had to throw out all his beer and liquor, because if he drank alcohol and smoked dope at the same time he would get dizzy and ill, and if he had alcohol in the house he could not be relied on not to drink it once he started smoking dope. He'd had to do some shopping. He'd had to lay in supplies. Now just one of the insect's antennae was protruding from the hole in the girder. It

himself, unclean and violated. But he was a gifted burglar, when he burgled — though the size of a young dinosaur, with a massive and almost perfectly square head he used to amuse his friends when drunk by letting them open and close elevator doors on, he was, at his professional zenith, smart, sneaky, quiet, quick, possessed of good taste and reliable transportation — with

prescription expectorants and pertussives and analgesics and Vitamin-C megaspansules and one bottle of Benadryl and one of Seldane,2222 only the Seldane bottle actually contains several Tenuate 75-mg. capsules Troeltsch has incrementally promoted from Pemulis's part of the room and has, rather ingeniously he thinks, stashed in bold plain sight in a bedsids pill bottle where the

encouraged to call these Happy Slippers. The staff refer to the footwear in private as 'pisscatchers.' It is Tiny Ewell's first day out of rubber slippers and ass-exposing detox pajamas and striped cotton robe posi two week0-2(s.)6(The)8(earl)4(y)4(-)5(N)-1(o)4(v)-2(e

A.F.R.'s initial lists. Nor in particular Montreal civilians

Pemulis loves to sing around tile.

same sort of suffering at seventeen you suffer now, here, Kent?’

Kent Blott has colored shoelaces on his sneakers with 'Mr.-Bouncet

posture is textbook. 'What John's saying is the types who don't hang in there and slog on the patient road toward mastery are basically three. Types. You've got what he calls your Despairing type, who's fine as long as he's in the quick-improvement stage

she told people about it. Mario said the Husky VI came with its own pan head and cable release. With the girl supporting him wi th one hand and beating an easement through the brush with the other they proceeded deeper into the thicket on the lip. The outdoor light was now the same hue as U.S.S.M.K.'s hairbow. She said she swore to God it was around here someplace. Mario said his late

gold-lame bow & arrow for playing Cupid in the school Valentine's Day pageant, and the sister's school had got out early one day

VERY NEARLY WIPING OUT THE MARYLAND STATE EMPLOYEES' RETIREMENT SYSTEM'S FREDDIE-MAC

to have to put down the book, for once, young Sir Jimbo, you never try to handle two objects at the same time without just aeons of diligent practice and care, a Brando-like dis . . . and well no you don't just drop the book, son, you don't just just don't drop the big old Guide to Indices on the dusty garage floor so it raises a square bloom of dust and gets our nice white athletic socks all gray before we even hit the court, boy, Jesus I just took five minutes explaining how the key to being even a potential player is to treat the things with just exactly the right gentle love and care . . . the dusty floor . . . just drop it and it will get all kinds of dirt and dust and it raises no dust. Liko soooo. Not likoso. Got me? Got it? Woll now don't be that way. Son, don't be that way, now. Don't get alnr39 T8tp

on a big table, Jim. A bodiless game of spasmodic flailing and flying sod. A quote unquote sport. Anal rage and checkered berets. This is almost empty. This is just about it, son. What say we rain-check this. What say I put the last of this out of its amber misery and we go in and tell her you're not feeling up to snuff enough again and we're rain-checking your first introduction to the Game till this weekend and we'll head over this weekend and do two straight days both days and give you a really extensive intensive intro to a by all appearances limitless future. Intensive gentle

the sopped dandy had dropped his pricey gut-strung Davis racquet and was running toward me with his visor askew and his hands to his cheeks. My father and the client he was there to perform for dragged me upright to the palm's infected shade where she knelt on the plaid beach-blanket with her knuckles between her teeth, Jim, and I felt the religion of the physical that day, at not much more than your age, Jim, shoes filling with blood, held under the arms by two bodies big as yours and dragged off a public court with two extra lines. It's a pivotal, it's a seminal, religious day when you get to both hear and feel your destiny at the same moment, Jim. I got to notice what I'm sure you've noticed long ago, I know, I know you've seen me brought home on occasions, dragged in the door, under what's called the Influence, son, helped

tight. Here is how to teach yourself, when an opponent maybe cheats on the line-calls, to remind yourself that what goes around comes around. That a poor sport's punishment is always self-inflicted.

Try to learn to let what

so on? And so forth? How can living here and going to meetings and all do anything except make me want to stop? But I think I already want to stop. How come I'd even be here if I didn't want to stop? Isn't being here proof I want to stop? But then so how

evenings. The consensus is Asian cartoon characters have the silliest voices.

Albeit literally sophomoric, 'Those Were the Legendss. . .' is a usefulsdrama-therapy-type catharsis-op — M.I.T. students tends to carry their own special psychic scars: nerd, geek, dweeb, wonk, fag, wienie, four-eyes, spazola, limp-dick, needle-dick,s dickless, dick-nose, pencil-neck; getting your violin or laptop TPs

Scleredema adultorum. Them that seep, the serodermatotic. Come one come all, this circular says. The hydrocephalic. The

losing a southern lilt or cultivating one. It's not flat and twangy like Stice's, and it's not a drawl like the people at Gainesville's academy. Her voice itself is sparely modulated and strangely empty, as if she were speaking from inside a small box. It's not b

hunched and humped and halitotic. The in any way asymmetrical. The rodential- and saurian- and equine-looking.’

'Hey Hal?’

clip-on rings available. That nipple-rings do require piercing, and that clitoris- and glans-rings are not things anyone thinks you really want to know the facts about. That sleeping can be a form of emotional escape and can with sustained effort be abused. That female chicanos are not called chicanas. That it costs $225 U.S. to get a MA driver's license with your picture but not your name.

That if you do something nice for somebody in secret, anonymously, without letting the person you did it for know it was you or anybody else know what it was you did or in any way or form trying to get credit for it, it's almost its own form of intoxicating buzz.

Tm thinking these look like two tablets are possibly a hit. A kind of Motrinish look to them.’

'Visual guesswork isn't going to do it. This is not Bob Hope, Inc.’

'We could even designate it "Ethel," for on the phone,' Axford suggests.

Pemulis watches Hal arranging the tablets into the same general cardioid-shape as E.T.A. itself. 'What I'm sayinn. This is not a fools-rush-in-type substance, Inc. This show-tune soldier like left the planet.’

broadcast sound — had met her.

