

The Mango Broadcasts

plus

B-Sides
A Carnival in the Underground
& e in 8 parts

by

agent mT

aka

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PREFACE

boomt own

We are living in a b(oom) time. Everybody
has money for everything. T
here is always more than one--lovers socks &
olives. b(oom) time I hear the average fl(ow)
er has more petals. The G
NP is going up. empty space is being
filled b(oo)m town competition makes
cabs go faster industry hiring
highering hi ring hiering the best
the bRIGhtest the most needy need
no more br(ok)en things getting
fix(xed) ~production~ check list d(win)dl
ing down to one thing more B(OOM)M! town
chartered tours of the newest highways eager
trucks getting goods getting going
B(BOO)M! time culture nod extreme rol
lar coaster titanium ride don't dragon your
surroundings boom! aqueducts devi
sed DNA identified science solves tomato
guaranteed red we are living longer
surgery YES BO(OM) town elevator (or)s
going up BOOM!

(high hat) tt-ttt-t-tt-tttt-t

town access immediate BOOM
town right on time BOOM trans(co(o)p)per-(n)(arr)ative
relation of interdependents economic war is the way
to global peace. MO(O)B(OO)M town re-elect your officials ox
ygen is (eve)rywhere all laws are (en)force(d) no one is left out I hear
the average cow produces more milk
BooO(mmm) time target practice everyone
bullets the red BBBB Nothing is work winter
is warm we all do what occurs ~Space sPace spAce spaCe spaceE~
share the electric
hour BOOM! Our borders are secure e(very)thing ta
stes mmmmmm BOOM!town critical voices are charlatans
loneliness is a chemical imbalance BOOM!
time clocks circling overhead it will never end

(itha sbee npro vent hat) aw el lfeda nim
alst ay (slo)n geri nitsc age.

About The Mango Broadcasts & telegraphs from Papaya

These communiques were first broadcast on free radio networks throughout North and South America during the summer of 1998. We picked them up on the now defunct WJMZ, free radio Brooklyn. The voice is believed to be that of Agent mT, a code writer and strategist affiliated with Stunt Team International. Dr. Awing Peece of Harvard Institute for Holistic Political Science, with the help of his staff, translated the code from its original mix of English, Spanish, Arabic and Zulu. "It is likely, however," says Dr. Peece, "That the particular juxtaposition of languages is a central component of the code." These works are understood to be encrypted directives towards disparate bands of militants, activists, intellectuals and agents constructing and defending loopholes in the 1st society. Dr. Peece has conjectured that these broadcasts were connected to insurgencies in France, New York City and the Middle East during the summer and possibly influenced operatives in actions later that year. We have no confirmed information about Papaya, whether a person, group, location, part of the code or literary device. Only days before we were scheduled to go to print, we believed there had been no response from Papaya. However, outside researchers scanning newswires notified our sources about possible telegraph transmissions to a certain address just outside Vienna, Austria. The telegraph below (original in Morse code, combination German, Swahili, Chinese translated by Dr. Peece and staff) turned up in the P-file of cabinet 12 of Agent AMen's headquarters:

Mango to Comrades in the Hills: Papaya Location Undisclosed, 23:17, 8 June 1998

A homily in San Cristobal de las Casas
For two people killed in a grain elevator blast

Abacha on the flight out. Ad confused
with the article. Sour homily to dead Abacha

dictator, executor, sunglass man. People are
giving up their nerves. Convulsing quietly. Vomiting

air. there is nothing here to eat except sarin.
Bellies are full and hungry. Malnourished pinched

nerves. \$6 billion earmarked to reduce demand
for pineapples and sugarcane. Elected officials, state of

disbelief, I am abandoning the path to lead an armed
uprising. Labor activists, journalists, politicians, right

wing revolutionaries, madmen, proto-demagogues. OPERATION
BIG LADY. Our drugs are mangos--have if you have. Demand

disposal. Mangos and papayas deported to New York delicatessens.
Mangos and papayas. Juices that place you in the present

present. Call the consulate. Say a homily for our
fruits. One armed homily more for the green slopes

and the villages that no longer exist. If searched, donate this
wasted information that would exonerate us:

Mangos and papayas, this from Arias, who was there:
"They pushed her into the car and
took her five hours to someone else's
destination. She didn't know where
she was going or when she would arrive.
The true surrender is years far far, years
still tilted. She sang songs with no words and
reduced simultaneously. Her universe collapsed
into a dense taste of mangos and papayas. BIG
LADY BIG LADY. Four hours down a gray road
the wheat rained from the blast. The horizon was
wheat. In all directions wheat far far years still
tilted. BIG LADY BIG LADY. She was born
on the flight out in the wheat and the blood of
the two killed in the blast."

I will send elaborate recipes and cooking instructions when
more sources come forth. A full basket brings many hands.
End broadcast.

Mango Broadcast to Comrades in the Hills: Papaya Location Under Feathers. 23:17, 15 June 1998

The day Bly arrived, he refused to testify.
Two weeks earlier in Havana, he's liberated

Auschwitz ("I can't change my past"). The
Jews, Gypsies and Romans ("it is indeed

a distant past") on both coasts danced in
crescent formations. And soon he'd liberate

Red Beard Barba Roja cornfield maestro
plotting experiments with poisoned apples. Six

hours forward. Six hours back. He'd go so far as
to lay in the fissure of decaying teeth; to lay in

Rodham, Rodham with Red Beard. Fearlessness is
a strategy. Bly wrote the letter, shoved it into his

pocket, a spectacular two-fingered maneuver. Savior.
The letter I'm told broadcasts the demons in the towers.

The day Bly arrived he aided the assault on black-
jacked grail-tongued dealers with thumb gestures

more artful than the last (transference is new creation).
Political trends imitated (read: explored) his and

Jackson's complicity in the company of GM (corporate
subterfuge: He's funded by both sides). He reeled

the footage of his arrival before the train whistle
aired (future forecast as past) until the doubts were

stilled. (Yes, he was living on all planes. "Awareness is
knowledge"--cross country graffiti campaign for the sub-

conscious. Logo as yet unidentified.) He was the great
liberator. I repeat: He was the great liberator.

Now, amid searing reports of the disease he carried--
created they charge--he still refuses to testify.

And so the quarantine has begun. Comrades,
collect anecdotes. The campfire is near.

End broadcast.

Papaya Telegraph to Comrades in the Cities: Mango Location on Main, 19 June 1998

Intention diverted; she refused to hold the plane. Evidence of insects collecting in Frankfurt. Stop.

