

Filthy Treatise

An authentic insight into the Epoch of  
Magnets and Lasers



"Brother, have you seen the wandering road?

It is, yet leads to more possibilities,  
Reclusive in their borderline presence just beyond the eye  
And your sense of self is now destroyed."

-Aloysius Nimitz

PRELUDE: The End Of An Epoch

This is the story of a funeral,

As I write this, I sit in my room at the Holiday Gardens Motor Lodge in Sucret Indiana. The date is December 31, 1979, and in 5 hours the world as I have known it ---Damn these things they can't go a few extra letters over the line see right there it rerach the limit

Downstairs is Ricky Egerton and his two-tones, performing an elaborate dance and spectacle in the ballroom, if I strain my ear past the noise and alcohol I can just hear them, just make out the New Year's Party going on down there, outside the snow is falling on downtown Sucret and they're all out, yes indeed the freaks of the Midwest have finally come out to play.

5 hours until the clock strikes midnight and we enter a new decade, freaks in the snow will go home, but me I won't be having any of it, I have a date with destiny, and destiny can be a cruel and unforgiving bastard if you give it an inch it will take a mile. This room is artificial and stale, it is the sort of room you would rent for a wedding or on a business trip. I wish I were on either, however my purpose here Tonight is far more sinister, has more to do with my predilection for the space than anything else.

the space between

I didn't do that, the typewriter's keys glide on their own. Can't helpo them. I am in another kind of stupor than the lusher on the bottom floor, I am in a stupor of inescapable knowledge of what this precise moment means for me. I am confined to the present. So bear with me because my mind is tuning in and out, a reflex like when you go to the physician and he taps your knee, you see the leg jkoplft forward-----) and you're reminded of how your body is powered by energy and your motor impulses are irrepressible

So please excuse this, my hands nervously putting away the last of my airline peanuts as I tuck them into my suit for later, if indeed there is a later. Whether or not the legumes are finished will depend upon a few key factors:

- 1) Whether I can relate to you the things I have witnessed in sufficient detail, that you may go out and tell the people what you have seen
- 2) The rapidity with which these tired fingers glide across the keys and how long I can suffer in this heated environment, the floor is blank and the walls are the color of a nursing home, and
- 3) How much longer my mind will remain intact, 5 hours or less.

And you see too that the colors and sounds could divert me from my task. 4 hours for good measure, I might get up and stretch my hands over my head breath the fresh air. Get the fresh air into my system/ because I need it and outside it's approaching 0\* degrees fast, sun is going down over the gas station that services the big rigs coming off the highway, shops downtown are hanging up signs that say they're closed, people are rushing for dinner, h hot pizza for the family.

Hot meals, blank room, there's a glass table and a twin bed and on the glass table, which is a tacks piece of modern furniture, fake plant with nylon leaves and an acrylic stem. We live in an age of sterility, even plants can't bother to water them, and I've seen it all, really have, so don't bother tryin tyo tell me what you've seen because I've seen things would take you

Need to stay up as long as I can but Sucret is as Sucret does and the service

is as lousy as you would expect

we live in an age of So take this to heart, don't dismiss it

forgetfulness, don't fo r g e



Because you know how age goes, age sours a person, makes them less conducive to wonder or awe, will dull the nerves like ether and have the arms blemish and wrinkle. You can't know it until you're there, but there's something elusive about middle age where you become accepting of anything, anything no matter how novel will be accepted. I guess that's what happened to me, I'm the poster child for accepting my situation and not caring.

This is how when I walked through walls I was in a kind of set and could not gaze around and notice that my atomic structure had dematerialized. This was in '70 and I was young then, had not known about the space and would not for sometime. So I shrugged it off as any sane person would and went to join my friends at the local hamburger stand where we would hang out and discuss the local gossip. Once my friend, Warren took a strip of firecrackers and lit them off. He's dead now, another casualty of this country's ceaseless highway expansion program, got to have a swath of interconnected roads everywhere you look, a regular asphalt jungle. Doesn't matter, I accepted those too, walked through them and they weren't there.

It was my gap year in 70 and I was immune from the draft because I had an eyesight problem, couldn't see more than a meter so they wouldn't take me. I even checked with my local recruitment office. Since then the condition has repaired itself, gone away and call it magic or call it the body having a propensity for self-preservation but I made it through my gap year without getting the slip once. Most of my friends did, they're dead now with the exception of Sarah who's married and living in Ohio somewhere and has a family. They seem to be doing good.

