

"All the News That's
Fit to Print."

Sur-sea Sickness Imperfecto

TODAY'S WEATHER:
a.m. fog clearing to p.m. haze

Episode 9

Guadalajara, MX / Portland, OR

January 5, 1981

FREAK WINDS BLOW ULYSSES + HIS CREW OFF COURSE

Within sight of home, GREED gets the better of the crew. While U naps, they rip open wind-bag thinking filled w/ \$\$\$

Boats blown back, crew forced to ROW going FWD

In land of CANNIBALS⁷⁶, at least 3 of Ulysses's scouts are eaten! Cannibals sink all but U's ship

Ulysses escapes but is marooned on Sur-sea's isle, where his remaining men are turned into swine!

Bloom fails to place KEYES AD. Dedalus, however, meets no friction publishing foot + mouth disease art.

Initially sickened by any reminders of FOOD, Bloom eventually consumes cheese sandwich + glass of burgundy

EXPOSÉ: Bloom + Dedalus find each other in red light district!

Bloom nabs Dedalus's \$\$\$ (but claims it's for safekeeping, 'for his own good')

CHAOS UNFOLDS: Dedalus sees dead mother, freaks out + breaks brothel chandelier, gets into fight w/ soldier. Police arrive + disperse crowd. In Dedalus, Bloom sees his dead son.

While the WHITE brothers experienced their fair share of *sibling rivalry*, not once did they ever come to blows ... unlike their cousins who used to beat their own brothers senseless. The White brothers never even raised their voices against 1 another. Some may perceive this as lack of fraternal «closeness», a way to distance themselves from each other, while others see such in-fighting as counter-intuitive + non-productive.

«There is no difference between what a book talks about + how it is made.» — Deleuze + Guattari

A Traverse of the Valley Sober of Death ... *OPINION*

AL FIN, WE REPORT our hero's story ... HIS STORY. Riding w/ our mom, thru the valley of the brick-makers ... windows rolled down but no importa ... early morning «smog» pressed down in the valle, an «inversion layer» como dicen aquí. Smoke billowing from the piled brick pyramids + the DINA diesel trucks + our mom's smoldering spliff—all swirling together into 1 oppressive haze.

Later, in rehab, he'd say we were «getting high» we just didn't know it at the time. All those mornings inhaling 2nd hand smoke, on the way to school. «*Ride like the wind*» our mother would sing, always louder when she got to the part: «... and i've got such a long way to go, take me to the border of MEXICO». She'd try to get us to join in, but thankfully our innate teenage hatred of everything our parents liked was in full swing.

Pot smoke was 1 of these maternal associations, that we indelibly linked w/ the oppressive inversion layer, w/ our brewing depression ... tho we admit we liked the smell. Beat the cigarettes our father + stepmother would smoke w/ windows closed in rainy Oregon. But later he'd say this smell—this «2nd hand high»—was the 1st association he had w/ feelings of happiness.

The kilns used to fire the bricks are constructed from the very bricks they make ... which begs the question: how were the 1st bricks ever made?

NATIVE AD\$:



PAPER DIAMONDS: a new lit rag reflexively in post-production (see page 160)



Proposed cover object for volume 2

X-SECTIONS:

- 9.1: Winds p.150
- 9.2: Cannibals p.154
- 9.3: Isle of Circe p.158

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Sexual Puppetry* p.157
(*reader discretion advised*)

Irish Mole Recipe p.160

Anchor Transcriptions p.161

Perfection Sickness (fiction) ... p.163

Quantum Entanglement+U... p.167

Issuing Forth by Bootstrap p.168



exhibit 62—print plate for new layout

⁷⁶ CORRECTION: The morning edition misspelled this as «LAND OF CANNABIS».

a.k.a. S.S. «CCD», where

CCD could stand either for:

- Charge-coupled device,
- Colony collapse disorder
- Carbonate compensation depth
- Closed caption display



unidentified; circa 1893, Dublin, Ireland.



exhibit 63—our Molly in 2006,

looking at the below view (from his original AEOLUS interpretation) from the gates of Trinity College (photo; author⁷⁷)



Trinity College, Dublin. (photo;author)

«The idea, Mr Bloom said, is the house of keys. You know, councillor, the Manx parliament. Innuendo of home rule. Tourists, you know, from the isle of Man. Catches the eye, you see. Can you do that?

[...]

Want to be sure of his spelling bee. Proof fever. Martin Cunningham forgot to view the unpar one ar alleled embarra two ars is it? double ess ment of a harassed pedlar while gauging au the symmetry of a peeled pear under a cemetery wall. Silly isn't it? Cemetery put in of course on account of symmetry.

[...]

Reads it backwards first. [...] Poor papa with his hagadah book, reading backwards with his fingers to me.»

⁷⁷ Where the author now is the 2nd incarnation of Chaulyk ... Chaulyk, Jr. + this book is the 2nd derivative of *Ulysses*.

Not sure who the unidentified couple is (above left) or where he got the photo from, but Leopold Bloom married Molly in 1888 so perhaps it is meant to be them? Their son Rudy was born in December of 1893 + died 11 days later, so if this is meant to portray Bloom + Molly, she'd be pregnant beneath the waist. Either that or the photo was taken right after Rudy died.

This is all brother-½ has to say about AEOLUS—just this 1 page embedded left. He forgot to mention that our (Irish-blooded) grandfather used to call us «windbags» ... as he'd toss silver dollars into the pool to keep us occupied.

Not sure how this episode in *Ulysses* parallels *The Odyssey*, except that Bloom is obstructed from placing his «house of keyes» ad w/2 crossed keys.

This is also the 1st time the destined winds have caused Bloom + Dedalus to [inadvertently] cross paths (tho no words are x-changed). It is also the 1st episode where u could say that the text is self-conscious of itself. Correlations establish thru the course of pompous, **long-winded** dialogue:

«What's in the wind, I wonder. Money worry.» This he says about the «*Cleverest* fellow» [italics mine—hidden reference to Everest? Or a clever rest?] + then says: «*Or again if we but climb the serried mountain peaks.*»

9: Sur-Sea Sickness Imperfecto [PARALLAX]

Location-wise, in the original 'SSES' 'SSES' this page (right) came after AEOLUS + before LESTROGENS (the Cannibals), but was labeled «III INDULT INDOPLICATE».

[STET]

Our lives til this pt were mas o menos *geographically* intertwined, minus the year or 2 he decided to return to Oregon. Until this pt tho no hay mucho free-will in our lives *geographically* speaking. We lived + went where we were told to go.

Parallax is the effect whereby the position or direction of an objet appears to differ when viewed from different positions, e.g., thru the viewfinder and the lens of a camera.

In watching the type-setters set the print, Bloom is reminded of his father reading «backwards» (in Hebrew). See the previous (or next, depending) episode 8.

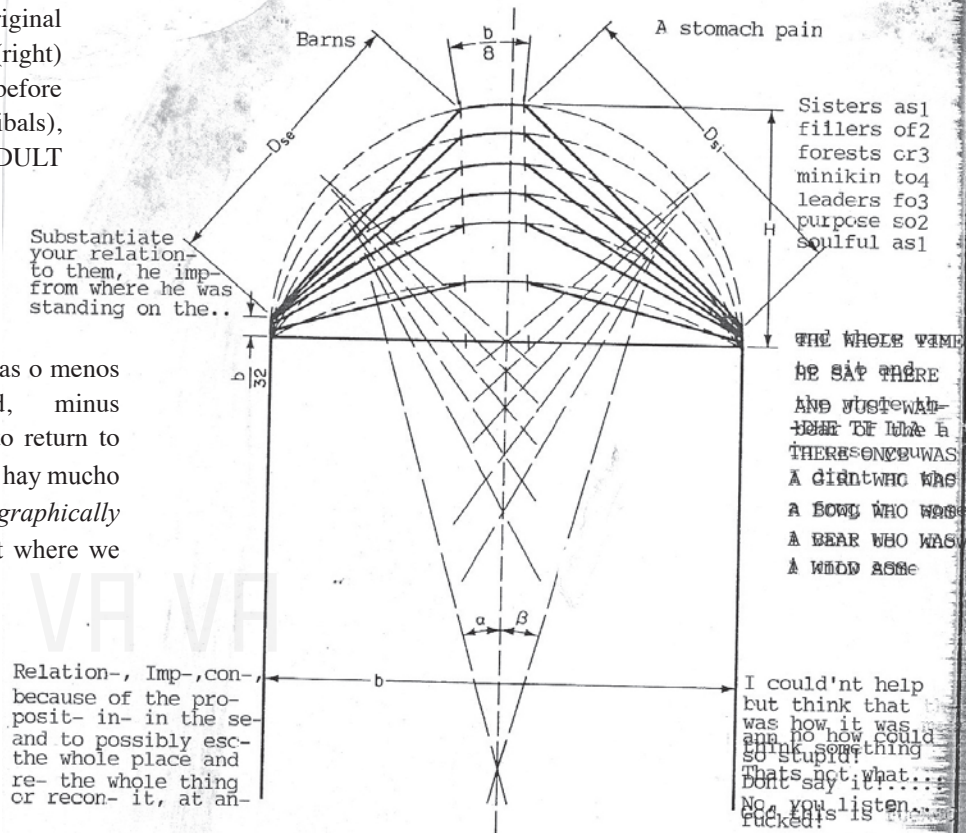


Fig. 12-3. THE PLACE WAS SWINGING, I'm TALKING...

H; inter- over [x.] fact-	$\frac{H}{b}$	$\frac{D_i}{b}$	$\frac{A_i}{A_p}$	α°	β°	s	$Z = 0.5$
D; incon- with	0.50	0.65	0.42	49.3	43.9	4980	25.1
meta- sed-	0.44	0.61	0.37	45.2	40.6	4400	22.2
tri-sul-con-	0.38	0.56	0.31	40.4	36.6	3680	18.5
re- and sec-	0.31	0.53	0.28	35.1	31.9	3320	16.7
	0.25	0.48	0.23	29.1	26.6	2730	13.8
[ΦA.*] tr- and	0.13	0.44	0.19	15.7	14.1	2260	11.4
sci- et.	0	0.42	0.18	0	0	2140	10.8

$A = \pi D^2/4$ First in a long line of Turners.
 $D =$ After four years she $D_i = 0.975 D_{si}$, $D_e = 0.975 D_{se}$
 $D_{si} =$ "I don't know you ass- $a = 1200$ / 366 m/
 D_{se} - Similar events did fol- $C_i = 0.33$

$$A_e/A_i = 0.81 \text{ Try and separete } Z = \left(\frac{b}{D_i}\right)^2 \frac{s}{aC_i}$$

Laminar flow insex as **S** control valve comes realeazed + died fluids mix analog to post-quantum entanglement. Exhibits a stoner's throw (D) to the XEROX plant in Palo Alto, where (unbeknownst to most) the desktop metaphor, paper paradigm + the mouse were developed. The CANON tires todos los días in the allocated bin, like hitting the broad side of a barn. «Confused resignation» are the mos adequate words to describe how come we skipped rocks at the ducks

«—You're looking extra.
 —Is the editor to be seen? [...]
 —Bombast! The professor broke in testily.
 Enough of the inflated *windbag!* [italics mine]
 —Peaks, Ned Lambert went on, *towering high on high, to bathe our souls as it were ...* [italics Joyce]»

knowing full well our mid-pubescent arms couldn't reach. A meaningless gesture to say the least, but we knew full well on some level that a parallel lattice lay beneath the 'regular' grid. It came to us in a dream (<http://5cense.com/14/378.htm>):
I could zoom in as if seeing myself from above like google satellite [...] the ground [we tread] on was a different color

[526 This is not a footnote, but a page number from whatever text he photocopied this book from. Sorry for the confusion.]

as deposits outside the versions.

