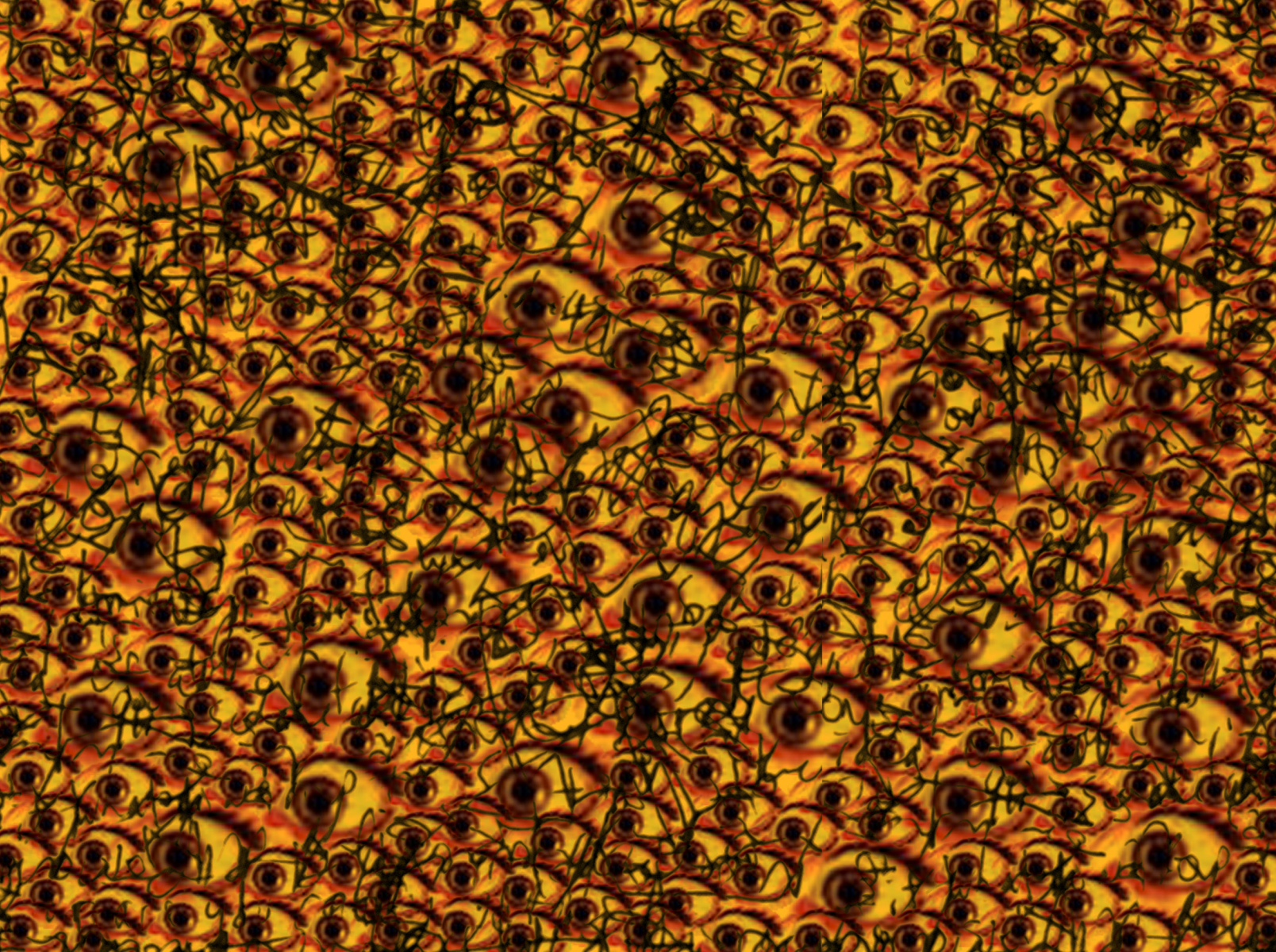


Maniac Box: Twenty-Seven Film Treatments





Maniac Box

Twenty-Seven Film Treatments | C.E. Putnam



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An earlier version of *Maniac Box* was published as a limited edition chapbook in 2001. “The Goodbye Beatnik,” “The Wizard’s Prescription,” “Watching You Screw Me Down,” and “The Duplicators” appeared in POM2 Issue #1. This is the fifth book in a set of six.



For Lux Interior and Poison Ivy, who taught me
to never eat stuff off the sidewalk.

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Back in the year two-thousand, in an attempt to cash in on the retro-movie craze and as a potential buffer against the looming ghoul of financial ruin brought on by the first economic downturn of the 21st century a.k.a. the Internet Bubble, I conceptualized and wrote twenty-seven film treatments along with pre-designed movie posters, marketing campaigns, basic budgets, set designs, in-theatre gimmicks, recommended casting, and radio promotional trailers, and sent them to every major motion picture studio executive I could think of foreign and domestic.

The response was mixed and ranged from the vaguest vapid praise to a no contact order (it wasn't even real blood in that baggie!). I'd heard it all: too frightening! too political! too arty! too violent! too commercial! too sexy! too

plotted! too European! By the way, I don't think "unmakeable" is even a word! But what did I expect from a pack of small-minded crotch gazing dogs who are so focused on "the last big thing" that they are unable to see the undeniable artistic and unlimited profit potential of the totally new cinematic world I had created! As it turned out, I was a fool, and I only have myself to blame for not fully realizing that things really *had* changed. For example, you can't just camp out under the third "O" in the HOLLYWOOD sign and stalk the studio overlords in their plush offices, and asshole-filled luncheonettes, anymore. Eight long hard months working variously as valet, washroom attendant, busboy, and manservant in London, Hong Kong, and Los Angeles will testify to the inability of the traditional methods of breaking into

the movie biz to provide any kind of result, other than public humiliation, jail time, and economic hardship.

I became obsessed, furious, and unbearable to be around due to my constant profanity-filled rants fueled by an endless stream of hackneyed movie releases. I was offering them a ready-made fortune! I had completely re-invented the blockbuster for fucks sake! All the brain-work had been done already. Scene, atmosphere, catch phrases, key dialogue, it's all there. These films will practically make themselves! All they had to do was book the studio lot, hire some hack director and b-list actors and connect the dots, and bingo, start printing the money!

However, a man cannot live inside a maelstrom of self-created rage for long, and thanks to the support and gentle suggestions

of my more than patient family and friends, I abandoned the project and pursued other more rewarding endeavors.

As a wise man once said, “sometimes you just have to wait for all the bastards to die before you can get anything done.” With the state of the movie industry in such clear decline, I believe NOW is the time to make these film treatments available to the general movie loving public and to call out to any young enterprising film makers or studios that have the courage to take on a project with vision, originality, and artistic integrity.

Interested parties may contact me via the Putnam Institute for Space Opera Research.