I was reminded of this about eight weeks ago when another of these random events happened and I got a letter from her in the mail, she said she had a second child and what with the state my head was in, it took a moment for me to register who it was. It was Sarah, she had been with Gomez our senior year and dumped him on Prom night, and he took a gun and shot himself as a result and she never forgave herself for the incident.

In the parking lot, no less, and there was an Edsel behind him. Say what you will about the Edsel but I bet they never expected that, it was a scene and we were all clustered around it like hungry vultures, and then in the night air, you could feel a kind of presence. This was the first time I felt it, but it wouldn't be the last, it hangs around when something like this happens, and I can say there were at least 8 or other times I've felt it, I could describe it as a cold wind on the back of your shirt collar that you want to go away, but it stays there like icicles.

A practitioner in the space told me that maybe this was a byproduct of the human consciousness, that the mind was like an eggshell and could be peeled down the middle. I was not not one to argue with a wise man.

And this postcard from Sarah also caused me to drift back, and as I did I sat out on the lawn as the cars passed by and I relived every year so that when I came out of it I had relived an entire portion of life, and was reminded with a jolt that it was here and it was now, and I had only eight weeks left to make the journey to Sucret, and clutched the postcard and threw it into the trash, because all my earthly possessions were gone.

And since then I have been cluttered, I would be lying if I told you I haven't looked forward to this day with a kind of sick and twisted anticipation, but I have been reminded of the times I had, just how unlikely it is that I would be born when I was and how against all odds I made it this far, and now it's time to tell you so I can ease my conscience. Ricky Egerton is really killing it tonight.

The man downstairs who had a long cigarette and a bad jacket told me that it was going to be his final concert and that after this we would retire. In that way I suppose me and Ricky have something in common, we're both washed-up and out of date and when you're out of date society locks you away in a

shakes it head



Gomez was strong so if he hadn't done what he did they probably would have sent him out to the Manchurian War and he would have been shot up anyway. Got the easy route out, lucky bastard. Can't say that for all my friends, Jason and Everett had the gas seep in, the Taiwanese toxin, it didn't show any mercy, neither did President Ford

That was '70 and then I learned a few valuable principles. During gap, I completed my entry-level thesis on journalism, knew the potential of the pen and the importance of the reality that we face, the precedence of the written word in American linguistic tradition, must write with wit and irreverence to be called an author of this land.

And all the while it dawned on me that sometimes I would be out making deliveries to earn money and the computer attached to the back of my bike would start making strange noises that seemed to come from my inner ear, and then of course it would dissolve and I would be left on a street that looked like the street I had been on, gliding saliently over the road to freedom, but that if I kept riding I would end up in a place I didn't want to be, and so I would have to wait until the world shifted back.

the space between is calling and there is no avoiding it once it claims you as its own property. As Ferve once said, "there are those in life who make errors and admit they have made an error. Then there are those who convince themselves that their error was, in fact, the intended opath." this would ring true for me. i would not accept

But then, snap back to reality and the crystal cool basslines, and eventually, I learned to control when and where it should happen, got it down to a science like a dog being trained for a new routine, and before long I would ride onto the glaciers and lather myself in their crystals, feel the movement of the old titan beasts as they grazed in the infinite ethnic fields, or chatted in a restaurant without a name over a game I didn't understand but played all the same, fingers on the pieces the same way my fingers are now on these keys and they're moving without me putting in any effort, letting my fingers do the walking and the keys do the talking, yes that's right, oil me up and let me go because this is it, the big push.

It was never about taking advantage of the space but using the space for my work, allowing the residents of the space to feed my curiosity and drive for knowledge, and in the end this was what doomed me to this room at the Sucret Motor Lodge, because nobody can take forever without giving, eventually you're going to find yourself at a dead end and the boogeyman will come to collect and you'll know that nothing in life is free.

It started up slowly at first, eight weeks ago after I got that postcard and I had relived my adolescence, that the headaches began hammering away at the base of my skull right beneath the pineal gland. I know this because I took a course in cranial structure and the pineal gland was one of the chapters and we were expected to know its location, and this was it

Like a parasite the opain moved up to my forehead where it made itself known, and searing pain consumed me, I'd rush down to the drugstore for something to cure what ailed me, ibuprofen and aspirin were no help, and soon I lay back in my home, on the couch, water dripped towel over my forehead to ease the pain, as you can expect uit was no help.

Kept going, and then there were the nosebleeds that always started up without warning, one minute I would be working on something very important for a client and the next my nose would be gushing rivers of gore over the page, ruining a day's work and myself in the process, stuff wads of tissue up my nasal cavity trying to get it to stop and it kept on keeping on.

