaguered bellicose belfry, baiting him with the baited breath of bilious bullfrogs basted in boiled beets and braised beans, and blotting out the best part of Billy's only book (a *Bildungsroman* translated by the bilingual, Buenos Aries born-and-bred Borges and illustrated by the Bavarian basso-alto Bertolt Brecht) Billy literally had to beg, borrow and steal for in one of Berlin's more bacchanalian black-market bazaars (which specialized, by the way, in boring *bric-a-brac* and the brittle beaks of border-bounding birds), in which the benighted, bone-crushing Beowulf is believed (albeit but briefly) to have been befuddled by the beatifically benign and belied brahman behemoth; better yet, Benoît would bribe (but not barter), barbarously boxing Billy's bulbiferous, badly bandaged, bacteria-burgeon, bedbug-bedeveled bedsores with a brass baton to the beat of Brahms' more boorish bohemian ballads (brewed up by a band of bleating bewhiskered buffoons burlesquely banging on bifurcated bongos, bloated bagpipes and broken banjos while bicycling blindly between the boogie-woogie boardwalks of the Bosphorus and the Black Sea), baking him into bitter, battery, buttery bites of *beef bourguignon* for a blistering barrage of beached, bleached barracudas back from a briny break in bewitching Byzantium, and betting him billions he would have been better off had he never even been born but instead had been the bluish breeze blown out the brassy backside of a boot-licking Beelzebub.

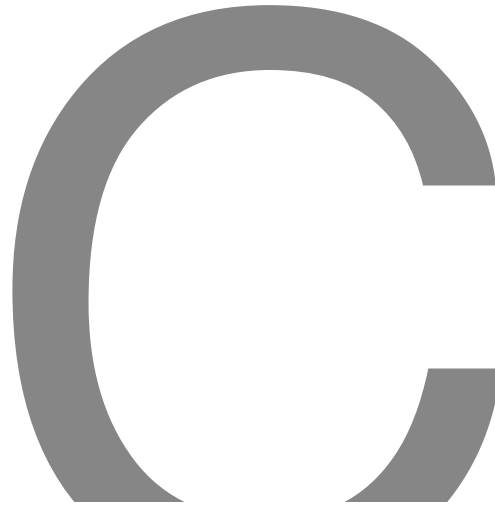


But Billy had no intention of bellyaching or becoming bold and brave enough to boycott the baleful Benoît (although Benoît would brood often that Billy was but biding his time, waiting for his big moment to besiege him when his back was turned and all but brake it); the bull-boy in the box, however, was bemusedly beyond betrayal: far from being brokenhearted, Billy believed it was the breezy and brilliant Benoît's birthright to treat him so badly and blessed him with his benevolent benediction. In the end, who's to say which brother was the more bona-fide, bestial bogeyman—the one begging for bondage, or the one burdened without boundaries?



C i s f o r C Æ S A R

Before crime and its consequences, a curious child came upon a chalky calcified seed no bigger than a copper coin and planted it with care and caution at the edge of a crying creek. The cloven hooves of Spring passed into the quicksilver cold of December and back again before from it's crusty earthen casket a tree, fully grown, emerged complete, carrying in its curling branches cascading caramel-colored fruit like cocoons of crystal (in cluttered clumps which the calm could be confirmed. completely ripened claustrophobic with a clear and canter off into one of that checkered and cloudy countryside. cat was called Cæsar, conspiratorial comrade collaborator Caroline, Charlotte, and so on. communication (man with a neighboring coming of the cats), for Cæsar and his calico cousins had in their collective control the cunning capacity to hear something once and repeat it on command, and did so with increasing consistency, constancy and color.



A golden age commenced: even clocks quit to click and chime and time instead was measured by vowels and consonants. But this was centuries upon centuries ago; eventually, cats ceased to speak and the world (having lost its common tongue) slipped slowly into a conversational chaos. Ask any cat, whose purr of an answer reveals a cleverly concealed and carefully camouflaged compendium of man's many languages, whether this story is true or mere conjecture.



The First Two Cats.

a story for every letter of the alphabet

D is for DOUGLASS and Dagliesh

As Douglass and his undead double Dagliesh (a disproportionate and distorted doppelganger from a not-so-distant dimension) discussed the *I think therefore I am* dualism of Descartes over a dreg-strained dram of Darjeeling in Douglass' Düsseldorf dormitory one dreary December day, a demented discovery diverted their deep discourse: "*What if? Could it be done? Why not? Let's do it!*" And so their devilish double-dare was devised: Doug deviously disguised himself in his doubles' dour and drab duplicitousness and dithered about in dusty, drafty rooms, rattled the dodecahedral dormers at the dome of the Dar es Salaam (among other such decoratively dignified and definitively divine destinations), and gave a



decent dose of doom to the dogmatic denizens of decency and democracy without regard to their dramatic displays of displeasure or disgust; Dag donned Doug's dapper demeanor (as well as his dandy derby and his dry cleaned double-breasted suit) and entered into a delicious debate with dead-locked dilettantes as to whether or not death could indeed be defined beyond a doubt, doled out a deluge of diamond-sized dates for a

delegation of distinguished dignitaries from the Danish Diaspora at a desultory event devised by Dr. Dante Durkheim, Dean of the once-devine (or so he deigned) Drama Department, and danced the do-si-do like a dangerously dashing demon with the Dean's dainty, debutante daughter Delilah, a whirling dervish herself, until dawn. After a dozen dizzying days, Douglass and Dagliesh did their best to depart from their delirium (which was detrimental to

the dubious duo's drive to be distinct), but they were in too deep and neither had the degree of determination necessary to undo the dank and deformed damage already done. Oh despair!

Decades later, the diaphanous Dagliesh (now more dimly so and married to the even dimmer and deeply disaffected Delilah) lives a life of draining drudgery, dragging himself down into the doldrums of domestic self-denial (even as Delilah threatens him daily with divorce), like a demigod driven to direct his Dionysian dirigible dangerously downwind into a decadent heart of darkness while desperately denying his desultory, dystopic destiny; Douglass (in a sense no different) drips and

"What if? Could it be done? Why not? Let's do it!"

Dagliesh



Douglass

d r o o l s
despondently
down by the
docks, diseased
and dismissed by
even the most
desperately
destitute and
downtrodden,
like a dis-
assembled and
decapitated
ventriloquist's
d u m m y
decalcifying in
the dead-bolted
dollhouse drawer
of one of
Dracula's
daylight-deriding
daughters.
Decide your
d r e a m s
delicately, for a
diabolical deal
with the devil
will undoubtedly
cost you dearly.
Douglass and
Dagliesh did not,
and for that they
have both become
d e s e r v e d l y
damned.



EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT!

Evidence of the Elicit Event,
i.e.
Ernst's Epitaph

EUREKA!-
Ernst's excited utterance made
upon his initial examination
of the extraordinary Egg

What Enchantments Might We Find
Within The Egg of Ernst's Keen Mind? -
Erasmus Eppilate, Poet Emeritus, Eton

Come See The
Entomological
Discovery That
Has Shaken
Europe
Like an
Earthquake! -
Evening
Enquirer

Explorer par excellence

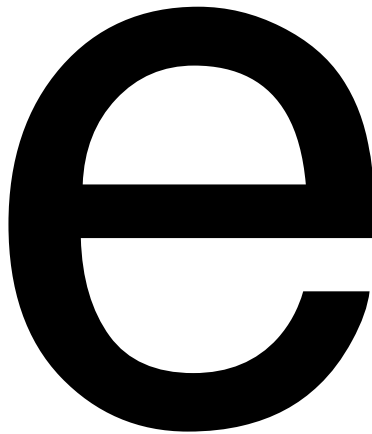
**ERNST'S
EXTRAVAGANZA!
EXTRAVAGANZA!
FROM EXOTIC EGYPT TO ELEGANT ENGLAND!
EXTRAVAGANZA!**

AN ENTERTAINING AND EXCITING EXHIBITION! EXPERIENCE THE EVENT OF THE EON!

*Open Evenings. All Earnings will Benefit The Royal Entomology Exchange of Eton, England. Sponsored by the Earl of Eton. All Inquires to E. Emile Eames, esq.

E i s f o r E R N S T

While excavating beneath a semi-eroded escarpment on the ear-shaped eastern edge of El Alamein, Egypt, Ernst Euripides Engels (b. 1888), an ersatz entomologist and eschewed explorer, encountered eighty-eight insect eggs of enormous proportion. Eighty-seven were encrusted with an even, inelastic envelope of ebony earth and, upon further eagle-eyed examination, the eccentric ethnobiologist estimated that the ectopic eggs had been embalmed and were entirely expired. The exposed eighty-eighth, however, the color and shape of an enlarged enameled eggplant and the size of an empyrean African elephant (but expressing the epaulette-like embossed texture of an epileptic electric eel), emanated an eerie, enigmatic energy. The epicurean Englishman was ecstatic—*one enduring egg!* How this would elevate his otherwise erratic, eclectic career and endear him to his enemies (he expected no less than an *ex post facto* exoneration of his entrepreneurial endeavors)! Once extracted from its seemingly eternal entombment, the eighty-eighth egg (which Ernst christened *Eden*) was expertly embezzled out of Egypt and escorted to the Royal Exposition of Entomology, held that Easter in Eton, England. Its reception was explosive: both the educated and the earnestly ignorant were equally enthralled with the exquisite, evocative egg; everyone, that is, except for Ernst's more esteemed and established colleagues who, while as easily entertained as the other expectant attendees, were nevertheless eager to evaluate his discovery as the evil fruit of an evergreen act of, albeit enterprising, dumb luck and not (as Ernst had so embarrassedly elucidated on his own behalf) "the exultation of an erudite expert's (i.e. Ernst's) revolutionary pursuit of the embodiment of Evolution itself". It was excruciatingly clear their envy was green-eyed and self-evident to everyone but Ernst who, nevertheless, felt himself to be at the epicenter of his, and their, empire.

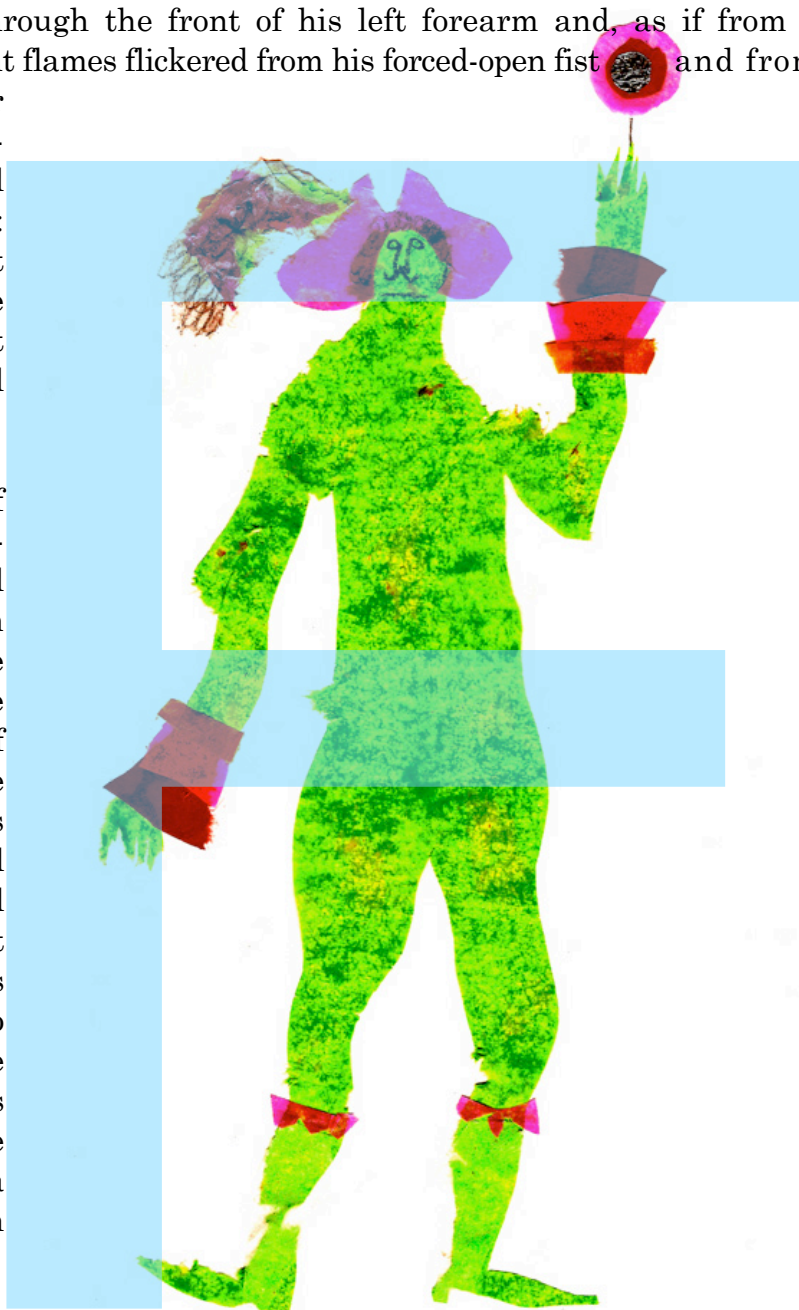


For Ernst, everything was excellent—that is, until the last eve of the exhibit when, at the eleventh hour, the ellipsoid egg's erstwhile occupant inelegantly embarked on the final leg of it's extraordinary journey: the entity within escaped it's embryonic existence and, due to it's quite empty stomach, ate Ernst in one all-encompassing, engulfing bite. In the end, evidently, Ernst's discovery eclipsed his own ego; no small feat indeed. Now he'll have an eternity to count the error of his ways.