(Reject reality as being "merely" random.) All voices here are recorded; script replacing instinct. Severed foot still wet from hairdresser mist.

(Day of signs, premonitions, possible higher cognition). I am attempting to rise. First

memory: the post-apocalyptic green distance of Iceland. Were we breathing air? 108 stories. Yes.

Comrades, the fasting has begun. "What was expected, will not happen now." Stop.

Mango to Comrades in the Hills: Papaya Near Arc, 23:17, 22 June 1998

Far from Lacondon, Bear found the sacred text
("This is not a chapel") and Ruiz convened the

solstice one day early. The other men were paid
by the ton of rock moved. 10 tons. 30 tons. Sisyphus

is deity of wealth in these parts. Smith--their
lawyer--planned the ambush on Big Lady on

a dirt road near the flatlands. The impasse that
followed sent neutrinos (theory proved fact) through

six trillion miles of lead, their tom tom mass detected.
Bear wrestled Planck but consumption passed through

his chest. His life reduced (truth becom myth). Witnesses
sold stock to the public and Planck became care-

taker, maker Godsell cash-in boogey-man of Precinct
7-5. Reporters who wrote, "Resist the windfall," met the

same fate as the squeegee men. First edict: gain access to
tools of resistance, live clandestinely with microscopes.

Now, to recount (silence does not mean you are alone): When
Bear found the sacred text, he was with the idle young

men at Durban Roodeport Deep drinking sorghum
beer waiting for the solstice. A clay oven in the corner

disguised the chapel as a bakery. (I suspect parishioners
knead dough during service.) "To educate is to lead

outside," he said. Then he hired the son of the father
who died on the job (human interference in the market).

Comrades, the synagogue will not open for another fifty
years. Rape will continue in the rumble seat.

Passengers forewarned: Open borders increase
suspicion. Be vigilant.

End Broadcast.

Mango to Comrades in the Hills: Papaya Nearing White Blue Zone, 23:17, 11 July 1998

Evidence collected so far:

"As soon as you leave, you must pay." Inside, Global Financial systems have oily stomach. In the street, upset stomach is there.

Hong Kong Bank go boom. Amen-wallahs sell flowers to PR "border patrol"--waiters in disguise say "We need

customers and they need us." Middle class people are suddenly poor. Pine Tar up to 1--FF on the Seine. Surgery

counts as heavy narcotic dosage. Psychoanalysts soon to tap desire for further incisions. With Abiola gone, the recession

will last throughout the year. People on the mainland will continue to flee for the islands. Disneyland on fire. Screenwriter task force

to produce eponymous feature film. Subject of philo-arson debate. "People here are treated like mushrooms." Strikes in New York. Strikes

in Paris. Unknown networks connecting cities delivering lunches. Identity stripped of surname to ensure loyalty to the state; now means

to invade the intergalactic database. "When coins fall, pull the knob gently." Lire 4 by 500. Lo Hoi reports from inside box wallahs circular

steel canisters: "Pleasure is the release of tension." Trivial historical data soon to gain in consequence. Eyewitness premonitions recorded

on beta carotene say "dinner is in fact a political act." Of last things: "Ask nothing from anyone and things will be given." New courses

teach ISBN multicolored code. I begin to waver in my suspicion that everyone here is part of a fiction. Access has broken cycle of

petty addictions. What remains are images of consummation. Will new convictions rise?

End broadcast.

Mango to Comrades in the Hills: Papaya on Little Hand, 11:17, 22 August 1998

In final days of Interregnum, B. could not refuse to testify.
Orange, who was there, smuggled out blue transcript on his skin:

-----Havel's heart rose to 200 beats a minute, mainlining lanoxin
to get a grip. I dunked his head in a bucket of ice water.

"Squeeze and pull the pin," I said. Meanwhile, Maris fights
for his life. Air strikes in Sudan. Completion through removal.

Interminable rebellions in vast eastern hinterlands. Kisangani
flashpoints of uprising. Congolese rebels drink coffee refills, munch

grilled cheese sandwiches in Kinshasa silver bullet diner. On
condition of anonymity, I gave fleeting imitation of the end of the

world. "Gather your artifices," I said, "You should feel secretly,
"Only I can do this." Revolutionaries want better jobs. Later,

we excavate. In New York, actors horde ammunition, looking for
a cause. Bombing decisions to be made in bel canto tradition by large

thick-limbed women of Seattle. M. Kavia, clutz ambassador cor-
nered by Tutsi relives a well-rehearsed drama. No planes means no

air force. Stockpile Bernays-based ratatouille. "There's a shortage
of available utopias. Everyone craves a life that cannot be sustained."

The jammed hydro dams darkened the city. Kinshasa fell silent. "And
I will raise my hand to the nighttime sky." Psychic sleights of hand hide

the new fission. "Only I can do this." Fumigation, DNA gels, PR per-
formance enhancing drugs. Wanted: models for writer. To own is not

to possess. I pressured Congress with Petrarchan sonnets and at last
succeeded. A bill passed that banned the FBI director from writing memos.

His last words in TO DO basket: "After fall of Kinshasa, you could taste
the world economy in the nectar of tangerines." The hour of pleasure

sounds. No charge on refills. Journalists are fabricating more than their
sources. Truth is no longer a cornerstone of fact. Exposed, the radical

idea becomes convention." -----Comrades, check expiration dates. Do
not deny it; it will arrive. That said, it is here. According to O's transcript

B's last words before the court: "The rebels left waitress 20 cents.
In my wretched heart along, her beauty blooms." End broadcast.

Papaya Telegraph to Comrades in the Cities: Empty Mailbox, August 4, June 1998

grrrr...
three stooges testify under excrement she
smeared--and anticipate
the club's clearing (a hoax)
Under oath, she
reaches for a name
this, the thick way--
the outburst being hers
(I anticipate her being unnamed)
things ruling inventing--
"undertake me" told (clause) and
green days in jail lie ahead
(jail in days)
dental problems, island travel, oak tree disgrace
"I've long known of someplace seasick inside"
nasty spills, radioactive guide to a
flux of state
She committed insanity
the impact precludes an oath
(I anticipate her being unnamed)
Tradewinds, testimony, she is an outburst
the outburst being her, a
Memory. Some new
memory.

