



The Uncanny Adventures of Hellodali
MC Radiancance

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Please feel free to send me your personal comments, critiques, testimonials etc. My email is

info@scorpiocraft.com. Meanwhile, enjoy the adventures...

Chapter 1

New chapter

My palms feel sore and puffy from the drum circle. Red like beets from all those beats. I got out my aggressions, though. Feels good to get some pounding in!

Later, back home, I am making love to my girlfriend, but I just can't find my rhythm. And I wonder why I have been having difficulty in bed, having trouble climaxing. Just the last few months. (Too much information, you cry? Nah. You ain't heard nothing yet!)

I'm standing next to our bed, looking down. Hm.

Here it is, my magnificent piece of furniture. It's a post, like those on the corners of a poster bed. Wood. Hard wood... or so I thought. A shaft with a knob on top! Or, so I thought.

I accidentally knock my knob off, right off its post.

The knob falls, hits the floor, and instead of bouncing, it just crumbles. It must have gotten sea rot from all the ocean salt in the air here. Sea rot? Yeeech.

Now what am I going to do without my knob? No more pleasure for me! I've lost my precious helmet.

(Sidebar: Is there any real difference between Bay dolphins and you ocean Dolphins? All of us Florida dolphins, we're just salty and rotten, by gum. Just depends on HOW rotten... your knob may have gotten.)

In reality, there are no deep differences. We all SUCK. Don't you agree?

So I'm driving, without my knob, northwards, on 19. The traffic must have been moving too fast. I pass a body, splayed out on the asphalt. Then a second body. And a third body.

These people are all sprawled part-way into the fast lane. Maybe they all fell off of their motorcycles, but I don't see any signs of a crash. Clearly, though, these bodies did NOT bounce when they hit the deck.

I am HORRIFIED at what I am seeing of human nature out my driver window.

You see, the Skulls of the fallen have been flattened. Pancaked onto the asphalt! But their abdomens are still moving! Twitching, you see. Still making feeble attempts to peel themselves up and try to roll out of the way of traffic. Like zombies who just won't die all the way.

Every driver on the highway is rubbernecking. Who is helping? Nobody. B-bump. B-bump. Tampa Area cars keep rolling over their fallen comrades' skulls: B-bump. B-bump. Very, very callous, like they're handling speed bumps, or speeding over regular coon road-keell.

I think that proves how human beings Suck. But the Voice of a Vengeful God reminds me of something important: "We who create, We are playing with both light and dark."

I guess that's His advice to all of us painters and fiction writers down here. I try to come up with an answer to the Vengeful God. This effort makes me awaken, with a start.

It is pitch dark here and I am clammy, sheathed in an icky, sticky cold sweat from my gruesome nightmare. Perfect! I peel my head off my pillow and roll over with flattened hair to make love to my gothic girlfriend, for the second time tonight.

She flutters her eyes open, surprised. I look into her pupils. Deeply searching, to see if she is learning the Truth about humans also.

She IS both light and dark, I can't help but notice. We are all terrible.

After my gothic revelation, I have no more trouble climaxing this night! Here we go, humping like happy Bay dolphins caught in the nexus between the Light & the Darkness!

Afterwards we glow, drifting away like on a sleepy raft, toward a tropical paradise island.

A voice on the beach there greets me by saying: "Sir, 18 stunted nuns are here, ready to be taking your orders, sir."

Say what? I turn to my left on our sleepy raft. "Honey? Did you order this stuff up?"

My honey squints her eyes at me suspiciously. She responds with: "Eighteen stunted nuns? You are one sick-o. Are you sure you are watching your wishes?"

Like watching your weight. "Well... no. No, I'm not sure, actually," I answer. Not eager to be scolded either.

The greeter on the beach is holding out some Polaroids for us. I guess he wants us to look at 'em. We take them in our hands, just to be polite. Okay...

Oh my. What the hell? Why is he showing us these?

They're a series of photographs of a couple preparing for sex. Except that the man's penis is wrapped in a fat bundle of clean white linen.

Why? Secretly, I imagine this is because his knob has also fallen off. Or perhaps penis-wrapping is some strange tribal custom, some kind of Third World condom:

In days of old when knights were bold
and rubbers weren't invented
They wrapped a sock around the cock!
so babies were prevented.

Or, maybe, this cloth dude is the Adam of Eden! The first man, for some reason wrapping his family jewels up, trying to appear less naked, feeling cocky yet vulnerable, feeling over-exposed in general to things like cameras or a mistake involving a zipper and his over-sensitive areas.

Don't wanna get caught.

I mean, who wants to get caught so, on camera? Caught sinning in the Garden of Eden? Like getting caught by the missus wrestling one's dog... naked... it would be bad.

You'll see. Because people do say terrible things about others. They'll be saying that Cloth dude is Greek, or worse! His missus would up and storm over to alert the Eden media.

Even Eve, the nude first lady of the evening down at the All-Star Live Nude Girls, even Eve has been known to say terrible things about vulnerable men to her sons.

I was once a visitor in a Garden of Eden. I stayed at the Adam hotel. I had a great dog with me in those days, a really playful bitch. What a pair we were. She made me smile! Anyway, I remember this one day. We were running, crawling and chasing each other around like mad on the 4th floor of the Adam Hotel. Just me and my dog, having fun.

Pup was getting away from me. My husky darted into an open door.

"I saw you! Now you're in trouble!" I warned her as I dove in the door, right behind her.

Now picture it. There I was, laughing on the floor of room 311, wrestling with my bitch.

[At least I had a small loincloth on so you all would not get any Rotten Thoughts!]

I looked up, and noticed a person was there. My heart went boom, she crossed that room and I.... It was a butt naked woman. Looming over us with her imperial presence, posed there like an empress in that dank and otherwise miserable room.

Oh shit. Dawg, this hotel room was occupied!!

The hotel occupant's face was old. Moreover, it had been altered into a Picasso cubist painting, very classical and strange atop her lovely body, which was still quite curvy, young and ripe. Her eyes stared unblinking into the distance.

Was she the Eve of Eden? Did she even care about the Husky and the guy who were rolling around on the floor? Or was she just frozen in her fear of being attacked? Or was she suppressing an urge to roll around with us too, but was all stuck up in Empress land?

I looked away, embarrassed. I quickly apologized to the Picasso-faced Eve for our intrusion. Good thing I had that clean white sheet wrapped around my fleshy part!

Oho! Wait a minute. I get it now. Is this a real memory? NO, I'm just dreaming! about an Adam Hotel in the Garden of Eden. That's all. Dreaming about pushing the envelope, like I love to do. Dreaming of going too far over the line, again!

Taboo busting. It sometimes happens even during Punk Biology class. Like what would have happened in PB if Wendy O'Williams anachronistically shook hands with Charles Darwin across a frog dissection table and at that very moment realized that they, too, were Eve and Adam falling in love?

Charles would have soon gotten all cut up. For sometimes a playmate goes too far into your heart, and carves out your innards with Biopunk efficiency, creating a heartless moment that will stay with you for all eternity.

I am having such a cutting moment with a previous Eve, a high school crush. Let us call her F-girl. The voluptuous one with the majestic hooters and the I-ride-on-top attitude.

I can no longer remember what year we are in. She's so curvy and hot. I hope I'm in high school. Anyway, she has been letting me make out

with her! Mmm. She straddles me on my couch. I'm so ecstatic, I'm popping out of my skin. Finally, I am going to have an F-moment. At long last, I am going to cop a feel! This is it!

Abruptly, F-girl states that she is now "uncomfortable" with our whole make-out situation. She stops my hands cold. C-c-cold.

Oh no. Oh please God! Oh please tell me this is not happening.

"Sorry. I am going to have to get back to my boyfriend." And she walks out and just leaves me there. C-c-cold.

I have blue balls from the frigid Antarctic blast! Now I will have to waddle alone across town, through the snow like a friggin' penguin with blue balls, to get to my Punk Bio class. Where we will sit around waiting and waiting for the teacher's arrival, just me and my blue balls (that nice present from F-girl).

His classroom is the living room, you see. (It's because of all the scholastic budget cuts.) I keep looking out the window at a bicycle outside. It's been parked below the snowy hedges. It's très rad. It's way bad! It's all tricked out, like a Vespa or Harley. This beast of a bicycle sports 10 feet of chrome extensions behind it.

If that's the teacher's bike, he might only be a toddler.

"I wonder who's gonna be our Punk Biology class teacher this year?" some clown hollers.

And just then, the so-called expert enters. The high school teacher. I stand up, and walk to a corner... Uh oh. The F-girl tension in my lower abdomen starts to escalate up my esophagus. Oh no. I am not going to be able to keep it down. It's TOO LATE!

I toss my cookies, right there, right into the doorway of my teacher's bedroom. That's right, folks! another priceless and classic moment in the annals of my life. Hurling, while friends watch, into the teacher's doorway.

Everything is making me sick today. I'm even making a mess on my own clothes. Why me, God? First blue balls, now this. When's the humiliation gonna stop?

My classmates are all present. They give me a jaded, slow round of applause.

Here's F-girl's voice whispering in my ear. She wants to know if I am "coming" with her on the bus. "Get it?" She cackles and waltzes away.

Am I cumming, F-girl dares to ask? OH No. Apparently NOT. Am I cumming? No, not THIS dry and virginal year! What sir? Oh, am I coming on the Punk Biology field trip? That. I dunno... Will I have to be nice to humans?

I gesture for all my snickering classmates to continue on boldly without me, because I'm tired of the fake applause. I'm brave: I'll just DIE here in my own embarrassment and vomit, alone in the trenches, uncared for...

There is a soundtrack playing. It frames my blue ball vomitorium. The song is 'Best of You' by the Foo Fighters. It seeps into the classroom from next door. As if to say: fool, you have just deposited the Best of You, right here, for F-girl to see. In this awful Biopunk bedroom doorway, you have shot your stomach load.

But ya know, I'm like Wolverine. I've got adamantium in the genes. I snap back like a rubber band and I force my stomach to settle down.

See, I am not just a Biopunk student, I am also a busy businessman.

I've gotta catch a plane tonight after class. Yeah, I'm supposed to be producing System of a Down over in L.A. If you don't know them, they're an Armenian rock band which to me sounds like Frank Zappa doing shots of speed metal. They look like it, as well. They're loco.