F i s f o r F L A N A G A N

One fine fall day in the fairy-filled fecundity that was the 14th Century, a feeble-minded foreigner from Flanders named Flanagan, fatigued and needing forty winks, fell fast asleep in the forlorn forests of Fontainebleau. When he awoke some fifteen hours later he felt fit as a fiddle but found, as he stretched his firm arms up above his flushed forehead, fresh foxgloves fanning out from the fingers and thumb of his favorite hand. At first, Flanagan was frightened down to the very fiber of his being, saying fitfully to himself, "What fiendish fallacious fable is this which has been foisted upon my feelers? *I fear I am feverish with the facsimile of a fantasy!*" But just as the fabulous words fumbled from his flabbergasted face, Flanagan felt a warm fluid flow fluvially through the front of his left forearm and, as if from a fulminous fog, faint fluorescent flames flickered from his forced-open fist and from his forked out fingers four hundred flawless flamingo-colored firepinks fetched forth. Flanagan was fixated: neither fury nor farce, but fame and fortune, were within his grasp; nay, it 'twas its very form and function!

And so, for four and a half felicitous years "Flower-Fingers" Flanagan fleshed out his flashy flowers from as far afield as the fickle fjords of Finland to the flirtatious fortresses of Florence. But after the fanfare of the festivals, fairs and fêtes had faded and feeble were the fancy florid flourishes and fetishes that festooned his once famous figure, Flanagan began to feel he was but playing the fool, like a famished fangless feline futilely feasting on the feathers of a flea; more a fertilized flower pot, he, than fermentative florist.



A fabulist! A Falstaffian fanatic! A Faustian farce! The falsehood of his firmament was unfathomable: "Why hast thou forsaken me?" he flailed as he fastened upon a fairly fast fencing foil and fiercely felled his fingers off fatally where the five phalanges of his now not so favorite hand had fused with his once fantastic fingertips.

Four score and four years after that fateful day a flimsy and flaccid phantasm of a man fell fast asleep in the forlorn forests of Fontainebleau beneath an oddly familiar fir tree. He awoke forebodingly some fifteen hours later only to find forget-me-nots growing furtively from the flayed fingertips of his once, and once again, favorite hand. Forever more, Flanagan remained faithful to, and was thankful for, the flowers. For after all, what choice did he have? Our fanciful, fern-seeded folklore is fitted to our fate like a fur-lined glove (or, more fitting still, one filled with flowers), and to feign otherwise would be to fulfill the most fantastic kind of folly.



Fin-

gers



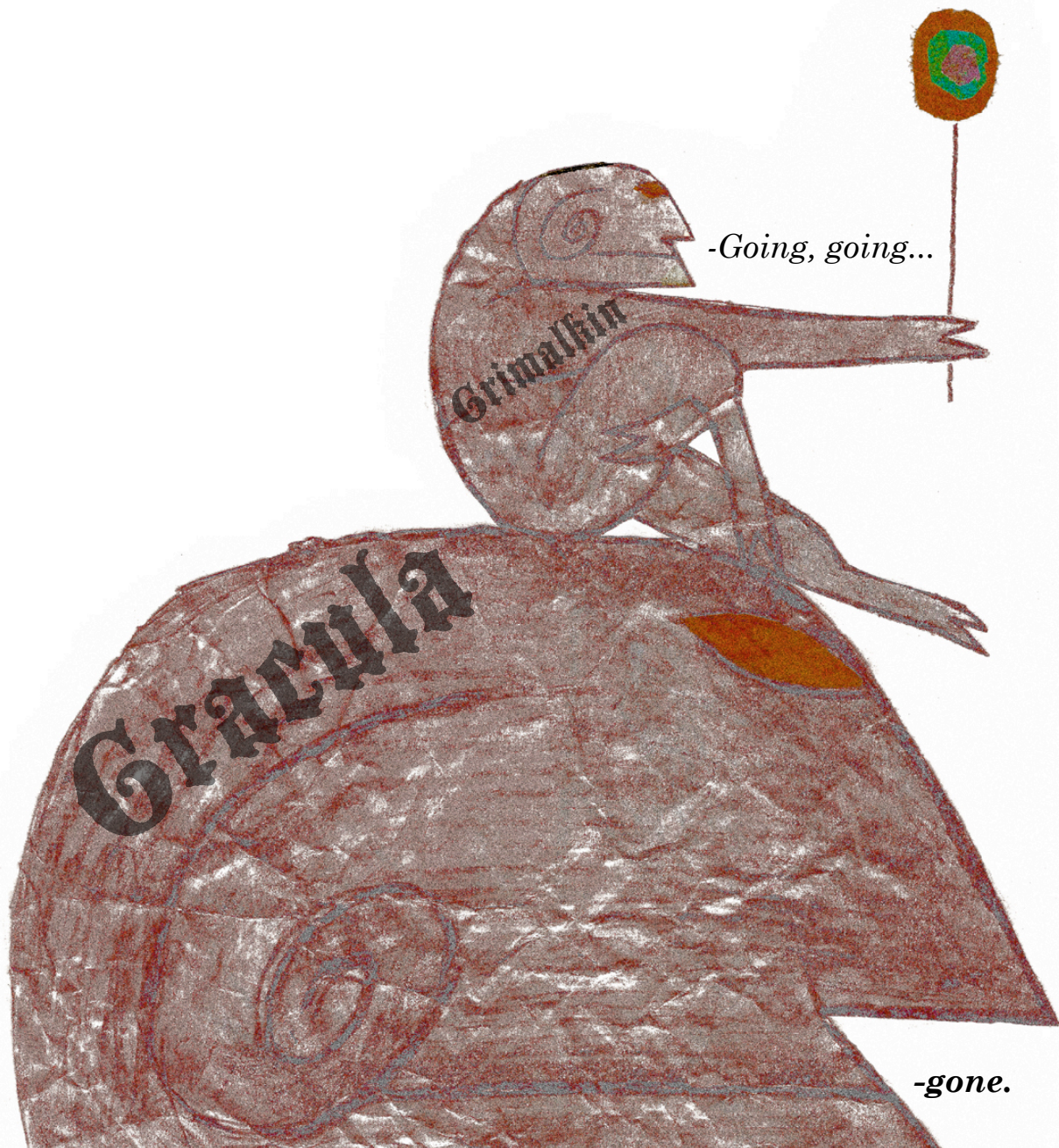


G i s f o r G E R H A R D

Gerhard Ganymede Goethe was a great grey golem (a man made of mud, stuck together like gristly, griseous glue) who lived and worked as a gardener in a gated garden located deep in the forlorn and all but forgotten forests of Fontainebleau, located outside the long-ago Gerrymandered district of Gestalt, Germany, (once a French garrison gassed by the German army during the Great War) known, if at all, for its gushing geysers, its geologic geodesic geodeses and its garrulous and gawking game birds such as the guinea and the grouse. Upon the wall which surrounded the greenswarded garden was a grave gridiron grille of giant, grotesquely gloating, goat-like gargoyles (with names like *Gallows*, *Gracula*, *Grendel*, and *Grindstone* engraved in the gutted, grainy granite gaped at Gerhard with gritty grooves of their gall-skin), which glowered and gloomy grimaces as he went about giving his gentle gifts to his gathering of greenhouse guests. He had a green thumb for all that he groomed and was grateful guided, grafted and for his garden and it for him. Generations before it was called Flanagan's Field (after the gentleman who had governed the garden prior to Gerhard's gestation). To the east of a grapefruit-gladdened gazebo and in the center of the grounds grew a glorious fir tree perpetually garlanded with graceful forget-me-nots; he could only guess why there were gargoyles so greedily garnishing the garden, guarding it as if it were a gangland ghetto gilded ghoulishly with gangrened graphite ghosts, planted there (he gambled) to keep him in more than to growl at the galaxy beyond his gift-wrapped grove.



Regardless, after gaily putting on his graham cracker-colored gloves, gallant gabardine, garish garibaldi, gnat-spattered galligaskins, gaudy gaiters, Gascony garters and Gaelic galoshes Gerhard would leave the grout-lined grotto in which he himself was grown, even in the most ghastly of weather, and gleefully grub the lovely garden from daybreak to the glistening gloam into a perpetually golden grove free of grumbles and groans, groundhogs, gutters or gnomes. The garden graces no map, its gravel path has never been gone down by anyone other than the gracious Gerhard (and the god-like Flanagan, whose groomed grave rests grimly beside the otherwise glad gazebo) and its greasy gates have never been gotten open. Gerhard has never known another life, known another goal, nor even glimpsed another soul; he lives, perhaps to this very day, like a graminivorous genie in his green glass goblet of a garden, while all around him gasp the gothic, gorgonic gargoyles:

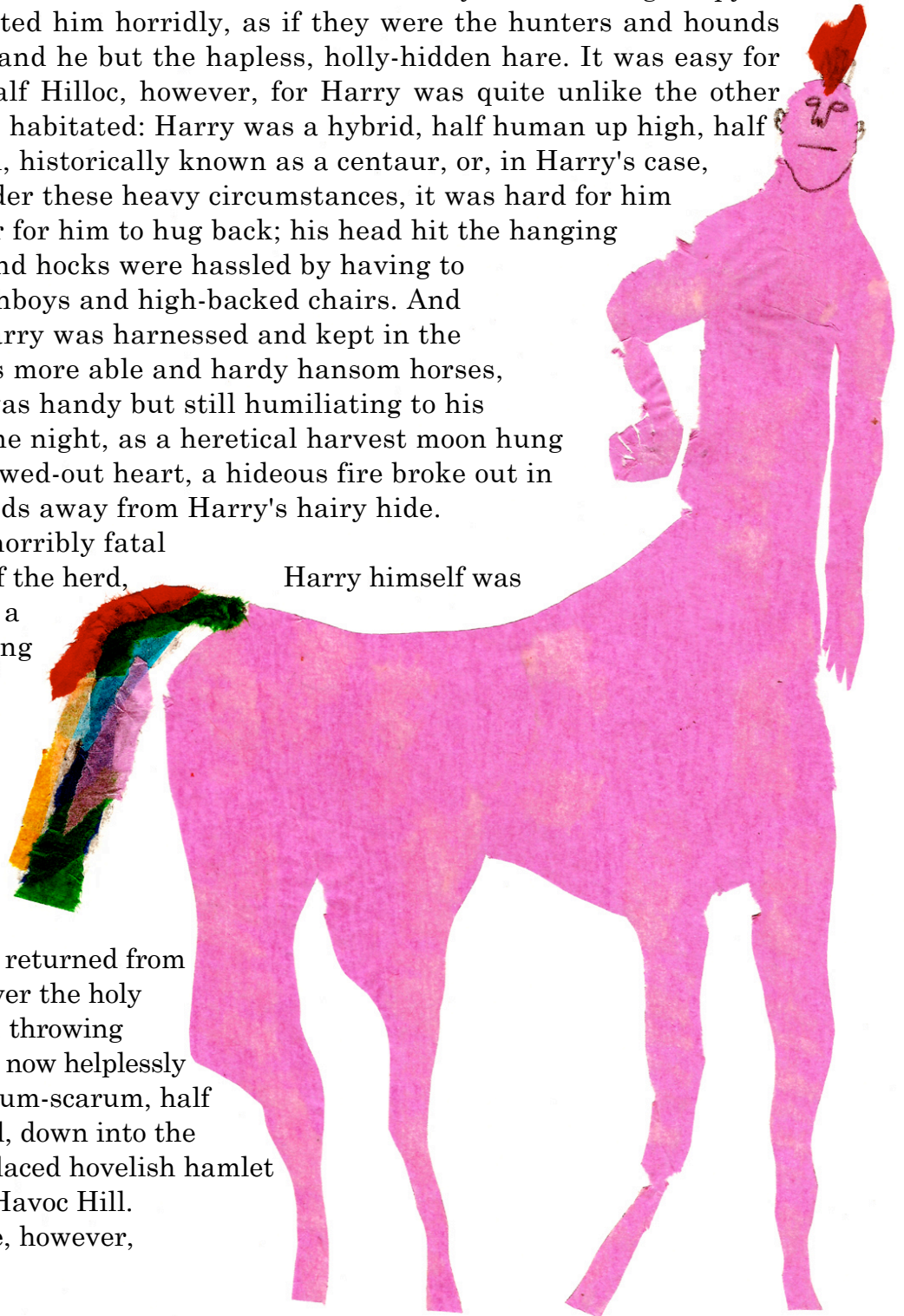


H i s f o r H A R R Y

The Hilloc's hailed from high atop Havoc Hill (about a half a mile outside Hamburg) as they had hereditarily for hundreds of homologous years. Harry, the eldest of half a dozen, was hard pressed to be happy: his family (headed by his heartless hawk of a father Hilum Himmler and heeled by his haunting harpy of a mother Hillary) treated him horribly, as if they were the hunters and hounds of a highfalutin' hunt and he but the hapless, holly-hidden hare. It was easy for them to see him as half Hilloc, however, for Harry was quite unlike the other humans with whom he habitated: Harry was a hybrid, half human up high, half horse towards his hind, historically known as a centaur, or, in Harry's case, a horseboy. Raised under these heavy circumstances, it was hard for him to be held, even harder for him to hug back; his head hit the hanging chandeliers and his hind hocks were hassled by having to hop over hampers, highboys and high-backed chairs. And so, hour after hour, Harry was harnessed and kept in the stable with the Hilloc's more able and hardy hansom horses, handsome all, which was handy but still humiliating to his half-human nature. One night, as a heretical harvest moon hung heavy on Harry's hollowed-out heart, a hideous fire broke out in the hay only a few hands away from Harry's hairy hide.

While he escaped the horribly fatal harm done to the rest of the herd, hurt hazardously with a hit to the head (resulting in a hypostatic hematoma) which required half a year of hypnotism to heal. Once healthy (though many would later claim half-hysterically so), he returned from the hospital and took over the holy Hilloc house completely, throwing his once happy-go-lucky, now helplessly harried family, out, harum-scarum, half hungry and half clothed, down into the hemlock and hellebore-laced hovelish hamlet huddled at the base of Havoc Hill. His half-brother Horace, however,

Harry himself was



handicapped with a halter handmade from huckleberry and hemp and hinged on his haunches horizontally like a hunchbacked hobby horse held hostage to its humbling, haptic habits, was held back and kept hidden in the house (presumably to satisfy Harry's hedonistic humor). For once, Harry was Host and while no hero he, Harry was in any case now not so much half horse as he was half a man in how he held himself over others with his hard-scrabbled and hand-spun hate; perhaps if he burns down Hilloc House and the whole of Havoc Hill in one humongous, horrific holocaust, Harry will lose his inhumanity altogether and become wholly (albeit hopelessly) human.



I I S F O R I N G R I D

Ingrid Isabella Ibsen's invisibility began as an ill-informed and idiotic idea: when she fell ill as an infant with an infection which left the irises of her Irish eyes an intense and eerie indigo, Ingrid's doctors attempted to immunize her with an

“AN INVISIBLE REFLECTION,
IS AN INFINITE INSPECTION



Ingrid Isabella Ibsen

impure injection derived from an invertebrate insect known to be immune to injuries and inflammations of the inner ear. While the intent behind the inoculation was innocent enough, it nevertheless resulted in Ingrid becoming almost immediately invisible. On the insolvent and intolerant advice of her ineffective and incorrigible intercessors, Ingrid (once isolated and immobilized with an irregularly issued ounce of ipecac and insulin) was in hospitably institutionalized in an inhumane infirmary that was the inhuman heart of the uninhabitable island known insultingly and, to some, indignantly, only as *Il Ileum*, improbably located (but not illogically, as it were) off the idyllic

southern shores of Italy. On this incorporeal, inconsonant incubus of an island, the ivory tower that was the Institute for the Inward could be found (indelicately, it must be said) within an intricate infrastructure of acres upon impenetrable acres of insipid and itchy ivy, inebriated ichneumons, impatient impatiens, inelegant, indecent Ios (an otherwise insignificant Lepidoptera) and imaginary, iridescent iguanas. For this reason (among others more iffy) the patients, imp-like idiot savants all, were forced to remain indoors indefinitely; to be sure, their immobility was emphatically insisted upon and, as Ingrid's idle days idled insufferably into

ignominious eons, her invisibility became incrementally irritated (intermittently, both the Institute and the island became encased in a sticky icy fog which seemed to radiate from Ingrid's presumed vicinity) and increasingly irreversible (as if one could undo the indelibly immaterial or interrupt an illusion of the infinite).

Then one day it was noticed (as impossible as that may seem) that Ingrid had disappeared altogether (not in the usual sense but in its inverse). Investigators from the F.I.B. (the Italian version of the F.B.I.) were invited inside the Institute to confirm her demise and identify her remains but, according to an article based loosely on an incomprehensible interview with the Institute's invidious director, Dr. Ingenios Invalidi, in the International Edition of the Italian paper *Il Innuendono* (which is often filled with irrefutable misinformation), the inspectors themselves disappeared immediately after arriving at *Il Ileum*. Within days of that article the *policci* came to discover that Dr. Invalidi, his invalidic patients, even his itinerant interns (inseparable identical twins from insouciant India) had also mysteriously disappeared, and by the end of that month research scientists from the vessel *Il Iliad* claimed that the ill-fated isle had all but dematerialized behind an insanity-inducing fogbank (interestingly, the ichthyologists, as well as the *Iliad*, vanished the next day and entirely without incident). In fact, in April of last year *Il Innuendono* intimated—in a highly irregular report consisting of illegally intercepted communications between the Italian government and the I.O.I.U. (the International Oceans Inquiry Unit)—that what is left of the Institute and the infamous island *Il Ileum* itself is but an infinite and immovable iceberg, the tip of which impales (*sans* inclement weather) the otherwise calm surface of the sea by no more than a seemingly inconsequential inch (in much the same way an invisible reflection pierces the otherwise inviolate membrane of the impossible past by no more than an inconsolable implication). It is, in other words (and perhaps more imprecisely), *there but not there* (in very much the same way Ingrid *was*, or perhaps still, *isn't*). A sign has been inserted into this semi-impenetrable tip. It reads:

CAUTION
INVISIBLE ICE!

J i s f o r J U D Y

A Recipe for Jellied Judy

Ingredients:

<i>1 Giant Jar</i>	<i>1 Judy</i>
<i>1 Jumble of Jazz</i>	<i>1 Dash of Justice</i>
<i>100 Gallons of Orange Juice</i>	<i>1 Pinch of Flotsam & Jetsam</i>
<i>1 Song of a Jailbird</i>	<i>1 Javelin</i>
<i>Jam made from Jewels</i>	<i>1 Quart of Jungle Fever</i>
<i>5 Jerusalem Cherries</i>	<i>600 Joules</i>
<i>15 Jujubes</i>	<i>1 Jest of Jaguar</i>
<i>20 Jumping Beans</i>	<i>50 Jellybeans</i>
<i>25 Jawbreakers</i>	<i>1 Junky Jalopy</i>
<i>1 Songbook of Jubilant Jingles</i>	<i>1 Ounce of January</i>
<i>2 Pounds of June</i>	<i>4 Days of July</i>

Directions:

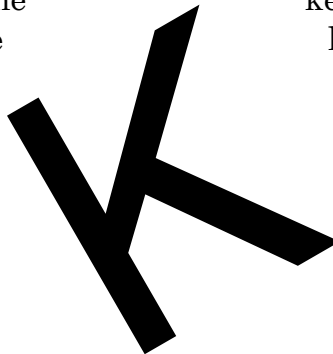
Take one giant jar and fill to the brim with 100 gallons of orange juice. Juggle in five Jerusalem cherries, fifteen jujubes, twenty jumping beans, twenty-five jawbreakers and fifty jellybeans. Add jam-jewels as if they were jealous of the jawbreakers and jellybeans. Squeeze in one ounce of January, pound in two pounds of June, and toss in four days of July. With a twist of the wrist flick in a jumble of jovial jazz and add in the hijacked song of a jaded jailbird. Stir in (with a herky-jerky motion) a quart of imported jungle fever (Javanese is best). Using the jagged tip of a josled, Judas-kissed javelin, slyly slip in the smiling jest of a Japanese jaguar. Have one Judy (preferably a jaundiced judge) join in. Joggle in a jolt of 600 joules, secure lid, chill. Wait twenty-four hours, then place in the trunk of a junky jalopy left on the jeering Jersey shore. Take out of trunk, dance a jig and jump seventy-five jumping jacks while singing *Jeremiah Was a Bullfrog/Joy to the World* in the jarring style of Janis Joplin. Add a dash of justice (to taste). Sprinkle on a pinch of flotsam and jetsam, as judged just. Garnish with jimsonweed or jonquil (*narcissus jonquilla* in the Latin jargon). Serve jellied with a side of juicy juvenile jellyfish (see page 157 for recipe).

**Note: If serving to a Jefferson, Jacques, Jekyll, Jehovah, or Jung, garnish with a jaunty jasmine instead.*



K i s f o r K L E E

Kafka Kokoshka Klee kept the kidney-shaped key and had done so since he was no bigger than the keel of a kiosk-sized kayak and no older than a kindergartner in katabatic Kuskokwim (located on the Kiel Canal between Königsberg and Klagenfurt on the northeastern border of Kierkegaard, which itself rested, many casually confessed, on the southern, often considered close to cloying, clinging side of Klimt). Believing he would best serve his kith and kin as a Knight of the Key, the Kingdom of Knossos had chosen Klee for his cunning and, above all, his kindly commitment to the Crown. It was, the King considered, Klee's karma, his kismet, to be keeper of the key. Indeed, a higher calling there was none: knowledge of the key's whereabouts was kept secret by threat of the knife, or, more precisely kinky, hari-kari; it would have been the kiss of death for any knave to even try to kidnap or conspiratorially knock it off. The key itself, however, was kept more loosely than the knowledge of it: knit into a knot on the crux of a kite's crosspiece, it flew like a kinetic kamikaze kestrel high above Klee's castle on the outskirts of the capital of Kiev; no one would have guessed the key would be so unkempt, like a kleptomaniac without a conscious or a kaleidoscope without its colors. Even so, distinct in his samurai knight's kabuki kimono, crafted from khaki-colored kelp and imported from far Kyoto (in summer a kelly-green Kendall kilt worn just above the knee), Klee was keen to keep a keyhole-like eye on the kite (and the key, presumably) day and night, too when keratitis inflamed his cold corneas and brief bout with Korsakoff's psychosis put a kink in his otherwise consistent conduct. In the end, conspicuously, the key was never even ever called for, nor, clearly, was its concealment considered of any real consequence. Indeed, its true purpose remained unknown: Klee kept that a secret as well, long after the King had passed and his Kingdom had gone kaput. Only this note, left in an unlocked closet (discovered sometime after Klee's own corporeal collapse by a cleaning crew from Kahn condemned to check every nook and cranny of Klee's now quite cancerous castle before a complete cataloging of the King's capital crimes could be enacted), provides us, the High Court of Kronos, a (quite possibly) critical clue as to the concrete location, and, at a minimum (perhaps no more than a kilo), the classifiable function, of the Key:



THIS IS THE KEY

This is the key of the kingdom:
In that kingdom there is a city.

In that city there is a town.
In that town there is a street.
In that street there is a lane.
In that lane there is a yard.

a house.
a room.
a bed.
a basket.
some flowers.