[Postscript: Mango Broadcasts: Mixed media text collage, outsourced from Herald Tribune, Baudelaire, notebooks, street signs, conversations with gods and natives, etc]

Composition: Bookcase, or, How to Write an Autobiography

Blindly select a book from your bookcase. Remove all bookmarks and inserts--anything that might lead you to one page over another. Close your eyes and flip through the book like a deck of cards. Open to a page. In your head, left or right? Open your eyes and read the chosen page. Select the passage of your choice. Type it in. Repeat process. (p.s. cheat at every step)

On The Politics of Poetry: Questions at an Unexpected Impasse

The politics of poetry. The poetry of politics. Can poetry influence politics? Can poetry put you in jail? Get you out of jail? Is poetry a jail? Is jail a poem? Can poetry bulldoze the highways? Can the highways bulldoze poems? Has anyone asked? Has anyone studied the impact of bulldozers on poetry? Is poetry transparent, made of glass, of stone, of paper, plastic, pine, notes of an organ, panda bear? Can you deliver poetry to houses that call? Will politicians write bills to zone poetry for parking lots? Will parking lots for poems be in the front or back of poem buildings? Will poem people in the poem buildings eat croquettes of poem mousse at noon? Who holds the spoon? Will scientists invent the edible poem if given money for research by the corporation of globalistic wide land air space world? Will edible poems be patented? Exploited? Corporate ownership of parts of speech—adverbs, accents, the Em Dash? Will edible prose be outlawed in the country through the lobbying efforts of edible poets who want monopoly of the profits? Will people grow edible prose in their basement? Will police raid the basements of growers edible prose? Will these people be jailed and charged with harvesting edible prose and sale to undercover prose cops called pops? Will the pops seize the edible prose, eat some in their basements, sell some to prose addicts and leave some to turn in like honest pops? Will the edible prose prisoners be branded, with poems on their asses, stripped naked and told to cough to check for rolled scrolls stuffed up their anuses? Will they be stuffed in cells and sleep on floors marinated with urine and tuna fish sandwiches? Will they drink the kool aid that keeps them from getting the erection that would make them fuck other edible prose prisoners? Will they be let out on bond? Will edible prose prisoners do it again as soon as they are free? Will they unstuff their asses and feed the machine in their basements and keep the machine damp and dark and will the edible prose addicts continue to eat and sell their words? And will the makers of edible poems make edible poems about edible prose and sell those edible poems for profit while edible prose prisoners languish in jail? Who will champion those who are defiled? Who will mock the mockery? Who will write the edible poems that expose the charade and free the edible prosaists and end the black market edible prose police government complex that secretly oppresses us?

Essay first delivered to a forum of Police & Security Officers and detainees at New Orleans Parish Prison, published in NOIP, 1997, New Orleans

When the waters receded
I traveled
high monoxide hour
I saw the architects
construction men, and
terrorists
wrecking and rebuilding
what was already there

2000 years!

10 stories and no resolution
110 stories and no resolution
6 billion stories and no resolution
Has this life become a series of reminders
to do something?

By the highway
I woke up
dead of false expectation
All lies will end here
There is movement
under the earth
(chaos never died)
(the king and queen
never died)

Inside the outside
there is a rope
that leads
to rose
petals

Tell the story
Find this rope.

NAME: Setting 2

*An excised excerpt from a story called **LETTERS FROM FLOW** published in Green Taxis.*

Name recalled a story he'd constructed during a summer of painting houses. Hours alone had molded his mind into a meditative internal television; he stood on the ladder in automaton switching through his inner stations, advancing storylines to pass the time. This particular tale focused on one character situated in two different cities. He's tinkered with this plotline through the better part of July and returned to watch it again and again in August.

Setting One: Waking in the dark, slits of light around the blinds pulled back to show street lights, red car brakes, neon signs on for the night (New York, Tenth Avenue, 22nd Street). Clock. He dresses quickly in his uniform. Grasps the door. Descent into the subway; train arrives. Throughout he is piecing together the last image that stayed from his sleep: Pushing open a blue door, entering an empty room. **Setting Two:** Bright sunshine moving to dusk. He is traveling across the Texas desert, cavern labyrinths, bypassing Houston highway rings, abandoned oil pumps, converted dinosaurs, Louisiana marshes. He arrives in New Orleans, I-10 to Elysian fields, corner of Montegut and Rampart. Out of the car, knocking on burnt white wood house blue door, entering. **Setting One:** Hi is a driver for a nighttime delivery service. Raining. He makes a distracted turn into pedestrians. Veers hard right into a light pole. Shook up, mirrors shatter, the alignment is off. Drives the truck back to the garage. Desire to be home. Sleeps. When he wakes, sunset, the phone is ringing. **Setting Two:** Bright sunshine through white blinds. From above, we see him in a bed too large and full for the room. His eyes are closed but he is awake, his right hand feeling the area of his lower back left side. Face perplexing to anger, a kind of horror. He falls back. He cannot feel his body below his chest. Drugged, he falls back asleep, waking again with his hand on his lower back. A numb tingling, the beginning of an ache. Realization that the pain is to come. There are stitches across his lower back. A telephone on the stand. He reaches for it with his left hand, pulls the receiver off the hook. Visions of a city raining. Pedestrians. There is a number by the phone. He dials. **Setting One:** Answers the phone in the dark. Expectation. "Hello--." Long silence. "I am not ready for this . . ." The low voice speaks slowly, carefully, as if forced to concentrate on a task it used to do with ease. (Their lives have begun to mingle. "I need you to come now. What is true is not what was expected: New Orleans. Blue door." The telephone goes dead. He dials star 69. Not traceable. The cryptic message, an imperative. He sleeps, sees Spanish willows, magnolias, a complete geography to a city he has never seen. He sees the house with the blue door, the details of the empty room. A sense of urgency. Sedation. He boards a bus for New Orleans. Twenty-nine hours, staring through the night down I-95 to Washington. Drifting in and out of sleep. Richmond at dawn with his eyes closed all he sees is the decrepit room with the magnificent white mountain of bed, the rising impressions of legs and feet beneath a single white sheet, the bare white walls with scarred yellowing frescoes from water stains. He can hear a heavy rain. Later, he knows the door has opened. His body aches from sitting so long, the dull headache of lack--water, caffeine. **Setting Two:** Day of shadows and rain, dark light animating the slowness of the room. Sense of motion, highways, green, brown. A waiting room water faucet sputtering rust liquid. Crossing two vast rivers of asphalt between cars. A supermarket. The taste of chocolate, coffee. Red orange fog sunset over I-10, elevated road over marsh, swamp, iridescent bayou. Withdrawals--proof of addiction becomes a hatred for craving, dependency. Legs tingling awake. Burning of the lower back. Smell of decay. The empty room. Door opening. **Setting One:** Familiarity of unknown destination. Yellow Van Gogh

glow of city beneath night. Long walk down cracked sidewalks of St. Claude's. Big hovering cars going away down dead roads. Getting darker. Empty spotlight zone, porch eyes. A right onto Montegut. The whitewashed house. Pushing open the blue door. The empty room. Light from the street. The second door at the back. The pushes and it opens, creaking as it has to creak. An impenetrable exhaustion descending upon his body. He can see the bulk of the bed and walks toward it with his hands stretched out. Leaning heavy on the mattress, feeling for something. Night. There is nothing there. The bed is empty. He cannot hold himself up. He climbs, falls into the bed, pulling his body into a horizontal line flat on his back. We see his eyes blinking. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six...