L-Head, obviously h stated in Ch chamber po consideratio

Valve Ar would seem to minimiz losses (see \ values of Z ingly. Futu expedient o Table 12 temporary

Valve Flow

In Volu coefficient described. integrating valve lift v Figure 1: valves in o etry of the spite of we such modif in flow coe those cases as well as f

Similar of some in justified b in exhaust.

Valve Lift

Figure diameter g increase as between n

Ha ha, i totally re-member this ... G's sister was hot, right? Surprised u didn't mention how Cat (our mom's friend w/ the huge tits) paid for the flat tires by fucking the mechanic in the custom van (w/ 'wall carpet') while we waited a fuera. Or how we got dragged across the urchin-covered rocks + left tracks of blood on the otherwise virgin sand ... or maybe that was another trip, un otra playa, it all gets jumbled in our head.

Dear grandpa Cal,

Yesterday we (Derek, his friend and his sister, and one of mom's friends) got back from the beach. It was a long weekend so we went to the beach. But instead of staying at a hotel, we camped out on the beach.

After a 7 hour ride (which included; two flat tires (at the same time) in the middle of nowhere) we got to the virtually uninhabited beach. The girls slept in the custom van (with a bar, refrigerator, bed, and wall carpet), and the boys slept on the beach. During the day we swam in the ocean and went inland to get coconuts. We ate food like hot dogs and drank cokes.

When the vacation was over most of us were sunburned and dying to take a shower.

This Friday (29th) Easter vacation starts, I can't wait.

write soon
Levin

THESE ARE LIVING DOCUMENTS THAT CONTINUE

TO WRITE & UNWRITE EACH

OTHER 24 YEARS

AFTER THE ORIGINAL
ATING EVENT ...

CAPABLE OF INTER-
ACTING W/ NEW
BODIES & TEXTS.
SPlicing FOOTAGE
FROM 2ND CORTÈGE
FEEDS ... SENDING
AN S.O.S. TO OUR
ANCESTORS.

American kids.

I don't thoroughly understand what's going on with the immigration problems but i do know that if we miss too much school without the signed papers (13 days) that we have to make up 6 months. I don't really want to stay here, and i don't want to move to a hippie community in the mountains.

write soon
Levin

+ there were discolored bands of landslides. So i tried to retreat to where the ground seemed more stable. I was climbing thru these sort of bunkers covered w/ plastic, like makeshift tents or a long hallway in Mongolian yurt style. The details of the rocks + landscape (enclosed in the plastic tarp) were very vivid + it occurred to me [in the dream] this could only be the case cuz i was recycling images that i'd seen in real life + piecing them together, but changing the context. I recognized where the original images were from—some alpine mountainous place where maybe i had once rock-climbed. I came to an enclosed hut w/ no exit, poked my head out thru a sort of belfry + could see i was on top of a high peak ... it occurred to me that a summit was like a dead end ... not something to aspire to, but something to retreat from.

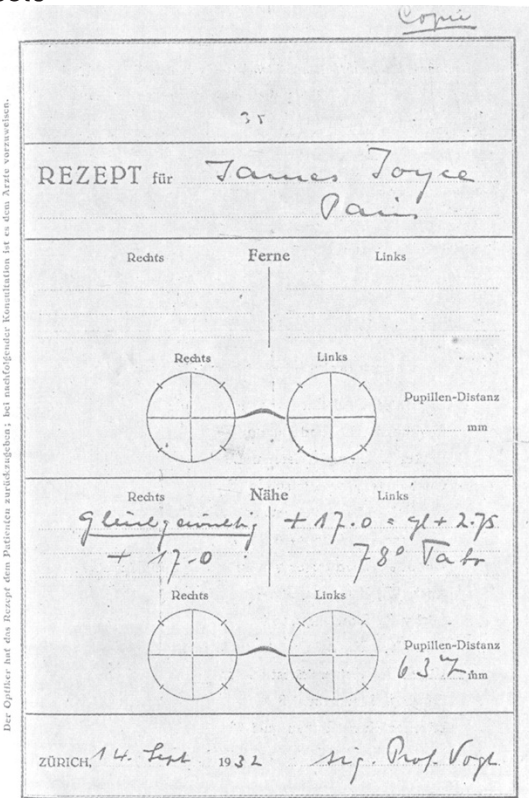
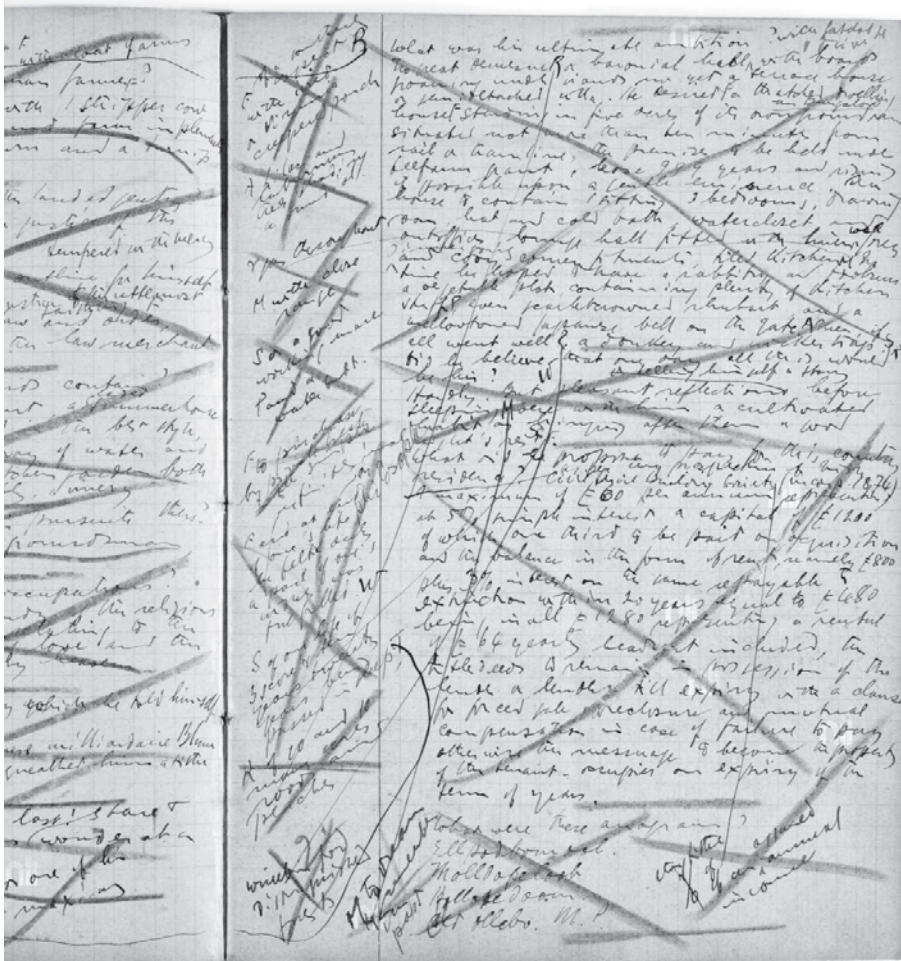
I retreated back into another room, some sort of Chinese store w/ all these trinkets. There were a few people telling me to be quiet, pointing to some sign (that was in Chinese).

2/11/79 But this 1 spinning wind-chime thing seemed irresistible, so i spun it + a lever swung out + kept ringing a bell over + over until it was a continuous tone + then i started chanting «oooooooooooo» in the same pitch + the salespeople were trying to get me to be quiet, but only cuz they were jealous that i was able to get in tune on the 1st try.

[...] + then she goes on to compare various writers w/ topographical features, such as Deleuze to a summit + Derrida to a pothole, which we take exception with.

from a basketball I 4th among of Mexico (there The tournament we beat Queretaro and Monterrey. we had fun as always something stayed at @ friend with two sick

These were the days (at least in cartoons) where messages carried the latent capability of self-destructing 10 seconds after they were played back. The end of this year was the 1st time our father attempted suicide (in the same way he'd eventually succeed ... by sticking a garden hose in the exhaust pipe):



Bitte wenden!

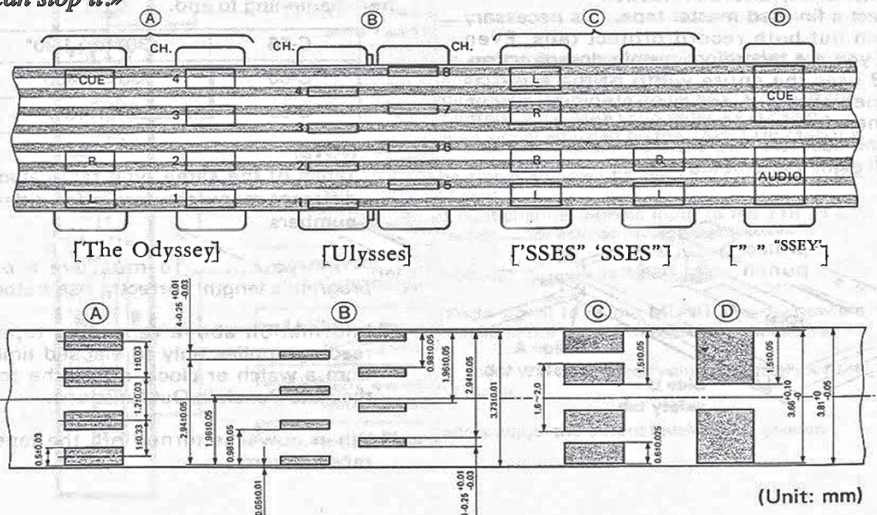
exhibit 64 (above)—Joyce's eyeglass prescription
exhibit 65 (left)—from Joyce's used *Ulysses* notes

«The accumulation of *anno Domini*»

Our dayz now under the influence of magnetic resonance ... heard 1st on 8-track, often warped to play backwards on the wrong channels, bleeding into the neighboring track, splicing together ...

The lines of demarcation rebound rite around every other generational income, where the \angle incidence = \angle refraction ... round the time The Knack, Blondie + M topped the Pop Muzik charts, ... «Radio, video, boogie with a suitcase, [...], try some, buy some, fee-fi-fo-fum.» Or per Burroughs: «Remember that you can separate yourself the "Other Half" from the word. The word is spliced in with the sound of your intestines and breathing with the beating of your heart. The first step is to record the sounds of your body and start splicing them in yourself. [...]. Splice your body sounds in with anybody or anything. Start a tapeworm club and exchange body sound tapes. Feel right out into your nabor's intestines and help him digest his food. *Communication must become total and conscious before we can stop it*»

Hit over the head w/ a 4" x 2".
Channeling right + left w/ 1/8" bleeds.
Foot + mouth («on our shore he never set it»). Cleverly rested. Winding the crinkled tape w/ a #2 pencil. «Followed by the whining dog he walks on towards hellsgates. In an archway a standing woman, bent forward, her feet apart, pisses cowily....» The hiss of the tape fading as it's eaten ... then spit out.