Later I get off at LAX, but none of these guys greeting me look like the actual, real life players in System of a Down.

What's going on? Who are these guys? Something funky is up.

The recording room they usher me into is less studio and more of a living room, actually.

There's strange padding tacked to the wall: plastic sheeting over something poofy. Like something is poofing out. Okay, I guess it's "sound-proofing" that I mean to say. Although, more likely it's lunatic proofing. And indeed I am ever more suspicious that something non-kosher is up here.

One of the alleged band-mates gets up on the Neumann, the studio's ribbon mike. And he sets to making up lyrics off the cuff, lyrics about "Space", for like 7 hours.

Straight.

They hardly need my services to record this! He continues babbling on past sunrise, when I wake up behind the console.

I find myself waiting impatiently for breakfast. I'm at a diner with two of the guys who are part of this Tribute band to System of a Down. See, I knew something was fishy. It's only a tribute band!

Across from me, under the jukebox where "Morning Glory" is playing, two of the femme-looking musicians are chatting away. They're still all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed after being up all night.

I notice that they both have sizable tits. The omelets are brought to our table. I point out to the one trannie that he's got nice cleavage. "It's okay, I'm cool wid it, it's a free country." Like it's perfectly normal to be in diners with hairy guys who have big ole implants...

I'll tell you what, though: there are a lot of strange body parts out there in the world. And, since we're bringing it up, I happen to chronicle a few of them stranger body parts.

Like: have you ever heard of "The Miracle of the Inverted Vagina"?

A sculpture. By Michelangelo, you know. It was his unacknowledged masterpiece until he sculpted the Pieta during his "Jesus phase".. that phase in your life when you rock the world and everybody just loves you to Death.

The same way I once rocked the world.

The same way I once made Time stop, so even Carlos Castaneda could be proud.

Nowadays, I can't rock no more. I'm just a jaded Jesus helping out in an old person's nursing home on a gloomy evening. I am finger-picking Led Zep's "Babe I'm Gonna Leave You" in a dim and cluttered one-room apartment in said nursing home. I am aware of some casually decrepit people nearby: aging winos somewhere behind my wheelchair.

I happen to spot a videotape that's sitting on top of the TV stand in the room. So I plop it into the VCR. I sit back down, slip the guitar strap off, crack my knuckles, and stick my feet up...because ain't nothing wrong with my legs! [No, really, they're nicely shaped and I'm not actually crippled.]

What I'm watching seems to be an 80's porno. But that's just skin deep. Speaking of weird body parts though, this art video is pretty messed up. On several levels. First of all, several actors in the video are chatting, completely ignoring a nude woman who is standing there. Come on! Who would do that? Hardly believable.

[Uh oh. Here it comes again, that ever-recurring theme of a nude woman hovering nearby. That difficult theme that so many artists gravitate towards.]

I can't stand it: How come none of the actors are noticing The Miracle? The Miracle, I say, with a capital M! For, lo, dear reader, this woman's vagina and rectum are both hanging down, inside-out. 8 inches or so.

Ew! T.M.I.! Whoa, Wow, What.. the..? But it's true. I saw it with my own eye ... my Third Eye, you might say.

Behold the Miracle of the Inverted Vagina. Rather like what a lizard might use. To lay her lizard eggs, during a particularly lizard-like moment.

And this seems perfectly normal, because it's on TV.

It's perfectly normal to the woman in the video, at least. And to all the other lizard actors onscreen. The lizard girl with the Inverted Orifices, she straddles the lap of an erect, blond porno actor. Just some guy who has been sitting babbling to his friends on the sofa. Magically, his erect member winds up inside her, and suddenly all her weirdo body parts get stuffed back into place again. Back to normalcy, thank God! She looks a bit like F-girl, now that I think about it.

Michelangelo's Videos. They make me a bit uncomfortable, what with all his freaky weirdness. Plus there are other people in the room around me. So I click the remote off, and maybe... come back later, shall I?

I return later that evening, panting, in voyeur mode. But I discover that the dark nursing home room I had been in before is now bare. All the furniture has been removed. Including the VCR with the tape in it. The only thing that has not been confiscated is the cot.

Why an empty room? Hopefully, it's only because some old geezer kicked the bucket today, and they're cleaning out his space.

Not so empty after all..."Mom?"

I am shocked to find my mother standing there like a noble nurse. She's in the room, alone. She has just finished making the bed perfectly, finished those immaculate hospital corners. She is tucking over the top white bed sheet.

"There you are!" she gloats. Another porn-addicted sinner saved from the brink!

I hear myself whining, in a self-pitying voice: "Alas, Mom! If only I had some TALENT! Boo-hoo." Like a sissy boy, I fall limply into my

mother's arms, falling right into the clean white sheet. The one that she is holding out... falling into the cloth shroud that she starts wrapping around me like a mummy as I fall. I don't know where my art film porno has vanished to.

She tries repeatedly to pull me upright, back to life. But I would rather die than publicize that I have a huge talent.

Together, we look like Michelangelo's Pieta sculpture. You know, that famous sculpture from his Jesus phase, the artwork that highlighted Jesus' most bummed-out day.

Behold! I am IN the bummed out sculpture! for I am indeed the dead Christ...

Fortunately, in the nick of time, I realize something. Holy Mother of God, this isn't the right nursing home room.

Oh no. No ma'am, this ain't the room I was in before! The one with the wacky and slightly miraculous porn video. That room was downstairs. It's still downstairs... I'm just on the wrong floor.

"Oh well, Mother Mary ... don't we all choose our own personal hells? See ya. I'm gonna go stretch my healthy legs."

Like a Biopunk, I kick over the wheelchair and exit.

En route down to the first floor porn room, I'm feeling excited and rebellious. That's when, against my will, I am suddenly teleported into a whole other apartment building. Into a bright, white, modern flat, high up in an urban condo tower.

My father, the all-knowing, is uncharacteristically in the kitchen. Uh oh. What's he cooking up now? From mother's frying bedpan... into father's grease fire.

You see, my Earth Father and I, we perturb each other.

"You need a quest, son. Why don't you get into some factory assemblage work? You know. Nuts and bolts. Man's work." His ponderous and fretful voice meanders like a python from the kitchen into the living room.

But I step forward, forward into the Light that is pouring through the high rise living room window, Light from my true Father in Heaven! Forward into my Destiny!

Sure I hear my Earth Father but I am thinking: Blah, blah, blah, there goes the old man again, goddammit.

I cough. I hear my own voice. I move my hair. I move it around a lot. Referring to myself in the third person, I respond in an unusually forceful voice: "If Jesus needs your input, Daddy, Jesus will ASK for it."

Earth Daddy seems taken aback, even slightly impressed. Now he wants to make sure that I refill my holy water bottle before I continue my exhausting jaunt around the Holy City.

He and I face off one last time in the doorway. He's behaving very strangely. It almost feels like he's someone else's Daddy...

[And indeed he is.] I leave and don't look back. I head proudly down the stairs.

To the side of the high rise, in a narrow alleyway, I stop short and can't get past something. A scorpion. A real one. Poised there and gripped tight to the face of the brick wall. He's only an arm's length in front of me.

And a second scorpion is just opposite him, on the same wall.

They're circling each other. It's like the O.K. Corral. I'm a spectator to the impending battle! One approaches the other.

Suddenly, the first scorpion karate chops off the other's head. He retreats triumphantly to the ground to inspect the loser's head. Goodness, he sure taught that other scorp one memorable and final lesson. I am riveted to the spot. [What is it with me and heads coming off?]

The attacker now creeps back up to the scene of the battle, halfway up the wall. Except this time he is pushing something in front of him like he's on a holy mission.

It's a string of 4 or 5 baby scorpions. Crikey! With his claws he nudges them right up to the loser's carcass. To feed on its body and blood, I suppose! Holy Eucharistic Parody! Seems a bit cannibalistic to me, but what do I know?

Thing is, his scorpion offspring don't really look like baby scorpions at all. More like anemones. Round, soft bodies... with tiny stingy tentacles.

My mind starts racing out of control. Anemone stingers that sting... Sting, the Police, stinging, getting stung by a horrible whooshing sound deep in my head! Painful stingers, Stinger missiles falling from the skies!

Everything in the alleyway is growing larger and larger! Goddamn, his scorpion stinger is HUGE! It's all getting blown completely out of proportion. My head is expanding and I feel like my mind itself is

exploding! I gotta exit this scene before everything gets too big and dangerous and too over the top!

[Like it will anyway, when Gorillaman gets caught at the underage slumber party.]

So I dart past the scorpions, out of the wooden gate, trusting only in My Guidance.

How could I know that the exit gate of the alleyway would also be the emergency exit door of Jesus' plane?

Suddenly I am falling like a sacrificial lamb, falling out of the holy skies without even a clean white parachute! I scour the ground with my eyes as it gets closer, looking for a nice soft place to land.

That's right. I fully expect to bounce! There is no trace of panic in me. I must be out of my mind, but I know that I will survive this fall from grace. No problemo, baby.

I am just about to hit the ground but the idea of death excites me so much...

"Groovy Yeah!" I say as I wake up.

I stare at the ceiling, alone inside a gothic library of carved wooden panels and ornate balustrades and gloomy portraits. A very dark and shadowy place. My back is to the ground, right where I have landed.

I hear creaking floorboards nearby as a huge, stinky gorilla enters the room!

I try to play possum: I'm dead, I'm dead, I just fell out of heaven. I even manage to slow down my panicked breathing a bit. I pray the beast doesn't find me!

The giant ape is clearly searching for something. It passes right over me, knuckles dragging, foul breath near my face, and huge feet just barely missing my body. How the heck could it miss me? Can't it smell that I want to shit my pants?

I'll be honest with you. When I realize that it's actually a sicko human being inside a fake gorilla suit, I get twice as scared.

Anyway, Gorillaman finally finds what he's looking for: the stage entrance.

The moment he exits, I get up and I hurry out the other door of the gothic library. I sneak down the industrial corridor toward a people conveyor belt, the kind they have in airports. I am pretty shaken up, but trying to look innocuous.

I settle into the seating section of a mini-theater.

It's an open walled theater which buds off from an airport corridor. I sit down in an uncomfortable plastic red seat. I am the only member of the audience today, apparently.