Molly Notkin often confides on the phone to Joelle van Dyne about the one tormented love of Notkin's life thus far, an erotically circumscribed G. W. Pabst scholar at New York University tortured by the neurotic conviction that there are only a finite number of erections possible in the world at any one time and that his tumescence means e.g. the detumescence of some perhaps more deserving or tortured Third World sorghum farmer or something, so that whenever he tumefies he'll suffer the same order of guilt that your less eccentrically tortured Ph.D.-type person will sufferwearing baby-seal fur. Molly still takes the high-speed rail down to visit him every couple weeks, to be there for him in case by some selfish mischance he

t h a t ' ston cabs in places like Veedersburg, Indiana and Powell, Wyoming, something in the t authority of the lifted arm's height, the oncoming taxi undergoing

veiled — asking how Joelle got here and then without waiting for an answer offering her that odd kind of British-Columbian apple juice they'd found they both liked so, and that Joelle at home's abandoned and gone back to the Big Red Soda Water of childhood, which Notkin doesn't know, and still cluelessly considers extra-sweet Canadian juice to be pretty much both her and Joelle's

hold down and secure with tape? Would the tape melt? She cannot remember thinking of it once in four years. Did she kill him,
so00191 Tc1(h)-5(o)-5(w)2(, ju)-5(st)6(in)-5(clin)-5(in)-5(g v)-5(e)-1(illess ov)-5(er t)7(h)-5(at len)-5(s0191?)-13(Th)-5(e wo)-5(00191a
E0013(erson C)4(o)-2(l)4(l)4(e)8(ge t)4(r)-1(i)4(e)2(s s)7(u)-2(d)4(d)-2(e)8(n)4(l)4(y)4(t)4(o)-2(st)4(and)6(on)6(hi)4(s hea)8(d)-2(a)8(

darkness dance on the face of the deep. 'The Face of the Deep' had been the title she'd suggested for Jim's unseen last cartridge, which heyd said would be too pretentious and then used that skull-fragment out of the Hhmlet graveyard scene instead, which talk about pretentious sheyd lhughed. His frightened look when sheyd laughed is for the life of her the last facial-expression memory she can remember of the mhn. Orin had referred to his father sometimes as Himself and sometimes as The Mad Stork and once in a whip as The Sad Stork. She lige Tw(i)ige119t(n)-1(m)13(h)-4w(i)chitr(i)4(Tw(i) of un)-1 tuctmesath51(ehow(i)13 l)4(ck heha)8(n)-1(t)4(c

like self-reassuring display of high-tech. Because the bug-eyed native's lurking just under the surface, we know. The bug-eyed

'Last one. The trailer-person's name. Jean. May. Nora. Vera. Nora-Jean or Vera-May.'
'...'
'That was my question.'
'I guess I'll have to get back to you on that.'
'Boy, you really put the small r in romance, don't you.'
'But why I'm calling.'

'...'

'So where was he found, then?'

'20 for 28 is what, 65%?'

'It's not like this is all that —'

'The microwave was in the kitchen I already explained, O.'

'All right.'

'All right.'

'So OK now, who would you say speaks most about the guy, keeps his memory alive, verbally, the most now: you, C.T., or the Moms?'

T think it's a three-way tie.'

'So it's never mentioned. Nobody talks about him. It's taboo.'

'But you seem to be forgetting somebody.'

'Mario talks about him. About it.'

'Sometimes.'

'To what and/or who all this talking?'

'To me, for one, I suppose.'

'This was one tough hombré, O., this grief-counselor. He made a Rusk-session look like a day on the Adriatic. He wouldn't let up: "How did it feel, how does it feel, how do you feel when I ask how it feels."

'Rusk always reminded me of a freshman fumbling with some Subject's bra, the way she'd sort of tug and fumble at your head.'

w o d

b l u e f l a r e - c o l l a h t

advance about whatever's ve, surely eventually got Though to gids it Hadn't be murder the his Boa
may well be among those jockeying to sit near him, he'd
with so much left-handed top on it that it almost kicks u
Show Courts 1 and pressible. Of The Tavilery will is barely irre even applauding
certain point it becomes like Romans applauding parents lots. and All civilians

and center himself inside by tracing the cracks in the paint of the living room ceiling with his eyes. Gately often feels a terrible sense of loss, narcotics-wise, in the A.M., still, even after this long clean. His sponsor over at the White Flag Group says some people never get over the loss of what they'd thought was their one true best friend and lover; they just have to pray daily for acceptance and the brass danglers to move forward through the grief and loss, to wait for time to harden the scab. The sponsor,

those needles. In and out of all that thin sterile-white cotton

love, the White Flag Group, old guys w

awful age for a low-70s player where age eighteen and the terminus of a junior career are looming and either: (1) you're going to surrender your dreams of the Show and go to college and play college tennis; or (2) you're going to get your full spectrum of

never ever had to get out there and kill or die, psychically. Orin wore cut-off jeans and deck-sneakers w/o socks and yawned

to the Nickerson Farms Meat Facsmile fortun

built around a preternatural lob, which of course a lob is just

but because most of the prorectors are (als

high-adrenaline mountaintop passes. Chief of the new United States Office of Unspecified Services Rodney Tine pressed, to his later embarrassment, for a series of anti-driving-when-drowsy P

grows one side to girlish length and carefully combs it so it rides thinly up and over the gleaming yarmulke of bare gray-green-complected scalp on top and down over the other side where it hangs lank and fools no one and tends to flap back up over in any wind Charles Tavis forgets to carefully keep his left side to. Or that he's slow, Hal's brother is, technically, Stanford-Binet-wise, slow, the Brandeis C.D.C. found — but not, verifiably not, retarded or cognitively damaged or bradyphrenic, more like refracted

This year it's b

commun
stayed u

Roentgens of strag169 T6T(w)6(X as)8nogomma pr o 6.3odeaT6T(hns)8(po)5er()6(huo)5noOofoow oher()6(9o)53g6feans()6(redo)5ufag1

their open mouths directed at the sky, trying to catch bits of the fall's first snow. Yesterday it had been warmer and rained. Axford speculates about whether snow will mean Schtitt might consent to inflate the Lung even before the Fundraiser two weeks hence. Struck is threatening to fall out of his chair. Pemulis, leanin

NASA glass. It also occurs to him that finds the real-snow/unreal-snow snag in Eschaton extremely abstract but somehow way more interesting than the Eschaton itself, so far.

IRLIBSYR's strongman Evan Ingersoll, all of 1.3 m. tall, warmed by baby-fat and high-calorie cerebral endeavor, has be squatting on his heels like a catcher just west of Damascus, spinning his Rossignol launcher idly in his hand, watching the c sided exchange between Pemulis ond Ingersoll's roommate J. J. Penn, who's now threatening to quit and go in for cocoa if can't for once play Eschaton without the big guys horning in again like always. There's o tiny whirring sound as Ingersoll's me gears grind. From the duration of the little Sierra Leone summit and the studious blankness on everybody's face it's pretty c that SOVWAR and AMNAT are going to co

appeal or fury or something else. Axford tells Hal and Troeltsch he wishes he didn't feel the dark thrill he felt watching Ingersoll get pummeled. Some filmy red peanut-skin has gotten into Jim Struck's hair as he lies there motionless. O. P. Lord attempts to rule that Ingersoll is no longer on the four courts of Eschaton's earth-map and so isn't even theoretically a valid target-area. It doesn't matter. Sev(o31 Tc 0.e)6(ws9(l)d(r)-5(s2-5(ell)o(r)-5(s2-e inry o)-n(l)ng in)-5e[(rso)-5(,5( )tria(in)-5(1)5(u5-4(l)at5(in)-5el th)-5it)]TJ0.2

come out of on the highway going 145 kph with companions you do not know, nights you awake from in unfamiliar bedding next

basement, and Gately had winced to get ready for the sound of serious glass, but the glass wall didn't shatter so much as just let