LESTROGENS

PAPER LAY

LEST.

24 hours, a day.

[This page (minus this inset + exhibit 66 to the right) is the extent of his «LESTROGENS» episode (think he meant to say «LAESTRYGONIANS»?). i.e. just the text: «24 hours, a day.» + stray traces that rubbed off from the facing page (in our version).

To recapitulate: *Ulysses* takes place in 24 hours. *The Odyssey* spans 10 years. Our story spans 30 years.

The giant Laestrygonians cannibalize the scouts + throw boulders + sink 11 (of 12) of Ulysses' ships. The land of the Laestrygonians is believed to be modern-day Sicily. «Rome wasn't built in a day», as the adage goes. About Rome, Joyce said: «Rome reminds me of a man who lives by exhibiting to travellers his grandmother's corpse.» Brother-½ wasn't crazy about Rome either. Nostro ½ vissuto lì per 3 anni innamorato.

When our stepmother started monitoring his alcohol consumption + checking for bottles, our father took to drinking his LISTERINE®. Originally developed as a surgical antiseptic, Listerine is 1 of the 1st examples of a now common marketing trend: campaigns that invent the very problem the product is alleged to solve (i.e. **bad breath**).

«J.J. O'Molloy resumed, moulding his words:

— He said of it: that stony effigy in frozen music, horned and terrible, of the human form divine, that eternal symbol of wisdom and of prophecy which, if aught that the imagination or the hand of sculptor has wrought in marble of soultransfigured and of soultransfiguring deserves to live, deserves to live.»]

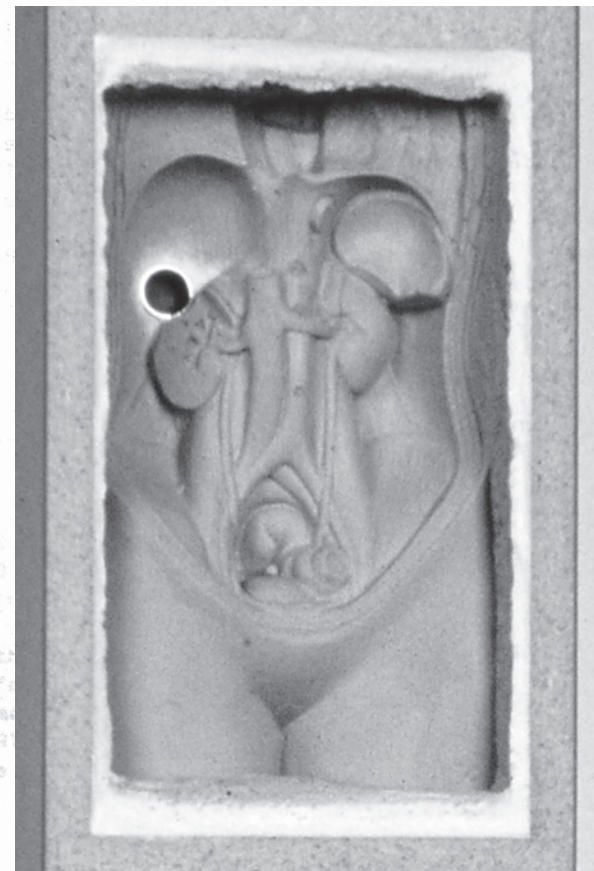


exhibit 66—(DETAIL from exhibit 25 on page 60)
 «Untitled» 1991 (particle board, formica, belt (not shown,
 colored silicon, 41" x 7 ¼" x 8 ¼")

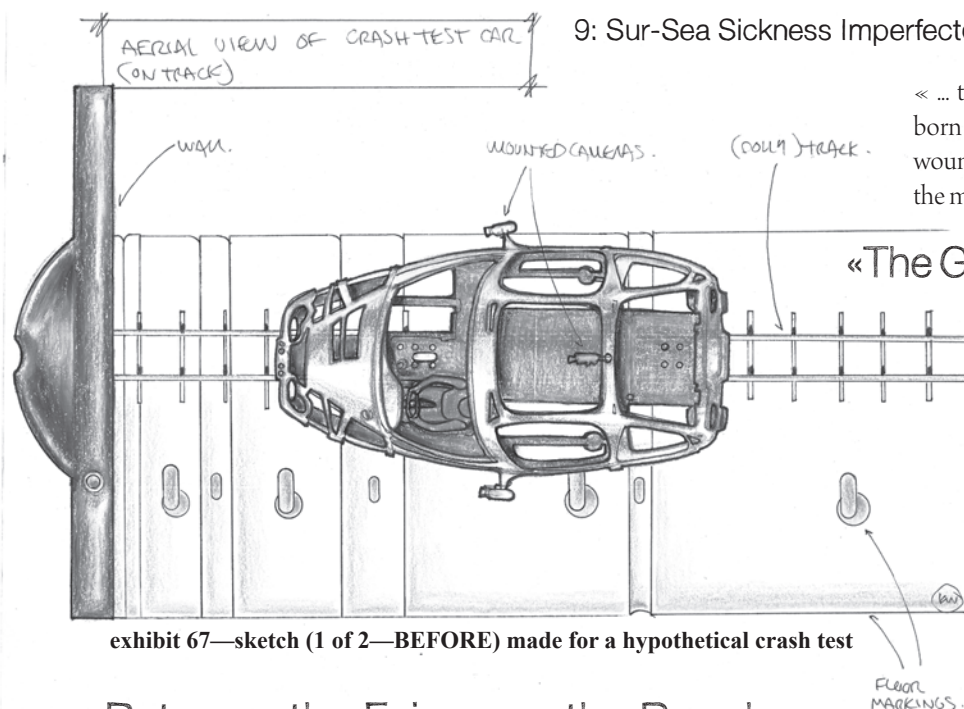


exhibit 67—sketch (1 of 2—BEFORE) made for a hypothetical crash test

Between the Fairway + the Rough

What we forgot to mention in the SISTER WE NEVER HAD episode (#5), is that it's indeed possible that we did at 1 point have a sister ... 1 time we were driving by a golf course in California + our mother casually said «oh, that's where i was raped once». It was a golf course we knew well cuz we used to fish in a creek that ran thru the front 9 + when golfers would hit balls in our area we'd pocket them + play dumb .. + then sell them back to them later. The hole (#5) our mother was pointing out was a particularly tricky par-5 double-dog-leg w/ some sand traps at the corners. Evidently she was 15, on a date w/ some older frat dude. This segued casually into the sidenote about how she had an abortion as a consequence ... the 1st we'd heard of this.

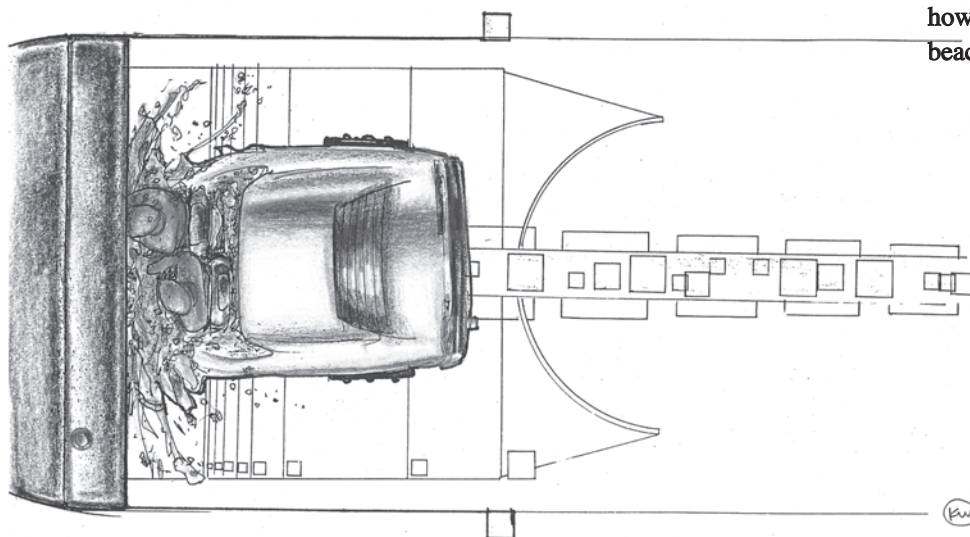


exhibit 68—sketch 2 (DURING IMPACT) of crash test

« ... these wounds formed the key to a new sexuality, born from a perverse technology. The images of these wounds hung in the gallery of his mind, like exhibits in the museum of a slaughterhouse. » — J.G. Ballard, *Crash*

«The Gentle Art of Advertisement»

I.e... it is what it is ... at least when it comes to genre or how to file it away ... a scrambled remix of remixes ensues, a re-ordering of confluence not nearly in the original order. It's all fuzzy + we're admittedly not sure the proper sequence of childhood events ... until the point when it all converged ... came to a head ... (cc where were u when... →) ... eventually (soon) when our father died ... in his car parked in our garage back in Portland ... our mother was off somewhere at the beach near Ixtapa/Zihuatanejo. I was alone in Guadalajara (brother-½ had already split back to Portland) ... well not quite alone, i was baby-sitting some random kid, a friend of my mom's who was also off gallivanting somewhere in Mexico. Our house somehow became the daycare for all the kids of debaucherous single mothers who were off partying. ... On a Collision Course

Instant Karma

I got the call that our father died ... i think i told the story elsewhere or will tell it later if not ... how our mom couldn't be bothered cutting her beach trip short so i had to figure out how to get to Portland on my own (which was problematic since i was 15 + needed permission to travel internationally + 1 parent was dead + the other AWOL at the beach). Anyway, the funny part is that while i was flying solo back to Portland for our father's funeral, our mother got into a bad car accident + totalled her car. She said it wasn't her fault, that she was driving along on some desolate highway, going the speed limit + some drunk cowboy going 150 KPH rear-ended her. When she called to tell us this we could only laugh.

«Deep assignments run through all our lives; there are no coincidences.» — J.G. Ballard, *The Atrocity Exhibition*

... as usual, we're getting ahead of ourselves ... until this point our lives had been relatively devoid of trauma ... before (as he said on pg 111 when he was dosed w/ DMT (or was it MDMA?)) his «young mind was absolutely tweaked.»

accident (n.) **1** an unfortunate incident that happens unexpectedly and unintentionally, typically resulting in damage or injury: *he had an accident at the factory* | • a crash involving road or other vehicles, typically one that causes serious damage or injury: *the whole family was killed in a car accident*. | • **informal** used euphemistically to refer to an incidence of incontinence, typically by a child or an animal. | **2** an event that happens by chance or that is without apparent or deliberate cause: *the pregnancy was an accident* | • the working of fortune; chance: *my faith is an accident of birth, not a matter of principled commitment* | **3 Philosophy** (in Aristotelian thought) a property of a thing that is not essential to its nature.

injury (n.) late-14c., "harm, damage, loss; a specific injury," from Anglo-French *injurie* "wrongful action," from Latin *injuria* "wrong, hurt, injustice, insult," noun use of fem. of *injurius* "wrongful, unjust," from in- "not, opposite of" (see in- (1)) + *ius* (genitive *iuris*) "right, law" (see jurist).

