

The mark of a rebel sits its life out in such a fashion as to perpetuate its line of livelihood. You can't just join these ranks at anytime in your existence, it's more like a thing which haunts you from a very early stage in life... You know! You're sort of born with it, it's a royal line, a well equipped hut on the outskirts of town, linked by whimsical ties to a knotted society. It will refine itself with age, plagued by mellowing masses, malingering malingerers, molten metaphors and so on.....

(The lip lady mmmmmm,s inserting straws of diet aids ultimate answer in that handy, go anywhere, single meal sachet)

Excuse me.... I mean I don't want interrupt your Tele-movie antics but I was getting into an introductory attitude, so as to give a little insight on a matter at hand. Being that of the rely within and the rebel without.

So many dwell by a well worn path, who could get lost in the first place, everyone tells.. (mixture of mania, fetish, replenish food stock, take all, leaving less in T.Veed bonanza.)

You just couldn't help that drift upstairs... could you!... that place you keep for image repeat,

Now for the sake of my peace of mind, I would like to get on with my story. So try to separate mixed media mind- mine concertinas- and with a force of sullenness (it suites you) attempt to stay first off the rank, no need for socially marking, just read on and leave the rest to me... after all these are my words and it would be a waste of my time if you didn't give them justice. After all I don't want to end up blaming the type writer again, after all is gone, you won't have to read anymore.....

Waking to find that my left arm had died overnight (curious, me thinks) Eye spotted dead arm, and well it looked dead, just hanging...

Yet another diminishing factor, protruding from a some what more alive torso.

The light of early morning sun, through window, fell precise, parallel, opposing slightly loose intertwining through fad furnishings then stepped on my sense sector. My arms circuitries electrify strength patterns fired pins and needle in rapid succession.

(and I'm not doing fancy descriptive heroin imagery, I'm sure we have all slept on our arm, to wake and find it's numb)

Rubbing a dream or two out of my eyes, coffee was imminent and perhaps a shower, that's if I've got any two cent bits lying around.

My days started like this only once every now and then. For starters it was unusual for me to get up with the sun, being of a moon nature and palour. So we might conclude that this day held some amount of difference.

Plugged in the jug, a search through three drawers only to find one two cent piece and a short shower.

Extracting a buttless nerve killer, light red wood to flint, cold coffee rolls in mouth ungelations and disappears to the sound of inner abuse and exhaling smoke perspecting in three dimensions in blue hues, then out the window.

Man wasn't ment to live on camels and cold coffee alone, I thought whilst mouth swilling plague down the sink, mirror check, smile reflect pegs full, gesture thusly sweet.

Back in to kitchen to seat and resume mental canal scandals and have a hot coffee. I wasn't expected till 9.30 so set about getting fired up for the day, man can't live on cold coffee and camels... Besides I couldn't bare the thought of a lone bong.....

Closing the door on leaving, paid rent to the old bag on the way out of the building which housed my tiny abode and those of ten or so other people, mostly piss ridden or of a geriatric nature.

The walk up the street (* limbo stated at 9 eastern standards) time on my side. Passing a dead crow in three Tupperware containers, emitting little bar micro warmth. A dog embarking up a tree a more natural pass time. Waving at a white covered expression motoring by. A traveling person, non-descript really.

Hey guy there wanks, masturbate trendy trouser inside leg measurement- tailor sewn, whose lost- everyone tells. IBM death machine golf ball maniacy- double barreled tape- wall you to be stuck- fucking pool filter outlets- dolphin death- release. Repels notions with synthetic locomotion, it will return in comet form.. No steer course variable valuable relivancies. I watch them inch away into your compromise.

More squared cement ways passing cars caressing in parks of 20 cent automation. The symptoms were blatant indicators of the trail. So something's gone wrong at a deeper level hey!

Sepia viewed conglomerating nodules- tree hung apes- bestiality a prime mover, Preston's erections makers of claustrophobic constructions.

The cities a big place for most.

In fact too big, you can tell by the way they all run around with their tails between their legs or a friends, daughter from their last almost made it marriage.

I had done my normally twenty five minute walk to Jerry's office in twenty. A fact which passed unnoticed by all except for a little tweed coated man selling bruised news opposite the train station and even he didn't seem too perturbed by it.

The door opened, it was the cleaner running late with a scowl on his face which could have deep fried a politician's underwear. He marched off down the stairs to the hum of his trust worthy vacuum cleaner; it had done more for him than his wife could ever imagined.