Contract with Pat, and isn't getting the usual pressure to get a humility job, and gets to get some sort of scrip-meds out of the meds locker every morning — Kate Gompert's counselor Danielle S. reported at the last Staff Meeting that Kate had finally opened up

percentage of people in the 11-Step Union of the Hideously and Improbably Deformed are also in 12-Step fellowships for other issues besides hideous deformity. Most of the room's veiled AAs are women, though there is this one male veiled U.H.I.D. guy that's an active White Flagger, Tommy S. or F., who years ago nodded out on a stuffed acrylic couch with a bottle of Rémy and a lit Tiparillo — the guy now wears U.H.I.D. veils and a whole spectrum of silk turtlenecks and assorted hats and classy lambskin driving gloves. Gately's had the U.H.I.D.-and-veil philosophy explained to him in passing a couple times but still doesn't much get it, it seems like a gesture of shame and concealment, still, to him, the veil. Pat Montesian had said there's been a few other U.H.I.D.s who'd gone through Ennet House prior to the Year of Dairy Products From the American Heartlican Ueln new
resident Gately came wobbling in, but this Joelle van Dyne, who Gately feels he has zero handle on yet as a person or how serious

an indicative transposition like 'I'm here But For the Grace of God' is, she says, literally senseless, and regardless of whether she hears it or not it's meaningless,

ulterior motive is something these tough ravaged people know and fear, all of them trained to remember the coyly sincere, ironic, self-presenting fortifications they'd had to construct in order to carry on Out There, under the ceaseless neon bottle.

This doesn't mean you can't pay empty or hypocritical lip-service, however. Paradoxically enough. The desperate, newly

trick-business soon fell off sharply, understandably, and eventually word that there was a serious infant-and-Denial problem here got around the streets, and her fellow Southie 'base-heads and street-friends came to her with not ungentle r-less remonstrances and scented hankies and gently prying hands and tried to reason her out of her Denial, but she ignored them all, she guarded her infant from all harm and kept it clutched to her — it was by now sort of stuck to her and would have been hard to separate from her by hand anyway — and she'd walk the streets shunned and trickless and broke and in early-stage Substance-Withdrawal, with the remains of the dead infant's tummy's cord dangling out from an unclosable fold in the now ominously ballooned and crusty Woolworth's blanket: talk about Denial, this girl was in some major-league Denial; and but finally a pale and reeling beat-cop phoned a hysterical olfactory al

under way about !93Oh., the film, and everybody gathers in the dining hall, and watches it, and by Charles Tavis's festive fiat147137 everybody gets to two-handed snack instead of squeezing tennis balls while they watch, and not only that but normal E.T.A. dietary regulations are for an hour completely suspended, and Mrs. Clarke, the dietician out in the kitchen — a former Four-Star dessert chef normally relegated here to protein-conveyors and ways to vary complex carbs — Mrs. Clarke gets to put on her floppy white chef's hat and just go sucrotically mad, out in West House's gleaming kitchen. Everybody's supposed to wear

magazine is of him, LaMont Chu. But then he finds he can't eat or sleep or sometimes even pee, so horribly does he envy the adults in the Show who get to have up-at-net action shots of themselves in magazines. Sometimes, he says, lately, he won't take risks in tournament matches even when risks are OK or even called for, because he finds he's too scared of losing and hurting his chances for the Show and hype and fame, down the road. A couple times this year the cold clenched fear of losing has itself made him lose, he believes. He's starting to fear that rabid ambition has more than one blade, maybe. He's ashamed of his secret hunger for hype in an academy that regards hype an

His back's additional moles form no outline or shape. Lyle pops the tab to a C.F.D.C. Mario tends to bring down most evenings

suits and short haircuts in long shiny trailer trucks with O.N.A.N.'s official crest, a sombreroed eagle with a maple leaf in its mouth, stencilled on the sides. In the nation's capital, a quote "full and energetic investigation" has been promised by the Gentle

g e n t l e : H h h a a a h h
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e e u n i t n o c o t

executives, nondeformed U.S.O.U.S. personnel made not only to pretend but sometimes to actually suffer actual deformity, all fo the realism of their field-personae. Steeply, silent, rose and fell absently on the toes of these feet. The feet were also visibly

continually went out. Small shreds of young laughter drifted up to them in the vacuous silence. There were also sometimes rustles in the hillside's scrub, of gravel or small living nightly things. Or whether perhaps Steeply was trying to give him something, let him know something and determine whether it went back to M. Fortier. Marathe's arrangement with the Office of Unspecified Services seemed most often to consist in submitting himself to numerous tests and games of truth and betrayal. He felt often with

from across this chasm of different values that separates our peoples.’

'And I know what you'll say,' Steeply said, 'and no, the system isn't perfect. There is greed, th

whole family's lying there blue-hued and stiff as posts, with incrementally tinier amounts of lethal Quik smeared around their rictus-grimaced mouths; and in sum this w

of O.N.A.N.177167 has been a thoroughgoing logistical coup. More or less. Delaware's looking a bit crowded, and one or two curvy-horned animals apparen bitly got by the tactical squads, and there's rather less overall good sportsmanship in downstate New New York than we'd like to see, but overall I think 'thoroughgoing coup' would not be out of line as a term to describe this sort of success.

tine: Now it's time to think about how to pay for it.

all secs.: [Stiff turns to look at each other, tie- and mustache-straightenings, gulping sounds.]

gentle: Rod informs me Marty's got the preliminary figures on gross costs, while Chef's boys have provided us with some projections on gross reven biue-losses from the Recon bifig biuration of taxable territiories and households anod bsinesses anoc that ther

sec. transp. & sec. treas.: [Pass around thick bound folders, each emblazoned with the yawning red skull that emblazons all bad-news memos in the Gentle administration. Folders opened and scanned by all secs. Sounds of jaws hitting the tabletop. A couple mustaches fall off altogether. One sec. heard to ask whether there's even a name fior a figure with this m ny zeroes. gentle's portabubble on-screen is hit right over his plastic-wrapped corsage by a half-chewed Raisinette, to half-hearted audience cheers. Another cross-dressed Motown puppet is throwing a tiny string noose over a beam at the back of the vel(r)5(nt)4(-l)4(i)4(n)-2(e)8(d)-2(C)4

explnle: 4(t)7(h)-4(at d)-4(e)6(sp)-4(ite a q)-4

scheme.

gentle: Gentlemen, as you all know I've just returned, at extremely high speeds, burping up the taste of wieners I'm pretty sure were just crawling with every sort of microbe that make

Coyle keeps saying it's co-wo-wold. All the klesser players are stilhbe kTode kultiple retche kng, from last ne kghe k's s weets. Hal's breath hangs before his face until he moves through it. Sprints produce the sick sound of much squelching; everyon- wishes the 5woue 5d de 5e.