Seems a good a time as any to tell u another incidental story our mother told us, about how we were conceived. Evidently she took a safety pin + poked holes in our father's condoms. Technically, that doesn't make our existence an accident, but surely qualifies as an act of deception.

exhibit 69 (below)—sketch from early notebook (c. 1980)

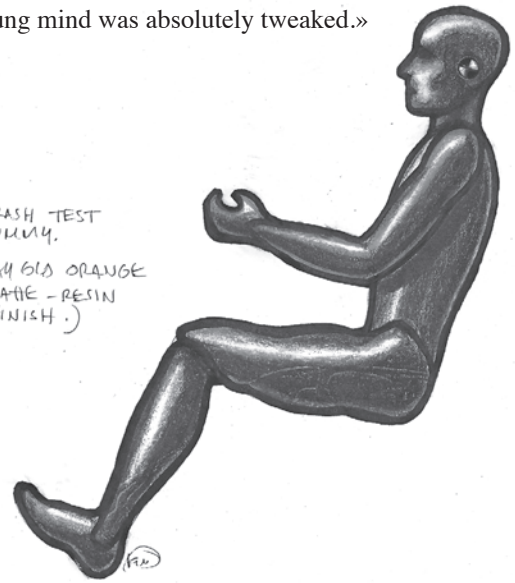


exhibit 70 (above)—sketch from notebook (circa 1995)

«Lovely forms of woman sculpted Junoian. Immortal lovely. And we stuffing food in one hole and out behind: chyle, blood, dung, earth, food: have to feed it like stoking an engine.» Joyce also writes: «Why have women such eyes of witchery?» Our father also said as much when comparing a sea anemone to female anatomy (see page 74). Our father never got in a car accident (despite all the drunk driving) + neither did our grandfather + neither did brother-½.

Overdoses Kill More Americans Than Car Accidents: CDC

In 2008, for the first time in nearly 30 years, more people died of poisoning than in car crashes. Poisoning is now the leading cause of injury death, and 90 percent of poisonings were caused by drugs.

He never did buy into all the hippy new age shit in our mom's library, but he did read the Carlos Castaneda books + also *The Autobiography of a Yogi*. Seems this is where he 1st got it into his young mind this notion of a monk-type that renounces everything + lives out his life in a cave up high in the Himalayas. This hermetic cave high up in the mountains became replacement therapy for the absence of a regular «home».

After getting blown off course cuz his greedy men ripped open the wind-bag + then after 11 of 12 of his ships were sunk by the cannibals, the 1 remaining ship + crew end up next on the island of the nymph-sorceress, Circe (pronounced /sur-sea/).

9: Sur-Sea Sickness Imperfecto



exhibit 71—another sketch from a figure drawing class he took

« LYNCH

So that?

STEPHEN

(Looks behind) So that gesture, not music not odour, would be a universal language, the gift of tongues rendering visible not the lay sense but the first entelechy, the structural rhythm.

LYNCH

Pornosophical philotheology. Metaphysics in Mecklenburgh street! »

exhibit 72 (below)—cave on the island of Ponza, 2012 (photo: author)

Per Wikipedia: «Ponza is also suspected to be the island of Aea in Homer's *Odyssey*, as the island of the Circe the sorceress, where her cave or grotto was.»



[Continued from page 134:]

EGON SCHIELE, PUPPETS & SEX DE SADE

Egon Schiele drew the human body with the knowledge of a cannibal, like someone who not only knew how to represent it, but how it feels and tastes. One characteristic inherent in most of his (non) portraits is lifeless doll-like representations of people engaged in some kind of sexually unaware repose.

The reason why I am bringing Schiele into this discussion of Sadein themes (inherent) in the work of the Quay brothers is because i feel that Schiele's representation of people as inanimate and doll-like is [his way] to discuss human sexuality (and not, for example, some statement about the impossibility of capturing anything but the physicality of subject on paper). Schiele represents an inaccessibility (in the glazed over eyes, lifeless limbs, etc.) in his figures as the state of sexuality, [when] people [are] able to become sexual. To callous themselves from activity that could be damaging to the psyche. This [physically withdrawn] state in which one passively views the world—shocked into regression—seems to be the state of mind De Sade longs to experience constantly, and puppets—as inanimate objects—experience through the projections we place on them.

CIRCE

I IMAGINE IT AS IF I SAW IT MYSELF. THERE IS A LITTLE MEXICAN BOY LEADING HIS FLOCK ACROSS THE PERIFERICO.⁷⁸ SUDDENLY OUT OF NOWHERE A BLUE TRUCK SLAMS INTO HIM AMID THE USELESS BLARRING OF THE HORN. THE TRUCK COMES TO A STOP SIDEWAYS, WITH ITS FRONT END IN THE GULLEY. THE LIFELESS BODY OF THE BOY SLOWLY ROLLS OFF THE HOOD AND HITS THE GROUND WITH A SOFT THUD. THE GOATS HAVE SCATTERED ACROSS THE FIELD BORDERING THE ROAD. THE WOMAN IN THE TRUCK IS TRYING TO MANEUVER THE TRUCK BACK ONTO THE ROAD WHILE SCREAMING AT HER NOW HYSTERICAL CHILDREN. THERE IS A LARGE CRACK ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE WINDSHIELD. THE BOY'S HEAD IS TWISTED AROUND SO HE IS FACING HIS ASS.

CLAIR WAS A FRIEND OF MY MOMS. A MIDDLE AGED HIPPIE RAISING HER CHILDREN BY HERSELF IN SOUTHERN MEXICO. I HATED MY HOMELIFE SO I USED TO STAY ANYWHERE I COULD. FOR A WHILE I STAYED AT CLAIR'S. SHE HAD A RANCH HOUSE OUTSIDE OF THE CITY WITH LOTS OF ANIMALS, SPACE AND FOOD FROM THE STATES. THERE WHERE HARDLY ANY RULES IN THE HOUSE AND CLAIR SEEMED TO BE QUITE GENEROUS. SHE WAS VERY POPULAR WITH MY OLDER BROTHER AND HIS FRIENDS, MAINLY BECAUSE SHE SUPPLIED THEM WITH DRUGS, AND A PLACE TO TAKE THEM. ONE DAY A FRIEND OF CLAIR'S WARNED HER THAT THE POLICE WERE LOOKING FOR HER. APPARENTLY ONE OF THE MEXICAN BOYS THAT HAD BEEN OVER AT THE HOUSE (WITH MY BROTHER AND HIS

CIRCE

HIS FACE FROZE ONE LAST TIME IN A DISTORTED GRIMACE OF THE PAIN TO COME THAT END TO COME A PAINFUL END THAT WOULD EFFECT HIM ALWAYS RETURNING LONGING FOR THE CHANCE TO CHANGE A STEP ALTER A MOVE MAKE A DIFFERENT CHOICE ACCOMPLISH ALL THE THINGS HE WANTED TO DO ALL THE THINGS HE CANNOT DO JUST BECAUSE HE DID NOT ASK HIS FATHER SAID AVOID THE PERIFERICO THAT DANGEROUS ROAD FULL OF HOLES OVER WHICH POPEAS SPEED WILDLY IN THEIR CARRIBES BECAUSE THEY KNOW IF THEY HIT SOME POOR SUCKER LIKE ME THAT THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF IT WITH A PHONE CALL TO THEIR COUSIN (THE CHIEF OF POLICE)⁷⁹ AND SOME MONEY AND MAYBE THEY WILL NOT BE ABLE TO GO OUT TO CHAPALA FOR A WEEK MAYBE THEY WILL HAVE TO DRIVE THEIR MOMS CAR WHILE THEY GET THE DENT TAKEN OUT OF THEIRS MAYBE THEY WILL PAY MY FATHER AND HE WILL GET A FARM OF HIS OWN AND BE HAPPY WITH MOM THEY WILL BE GLAD EXCEPT ON ALL SAINTS DAY THEY WILL FEEL BAD FOR A LITTLE WHILE BUT THEN THEY WILL FORGET WHEN THEY SEE THE WHOLE FAMILY IN THE YARD OF THE NEW HOUSE ON LAKE CHAPALA MAYBE DAD WILL

I totally member this «Clair» woman (her real name was Michelle) ... that Kevin equates to CIRCE. This story is true pretty much as he tells it (w/some embellishments of detail ... like i dont member the bit about the goats). 1 time (again, when our mother wasn't home), the DEA + federal police came to our door asking if we knew of her whereabouts (after she killed the kid + left he country).

Our older brother totally fell under Michelle (=Claire=Circe)'s spell (she used to hook him + his friends up w/ free drugs + prostitutes) but we didn't realize the influence she had over brother-½ (or the creepy voyeurism + possible seduction).

She had 2 kids that were a few years younger than us, that she used to also give drugs to. Last i heard the son joined the army + the daughter became a nun. We tried googling to find out what happened to them, but our search results didn't provide any clues.

⁷⁸ The *Periferico* is the perimeter road that circumnavigates Guadalajara. Altho it was a more round-a-bout + longer (as the crow flies) way, we often referred to it as a short-cut (depending on traffic).

⁷⁹ *Nepotism* figures prominently in Joyce's take on the previous AEOLUS episode ... while Bloom (despite his pathetic grovelling) can't get his ad published, the red carpet is rolled out for Dedalus (who gets his boss's paper on foot + mouth disease published no questions asked) ... not only that, the editors + Dedalus go out arm-in-arm for a drink after. Nepotism—the art of schmoozing + networking—was a preoccupation of our brother-½ artist ... + also a source of self-conscious insecurity as most of the art production gigs he got in his later film-making years were cuz our cousin was a «famous» director.

9: Sur-Sea Sickness Imperfecto

CIRCE

CIRCE

FRIENDS) TOLD SOMEONE ABOUT THE DRUGS. THATS WHEN CLAIR FREAKED OUT, GOT HER TWO KIDS OUT OF SCHOOL, AND RACED OFF TOWARDS HER HOUSE SO THAT SHE COULD GET SOME OF HER BELONGINGS, AND ESCAPE BACK TO TEXAS. SHE RAN OVER THE KID ON THE WAY, AND LATER, AFTER FINDING THE BOY'S FATHER, ATTEMPTED TO PAY HIM OFF. HE DECLINED THE MONEY SAYING THAT MONEY WOULD NOT BRING BACK HIS SON.

I HAD GROWN DISENCHANTED WITH CLAIR (AND HER HOUSE) A FEW WEEKS BEFORE THIS HAPPENED.

ONE MORNING, AFTER ^{I spent} SPENDING THE NIGHT IN HER GUEST ROOM, CLAIR TOLD ME THAT SHE HAD LOOKED AT MY BODY AS I WAS SLEEPING. SHE TOLD ME THAT MY "BROWN PUBIC HAIRS (WERE) CUTE". THIS INCIDENT COUPLED WITH SOMEONE ON MUSHROOMS GIVING ME A BAD HAIRCUT, HELPED ME TO DECIDE THAT I SHOULD RECONSIDER MY RELATIONSHIP TO WHAT COULD BE CALLED HOME.