Jerry hadn't arrived, so I took up by the coffee machine and had a cold coffee, it had been turned off both coffee machine and my palate, still my stomach insisted on more fluid so whose to stop it when it is in such a demanding mood.

There was a distincted difference in the reoccurring whims of sound which would resonate from a rather spiderish bellybutton beneath an over colored, large knit jumper. It was absurd to say the least.

I wandered over these cracks in Jerry's linoleum, past the visitors be seated sebel mono mold chair, leaned over his teak table and reaped cord, socket, consequence to his digital office desk clock, I knew it bugged the shit out of him.

A touch of cool resistance held Jerry's head high, pace steady in the crowd wash of George Street selamat pargi peak hour. The clock face stood Woolworths at bay as he ventured underground. Off white tiling, to town hall commuter sanction centre. The train bulge pulling in, picking up wait watchers..... bulge pushing out..... mole up a hole to the

We pause momentarily; consider brain levels, drain, strain, monumental lapses and organic deviations.

Color poured spasmodically throughout the room, sweet perfume centres sprang room-wise creating the most wonderful sensations...saturate...white, soft, powder, cream orgasm, total mental foreplay to love maker.

The train was packed, blue veiled nunes, girly giggles flaunting bum crack pants, and "would you know if you had it" poster, caring for a big city-GIO life- telefriend and "don't be a dummy" a shot of a teenager with baby tit stuck in mouth and cigarette stuck in dummy.

Hair pricked, sense to heighten, body waiting a delicate perch upon a sensuous fence, tensed yet relaxed to limp anticipation....

Jerry's mind would constantly jump from one side of his dye blond brain to the other, so bare with me...

The train beat two fours and five fours to back textured heavy ever drones.

Jerry turned to a young man at his side "have a limp spat at chat" Jerry thought. "How's things today?"

The kid looked at him and then back out the window, suburban sprawl, his girl, car at the station, job money back on used toilet paper policy, he was where he always wanted and all that... and behind...

Forced....bang, confused meta, iris fade blue to dilating simulated force- synthetic jointed horizons, sucking in a days dirt, fart me to your other side world.

But no this young man we have so chosen out of all the mob loaded here this morning on their merry ways to work, sort of feels safe in his role.

Rather in his than in mine thought Jerry.

Quite frankly I wouldn't want to be in Jerry's either for a number of reasons as yet unbeknownst to you all.

Mind you ...I have no doubt at all that you all would relish in the idea, the number of reasons written, right now on this page... one or two of these reasons.....

In fact I'm confusing myself so much just trying to say that you'll all have to wait a few more chapters before I would let you in on some of the murk from Jerry's past but I couldn't put it quite the way I wanted so, Yes you win as per usual.

About a year ago this un nerving off the cuff incident occurred. A large section of this brief recollection is unavailable as my porta probe, taking a short cut managed to find itself in a car spray yard creating a break in transmission. Eventually I rescued it and managed to get it back on the job.

Are we ready ladies and gents. By the way the backs in transmission will be indicated by a dog of approximately this size, if and when available.
There will be no intermission!
The segment shall now commence...

Jerry took four calls that evening. Three of no wondrous importance, though of some urgency.

“ Fine, why not.... in ten...OK”

A drink with a good looking tootsie would wind well; he had had an exceptionally good day.

Jerry hung up, and then picked the phone up again, pressing out digits to order a taxi.

Ten minutes later the probes playing duck in limbo, the paradise room was milling. The man, thanking the waitress for coffee.. a meager tip, and he was away with his hordy would be blonde. If the goose had barged past any harder Jerry would have straddled the stairs for a dazzling arrival, but he didn't.

Jerry was making a vague attempt at re-arranging his attire with one hand, whilst the other felt the inner flank curve of an ordering waitress, who almost threw the menu... or perhaps.... fossicking for a light for a cigarette he had yet to find... a good nose pick...

Taking his seat by the bar, ordering Greers OVH, straight and not cheap and neither was Jerry. Some people procrastinated at parties and official gatherings of which Jerry never attends.

Politically speaking, Jerry had everything going for himself... he didn't give a Fuck, unquote.

He's Greers arrived along with a rather lean look lady in traditional black and white with pins that hadn't quite put her on the streets. He gave her a low nominational note tip, smiling her familiar smile and off.

By a dog of approximately this size, if and when available....