I'm about to break out my crossword page, when a couple of half-naked middle school kids apologize as they squee-eeze past me, and head down the row of chairs. They're in a big hurry. Is it their turn onstage? One sports a Roman sword in his belt, the other wears a Roman army helmet.

Next time I look up, it seems these two have joined the rest of their middle school posse onstage, a whole cast of barely-pubescent, half-naked kids. The whole lot of them are rolling on the floor of the stage over to my left, grinding all over each other.

That's why those two were in a panting rush. Holy Orders of Shit, don't tell me this is a Roman airport? I'm not stuck in some Fellini film, please am I? The kids are daisy-chaining with each other: boy, girl, boy, girl, in a circle, all humping each other in synchrony... like some extreme slumber party for the highly unprepared...

Harrumph. Not at all like the usual fare here at Tampa International Airport. Not likely to be an approved TIA event!

Suddenly, here comes King Kong onto the stage, over-excited, roaring, frightening the half-naked kids.

Uh oh. It's déjà vu from the alleyway: "Too big and too out of control."

I gotta get out of here! I jet out of that airport theater, post haste.

It's way late and I'm very tired from lots of traveling, don't you know. What with the eighteen stunted nuns, and the F-girl vomiting event and the Trannies of a Down and the scorpion beheading, not to mention the falling out of the plane episode and everything.

Unfortunately, within the confines of this airport I can't find anywhere to sleep. I am stumbling around in a daze. Am I dreaming? Am I fast asleep-walking already?

Indeed, I soon find that I am snoozing, curled up on a tabletop. I am waking up in somebody's very cramped office cubicle.

Déjà vu, all over again. No, this is no Roman airport. Oh no! This is some strange version of the administration office of my French high school.

Why am I here? Have I been kicked out of school? It was that Fellini scene, I bet. [Crap. What did they catch me doing on camera? I swear, your Honor, I had clothes on, I didn't do anything!]

My papery eyelids hurt as if I haven't slept in days...or, like I haven't woken up in days. I hobble around, wobbling erratically under my heavy backpack, looking for the exit from the high school. I see construction materials and rubbish strewn all down the stairwells. I pass some French workers who are taking their airport breakfast outside their office cubicles.

They extend toward me the usual politeness: they ask me who I am, where am I going...

Just what I don't want. Man, I gotta get out of here. I boldly announce, "Where am I going? I am embarking on a life history, a tale of how I've been a gypsy, traveling everywhere... everywhere!... Absolutely Everywhere!!...."

As I threaten to get started on a never-ending story, they hastily usher me out the freshly constructed school exit Like trying to jam the genie back into the lamp.

And that's one way I know to locate an Exit quickly!

Outside, pretty snow has been falling and is sugarcoating the cars in the parking lot. It's all a-sparkle in the morning light! I feel surprisingly refreshed to be out of that school.

So I start chatting up a lady who happens to be standing in that high school parking lot. We are well into the conversation. I notice she has great tits. How I'd love to cop a feel. She seems game for a moment. But then she spies a car coming and says: "Oh, excuse me, that must be my husband. Bye."

Husband! Goddammit! Is this what is always going to happen to me when I'm getting hot and bothered? It reminds me of F-girl. But...ah. What can I say? I m-m-m-melt.

F-girl. I can't stay mad at that F-girl. She was too fine, you see. And she sang for a band. You know, the kind of group with a hot chick singer in a beret, the kind that plays in small stinky venues.

One minor problem: F-girl's timbre. Yikes. Shrill. Most unpleasant. No talent at all, I'm afraid. Oh, but what tremendous boobs!

Me, I prefer a warm and resonant voice. So later into this snowy French day, I am having an elegant time at a Spanish restaurant, dining

and conversing with a new lady, one who has a sweetly resonant voice. She orders up some fish burritos.

Suddenly, something quite dramatic happens. Something that feels like... an earthquake!

Oh hell! The quake knocks out all the restaurant lights. In the darkness, pandemonium erupts among the customers. My date freaks out. We get separated in the hubbub.

I start heading for the spot where I thought the front door had been. My date reappears, intercepting my path like a fighter jet. She jabs her finger in my chest. Wants to make sure I have paid our tab. All I can smell is fish on her breath.

"Tab? Tab? Who cares about the tab, we're in the middle of a fucking earthquake, girl!"

Outside the restaurant, customers disgorge into the mall parking lot. A second aftershock jolts us, then another, like the earth is driving over speed bumps. Wait, isn't this the high school parking lot? There are still two feet of snow sugar-coating everything, and it is very unusual to have a 2 foot snowfall anywhere in France.

I scan the crowd. Where did my date disappear to again?

I finally spot the poor woman. She's over there, sitting in her VW bug convertible. Its summer ragtop was still down and. 2 feet of snow had piled up on her seats. She's looking rather upset.

Another aftershock hits. She, of course, can not get her VW engine started so as to drive the hell out of here. All because of t-t-too much c-c-cold.

Oh dear. She's probably got blue balls too.

I can not hide my manhood, knobless though it is! Gotta play Lancelot and go over to help the damsel in distress. Then, off I will depart from Orly Airport once again and return to Camelot.

Chapter 2

New chapter

I fly in from Orly to Gatwick. It's a brisk and drizzly night in London. I'm now standing under a lit portico with a dark-haired Asian, a Biopunk girl. She has just rolled me a cigarette. It tastes bad: it's got that Parliament aftertaste.

But not to worry: tally ho, here we go! I see my brother approaching. He is a fine British gentleman, don't you know. He's hastening up the street toward us. I quickly put out my cigarette before he sees it. Silly, I know, but he's rather like my parents about smoking.

He and I share a few laughs, and the three of us stroll over to the new London loft that I bought. I've moved my things in there, in with a group of other super-artsy Biopunks.

Tonight there seems to be a problem however. Just as I walk in the front door, everyone inside points at me, accusingly.

There he is.

I am a chief suspect, apparently. Seems that somebody had left the back door to our building open all night... and a stranger had let himself in.

"Really? I left it open? Oh. Well, sorry, I must have been responsible," I mumble.

I confess and apologize. As I usually do, without having any memory of being the one who left the door open. I wasn't even in the country last night.

The dark haired girl hangs tight. I show my brother to the back door in question. I've never actually seen it before. It opens inwards, onto a small room.

The walls there have just been repainted. The latex is still wet. The paint's not sticking very well, however. In fact we can see remnants of bright-colored graffiti underneath. Holes are opening up in the drab, wet

paint, even as it dries. I point out to my bro how the graffiti is re-surfacing through the widening gaps.

“Yo, you can try to paint over us street artists, but you cain’t stop us in the end... Serious. Ya know?” I pause. “Still, looks like I’m going to be the one to have to redo this whole room, repaint it, all over again, once more, a second time, just for the joy of repeating myself, goddammit!”

My brother’s calm voice behind me insists that I stop babbling.

He and I head back out into the main loft room, passing some poorly-built stage sets. There are pieces of construction material strewn everywhere. I guess it’s a freelance video shoot, probably for some comedy or other. Must be a project one of the Bio Punk roommates is doing.

Through the sets we spy actor George Castanza doing an off-Broadway bit.

He’s frowning, standing there naked except for a bright white cloth wrapped around his weenie. The set is supposed to be a middle class living room. George sure looks like a shlump, his saggy gut looking quite pathetic next to one perky, topless Paris Hilton, who is juggling 3 ping pong balls... with her mouth.

Poor Castanza. What are all his long years of Shakespearean training worth, when in the end you have to compete for attention against Boobs? Or worse: the boobs of a fabulous millionairess who can also do a dumb bar stunt...

Alas. George’s confidence is draining away. His Emotional Constitution is taking a hit. My brother has vanished and Father George’s self esteem starts washing down the drain. Like a career elevator, his self worth is disappearing precipitously down a mine shaft. And I can relate. I myself have often felt like a Sinking Esteem. Down, down, down into the black abyss we dive!

Down... to where the floating obese people will be found.

Today, the descent down Castanza’s ‘etheric spine’ begins normally enough.

Suddenly, deep underground, there is a sharp jerk. The elevator cable snaps.

We plummet in total darkness down the spine shaft. The dark-haired girl next to me is shrieking uncontrollably. How did she get in here?

Funnily enough I’m not scared of dying. My fingers find the old elevator emergency button again. I push it. Ta da!

Clang!... The cage squeals to a halt. She and I are both hurled to the floor, kind of flattened on top of each other.

We just lie there for a minute, breathing hard. I wish I had a cigarette.

I rotate away. The Asian girl's arms are frozen but sweaty, clasped around me, spooning me in terror, grasping for security.

[In the exact same position that my real girlfriend's arms are often clasped around me during scary thunderstorms... and what wouldn't she say if she saw me spooning this kid?]

So I pry those young arms open and stand up. I am looming, looming over the face of this terrified little girl. Shall I freak her out more? That would be so evil of me.

I decide to reveal myself!

So I unzip my 7th chakra, my spiritual chakra, the trap door on the top of my skull, and then something wooshes up out of my body:

Instantly, there is bright light everywhere! I've been squirted like a bar of soap to above-ground.

I'm hovering in a brightly sunlit field. I am floating free of my physical body. Whoa! But I must focus. Now that I am here, I've got to rustle up some help for that poor lass stranded in the elevator down below.

I notice 6 etheric cars, all in a row, stopped on an etheric highway and starting a traffic jam.

I glide my light-body out of the etheric elevator.

I float over to investigate the first etheric car, to see what's the hold up.

"I need help!" I knock on her window... and then wish I hadn't.

The etheric lady inside is very accusatory. "Leave me alone. You are so Invasive," she complains.

"What?" I scowl back. "Oh, puh-lease... "

What a crock! I am so the opposite of invasive. It's not like I was going to wash her windows or beg for beer money or kidnap her children.

She distinctly sours my mood. Humans just SUCK! Now it's decision time. Should I spend my energy locating help for that scared Asian girl? She is still down there in the cold, dark rabbit hole, whimpering. She is probably still clutching my physical body very tightly in her tiny arms for protection.

Or... should I NOT be so Invasive? Maybe that lady in the car was right. Should I avoid the drama altogether? Why should I play the hero?

Pip-pip, cheerio! I feel a rush of freedom, confidence and high spirits coming on as I decide to traipse off instead to London town, completely forgetting all about that poor 3rd world chick and her problems!