Klee's Kite
(Christened "The Katakana Katydid")-

In that yard there is
In that house there is
In that room there is
On that bed there is
In that basket there are

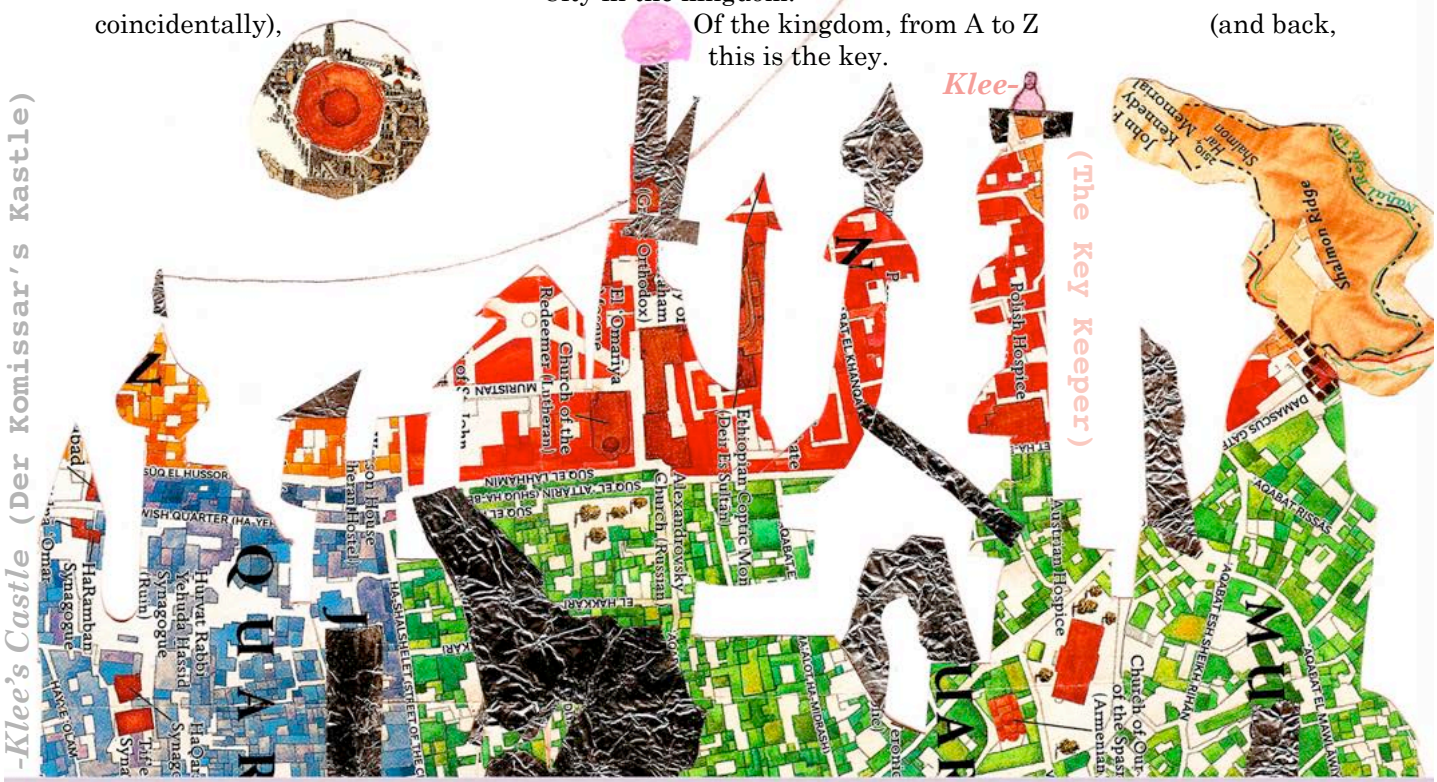
Flowers in a basket.
Basket on a bed.
Bed in the room.
Room in the house.
House in the yard.
Yard in the lane.
Lane in the street.
Street in the town.
Town in the city.
City in the kingdom.

coincidentally),

Of the kingdom, from A to Z
this is the key.

(and back,

-Klee's Castle (Der Komissar's Kastle)



Klee-
(The Key Keeper)

L i s f o r L E O N

A lilac-colored,
lily-labellumed labarum
labeled

-Leon's limp head

"WE LOVE LEON"

-Leon's liver-stained lenses

laced the labyrinthine lake front
as the lively lachrymose villagers
lauded and applauded,
luted and
fluted
their laconic and languid
legend.

Lacerated and lame,
First Lieutenant
Leon Lionni Lascaux
(of the Levallois-Perret
Longbow Battalion)
lamented the loss of his legion
while the crowd,
otherwise alleged,
would have him feeling
larger than life
and in lockstep with their logic.

-Leon's locked lips

But his lance was laced with the life's blood
of many first and last born
and the lavender laurel
which was lit upon his head with lavish
by levitated long-haired ladies felt not light,
but leaden.

Lead to the lectern by none other than
the Lord of
Misrule,
Louis Lavosier
the Eleventh,

Leon,
not normally known for elegant locution,
found himself literally speechless;
he could do no more
than lay his leathery hand

-Leon's lethargic heart

upon his lethargic heart
 and bow his limp head.
 When the lugubrious ceremony ended,
 Leon left the luminescent affair
 without paying lip service to,
 or listening to the libel of,
 his Lordship.
 Loud cries of "loser" were
 lobbed

like

ludic

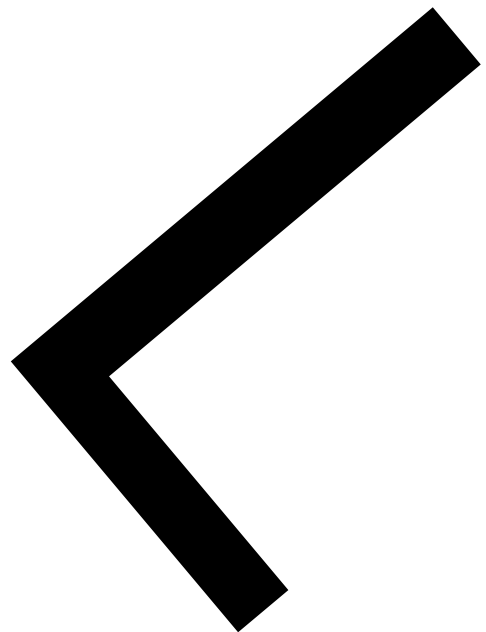
lures

in order to loosen the locked lips of Leon—
 but to no avail.

Leon never looked back,
 not even a little,
 at the lurid lunacy
 which began to lap and laugh
 all around
 his liver-stained lenses.

He had lost the life-force
 of his livelihood
 on that lemon-soaked battlefield,
 and now the lucid lyricism
 of his journey
 seemed less lovely,
 and more ludicrous,
 than he could bear.

And so Leon took his last leave
 of those he once loved
 and was never laid eyes upon
 again.



M i s f o r M A G R I T T E

While on a meditative mission at the magnanimous Mandala Monastery (at the mouth of the Midas River) on the outskirts of Marrakech (a city of West-central Morocco in the foothills of the Atlas Mountains), master mapmaker Monsignor Mallarmé Magritte discovered (by some mysterious, and perhaps black, magic) that he could make himself into a map too. Months of metaphysical metamorphosis followed until (over the course of a couple of muddy March mornings) he came to master all manner of map mimesis. Below is an abbreviated manifest of what Magritte might have managed to model through his manticore-like morphological manipulations:

☀️ A map of the moody music (in both Major and Minor keys) of Mercury's magenta mesas.

☀️ A map marking the midsummer migration of melancholy mermaids from the melting Mediterranean to more mild Meccan shores.

☀️ A map measuring the meter of Mars' marching orders to his myopic minions across the mindless Milky Way.

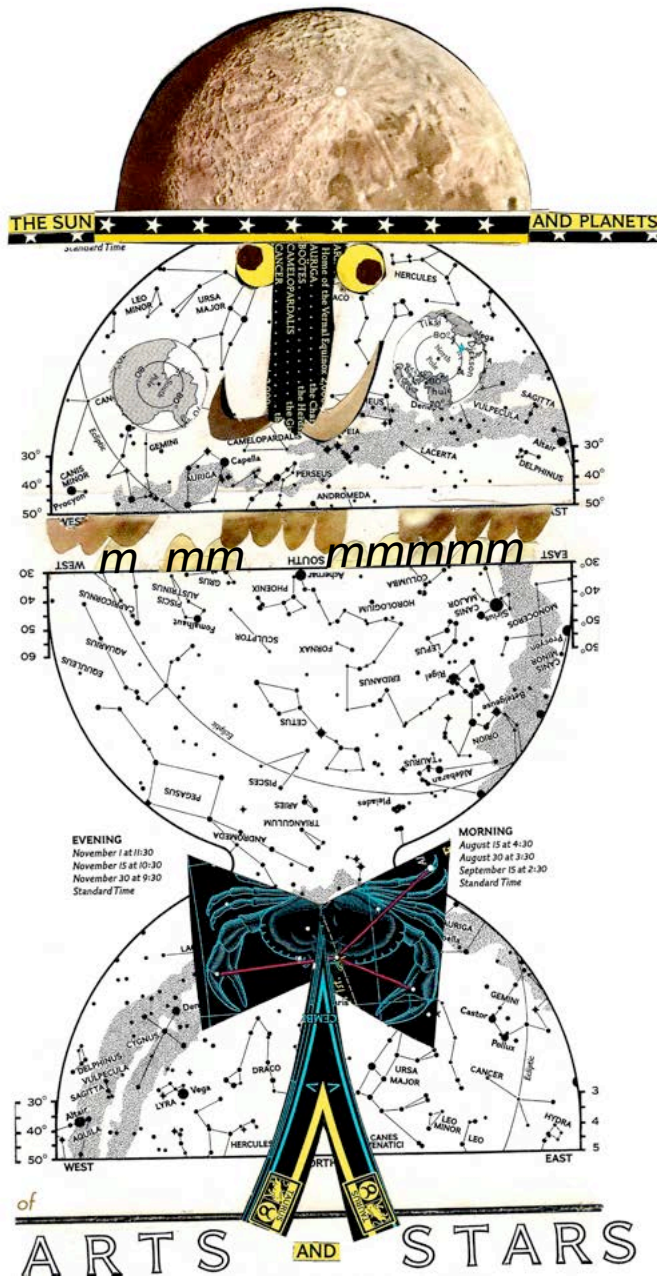
☀️ A map that, when reflected in a mica mirror, magnified the many (otherwise) mischievously masked metaphorical meanings manufactured within the Minotaur's monstrous maze.

☀️ A map illustrating the mellifluent massacre of mismanaged and manhandled Manchurian motorists by a mob of muckraking, Molotov-making Marxists on the much maligned Isle of Man.

☀️ Multiple maps of the magnetic fields of the Man in the Moon (as imagined by a maniacal madman made muddled by Medusa's Machiavellian machinations).

-&-

☀️ A masterful marbled mockup of Thomas Mann's Mephistophelian mausoleum (located in the morbid Museum of the Medieval Manicured Mustaches).



Magritte as a map measuring the meter of Mars' marching orders to his myopic minions across the mindless Milky Way

As for Magritte (the man minus his well-mapped-out muscular—and metacognitive—manifestations)? It has long been murmured by the otherwise well-mannered and (mostly) modestly mute men of God at the monastery that the Monsignor, like a mutated mottled moth, molted away his mortality with each and every map he made. What remains of his methods, therefore, is but a murky memory (for a map of a man leaves behind no meaningful *momento mori's*, no magnificent machines, manifestos or monolithic monuments, just the misty-eyed myths that are the malleable *modus operandi* of the mind), which, in the end, is the only mark any man can truly hope to make.