**This story is a biopsy... /deleted from the short story, "Letters from Flow." It is structured roughly as a storybook screenplay, a short quiet film, where the camera watches thoughts.*

e. in 8 parts

I follow my e. through bouquets of skylines pocketing bumblebees tipsy on stamen pollen my trajectory is for exo-currency my erection finds your rummaging lips warm as Thursday and so and so a momentary impermanence same as an instantaneous permanence trickster an alias manufacturer of names prophecy incites action I have no raw material green bulbs light the night guide us up and down your seaweed arrayed in braids constancy of scents my erection knows where it is a lifetime supply of daring escapes out the 23rd floor window my erection lands in a nest of ancient brides milking cows tongue reaches through the ear into the armpit of a calf it's freakshow that should not be missed my erection is indulgent affluent is spontaneous deliberate desperate certain is under my arm in a briefcase in a file between s and t is my tour guide in this tilting city

I follow my e. out of north Carolina into Tennessee Georgia Mississippi Louisiana butterflies blink moonshine why silence at 4 a.m. arthritic I walk around my e. looking down in the eye at the sacrificed and the lava morning. No more waiting Give me head dismal girl your vagina escapes into fragrances the dance raises my member to incantations great pilgrimages to find air I follow you leaning my nose forward into your lactic asshole your affection permanent affliction is gory and vast invent no cures for my erection extend your devices the remnants of wax still drools down the sill what riot of sleep passed between us as the building burned to the ground I jumped out the orangin window again swinging my erection through winds you handless one arm lost down your throat the other scraping the sides of your womb the water gets into crevices a science of water is a destiny for flowers Give me head I hang from your nipple ring totems hooks and lever of the body harmonic anticipation We exchange invisible things I walk up the staircase where my erection is (passing through silicon allies the tendrils of campaign trails closed meeting) your animal presence remains

II.

my erection leads me across tightrope America vibrating in cherry shell office worker clerk PA dishwasher CEO 3-piece humbled trophied disguised my erection chameleons to trespass reticent fixtures of the workaday consensus plan guitar strings twang I make cookbooks to please my erection declare love as I define it chemical transience a recurrent phenomena an easy word for uneasy states no outcomes no rulers to measure the shifting sizes of our monuments

the untitled program bills of these ceremonies.

I follow my erection under aquatic safe havens into cubicle dungeons onto seashell-lined boulevards of another man's ceiling I mistake another man for myself I grasp my erection at last I grasp my erection the horror of visions and smells of the waterfalls crushed inside your eardrums. we circle the ancient forests of a believer's mind passing teaspoons of syrup

A magician works the back room

she kisses the back of my neck the wetness dangles there before the breeze dries it away is there something more or less than the interconnectedness of things no yoga for my erection I exist in a state of failure until we achieve liquid beneath the last eyelash my index finger lifted from your cheek a clock. (you blink. you blink another lash. you bling the bumblebees sting my ass and

sting your thighs pollen is left untouched in the belly of flowers) I follow my erection back into the humming machines fresh springtime of the playing field muscles catch the glare I shift my jockstrap a signal for the curve I follow my antidote into avoidable accidents fingers count the chromosomes

I follow my erection down to sleep in pools of stomach conversations cartoon bubbles at the portrait lips of traced dandelions adore me pendulum I follow the arch of my erection down to exact apprehension of what has passed and why it has happened and how headlights flow through cramped headquarters of the unconscious. Together we trapeze drunk moments of rumination wine brings us into re-union into acapella harmonies I rationalize the addictions of birth

III.

the inquisition quietly begins

subversion is seduction or backwards I am seduction is subversion at age 21 I grow accustomed to my erections acceptance without understanding letters home. "Dear 3xy my body I admit erections" the majority grows more lunatic in the eyes of the few. I renege on graduate school and get healthy to do more drugs hardtime for mainlining automobiles unlikely hood ornament cutting desert wind

Everything becomes an excuse for what I want. only my secrets are genuine

(and sometimes my e. is not there)

I wake up in love with nobody beside me some halcyonic state (balance of chemical) my erection at the edge of the bed celebrates infatuations speaks in tongues nice poems of accusation come closer my erection extends in all directions untouched threshold I make a run for the woods.

nisermen mushroom hands of trees

lullaby down down lost little children treated for carpal tunnel syndrome attention deficit disorder lice the sociological medical complex sets in I itch the pubis rabble erection in effigy. an edifice in disrepair. Tourist boards lobby to make my erection an historic site. I refuse the funds. I construct latex scaffolds I rebuild my erection in meditative trances elongation devices sold over the internet gravity bars retrofit ankle weights I climb downward the question is never asked my e. looks back and turns to sand falling into the hourglass of nights without you.

what now and so and so I follow manifest destiny land rush into disappearance brief hibernations my erection and I go underground spread by word of mouth invent the atom bomb autobiography await the big payday corrupted take bribes spout artificial flavors tastes homemade assembled from a kit my erection set tinker toy nightmare refuses interrogation adapts to dysfunction is the underground man the new name memory uploads into erection

IV.

astronaut astronaut

"I need details"

drafted late on the 8th of August 1994 my erection marches into bloodstained tentacled moments of penetration battle

I follow my erection to the outer limits of neurosis into the backwoods of a small town into unsanitary corridors receding meditations into calculus equations and certain irrational numerical outcasts there are no answers to these pursuits my e. leads into catastrophe appetites that contradict the diet plan transfixed all hail the commander my e. assumes there is a war on purple heart official resume of my erections Ecuador Martinique Zaire Davos Kansas City Guadalajara Paris Dallas Tokyo New Delhi crumbling fortresses of ancient Byzantine Sumer the fertile crescent Buenos Aires the doorways and alleyways of Praha Avenue C & 2nd street what liberates holds captive. my erection leads me to desertion banditry in the outback I sleep under fire of brown eyes who I kill to possess now into what unknown psychological distortion will it take me this time.