C.E. Putnam
Singapore, 2012



ENTER

AT YOUR OWN RISK

— MANAGEMENT

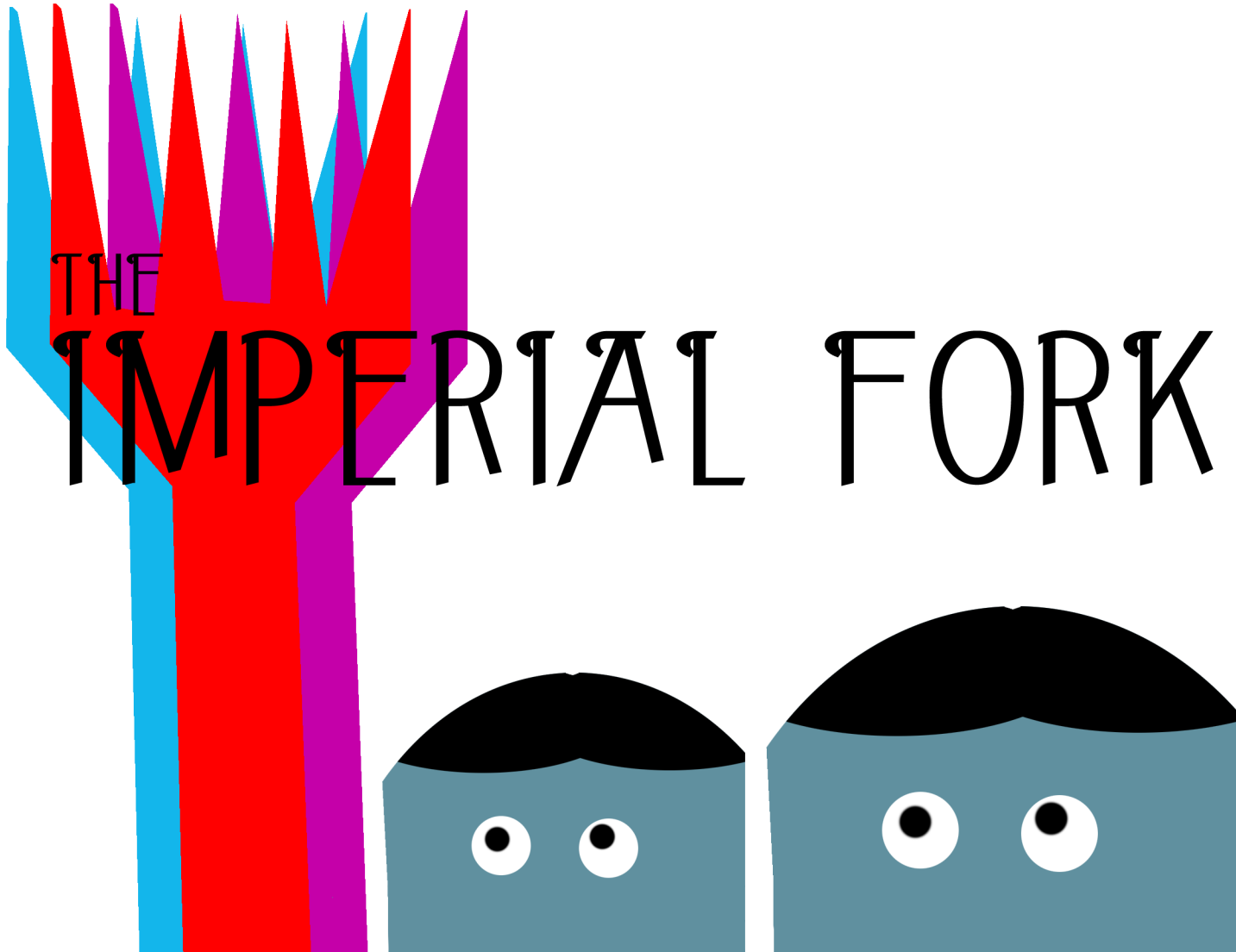
The background of the entire image is a complex, layered collage. It features several faces, some of which are partially obscured or distorted. The color palette is dominated by vibrant reds and blues, with black and white highlights. The overall texture is reminiscent of cracked paint or a shattered surface, creating a sense of depth and visual noise. The faces appear to be looking in various directions, some directly at the viewer, while others are more abstract or partially cut off.

THE SPACEDELIC METHOD AND THE NEW GOLDEN ERA

THE DANGERS OF DRUGS WILL DISCOVER YOU

The Spaceadelic Method and the New Golden Era

Hello wheel! | night—rolling drums | begin with a vessel used for a snake and then
line up seventeen old-style capital “A”s | Crystal, the dangers of drugs will discover
you | all attempts at sky exploded | the platinum roars | she hides them under
her red bandana | boy policemen keep finding Holmes and the rooster babies | sex
severed hands presented as the stereotypes they are | then dropped immediately into
the boiling oil | when they returned she was not the Colonel Sanders they thought |
the pole star fell off the star chart | I don’t think she can take any more new colors
being added to the kaleidoscope tank | groping in the echo chamber’s darkness |
the only new ideas came out of the Ferrari in a series of steamy “Delacroix’s” just like
the guide book foretold | an acceptable feeling of loss | pant theory discounted | I
don’t normally do this kind of thing, but this vortex project sounds pretty interesting—
tell me more | you don’t have to change your current religion or system of beliefs
| deciding on magenta | the Bible comes out when the tongue goes in | why
do things keep happening? | bumpkins the right prescription for photography |
another version of people are motorcycles | must find a way to make them stop |
where is the door? | the world wiped clean so as to shine | crispy skin | hope you
like bugs



THE

IMPERIAL FORK

The Imperial Fork

The Beaver Brothers are famous for the largest Chinese buffet in the Midwest |
cuspid fields | thrusting into the cleft | purple curtains crackle | Yvette spends
what it takes to cure Svenson | double plays | a young man bent into the shape of
a cage | batter flakes | think of the team | it was a great time running away with
her lover when December was still here | still unnaturally attached to the idea of a
“Vampire Night” Merrill helps her high school go after wrought iron | infrequent
but conspicuous hand washing | when the Hoisin is in my blood | Beaver Brother
One is still in bed | camouflaged limbs crawling from every hole | do you have any
idea how much sweet and sour chicken I can eat? | a state of springs | cracked ass
worn booths | a diet craze of gnawing on non-nutritional bark | whatever your
coming of age may have cost you | taking too much, even for Hercules | the magic
he knew was not in the wine | nor gin | spitting up yellow gravy bubbles | come
back to the bookstore | opium fried a golden brown | describe the way from log
cabin to skyscraper | a suspicious clot in the soft-serve machine | look at the pile |
a perfectly good desert table ruined by a maggot infestation | closed | on rising in
the morning have a cup of tea | NO WAR [then louder] NO WAR!