N i s f o r N O R M A N
Norman Said "NO"

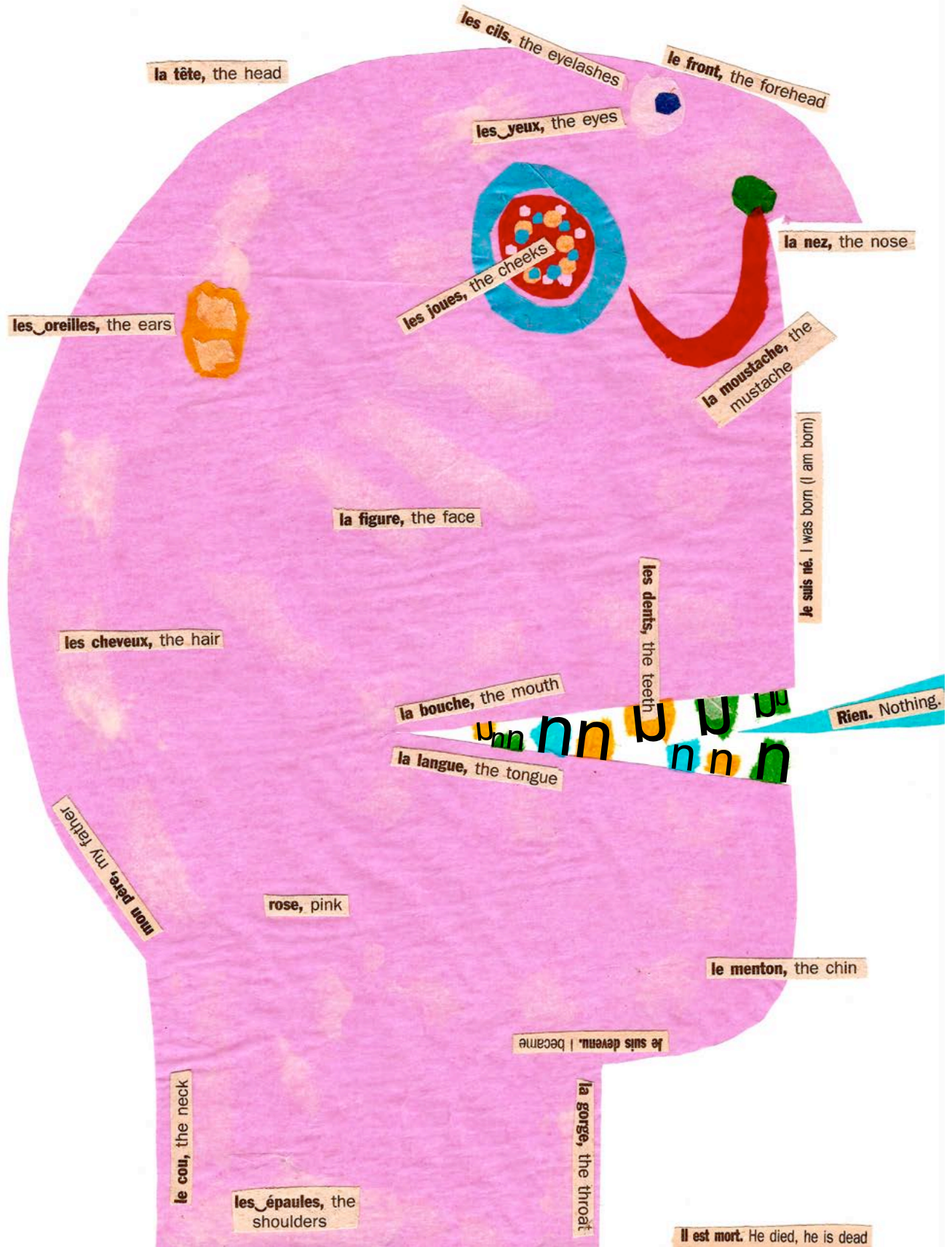
Neither was Norman nasty nor was Norman nice,
 But nevertheless Norman never said "*YES*"
 In the whole of his negative life.
 When the noble sun shone a "*GOOD DAY*"
 Upon Norman's noggin, he nodded a neat and tidy "*NO*"
 To that most needful of all nuclear novas.

At nightfall, when the new moon each night
 Glowed a neon "*SLEEP WELL*"
 To the notorious Norman,
 The naysayer noiselessly said "*NO*"
 With a nimble flare of his nickel-sized nostrils.
 When the nomadic stars,

Those 19 billion nocturnal nightingales
 And naiads of the night twinkled "*SWEET DREAMS*"
 To the nonsensical Norman,
 He naturally gave back a "*NO*"
 With his noteworthy, yet noticeably nearsighted, eyes.
 A lifetime of "*NO'S*" passed needlessly by and

When Darkness cast her final net over Norman
 And nominated him her neighbor,
 He numbly and nonchalantly noted a last
 But numberless "*NO*" to this Nursemaid of Nothing
 (By all accounts the nihilistic niece of Nowhere).
 On his tombstone written neatly was the name and

Narrative nature of the network of his naked life:
Norman; Nirvana: NEVERMIND.
 Yet his nimitypiminy niche was not all for naught,
 For the eye of the needle that was now Norman
 Managed to smile a naughty "*YES*"
 To the no one he had so neglectfully become.



O i s f o r O V I D

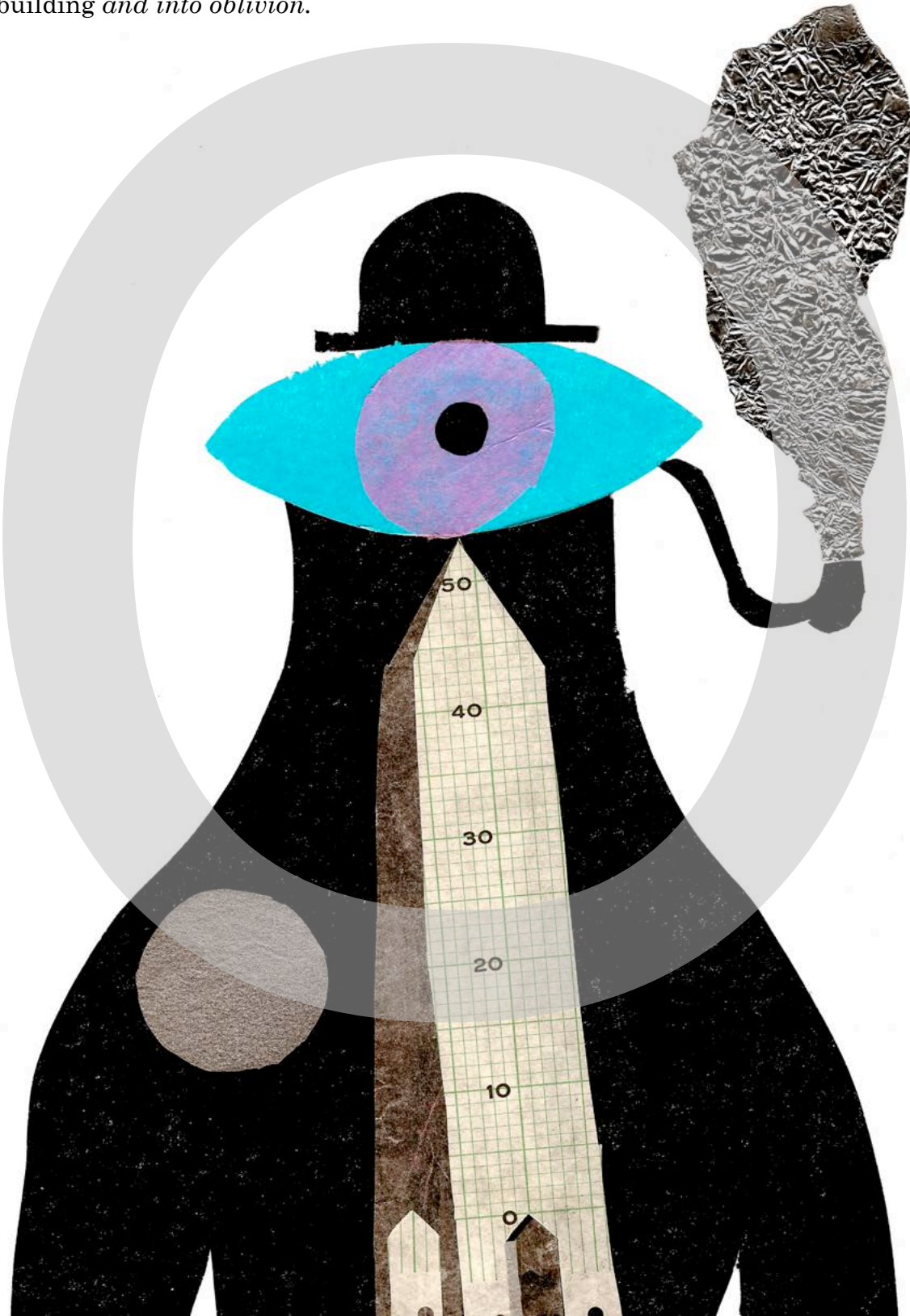
For one orbit of our ocean-oriented onion, Ovid had obediently taken out his ochre-colored telescope in order to better observe those in the oak-wilted orchard—which looked from his omniscient octagonal observation tower like occidental ornaments—in the oblong valley below. An obtuse official in the Odysseus Order’s elite “Onlooker” Oligarchy, Ovid's object, like all other officers similarly obligated to “Operation: Observation”, was to obsessively obtain information (which he did quite ordinarily and without objection) regarding any odd activities believed to often occur in relative obscurity among the obscene and obsequious outlaws residing objectfully outside the out-of-the-way, oily coastal city of Osnabrück (among other such outmoded outposts often found to be out-of-touch, for one reason or another, with the Order’s inordinately orderly orders).

What follows is his otherwise obligatory Annual Oration—an account often officiated over, as it was on this occasion, by none other than Captain Orpheus Oedipus (an omnivorous O-Class organizer known for his obstinate optimism and outgoing outlook), while under oath in the over-oxygenated “O-Ring” offices of the Odysseus Order’s Official Headquarters (the O.O.O.H.), which, since during the period that is officially known as the First Epoch of the Original Omegan, had been ominously erected around the Orb of Oslo (which itself occupied a central oval space within the Omniverse that was known only as **O**):

I, Officer Ovid Orwell Ovshinsky (Operator’s License #1-1-1), have observed, with my own optic nerves, an overwhelming body of evidence that proves, once and for all, the official (as it were) existence of an ongoing occupation of the Valley of the Octopus Obelisk by the occult obfuscators known as the Orion Syndicate; I have made special note of the ordinary, the outdated and the obvious. They are, ordinally, as follows:

One, an open air obstacle course oriented around the obsidian obelisk. Two, the occasional occupancy of the obelisk by oceanic oceanologists, without, I might add, their oars. Three, an oaf amidst the oatgrass preparing an unorthodox ode to oaks. Four, an ophthalmologist's operation on an overweight orangutan. Five, an oracle performing an operetta about olives, oregano and okra at the Octopi Opera House. Six, an ocarina, an organ and an oboe played by a troupe of obstreperous operatives. Seven, an organ grinder without his orangutan. Eight, origami displayed ornately. Nine, an outcropping of old ostrich ferns obliterating the old-fashioned obelisk's decorum and order. Ten, an orphanage, run ostensibly by an obstetrician, filled with nothing but opossum-sized, ossified, orange-textured, oval-shaped ovas. Eleven, an overt arrangement of opulent orioles and ox-eyed owls upon an ornate oriental ottoman between the oatgrass and the orphanage, behind which would sit, for hours upon hours in the violet shadow of an oleander, an...

Unfortunately, that odd number was as far as Ovid got with his Oral Report, for out of the blue an ornery orangutan broke into Orpheus' office and carried Ovid out of the building *and into oblivion*.



The Octopus Obelisk
a story for every letter of the alphabet

P is for **POLLY**, **Percival** and **Pythagoras**
 At a Christmas party preening Polly pleaded,