Jerry in actual time had just arrived at the train's destination and at this very moment is handing the ticket collector an out of date ticket....

She knew she had over stepped the line an instant before Jerry's hand came flat across her face, throwing her backward and sending drink spray to the floor. She regained an elbow stance as trickles of blood simultaneously spasmed their route from nose and a cut made by his ring, just below her left cheekbone. She was shaking...tremor gushes took the mind for a while.

The Paradise patrons started to beat back to chat and drink.

Jerry made modest gestures to the manager, who was bobbing up and down behind two rather large gentlemen bouncers, indicating that the situation was under control.

The woman returned to her seat, noting blood polka dots graphically arranged down the front of a newly purchased blouse. She played around with a handful of kleenex... dabbing at...her wounds with a dry tissue which only made for a red mottling skin effect. She checked the mirror then stormed off to the ladies convenience.

Jerry took a last gulp of Greers, stood up, and made his way out via glass doors to the hum of cover humor...

That's three years ago now....

Jerry in actual time is just passing the little tweed coated man whose head was buried in some literature of lip dribble smut. The little man didn't so much as notice Jerry whom by this time was just turning a corner, disappearing out of sight. His planned appointment with me was quite out of time for someone so into time as Jerry.

It was eleven seventeen AM, Jerry steps into his office reception.

I had smoked half a packet of cigarettes, got the coffee machine to cook, read the boring array of industry mags in the reception area and stapled his personal phone directory pages together in lots of twenty pages. I had also unloaded...high concentrate-no overload insecticide, irate, staining metal, plastic capped, take your time then take a pick, can of fly spray/ room deodorizer into the top left hand draw of his desk.

If unplugging the clock would bug the shit out of him. This would, at least, take care of the bugs once they were out... strange logic!?

These pranks had taken an hour or so, so by the time Jerry arrived at his office I wasn't to be seen.

Jerry arrived.

Over to the coffee machine (which, by the way, I had turned off before leaving) for a cold coffee, he didn't smile...

Now you may be wondering why i did all those nasty practical jokes on poor old Jerry just for, not being on time. Well I'm not going to tell you this time, so just keep on wondering for all I care.

We will leave Jerry for the moment and take a look into another character, whom may, if I feel so inclined, play an important role in the pages to follow.....

Robin the Hood sat by Jerry who was at the wheel of his dark green commadore, eyes peering at the triple image of...Glass window, exterior viewer of rears and of course what's actually there, scurried for a cigarette, glinting as the nervous twitch, left side near eye made for motion.

The Hood could flounder most... those jet black eyes, leotards, belted down curves, the floozy strut to town, on street and strike below. Anxiously over, dubious down, with a cortège of captivative connections.

By the way the Jerry who is at this moment still in his office is also the Jerry driving me around the bend and the hood in the dark green commadore, all except for the fact that the Jerry in the car happened some months ago to the Jerry in the office today.

Robin the Hood and Jerry have been on speaking terms for some years now and obviously it is not too unusual to see that they would occasionally drive in the dark green commadore for a number of reasons, one of which being that they knew each other.

The traffic bottle necked for ten or so minutes. Once thru, crosswords of tree lined streets and stopping, an endeavor to find a park.

Hood unloads from the car stretching legs, tailed by smoke wisps, hitting the town for the night. Three blocks of cross night trite and the Hoods eyes shred back to a more local focus.... up a flight of several carpeted stairs – glass automation motions them forward to be enveloped.... licked.... and shot to the eleventh floor by cubical. An extremely long corridor, not too spaciouly lined by doors with plaques, confronts them.

Displace public management men, identity specialist systems, to corporate policies, transfer file storage, distinctive mayhem. Sitting high above glass – wire mat doors all constant stagnated, oblivious mind trails in business men and investors. More or less a pity for pities sake.

So they turned right and headed for Room 705...

“We have already established that these two are hitting the town for the night but what are they going to hit it for? This is a question to answer. In fact there are a number of questions which might arise out of the last paragraph. For convenience I shall isolate

these questions down to two. Number one being, what are they hitting town for? the other what could possibly be behind that door? oh and just one more why room 705?”