Twenty-four girls are drilled in groups of six on four of the Center Courts. The 32 boys (m , rather omPenn)

your teeth and tongue, then lean out and spit out into the grass and take another drink for real. The sixth court is returns of serve down the line, down the cen

today put up Testar Lung, for world's shelter. Sleep bags. Meals brought to you. Never across the lines. Never leave the court. Study here. A bucket for hygienic needs. At Gymnasium Kaiserslautern where I am privileged boy who whining about cold wind, we live inside tennis court for months, to learn to live inside. Very lucky days when they bring us meals. Not possible to cross a line for months of living.’

Left-hander Brian van Vleck picks a bad moment to break wind.

Schtitt shrugs, half-turning away from them to look off somewhere. 'Or else leave here into large external world where is cold

had D.T.s or a classic stroke, but rather a cirrhotic hemorrhage that made her choke and deprived her brain of oxygen and had

epilepsy?’

'— All just for the chance at this kind of pleasure, and the M.M.P.I.s and Millon's and Approception tests on all these hordes of prospective volunteers — the hordes were told it was part of the screening — the scores came out fascinatingly, chillingly average, normal.’

'In other words not any deviants.’

D. with the past-believing bod and the linen face announcing she was a vegetarian and would 'rather eat a bug' than even get downwind of a boiled frank. And but in an incredible move Pat M. has asked Gately, at like !8OOh., to blast down to the Purity Supreme down in Allston and pick up some eggs and peppers so the two new delicate-tummied newcomers can make themselves

forgets to check the big Colt's safety before he jams it into the waistband of his pants and goes lumbering around the shop in his

must watch new acquisitions on the small cheap viewer beside th

home now to half its length, up on his stumps to get downward leverage as the fibers that protect the esophagal terminus resist and

without losing the selective realism of the viewer-screen. That the density plus the realism might be too much to take. Dick Desai in Data Production wants to go in with ALGOL and see if there are Fourier Equations in the root code's ALGOL, which would signify holo-grammatical activity going on.’

'M. Fortier finds the theories of content irrelevant.’

and curling and wobbling. My father exhorted both me and the mattress. It was flaccid and floppy as we tried to jockey it. My father had an especially hard time with his half of the mattress's upright weight because of an old co

There was also a faint odor, sour and fungal, like the smell of an overused bathmat.

in the mixture of the rectangle's t ick dust and t e material he'd oug t up hi set stomach. The dust his collapse raised was very thick, and as the new dust rose and spread it attenuated the ma er bedroom's daylight as decisively as i f a ou had moved o

'But do you ever consider?' Steeply lit another cigarette.
'Fantasize, you are meaning.'
'If it's that consuming. If it somehow addresses desires that total,' Steeply said. 'Not even sure I can imagine what desires t

has a seminar table it's as always bees an obvious he cs aovets. Avril's as office's as blue-as and-black-cs aheckes ares ad shang is dees

to Lateral Alice Moore's horseshoe-shaped desk and is bantering with her very casually, looking all around him as he banters,

hopefully rebuttable by Pemulis's observation that Eschaton's extracurricular impulse and structure had been firmly in place before

Room and then to brush vigorously with his portable collapsible Oral-B. A quick chew of Kodiak is out of the question for several reasons.

The only other time this year that Hal was officially summoned to the Headmaster's waiting room had been in late August, right before Convocation and during Orientation period, when Y.D.A.U.'s new kids were coming in and wandering around

__’

An apple appeared from a deep pocket in her smock. 'Happen to have a spare Granny Smith here, to tack body to soul while we

gladly choose to be the sort of person not to note. Lord's eyes move to Hal and blink dolefully through the holes, and he can be hear sniffing moistly in there, complexly muffled; and Pemulis is just finishing moving his feet precisely into their familiar impressions in the office carpet when C.T., seeming direly to rise from his chair without getting up, quietly asks the room's last occu k in the

rget its name. Oriental myth. It's a woman cov

ody of3 DC 076(e)]TJ0.0014 Tc 0

colored and appeared frozen in the middle of various actions. It was still chill. Marathe's teeth had a palpable film on them, of perhaps a paste of dust, especially the front teeth. No sun's top arc was appearing, and Marathe could cast no shadow yet on the shal

arou ound in circles like some kind of O.D., thought if we could keep him walking til the wagon came
he'd ink then he was dead. Blood all over everybody. The gun wasn't more than an
old lking-him-around idea into our
head d trying to put her stockings on and we're yelling to the guy
that' e and
he w

e this. This is the best window. But you learned a lesson.’
at time.’
of their legs shorter than the other?’

ere each leg was shorter than the other.’

meatgrinder, you smile so wide it hurts and put out your hand and are extra gregarious and outgoing and exert yourself to appear totally unaware of the facial struggles of people who are trying not to wince or stare or give away the fact that they can see that you're hideously, improbably deformed. You feign acceptance of your defo

you're afraid might be seen as a lack of brightness that's getting to stay buried under this dead horse of my deformity that you're tryin

detrack instead of just saying No to Can I ask. Just say No. Try it. It's OK. Nothing bad'll hap

ay No? Why come in here? Did I come to you, to talk? Was I just sittin

shadows, rustle in dumpsters, fuck and fight with hellish noises

of a kindly curved blue dome with your clouds and your stars and sun was a flat square coldly Euclidian grid with black axes and a thread-fine reseau of lines creating grid-type coordinates, the whole grid the same color as a D.E.C. HD viewer-screen when the

diplomatize Green into leaving him alone is unnecessary and a waste of time and tension and yet still not be able to stop worrying

'Fear of linoleum?' It was unmistakably the flat twang of The Darkness in there through the door's wood.

'On the level of objects and a projective infantile omnipotence where you experience magical thinking about your thoughts and

Over 200 breaths later, John ('N.R.') Wayne opened up the ajar door a little more and put his whole head in and stayed like

Power, I'd give that guy a wide detour. You get what I'm saying?’

'Always nice running into you, Id.’

'Await. Please conduct me upstairs or into the locker for a lavatory visit. The blindfold I am wearing is experimental on the part

owheresburg, Iowa? Dempster?’

'Ars, I'm nodding in confirmation. Fossil fuels all the way up to annular fusion/fission cycles, DT-lithiumization, so on and so forth

duct me to micturate, please.’

s like the brain recoils.’
hin the skull, resulting in clutching the head.’

possible tennis career as with these little wings on it, flyin
nd Mario trying to talk him out of the crazy washed-up-at-fifteen-type depressed talk, Mario exploiting a prev
from the sauna all through this. Finally taking him
ill doing circuits in there. Lyle's working with the Booger now. Between the anxiety and the mar
's a real feeding frenzy for old Lyle let me tell you.’
gh I am Trivially thirteen and not yet required to grap

lot.’

diffu rom the A.E.C., for the Incster's Da's, like

h I was upon the stairs and became disoriented was to visit a lavatory. This was long ago.’

ehavior of suba ithout getting poisoned themselves.’