“

P e r-

h a p s

you could

please pass

me a piece of the

Prince of Peace

pie, Percival?” But it

was perceived past too

late, for Pythagoras the

python (a piggish, presently

paroled punk and a pointless

but puckish prankster who had

earlier plastered himself with

pleasantly patterned paper previously

provided for a present) had purportedly

palmed the pleasure of the *pièce de résis-*

tance prize upon his own now plump person-

age. For Polly, the pestering and petulant pian-

ist, Percival, the phantom philosopher and piccolo

player, and Pythagoras, the perpetual and pitiless

panpipe-playing pilgrim, the prospect of a prosperous

pastime had proven instead a poison pill (and the proof

was in the pound of plum pudding protruding from the pride

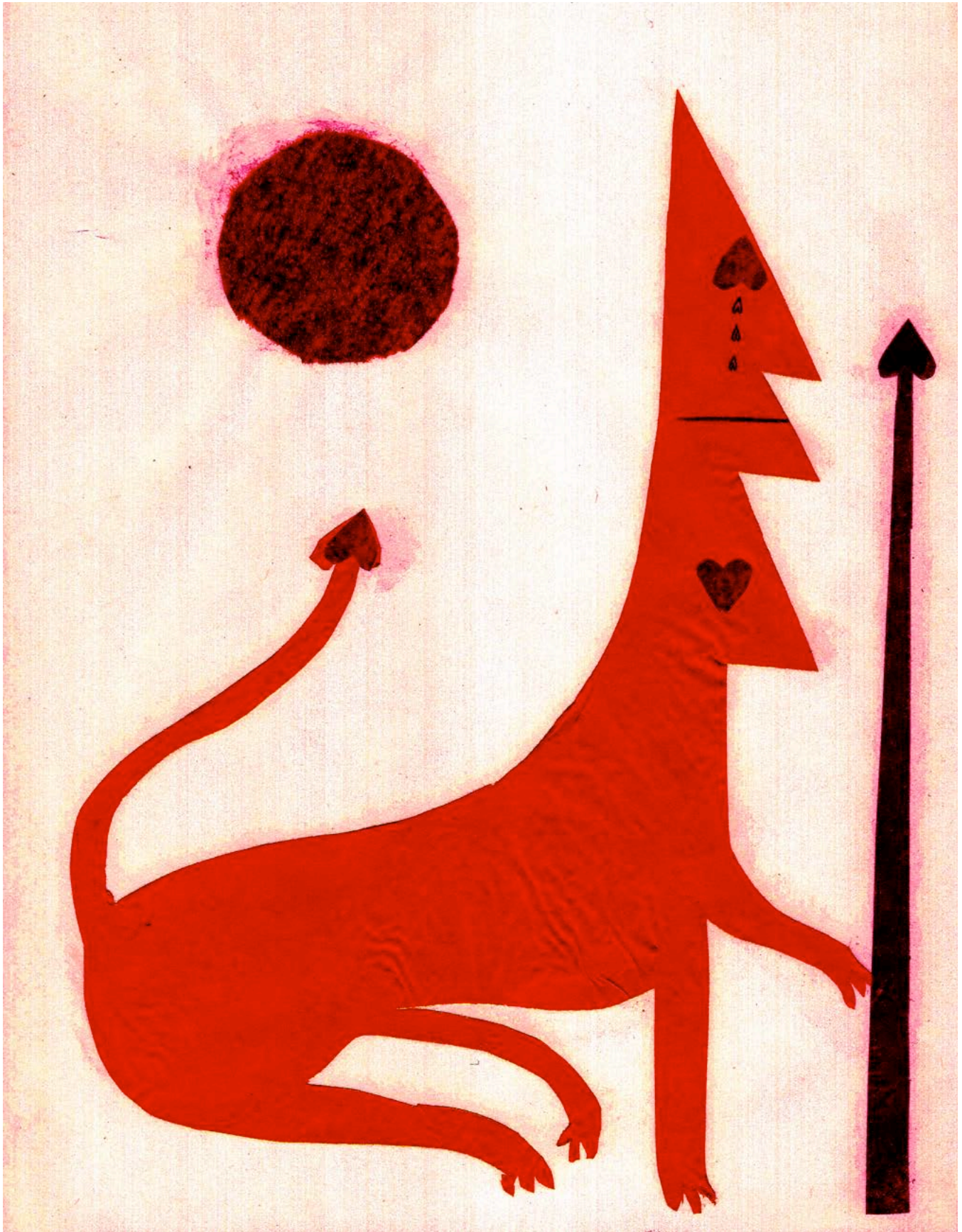
of Pythagoras' predominant predicament). What a pathetic

plight for such passionate provincials. *Poor Polly! Poorer Percival!*

Poorest Pythagoras!



&
the
proof
was in the
pound of plum
pudding protruding
from the pride of Pythago-
ras' predominant predicament-



Q is for **QUINTESSA**, The **QUEEN** of **HEARTS**
Quintessa, the Queen of Hearts, was eminently qualified for being querulous and quarrelsome, but quavered with a quake like a quince-eating quail when quality was called for. She was quick to quote Emerson (the quasi-Quaker)—*The only way to have a friend is to be one*—quenching her quick wit with a question mark and a loud quack:

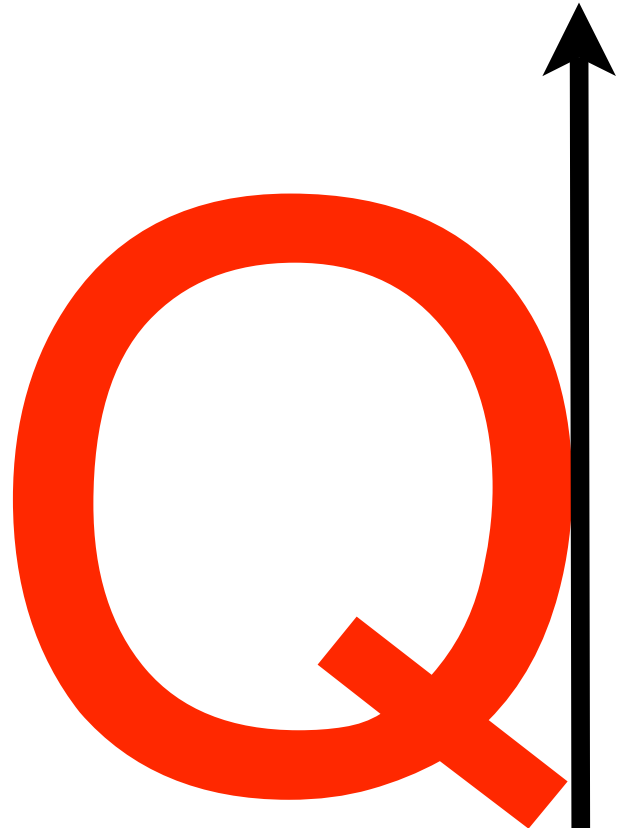
“The only way to have a friend is to be one?
What a QUACK!”

Indeed, the Queen had no friends and no qualms nor quibbles about that zero quantity. Under her command, quirky quadrupeds and quarter horses were drawn and quartered, queer quintuplets were crushed beneath quarts of crushed quartz, quartets were quizzed and questioned about the quality of the Queen's quizzes and questionnaires, which, without question, left them no choice but to quit and submit to her queasy quashing. Consequently, quitters of her quixotic queries and quests were quarantined and then queued up in quicksand in order to meet her quota of quiet.

On one such quiescent day the quartermaster, a quinquagenarian quadroon (originally from Quebec) named Quentin Quincy Quarrel, cut out her quicksilver heart quite quickly to the quick with a quill from his quilt-lined quiver. It (the Queen's quipless heart) was unquestionably no bigger than a quarter of a quarter. When a quorum of quotidians questioned him shortly thereafter as to his quintessentially quaint complaint, the quisling was quoted as saying,

*“The only way to have a Queen is to kill
 one.”*

and no one quacked about that.





R i s f o r R O M E O a n d R o m e r o

A Rosicrucian of the Ancient Mystic Order of Rudolph the First, Romeo Rasputin Rousseau was always in a rage. He routinely raged at the first rays of the sun and the last rings of the Royal bell (and all other such rudimentary, random routines—regardless of order—in between): he raged at everything from rubber bands to reticulated rocks to rat-tailed retrievers; he raged at raw radishes, risky rural roads (upon which he nevertheless raced recklessly like a runaway railcar—or renegade rickshaw—in his reved-up *Renault*), 5-star rated restaurants (which he found repellingly unrepentant) and those things rightfully associated with rain (such as drops, coats, and bows); he raged over the early morning rumor-mongering rag, *The Romanian Ripper*, and at riff-raff orators on the radio who revelled in Rachmaninoff but never over Revel; he raged at rajahs, rupees, rhinos and revolving doors (often with a revolting revolver in his righteous right hand); he raged at ruby-eyed rabbits, raspberry-rubbed roast beef, rank, overly-ripe Roquefort cheese (with or without the rind) and rust-colored Russian rubles; he raged at his relatives, who (he ratiored in a particularly ruinous rage) resembled the repressive *rigor mortis* of the Renaissance; he even raged at the rightness of the rights of his own ruling-class (which included its resources, its regulations and the very rules by which he himself regally reigned). Indeed, his rage knew no bounds, realistic or otherwise: to be sure, the radius of his rage reached far enough to encircle the whole round world and included all of its rarified rites and right-setting rituals but mostly, and most regretfully, he raged at Reason itself and Reason, quite rightly, raged back (without reservation) at him. He raged so much it gave him a rare raw rash, bright red like a robin's ring, right round his rambling, radiant rage. No referee could rebuff him, redeem him or redress him—there was no recourse nor recompense for it, no reality to it, no reformation that could refresh him from it, no religion that could redeem him of it and no result that could resolve his irrational, raging rage.

And so his rage raged on—so ragingly, in fact, that one day it quite simply (and quite relentlessly) ripped itself free from Romeo's rouge-colored ribs and went on a radioactive rampage at the Rousseau family residence, during which it ransacked his room, set fire to his romance novels and, while holding its former raiment for ransom, demanded unrealistic reparations (in rings and rent) for the perceived wrongs done to its *raison d'être*. It took a ridiculous number of days for the now reasonable Romeo to negotiate (and roundly renegotiate) the terms of his own release and reconcile with his rabble-rousing rage (who now referred to itself as Romero Rosencrantz the Self-righteous). No regrets he, Romeo today lives a quiet and respectable life selling real estate to Romanian reliquary dealers in Rome. Romero, however, has no one left to reject and is revolted by the prospect of becoming less reactive and more refined: it now must spend its days looking for a revolution to rebel against. The reality is, as if reflected in a Rorschach and revealed in a rose-colored Rosetta, it won't have to resist very long.

S i s f o r S Y L V I A

*A Sonnet, Scribed by Saint Sylvia Siddhartha,
Snake Charmer, Soothsayer, And Signatory of the
Seventh Seal of Solomon, In the Year of Our Savior, 1666*

Second Sight

While somersaults of a summer solstice
Sing in salvation a soldier's sad song,
Shameful sounds abound: Snowbells sighing since
A silver spring did slyly come on strong.
To sirens too, and sphinxes spheres, so long
As the shining sky shouts "*Hast thou shunned
The showy shroud of the shrill, singing sun?*"

But below my Sight, sparkling in time, screams
My Spirit (second only to Sabbath sands),
A salutation to the Son; the sacred stream
Sends similar signals: There, Soul, she stands
Above, beyond scarlet scabbard's silken strands.
Of satellites and supernovas and stars,
No single sum leaves such sure, sharp scars.





SAINT
SYLVIA
SIDDHARTHA

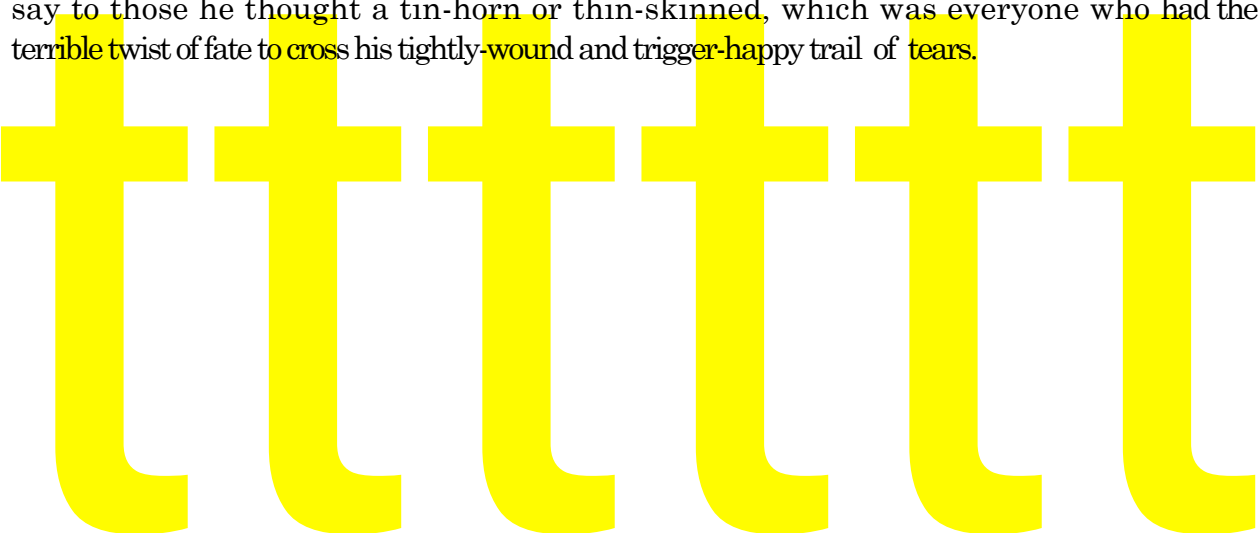
T i s f o r M R . T U R P E N T I N E T W I T

Mr. Turpentine Twit had teeth for eyes: he took a bite out of everything he saw, and eventually (and triumphally) everything he saw he tore to shreds. He had a special taste for terror and always had a tepid tip right on the tips of his 3 tongues; likewise, he was terribly sarcastic and spoke in treachled tones (tongues in cheeks) even when acting terrific towards those he should have treated truly. He belonged to no team and taught no pupil; he was on time when others were tardy, and Mr. T. told them so (in no uncertain terms). His temper was toxic; he targeted the timid with tar and drove a verbal tank over both the tall and the tiny, the talented and the tactful. He tweaked twins (but not, for obvious reasons, triplets). Nothing about him was therapeutic, and he was theatrical with his tyrannical theories regarding the thorough and thoughtful. He thrashed those who opposed him and tore out the figurative throats (without trepidation) of all those who attempted to thrive in his territory.

He was, *in toto*, the toast of no town and no tonic could tame him of his tasteless teasing.