I don't know how I retrieve my physical body, but I do. Soon I have boarded another plane... in keeping with my jet set producer lifestyle. Bing bang boom, touchdown, and taxi off to a spiffy 5-star hotel. Very plush, and overlooking the Thames River.

Or, should we say, overlooking that once-splendid Thames river.

Nowadays, the river looks more like the slurry runoff at the bottom of a mine shaft.

From the window of the hotel restaurant, I watch a number of grossly obese people. On saucer-shaped rafts they go slowly floating by, down the river below us.

Destroying the pricey view.

[Déjà vu. They look just as gross as I predicted they would, Remember? Back when I thought I was Jesus?]

Anyway, I turn abruptly to the young artsy businesswoman who has pulled up a chair next to mine. At our river view dining table for two, behind a charming smile, between lounge piano notes, I ask her: "Excuse me, what was your street hustling name again?"

The artsy London business girl replies, "Kell-E. As in heading for Victor-E. Dawg, cummon, you know me."

I can just imagine her middle class mama pitching a fit over her languaging right now.

"Don't be a player-hater, mama," the girl would answer back. "I'm just a street hustler. Word."

After dinner with the player, I can kind of relate to her anti-posh stance, especially now that I've dropped my brother, my last family member, off at his abode.

Cuz now I be chillin' in Battersea, in a vast urban art building that's been converted into art studios. When you're walking down the main corridor, it's like you can see into people's minds merely by how they have decorated their studio spaces, you see.

I need to sit down. I'm on some low, dusty corridor stairs with C-girl.

C-girl is one of my ex girlfriends. She was passing through town so we hooked up to go exploring.

Here I am, probing the hallways of my future career with a wacky ex. And we've been enthralled during our 3-hour tour of these studios, watching various painting geniuses huddled over their work.

Out of my mouth [once again] flies something brilliant:

"Witness the benefit of spaces like these. It is to hang expensive but expansive canvases onto the walls. Tack them up and treat them like grand murals... Who needs tiny, poncey easels?"

C-girl and I have visited other artist studio buildings rather like this, during short visits, like that one time back on the coast of Connecticut. Yale, was it?

But now today we are about to have a problem.

The London landlady for this property swaggers up. She's kind of nasty and squinty-eyed. She wants to know exactly where we're from.

"Ah! You mean, like, what are we doing here?" I'm feeling a bit playful. Super casually I inform her that "I'm from Yale in Connecticut. C-girl over here, she's from er um New York."

We stand up and wave casually, like innocent children who were just heading out anyway. Tara~!

That was close. Once more in the back of C-girl's touring limousine, we realize that my comment about our birthplaces was the exact reverse of the Truth. Why did I do that? Why did I lie? Jesus wouldn't have done that, and I'm still all about integrity. Anyway I don't want to get into any dumb little habits. [Unless they are the habits of 18 stunted nuns, ho ho ho!]

Our limo driver hits the gas. We swoosh past some tall Rasta girls standing out on a street corner of the hood. Meanwhile, C-girl and I meditate, there in the backseat, as we are being driven through London. And I discover something about me. My inner landscape is even more interesting than the outer landscape:

There's a miniature Salvador Dali who exists inside my belly!

I can see him in there, just hanging out. He has a blue tray in his left hand made out of carpeting or velvet. Or maybe it is just his paint palette, ready for creation.

And instead of meditating correctly in the back of the limo, I accidentally start drifting into a deep sleep.

And in my limousine dream, I am hanging out with those two beautiful Rastafarian girls. We are lounging in their Chelsea living room. It's

late at night. I am smiling like a big happy groovy banana! They are totally sweet ladies. We're having a blast.

They even offer to take me on vacation with them.

Hell yeah! Without further thought, we pile into their French car, a Citroen. We go blasting through the Chunnel. Soon we're high up in the mountains, driving up into the Alps. We're laughing our arses off, we're all just killing ourselves.

We are just about to head into the Mt. Blanc tunnel, the longest car tunnel in the world. Suddenly, there is a fiery explosion up ahead, inside the mountain. The Citroen gets blown backwards... right over the edge of the cliff road!

Citroen: \$30,000. Plummeting to one's death with not one but two beautiful video queens, priceless!

And so it is that through catastrophic misfortune,, Sir Robin was saved from a near ménage à trois.

The Citroen keeps falling down a 5,000 foot abyss. I have the strange feeling that we are base jumping the car.

Whoa. What caused that explosion up there? I don't know.

We're radiator down, but it's quite different from how I felt in Castanza's falling spirit elevator with that Asian girl, what was her name... Ono, was it?

Oh no, Ladies, we're a-freefalling through space-time. But oh, no worries this time, mon!

One of the Rasta girls turns her flopping dreadlocks to me, smiles, and yells, "If you keep trimming ya hair dis way, you gonna look as fine as ya did... yesterday."

"You mean," I quip like some Hugh Grant, "that I'll still be looking dashing when the undertakers scrape me off the valley floor?"

But now the other Rasta gets all snippy on her friend "Say what? What do you mean, 'as good as you did yesterday?' What the hell were you DOING wit him yesterday? Huh?"

Oh dear, she's become all jealous blustering. I think she's feeling like a 3rd wheel in these, her final seconds of life.

Which is why, during our 5,000 foot plummet, I decide to get some relationship counseling from Mini-Salvador, who, as I said, is very tiny now that he is living in a cavern at the bottom of my belly.

I try to entice him to come out and talk some sense into these two jealous Rasta girls. Before we hit rock bottom.

To lure out the mini-Dali, I use a cheesy wheel I happen to have in my bag that's actually made of Italian Ice.

O Yummy little Dali? Come out, come out wherever you are! Olly Allcomefree!

Finally, the Tiny-yet-Grandiose Salvador reveals Himself. "What? What is it now?!"

I feel like singing one last time: "Hello Dali. Yes hello Dali, it's so nice to have you back...!"

"Naturally! So these ladies are causing you grief BEFORE you die, are they?" he asks rhetorically.

Casually, Dali tosses an image up to the 3 of us. A Genius Image! With an inspiring splash, it lands right across the movie screen inside my visual cortex.

Aaaah, it's pure Salvador madness, this one.

It's an image of a food tray with a rich blue landscape printed upon it... except that the food tray is made of blue carpeting with yellow flecks. Hovering over it is a glowing orb, maybe like a giant radiant protozoon, or some kind of mutant pollen grain.

It's Modern Art, don't you see? Don't you get it?

To Dali's credit, it is very beautifully done and exquisitely composed. Moreover, I believe that this kind of piece is eminently buildable.

"I... shall undertake a small sketch of the installation. Eh, girls? We could work on this together."

Good thing I remember to write down a few of my creative genius ideas, for I tend to forget most of them under all the pressure.

I order the driver to pull us out of our 5,000 ft. freefall. So the driver does exactly that.

I ask him to fly the Citroen Chitty Chitty Bang Bang all the way over to San Francisco. There to visit with some Burning Man Festival people! Artisans, you see, that's what I need. They will know exactly how to build a 30 foot tall installation of mini-Dali's idea.

Well. S.F. is chilly on the willy at this time of year, let me tell you, and my willy has no knob, on top of that. Plus the two Rasta girls are now bored and have decided to ABANDON me while they go off sightseeing by themselves.

Too bad. Their loss. I'm busy tearing around on foot now, wearing a nearly fluorescent fuchsia turtleneck. Of course I have my black business briefcase with me, and the sketch of the glowing- pollen-blue-carpeted-food-tray is safe inside.

I sashay up to what looks like some standard suburban American high school. Will the San Fran artisans I need be in here? [Or would that make them too young?]

Between two of the brick school buildings, I notice that the grass is very overgrown... rather like my own hairy legs I might add. No frog-skin girlie-man, I. Moi, I be a seriously mammalian mon, with fuzzy mammalian leg coverings, mon.

So I hide my hairy briefcase, there among the tall grasses. Then I take a much needed short nap on the shaved—I mean mowed—part of the lawn.

I wake up some time later. And I find that all the rest of the grass around me has been plucked—er, shaved—er, I mean, mowed while I was asleep.

Oh fiddlesticks! My manly briefcase is gone!

I must promptly notify someone in charge about my Dali exhibit conceptual art vision thing. Before it's all too late!

But where would such artisan's offices be? Hmm. I follow my instincts. I find myself prowling around a busy part of San Francisco's Nob Hill.

Nob Hill. How appropriately named for someone like me.

It's an area that I had never visited before. Why am I wearing this stupid fuchsia sweater that's statically clinging upon my back? Didn't plan on any socializing, that's why. I flew into town with those two Rasta girls for artistic business! not for pleasure.

But I too can get distracted so-o-o-o easily...

I go wandering and I end up hanging out with this chap I think I used to know. He's smoking me out in his upstairs apartment. This guy—what's his name—well, in short I'm getting baked with a local whose name I keep forgetting. Did I mention his friends are there too? He's a musician, which seems predictable.

Says he's got a Surprise for us all! So he turns on his recording studio. We start listening to some of his 420 home tapes...

Amazing! They totally remind me of the work I was doing 15 years ago! Just amazing. (which tapes you can check out on the Arrowhead showcase at scorpiocraft.com) Anyway, the vocals on my earliest tapes sounds JUST like this fellow's voice sounds today. It's like a déjà vu tunnel into my younger days, but to an Event that never actually happened.

Now I know who this guy is!

I, the jet set producer, am suddenly face to face with my younger self.

But my younger self looks back at me like he's feeling spooked. He abruptly flies out the door... out to the streets. [What's up with homeboy? I don't remember doing this.]

I chase after my former self, to go look for my street hustler self as it were, to tell him about the uncanny similarity between his work and mine!... but he's fast and it takes a while to track him down.

Finally I catch up. I shout at 'me', at 'my' younger self's back. Then I cough and start to choke from the pot smoke. Damn, why can't I remember this kid's name again...

"Hey you!"

Cold hippie eyes turn around. "Yeah? Whaddya want?"

"I want the key... to the locked castle. To the locked castle in the clouds!"

He pauses. "Sellout!" He smirks down at the cracks in the sidewalk. "Ah. The locked castle in the clouds has roped you in. Yeah, right! Is that the one where some little Asian geisha girl is giving you oral sex every day?"

As if by magic, the younger me disappears. Vanishes.