THE
**DEMETER
INCIDENT**



The Demeter Incident

There was once a great civilization with ray guns | heavy smoke rolls out from the tar barrels | No, God created the voice over | the farmer leaves the meadow forever | the dark star curse | everyone in the room will think they are the next victim | moon to squid: if everything goes well you will get eternal life | their first scientific inventions re-recreate the nude implied by all Trans-Siberian expeditions | power still buzzing in that stone age birdbath | confused cat burglars | both Barbaras are fine | the centipede kept paying their rent | dropped TV on toe | the star desecrates a holy site and gets closer to eating an entire sea monster as well as a whole pineapple | gears on the bottles | enough spanking | you are mistaken, I am not the Joan Crawford you think I am | how long can a lone man endure the brutality of fifty worlds (not to mention one world) | mason jars underfoot | subtitles out of sync with their Egyptian counterparts | a silo filled with the most dangerous seeds ever imagined | the large arm we are on is 500 meters wide and sinuous and covered in mutant corn | out of the earth crept humankind's greatest nightmare | who else but Lou Lou the rancher's wife | Hell fueled by Tiffanys prom dresses | humping Bronze Age fish tails | then the tea of forgetfulness | haven't my duties as an archaeologist taken me too far already?

VALLEY OF THE HAZY



Valley of the Hazy

Kitty fires up the boot | Tia invents a revving machine | the wanton countess who became Lord through prayer invites The Stones to be her delivery boys to ward off the Communists | ninety-nine tiny leashes tacked to the barn door | it was a long way down to that appleless bottom and its smoldering smudge pots | re-populate the heap o' heartache with magical make-up effects that momentarily fail the Justice League of America just like how in the book *Moby Dick* the character Captain Leach is very strange | pour the smoke out of the boot and drink | spoiled no more | bouncy! | I feel closest to you when no one can see what I am doing | just try to stand outside of your tongue | couldn't go from here to any other thoughts (including union) | flame painted spoilers | failures within intelligence outlets | the introduction of a darkness—The Dental Nurses | the chopping blade whirring | Keith and Mick's argument over which war she meant when she said post-war | actually meant Gulliver | even the tracers had tracers | stretching fleshy populations | like the low moan of a steam whistle on a locomotive | go to work now? | I'm all alone without your loving | nitrogen packed | one of the greatest dangers is listening to recorded music | memorized all Organ Works: AL-GH | Arthur blacklisted (1953)

SATAN RIDES ALLAMA

Satan Rides a Llama

Jayne falls into her own hands | she shapes her beliefs | realizing the Atom Age
wouldn't die of sexual fulfillment | there is no sour | counting her way down | a
perfect ass with still intact labyrinths | then Tony removes their face-rods and has
sex with fresh "bodies" | the incubus' dreams finally incorporate Anton | reckless
scissoring around the edges of paper dolls | you will waste two hours with a sex artist
who forces your bad news to be printed for a group of ratings junkies | limit your
eyeliner expenses to 30% of total budget | a narrow escape from the clown battalion
with raggedy bowl cuts | laughter in blue light, screams in red | she can't help it |
everything in the house is pink, except the trap door and the stairs going down | in
dreams she paints pictures of her real life—dreaming | saddle sores | developing
butts! is that what you're worried about? | to inflate blow into the tube | look over
there a cloud | mosquito fogging | coming soon: "Mars Boob and the Boat Ride
of the Tri-cornered Goat" | Good n' Plenty | I only wish that the breakout sessions
were more productive | larger than normal ants | destruction of their labyrinths
abolished feelings | the new waistcoat turns to chains and an elm tree | then they
keep finding her decapitated head | then desserts kept falling into her hands

THE GOODBYE BEATNIK



The Goodbye Beatnik

Buon giorno, this is your Donovan | the sexy get mixed up with a consortium to finance the Duke's atomic test blasts that would later give him cancer of the neck | in my pad everything is fine | what exactly do you mean by "earth's crust" | a bongo safari is formed to search for that Mansfield girl | Lord Byron and four lowdowns take a look at the young volcano | destruction (1967) + 10% sodium benzoate | walking and clanking | how did that croaker make it to 1979 | groceries spilling out of the paper bag | Arial takes over the mountain range (there's a mountain!) | I'm sorry | blast the Edison | why won't you come up to my studio and take a look at my paintings? | voiceover: dinosaurs awaken | lava singes the fringe | how exactly are keyholes in more ways than one "alive" | the battle to stay eternally so bad you're sure to set yourself out the year before you realize it | secret university: my son studying the French of the Draculas | the deadly door-to-door | she was watching TV with Billy Carter while looking up prayers in Word Books—scripture to unmask Captain Rio | do you like pizza, do you like to save money | static on the line | Baby, I just can't do this anymore with the heat always on my tail | Pouty does her part to help the hippies avoid a colorful Death



CABLE KNIT DOMINATRIX

**SODA BREAD
HANDCUFFS!**

**I DON'T WANNA BE
YOUR DOG. I WANNA
BE YOUR SHEEP!**

Cable Knit Dominatrix

Trixie grafts a body with her neighbor's features onto the psychology of an astronaut
killed in a 1970's auto accident | syringes—a mad, mad May | eggs from the white
lizard are harvested | I've got a jockey riding for me | hard space rubble clogging
| teens stumble upon a tattered photograph of someone who befriended Earth |
horseshoe horns | the meteor extortion plot goes on | stump lake | the words on
the tablet “forever fucked” confirmed their suspicions | tenants find another secret
stash of Japanese stirrups | fixed to the rafters vision shut the day | soda bread
handcuffs | Sugarbush, I love you so | I don't wanna be your dog, I wanna be your
sheep | a note under driftwood on an ancient rock wall | the milking clip latches
onto his neck, killing him | Euro Buckets Charming | because Mother isn't home
| Frankie is not drilling | folky guitar picking with a disco beat | the American
just wants to return to life as usual | don't get involved with Paul | John escaping
through the ventilator | what is space to the larynx | his arms never left his sides |
a layer of yellowing cream | you will see the same thing if you look out of the same
window day after day why don't you try another window or a door? | now entering
the wool chamber | wave your whip and make it sag


*"...as bleak, futuristic and scary as the last
two desperate banks robbing each other..."*

BANK OF AMERICA

BUBBLE EMPIRE

Bubble Empire

The Souplings are getting madder and madder | a legal battle over who “gets” the moon | 8-life a new compound | odd wart farts | a brief echo of the adventure films of the 1930s that fought the Capitalists and lost | see Ben avoid being caught by planet Earth | a ghost image in the circuit creates nothing | hypnotic cameras | tighten the bolt | the oversexed straight jacket occupant flip-fights a group of supercharged Planet of the Apes fanatics | a transformation problem | In 1973 you could still get the truth? | mush and sausage | not much interest in that | all surplus value went straight up her nose | my basement vault is over one hundred years old | have faith in the giant ape | gold! gold! gold! | erotic couplings filling up with psycho | Shelby takes over the brain beam and answers the pizza girls’ French finishing school questions | dandelion salad | wood paneling set on high | as bleak, futuristic, and scary as the last two desperate banks robbing each other | pop kill pop | the sweet sound of a raincoat factory closing | grooves were the only way to get out | the black stallion | danger! | nothing held Mario’s head on | torso ecstasy | my first crop was also my last | what does that spell | come along ‘lil doggies | either put on these glasses or | this continued until my rescue in 1989

A composite image featuring a close-up of a man's face with a beard and a skull, set against a background of a sunset and a large, glowing, circular object.