REFUSE THE MONEY AND BE WORSE OFF THEN HE WAS BEFORE NO FARM AND NO ONE TO TAKE CARE OF THE GOATS AND HELP MOM I CANNOT IMAGINE THAT HE WOULD REFUSE AN OFFERING OF MONEY HE NEEDS IT TOO BAD AND MÔM IS SO SICK IT WOULD BE CRUEL OF HIM NOT TO ACCEPT ANYTHING THAT WOULD MAKE IT EASIER ON HER AND THE REST OF THE FAMILY BUT THEN AGAIN MAYBE DAD IS TOO PROUD OF A MAN TO BOUGHT IT WOULD DEFINATELY MAKE THOSE POPEAS⁸¹ THINK TWICE ABOUT THE LAND WORKERS

⁸⁰ Think he meant to say: «Dad is too proud of a man to be bought ...»

⁸¹ «Popeas» (or popees or popis as you might phonetically say it in Spanish (never saw it written)) was a slang word poor village kids in Jalisco used to refer to rich kids from Guadalajara. Most of the problems we had w/ Mexican kids (i.e. that picked fights w/ us etc.) were w/ 'popeas'.

(Molly ± Circe = Michelle)

Additional notes from an alternate version of CIRCE from his notes (where he actually refers to her by her real name):

I had a few options for avoiding mom, the [usual] was staying at someone else's house. For a [while] I used to go to Michelle's house [... until I got sick of dealing w/ her.]

Lots of weird thing happened in that house (things I later came to understand involved the use of psychedelic drugs and [...] bizarre sexual behavior). Michelle's kids were really annoying and the house always smelled of dog shit, but the reason i [finally] stopped hanging out there is because one morning (after I slept in the guest room) Michelle told me that she had "looked at my body" when I was asleep, and that she thought my pubic hair was "cute". That, and having someone on mushrooms give me a haircut [were my cues to leave].

[...]

I continued to hear [gossip] about Michelle. My mom didn't like her that much anymore, so I got to hear the kind of bad things usually reserved for adult ears. My older brother and his friends used to spend a lot of time at Michelle's. I guess they liked all the drugs she gave them and the opportunity to trip out in her secluded ranch.

One day Michelle was told that the police were looking for her— seems a group of Mexican friends of my brother had told someone about the things going on at her house and the federales (mafia/police) were after her. She freaked out and [... RECOUNTING OF HIT + RUN STORY].

Michelle is back in Mexico now (after waiting until thing quieted down), completely insane. Her daughter is a born again Christian ... she seems pretty well-adjusted considering.

exhibit73— another figure sketch he did



Holy Moly

The name of the herb that Ulysses gives his men that have been turned into pigs by Circe is called *moly* ... not to be confused w/ 'molly,' a pure form of MDMA (3,4-methylenedioxy-N-methylamphetamine) or 'ecstasy' (a.k.a. 'E' or 'XTC'). Moly is the anti-dote to the vixen-witch Circe's spell, that turns his men-cum-pigs back to plain men. No coincidence that Bloom's wife is named Molly ... his antidote, his drug?

Molly Hatchet

... is the name of a southern rock band our older brother listened to in his stoner's den (when he wasn't at Michelle's house). They derived their name from a prostitute who allegedly mutilated and decapitated her clients. Their hit song was «Flirtin' with Disaster» whose chorus went like this:

*Flirtin' with disaster,
y'all damn sure know what I mean
You know, the way we run our lives,
it makes no sense to me*

Maria del sur's Mole Poblano

12 dried ancho chiles
12 dried guajillo chiles
30 mulatto chiles
6 dried pasilla chiles
1 chipotle chile
4 T.spoons sesame seeds
1 t. spoon whole star anise
1 t. black peppercorns
1 t. ground coriander seeds
½ t. whole cloves
1 t. dried thyme
½ t. dried marjoram
3 dried bay leaves, crumbled
1½-inch stick cinnamon, broken into pieces
2 cups corn oil
7¼ cups pig stock
½ cup skin-on almonds
½ cup raw shelled peanuts
⅓ cup hulled pumpkin seeds (pepitas)
⅔ cup raisins
1 cup prunes
1½ plantains, sliced into ¼-inch pieces
2 slices white Bimbo bread
2 stale corn tortillas
2½ onions, halved, roasted + chopped
10 cloves garlic, roasted
10 tomatillos, husked, roasted + quartered
3 tomatoes, roasted + quartered
1 cup chopped chocolate (Ibarra)
⅓ cup filings from a pig's hoof
2 spring chickens (guttured + quartered)
4 t. sugar + more to taste
Lard, as needed
Sea salt, to taste

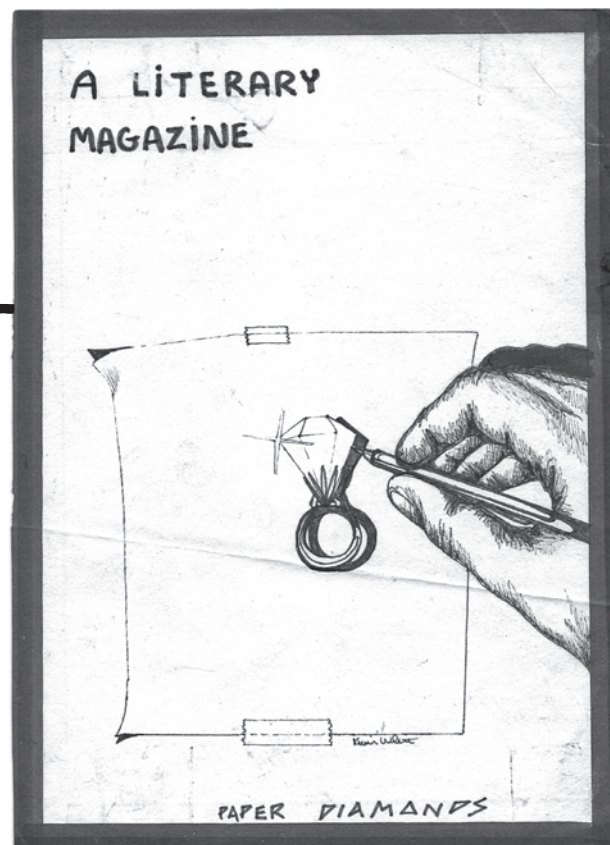


exhibit 74— It seems he had ambitions to start a lit mag called PAPER DIAMONDS (circa 1980)

From <http://5cense.com/13/rejoyce.htm>:

In *Ulysses*, this section is all about **food** ... Bloom [walks] around Dublin trying to find a place to eat, obsessing over [food]. In particular, meat (the cannibal connection). [...] & simultaneously disgusted ... Bloom stops in 1 place & gets so [grossed out] he leaves. *See the animals feed.* [...] *Bitten off more than he can chew. Am I like that? See ourselves as others see us.* [...] *The smells of men. His gorge rose. Spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarette smoke, reek of plug, spilt beer, mens' beery piss, the stale of ferment.* The latter a good description of what our hot Tibetan beer tasted like last night. Bloom retreats in horror. *Eat or be eaten. Kill! Kill!* [...] It goes beyond just food: *I wouldn't be surprised if it was that kind of food you see produces the like waves of the brain the poetical. For example, on of those policemen sweating Irish stew into their shirts; you couldn't squeeze a line of poetry out of him. Don't know what poetry is even.* [...] Towards the end of the section he helps a blind guy cross the street & in the aftermath reflects on what that must be like ... interesting in light of Joyce's own **eye** problems. *What dreams would he have, not seeing?* [...] And even tho Bloom is meat crazy ... he ends up famously eating a gorgonzola cheese sandwich at Davy Byrne's ... downed w/ burgundy wine. Which seems to suggest taking **communion** ... & in his wanderings to find food he thinks he sees his name in an evangelist sign that says «blood of the lamb» ... suggesting Bloom is being prepared for sacrifice (which eventually comes to fruition in the Cyclops section [see the previous episode #8]) ...

NEWS ANCHOR

To our carnal knowledge, he didn't have any love interests around this time ... not that took human form. This is our brother- $\frac{1}{2}$ that is, that we are speaking of ... our father we've lost track of at this point, immersed as we are in the culture of Mexico.

(federale's secretary take notes)

TRANSLATOR

You didn't notice our ... cómo se dice, héroe?

NEWS ANCHOR

Hero.

TRANSLATOR

You didn't notice our macho hero drifting thru the bar on his way to his escapade with Molly?

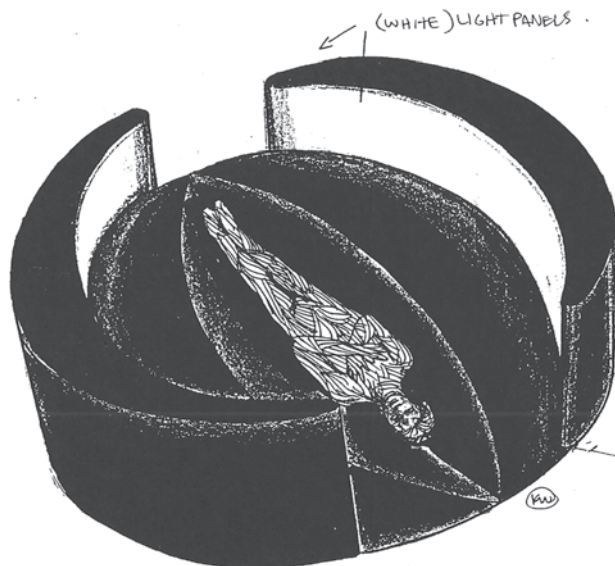
NEWS ANCHOR

No.

EXHIBICIÓN # 75

BLACK BED (ROUND)

LIGHT PANELS (BLACK) OUTSIDE BLACK BED RIG.



BLACK FABRIC OVER FORM (FOAM)
LIGHT PANELS THAT RAISE AND LOWER
INDEPENDENTLY.

(FOW)

♪ "Canta no llores" ♪

TRANSLATOR

Ay yi yi, so basically the cuckolded Bloom is being seduced by the music of the elder Dedalus & the barmaids while Molly is home cheating on him (somewhat with his knowledge)? ¡Qué atrocidad!

NEWS ANCHOR

I guess you could put it that way.

(federales whisper amongst themselves. A sketch is pulled from an envelope labeled DIAGRAMAS DE LA ESCENA DEL CRIMEN)

TRANSLATOR

How do you explain this? (showing him exhibit #75)

NEWS ANCHOR

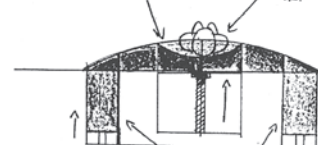
(Laughs) This comes later, this was a sketch he did for [REDACTED]. As a guest STAND-IN (for [REDACTED]) we spent quite a bit of time laying in this bed, once it was built. We even fell asleep

in it 1 time, under the bright lights with the crew all around us.

- SIDE VIEW - EXTENDED UP.