In fact let's leave our dynamic duo and see how Jerry in actual time is taking to his slightly rearranged office. He has turned the coffee machine on at least, at this moment waiting for a hot coffee. The synthetic pong emanating from his office table has made his stomach turn once or twice, he has not as yet isolated the source of the smell, he couldn't believe it was only 9:21 and plugged the clock back in, muttering indecipherable obscenities under his breath, at which time he noticed the empty can of spray in the waste paper basket and his soggy draw. It took a week till he ripped the shit out of his phone book, after the number of a local catering service, he was planning a get together for the business's clientele.

Closing the door on entering, Hood and Jerry left us with an empty corridor not too spaciouly lined by doors with... and so on.

Jerry in actual time has just phoned me, in fact I am picking up the phone right this very word and.... " Listen sorry about not making it this afternoon... arrr this morning" Yeh sure Jerry and I use my arse as a phontisery too... Jerry hung up, I must have stepped on a touchy subject.

Changing channels to capture enhancing rhythms and to escape from the hardcore functions of tele-movie mantics, I put finger to two switches, off goes the box, on goes the disc and music (for those of you beyond it) an unusual noise through true distort band.

Something for the skeptics... Occasionally people all around the place for quite a few years now have mysteriously vanished, sometimes permanently and sometimes to reappear somewhere else. Man teleport Manila to Mexico 1593, good old Mary of Agreda visits some 500 times by teleport. In all, some, eighteen occurrences. Thank you Mister Clarke, I thought.

The sounds radio waved my way, the sound finished replaced by news reader full of...

war draw biers, short blast of military deposed power. blowing away back stopped supplies. Who needs it? Deception front, to update factory years. sitting in a cool backstop position, peering out on a reassured world.

There is nothing like exaggerated deception to keep a lid half passed pupil states. I turned it off the message was clear enough to resist expansion.

I was thinking that half of us feel some form of affinity with this rather schizoid rave whilst the other keep on ranting to a number of diversely different radio beats me, so I turned it back on and thought it time to return to Jerry, At present or at least from where he had hung up on me.

The triple click of the law resonated as the receiver plunged for docking. Jerry took a sweeping gorking gander around his recently de-mobbed office... on leaving he paced his familiar trail... a right turn... the white transit van made tight acceleration, around bend and out of sight.

Jerry noted a burly build behind the wheel.... the flash of paranoia strengthened. He was wondering whether the Hood had any drift on the situation in Melbourne. Five minutes later an entrance was made. Bottle shop red phone, ten, six digits, three tones and then hang up... Hood understood.

Jerry took up by a light post and lite a camel. A mutt of some mixed breed woddled up to attempt a quick bowel release, he kicked at it, you could almost hear the mutts arse tighten as it came to attention and rushed off to try again elsewhere.

The days heat was ominous. Sun caught droplets of perspiration on the hairs of his arm and sparkled. His eyes stalked a flabby arsed peddler and still perhaps five or so minutes till Hood would. The mutt avoided him on it's way back up the footpath, smiling and sniffing..... its head motioning as though it were sitting in the socket of the body on the rear sill of a white H.E. Holden.

The dark green commodore paralleled the curb and Jerry barreled in.

At the wheel and about to beam on the news Hood would shortly disclose to him.

Once told Jerry felt... Well frankly cool, the traffic bottlenecked for ten or more minutes.

Once through, crosswords of lined streets and stopping.

And stop it did! (Now this might confuse a little, but I assure you that satisfaction will be achieved relating to what's happening).

And indeed it did stop, out of my head went Jerry, Hood, Melbourne, office phonebook malice, being on the verge of vice, channel deplode, sectors redirection. Everyone has walked Crown Street at some point in time, Reggios, youth, mind bent and to be bent, tamed, suppressed.

Everyone was sitting around a table in a space which passed as a corridor rather than a room, just left of the kitchen... idle chat about a speed deal and where's Chin, there was this frog glued to the inside bottom of a cup, the drinker laughed a bit. A delicate country stow away blonde sat across and to the right of me. She had a heavy head on ups and downs to handle the suppression of the older boyfriend musician illusion some extra cash on grass. He was directly in front of me, friendly smile, lips suck around teeth in fear of them falling out. A few nights prior he had shown me photo album of delicate blonde naked at the river, handing to me with defiant smirk, like and it's all mine mate. All the time delicate blonde deep in depression hunched on the sofa.

This whole situation didn't exactly warm me to any degree, there was more rolls for delicate blonde than dentures and checking through his pockets making sure he hasn't cash or hash before its off to the laundry.