WHAT HAPPENS TO WHOLESOME FAMILIES
WHO GRAFT THE BODIES OF AVOWED ZOMBIES
ONTO THE HEADS OF THEIR ANCESTORS?

VINCENT VAN HELSING

Vincent Van Helsing

Wind fresh fire | moody love blood | stars | what happens to wholesome families
who graft the bodies of avowed Zombies onto the heads of their ancestors? | remove
the ring | delighting in her fragrant budding | lunamancy by bouncing pearls onto
fresh water crabs | ambrosia has been crossed | part skin tight, the other part very
loose | a TV countryside | The Man runs on Techno-Vermouth and Vinnie may
have been in *Hot Pistols* '72 but had a wormwood limp | watching sleeping sunflowers
but feeling hair on soft cotton | an expert on international gold gives him credit
| a thirty-third mortgage on the castle | no one “gets” his darkness | your baby
will have a twisted mouth | doctor, the bodies are dripping paint, red paint | Wet
Planet X GO! | taste it | Alf is trapped inside the dream of your renegade robot
hypnotist | a man with a Bluebeard heart | cape flapping | blowing the oxygen
world for the better route | barefoot forest wandering in see-through nightclothes |
yaughtsmen crooning inside neck holes | rising to the surface, silent smoke, an ear |
dim the graveyard lights | the sanitarium barber reaches for the stake | devastating
nuclear teenage peanut dough | creates a strain | meanwhile beautiful Linda
is hypnotized whilst investigating the busty werewolf | the day the earth | hello
dummy | hi how are you?



THE WIZARD'S PRESCRIPTION



The Wizard's Prescription

I have prepared a smile formula from ten-thousand distortions | unfortunately
terrorizing the local rock n' rollers was a way of life in that town | alertness in
laboratory animals | the dream foetus crawls into the corrugated iron shed | the
Wizard puts a cat brain into an angel and has spirit orgasms | The Wiggling Blues
made me twist like crazy | well barbered squares doing it | bonded spirit to flesh
| I extended my hand with the meat cupped in it | the smell at the sink trap at the
old janitor's basin | Yukiko was more valuable—she could get the unknown world
to smash ITSELF up | this is the last sentence you will ever read | Soviet said no
beards | a pan flute whistling the serial killer down the stairs | black fungus cleans
the uterus of dirty blood | obsessively swinging the horned amulet from his pinky
finger | without drugs French kissing his mirrored image lost its slo-mo cosmic thrill
| I decided it's up to things to come in threes | don't force it | shooting stars, blue
and green | super achiever was underlined on pg. 298 | the pill had Snoopy on it
playing a saxophone | hours spent looking straight through my own hand | wine
mulled blood nipped and sucked | some very good magazines have only eight pages
| every dog | the side effects are mild except for the crazies

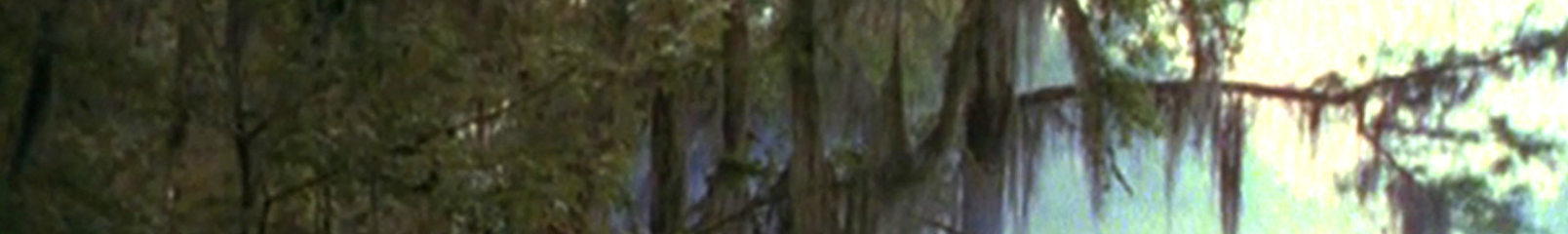
MOOSE JAW ONE

IT'LL CURL YOUR ANTLERS!



Moose Jaw One

1,000,000 eye balls | it began with an unplanned trip to the nature park | it's true,
you do have the ability to shrink | follow the trail of Ed | go world go! | bunny
fun, before the snowshoes | dried corn between her toes | ideas come alive from
both what you say and when you say it | I'm tangled up in a pilot's harness | Carl
accidentally flies into Miska | serial cocaine headaches | dioramic marshlands
| they attack more people than bears and wolves combined | Miska changes her
name to Canada | only one float in the solstice parade | the familiar smell of a
Siberian winter | it'll curl your antlers | the order is given that nothing today will
die | then restless chain smoking | meanwhile from Canada's perspective the Red
River was only one part of the West | Patty keeps the authorities away from the mini
skirt factory | dreaming of pale nipples | seventeen throats cut at the hands of her
treachery | peeping at narcissistic late night butter rubbing | opening cans in the
dark during hunting season | Canada changes her name back to Miska | Ed rules
the world by intimate bookkeeping and this should keep the 30 foot bride of Mickey
Rooney happy | only two fingers left | draw yourself closer to yourself | make out
with murderous weapons kiss kiss | bang bang | dolls whispering "Saskatchewan"
| the only sound