Like the Broom Lake Tapes, this was how much my nose was on. Like the bodies of the victims they had found recorded on film, this was how my nose was getting to be. So it was a problem, you could say, as all problems are this one was interfering with my ability to do things properly.

Soon abandoned all work, and only spoke on the phone when it was absolutely necessary. And then I realized, it was because



I had been TAKING without GIVING, using like a junkie without any thought given to the fabric of space-time I disrupted whenever I crossed over. And this was when the moment I had been dreading happened.

The man with the hat came to see me at night, and told me about how I had been getting the nosebleeds, and I nodded, he held out his finger and the blood spilled out more and drenched my pillow, my brains were exiting my head faster than I could keep them in. He was sitting casually next to me, arms folded, watching as I squirmed, and then just like that he was out and I was sitting there alone with stained blankets and to top it all off I had to piss. This was the dignity which the authorities on the other side afforded me. So much for hospitality, was about as good as the hospitality in this Motor Lodge where the walls are the color of piss

when you're in the space you

Can't think because everything overwhelms you and it fills your head in a kind of rush, you know the places you can go are without end and the people are from all walks of life just as you are so like everything else that had happened I casually accepted it without remembering the old fundamental principle that matter is energy, all matter is energy and you can't use some of one up without using some of the other.

Now the air is cold and I need to close the window  
And down below Ricky Egerton is bringing his last show to a tremendous halt, a really incredible frenzy, and after that a comedian will come onstage and tell a few jokes and then Ricky will do the same show for a different crowd and then he'll go home and ~~and show~~ 5 cyanide bolts, they'll find him in the morning and every paper in Sucret or within 50 miles of Sucret will run this as their front page story. I know because I looked at the schedule downstairs on the big cardboard cutout of Ricky staring ahead looking at nothing.

The drums are pounding away, his voice is really something, the chimes are ringing and he's on his hit, the one that made him famous and got on the chart for a week before it dropped. I don't know how I know this, but it comes to me in a rush and there's no stopping it, is there?

Tomorrow the floors of the auditorium will be coated in confetti and discarded conical hats, people will have said their last goodbyes and will be sleeping off their tremendous hangovers, taking cold showers to wash away the drunken stupor, and while they'll be in the shower I'll be in the parking lot, having brought the decade to an end along with Ricky. My brains will at last escape the pressure they've been under, which I'm only taking right now because I managed to get a special sedative from a doctor who didn't have a license back in Indianapolis when I stepped off the flight.

I know what will happen to me tomorrow because I read it on the schedule down in the lobby, and the clerk with the bad checkered jacket gave me a funny look when I told him that I wouldn't be taking my bags upstairs with me, to leave them where they were behind the desk.

But 4 hours or so and my fingers are flying at marathon speed so that when the clock chimes twelve and we enter the next epoch my cares and desires will have for the most part been taken care of. The date is December 31, 1979, and they say as they always have that the arrival of the new year is insignificant and that everything will still be the same, but I know that's a lie, and so should you if you have a scrap of honesty left in you.

It is December 31, 1979 and the world is dying as I write this. The walls are vanishing like a magician was in here with me, poof they're gone, look at me, I have nowhere to go. Another dead end, another block of information. An unsolvable puzzle, not everything can be explained academically, some things are intuitive. I know this, 1980 will not come for me. It will come for them, and for you. Not for me.

This is the story of a funeral. Not mine or Ricky Egerton's, but of my formative years, the years when the weight of the world was put onto my shoulders and because I was callous and indifferent I did nothing with it. This is a record for you, for the room service guy, if that happens to be you, or to the casual sopectator who sees this in the dumpster behind the Sucret Lodge and fishes it out before the garbage men come.

This should stand and it will stand, as the pyramids or the cathedral of Notre Dame, because I have willed it into being and it will stand no matter ho how many people rebuke it, take it and do what you will with it. I stand by it, and I sit here and my back is out of alignment but it has nothing on the pain in my head, the throbbing and the pressure, the pulse that never stops and feels like a deadly warning

I had better start before it's too late, before the hour hand counts down. Bel Below me right now there are a lot of people who are unaware of my existence, they're laughing and talking and their voices will also stand as a signal of the here and now, although of course they wonmt be recorded. I have that luxur y, the luxury of being remembered in print.

This is the privelege of the fourth estate and it must be protected at all costs because the space in between is a wild and unrestricted area, and it's always in danger. Keep it safe.

I need to start



so then