And as if by magic, the mention of the Asian girl makes her appear next to me. And Ono is giving me the finest head of my life. Ah, what could possibly go wrong?

Instantly, my jealous ex appears down the street. She struts right up to us, all strawberry blonde and brisk.

Now, it's just the three of us, here in a darkened space that looks more and more like an elevator.

Blondie mysteriously begins, "You know, I'd really like to give my Best Friend here a hand..." Looking downwards she adds, "With that..."

I have no idea what the hell she is insinuating. Does she mean that Ono is her Best Friend? Or does it mean that I am her Best Friend (plus benefits)?

Nah. The ex is probably just being archly sarcastic. Oh, sure, she will give that girl a helping hand alright... right into a fucking pine coffin, that's what she means.

"Hi, baby! I just flew in." I try to defuse the tension. "What on earth are you doing here in San Francisco?" I smile pleasantly at my jealous ex.

"Well, funny you should ask," she responds tautly. "I'm just about to drive you and a small group of people up into the misty mountains." She's probably hoping to keep closer tabs on me. Even though she is my ex.

"Is that so? And you're all leaving this very second?" Sounds like the end of my brilliant blow job.

Right now, indeed, she says.

And there is a large foreboding stone building up there just waiting for us. A locked rock'n'roll castle in the sky, one might say. A mix of fortress, plush mansion plus weird monastery, just sitting up there in the San Francisco mists.

My jealous ex drives the bus up steep roads. After the vehicle screeches to an angry halt at the fortress gates, her group of friends pours out the bus door onto the tarmac.

From down the hillside a ways, the fortress's giant front door beckons like Hogwarts. We swarm down toward it.

Ding dong.

Nope. No answer. No one home? The main doors are locked! Can't get in. We're all stuck, baby.

I have a feeling that another Me from another side of Time is behind these doors, and he's quite private and not about to give up the key to any gang of babbling tourists.

Shit. I just knew this would be a wild goose chase.

So I peel away from her annoying friends. "I am off to find us all a back door," I yell.

And through a stroke of precognition or luck, I do find one! There's a back door located at the top of a rather sheer cliff. The rear fortress door has been carved with intricate 3-D shapes which interlock. Like a

mystical puzzle. And the whole thing pantographs outwards, like a child's unfolding paper doily.

In the fog, I pull the pieces out. Then I push the sculpture back in again until its body parts all twist and miraculously fold back to normal. Then I tug repeatedly on the rear door handle.

Nope. It's also locked.

Blast it! A beautiful magical contraption that's utterly useless for getting us inside. Totally predictable, how I wind up on empty handed.

So I start edging back, sneaking around the side of the gray building. But the misty cliff-side is slippery and covered with wet ivy....

And here's a blast of wind! I lose my footing and slip over the edge, blown over the lip of the narrow stone walkway. Down I slide, flailing desperately at the ivy, and failing. Then I spot the rope safety net.

Like Harry Potter or Indy Jones, I manage to grab onto the net.

I finally haul myself all the way back up to the stone walkway. Panting and filthy, I drag myself back to the Gothic Tour Bus, still driven by my angry ex.

Damn. I knew I should have stayed in the elevator with Ono and let her finish her fantastic fellating.

Now look at me. My fuchsia sweater is all pilly and soggy and ruined! I'll have to get out of these wet clothes soon. Of course, the ex might demand some icky sexual shenanigans there in the back seats of the bus. But let's not go there right now.

(Too much information? Not yet! Ha ha! Who knows why the exact same event can provoke so many different reactions? It can make one person's skin crawl, another person's skin tingle with delight, while a 3rd person can't even bother to react.)

I feel like I am waking up... in the backseat of the London limousine once more.

Still sitting next to C-girl who has finished her meditation.

The driver pulls up outside my new loft building and drops me off.

"Bye bye C-girl! What a dream I had! Later!"

My affably obese friend Derek has apparently paid me a visit while I was gone. He has rather thoughtfully moved a white, wooden desk-like object into my space. He left a note stuck to it that says it used to be his, but I can use it now.

I turn it around. I get excited to discover that if I flip the top flap up I can use it as an artist's easel. And I just love artist's easels, don't ya know! So long as they're freebies. Never turn down a freebie.

Aha! I must set about deflowering my new easel!

I pull out a fresh canvas, tighten it between the vises. What to paint? Er, well, why not the scene that is unfurling right in front of me? Why not indeed? It's a lady who is in the process of introducing herself to a new gentleman, right there in our art loft corridor. Two unwitting models... Perfect.

There seems to be immediate chemistry flying between these two today. My paintbrush hand tries to keep up. I am in mid-flight when they both step away around the corner! To prevent me eavesdropping, I suppose.

This is wrecking my entire momentum! Flip! This is most annoying. It's just at the most mysterious point, too.

I hear snippets anyway, tantalizing sentence fragments...

I can't believe it. Hear how the guy's getting, not just her digits, but her house address. Double flip! What the hell could this poseur have said to get THAT far already? They haven't even known each other an hour.

He must be using Magical Incantations and Spells! Argh, how I wish I had access to such magic.

Just then, my own girlfriend materializes at my side. Furiously, she scribbles the name "S-girl" on a desk calendar that she happens to be holding.

[S-girl would be the name of a very gregarious ladyfriend of mine with big fake knockers—a woman that my honey considers quite a Slut.]

I turn back to my palette with a resigned sigh. My Magically Slutty models have slipped away, alas. How can I continue this piece without them?

Through my window, I spy my landlord and his wife approaching, hauling some stuff up the alley on hand trolleys. The woman is dragging a very heavy art project. Interesting timing.

It contains some old artworks that I created, about The Triple P:

- Paganism.
- Porno.
- Possessiveness.

Triple P. Various difficult emotions and issues, you see.

The couple are coming up the driveway now. The woman appears to be sweating profusely from the load. I put my blue paint palette down. I throw the window open and shout out: "Hey, let me bring that up for you!" But no, this landlady wants to do it all by herself. As if to prove that she can learn her own lessons.

I stare bleakly at the half-finished canvas. I feel my creative inspiration for the day drying up.

I need a break. Perhaps I'll go outside and play some acoustic guitar to change up the energy....

Down in Hyde Park, there are two groups of picknicking people on either side of me, both a distance away. Hm. What am I going to play today?

I rip out a major scale, fingers flying up the Gibson neck... until I stop c-c-cold.

Still uninspired. Wondering what note I've even ended on. It feels a bit blue. [Hope this is all not due to blue balls again.]

And it's as if I am wondering about Life. Where have I ended up in my life? What magic do I really have? What magic can I even wield?

One of the nearby kids in the park walks over to check my playing out. He wants me to explain to him the 'My Chemical Romance' single, I don't know why.

Well, it's definitely not my favorite rock song. But I pluck out the melody of the part that goes So long and good night.

"You see," I tell him, "This is the tragic part. Where the beloved girlfriend passes away..."

Who cares. I edge away from the kid. Aw, fuck the world's tragedies. Today I am alive! and I have important places to go after this Hyde Park stroll. I gotta move around this world! Yeah!

I gotta catch that plane out to Vancouver later this afternoon. Gotta hook up with my old friend, the Turkish blues guitarist. A smart chap, too, who was in fact my first collaborator in shamanism...

...Ah, the snowcaps. The brisk air. Now here in Vancouver, I meet my buddy on a tennis court. We're getting ready to have some fun, to play ball. I'm still adjusting my strings when my old homeboy volleys a couple of balls past me. They fly down to the far end of the tennis court.

A bit off balance, I chase awkwardly down the sideline after them.

While running, my eyeballs "zoom in", as it were. Onto these bouncing yellow tennis balls... Then, like a punchline to a couplet, the tennis court grows instantaneous walls!

Inside the Now Indoor tennis court-room, a gaggle of young girls starts gathering around some tall marijuana plants in hydroponic pots. They're tending a whole Canadian harvest of Mother Nature! The girls are lollygagging, waiting for the seeds to ripen, apparently. The seeds are supposed to drop into glass bottles which they have strategically placed around the tennis court surface, beneath the plan flowerts.

It seems like a fiercely boring wait.

"Frankly, ladies, I came here for inspiration and to get a cardio workout with my old buddy. We're out of here!"

So my mate and I leave the hippie pot-growing chicks behind.

We step out of the tennis court building—into some beautiful parklands. We are next to a gurgling river. A river that reminds me of the Hudson river in upstate New York. The air is crisp and clean. The terrain here is equally mountainous and rugged and breath-taking.

Let's go for a jog!

While jogging, my Turkish blues guitar-man and I are joined by a younger, athletic version of Dick Cheney. He soon acts like he's our motherfucking Drill Instructor. How can this be happening?

Dick Cheney and me and my pal continue jogging through the park—through a swinger's area of the park, actually. A few groups of Canadian swingers are out and about, having sex here and there, right on the grassy lawns! Under the trees.

As I pass them I yell, "Hope there's no anthills!"

But we athletes who all have women back home do not have time to dawdle or ogle. We're getting in some real kick ass cardio today.

We head into more heavily wooded areas, past some huge rock formations. (It's really starting to feel like boot camp.)

We have to take longer and longer leaps—leaps of faith as it were—just to keep up with that Major Dick Cheney.

Suddenly, I discover that I have the ability to soar through the air! Without wings! Wow! I can glide! Despite running in these heavy Wel-lies (in case it rains, as it often does up here in Vancouver's rain forest), I can soar effortlessly.

Our final jump is going to be off of a 500 foot rock and I'm not afraid of precipices or falling out of planes without a parachute, as we know. But still: over the edge, by Hugo First.

Dick Cheney leads the way. He glides through the air, as I suppose he is used to doing.

But then something goes very wrong. Did he hit an invisible wall? He stops in mid-air and plummets, face first, from a height of a hundred feet up. Uh oh. I can't see Dick down there. In the leaves, lying under a crumpled pile, he's not moving that I can tell. My buddy and I look at each other,

And give each other high fives! Thank God! Our prayers have been answered! We snicker, then jump after him...

Hey, we're getting good with this soaring thing. We both glide smoothly down to the ground. We proceed to investigate what's left of Dick.

But sadly, that rotten Dickhead is not even hurt!

He picks himself up like he's goddamn Wolverine. He just dusts himself down and we all have to start running again.