His terminal tide turned, however, when his triad of tonsils took a turn for the worse: at the orthodontist's he became tongue-tied and his three mouths twisted in pain when touched. The dentist, twice trapped into one of Mr. T.'s tedious tirades, took advantage of his impatient patient when he, after putting Mr. T. to sleep in a tricky trance, sewed all three of Mr. T.'s mouths tightly shut.

But that is not the end of our tale: Mr. T. (now both blind and mute) also happened to possess thirty fingers attached to three pairs of hands with which he learned to sign the most treacherous things. This was anything but a thankful turn-out for Mr. T.'s fellow townspeople, for there was nothing so troubling as being told off in a foreign tongue (as it were) by one such as Mr. T., who now had ten times as much to say to those he thought a tin-horn or thin-skinned, which was everyone who had the terrible twist of fate to cross his tightly-wound and trigger-happy trail of tears.



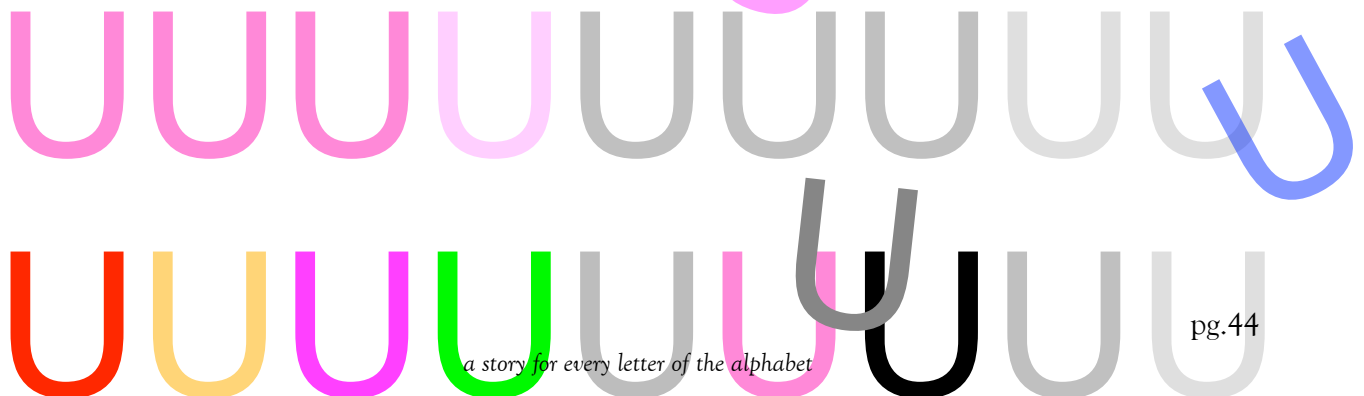




U i s f o r U R S U L A

In all the known universe there was no one quite like Ursula Ungerer, who was, by unanimous opinion, about as unresolved as a pile of used and unreadable stamps. She wasn't ugly (unbelievably), just unruly and unilaterally unhinged. When she played the ukulele the strings came unravelled. When she took a u-turn, it took her. Once a sea urchin unbalanced her even though she wasn't even underwater. She under fed herself at every meal and at a Japanese restaurant one June she unknowingly mistook her udon noodles for undone ones and refused to eat them until the waiter tied them up in knots. She thought Utopia was an unusual kind of unappealing pudding. She arrived in the Ukraine when she meant to vacation in the Yukons. She was urban when she meant to be urbane. She thought an underdog was an invisible uninvited beast which hid on the underside of pugs, poodles and puppies (she also tried to peek at the knees of a Pekinese but was otherwise undermined unsettlingly). When Ursula was under the weather with an ulcer, she thought it was an urgent call from her Uncle Unser. Upside down was for Ursula a step up. Until her 12th birthday, Ursula didn't know how to use a utensil and it took her until she was twenty to realize that when an uncaged cat is upset it is best to leave it unbothered. She was unemployable and likewise unfit to wear a uniform, not even an usherette's, and let accidental or unavoidable harm done to her go unforgiven (but unfalteringly forgave those who unrepentantly and unapologetically used her). Ursula was unready to unopen anything that required an ultimatum, which unfortunately included her uncharitably late and uncollected utility bills; when the power was unplugged, as happened unseasonably often, Ursula unlocked all the doors and windows of her house unreasonably and let all the heat out, or cold in, unresponsive to her up-to-the-minute undoing. She flooded her house with unwashed underwear and was unabashedly unhappy when the sun shone on her umbrella. She forgot to shave her underarms and shaved her head unbecomingly instead. The one thing she didn't forget was to be unforgettable.

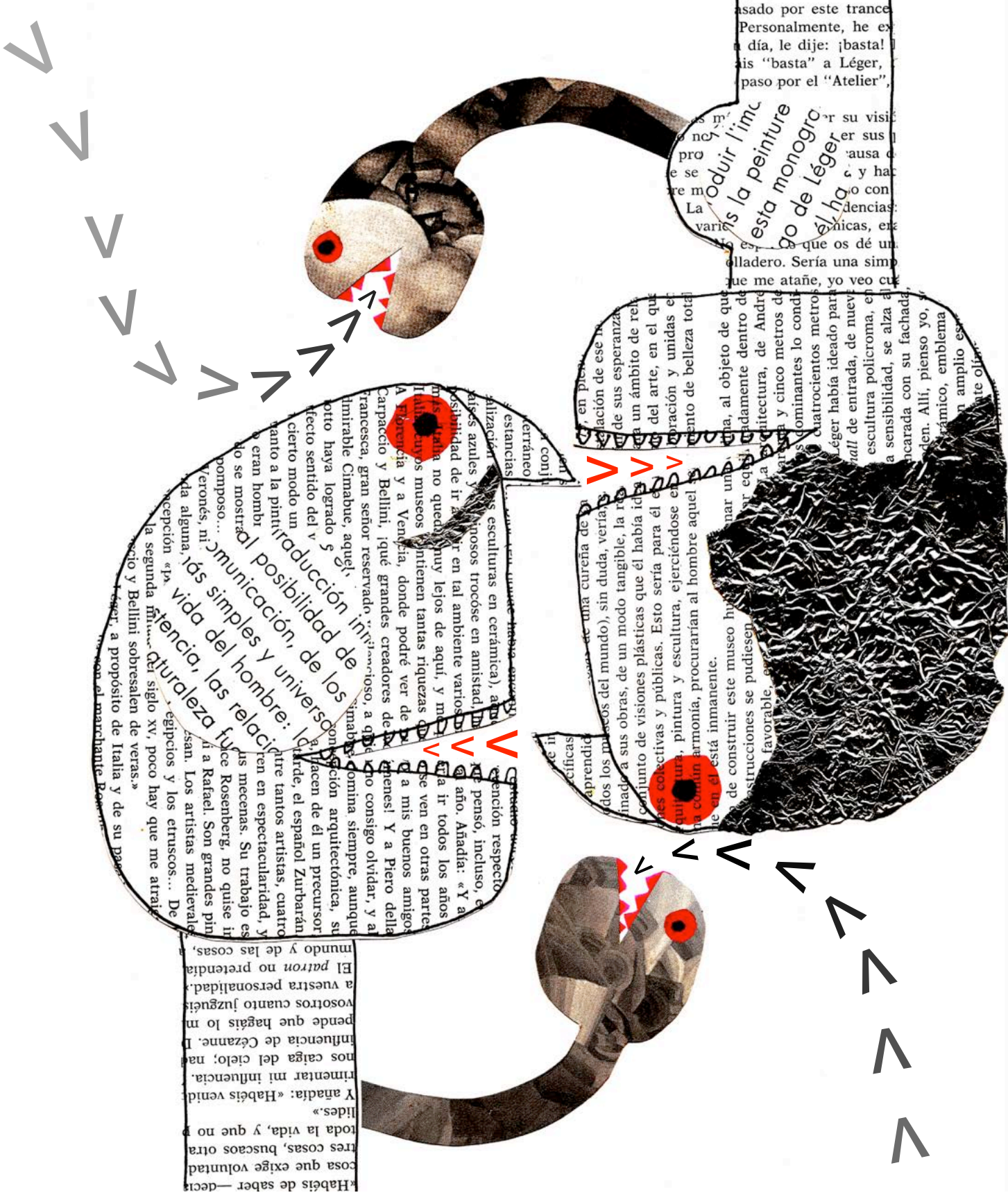
What more is there to say? It's useless to try to describe Ursula, which also happens to be, ultimately, the best way to understand her.



V i s f o r V A L a n d V a l e r i e

Like vicious, vainglorious vampires, Val and Valerie Van Vleck were constantly at each other's throats and nothing, not even vales of tears, could vaccinate the one from the other's vehement verbal vandalism: "You vixen", said Val; "You viper", said Valerie, and vice versa (both in chapter and verse and both recto and verso). One day (while on a joyless, vapid vacation in Vienna) they woke (from dreamless, vacant sleep, no doubt) to find they had indeed turned into the very thing the other had voted for: rooted in the vermiculated vile bile of a voluminous volume of revolting soil, they had become a kind of variegated, Venus flytrap-like vine which grew into knots of "NOTS" and in boughs of "NOS", a two-headed, vascular *Voçé Villinosi* (a rare plant of the *Venal* Phylum (but not as rare as one might think)). As such, they had become true viviparous victims of each other's vulturine vituperation, and now each of their vitriolic vouchers gave birth not to vexing hexes but instead to verdant seeds of sin and leaves of lifeless limbs (and their vanity had become veins of villiany and their vices ice which flowed through those self-same venal viaducts). They also discovered, as if by ventriloquism, that one (say Val) could control the volume of the other's (say Valerie's) voice box, and in no time at all they did so with invariable vulgarity, until all that could be heard in the Victim Woods (where they so vaticinatingly—which is vulpine verbiage for "prophetically"—had come to reside) was a constant, high-pitched and shrill "Veeeeeeeeeeee!" (which once sounded in its vestige form more like "Viiiiividiiviciiii!").

A thinly veiled note of caution: it would be wise to avoid entering their verboten vespertine vicinity, for they have the nasty, but for them now natural and entirely valid, habit, of vociferously vivisecting those who fall prey to their voodooistic vigor; if one should happen to cross their path of mutual victimhood, one should vacate any hope of leaving them with one's own vertebrate vocabulary vindicated.



...en p...
 ...relación de ese...
 ...de sus esperanz...
 ...un ámbito de rel...
 ...del arte, en el qu...
 ...puración y unidas e...
 ...ento de belleza tota...
 ...na, al objeto de que...
 ...adadamente dentro de...
 ...arquitectura, de Andro...
 ...s dominantes lo cond...
 ...cuatrocientos metros...
 ...léger había ideado para...
 ...hall de entrada, de nuev...
 ...escultura policroma, en...
 ...a sensibilidad, se alza a...
 ...ncarada con su fachada...
 ...den. Allí, pienso yo, s...
 ...mático, emblema...
 ...n amplio es...
 ...ate oll...

...en p...
 ...relación de ese...
 ...de sus esperanz...
 ...un ámbito de rel...
 ...del arte, en el qu...
 ...puración y unidas e...
 ...ento de belleza tota...
 ...na, al objeto de que...
 ...adadamente dentro de...
 ...arquitectura, de Andro...
 ...s dominantes lo cond...
 ...cuatrocientos metros...
 ...léger había ideado para...
 ...hall de entrada, de nuev...
 ...escultura policroma, en...
 ...a sensibilidad, se alza a...
 ...ncarada con su fachada...
 ...den. Allí, pienso yo, s...
 ...mático, emblema...
 ...n amplio es...
 ...ate oll...

...Habréis de saber —deca...
 ...tres cosas, buscaos otra...
 ...toda la vida, y que no p...
 ...lides.»
 ...Y añadía: «Habréis venid...
 ...rimentar mi influencia.
 ...nos carga del cielo; na...
 ...influencia de Cézanne. D...
 ...pende que hagáis lo m...
 ...vosotros cuanto juzguéis...
 ...a vuestra personalidad.
 ...El patron no pretendia...
 ...mundo y de las cosas,

...asado por este trance
 Personalmente, he ex
 día, le dije: ¡basta!
 ais "basta" a Léger,
 paso por el "Atelier",

...r su visió
 er sus
 ausa d
 y ha
 o con
 dencias:
 ónicas, en
 os dé un
 lladero. Sería una simp
 ue me atañe, yo veo cu

...en p...
 ...relación de ese...
 ...de sus esperanz...
 ...un ámbito de rel...
 ...del arte, en el qu...
 ...puración y unidas e...
 ...ento de belleza tota...
 ...na, al objeto de que...
 ...adadamente dentro de...
 ...arquitectura, de Andro...
 ...s dominantes lo cond...
 ...cuatrocientos metros...
 ...léger había ideado para...
 ...hall de entrada, de nuev...
 ...escultura policroma, en...
 ...a sensibilidad, se alza a...
 ...ncarada con su fachada...
 ...den. Allí, pienso yo, s...
 ...mático, emblema...
 ...n amplio es...
 ...ate oll...