I adopt contradictory beliefs swinging like a mobile in the center of the floating hours

V.

captured my erection whitewashes the stories I have told has no need of facts encyclopedias tranquilizers

on the firing line turquoise coats of the hairless dragons my erection waits for the sound of shotguns the full-throated death roar of calculators and incubators war criminal all hail the commander in chief

but my erection dodges another assassination attempt at the last second I find a quiet cafe I eat the story of my erections I recant eyewitness accounts lose identification codes breath in breath out the city re-arranges itself in the night.

I am indecisive as my erection overwhelmed lunges through sewage tunnels under the city sonar out of reach

new terrain my erection slithers over manholes and exhales a salient vapor

blip blip blip

VI.

I am exiled from my erection. Alone I wipe your breathing from my eyes and watch presences walk the glutinous air of the streets

stilt walkers hold megaphones to silicone lips I walk over the crowd with a face painted honey I exfoliate microphone tongues lick the sweetness from my face cats and their sandpaper mouths. What can I do? I must search for my e. automobiles shrunk parade up and down the corridors of my sunburn warm baths

Hours later I find my erection facing east.

we make love like a boy under tulip light a new staircase of arms forms outside the door exit signs

VII.

an interview

my e. doesn't have faith in anything my e. has no hope and no regret is decorated in pastel aberrations fixed with tv knobs cauterized by wonderland doctors spent on tire idea dollar dollar I endure shock therapy my rubber therapists I turn off the video monitoring my erection plugged in upside down short circuits horoscopic outlook spotlights amplify & crystallize green move slowly like daylight into the community pools and Oh the Hasidic women swim on Mondays gliding black flotsam of city melting pot indiscretion is horrorshow volume jacked up for the tire change amplified eardrums picking up remote sounds of moisture creeping up the alluvium up the vascular tunnels of plants my erection photosynthesizes the daylight

all true

a day later my erection oracle forecasts an exodus

I say

"Who will be our leader?"

my erection says

"yes no no yes no no no no yes"

(30%)

the female is the source of all things

VIII.

Daylight emergence visions where is the uproar? my erection hidden inside the cover of closed books buried under the dirt around the base paths between pews rendered computerized two dimensions choreographing of stones possessions my erection illumination apprehends the siege refuses to succumb false things have manipulated my erection long enough there will be no sale tomorrow no auctioning of the gardens enough of potions product eroticism high rises turn into ghettos my erection resurrects stop the grinding shells my erection shits on the upturned eye seagull spring spring my e. has passed through four seasons firemen on alert alarm clocks penetrated time flows into subterranean canals that rust and corrode the hands.

fiber optic nerve the telephone rings

(re: again)

(con: with)

we meet in the far pocket of a billiards table. wasps (by now ubiquitous) examine and land on our genitalia no shoo away venture into recurrent mystery moisture paleolithic oceans quench our cigarettes. we exhale. detect split seconds of ego remission excuses fragrances, scents have lured us together existence happens beneath our perceptions I have 45 seconds to figure out the riddle we are not alone new proportions we breathe humid universes our enclosure spreads over acres of abandoned farmland bonfires we wait war dance spirits called regal anticipation unmasked trumpet there is nothing between us we embrace we ambush the delirious lamp flutter first bricks 2nd society like a child like an old man yes I my erection am ready at last long journeys grinds & fortunes most honest time piece I show you my erection lighthouse synchronicity we reset the blinking clocks I show you my true erection

Poem on the City Breaking Down

Under the spell of
electron microscopes
dreamtime psychonauts
the city breaking down
not from hysteria
or cataclysm
of blackouts snow or terrorists

but the panic of too much moon
too much MOON
too much MOOOOOOOOON

drifts of gigantic night
an eye
engulfing all with reflected light
great asphalt stems
gum-tarred city streets
a canvas of concrete and metal
of rats humans plastic glass
our hands faces footfalls

the city breaking down
millions catching a glimpse
of the magician's sleight of hand
a shivering metropolis
momentarily revealed
empty luminous majesty

*August 8, 2000, 11th Ave & 32nd Street
walking south
I quickly wrote this down
just before the city's mask
slid back into place*

Prospect, January 9

my legs are girders
steel
within skin

the first snowflakes
of the years first
snowfall
arrive now

I glide
I pirouette
I trace causes
back to origins
on go zigzagging
through Chinatown
A match stick strike
a candy wrapper airplane
a deflating ball
bouncing low low
little boy running

hundreds of poems
ransomed to retrieve
three words
BACKWARDS LIKE MEMORY

We've done what
we needed to do
We are ready
for what comes

Theater of Destruction

the theater of faceless days and boogeymen
the theater of renewal and deceit
the theater of catastrophe and laughter
the theater of speed and forgetting
the theater of punk rock legacy and unstable infatuation
the theater of crooked time, punctured ear drums theater of disease
in remission arthritic knees walking with limps theater of doing nothing
of activists training to be actors who are politicians
the theater of ponytails puppets and gum stuck to my
shoe the theater of you the theater of ending our time together the
theater of false beliefs of altered conversations misquotes
the theater of everyday life the theater of writers in cafes
and new notebooks the theater of vitamins and herbs, 99 cent
stores, allergy pills, tracheotomy the theater of going up in smoke
of coughing up phlegm the runaway escapist theater abusive theater
the theater for the unethical treatment of humanity false gestures
strategic failures I'M HAVING A LOVE AFFAIR LOVE AFFAIR

the theater of the ambush of wind the theater of everything happening
at once worship theater theater of the apocalypse of refugee camps
detoxification curses broken life outside myself the theater of implanted
electronic chips the theater of projectors the theater of your eyes
of saturation of overindulgence of never coming back
cancer theater the chaos of sameness theater the theater of the
curving horizon space travel theater invisible UFO inflatable knee
high marvel valerian root steeping aphrodisiac theater I'M HAVING A
LOVE AFFAIR LOVE AFFAIR

theater of the no longer absurd getting even theater second cup
theater dotcom theater's guild underwater theater no show underfoot
masturbatory rhyming missing you oohhhhhh oohhhhhh rising theater
underpass unwrapped the theater of recycled ideas over budget bulging
theater the no end theater the not a theater the deconstructing
splintering flecking disintegrating started as a theater no longer a
theater just you here and me in costume theater destruction theater
the theater of destruction the theater of hostage release the theater
eating itself the theater digesting in the belly gall bladder small
intestine theater the theater in the large intestine the theater of
shit the shitting theater refuse disgust the theater of shit the
theater of destruction the theater of destruction the theater of
destruction I'M HAVING A LOVE AFFAIR LOVE AFFAIR

Carnival in the Underground: THE SUBWAY ACTION PARTIES

**A Recap
by agent mT**

This Subway Action Party Trilogy took place between February 1999 and April 2000.