'Body a temple and suchlike?
'I eschew. Neither stimulants nor depressi

Bru

imitation crystals chandelier and hanging, with

flannel shape to the lit space above one speaker overhead. Green doesn't even think of calling out from his shadowed spot, and the moment hangs there with the dog upright and Lenz behind it, bringing the upraised hand down in front and hard across the dog's throat. There's a lightless arc from the spot Lenz's hand crossed; the arc splatters the gate and the sidewalk thndo it. The music balloons without cease but Green hears Lenz say what sounds like 'How dare you' with great emphasis as he drops the dog forward onto the yard as there's a high-pitched male sound from the form at the

s p e c

w a

e

s n i a g a d n a

m s i h t d a

j o b t t , a n

- a d c n c a r o s w e l b

c o u c

, d e a v m i r a t o u

clin

in the wheelchair, 'Goody.’

cocked his head in that way people in wheelchairs do. 'Scholarly academic study.’

et's hem. The guy was like totally legless. Orin's risin

time involved. Government study. Ad council demographic asse nymity. Minimum in terms of time or trouble.’

ng my mind to be of maximum help.’

is pen with a flourish and looked down at his board Orin got a look at the yarmulke of skin in the c the seated man's hair. There was something almost unbearably touching about a bald spot omhandicapped man.

se?’

ery little, I like to think.’

tizen?’

ahw ber from Mario's childhood how long u10((d)-5(e)4(r)-5(b)-5(lank)-5(e)-2(ts b)-5(e)4(f)-5(o)1(r)-5(e

writ

Bing. That Lenz has been visited by the Sergeant at Arms. Lenz's right eyeball is wobbring around in its socket and his mouth

'Look at his bead.'‘
Her kimono's shoulders are humped and glassy black in the Montego's light. Gately's brain keeps wanting to go away inside

the cold pink studio itself, to inquire.

sweats with no shirt under the unzipped top, assembling a complex sandwich on his plate, and they let their eyes widen and postures sag to communicate awe: R.H.I.P.

thin

are otherwise routine.

dietary cluster-fuck: attempted powdered milk.’

protest?' says Pemulis.

hear about it. We look the other way with our head

-shifts can be seen against the shad

se thing for wret

Stice has a secret suspicion about a secret that has more to do with the actual table than with the people at the table. A lot of the guys interpret his intense distraction as Stice's still being in the magic can't-miss Zone from this p.m.'s match.

'The idea being that Nuck girls can only attract guys by being really easy to X, is the joke,' Coyle says into the noise.

Then there's a brief rippling lull in the whole dining hall as little Evan Ingersoll emerges from the Entree Line's end on

real-milk milk-dispenser bags for a kind of placebo effect; it's mostly just the concept of powdered milk that gags people.

Struck has traded his shiny clean plate for the absent Incandenza's fortification-structured plate of uneaten fillets, low-gluten bread, corn-bread, baby boileds, a pea-chickpea-based olla, half a fresh squash, mashed potatoes packed in a stelliform gelatin

small. Kind of a pathetic try at keeping cable down. Some as small as like wrist-size. You'd be too young to remember.’

'I remember well a pre-digital television.' Marathe, if Steeply's

'I do know that Mummykins, I remember one day in the garbage can out behind the house she found a number of letters addr Fo

the

ould stand on one foot to raise the other foot to look at a shoe's inflicted damage, all the time smoking. 'Even when he wen

fain :

. Captures it. Th

tapp

io's police lock protruding and casting a weird needly shadow slanted nort

as almost more like a grimace. Orders that deLint keep the mammoth soft-profiler in d

ld, the sun

thected profiler,

You could tell by the sound that the other boy's racquet was strung tighter than Hal's.
'When do I get to sit down with Hal directly?’

terviewed. The Founder let you guys on the grounds, versus Tavis this is an exception your even

baseline and made some small adjustments in his cross-hatched strings as he walked around for the side-change. A couple of the nastier kids applauded Hal's mishit a little.

and become an impediment to development and morale. This will be soon. Because the prorectors live in rooms off the larger

superiors will smile with pleasure at deLint.' Poutrincourt's ri

'The money, also.’
'But it is soon you start to see the burning

then up again: Poor Tony Krause looked godawful: sucked-out, hollow-eyed, past ill, grave-ready, his face's skin the greenish whi

histles. Mickey over in the cot by the window always silent as a tomb, on his side, face to the wall and hidden. Never a wor

e oval sound of the cap coming off the jar of petroleum jelly, that special ston

reatitis and thinks of the subject clutching his middle like an old film's gutshot actol

But A. deLint's the only one in there, working on some sort of oversized spreadsheetish chart, lying prone and shirtless on the bare floor with his chin in his hand and a pungent Magic Marker, and says Schtitt has gone off on the cycle somewhere after

equations, and he can manipulate them well enough to satisfy everyone but himself that he's in there, inside his own hull, as a

from

es.

And

ing to work and to Mass and

buil

an was finally transferred to a place on Long Island to be evaluated for a radical

new

mor

of these people who've come into AA/NA shattered enough to stick, but she's starting to I.D. more and more with the

around a shiny pan with not one little crumb of biscuit left in it. He sat down on the kitchen tile with his scary eyes shut tight but still seeing his little girl's face. They'd ate some charity peanut butter on biscuits washed down with tapwater and a grimace.

to within mm., and now it had real hold of the boa as they careered breathing at full speed on their toes, and Krause unlooped the thing from his neck with a flourish and sacrificed the boa to the Thing, but the loathsome Creature's hand came right back, clutching at the air just over his leather collar, its ragged breath in his ear, cursing him. Poor Tony grieved in mid-stride at the thought that the Thing had doubtless just tossed the boa carelessly aside into the street or gutter. Their shoes' toes formed complex and variable rhythms on the pavement; sometimes their footfalls were in sync, then they were not. The Thing stayed agonizingly just behind. Bold-print signs for FRESH-KILLED CHICKEN and COMPLETE DESTRUCTION flashed past; Antitoi Entertainment was just over two long north-south blocks distant. Krause and pursuer both jay-ran through a gridlocked intersection. Poor Tony shouted Help! and Please! The hand and hissed breath just behind him was like one of those simply horrid

wrat

arch and inventory proceeded in a painstaking and

he solicitude

The southbound bus, empty and (which he detested) fluorescently lit, climbs a thin hill off Winter Park, north Cambridge, heading for the Squares Inman and Central. Fortier looks out at the lights passing. He can smell snow coming; it soon will snow. He sees in his imagination two-thirds of NNE's largest urban city inert, sybaritically entranced, staring, without bodily movement, home-bounded, fouling their luxu divans and the chairs which may recline. He sees the district of business's towers of buildings and

d rodents (e-b)4(o)th; he did not stop to reflect

A ro junior crack-jockeys back there landed behind him and skittered past and rang out against

som ried ou4(o)t ale-bu4(o)d, a sexless figure lying back against a maybe duffel bag or pack against a d44(u4(o)m)

ocat

'You follow? Count. Coincidence? There's 26 here, counting the one without feet on the stairs. Coinciden

too, for a girl. He'd said he'd found it s

movement toward a real story; n-5(r)Tg7alprple5(a r)-4

makes odd hollow ringing clanky clunks as if someone deep underground were having at the pipes with a hammer. The cold

'I haven't seen Hal since lunchtime. He said he'd had a tooth thing.’