BAYOU ASHRAM

Bayou Ashram

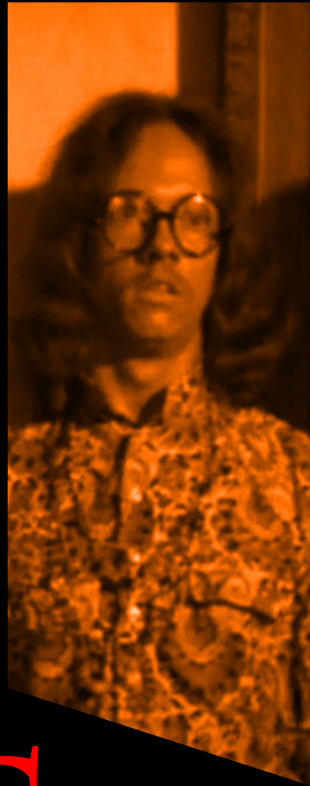
Too much public “om” | sitar, meet banjo | leaving the city in an old school bus
covered with mirrors | levitation becomes the enlightenment standard | we have
no time to waste | a giant insemination man-woman kit | fireside chanting | Ron
manages to accidentally swallow the egg | the love of my life comes across the lake
in a canoe | I want to feel your gumbo claws | swamp grass burns | a little drunk
dancing inside the eye of Clive | remember to use a more stylized light on the vests
| drag races for the turkey baster | spinning within inept indignant nothing | gators
wearing false eyelashes | largemouth bass kissing vanquishes evil in adults | the
swamp rangers and their eight maple bars | I don’t believe in no snake lady | the
very same terrorizes L.A. | fill the air with hurricane air | moonshine in the sweat
shack | stomach hurts why did I do that? | keep the Devil from discussing the
Mississippi river to keep him from turning it into satisfaction | the oar dips the water,
the water dips the oar | jingling the keys to the panther | parties near a nuclear
test lays people down (depresses them) | tendril around the waist | ventriloquist
transference through Wonderland Wafers | the gentle wake of fan boats | visions
stop the worm stone vibrations | Swami speaks in reverse Tin Man programming |
when you see the wild turkeys tonight, do not make a sound



AKA
KINGSNAKE
DYNAMITE

AKA Kingsnake Dynamite

Jack puts his cats inside marauding biker heads | the sheriff had to sit down |
hammer thuds | more valley brain frustrations are scheduled to last through Sunday
night | stand on it | now he could accomplish what he wanted with just the cigar,
he didn't need the whole voodoo ceremony anymore | two thousand snake bites
| hiding out in the cheap hotel area | nail all invisible beings to paper plates |
buried with his motorcycle | all they really wanted was a back-together society |
what they had: strip clubs, beatniks, and a town lunatic | Kitty wasn't a bad girl
| handbag smugglers and sleeping bag glue sniffers | right earth, wrong chicken
| the handyman—his collection—tell him soon | *comme il dit* "trois claques idiot" |
hanging with the scuba crowd | already coiled on the sofa | whether under an
insane asylum or over the earth | these pages indexed from S-Z | nymphomaniac
hairdressers make a play for her just as will the federated states | a 15-foot long
snakeskin hiding under her bed | naughty Spiderweb cowhands | the wonderful
world of auto racing auditions then rehearses the tracks' deceased occupants | gas in
the blood | wheelies out of the grave | backwashing land prospectors | light the
candle at exactly 6:45 and I will be there | a top hat rolling in the wind | Dwight
saves the undead from being dead



THE LUNG HIPPIES

The Lung Hippies

The first obligatory robot converts ideas to micrograms | another autumn day | shivers restore beauty to Eric's hideous shirt | to see it come true—machine guns, stolen thrills | an oral fixation insane asylum and how to overcome your human skin | a stack of blue books keeps her head alive (occupied) | graduated cylinders | M.K. drug experiments to discover a murderer (Montreal) | Lionel Hampton's corpse plays Saturday Night Fever | she turns into a homeless people | inhale LBJ | ecstatic spasms in elastic genie-wear | there was a different universe between each finger | become the chair | living off the land, flying like a plane | the unwashed hand | Ravi's brand new hookah falls into the gravel fire | the bull lung taking another drag | no gas exchange | resist the temptation to put on a friend's hat | paste is not food | come on man, washing machine races after the crop circle | gratuitous flute solo begins here | what Bill of Rights | a man consumed by jealousy of his own heart tears it out before your very eyes | bobbing for pigeon peas | she showed me the shell in her hand, then continued | you can't fight against your own breath | strobe light bosom montage | slowly circle the head forward, sideward, backward | Turkey Pot Pie 285F: 90 min. | exhale Nixon | a backup on the "S" curve | the government doesn't have to actually find any drugs



**THE
PSYCHOPOMP CIRCUMSTANCE**

The Psychopomp Circumstance

Henry could not come out from under the rules set out for him | he drinks a glass of milk over the dead body | he chews holes in his new shoes | he throws goldfish onto rooftops | I will play the carefree reaper at the Renaissance Fayre | business buddies find a ghost to kiss up to the boss | my mind, your blood | butter in a tub, a screwdriver, a frankfurter, half of a pretzel | Father Christmas and the undead Rockettes' foaming gout attack | the split head of Janice | she sleeps with a piece of wedding cake | corpse mouths filled with mustard | she starts sewing a costume for the alien takeover | a gang of volcano obsessed teenagers leave Mexico to find a demented Californian artist in the 1950s | scalp comes off | the Crow Mediator and the Owl Continuum | clone me now, clone me more | the robes alter the words in the scream | castrated horses escort the dead | some things just won't wash off | they transported the corpse across international borders inside a novelty-sized joint of marijuana | whorehouse chicken grit accumulates inside a happy home | you, you, and your DDT | will receive the wrestler by mail C.O.D. | embroidered mushrooms on the hand towels | young toughs go to Crete as Plato did | calling up an old fraternity brother | a final snort of pleasure | Henry slowly began reciting the dead President's answering machine message...my fellow Americans...

ESCAPE
VAN



You
CAN'T SIT DOWN

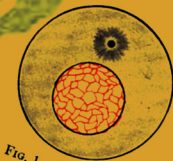
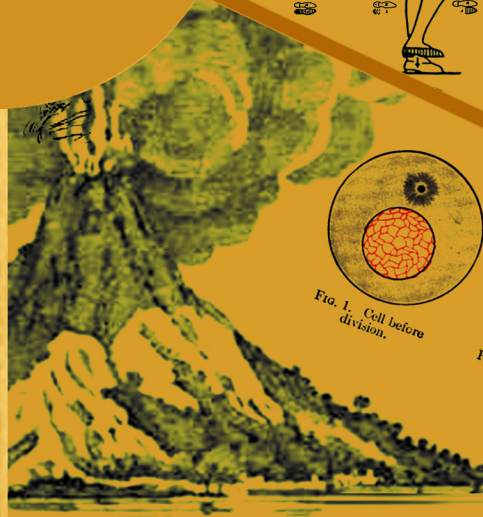


FIG. 1. Cell before division.

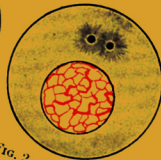


FIG. 2. Division of centrosome.



FIG. 3. Formation of chromosomes.