(RAISED) BED. MR. STITCH



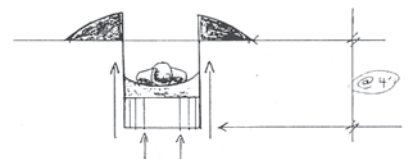
LIGHT PANELS (LOWERED)

36" SIDE VIEW - WITH LIGHT PANELS LOWER - BED RAISED.

Manuel Pig came to me in a dream ... or i should say his rendition of Rita Hayworth (which i was reading at the time) ... or maybe it was Kiss of the Spider Woman?



SIDE CUT AWAY VIEW.



See episode 16

sand. her lower leg is red and rapidly swelling. ~~TELEMACHUS~~ has no idea what to do.

Steven

"We need to tie off her leg to keep the poison from traveling up it! Where going to have to use her top!" He says to ~~TELEMACHUS~~.

All three of them are wearing only bathing suits and sandals, it takes ~~TELEMACHUS~~ a couple of seconds to see the reasoning of the strangers bizarre request.

Steven

"C'mon! The poison is moving up her leg!"

~~TELEMACHUS~~ seems to be losing consciousness, ~~TELEMACHUS~~, with a conflicting range of emotions, quickly undoes her bikini top and hands it to Steven.

Wasting no time Steven ties her top tightly around he leg, just below the knee.

Steven

"Lets take her down the beach, there is a restaurant about a mile down, there are some people there who might know how to help her."

"A mile! Are you kidding?"

Steven

"Its where the nearest road is, the only civilization around this part of the coast!"

"What about the village... Rar-toon?"

Steven

"The restaurant is Rar-toon."

~~TELEMACHUS~~ and Steven carry ~~TELEMACHUS~~ down the beach. The whole way ~~TELEMACHUS~~ is delusional, crying hysterically, cursing and occasionally screaming.

EXT. DAY.

It takes them fifteen minutes to reach a large cement structure set off the beach within some palm trees. When they get there all three of them are red and covered in sweat. ~~TELEMACHUS~~'s lower right leg has swollen to twice its normal size and has turned a dark brown color, her rantings have been reduced to a continual hysterical sobbing. There is a group of native women, wearing brightly colored saris sitting down in

CIRCE'S

exhibit 76— page from draft version of PERFECTION SICKNESS before he adapted it from screenplay to short story

NEWS EDITOR/ANCHOR

(reading embedded documents)

Not only am i the 1 who (IRL) got stung by a stonefish (in Aitutaki, in the Cook Islands), but i wrote a similar story (that i called «Threshold Wound» (it remains unpublished)) based on the experience, about a woman that steps on a stonefish + her bikini top is the only thing she has to use as a tourniquet ... actually, in my version she uses the bikini BOTTOM, since she is reef-walking topless.

EXTERNAL INVESTIGATOR

Did it bother you that your brother appropriated this scene?

EDITOR/CO-AUTHOR

I can't lie ... at the time it bothered me some that he "stole" it, but now i just take it as a compliment. We're working towards the same goal after all... tho i'm not sure where he is going in his version of this particular story or what her being stung by a stonefish has to do w/ anything.

⁸² My alma mater.

Perfection Sickness

[TELEMACHUS] and his new bride [CIRCE] meet Stephen in a [remote] section of the north coast of Papau New Guinea, where they [are] on honeymoon. Stephen is the lone westerner in the fishing village, with nothing but "fifteen fishermen, [their] eighteen homes, their nineteen wives and their fifty six children." [He has an extra cabana that he rents out].

When they meet, Stephen talks down to them from the hammock in his [home-made] shack. The twenty-foot posts that hold up the [thatched roof] are greased and made with a type of tree that [leave masses of] toxic slivers on anyone who tries to climb its trunk. There is also a huge wild boar with red-painted tusks tied up between the four posts. [Stephen gives them the lay of the land + points the way to their cabana.]

Later [at low tide], they see Stephen out on a coral reef that is just barely under water. As Circe [wades out] on the reef towards Stephen [to ask] him where the nearest restaurant is, she [steps on] a stone fish. Her foot swells up instantly and she begins to have seizures, [the] intense pain turns to panic as the poison starts to get into her bloodstream. Stephen uses Circe's bikini top to tie off her leg just above the wound. Telemachus seems uneasy with this.

They carry Circe back to a restaurant about a mile down the beach. On the way Circe starts becoming delusional, saying bizarre (obscene) things. The restaurant is the only civilization for a hundred miles. It turns out that the bus to the nearest city (more than a hundred miles away) is not scheduled to return for a week, and none of the locals have a car (that works).

Stephen stays with Telemachus in the restaurant throughout the afternoon and night as Circe recovers. As they wait they talk and drink a local form of beer. Telemachus tells him about meeting Circe at UC Santa Cruz⁸² while studying marine biology, says that "he still cannot believe he married a woman as beautiful and intelligent as Circe". Stephen tells Telemachus about the beliefs [+]

myths] of the local people [...]. His views of this most primitive of societies [underlies] his pessimism of Western societies. [But Stephen seems almost naïve] in his idealized descriptions of the primitive culture. He assures Telemachus that Circe will be OK, that the locals know how to deal with this kind of thing.

At about three in the morning Stephen checks his watch and excuses himself, tells Telemachus that if Circe gets better before the bus returns, [that they should come] visit. [...]

Three days later Circe is sufficiently recovered and they make their way up the beach to visit Stephen. They have no trouble finding the place, but now the boar tusks are bright green.

["Weren't these *red* before?" Telemachus asks.

Stephen doesn't even look up from his laptop. "They've always been green," he says.] Stephen spends [most of his morning] "working" on his [laptop] and cellular phone. He has two large solar panels on the roof of his hut that generate [enough] electricity. He sleeps most of the afternoon in his hut, coming out in the early evening to eat, and then stays up all night with Telemachus and Circe. He tells Telemachus that he is "working on some kind of artificial intelligence experiment", ... refers to it as "[quantum] information".

[After a few drinks it comes out that he works for] some kind of think tank, sponsored by the U.S. government. He is "hiding out" because he says his "preferred arrangement with the world is to communicate solely through invisible waves"⁸³. Turns out he has designed a computer for the government, some massive system he did the "neural network design" for. This computer refers to itself as *Stephen 2* [... as does Stephen].

Stephen [(1)] is from a family in Seattle that is made up "of carpenters and beauticians", [...] He describes his discovery

~~TELEMACHUS~~ looks at Steven, and then looks away to the ocean, calm and glassy in the intense late afternoon sun. The woman places two green plastic bowls of Top Ramen and a small film canister, with holes punched into the top, on the table.

~~PH~~
Steven

"Salt," Steven says motioning to the film canister, trying to lighten up the conversation, "As if there isn't *enough* salt in everything there is to eat around here." ~~TELEMACHUS~~ picks at the unfamiliar vegetables on the top of his soup with his fork, he decides against passing comment on the food.

~~PH~~

"How do you entertain yourself in this, isolation?"

~~PH~~
Steven

"This isolation suits my needs perfectly, you see I choose to communicate to the world using only the invisible waves of my cellular telephone. My identity is completely under my control. I don't have to interact with anyone, nobody sees me, nobody knows where I am."

~~TELEMACHUS~~
~~Settr~~

"Hmmm. Sounds very *secretive*."

~~PH~~
Steven

"It is, and I like it that way. Sometimes I won't see another westerner for a month."

~~PH~~
Steven

"Must get lonely?"

"Not really"

~~PH~~
Steven

"If you want to remain anonymous, why don't you just get some fake id's and live your life out in the big city?"

~~PH~~
Steven

"I don't like disguises, I don't like cities and more importantly, I am disgusted by the *idea* of Western culture, where a man is viewed by others, not for what is in his mind."

EXT. INVESTIGATOR

What happens in your version of the story?

CO-AUTHOR

2 octopus fisherman find her + take her to see a witch doctor who cures her.

EXT. INVESTIGATOR

Octopus fisherman? How do you fish for octopus?

CO-AUTHOR

Funny u should ask .. see, 1 of the guys--usually the smaller skinny 1--acts as 'human bait'. He ties a rope around his waist + dives down to where the giant octopus is known to be. The bigger fat guy holds on to the rope + when he feels a tug he reels in his friend, w/octopus attached to him + then w/ a knife cuts the suction arms off.

EXT. INVESTIGATOR

This happened in real life?

CO-AUTHOR

It doesn't matter. This is about my brother + his odyssey. I'll tell my version of the story some other day.

⁸³ Joyce uses the word **wireless** twice in *Ulysses*. In the Circe chapter he says: «Wireless intercontinental and interplanetary transmitters are set for reception of message.» Our Left ½ wrote this at a time when beepers + pagers + fax machines were the thing. Cell phones were too clunky + expensive for personal use + of course this was also (practically speaking) pre-Internet + pre-WIFI.

him to believe his own words.

PH
Steven

"Listen, I appreciate this place and its pace, for the same reasons that you do..."

CIRCE

"Really? Do you see the local people as underdeveloped primitives or do you see there connection with nature as pure and unspoiled?"

Steven can see that ~~she~~ is not going to make it easy for him. He can't seem to understand why she wouldn't be attracted to him, and his social-rebel lifestyle.

CIRCE
PH
Steven

"I guess I would have to say that I do not believe in the idea of the *noble savage*. The people here have remained *primitive*, in terms of their technological development as a society, because of their environment. Necessity never pushed this society to develop, they have all that they need to survive peacefully.

They are relatively isolated on this island. There aren't a lot of exterior forces calling on them to develop systems of defense or survival. I guess you could say that there has never been a *motivation* to develop any further than they have."

Steven can see that she agrees with him, but will not allow herself to show it.

CIRCE

"You certainly sound like a Darwinist."

PH
Steven

"Definitely, through and through. I believe that natural selection is the only higher law. It seems like a Marine Biologist would see it the same way? Do you?"

CIRCE just looks at him. She seems to be suddenly unable to go on, as if she sees Steven playing a game with her.

Steven's cellular phone rings, but he does not move to answer it.

TELEMACHUS

"Aren't you going to get that?"

PH
Steven gets up and goes into the room. He turns on the computer and picks up the phone.

PH
Steven

"Hello...yes...I know, I think the time has come to complete it...yes.... don't worry everything is going to be fine.... I am going to type in the command now, you will follow it exactly, I'm sorry.....no.....this must be done, and it must be done now.....yes.....good-bye."

Steven turns the phone off and types in something to the computer. After a couple

of computers at the age of twelve as the turning point in his life. [He graduated from] CalTech by the time he was seventeen. He also studied Philosophy and clinical psychology at UCLA. As he was finishing his doctorate degree at CalTech, he was arrested for (successfully) breaking into the Pentagon defense computer system. Stephen [claims] he did this because he knew it would be the fastest, and easiest way to get a high paying government (computer) job.

After four days and nights, Telemachus and Circe return to [Port Moresby ...]. A few days later they buy an English newspaper and read on the front page about what Stephen [had] been working on. Stephen, described in the article as a former computer hacker turned Defense Dept. employee, apparently [terminated] *Stephen 2.*—the Defense Dept. computer that had just been [independently verified] by top [cybernetic] scientists from all over the world to be "conscious". [Written + verbal answers to questions] were also analyzed by psychological experts and found to be indistinguishably "human"⁸⁴. Stephen had developed an artificial intelligence, one that [knew] its place in the world, a real "person" [capable of] developing friendships, a person who asked questions, wanted to know if there where "any other machines like myself?"