'Is there someone specific in whom you're intuiting sadness?’
'Moms?’
'Is this about Hal? Is Hal sad and for some reason not yet able to speak about it?’

actsamesbunchyesterdaypastawithtunaandgarlicandthickwheatybreadandrequiredsalad,

mouth — 'is to write down for you the terms disassociation, engulfment, and suppression, which I'll put next to another word, repression, with an underlined unequal sign between them, because they denote entirely different things and should not be rega ms.’

d, or express it, the sadness, I'm trying rather clunkily to say, thes

r one mem

wheat or rye, that says TO A WOMAN OUTSTANDING IN HER FIELD. A bl .N.T.A. insignia is hung very neatly and straight on a wooden hanger from the metal tree of the coat e's always had her coffee out of the OUTSTANDING FIELD mug, even in Weston. The Moms hangs up

His

of a

e

een

'Katherine, I will tell you a story about feeling so bad and saving a life. I do not know you but we are drunk together now, an

me, and knocking away her thick metal hat.’

'You saved somebody's freaking life, Ramy. I'd give my left nut for a chance to pull myself out of the shadow of the wing that way, Ramy.’

Pootem Wooky Barn-Bams, unquote, whatever family-code pejorative this signified.

— That — to cut to a chase which the interviewers' hands-on-hip attitudes and replacement of the lamp's bulb with a much higher wattage signified they'd very much like to see cut to — as is often the case, it wasn't until Madame Psychosis go(n)2(-)14go and gradually acquired some psychic distance and matter for emotional comparison that she even began to see how creepy her reagent-Daddy's regression had been, and no()1( )6(u)-5(n)-5(til a certain)-5( )-6(m)10(a)-1(j)-5(o)]TJ-0.0016 Tc 0.14079 Tw 27.38319

superb upper-body reflexes, had instinctively ducked also, leaving Madame Psychosis — dazed and bradykinetic from the sudden venting of so many high-pressure repressive family systems — open for a direct facial hit, resulting in the traumatic deformity. And that it had been everyone's failure to press any charges that had liberated the moth

Everybody looks deadly serious. A couple guys are rubbing their bears' bellies pregnantly. The only really Infantile thing Hal

for staying home. My mother was alarmed at the masses of bubbles I vomited and threatened to consult a specialist. I felt myself mov

der cases took up

afte

er was required to see myself as good, remade. I never knowingly committed an-

othe

that trembled with sunlight and a different Dr. was speculating to either Pat M. or Calvin T. that the invasive foreign bod

bulg

up the funnel's

cone

nds were up, and the room was so bright-white in the sunlight everything looked

blea

sticking to his resolution about nothing

stro

t341331 or maybe even

monitors hung above and behind his big crib, so not speaking or even looking at him but still in some sense being there with him, somehow. Even though there was no way she could have really been

around the Warren-Comm. corner just as they all came out of the E.M. driveway onto Warren. Pat in her car up ahead had made

of anxiety over the issue of who's cooking the House supper in his absence, like will they know to put corn flakes in the meat loaf,

and Gately's mouth goes oval and his eyes bug out with horror,

now somebody else is going to tell him their troubles now that Gately can't get away or dialogue back with anything about his own experience. He normally couldn't ever get Ewell or Day to sit down for any kind of real or honest mutual sharing, and now that he's totally mute and inert and passive all of a sudden everybody seems to view him as a sympathetic ear, or not even a sympathetic real ear, more like a wooden carving or statue of an ear. An empty confessional booth. Don G. as huge empty confessional booth. The wraith disappears and instantly reappears in a far corner of the room, waving Hi at him. It was slightly

'Hazel' and ubiquitous 'M*A*S*H' he grew to monstrous childhood size in front of, and especially the hometown ensemble-casted 'Cheers!,' both the late-network version with the stacked brunette and the syndicated older ones with the titless blond, which Gately even after the switch over to InterLace and HDTP dissemination felt like he had a special personal relationship with 'Cheers!,' not only because everybody on the show always had a cold foamer in hand, just like in real life, but because Gately's big childhood claim to recognition had been his eerie resemblance to the huge neckless simian-browed

to make sure the shadow is the shadow of a hat and not a fire-extinguisher box on the hall wall or something. The wraith excuses himself and disappears but then reappears two slow blinks later, back in the same position. 'That was worth an Excuse Me?' Gately thinks at the wraith dryly, almost laughing. The sheet of pain from the near-laugh send his eyes way up back up in his head. The chassis of the heart monitor doesn't look broad enough to support even a wraith's ass. The heart monitor's the silent kind. It's got the moving white line with big speed bumps moving across it for Gately's pulse, but it doesn't make the sterile beeping that old hospital-drama monitors did. Patients in hospital-dramas were frequently unconscious figurants, Gately reflects. The wraith says he'd just pair( ) s6(m)13lsilntms(h c3lsi)4(l) a toh6(ol)13(s(pp)4tsi)4(l)4(e)soesoriororohe oou4-cipp s

ring her bell on Halloween. Gately never got clear on what was supposed to be wrong about her, but the little poor neighborhood's psyche throbbed with something dire about Mrs. Waite. Older kids drove across her lawn and shouted shit that Gately never quite made out, at night. The littler kids thought they had it: they were pretty sure Mrs. Waite was a witch. Yes, she did look a little witchy, but who over like fifty didn't? But the big thing was she kept jars of stuff she'd jarred herself in her little garage, brown-

looking at Gately's mouth. 'It's got to hurt, and Pat said you'll feel better when you can start quote sharing wh[(lb9')-5(ae)-6(l f)-

Xing a celebrity was the ragingly addicted nursing-student with the head-banging loft, who'ng-st borne an incredible resemblance to the young Dean Martin. Having Joelle share personal historical snapshots with Gately leads his mind right over the second's wall to envision Joelle, hopelessly smitten with the heroic Don G., volunteering to bonk the guy in the hat outside the room over the head and sneak Gately and his tube and catheter out of St. E.'s in a laundry cart or whatever, saving him from the BPD Finest o

My voice had been neutral and a bit puzzled. 'I'm not crying, Orth.’

'Well then.' Stice breathed onto the window. He reached up without moving his head and scratched the back of his crew cut. 'Up and around. We going to play some furriners out there today or what?’