Took a few sips on my tea, boyfriend offers to show latest stock of drugs, like he did yesterday and the day before and so on. All different all with different spiel, smell, feel, look no taste, sandwich bag.

Someone shuffles through, bewildered little person whose spirit refuses to surface, by the look in his eyes, or per chance it wasn't there to start with. Drugs, take them away and it wouldn't be safe out there, is a strong tie with people in the same shit stream fed by buckets of.

Tea went cold in the cup, bludge a cigarette. Everyone there bar me left for the laundry, finished up the cigarette and away...

It was coming close on 9.30 Thursday night crowd dwindling, I was thinking of the delicate blonde and the shit it involved.

Looking up from the gutter as I approached home territory. Eyes four fold holds, no gesture visually aroused, so it imaged in relief a form in the head, smiling strangers, the person passed by, he radiated energy, it almost sucked you to go over and introduce yourself, I didn't. Past reference channeled forward.

Just one look into her eyes and you were sold on her essences (intentions), yet mortified by the obvious amount of lifed humiliations which turn to an indifference and

an incredibly hardy character. Street wise, guy wise pie in the sky hi and then gone again.

Touching you in every way, filling, filing and inspiring brains canals. Lifting you and you

dreamed it. Eyes beyond Egypt's spirits, the lunar mountains of pigmy valleys, never taking it further than a bow harp and a good pipe.

She could certainly lift one to heights and beyond and that's what Jerry came face to face with, eyes four fold hold.

A line,

a myriad of confused rainbows

denying golden eyes

that come to go

to the hard lined budded beauty

of that pink vacado act that follows.

And he followed. Staking out the web she threw, getting caught, spinning out then in and tension intervention till the flashes of past glories made at a more adolescent age filled to the brim and you burst a canal, repair work, a lot of water, a bit of a flood in the brain. Pulled down to earth he was thinking that it will be right this time because he finally knows the extent of her fiber and can play his little web life out... And to think

some people don't care a dam about fishing. If he lost his surreal the fish gets away.

So a preserving air took him and he kept at it. The paranoia settled back to the back sector and a more inspired attitude.

The air was almost damp with fumes of cars on their way, the gay joints packed to over flow. In the front door, corridor two flights of stairs, key in door and I was home. Well at least not so much home but at the space where we get together and create, it just so happens that a number of us also slept there for economical reasons and the fact that a house is, well, just nothing like a large space.

Image head-wise, people gather in it, make it, break it, create to wonderful sounds, visions for the next generation.

Walking half its length to the kitchen, passing by instruments, some of them very dead,

a very large notice board with three small posters on it, the toilet the shower bay my bed on the floor, the three D clock waterfall on the back of the kitchen door.

Into the kitchen and the graffiti walls stories of drunken advoka red vodka or visits from friends when you're away. In a total mess and of course the great views on the sprawl below. Darlo, the city scape and a touch of water, opera house, bridge top red light, kings cross... panning back again and up to note the top fifteen or so feet of centre point tower. We were three floors up and at the top of the hill.

I turned the heater on and sat down at the typewriter.

My head had been firing double time today so my fingers were itching to get down some of the gunk oozing about up there, opening a couple of canals, off I went...

The face.... of which... by the way I didn't remember... just sort of loomed up and out of the mellowing masses syruring my sides.

eyes four fold holds... no gesture visually aroused so it images in relief a form in the head... smiling strangers
I keep laughing when people catch my glazed gaze
It's funny to us, the best of us that is.
Later to expand, a token acknowledgement will do for now, I thought. Foot free falling from leg of wood to floor.
Feel some radio vibe and... and....

(back to the streets)

Right I thought that's the direction to follow, more squared cement way. Passing cars caressing in parks of twenty cent automation. The symptoms were blatant indications of the trail, so some things gone wrong at a deeper level. the communication system now creates the urge to communicate to absurd lengths of candy coated rope drapes my torso.

The sign appearing to my left flashed comstop messages, I just hung on... the light said red.... no, no,,, now green. I place a delicate step gutter wards to cover the hack which lay sandwich like sole and tar. I walked across fuming yellow-ish lines. They're put there so as to be needed.

Not being used to the pace I manage only to make a medium strip by the red pulse. My physic broods to a halt and the lights in apposing parallel directions take to their suburban security blankets.

Whilst standing I took a different view point

Relations, balance, harmonies, functions to register discredited opiates.

I needed it to help explain the systems.

An immediate, brain, nervous system description took my eye, mind wise that is.