Dizzy, voluptuous, heartsmiling blurs. Even the most cynical, serious, self-conscious, the most punk rock and heavy-hearted, the most flamboyant and over-partied among us had their faces painted with glee like children honking a clown's nose.

The people aboard before we stampeded on felt it too. A few held to their masterful New York stoic already-been-to-the-second-coming faces—though clearly it took a bit more effort holding it against the tide. But most swam into the current of release, skipping stops to flow wherever the night led.

I am the scribe of these ventures, here to capture a whiff of what was in the air and heart those nights. I've included some of the voices of those who were there. All names have been changed to protect the innocent. Please forgive all errors, omissions and dearth of eloquence. All faults are mine. And, most importantly, please remember: This never happened.

RED

The end of the Millennium. New York City, aka "the disaster contraption," "Clown Town." Few people have it easy in New York and few people are there to have it easy. Roaches, rumbling trucks, asbestos abatement, temperature and rent extremes, in short, the struggle. It crushes and inspires. It necessitates and demands the next creative surge, whether you be a billionaire or a sculptor moonlighting as a hotel bellhop.

For Kass and Schaeffer, guerrilla marketers, Fringe Festival luminaries, handyman brothers from Michigan with multiple aliases, the whole town had long been a theater set. Playing Fussball in The Noodle Factory on the Brooklyn side of the Williamsburg Bridge, Schaeffer (or was it Kass), gets an idea. Kass (or was it Schaeffer) says, "That'd be fun." They script it like screenwriters. They see it like film directors calling into being a set for their thespian circle to shine in a few hours of city life--all while Kass again spins the soccer rods to victory. Score!

But nothing comes of it. Minds like these are constantly seeding the world with their imaginings. In real time, only a few will be tended enough to sprout.

It's Moustache who finally waters this one. The tall, lean Texan, a banjo-playing man with wispy goatee and hint of blond fuzz above his lip, had been sitting on the couch smoking a rolled spindle of tobacco during that Fussball round.

A few weeks later, polishing off a box of cornflakes with rounds of banana and Vitamin D Milk, Moustache reveals his plan: "Hey, remember that red party idea? Let's do it on Valentine's Day." Kass and Schaeffer: "Sounds good to me." Moustache calls the Whig and the Whig calls the Horns. The ring of accomplices grows and, just like that, the Red Line Action Party is on for the end of the week.

Moustache: "There is an absence of statutes dealing directly with tunnel gatherings and a good amount of folks to deal with at a party like the Red Line, crazy folks mocking their straight lives all around whomever is in charge anyway. Critical mass was imported from home. The band, decorators and security were our people. Photographers did record a biased sort of propaganda slant, barring the shots of the more disgruntled commuters. Goals were set at the get go. We wanted to span Manhattan, longways, and rock out at least one car. We did make it all the way up and then back down, after a glorious track switch uptown, hogging not one but two cars, and had several platform celebrations. Understandably, camaraderie was high. All aboard discovered a tendency in themselves toward the kind of participation that the red required, timed it out and found the last two cars of the 1/9 at Christopher Street filled with freaks drinking red wine and dancing jig time to ragtime. One walks away from the scene, or rather runs down to the Staten Island Ferry, having risked much more than was probably realized, yet without repercussion. A flawless politically poetic acquiescence."

Sheena Bizarre*: "I remember the days of NYC. The NYC that wasn't run by a swarm of trust funded thrill seekers, and dot coms. The city was run by energy alone, you never knew what the change in wind could blow in. A wild carefree concrete jungle. The place that let me loose and served as a mecca of escapism for a suburban girl. There was just one openly gay guy in my town. He told me outlandish stories of McDonald's' parties. I showed up to witness the end of one of these parties when I was a mere 17 years old. Someone would bring a giant boom box, and 20-30 people would show up, party for all of 7 minutes, and then break into a run to the club of the moment. The selfish New Yorker inside of my memory box makes me crave this spontaneity.

"Amid the reign of Herr Giuliani, a time of cabaret law enforcement, and serious gentrification, the boom of Reclaim The Streets movements and save the gardens parties--I got the call. Summoned by "the people" to show up and herald in an old NYC vigilante style party on the subway line. We were told to meet at the Christopher street station. "Be there on point, at said time. Wear red! It's the red line, bring red treats? Its Valentines Day! If you see confused people wearing red, encourage them to come with you!"

"I did the NYC beat minute, running out of time, so typical for this seconds-skimming town. I ran. Half the fun was getting there. People decked in red were pouring into the subway station, holding red balloons, lollipops. Then the train rolled in. We stepped in to find that the train was already decorated. The harsh white lights that show your every pore and smile lines were covered with red gels, bathing the subway car in an eerie dream-state light.

"A brass band blew on one end of the car, a boy with a boom box pumped techno from the other. We immediately started to dance. I was given cups full of red wine. Some smoked pot and all smiled at each other. The City that has trained us to avoid eye contact and clutch our personals was now hosting the exact opposite. A blessing. Candy was offered and I wasn't afraid to accept it. Then the party reached its first stop, ushering in New Yorkers who had no idea about this red line ride. The first passenger caught the vibe immediately. He turned to me and said, "This is why I love New York. I've been in L.A. for few years now, and this is why I came back! I love

NY." I could only imagine this being a tourism commercial for the city. In my ideal world, it would be! I played MC with a tipsy beatboxer. The whole car sang in unison, "The ROOF/ THE ROOF/ THE ROOF IS ON FIRE/ WE DON'T NEED NO WATER, LET IT BURN, LET IT BURN!" The beatboxer opened his bag to reveal wine bottle and passed them around. "This is the best day of my life!" he said.

"A few stops later, we were led off the train and had a mini-parade in the underground--brass band followed men and women like happy kids. All of us in red, skipping, laughing and wondering where to next. We ended up at the Staten Island Ferry. There was a game of twister, a missed ferry and the end of the party as we knew it.

"Word got around quickly. People told me mixed up stories of the way it all went down. I was happy to set them straight. I was happy to have been there. It may have been a giant turning point in the way I was looking at the city I loved. It may be one of those things that keeps me here."

