

At the unhappy basement level of the bar, films are projected onto a killing ash that fills the air, the unfurnished cavern walls split by entombed plaster replicas of Anubis, Thoth, and Horus, "Ancient Pottery Brown" paint chipping. Pillars roll up to the ceiling, where every disagreeable fluid leaks through the wood floorboard and down onto the tiled linoleum floor. The people down here are divided only by whether they are today purchasing or selling Xanax, and Sabine, who's just moseyed on downstairs, is in the process of speaking to such a pardner...

"Hey Lis, what's good?"

"Uh not much... stuff's been slow today and everything we're playing sucks."

"You don't fuck with Parallax view?"

"no... that's not it.. It's *Mind = Blown! Brainwashing On Film*"

"haha"

Sabine flicks her cigarette down to the floor, where it BOING leaving her sight, flies across the room, and lands in an unseen victim's remaining good eye.

"Listen Sabine, you gotta do something."

"about what haha. btw I'm over 3HO but if you ever get 2CB again PLEASE let me know. me and molly had a falling out also, but I'm still good with bees."

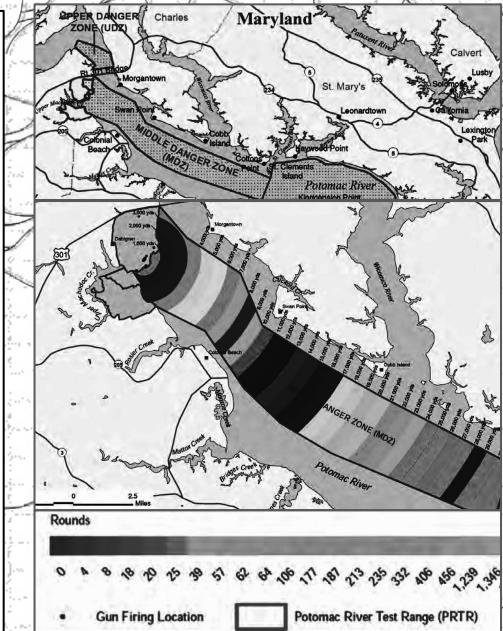
"Have you heard about Meedritch? Down river from here?"

"yeah why"

"Something is happening there."

"Hm. Like, uh, normal military stuff?"

"not really..."



Mission-charged now, Sabine continues deeper into the great Appalachian DUMBS network, knife between the teeth, floating lazy river style on a salt mirror current that won't let her sink; producing an effect that she's gliding over the surface of it like ice, barely rippling the coagulate that perfectly inverts what's above, providing an illusion of equilibrium, equivalency, counterbalance, a false unity, disguising a mirror world you can't penetrate much less return from. Not speaking of death here but rather the infrastructure of death, the conspiracy of suicide which manifests itself in ways clearly visible, but unrealizable until you're knee-deep in the acids of it's inside, 'deep in the realm of the dead.' What is offered is dissolution and oblivion or union with the thing that dissolves and obliterates. Fate and the Fate-Machine...