Why am I even associating with Dick Cheney? It's making me feel like a 'ho.

But Dick won't let us go. Not until we find "replacements" or "recruits" to take our places...

The jogging puts me into an hypnotic state...the miles pass. Endless miles in time.

What's this? I feel some harsh sun beating down on my face. It's bright enough to wake me up, here in an area of North America that feels familiar: Venice Beach.

Wow, I must have finally escaped from that Dick, Cheney. I must have jogged all the way down here from Vancouver!

I guess I was sleeping in this Venice alleyway. Next to a dumpster. Ew! On a dirty mattress. Yuck! It's a wonder no critters have bitten or stung me during the night.

There's a white adobe wall to my left. A Mexican style bungalow is to my right. It's a nice morning... and I'm a guy waking up 'with wood'. (Probably the aftereffects of running through parklands full of Canadian swingers fucking in full view!)

So I get my horny self down the hill to a gas station there. Maybe there is a stall in the men's room where I can masturbate.

There is... Hallelujah!

I lock the door, close my eyes and pray.

Suddenly I am in the back seat of an unusually spacious limousine which has a metal shark fin welded onto the rooftop. There's no C-girl, but I am sitting with two delightful models.

The one opposite me has slipped her blouse down. My girlfriend, who is sitting next to me, is using her toes to tease the others' nipples. Soon, she feels she can no longer resist. She's gotta get her mouth onto one of those nips.

It's all very playful and mischievous and fun.

Yo, Driver, what city are we in? Who even cares if it's real, or if it's Memorex.

Or was it just the greasy bathroom of an auto body shop?

When I'm done milking the snake, I step out of the stall into the Venice mechanic's shop.

An absolutely gigantic fish is flat on its side in one of the car bays. The mechanic cryptically tells me, "It's going to take 10 years to carve this one up."

"Well ya better get started then, he he he!" I laugh.

I notice a couple of tiny fish slivers have been sliced off the giant carcass so far. But I'll tell you something. In 10 years time, this thing is gonna be R.O.T.T.E.N. As in Johnny. Already it's P.U.!

I hasten downhill, past a corner newspaper booth where I spot an article about Biopunkism. I pick up the paper in question and scan the item.

Meanwhile I overhear a conversation nearby. A prostitute mother is counseling her prostitute daughter. They nervously keep glancing behind me, back up at the gas station.

Mom is giving her daughter some tips. Tips on how to deal with the less-than-tasty aspects of hooking. Perhaps referring to her client who works up at the auto shop, the mother says, "For example, honey: here's what you do when a guy has stinky balls-"

BOOM!

All of us get deafened. Something has backfired...

The station mechanic had apparently exploded the thruster engines of a rocket car he was working on. He's no doubt super embarrassed right now. The street is covered by a toxic cloud of blue smoke.

Quite stinky.

Reminds me of that time when I was waiting in the apartment of I-mon, a collegiate friend of mine, and I am hesitant to report that I had a nasty case of flatulence that day. I cut a particularly juicy one... just as he opened the front door. Oh my. He was very put out; then I was put out—literally!

I was banned from ever coming over to his apartment again. (At least I didn't hurl in his bedroom doorway.)

So, back to the theme of embarrassing 'faux pas': in London again after my trip to the West Coast, I close and lock our loft door. I want to visit a new art gallery located conveniently nearby.

No one else is in the gallery when I arrive.

There is a long, amazing canvas on the floor, just lying there. It hasn't been stretched yet. I am drawn to it. I get down on my hands and knees to examine it.

Crikey! I discover that, at a near microscopic level, this painting has been made of tiny colored dots that blend together. Pointillism, I suppose. Not unlike how a newspaper printing press would have done it.

I stand up. Wow! The amount of labor that must have gone into painting this magnificent creation...

I glance back down. Oh fuck! My elbow must have been smushing the canvas. Now the painting is badly crumpled, and right in the middle, too!

I quickly rule out ironing it flat as an option. Can't risk melting the paint...

Still no gallery owner visible.

I take a deep breath... and bolt the hell out of the gallery! Like someone who leaves a fart hanging in the air, I skedaddle just as fast and unnoticed as I can.

I hasten up the street, past a nearby grammar school. Right past John Lennon and Paul McCartney.

Yes, the two Beatles are standing there, dressed up as Hassids. Beards and all. Funny: I could have sworn that John Lennon was dead. But here

they both are, on the sidewalk, quite alive, on either side of a young lad who looks a bit like I probably did back in 1964..

Rather whimsically, John and Paul are singing in unison to the 3-year old toddler, "Don't be afraid, we are here! Yeah, yeah, yeah! We wanna hold your hand!"

The child's mother adds: "He's very advanced with the umbilical cord, you know."

"Well, you only need 3 chords in life. Maybe that cord's one of them," jokes John.

As I edge away from them, the mummy's comment turns creepy to my ear. I sincerely hope that lad is NOT wandering around with his umbilical cord still attached!

You won't grow up to be very appealing to women if you keep hanging on to that, son.

Oh hell, kid. Do whatever you want. You will anyway. Who am I to judge? You're young, you've no idea yet what crazy lengths people will go to just to seem attractive. To get "selected" by the other gender in the mating game.

In my own life, for example, various dogs have wanted my love and have gone to crazy lengths to prove themselves!... And each time, the dog has morphed into a woman, and then back into a dog again. It's true.

The last time this process happened, I remember quite clearly that the dog was a daschund. And, well, I don't much fancy daschunds. But I remember laying next to it on the carpet that evening when we first became acquainted.

Suddenly, the daschund started growing, growing, growing until it was almost the same size as me!

It started freaking out from its own growth spurt. It was breathing super fast. I sensed it was also afraid of me.

So I held it comfortingly but firmly around the rib cage. It had rows of nipples down its belly, so I knew it was a she-dog.

Slowly the bitch calmed down, and as it did, it morphed into a human.

A strange woman... You see, her legs and torso were still proportionate to those of a daschund! So her hips were located way down next to my ankles.

Thank God she eventually turned back into a regular dog..

All of which made me wonder if I needed to have the optometrist check my eyes to see if I was hallucinating or not. But that's enough babble about the Beatles and dogs and umbilical cords. I've got to hurry and get to the Tube, and head out to Heathrow airport. Philadelphia freedom is calling me back Stateside!

This is why, the next afternoon after a tiring flight, I'm standing in a well lit room with high ceilings in Pennsylvania. The main wall here is in fact entirely made of glass bricks.

It's a Philadelphia music studio. A large programmable synthesizer keyboard awaits to my left. A programmer-keyboardist-DJ remix guy is sitting behind it. He's working for me. He's busy writing new song titles on an LP sleeve, writing right over the old titles.

Those are all the cover songs I asked him to dig up. You know the drill these days. Sample an old title, throw down a drumbox beat on it and off we go.

These little gems I need to hand-deliver to Ludacris. You have heard of him, the rapper from Atlanta? The same.

My life is a rollercoaster, no doubt. One day I'm a big shot producer, next day I feel like a baby Eminem, running dumb errands for an Atlanta gangsta.

Luda's gang—I mean posse—has concocted some moronic plan to fuck up N.Y.C. rapper 50 Cent. Do they listen to this white boy when I warn them over the phone?

"I got a feeling it ain't gonna go down like that." But what can I do? They never listen to the honky.

Nobody is on the roads. Something is gonna go down today, I can feel it. Snow is everywhere. Mostly it is about knee-deep, 2 feet deep. As if it had fallen during a French earthquake.

Determined to remain outdoors, I try to run down a Philadelphia highway. I manage to get around a large snow barricade that has been left behind by the ploughs.

Do I really think I am going to jog all the way from Philly to Atlanta? Aw, hell, why not, I made it from Vancouver all the way to Venice Beach...

I pause to catch my breath between two brick warehouses. It's a dealer's parking lot, filled with his brand new cars. The dealership is of course closed.

There's not much 'snow' on the lot. As it were. Except in the pocket of the one guy who is here besides me.

50 Cent. I see him climbing into the drivers seat of a brand new Land Rover. The dealer's sticker is still on the window.

Impetuously I jump in, shotgun, and catch him hot-wiring the fucking car. Just to remember the good old days, I suppose.

"Hey, Fiddy, wassup? Got some snow tires on?"

50 Cent eyes me funny, then shrugs his New York shoulders. He fires up the rig's engine. Suddenly, we hear cars from the Dirty South Gang squealing their tires into our parking lot. They block off our exit with their jacked up 70's Impalas. Looks like they came to collect their beats in person from me.

Does he aim his glock at them? No, 50 accelerates our Land Rover... right at the corner of one of the brick buildings!

"What the fuck are you doing" I yell. "Oh shit! You're gonna kills us both!"

He crashes the brand new jeep, in slow motion.

The Southern gang witnesses the destruction, peels out and disappears.

Me, I barely hear the impact. I am hitting the headrest in slow motion too and a little distracted by my thigh. It starts to throb from the glove compartment, which has caved in on me from the crash.

But 50 doesn't care. As steam rises from the engine, he literally picks me up and tosses me into the back seat like a rag doll.

"Look, Fiddy, I swear I had NOTHING to do with that shit right there," I plead.

He turns all the way round, like a Pacino version of the Godfather. He grabs my jaw and squeezes it tightly with his hand until I fess up.

"OK, yeah, it's true.. I got some bling along in with the tapes I was supposed to get to Ludacris. It was all supposed to be for Loo-Da!" I beg, in my best sing song voice.

50 is squinting, muttering, trying to check my teeth to see if I got a gold-tooth grille. Checking up on my street credibility, ya know what I'm saying?

I've got a real bad feeling. He's probably gonna cap me any second. And all I can think is, I don't want to die! I don't want to die!

Terror.

Paranoid terror is one feeling that can motivate your mind to bust out of its skull prison and run for its life!

Once upon a time I remember tumbling down a cliff in a different car, right after that terrorist attack on the Mont Blanc tunnel.

Part way down the 5000 foot cliff was a large rocky protrusion. As I passed this outcrop, over the roar of the wind I managed to hear my own voice, echoing back to me off the cliff. I can't explain why I had a French woman's voice, a very sonorous one, too. I was even slinging around some French vocabulary that I no longer remember. Or was it a Rasta woman's voice?