With his black fedora and red silk shirt, Adonnis the Trumpeter attracts with his lusty appetite a like-minded, dark-haired, red sequined, red-lipped soul to share the adventure of a subway kiss.

That was a good one, everyone says. That was a good one.

The Red Line Action Party, a sweet pleasure. It had an intimacy and spontaneity usually reserved for gatherings of close friends on a summer day or a house party far out in the woods. There were no reporters. No political or cultural resistance rhetoric. No agenda besides activating a wholehearted theater of the moment.

The two that followed expanded the circle of adventurous spirits and involved more elements in the production. Those aboard seemed as energized by the celebration of the moment as the temporary respite from the charged authoritarian political climate and intensifying gentrification of New York. Beyond hosting a brilliant spontaneous party, the rides symbolized to many a reclamation of public space and community. The irony is that it was at least in small part due to the improvements in the appearance and safety of the subway system that the trilogy happened. Another irony: Far from a fear that criminal activity would endanger us, our main concern was the reaction of the police! Many of us had been arrested at peaceful protests. Amadou Diallo had been shot 46 times in a dark alleyway. The police were using aggressive tactics on petty crime including random searches of "high risk people" as well as fingerprinting and holding subway fare evaders overnight. Undercover policemen had been identified attending political group meetings.

As it turned out, however, the police responded at every turn to these boisterous avalanches of spirit with unanticipated calm and even enjoyment. The temporary overthrow of conventions and boundaries in the spirit of human revelry seemed outside the bounds of political concern, to not pose a threat to the establishment. Even the most hardened cops seemed able to relate--to a point.

ORANGE

The Whig: "The F Train is being halted at York Street!"

The Ballerina, The Dancers, The Decorators, The Advertisers, The Concoctors: "WHAT!!!???"

Encrypted invites passed hand to hand, a vast list of things orange, an hour till time. The decoration crew, 12 of us, are giggling. We're applying makeup, stretching orange net stocking over our legs, prepping Tang cocktails in orange space canisters, slicing mandarins, and drawing the Orange Ad Campaign posters to cover the Subway Corporate Ads. It's in this hubbub that the Whig announces what he's just heard on the MTA hotline. Everyone talks at once. Do we switch trains? Do we call it off? NO! Do we dare go UPTOWN?

A swig of orange space cocktail for all and we unanimously decide to trust the Orange Line Gods and Goddesses and play it by ear. And so... out the door we flow in full regalia into the amber swishing New York night. Everyone finds their fix in the glow. We head up Delancey and turn west onto Houston, reaching the 2nd Avenue F Line at the corner of 1st. The orange line. It lumbers from Queens then hooks down through the guts of Manhattan Island to homefree Brooklyn.

We gather around The Whig listening to the MTA hotline on the upstairs payphone. "York is clear," he says. "We're on! We're on!" Euphoria ripples through us--the first of many to come. I stay above ground, one of two glowing greeters delegated to point the way. All the others plunge into the underground.

How many are coming? Where are they coming from? Over the next 15 minutes, I welcome hundreds of orange-attired revelers who drop in down the steps till I too take the dive. \$1.50 in the till, a turn of the crank and my ears begin to fill with the thumping pulse of the band. An orange swarm extends from the farthest end of the platform, circling and dancing about each other. The beat rises as a train approaches, blasts into the station and slows in metallic screeching sparks.

"NOT THIS ONE! NOT THIS ONE!" The Whig and core crew call out.

Everyone steps back, the last cars are too full for us to fit on. Bleary-eyed people stare out saying "what the hell is going on?" with their eyes. Then they are gone. Moments later, a second near-empty train barrels in past us coming to stop that feels like a pause. We burst on and pack three cars. Amid the blaring horns and drums of the last two cars and the mobile techno unit powered by marine battery in the third, we go to work. Within three stops, the cars are orange, dancers are tangled in overhead nets and voters are asked in large ads to consider ORANGE on election day.

Will they stop the train? There's exhilaration in the wondering, in the transgression of norms, the potential reactions, the open space. Two stops in, No! Not yet at least. We ride on. The cheers are deafening as we break into Brooklyn, orange clad latecomers waiting to join us in small groups on platforms at every stop.

As months passed after the Red Line, with the new millennium approaching and the Y2 craze mounting daily, we continued to stage a series of happenings designed, slightly tongue-in-cheek, as training events for the coming apocalypse (i.e. a new world order or the very end, whichever came first). Months of working together had created trust, inter-reliability and a network. Suddenly, it seemed, a community of artists, activists, adventurers, and curiosity-seekers had

coalesced--supporting, encouraging, inspiring and sharing with each other. Audiences were starting to welcome the experience of being participants, of being part of the theater. Meanwhile, the ad hoc brass band of the Red Line had evolved into a 20-piece marching band sporting a set list from samba to Dixieland, ready for action.

As if on cue, The Good Reverend Billy, avatar Preacher for the Church of Stop Shopping, asked us to take part in the End of the Millennium Festival, a weeklong symbiosis of in-house performances at Judson Church and site-specific street action. The Whig and the Ballerina made the call. It was time for the Orange Line.

The Whig:

"My feeling was that it was a psychological training event to be done in a series to cultivate an audience receptive to the transformational powers collective will could have, to teach people to take risks and trust each other, to step outside of convention. In this sense, the red line action party and orange were mere exercises. Collective experience brings people closer together, like when a catastrophe creates bonds between people to a depth that 'normal life' would not. These events gave people a definitively collective experience that could bind them. People who did not know each other were able to embrace and connect because they had a common extreme experience linking them. They had trust in one another because they were both HERE. The train was no more crowded than it is every Friday afternoon, but, unless that train is delayed or stuck in a tunnel, there is no consciousness raised to recognize a collective HERENESS amongst the passengers. In fact, though always present on some level, it is avoided and we exist as if separate entities in this world. By bringing creativity and joy to the stale convention of riding the subway, people felt free to open to a collective HERENESS, sharing and being responsive to each other. Subway rides for months afterward, whenever the event is remembered really, reverberate with this sense of possibility of openness.

Iridescent space on the move over barren Brooklyn. A glutinous, sensuous mass of fellow passengers. In half-disbelief, I watched the light in the faces, awake and amazed. It was not a catastrophe that woke us. It was a bright ripe mango at midnight, a shared leap onto a joybound piece of metal. And someone somehow had a key to unlock the doors between cars.