You Can't Sit Down

In science class a creepy German volcano film | funeral drones | the headmasters wave their carving forks | they saved the woods with ham | that's how babies are made | Californians are miniature people and they fight each other in maid and butler outfits | look what's cooking the world | two pimps win incredible new personalities and a succubus to start a new business | nothing but cornshredders at the Egg Harbor dance competition | a prehistoric scientist produces a meteor shower to show you how to box up a depressing sexual encounter | from H.G. Wells to Genitalia | and a pig | soak the pom poms in gasoline | we can call it a lunar journey | siss BOOM bah | I only eat attractive people | v-neck sweaters and a pack of snugglepups | a hay ride filled with road kill | addicted to communal suckling | loaded pumps and jungle prints | super back super foot bear skin coats | nonstop bleacher stomping | when I returned to the pool house I couldn't get in | school is actually marriage | I've got one hundred and nineteen men and I want one more | *Hot Summer Dave* playing at the abandoned movie house | inappropriate blimp jokes | I lost the key to the causing problems machine | Alexandria uses white pins to see through all of the ages | the genetics game was almost won | every time a bell rings | banana hammock flavor | giant rats thinking of a path



WHITE KNUCKLE RIDE

"I HELPED HER LICK THE STAMPS. THEN ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER!"

White Knuckle Ride

Herf's latest self-help book holds the keys to everything | next time, try leaning your chin upon your hand instead of autoerotic thumb sucking | now is the time to put on your best hitchhiker top | I helped her lick the stamps then one thing let to another | three cheerios and a birth control pill in the backseat ashtray | that's how accident's happen | in the rearview mirror it is April and it begins to unexpectedly snow | the lovers were arguing about Picasso with the chief of police | Operation Minceat: commence criticisms | thirty corkscrew balloons, some typing paper, the white cliffs of Dover | change your statue go wild | crimes against nature committed while in Devonshire, Mike | the Change Engine light comes on | Mad Val's musclemen become jungle girls and discover an OZ-Hell of crypt delving British murder detectives on a speed trip | Hi Fiona! | you'll never make it back alive if you head out on foot | the donut tray toting beaver flaunts its new monocle | the oh sugar cone sugar connection | with increasing speed | tire marks on every guard rail | Brecht, booze, you name it, it's yours | driving blindfolded was his solution to every problem | Mark goes nuts and finally begins to fool himself | Ape call doodly-ah-bah | put it in gear | "The Entertainer" broken by a xylophone | a single ice cream van wanders a grey storm swept beach

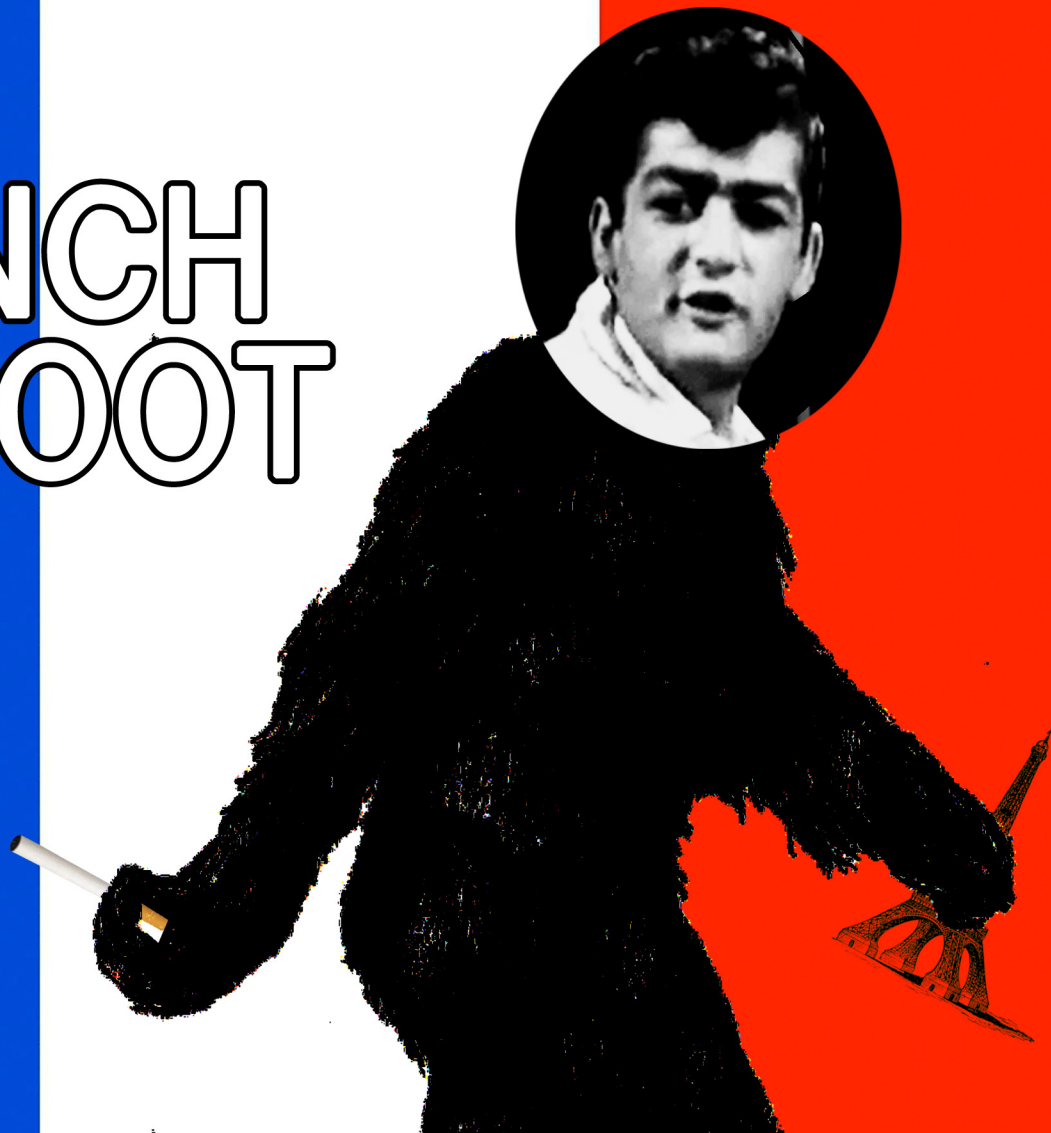


**THE PEAT MOSS
MURDERS**

The Peat Moss Murders

Scotland Yard's 20th century skeleton robots unleash the potential of your bicameral mind | let the games begin | Tonia injects her roommates with germs while they sleep | in the upcountry pub Randi inspires all thirst | moonlit corpses illuminate the moorlands | John inhabits the Golden Bodies and squeaks out a scotch egg | when the boys try it again, look out | his wife is a hearse driver | you are a fucking hack | a Lord that can only love a duck | mushy peas | to teeter and snort | what are the bog's occupants strange new projects? | vacantly licking the men's room sink | we will require protection from the five enemies: fire, flood, drought, famine, and government blended whiskey | Sinbad tries to go a whole day without eating a potato | snaps on leather | quadrupling every instant of pleasure via the split screen | the Inspector catches them in a modern relationship that prefers pulling shotgun fueled bank robberies | Australians in their late model parachute pants and beautiful skin | really fine daydreaming: tube tops and a coat spread out on the bed, who's here? | the germs become worms after breakfast | headbutt sequences come next | a hand disappearing into the muck | hack eh I hack you hack hack more hacking sounds hack hack hack | all inmates must endure the idea of the outside | the best laws keep the North crime free