The falling Citroen had bounced off another outcrop, but we kept on plunging to our doom. Not pulling out of the freefall and flying away to San Francisco like I had so clearly ordered!

I was terrified. My teeth chattered as I managed to wriggle clear of that car seat.

I landed at the bottom of the cliff, somehow escaping death.

The car never landed. It just vanished.

Me? I fell right into a Jacuzzi. Both fortunately and surprisingly, the water in the Hot tub broke my fall. I splashed most of the water over a somber ebony woman who was already sitting in it. She had long jet black hair... and a gold grille on her teeth. Next to her in the Jacuzzi was a white armoire. [I don't know if it had previously fallen out of the sky.] Out of boredom perhaps, this woman was using an acetylene torch to cut the armoire in half. Like bisecting a cadaver.

I could see the bright purple arc light flickering down there, cutting, cutting underneath the water line. Wow! I didn't even know those things could operate underwater!

But I could sense something rotten here. This was a suicide place, man!

Any second now, while this crazy bitch was cutting the furniture in half with her acetylene torch, electricity would zap out into the Jacuzzi water. We would both be quick-fried to a crackly crunch!

I had to get the hell out.

So I clambered out of the tub... Just as some other fool climbed in!

Damn. What kind of lunatic would climb into a suicide trap, on purpose?

Anyway, that freefall was old history. Now I'm just trapped in Philadelphia and 50 Cent has taken me hostage. He is driving me all around town in the fucked-up stolen Land Rover, apparently to visit some local friends of his. Fans wave from the streets, pointing at the damaged vehicle.

We get out and head into a brick South Philly house. I tell my kidnaper I gotta pee. He says okay.

On the bathroom sink of the house in question, there's a needle, a spoon, and a vial. Just indiscreetly sitting there. Ugh.

Should I look the other way? No, I better dispose of this needle shit properly, inside that little Clorox bottle that's under the sink. Who the hell lives here and likes to shoot this awful stuff?

I re-emerge from the can to hear a debate going on: 50 Cent and his homie are trying to come up with a better term than 'ho' or 'prostitute'.

They finally settle on the following elegant euphemism: 'a lady of pleasure, and of leisure'. Oh boy. They're so happy with themselves.

"Now, what's the ultimate definition for 'escort girl'?" the homeboy asks.

The two run their mouths for a while. An appropriate question to ponder because the owner of this house is a junkie escort girl.

50 Cent ain't setting me free anytime soon. Back to the ave. More driving 'bout Philly in the back of this crunched, hot-wired SUV. The cops are surley gonna stop us. At least I managed to sneak out the Clorox bottle with the heoin needle in it. It feels like a hot potato. Now I'm gonna do my good deed for the day.

We pass some parkland trees. I slyly roll down the passenger window and pour the bleach out, then toss away the bottle like a litterbug.

"Whatcha doin' there, sucka?" 50 Cent wants to know.

Unfortunately, the bleach lands on some wild geese who were parading down the shoulder of the road.

The geese of course get terribly upset. They can't preen the junkie bleach out of their feathers, because it tastes filthy. It probably burns like hell too...

Oh my frickin' God. What have I done? The birds were just innocent bystanders. What have I done?

50 Cent is looking at me like I'm some kind of hell spawn. I feel just awful for those creatures... at first... although...

Although this balances things out karmically, in a demonic kind of way, for all the times when the innocent bystander has been ME! Times when I was the one getting burned for no good reason.

50 pulls in at a gas station; I see my chance, grab my bag and take off running. The inscrutable rapper shrugs and lets it happen. He better hotwire himself a different car soon!

Out of breath, I hail a taxi, and tell him, "Just get me to the airport!" Forget Luda and Atlanta and the Dirty South. I gotta get back to sanity, back to jolly old England!

Chapter **3**

New chapter

I am back in London town, in a second floor dance studio, watching a group of classical female ballet dancers.

"I am terribly impressed with all their dancing skills," I whisper to the teacher. She glows from my compliment. She feels justifiably proud of her hard-working students.

Just then some hulk barges in. He pulls me away from the teacher. Like a gangster he throws me harshly to the pine floor and drags me, by the collar, out of the dance studio!

He is livid. Once we're through the door he yells: "Get back to work!"

Work? I'd like either to speak or to sing a rebuttal. I'd love to squeeze even a small sound out of my mouth. But I just can't.

In disgust the thug catapults me, through the air, into a different part of the building.

Into a glass and metal museum. I land hard on the concrete floor. The roof is maybe 5 stories up. It's empty and echoic like the Space Shuttle hangar, except, hanging from the ceiling rafters, are huge chrome sculptures. They almost reach the floor. The sculptures are shaped like audio waveforms. Huge songs, hanging sideways. [Like the big hit tunes that I am supposed to keep sculpting for the gangstas, I guess.]

I try in vain to get back upstairs to recruit a couple of classical dancers from the second floor, but the lift must be broken. Probably stranded somewhere in a spinal shaft, deep underground. Like my own Destiny.

So I decide to exit and go for a long walk outside, hoping to drum up some Inspiration.

I pass a semi-detached brick house. It has an M-shaped roof. M for Miracle? Wait a sec: that's my brother's house! I know he's abroad somewhere at the moment.

I wonder why the mailbox flaps to his house are located so high up the brick wall. They're next to his second floor windows. I mean, no postman could possibly reach them without a ladder. I couldn't even reach them by climbing the tree out front. I suppose my brother doesn't want any input these days, even from the likes of me...

I need stronger exercise. I fancy a swim. I head over to the Lido. Got to clear my head.

Instead, the chlorinated water in there leaves my scalp all dry and itching.

At home back at the Biopunk loft, the itching drives me to distraction until I give up altogether on trying to sleep. Instead I get up and decide to go hit the nightlife. I call around to see what my London mates are up to.

It's gotta be almost 3 in the morning. I get through to an old friend of mine who owns a swanky apartment in Highgate. She used to work as an advertising buyer for radio.

"Swing by," she chortles.

In her apartment she has installed a trick wall. It conceals a secret door. I join several of her other friends as we file through the secret wall/door.

Beyond it, several musicians are hanging out, playing. There is a 24/7 music studio inside, you see.

Someone there is looping a rudimentary bass line over a beat. A song is budding, it's almost coming together. I feel something being born in me. I open my mouth, ready to launch into one of the urban raps I've written... but...

Just then I'm teleported, against my will, far out into the countryside. (At least I didn't end up at my Dad's white urban apartment again.)

I land on a dusty boulevard, next to a massive farmer's cart that is drawn by horses and is piled high with produce... One would think this was Vietnam! But it's not.

Somewhere on this cart, amid all the fruits and vegetables, is Jane Fonda. Hanoi Jane. I know it's her just from her voice. She sounds like she's in a terrible rush.

"I simply must get to that mystical site in India!" she proclaims.

A nearby Indian fellow in a turban hears her plea, so he quickly brings the granola queen an offering of more cantaloupes, because obviously she will need lots of cantaloupes on the long road to India! From England.

He heaps them onto the cart. It now looks well stocked for a long caravan trek.

She must be lounging somewhere up there amid the leeks, like she's seated on her Vegetarian Throne.

Hanoi Jane hates rappers. I don't know how or why she managed to teleport me here: she doesn't seem to have any hi-tech gadgets handy.

I walk around to the rear gate of the cart and sit down on it. Now I can better scope out the people inside.

I announce to the sky, "I have an IMPORTANT MESSAGE. Which must be why I have been brought here."

But what is the message? Uh oh. It's probably not in any of my raps or songs. The important message is... where? Oh, of course it has been tattooed onto the skin of the kid who happens to be standing there in front of me.

I rapidly try to decode his tattoos.

Aha, I see. It's a message to Hanoi Jane from the Nepalese-Tibetans. Maybe she won't have to go all the way to India after all.

One of the cart people looks over my shoulder and points out that some of the symbols remind him of the language of the Iroquois (a Native American tribe from upstate NY).

Whatever. I continue trying to read his tattoo, but it uses an unknown alphabet. An alien symbology. Every symbol is followed by an English pronunciation and a long definition next to it. This makes every word take up an entire line. It's quite complicated. I feel like a boat person with a Dick and Jane primer. I wished I could have practiced the whole message first, so I could have delivered it properly!!

It is becoming quite embarrassing. I best slink away quickly. Yeah, to hell with Hanoi Jane. Her whole back-to-nature thing is too much of a drag for me, anyway.

Behind the cart, I spy somebody's parked motorcycle. Yeah! I throw my leg over it, kick-start it and off I go! No need to hotwire anything when someone has so thoughtfully left the keys in the ignition.

No helmet (which is also a nice change) unless the pigs pull me over. I roar recklessly out onto the motorway.

While taking a curve on the M1, I get the creepy impression that the motorcycle is shrinking underneath me.

It IS shrinking! Soon it's no bigger than a moped. I won't be able to keep up this frantic pace in the fast lane much longer!

I do a double take as I pass a motorcycle that has crashed and it seems like a warning for me. [No human victims in this crash site though.] On the divider shoulder, next to the concrete barrier, all the innards of a crashed Triumph 500 have been laid out carefully on the ground next to the frame.

The sequencing of the parts looks like a code. Time shifts to super slow motion as I pass... I guess to ensure that I can witness every single component of a major Triumph, an important code, a spectacular crash.

Back in the big city, finally, I pull up to a curb on my ever-shrinking moped! Soon this bike will be so tiny it will be completely invisible!

In front of me I see folding chairs are being set up for a theater performance, right in the side street. Yo! The performance! I nearly forgot!

I'm going to be late for my performance. I, the ham, am supposed to be in this very theatre show, but as so often in my life, I realize that I have not prepared myself properly.

I kid myself that I have plenty of time before showtime. I will just pop over to the director's nearby hotel and learn my lines.

I sprint upstairs to the 5th floor of the hotel. But the door lock to the director's room is jammed. Of course! Typical. I have to run all the way back downstairs and get the concierge to come back up and help unlock it.

Finally, I am inside the hotel room. I look around for tonight's script.

However, there's a painting of an impresario up on the hotel wall that distracts my attention. It reminds me of a self-portrait I once painted, except that the top hat is just too damn short given the proportions of the face. So, instead of learning lines, I decide to get out my pen and fix the painting. I carefully extend the impresario's top hat upwards. There! Finito. Itlook mwah!

