**Be Story Free**

**A Narrative Addiction Destruction Seminar**

Transcribed and compended from the audio archives of the late Dr. Jip Syuzhet, Founder of the BSF Movement, by his former follower, Kirk Wood Bromley

*A movie plays.*

Narrator - In a world where things are mostly chill…

Hero - On certain evasion-curtained occasions

This chronically altricial film student

Pops out the woops goblet, shoves my ja-wing

Back up my Port Ignority, then wracks me

With a giant burb of life-changing barter

Cuz I can’t sell goods in bad company,

But, misgivings given, things is mostly chill.

Narrator - Where one inciting incident incites

An incident that incites inciting…

Friend - Yo, bro, some bitch dude ate your gator bait!

Narrator - Where to lose it all is to win it all…

Deity - G wut snuffs that motha-funkin beasty

G wut soups my crotch fruit’s doom-boom feasty.

Narrator - Where an insouciant stampede of thinkhole-escalating, causally slobbered time-bomb auctions creates an iconoclastically procedural, emotionally floodlit action splatter wherethru the demanding human dummy fakes numerous character-constricting choices to prove common fitness and spontaneous heritage to ad words by learning something sclerotically obvious that shills the bargain basement belief that justice, tenacity, and compassion are worth every pinch of someone else’s expendability…

Seller - 30

Hero - 8

Seller - 20

Hero - 5

Seller - 10

Hero - Free.

Seller - Sold!

Bystander - Wow, he’s like natural selection on a One Armed Scissor!

Narrator - Where evil is both abhorrent and alluring…

Villain - Do you wish to look up my dress, whilst you die?

Narrator - Where lots of convenient problems are solved

Via certified vulnerability…

Hero - My head won’t get thru what I just got thru.

Narrator - Where tedious tension induces imperious climax…

Love-Interest - Wanna come over? I’m wearing your clothes.

Narrator - And where all crises dissolve into the iconic ironic…

Ancestor - You have freed Mooter Afreeka; now she is yours!

Narrator - In such a world only such a world

Can save you from such a world but only

If your world’s consumed by such a world,

So let me hear you scream for such a world…

I can’t hear you…I can’t hear you…etc…

*Max turns off the movie.*

Max - He can’t hear u. He sed, “I can’t hear u,”

Yet’s if a prickly pillow ain’t a sign

Yr either eekin comfort out a cactus

Or yr head’s too off to noe wut it’s on,

Like he can’t hear u, u can’t hear him,

Cuz on u gobble (rite?), one more tryin-

T’extinguish-a-spittin-thirst-on-dehydrated-

Alcohol time, rotting fruitfully engaged

In the ritualized non-transformation

Of swappin wut yr financially scabb’d

Feelings think innocent jingo fluids

(O pity be duped n all laughers nervous!)

In that jolly co-hookt incompatibility

Feeds its head to the horse to get it back

As th’only present it dares to deserve

Since fetus is feces once flockers refuse

To come to thr senses rite ready to sense

It mite just make sense to not make sense

Shd u care to sense wut’s there to sense

Other than those stifling fluids, which, past post,

Shout flying heaps of happy, poison crap

All bout this swag unvironmental ho-god glob

That wanks its worry n teethes its tongue,

Like who the fuck crawled up outta the shit hole,

Set up shit shop in a shit shop storm

N took t’pimpin kids to dreams a pimpin

Kids to dreams that get off on the front

Of a runway training facility

For done-up stylish frenzy extinction

Won’t let us say, “Dead life, it’s time to scream,

Not out our throats, but down our guts,

T’awaken wut’s left of our rite to not

Return ourselves when we go to return

Wut we got from the hero just hockt us

To th’intubation we can’t calibrate,”

Yet it be time, if ever time there be

After all that time we took attempting

To win more time by acting like we lost,

It’s time, I say, to beller, “U can’t hear me

Cuz I’m the truth, you love-loan-churning lie!”

*His phone rings and he answers it.*

Max - Hello? Who is this? It says “Unknown.”

Unknown - I’m Unknown.

Max - N I’m busy.

Unknown- Hi, Bizzy.

Max - Don’t call me again.

Unknown - Why would I call you Again? U sed yr Bizzy.

*Max hangs up.*

Max - I want the bird I eat to make me fly.

Dr. Jip - Welcome to Be Story Free…

BSFer 1 - The Be Story Free Movement…

BSFer 2 - And the first last wag of yr new dead tail.

Dr. Jip - I’m Dr. Jip Syuzhet.

BSFer 3 - Inspo-haploid of the BSF zygush…

BSFer4 - The most eco-indulgent psycho-seismic revolition since arbitrary reference met relaxing afternoons…

Dr. Jip - And this is the BSF Brigade.

*They sing.*

*When I die*

*You will cry*

*N so I*

*Must ask why*

*When I*

*Was alive*

*You didn’t like me?*

Dr. Jip - And we’re here to say:

BSFers - Be Story Free!

BSFer 1 - Yes, we can’t!