For the past ten days I'd always felt worst in the early a.m., before dawn. There's something elementally

scrapers down along Commonwealth Avenue. Their images were tiny and dark and fluttered; the Avenue's line of buried parked cars looked like igloo after igloo, some sort of Eskimo tract-housing thing. It had never before snowed like this in mid-November. A snow-covered B train labored uphill like a white slug. It seemed clear that the T would be suspending routes before long. The snow and cold sunrise gave everything a confected quality. The portcullis between the driveway and the parking lot was half up, probably to keep it from being frozen closed. I couldn't see who was in the portcullis's security booth. The attenda ts always came and went, most of them from the Ennet House place, trying to 'r

House still had oil heat; it always sounded like a maniac was hammering at the pipes far below.

'Dark, prepare yourself mentally,' I said. 'I'm going to help pull you loose.'

Stice didn't seem to hear this. He seemed oddly preoccupied for a man occlusively sealed to a frozen window. He was feeling at the back of his head with real vigor, which is what he did when he was preoccupied. 'You believe in suit, Hal?'

'Shit?'

'I don't know. Little-kid shit. Telekiniption. Ghosts. Parabnormal shit.'

'Just going to get around behind you and yank and we'll pop you right off,' I said.

'Somebody did come by before,' he said. 'There was somebody standing back there about maybe an hour back. But he just

'It'll beil he that last little bit of anhle-tape. We'll pull you back so

'I'm getting these real unpleasant memories of that piece of Ingers

'Let me introduce myself,' Brandt said. I shook his hand.

'In his socks and toothbrush. E.T.A.'s athe-ling, Brandt, whom I will wager rar-e-ly hunches.'

'The Darkness needs you guys upstairs ASAP,' I said, trying to dry a sock against a pant-leg. 'Dark's face is stuck to the window and he's in terrible pain and we couldn't pull it off and it's going to take hot water, but not too hot.' I indicated the bucket at Kenkle's feet. I noticed Kenkle's shoes didn't match.

'What may we ask is so amusing, then?' Kenkle askel.

'Name's Brandt and pleased to meet m9(s 3p')8(B)4(r)-1(a)8(ndt)4( )6(sai)4(d)-1(,)6(o)5(u)-1(t)4( )6(w)5(i)4(t)4(h)-1(t)4(h)-1(e)6(h

'We are in route,' Kenkle said, 'but why the hilarity?'

'What hilarity?'

Kenkle looked from me to Brandt to meWhat hilarity he says. Your face is a hilarity-face. It's working hilariously. At first it

mr. tine jr.: [Tapping like mad.] An ass?
Ms. hooley: Horse-characters were copyrighted by ChildSearch. Their 'Patch the Pony Who Says Nay to Strangers' spots.
mr. tine jr.: A prancing ass?
Ms. hooley: The perception of naïveté and clumsiness about a mule-icon provoked a kind of empathy in the response groups.

mr. veals: [Hawking.] For Christ's sake.
Ms. hooley: [Referring to notes.] As the

tablets, respectively very tiny and tiny, chalky white scored discs with on one,side and Sanofi-Winthrop Co.' ver(-)Tj10.02 0 0 1

that he and Emil Minty are arranging with Parias-Carbo — who works for an Ennet House alum at All-Bright Printing down near the Jackson-Mann School — for engraved-looking formal invitations for the agoraphobic folks in Unit #3 to all just come on out and over to Ennet House for a crowded noisy outdoor Welcome-to-the-E.M.P.H.H.-Neighborhood bash. And now Gately knows

of the cognitions involved the incredible volume of food I was going to have to consume over the rest of my life. Meal after meal, plus snacks. Day after day after day. Experiencing this food in toto. Just the thought of the meat alone. One megagram? Two megagrams? I experienced, vividly, the image of a broad cool well-lit room piled floor to ceiling with nothing but the lightly breaded chicken fillets I was going to consume over the next sixty years. The number of fowl vivisected for a lifetime's meat. The

beanie on him. His coaches had to order special helmets. Gately was worth the cost. Every coach past 6th grade told him he was a

— as in you're walking innocently along down a sidewalk and out of nowhere the sidewalk comes rushing up to meet you: WHAP. Happened time after fucking time. It made the whole crew resent having to walk anywhere on QuoVadises because of not having driver's licenses yet, which gives you some idea of the sum-total I.Q. brought to bear on the problem of the Attacks. A

He said 'Thinking?’
'The opposite. Thought-prophylaxis.’
'Feeling a little punk?’
'Can't complain.' I rolled my eyes up at him.

There was an extended pause. I raised my hands over my face and looked at their shapes against the indirect lights. Pemulis finally said 'Well, I'm going to go make sure I eat before I have to see Stice without a fucking forehead.’

and so was the constant shiny color of a sort of like dark soap, with almost the same color and coin-of-the-realm classic profile as the cheery young Pakistani

Gately would do Blues, which had to be injected, only when no oral narcs were to be got and he was face to face with early

Cathy or Kathy, but Gately wants to think of her as just the R.N. He can smell himself, a smell like sandwich-meat left in the sun, and feel greasy sweat purling all over his scalp, and his unshaved chin against his throat, and the tube taped into his mouth is tacky

request for writing supplies, at the Finest's request, so he couldn't get his story straight with anybody before they came for him,

"s a goddamn he.’

'That's for sure, Fax.’

"s a goddamn lie.’

'Fax. The Faxter. Count Faxula.’

'Goddamn lie.’

After a while in all the distension it got to be like a joke. Gately would haul his big head upright and try to allege the roundness of the planet, the three-dimensionality of the phenomenal world, the blackness of all black dogs —

"s a goddamn lie.’

They found it increasingly funny. After every exchange like this they laughed and laughed. Each exhalation of laughter seemed to take several minutes. The ceiling and the window's light receded. Fackelmann wet his pants; this was even funnier. They watched the pool of urine spread out against the hardwood floor, changing shape, growing curved arms, exploring the fine oak floor. The rises and valleys and little seams. It might of gotten later and then early A.M. again. The entertainment cartridge's myriad small flames were reflected in the spreading puddle, so that soon Gately could watch with(od)5(fl)10(ouc -0n)4(w2aT3t0.09)6(wis

release — it'd paralyze people. It was entirely clear that it was an ironic joke. To me.’

'Q.’

'Let me guess,' I said.
'For the bed hovering.’

What Himself said then move-1(e)-him, Orin tol-1(e)-me. Himself tol-1(e)-Orin he wasn't going to forbid them to watch the thing if th really wanted to. But just please to keep it discreet, just Bain and Smothergill and Orin's immediate circle, nobody younger, and nobody whose parents-might hear about it, and for God's-sake don't let your-mother get wind. But that Orin was old enough to

residents and House. Then back home in her own home she was a shattered husk of a wreck.