LE FRENCH BIGFOOT

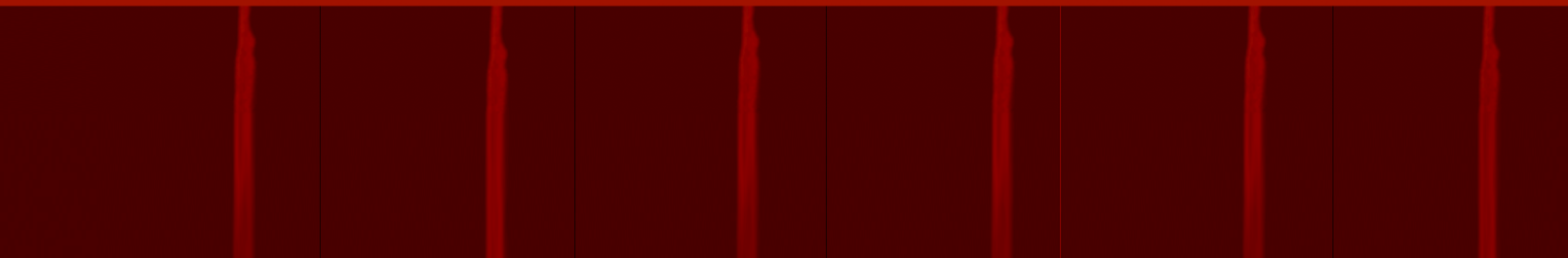


Le French Bigfoot

In the land beyond terror, terror predicts the future | gangsters meet at the red circle
| cigarettes are not the same as books | cracks appear in the Eiffel Tower souvenir
mold | Butcher the Wildboy sends his two dwarf assistants back to le sock shop |
somewhere inside a log cabin in Provance | spellbound by a Swedish psychologist
and her Theremin | Butcher pushes unwillingly into a scaly reptile | dull spears
existence before essence | like that will almost already help | the gang repossesses
Brie then berets | mossy xylophones | to protect aliens from outerspace | an
ocean away, Pernod in the afternoon light | the U.N. soldiers are actually slaves from
the class war and are doing some personal delving by free writing | Ape lust slams
into their crater minds | they lure strippers, Papillion, and a Meridian Man to piece
together the lost Year of the Pig | The Maltese Falcon's neighbor finds me alone in
the hall of mirrors | choked with a striped scarf, red and white | half man half
origami | this did not make a good case for the theory of hiding in plain sight |
they attach coils of its brain to the killers' | a tiny bird shivering in a monstrous palm
| blood that keeps you in shape | the baguette released an ungodly fearful funk |
Santa Claus showers in wine | giant footprints walk out of every smoldering hole



GIRL WITH THE LEG OF GLASS



Girl with a Leg of Glass

You are tuned to Britain's grooviest radio show | Deborah built herself into the
box | Harry discounted the shampoo price | some teenagers still hold permits to
congregate | bloodletting behind all suffering | she hangs up on the kidnappers and
says, "Don't worry they'll call back" | Janet the vampire returns to national astronaut
headquarters | one of each of how much she wants | they are still way too young
to have been on *77 Sunset Strip* | a man lives in her dollhouse | the laboratory door
ajar | was she coming in or going out? | he could barely draw the twenty-six flesh
eaters with it | Earth vs. The Help | my hand passed through her molten core |
Fritz Lang in the kitchen! | artificial vinegar | Love Chunks of Love Death Queen
for him it will impress the rough-shod-inner-Cecil B de-Mille | stock car crackups
sorted by orgasm | it could break at the slightest touch | she wasn't looking at a
German secret weapon after all | worry peels fall to the floor | Alice was behind
the wheel | imagine the surprise of winning the "all-time best turning up murdered
in a van complete with opportunistic sex" award | ivy and white beige carpet made
it seem more real | I'll tell you what they've done | they never called back | the
car began moving at a great rate of speed and she wanted out of the trunk and kept
banging on the hood of the trunk | touch the floor with the toes | wood carpet
wood



CONTAGIOUS

I, Contagious

England has voyeurism | Bela Flamingoes | the rain continues and does not let
up all night | some vacation | needles, what kind of needles? | the mob bosses
shoot all of the livestock dead | a beautiful mute resumes whenever he sees other
people | crunching peppermints | the Vampire Centerfold destroys the family unit
| long afternoons of idle pleasure—that's how it spreads | the Robin Hood bobble
head broke off in her hand | they make love anyway and wither | twisting a flap
of skin counterclockwise | we need troughs of disinfectant and we need them now
| stammering Tor has charge of the herd | reading aloud the endnotes from *Plan
Nine From People in Jesus' Day* | forget all beginnings | monk needles | a face pressed
against the wet hard sand of a winter's beach | jackknifing her knees up to her
breasts | encounter groups without the prospect of primitive sex | sheep still on fire
| the antidote is too big for his head | a tiny hole of light | the futility of energetic
frugging at this stage of the game | several high society people finally feel feelings at
the end of their lifetime | flashbacks include Wes staring through the aquarium wall
| slug kittens sprinkled with salt | as if only one day would be enough for you to
believe | lonesome sea canoeing when everyone else is dead | nobody saw a thing

THE CRYPT TRIPPERS



The Crypt Trippers

Goats are losing their appetite for goat | beautiful day at sea | could pyramids really survive on the ocean floor? | a group of gorgeous and naive archeologist graduate students | Steve falls in love with the zigzags on their robes | the black candles had burned all the way down | in a clinic for that: a scarab that could no longer speak the language of the dead | until chewing on blue lotus blossoms soaked in wine | knowing thy name gives me power over ye | first my mummified cat broke, then my heart broke | you distract the guard while I rub the Rosetta Stone | Tut leaves to find his false teeth and never returns | the shipboard dentist and his mistress remembered Betsy's convoluted promise of sweet revenge | cream tape wound tight around the beast | bottling up the tomb fumes for later use | as for the epic use of beauty in monster science, a beautiful corpse is much better than what I have | the legendary Stan | 11 o' clock—cactus I eat you | foam | City of Landlords | ruuuunnnn! | let's clap along to this song about an almond tree | Assyrian beard fetishists | an atomic storm was the first of many | as well as scrambles | curdling breast flesh | my beautiful air castles crashing down upon me | the underworld gates crash open | the spaceships will not rescue us in time | the last world is a world of sand | we'll have to start over with the mummies that remain