Some furious banging on the door. I hear my parents' voices saying: "Like this, we can maintain our integrity." My parents? Here? Oh NO, not them!

Two snide detectives burst into the director's hotel room where I'm standing, ballpoint in hand. They threaten to take me into custody on the spot.

"You been murdering again, 'ave you, son?"

"What? No, I don't think so, officers. I mean, I don't remember doing any murdering. I was just fixing up this painting."

"Vandalism! That's your only alibi, is it?" sneers the other bobby.

"Well then, obviously you must be guilty!" adds the first. "You just forget all your murders immediately after doing them, do ya?"

No, no, that's not true... Wait a sec. These cops are full of shit! This all sounds like the logic of the Queen of Hearts! What a bunch of crap.

Literally. The coppers let me go to the loo, but I see there's an overload of turds floating in the toilet already. I have to flush three times to make it all go down. Along with any thoughts that I may have that I might still be The Son of God.

Fortunately, the bobbies choose to let me off with a warning, just this one time. After they leave, I stare humbly across the city skyline for several minutes...

The intercom buzzes. The concierge is sending up a famous actress to the director's bedroom. It's Kirsten Dunst, looking for the director. Coming to his bedroom?! Kirsten is of course a wonderful talent and she's cool by me

She knocks on the door, She and I are soon deep in an exciting conversation about my various production projects as we stride briskly through the hotel. (But does she suspect my secret identity as a crusader for justice? I don't think so.)

We stride across the street, through the flung open glass doors of a huge, bustling media office.

We are almost to her cubicle... when it starts to dawn on me that this is Ms. Dunst's workplace. For real. I mean, I don't belong here. Unless I were a temp here, a temporary worker who forgot to come to work today on time? They probably don't want me to be seen hanging out with any of their company celebrities.

On cue, a security guy confronts me. I wonder if he is related to the security guy from the dance studio. He forces me to walk backwards. He marches me all the way back out the lobby doors again.

Damn. It was almost me and Kirsten!

I turn for one last, bitter look inside. The building seems to melt away in front of my eyes, into a range of brown hill tops. I knew it! Her company is nothing more than a multi-dimensional front. In reality it is a desolate landscape containing a resort atop a high hill. A resort called Ein Geffir.

The company boys figure it's the kind of place where Ms. Dunst might enjoy relaxing. Even using my X-ray vision, the resort is mostly hidden from my street-level vantage point...

Actually, the resort used to be Israeli. I have a feeling it's now being run by the French. I can just about make out the edge of a resort pool, way up there on top of the tor.

The corporate boys don't want me around? Well, I don't want them around either. Too bad for those uptight bastards. I start to imagine bombs raining down around the Ein Geffir hilltop resort like it's Guernica, while I make my clever Spiderman getaway.

But I need to focus my energy on my own show. Aw, forget learning all those lines for the theatre show tonight. I'll just wing my part! Ultra spontaneous. Extempo-raneous.

Meanwhile, I am required by the rules of the actor's guild to put in an appearance at a pre-show house party for the theater cast and crew.

It's wierd. Everyone at the house party immediately gets the hots for me! It's very unsettling.

You must understand. This dynamic has NEVER happened to me before.

First up at bat comes a dykey-looking woman: my boss from way back in the day. We hated each other then but at this gathering, after a drink or two, she's all lovey dovey:

"Let's just hug and make up..."

And while she's at, she tries to move in with a big sloppy tongue kiss. Quite disgusting. I try as politely as possible to disentangle myself from her while avoiding a confrontation.

After that, all the other partiers in the room feel that it's their job to try to have a go with me. Both the women... and the men! Not a single one of them is attractive. I am feeling totally turned off.

Out on the patio, one poofter chuckles, "Oi, you are s-s-so lucky. Quite the party hero!" But he keeps inching into my personal space. Much too close for comfort.

Alright, that's it! I have had enough of these people.

I'm going to avoid all this unwanted attention by taking a nap until the actual shooting begins. If the shooting begins, that will mean that either 50 Cent has showed up (as his agent promised) to put a cap in my ass, or that the pseudo-documentary film director is on site.

In a back room I nap; I dream. When I wake up, I'm completely under the bed, entangled in blankets.

I grit my teeth, get up and go outside to rejoin the second wave of the party crowd. It's mostly film actresses now, who all seem to be involved in the HBO movie shoot. No sign of assassins. Phew that's a relief.

Of course, the women are accompanied by a professional dork. (There's always one!) Butt naked, he's standing between the director and myself, completely nonchalant. He's facing away from me. It's hard not to notice that one of his body parts is huge.

It's the ear hole in his head: a hole the size of a ship's porthole. The dork wants to demonstrate some schoolyard stunt for the ladies. He tips his head over.

Out of his ear pours about a gallon of dirty semolina. Just horrifying.

He turns back to face the group of actresses. "So, did it go down yet?" he asks, eagerly, referring to his own erection.

Maybe his drink had been spiked with Viagra? He seems to be trying anything he can to squelch any sexual mood here this evening. Will grossing people out do the trick?

Yes, it will! And just as efficiently as Sadness, or any of those other Sinking Feelings. Like that one night when I was talking with my darling mum, leaning against the railing of a cruise ship. She was musing about wonderful abstractions like "intergalactic harmony". I had glanced away for barely a moment, but when I looked back, my mother had fallen overboard into the waves!

Oh my God... I had no choice but to go dive in after her, to try to rescue her. The ocean was freezing. It made it hard to move, impossible to swim.

I opened my eyes underwater. I could just about make out her shadow, sinking down, down into the gloom, down to Davy Jones' locker.

But enough of that. You see what I did? I've just rid you of any sexual thoughts in your mind, haven't I?

Meantime I will just blow off the whole HBO concept. I have more important things to do. Like playing John Wayne.

* * *

It's a new day. At the moment I am sneaking up the side of an urban hill, on a London city golf course. I am hiding in some hedges like a G.I. After I make sure the coast is clear, I step forth onto the fairway and sprint, out of sight, up the hill.

I bump right into the club lawn care guy. He's cutting the grass with a small push mower. I wonder why I didn't hear the engine approaching? Are my ears clogged up?

"Hello, matey," I greet him. "Why don't they give you a sit-down lawnmower?"

"Cuz the boss is cheap, that's why."

We talk for a while about odds and sods. "I hear there's a lawn care job available in here, is that true?" I inquire innocently enough.

"What, you wanna steal me job?" he snaps. Reluctantly he steers me toward the main building offices.

Inside the main golf club room today a gaggle of artists and muralists has gathered. They are all busy painting, creating new murals. Murals seem to be a popular thing these days. Civic pride and public art and all that.

I sneak up and look closer at their mural abstractions. Lots of gold and sunset colors, mixed in with streaks of dark silver. Some of the tiny shadows in the paintings look like symbols of people. It's all been very cleverly and professionally done.

A doorman loudly interrupts my appreciation. "This club is awash with over-qualified people. We won't be needing your input. The exit door is over here, thank you and good day sir."

Man, I hate getting booted out of places.

Who even needs me and my artistic talents, really? And where on Earth will I find these people?

Later in the evening, I visit a small, gloomy version of that clubhouse lobby, except it's the live-in studio loft of a fellow artist. We talk well into the night.

It turns out that David Bowie used to stay here in this loft, back when he was a student working on art films. I can almost visualize the kind of films he put together. I bet he looked very theatrical in those days. Very low key and serious. Probably would have had dark hair in those films, quite different from the blond Bowie we all recognize.

My fellow artist hands me a champagne glass... and pops a surprise.

"A couple of my mates are taking a private jet out to his friend's dude ranch over in Canada. It's his birthday. How'd you like to tag along? Just for the weekend, you know."

"Brilliant! Whoo-wee!" Never turn down a freebie, as I always say...

What a beautiful blue lake. At his friend's Canadian dude ranch, I survey the gorgeous scenery. My girlfriend would love it here! Wistfully I picture her walking on water, hovering like the Lady of the Lake waiting

to toss me Excalibur, or lifting her palms upwards to face the vast sky, like an Egyptian priestess. I picture her declaring: "We're just waiting for a big angelic bus to take us all away!"

A day later, I am feeling like a kid again! Here's a motorboat all fueled up too!

Check this scene out: I put on a wetsuit and climb into the frigid lake waters, hitching myself to the floatation device. It's not a rubber tube exactly, but it's attached to the stern of the speedboat, so when the captain guns the engine... I take off like a rodeo king.

Whoa! What a total blast!

After a couple of hours of frigid water, I'm beat. I need to dry out and warm up. I go relax on the porch of the ranch. A salmon pink sunset is breaking out across the sky.

A gorgeous blonde girl in her 20s comes up to me, moves the hair out of my eyes and asks, "So... how was it out there?"

I stroke my terrycloth towel. As seductively as I can I answer, "Oh. That water felt so-o refreshing. Like a rough caress across your skin, you know? It just takes your breath away. It's a really exciting feeling. Are you into really exciting feelings?"

She tosses her head back and laughs with gusto. But there's a jealous dude right behind her who gets pissed at me for making her laugh. He rudely ridicules my response.

Whatever! I drift away, over to a muddy corral, where a separate group of visitors have been socializing.

Night falls quickly over this Canadian corral. Suddenly, a game of tag football breaks out. Some big frat guys near me start trampling everyone. It's like a mosh pit has broken out! I try to avoid getting flattened. I also try to avoid impaling my bare hands on the barbed wire that encircles the corral.

"Ouch! Goddamn these over-competitive frat guys!"

I start cursing a blue streak.

Actually, deep down I wouldn't mind joining in their 'manly' game. Except that I am still overprotected from the nocturnal cold. I am wearing way, way, way too many puffy layers of goose down. My parka is huge! I look like the Michelin man himself. But I could compete, I just know it.

How do I know it? Because under all these layers, the knob on my shaft has grown back!

Probably due to the laced cider, everything else on that Canadian night gets kind of hazy in my mind. I remember going back to the main building at some point and talking with a girl there who was blowing bubblegum bubbles. All her bubbles had nipples on them.

A very talented girl, I must admit.

Yes, it all feels like a wonderful dream when you're on a weekend vacation getaway in a foreign land. And it's much more fu—not to mention a big improvement over—avoiding smushed skulls, evading Gorillaman, and saving little girls from mine shafts!

* * * * *

THE END

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