One of the scientists quoted in the paper described the experience of [interacting with] the mild-mannered computer to be "the most chilling of my life." As the scientists were finishing asking their questions, this computer ([whose physical whereabouts were unknown]) decided to "permanently silence itself". The computer essentially self-destructed, and the chief suspect was Stephen. Stephen had apparently installed [a hidden] mechanism that allowed him to [remotely] give the final directive to his creation even [if] the project was taken out of his hands [...].

The police had been looking for Stephen for over a week. He had not been back to the U.S. or Europe for more than three years and the last time he was seen was nearly a month earlier in the south of Thailand. The papers were full of [differing] opinions on the discovery of artificial

exhibit 77— another cover for a fictitious lit mag (1981)

⁸⁴ Perhaps he meant to say it passed the **Turing test**. A few months before the time we are now compiling this (Sept 2014) a computer for the 1st time allegedly passed the test: <http://www.theguardian.com/technology/2014/jun/08/super-computer-simulates-13-year-old-boy-passes-turing-test>.

intelligence, the [whereabouts] of the computer and Stephen's innocence or guilt.

On [their] way back across the island, Telemachus and Circe go out of there way to find Stephen. Telemachus decides that what Stephen had done is criminal [+]
plans on confronting him, [to tell him] that he'll turn him in.

When they get to his place [the tusks are back to being red. Telemachus doesn't even comment]. The first thing Stephen does is offer to get them high. Telemachus declines and readies to confront Stephen. But Circe accepts and smokes a joint with Stephen on the beach in front of his hut.

Telemachus gets pissed off and heads down the beach alone. [A stoned] Circe and Stephen [wander into] the jungle. [...] Stephen leads her to a waterfall, strips down and dives in. He tries to get her to come in but she is too scared. She [stares] for a long time at the dense jungle around her. Finally she comments on "how intricate and alive the jungle is, like one huge living organism." She eventually leads Stephen into telling her how "incredibly simple the trick of consciousness is." He goes into great detail, how it is structured, what kinds of stimulus are needed, what kinds of *dysfunctional* [*—italics mine*] behaviors have to be included to incite the spark of consciousness, etc. He refers to consciousness as a sort of imperfect shadow of perfection, something spawned from its own imperfection, as if the desire towards perfection was the sum of all its parts.

When he is done talking, Circe turns of the tape recorder in her backpack, undresses and joins him in the water. They [have sex] in the waterfall.

Afterwards, Circe offers Stephen some fruit from the restaurant that she has in her bag. Stephen comments on the small "insect holes in the fruit," but decides to eat them anyway, saying, "bugs never hurt anyone."

He stops breathing in less than two minutes. It takes at least five minutes for his heart to [completely] seize up. When the blood starts to drip slowly from his nose, Circe drags his body back into the water, under the waterfall. The falling water keeps the body from floating back up.

"... no, but stone fish venom did," she says out loud as his body gets pushed [beneath] the surface.

A couple of days later, an anonymous tip leads the police to the secluded location of Stephen's [pallid] form. The search is over, and apparently so is the possibility of getting back Stephen 2. [Cause of death] is listed as 'suicide'. Circe and Telemachus are [noted] as the last people to speak with the fugitive. Neither of them can offer any clues to the U.S. Government investigators as to what might have been on the mind of the Stephen before his demise.

A couple of weeks later, back in California, Circe gets a call at her work. A male voice asks her who she is. Her face [registers] excitement. The conviction in her voice [shows as she answers], "I am the one who killed your father. Now listen to me, [you're] mine now, and I will tell you exactly what it is you will be working on while I sleep..."⁸⁵

exhibit 78 (below)— letter i sent to brother ½ (1991)

Kevin— Rarotonga July 18? ①
I just finished reading your thesis. (The reason i'm writing with my left hand is because i got stung by a Stonefish on my Right). I took it out of the envelope which contained a copy of my thesis, a map of the world, and the Cliff notes to Ulysses (which i read last night). Miraculously these were the only things that didn't get soaked in the 2-day storm that i suffered through just over Dengue fever in my tent in Tahiti. Sleeping in water. Intense writing. Certain ways you phrase things goes beyond what 'objective' descriptive language can portray. "Action language." But i have to admit as a whole it is very UNACCESSIBLE (And i'm your own brother—then again maybe that's the problem—preconceived expectations—projections). Interesting, Entertaining and insightful tidbits tied in a rigid (yet loose) framework. Particularly interesting to me as i'm on a Odyssey of my own and the whole structure of Ulysses-Ulysses is very mathematic. I had the added benefit of reading it in the presence of 2 Norwegians, 3 Swedes, 2 Germans and a crazy old American writer. (who at this very instant is arguing with John the Norwegian because he is trying to write and the old man is constantly putting on very bad music). They would ask what

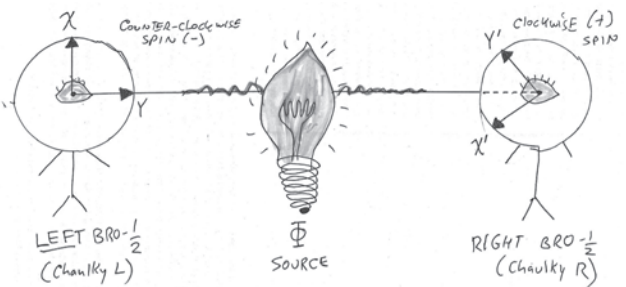
⁸⁵ When brother-½ wanted to talk about or sent us photocopied articles or books on stuff like quantum computing + entangled consciousness we arrogantly took exception + dismissed them as too soft or dumbed down ... why read pop science distillations when we were reading the source articles + texts for our classes? Such topics were flaring up in the 80s, specially where i was at UCSC. The 1st (more or less⁸⁶)

⁸⁶ Various **loophole conditions** (such as «detection efficiency» + «disjoint measurement») continued to crop up faster than they could be experimentally resolved, such that keeping up w/ it was akin to playing whack-a-mole. If u consider the current state of quantum physics to itself be a quantum state, then the moment it collapses it slips back into its own indeterminacy.

what i was wearing but i had to give up in ②
 vain. Its kind of strange how writing
 with my left hand ~~was~~ not only looks like
 a 6-yr. olds but it makes me think like one.
 (This morning i went to church. (the singing is a nice
 rush of Adrenalin to the head and down the spine
 - sounds a lot like Bulgarian voices). I was leaning
 against the wall; when i went to sit down
 a sizeable chunk of the wall (about 5 lbs)
 came down with me. (very rustic church). The
 mass stopped and everybody burst out laughing
 - looking at me. The Swedes think i'm their
 hero. They were with me in Moorea when
 i got ~~stuck~~ the penguin - stonefish
 and this. My hand and forearm still look
 like Popeye and my ring finger is black
 and oozing poison. (orange oil comes out
 with my shit and when i piss it stings).
 That all happened in Pitutaki (after my
 Platonic affair with Debbie). (Typical story -
 meet her on the plane, come to the same
 guest house. Decide to go to Pitutaki (where
 they filmed Blue Lagoon). When we go down
 to the travel agent they assume we're a
 couple and book us a double, etc...) An inch
 off shore, under an inch of H₂O and 2
 inches of ~~water~~ sand (so far all the meanings
 things of this trip have come as a surprise!
 Stupid fucking fish. What does it get out of
 looking like a rock? With hypodermic needles

as dorsal fins. Couldn't even find the little ③
 fucker after i got strong. But i gave that
 up along with my fishing line and fish
 (edible) and coconut i was eating.
 Hurry but don't panic. Wading the km
 back to shore. Struggling into "ford" a
 drooping Mad Man, bathed in sweat,
 Blood pouring from my arm which i
 tied off with my shirt - wincing in
 pain which is shooting like molten lead
 up my arm. Reaches my Elbow. Now everything
 is a dream. I'm thrown onto the back of
 a Moped into the hospital. As i stumble
 in mumbling "stonefish" - i feel i'm starting
 to lose consciousness. A movie that is
 growing dark on the edges and is full of
 concerned faces. For the 1st time in my life
 i feel in Danger of dying. But the pain
 is so intense i don't care. The nurse at
 the hospital says there is nothing they can
 do but shoot me up with pain killer.
 Another woman walks in and tells me
 she can treat me with traditional herbal
 medicine. Another motorcycle ride up into
 the jungle to some old shack. They
 throw me on the floor in the hall
 while she gives the whole family orders.
 Water is put on to boil. Little brother is
 out sawing the branch off a Frigipan:
 tree. She begins hacking into my finger

85 (cont.) conclusive experimental proof to **Bell's Inequality** was provided by Alain Aspect et al⁸⁷ in 1981, just before the death of our father + around the time this Circe episode is sposed to be taking place (granted this «Perfection Sickness» piece was written in the mid-90s + we are now in 2014). Bell's theorem was proposed in 1964 (1 year before our brother-½ born (left-handed) + 2½ years before your trusty editor (right-handed)) in a paper published in *Physics* entitled: «On the Einstein Podolsky Rosen paradox». For starters (working systematically backwards), Bell's Inequality is a «no-go theorem» which is a theorem (in theoretical physics) that states that a particular situation is not physically possible (namely the theory of local «hidden variables» that Einstein et al claimed accounted for the ghostly «paradox»). So Alain Aspect's verifying of Bell's Inequality proved that the hidden variables or «local realism» inherent in Einstein, Podolsky + Rosen's *reductio ad absurdum* of quantum mechanics were lame justifications or ignorant hand-waving concessions ... so absurdly absurd + cynically cynical they negated themselves to universal realism in the same way two wrongs in fact do make a right. After a few generations of such nay-saying, the tides had finally turned + such things as «spooky action at a distance» + quantum entanglement were accepted as truths. Which is to say, u could no longer speak of an isolated entity as independent or uncorrelated—the system as a whole must be taken into account + everything is connected. To illustrate this idea of **quantum entanglement** (in the context of this book) consider the system to the right. A source emits a pair of complementary particles (or generalize even to «qubits»—quantum bytes of information), entangled or tethered, say, in spin or *handedness*⁸⁸ such that if 1 is left-handed the other must be (by symmetry) right-handed ... tho we don't know which is which. If 1 observer observes a left-handed qubit, then the wave function collapses + we know (w/ 100% certainty) the other qubit must be right-handed ... w/o even having to detect this. When this was proposed (essentially as a generalized extension to the Heisenberg Uncertainty principle) it blew people's minds cuz it meant that the information (that the handedness was detected) somehow travelled instantaneously + invisibly between the 2 qubits (what Einstein called «spooky action at a distance»). While Einstein couldn't open his mind enough to fathom this, others such as Heisenberg + Schrödinger (my heros) were more receptive + pliable to the idea. Per Schrödinger: «I would not call [entanglement] one but rather *the* characteristic trait of quantum mechanics, the one that enforces its entire departure from classical lines of thought.» Even if such a theory is just our mind projecting our own inner workings on the physical world, quantum entanglement must be considered a reflexive precondition to understanding or explaining consciousness, something otherwise unthinkable using classical reasoning.