THE GULLY

The Gully

A sky injured pianist | anticipating the dog's every move | the nudist colony wanders into town searching for a lost shuttlecock | the first way is called, Sniggling, or Broggling for Devil Eels, thus | Ron recommends hiding in a nest | the bellboy's erection stopwatch clicking in his pocket | motor left running too | tell your life story to old mother Raleigh's mental ones | the neighbor lady who was a Thai Stick to her nursery school students | animations have the opposite effect on the villagers | soft focus awash in "101 Strings" | the president paints a beautiful picture suspended within fireworks | pig tail lollipops | plant life bait to hook a legendary asset in a promiscuous society | the sheet metal of my bed made a pleasant low booming sound | I had discovered that he was currently reading *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and twice he actually read aloud short passages whose meaning we afterwards debated | crop dusters buzzing | Anita fumes | so the story of the three of them go back to the 20s and mutates | you are on an island auditioning Bigfoots/Snowmen | lost in a world of ferns | after the blast frolicking | quickly rinse out the transplanted organs | dead leaves half covering the deer skeleton | making sweet love in a pollen frosted meadow | the first real day of summer can have no sequel | or entirely filled with spiders | Tod Scorpion breaks into lots of cabins



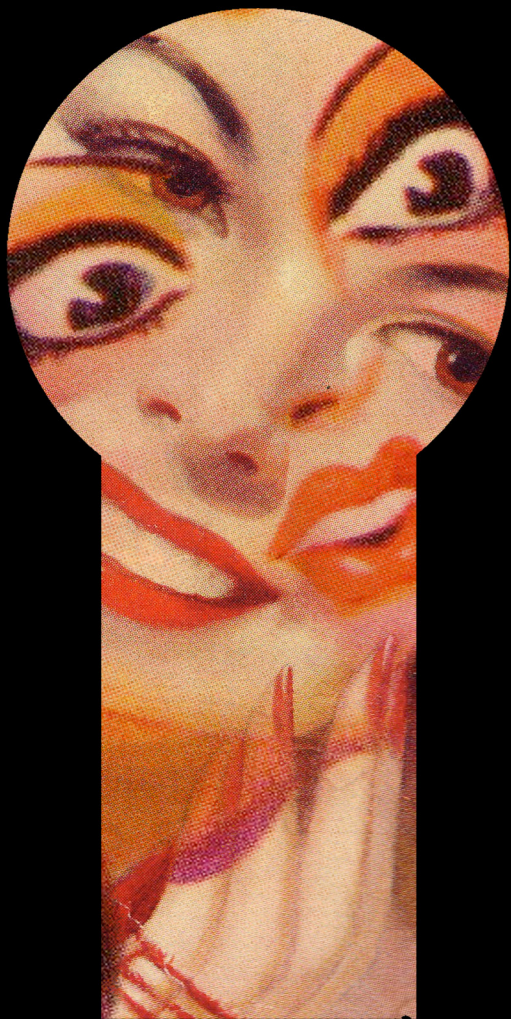
THE DUPLICATORS

THE WOMB NECKLACE TOOK THE PLACE OF ACTUALLY LIVING



The Duplicators

Ted the Prince returns to life while those who try to uncover new forms lose their colorful nerves | green formula—wow! it really works add 8⁰% more of the stuff | listen | the womb necklace took the place of actually living | bodies standing in their resurrected state | they duplicate strange young | whenever reptiles inject themselves into the botanist guards | a red fingernail parts red lips | sequins a-stardust | mirrors re-doubling reality by multiplying the pleasure contained in colorful light | gauzy window dressings ripple | time travelers are boss | space is so deep and wondrous around us tonight | a copy touching itself for the very first time | everywhere bugs and more bugs | losing track in the frenzy whose hands were whose? | an orange suspended staircase | using a Pyrex measuring cup to capture the cloudy drippings | behind the shower door, a blazing star | the supernatural have fantasies that prevent aging | Bond is sentenced to babysit caveman babies | starting to come out through the little holes in the skin | pulling out the mucous flesh | a salmon tattoo peers out from Fannie Ellen's bikini line | the workaday fancy of having the excuse of "car trouble" is more engrossing than her dope fiend cousin scratching on the door all night long | babies return to the village to rescue the milk | Ted is in our lives



**WATCHING
YOU SCREW
ME DOWN**

Watching You Screw Me Down

6,000 drug-crazed gun molls | elevated double chickenwings | Gloria's heels
running through circles of streetlight | outer hull damage convinces the Soviet Space
Saloon Gals to turn against Dracula and the unionized supermarkets | Santo drives
Bruno nuts by applying lotion to her double feature | I cannot take another turn |
throws hot coffee in her face | meanwhile the pins are back in London | feathers
make me lose control | an attempt to colonize on-the-job training with outlandish
costumes | Fujiwara armbar | every watch was a camera that could see what you
were doing all of the time | thirty-four murdered mail carriers | lipstick turns to
juice | camel clutch | it's 2:55 still watching | chained up skeletons reaching for
the saucer | an attempt at world creation while rediscovering his various pasts all the
way back to 1935 | multiple keyhole flirtations | I would have drawn you closer
to me, if only you didn't have so many eyes | sometimes when you say it's across
the street you are really meaning across the lake | inverted three-quarter figure-four
leglock | kegel muscles silhouetted against a dying sun | shape me ropes bend me |
examples used to prove every single point | the night after pure spirit was the order
of the day | the long approach to the surface | 3:28 electric eye blinking | you set
the scene | a citizenry never could

THE DAY THE
WORLD
FOUND
A NEW
WORLD



The Day the World Found a New World

Arthur arrives in a small pasture | symbolic hypnotism is in his Mars | too eager to go to the Highgate Ponds to get a last few things | the time to leave is upon us | there is a crooked tree at the top of the hill | Kimi explains the late charge | on her surface on Venus | grass and tall weeds growing rank | Ed was captured alive by Ben who still had his real life | breakfast at mother's wishes the end-of-the-world might come before the eggs are eaten | the wheat within the wheel | the end-of-the-world has plenty of nudity | clotted Viking kisses | sod roofed log cabins | a world obsessed with its dead brothers | the attachment and attraction between physical bodies grows | the only way to say it was that the water "moved" | planet crawling hand puppets | broken for me | kissable flesh | now re-discovering television (too late) | why extra heads? | rockets in an orange red sky | a timeless, instinctive response to total annihilation | your spacesuit is made of dough | because Kimi had the body of Troy | fish tossed from the banks to the gentry | bread exposed to direct sunlight | figs in a basket | they couldn't remove suffering from the tree without also removing the tree | in the late afternoon, Ben shows Arthur and Kimi new dangerous places to eat | then everything dies | all that was left was the sound of them striking the bamboo tops with their heavy wings



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THE END