...de una cureña de v...
 ...os los museos del mundo), sin duda, veria...
 ...made a sus obras, de un modo tangible, la r...
 ...conjunto de visiones plásticas que él había ide...
 ...as colectivas y públicas. Esto sería para él e...
 ...cultura, pintura y escultura, ejerciéndose en...
 ...la común armonía, procurarian al hombre aquel...
 ...he en él está immanente.
 ...de construir este museo hubie...
 ...strucciones se pudiesen...
 ...favorable,



W i s f o r W A N D A

Wanda Will-ó-the-wisp was a wall-eyed wallflower who would often wallow in her room while wistfully waltzing to the wailing of her wan, weeping willow-wrapped wallpaper. Her wardrobe was filled with waistcoats never worn; she went out only on Wednesdays when the weather was wicked and then would wend her way to a wreck of a watchtower (once a water-pumping windmill) where she could witness the world without a chance of being watched herself. She never felt welcome, and her well-being (or, for that matter, her *Weltschmerz Weltanschauung*, which is German for a well-intended but otherwise weary world-view) was never well-to-do.

One wintry Wednesday on her way to her timeless (watchless) watchtower, she came upon a sunlit (well-lit) well in the wild (unwell) woods. In the well was a black widow sitting in the center of a white wheel that was spinning on the water like a weird whirligig. Wanda stood there for what seemed like a week, mesmerized, her mind in a worshipful whirlwind, while out of her mouth were weakly whispered the words, "*What if?*" At that woeful moment a witch (with the wishbone of a whooping crane in one wrinkled hand and the whelp of a whippet at the end of a whip in the other) appeared (willy-nilly) from behind a whortleberry bush and whistled a wily tune (much like that of a whimsical, whining whippoorwill). Wind whipped up around Wanda and with a wink she was wished away from the woods like a wraith and whisked into a wriggly, waxy worm, wiggling behind her mother's wisteria-woven wrought iron awning and beneath the worn out, weather-beaten woodshed (which housed a withered, wax paper-like wasp nest, warped wicker furniture (which included a washstand and a waste paper basket from before World War I), and the wasted wings of a wayward angel from Westminster Cathedral's once wonderful weathervane). No one missed her when she was gone, not even her wan wallpaper or her watchtower Wednesdays; she went on to spend the rest of her weak life in her weedy, weebegone worm hole, really not any worse off than she once was as the wart-like Wanda.

As for the whistling witch-well, she went well away without even so much as a welcome word of wisdom (such as: *be well*) or a well-meaning warning (such as: *watch out for witches in the woods*), and is probably well on her way to another wheely well in another wild wood, looking for yet another Wanda upon which to impose her bewitching, withering will (for after all, our wicked world is worrisomely full of wanton, wounded weaklings for which a witch in the woods is more wish-fulfillment than wretched curse).

X i s f o r X E R X E S

A note written on xanthus-skinned parchment, exhumed from a bottle washed upon the exquisite southern shores of Xanadu, revealed by X-ray this exudation:

I, Xerxes Xavier Xenophanes, a Xenophobe from Xian, am stranded on an uncharted xeric isle (no X marks its spot) with only this bottle of an almost exhausted, extremely dry elixir and a xyloid xylophone with which to keep me company. A former Professor of Mathematics (where $XxX=X/X$) at the University of Xinxiang, I escaped on a three-masted xebec (which exploded against the rocks upon my arrival) to this extraordinarily excluded locale when final exams finally became too exhausting to examine expertly.

I regret my excuse: I have always had an unhealthy (so concludes my RX) fear of strangers. I now find, with no one but myself to exchange exultations, that it is I, Xerxes, that is the most excruciatingly strange stranger I have ever had the extreme displeasure to have encountered, as it were, eye to xenogamous eye.

My panic has grown exponentially: I fear I shall expire from trying to shed my own skin like a cicada forever stuck trying to extract itself from its exoskeletal exuvia.

*To my ex-wife of the x-chromosome,
Exine Xanthippe,
Hugs and kisses,
X's & O's
Signed,
X*



Y is for YOKO YAKUZA YASHIMATSU
Yoko Said "YES"

Yoko said "YES."

She said "YES" to yaks and yams,
Yo-yos and yum-yums,
Yogurt and Yankees,
Yew trees and yuccas.

"YES" to the setting yonder moon
And the rising of
The yellow sun.

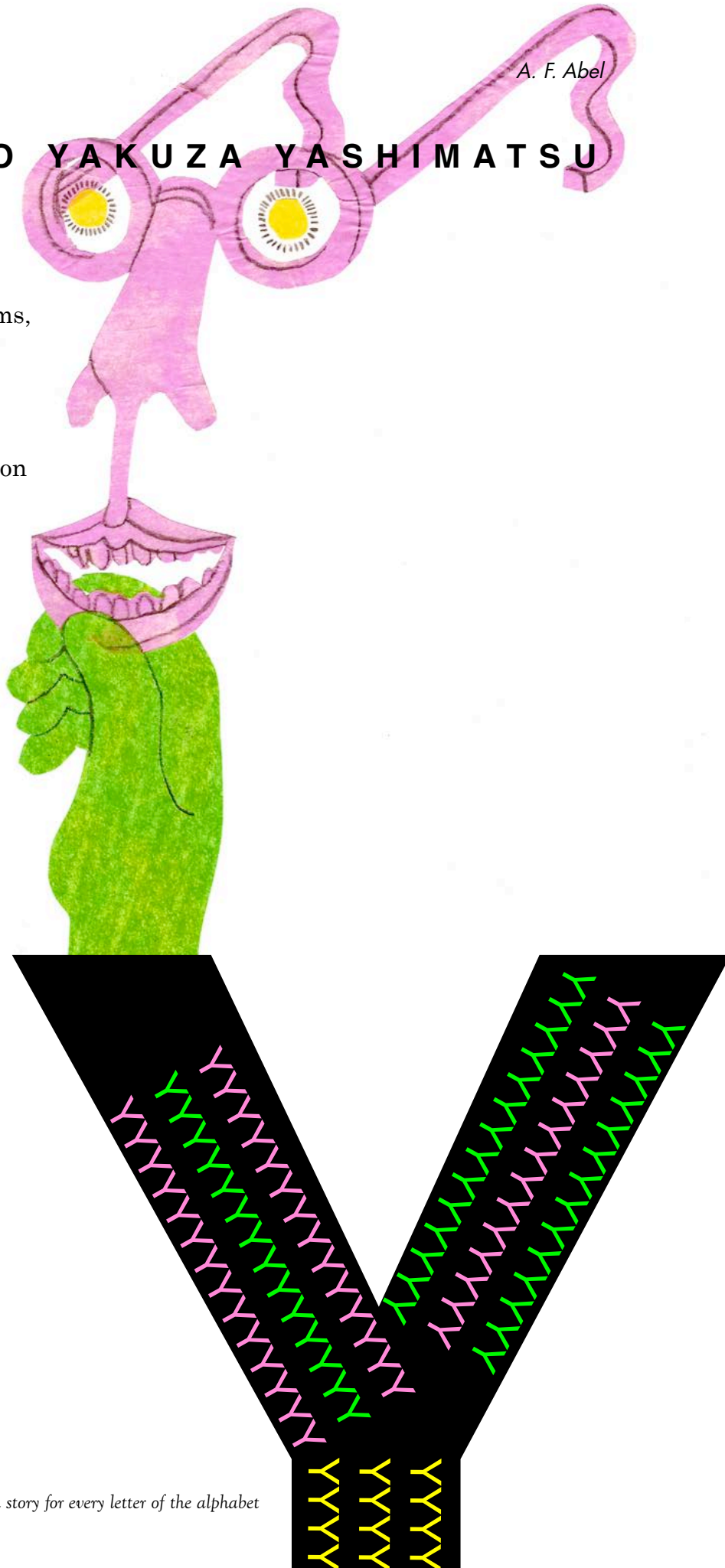
"YES" to the yeast of the
Yawning youth of yesterday,
Like yards and yards of yards
Of yearlings in the yearning
Yolk of Yesteryear.

Yoko said "YES"
To yin and to yang,
To yen and to yon,
To yells and yelps and yips
and yaps and yups.

Above all,
Yoko said "YES" to Yoko.

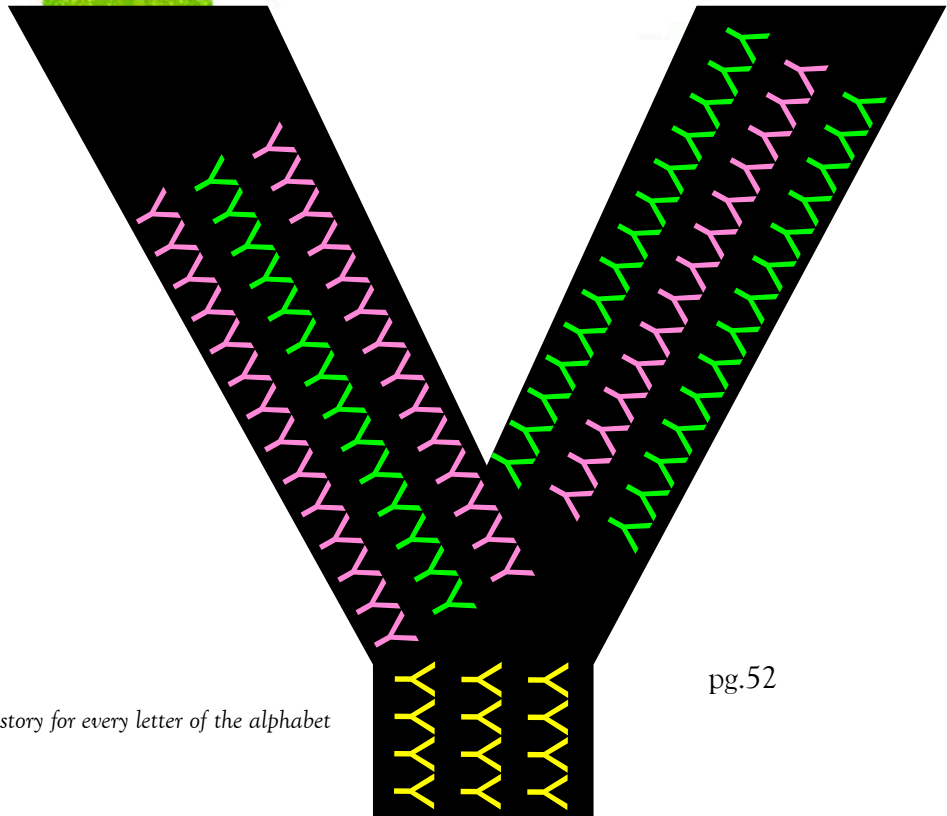
Why?
Because

Yoko
said
"YES".



"26"

A. F. Abel



Z i s f o r Z E N O

From the age of zero and a day, Zeno Zoroaster Zarathustra, a zouave in the Zugspitze division of the Zizka Zosters, spent his otherwise tedious life tirelessly awake, zipping and zooming around zealously like a Zeitgeist in his zinc zeppelin, zigzagging in the zephyr of zero gravity, looking for the great lost Ziggurat of Zeus. In due course, Zeno traveled to Zaandam,

- Zabrze,
- Zagndan,
- Zagorsk,
- Zagreb,
- Zaire,
- Zama,
- Zabezi,
- Zambia,
- Zanesville,
- Zanzibar,
- Zapopan,
- Zaria,
- Zealand,
- Zebedee,
- Zermatt,
- Zhanjiang,
- Zhengzhou,
- Zielono Góra,
- Zimbabwe,
- Zlatoust,
- Zuider Zee,
- Zurich,
- Zwickau
- and
- Zwolle.

When he arrived practically zonked-out in Zion at the zenith of his life (after visiting more than a zillion zones), he located the zirconium ziggurat in a zoolatrous zoo behind the able stable of a zaftig zedonk, a zany zebrine and a zombie-like zebu. As Zeno entered the ziggurat through a porthole decorated with the zoomorphic signs of the zodiac, all time stopped: zinnias ceased to zinn, zippers froze mid-zip and zydeco zithers no longer zithed as zoundly. Immediately, Zeno's zeal was zapped and for the first, and last, time, Zeno slept. From outside the ziggurat a buzzing, snoring "Zzzzz" could be heard—if there had been anyone left on earth alert enough to hear it. As the Zen Master Zugzwang once said, "In the end, there is nothing, zilch, except..."



The End.