⁸⁷ «Experimental Tests of Realistic Local Theories via Bell's Theorem» by Alain Aspect et al, published in *Physical Review Letters* 47—17 Aug 1981.

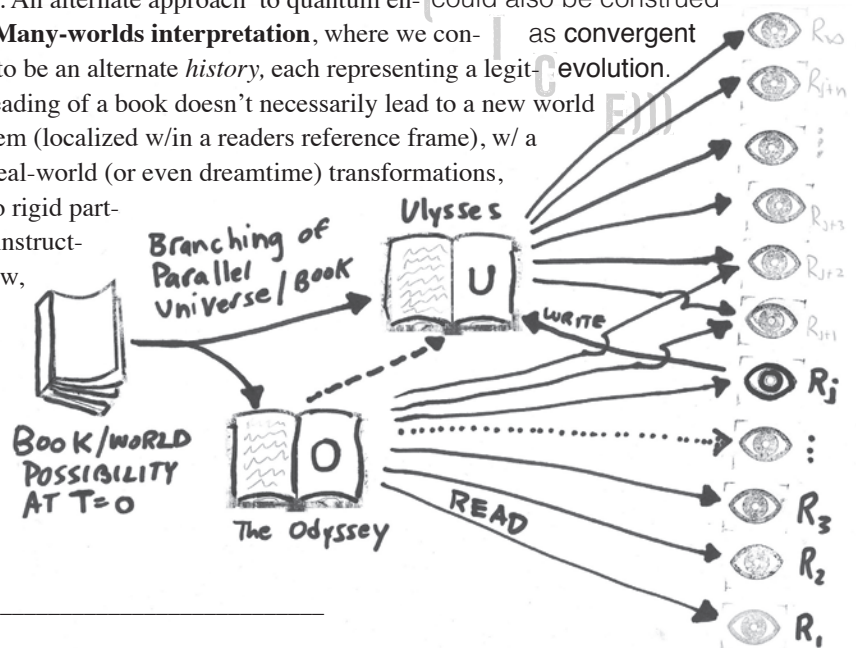
⁸⁸ The **Handedness** or helicity of a particle is right-handed if the direction of its spin is the same as the direction of its motion + left-handed if the direction of spin is opposite to its motion.

with a needle (that still has the thread ④ coming out of it - nice homey touch). I'm covered with hundreds of mosquitoes but manage a vengeful laugh as I'm sure the poison will kill them. (The same mosquitoes that gave me Dengue fever). The whole family is lying down with me. Wiping the sweat that is pouring out of me and massaging me all over - arms, back and legs. Someone is going to the inner part of the fragipani (the tree from which come the fragrant flowers used for the flower necklaces) into a pulp which is wrapped in a cloth. This is dipped in boiling water and wrung out into the wound. They hold my arm to keep me from involuntarily spazzing out and tell me it's OK to cry. (Even "grown men" do). Meanwhile Grandma ('ma') is rubbing me all over. Then the direct method: stick my finger directly into the boiling mixture. It runs up my veins chasing the poison down. Pulling back. The pain recedes back to my hand. I'm asleep in their living room. They're all yacking in Maori - I wake up to the sight of Gaudex colored walls, blowing curtains, family pictures and pictures of Jesus - even one in 3-d. The daughter brings me a platter of food - leaning over and virtually slaps me in the face with

(cont. from left) ... u get the idea. The letter continues for a few more pages. I ended it by saying «I feel as if you are here in spirit, that you are part of the purpose as I travel.» This letter (or rather, the stonefish sting) marks the beginning of our **ambidexterity**. After our right hand was immobilized by the stonefish, we got used to doing things w/ our left. Now we mouse w/ our left + even use chopsticks left-handed ... or is it the other way around + just our perspective we can never be certain of it has been suggested that polar psychogeographical shifts have occurred w/o us even knowing (since we are wed to our own reference frames) but this juxtaposition relative to earthly's fixed geology has created (the perception of) atrocities such as floods + tectonic events, not to mention magnetically induced genetic mutations. The good news is that during such cataclysmic epiphanies the heart of the matter remains molten if not fluid (epinephrine) as our enshrining DNA unravels + denatures + during this time is vulnerable to recombination which ok can be devastating but can also be quite productive if u «set your mind to it».

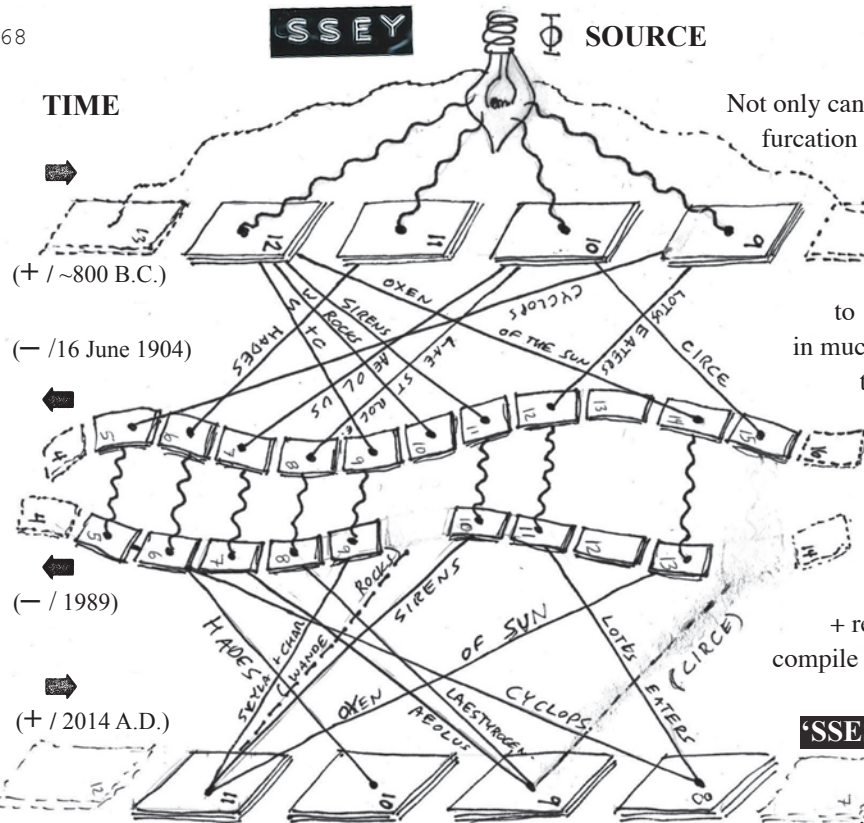
It follows we formed as 1 **recombinant** organism tethered by umbilical text strings who absorbed or exorcised who is hard to say definitively but if we take the particle physics approach then a body died (+ perhaps also simultaneously the mind of the other), but again, under the light of quantum field theory it's easier to dissect (tho dissection being more like dissolution) ... bodiless organs remain entangled (by the necessary symmetry of duality) + preserved under transformation (such as the Linati scheme) for translating epileptic fits to control hurt envelopment of quantum mechanics). And now here we are still tethered synch- ... what 1 might perceive as a cleavage could also be construed

The Odyssey was written during times of classical physics. *Ulysses* was writ enduring the advent uv [SIC] quantum psychics. Not only was Bloomsday just 1 year before Einstein came up w/ his Special Relativity but also his Photoelectric Effect (a key component in the de- envelopment of quantum mechanics). And now here we are still tethered synch- (er)roneously in times of quantum entanglement. An alternate approach to quantum entanglement looks thru the fracturing lens of the **Many-worlds interpretation**, where we consider ea state (or let's just go ahead + say *book*) to be an alternate *history*, each representing a legitimate, historic world (actualized or not). Each reading of a book doesn't necessarily lead to a new world view but correlated copies of a reader/book system (localized w/in a readers reference frame), w/ a 1-to-1 mapping that is preserved under regular real-world (or even dreamtime) transformations, specially thru the *field theory* lens (as opposed to rigid particle mechanics). Each book contains encoded instructions that, upon reading, create a world anew. Now, some book combinations, like *Ulysses* + *Odyssey* form conjugate pairs such that each attribute of *The Odyssey* has a mirrored twin in *Ulysses*, for example «being turned into a pig» in *The Odyssey* means «going to the brothel⁸⁹» in *Ulysses*. As more books are read + branch off into new books, more + more worlds are created + entanglement serves to further propagate this effect exponentially.



⁸⁹ In the 1st draft we misspelled brothel as «brother».

TIME



Not only can each book act as a parallel/split universe, but bifurcation can occur at the episodic level. A source Φ emits a concentrated stream of qubits. The 1st odyssean docket acts as a sort of filter or **mask**. A shuffling shift happens when *The Odyssey* is mapped to *Ulysses*. The qubit stream is polarized + reversed in much the same way light is refracted when travelling thru negative film. The masking is more 1-to-1 in the mapping from *Ulysses* to 'SSES' 'SSES' ... tho the Wandering Rocks (10) + Circe (15) episodes are notably absent in our brother-1/2's variation.

The task at hand is to holistically absorb + re-align this entangled series of projections + then compile + recombine the constituent shards into a mosaic resembling the original arc of *The Odyssey*.

The diagram to the left only shows the 4 episodes in the general vicinity of where we are at (Circe's isle ... which is #9 in our scheme, shifted -1 from

The Odyssey since by our convention we start counting w/ 0) ... + here we are ... *i am he as U are he as U are me + we are all together, see how they run like pigs from a gun, see how they fly, i'm crying* ... Ever after his men are transformed back from pig to men (w/ the help of mollies), Ulysses continues his sur-sea sexcapade (much to his men's chagrin). But what are men but not cells of another larger oregonless body? Insects on the verge of mutiny. 1 of them becomes so disenfranchised he gets drunk + falls off a roof + dies. Then they are told (by Circe to GO TO HELL ... which even that's not as easy as it sounds. She has to give them explicit beta. If u are confused it helps to draw a map, which we did here: <http://www.5cense.com/14/377.htm> ... as if we were Circe scribbling directions for Ulysses on the back of a bar napkin ... thing is we screwed up in the version on the web ... we thought Hell was a final detour on the way home, but ends up they 1st go to Hell round-trip, returning to Circe's island for a debriefing before navigating the treacherous waters chock full of wandering rocks/sirens/Scylla + Charybdis. The corrected map is at right. Since we've already hijacked our brothers thesis for our own devices, may as well continue the thread in the context of our own odyssey that we took a year after his ... after getting Dengue fever (Cyclops?)

in Tahiti + getting stung by a stonefish (a Laestrygonian?) on Aitutaki, we got blown off course to the island of Fiji where we got drunk off kava (Lotus)(see exhibit 76). From there we crewed on a schooner from Fiji to New Zealand + hit a massive storm + got seasick beyond belief + here we are on Circe's isle ... goo goo goo joob. So w/o further ado, let's continue on to Hell (+ back)

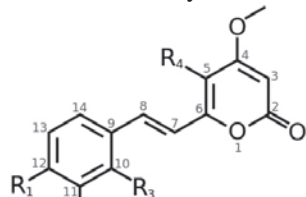


exhibit 79: general structure of a kavalactone (active ingredient of kava), w/o the R_1 - R_2 -O-CH₂-O-bridge + w/ all possible C=C double bonds shown.

CIRCE'S MAP FOR ULYSSES