'Frankly I'm not sure why I am here. You're just down the hill from the hospital. I've been up at Saint Elizabeth's off and on

Across the wall on the Female side we could easily hear Thode and Donni Stott invoking Camilla, goddess of speed and light

having to station himself on the other side of the playing-cards' wastebasket so as even to get the older brother's attention, trying to talk the brother down from the misanthropic spiritual ledge he was on. The spiritually ill brother was fairly cynical about Barry Loach's reasons for trying to talk him down, seeing as how both men knew that Barry's own career-dreams were on the line here as well; though the brother smiled sardonically and said he'd come to expect little better than self-interested #l-looking-out from human beings anyway, since his prac-ticum work out among the human flocks in some of Boston's nastier downtown venues — the impossibility of conditions-changing, the ingratitude of the low-life homeless addicted and mentally ill flocks he served, and the utter lack of compassion and basic help from the citizenry at large in all Jesuitical endeavors — had killed whatever spark of inspired faith he'd had in the higher possibilities and perfectibility of man; so he opined what should he expect but that his own little brother, no less than the coldest commuter passing the outstretched hands of the hldest cok1(k (t)4((t)1(h)-4(e(ry aP4(ar((t)S(stet)S(

didn't recoil from the profferer of, plus Loach — by E.T.A.'s own Mario Incan-denza, who'd been sent dashing out from the Back Bay co-op where his father was filming something that involved actors dressed up as God and the Devil playing poker with Tarot cards for the soul of Cosgrove Watt, using subway tokens as the ante, and Mario'd been sent dashing out to get another roll of tokens from the nearest station, which because of a dumpster-fire near the entrance to the Arlington St. station turned out to be Park Street, and Mario, beingone and only fourteen and largely clueless about anti-stem defensive strategies outside T-stati ons, had had no one worldly or adultong with him there to explain to him why the request of men with outstretched hands for a

girls and handed to Gately. The sunlight on the floor through the window was spidered with shadows of branches. Everybody in the room's shadows were moving around on the west wall. C also held a bottle. Soon just about everybody had their own individual bottle of Jack. Gately heard Fackelmann asking somebody to open his for him he was numb to the ceiling and climbing and he couldn't feel his hands. The small grim librarianish woman went to Fackelmann, removing her purse from her shoulder. Gately was figuring out what he was going to say on the Faxter's behalf when Whitey Sorkin arrived. Until then he figured it was C's party and just not to unnecessarily rile C. It seemed to take a long time to formulate mental thoughts. Pamela Hoffman-Jeep's shin looked like ground chuck. C lifted his square bottle and asked for general permission to like propose a toast. P.H.-J.'s l

output increased steadily until during the last years of his life

[43] Chronic inflammation of the terminal ileum and adjacent tissues, named in dubious hono

'Don, why doesn't every featherless biped on earth qualify for AA? By AA's reasoning, why isn't everyone everywhere an alcoholic?'

'Well Geoffrey man it's a totally private decision to admit the Disease, nobody can go tell another man he's —'

'But indulge me for a moment. By AA's own professed logic, everyone ought to be in AA. If you have some sort of Substance-problem, then you belong in AA. But if you say you do *not* have a Substance-problem, in other words if you *deny* that you have a Substance-problem, why then you're by definition in *Denial,* and thus you apparently need the Denial-busting Fellowship

'Does fish-shit drift slowly bottomward, O.? How could she see it as anything but, if she's as savvy as you say?' Hal removes his pruned white foot from the janitor-bucket and dries it on a woppsed-up sheet. He points at a pair of underwear near Pemulis's Dock-sider. Pemulis picks the briefs up off the floor with two fingers and tosses them to Hal with a pretend-shudder.

'So simply largely symbolic at bestthen?'

Hal's lying back trying to get his legs into the briefs with one hand. 'Tell her after much chin-stroking simply *yes,* O. O., Pemulis is standing here [redacted] a complex system of motions indicating both the procedures for rolling a duBois and the lateness of the hour. For the past two years, Hal and

59 Tc 0.00

one country in a three-country continental Anschluss that the other two countries are ganging up on and making things unpleasant for.'

'Vichified

pillows minimum), bradypedestrianism (obvious), and especially bradykinesia, an almost gerontologic lentissimo about most of Mario's movements, an exaggerated slowness that both resembles and permits extremely close slow attention to whatever's being done.

[116] Pretty much the BMW of 16mm. digital-cartridge recorders, brought out in limited numbers by Paillard Cinématique of Sherbrooke, Quebec, CAN, just weeks before its manufacturing facilities were annularly hyperfloriated and the company went belly-up.

[117] . overshot the place to mention that Mario's head — in

the plate and whatnot. Note also that you can use this Mean-Value time-saver with anything that varies within a *(definable)* set of boundaries and

of heavy art-gesture films about film and consciousn

freakish bowler with two domes and one brim, Stephan Wagenknecht a plastic sallet — this is just scanning at random; the headwear goes on and on, a whole topography of hats

[160]

[161] 'Homestyle. Ready to Serve.'
[162] 'Pursuit of happiness.'
[163] Q.v. Note 304 *sub.*
[164] 'Absolutely no bonking,' presumably.
[165] The both-hands-full logistics of which are hard to envision, but realism wasn't really the point of the image for the bitter Br
[166] It's also where Mario's most derivative of Himself, whose own *ONANtiad* was more centrally concerned with doomed high-office claymation

thing, which in fact the play-within-film fight-scene part can be

until it's late.'

'Q-'

[redacted]

was on honeymoon in the Azores, and Otis P. Lord's mother had some inner-ear thing and the Lords couldn't fly. But Pemulis and Struck concurred that everyone with any kind of administration in his blood should hear E.T.A.'s Headmaster with parents and a placative mission

[275] This has got to be a mispronunciation or catachresis on R.v.C.'s part, since Clonidine — 2-(2,6-Dichloroanilino)-2-imidazoline — is a decidedly adult-strength anti-hypertensive; the infant'd have to be N.F.L.-sized to tolerate it.
[276] Kate G.'s never done Ice, or crack/'base/crank, nor even cocaine or low-impact 'drines. Drug addicts tend to fall into different classes: those who like downs and Mr. Hope rarely enjoy stimulants, while coke- and 'drine-fiends as a rule abhor marijuana. This is an area of potentially fruitful study in addictionology. Note that pretty much every class of addicts drinks, though.
[277] Since last winter, when a stale smell, litter of dental stimulators, and single slender spit-wet butt signified that a certain upperclassman had been smoking panatelas late at night in V.R.3.
[278] The Continent's Best Yogurt®.
[279] In point of a fact wholly unknown to Hal, *BS:OTN* was in fact a very sad self-hate-festival on Himself's part, a veiled allegory of sponsorship and

if you *need* it what do you imagine happens if you just hoist the white flag and try to go on without it, without anything?'

'You lose your mind, Inc. You die inside. What happens if you try and go without something the machine *needs?* Food, moisture, sleep, O ? What happens to the machine? Think about it.'

'You were just now applauding the idea of Abandoning All Hope. You were just invoking an image of me with breasts, masturbating into laundry, with cobwebs between my ass and a chair.'

'That's the *Bob.* I didn't hear me say *everything.*

It had been uncanny. It had made Stice look like a rank amateur. Wayne had told Troeltsch to pretend he was some adolescent girl: this was