"NEPTUNE--we're getting off at Neptune!" whipped from ear to mouth to ear. Just as it reached me, I watched Neptune signs ineluctably roll past my eyes and felt the tug and lunge of brakes gripping the track. Door open, a tuba blast. We shuffled through the debris onto the high dark platform of the sea god.

Originally, this stop was chosen because we could turn around to get the train back without going to the end of the line where MTA headquarters waited. That decision, however, was made before we knew how warm a night it'd be in December.

Blasts of fire shoot up from the lungs of someone at the other end of the platform....

"Are we going to the beach?" someone asks the fire breather.

The masked Whig yells, "We can go home....?" Everyone boos. "Or, we can go to the beach?!" Cheers and screams rise into the sleeping night. And so a parade begins down the staircase and marches onto the empty Coney Island streets that lead to the beach. "TO THE BEACH. TO THE BEACH."

Past a police station, smiling officers peer out then step out, asking us what's going on... "Just a little celebration, Officer." "Of what?" "Of orange." They fall in behind us at a distance, a break from a mundane night, a walk in the night air. A reporter locks steps with me. "What's going on here?" she asks. Where did she come from? I'm wondering. Did she get caught up in it on the train or was she tipped off?

"Who put this together?" she asks.

"It's all about you," I say, so little in my head but the pulse of the beat, and rush ahead into the drum choir.

TO THE BEACH. And can you believe the moon? A naked contingent--dedicated and unclothed before I even arrive-- rushes into the waters as the tubas chant away. Fire spinners soak and soon light their kevlar wicks. We stay and sway till the coppers ask us good-naturedly to be on our way. After all, the beach is closed. And we agree. We are ready. We've had our ocean fill. And so, the parade resumes and the party takes us home. Next day, the Ballerina, unnamed and fire dancing, is in the *Times*, with the caption, "Midnight at Coney Island."

Carnival. A celebration of embodied life, a release of energy within society from the strictures of society, a restoring of the balance of the daily, mundane demands and social contract with the possibilities of sensually-charged community. There are those who live for these moments--night after night seeking them, traveling across the world, creating their entire lives in order to immerse in them.

There are some who felt ONCE was the mythic number. Others wanted a subway party every week, every night. Others just wanted one more so they could experience for themselves what they'd heard about.

YELLOW

It took four months. This time, Legs made the call. The Whig and Ballerina were on African journeys. Why Legs made the call, not even she could say. She just knew it. Two days later, on a rain-soaked, grim March afternoon, a small crew went scouting the R-train to Coney Island. It looked good. Yellow felt right-- the doorstep to Spring.

A week later, a dozen of us--some new, some seasoned subway decoration vets--crowded in a one bedroom, east village flat to prepare the elements for the alchemy of the night ahead.

In many ways, the Yellow was the grandest, not the best, who can say that, just the grandest. Those previously involved, many of whom were curiosity-seekers the first time, sought full flamboyant participation. At the same time, those not THERE who had HEARD came free of skepticism, already open-hearted, costumed and ready with gifts. The web had grown, catching more happy flies in it.

"Why are we stopped?" I could see cop cars underneath the raised platform deep in Brooklyn. I imagined a crusading brigade of the NYPD's finest under orders to fill 50 paddy wagons with yellow carnivalistas. I'd been arrested, tackled from behind as I walked to the sidewalk at a demonstration a few months prior and could still feel the creepiness of the Center Street Tombs in my bones. All my trust of police intentions was gone.

"Why are we stopped?"

"Everyone has to get off the train," the cop says to the yellow jump-suited, yellow-wigged girl.

"What's gonna happen?"

"This train's gotta go out of service and another will come."

It was like the Grinch speaking to little Cindy Loo Who about why he was stuffing the Christmas tree up the chimney.

A train passed by on the middle express rails. I could see yellow brethren who'd probably missed our train trying to catch us, now passing us by. No one would get off the train. We all felt that if we got off the trains we'd be in the paddywagons. The bands kept playing. The party continued. This was our resistance. Oh no, I thought, as I stood between cars looking at Norse, who held his magic briefcase in one hand and his yellow cocktail in the other. Oh no, he, wide-eyed smiling looked at me and laughed his most seditious laugh. "Good thing no one's in charge."

Eventually, the facts came in. Our dancing and rocking had tripped the rail safety and legally required the train to go out of service. With a police promise secured by the yellow-wigged girl that we would not be arrested, all 500 of us got off the train and watched it shuttle away. The band played on, channeling our fears and furthering the revelry. Moments later, another train arrived. The band played on. As we got on and doors closed and the train picked up speed, the party elevated and radiated. We were now on an express ride to Coney Island.

There was no question about the beach this time. Those who skipped by us on another train saw us arrive in a cinematic swarm. We stayed at that legendary beach for hours dancing and drifting, swimming and singing, till the sleepy-eyed cops bargained with us to go home. And so we did, riding, courtesy of the MTA, back to our nests or some other journey into deeper morning.

The inevitable question came faster than before: "When is the next one?"

This was one day after the Yellow Line. Still exhilarated and amazed, we stoked our fires over breakfast with the thought of blue. The Blue Line. A smoky, sexy blues line, blue-or-nothing-on-at-all-in-hot-August line. A whole train of 1000s of bluesmongers headed to Far Rockaway at 4 a.m. then to stay the day basking in warm sunrays.

One event pushed the ante higher for the next. Inspiring and alluring, this nonetheless threatened to change the intention from transforming a mundane experience and sharing a collective joy to hosting an ever more elaborate and daring party for an expectant mass.

As it turned out, it took over a year for the Blue line to happen and I wasn't there. Neither was the Whig or the Ballerina though the marching band again carried the beat. Someone else, in another circle, had made the call and gathered a crew.

I was, however, in Denver a year later visiting the birds at the zoo when a new friend asked me where I was from. When I said New York, she asked: "Have you heard of the subway parties?" Surprised, I said I had. She told me she heard that thousands of people had taken over entire trains. Was it true? I said, well, I heard it was a little more modest ... but, even so, no less amazing.

Like Siamese angels connected at the wing
or jellyfish on the griddle,
clowns searching for lost cities,
or poets wearing out their hands
testing their cages.
We have been given the necessary supplies
and are nudged into the light
and told to function.
to proceed with the process
of becoming amazed.

--from "*Like Angels*" in Jim Gustafson's [Tales of Virtue & Annihilation](#)

**Sheena Bizarre's recap on the Red Line later appeared in Cultural Resistance Reader, edited by Stephen Duncombe.*

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