Dr. Jip - No doubt some of you are…

BSFer 2 - Consciously…

BSFer 3 - Or carboniferously…

Dr. Jip - Wondering…

BSFer 4 - Aka unloading ghost-bloat…

Dr. Jip - What we mean by narrative addiction...

BSFer 1 - Story infection…

BSFer 2 - Entertaining auto-inscription into the war against thy self.

Dr. Jip - And you’re curious…

BSFer 3 - As in situous…

BSFer 4 - To the glitch in us…

Dr. Jip - If this call to disarms…

BSFers - Be Story Free!

BSFer 1 - Might pertuss the piney ingkch out yr congested troibles…

BSFer 2 - Foible troubles in scruple bubbles…

BSFer 3 - Which u have so praeter-judiciously hrounded thru the fine-ass hootenamas of rah-bad being.

BSFers - Rah rah bad!

BSFer 1 - Desperate for disparate dispiritives…

BSFer 2 - As on u lunge and stub…

BSFer 3 - From same to shaming same…

BSFer 4 - In search of some “Log-on, take me away!”

Dr. Jip - And to u we say:

BSFers - Be Story Free!

BSFer 1 - And some of you…

BSFer 2 - The here-and-gone among us…

BSFer 3 - In that self-contaminating agronomy of non-fulfilling callosity…

BSFer 4 - Which story, the celebrated pathogen, has conditioned you to consider propitious to your survival…

BSFer 1 - Because it lives off yr ignorance that it live off yr sufferance…

BSFer 2 - Might be asking...

BSFer 3 - Wu so bad bout story?

BSFer 4 - Gramma useta cook up a cogbag a da foe crunch n we’d all gather round da fire n listen to da stitchy n…

Dr. Jip - To you we say:

BSFers - Be Story Free.

BSFer 1 - Cuz if u really look at it…

BSFer 2 - Thru gargoyle eye mirrors…

BSFer 3 - It becomes blatantly latently clear…

BSFer 4 - That our stories oppose our survival…

BSFer 1 - For I do defy thee to deny me that there be not a single hostility…

BSFer 2 - Fantagonism…

BSFer 3 - Stoopefaction…

BSFer 4 - Injoystice…

BSFer 1 - That has not hairs on the hammer of story.

BSFer 2 - Citizens of then deported into now!

Dr. Jip - Let me tell you a story…

BSFer 1 - Look ow! Look ow!

Dr. Jip - It will be the last story assault you will ever have to brook…

BSFer 2 - I hereby solemnly swear the indignation before you be not the grind of opposable testes…

Dr. Jip - For it’s the story of the death of story…

BSFer 3 - Nor be it the after pic of an axiomatic advantage…

Dr. Jip - And once you hear this story, you will be story free.

BSFer 4 - Nor the unaffordable sensation of being in a body u sorta care to control…

Dr. Jip - N once yr story free, you will smell more deeply, see more keenly, hear more wildly, taste more richly, and touch more tender the delectable inscrutable depths of wut u never nue to be so rite there…

BSFer 1 - But O it is the indignation of the urth expresst thru the enemies of the urth granted dominance over the urth by the urth, n it wants to tell, nay, make u a story…

BSFer 2 - As in store u…

BSFer 3 - As in stick u in a store where nothing happens to u until someone decides to buy u n then all that happens to u is u do exactly what they want or they throw u away.

Dr. Jip - N once yr story free, u will not be alone, for that u are here today is a sure sign that story is fading from our urth, the urth it has too garishly gobbled…

BSFer 4 - So sit in yr home theater vault with that.

Dr. Jip - N we are fully at a point in our development wer we can actually envision a not too far off future wen there’s no such thing as story…

BSFer 1 - Stir that round in your hermetic mug…

Dr. Jip - Of course, story will still exist in the uninforming archives of information, and those whose addiction remains will still dabble in its babble, but as the story addicted doubles dwindle, all those stories will be less consumed and less consuming, til one day the last sad tree will ask for a story and whack, that will be that, the last sad stump, and happily ever after we will all be story free.

BSFer 2 - Feel it dissolve yr botheration in its solution…

Dr. Jip - No one will ever again turn to story to get what in getting is so gotten you constantly require more just to say why in saying “I get it,” you don’t get it.

BSFer 3 - N like a dead pigeon that ends up in a trash pile…

BSFer 4 - That ends up in a landfill…

BSFer 1 - That ends up in a soil seep…

BSFer 2 - That ends up as a city park…

BSFer 3 - Wer children sit in the grass n listen to their caregiver tell them the truth…

Dr. Jip - Story will go down.

BSFer 4 - Ha!

Dr. Jip - Story, which almost killed us all…

BSFer 1 - Ha ha!

Dr. Jip - Will be gone.

BSFer 2 - Ha ha ha!

Dr. Jip - And we will live.

BSFers - Ha ha ha ha ha ha…

*Max answers his phone.*

Max - Hello?

Unknown - Is Bizzy there?

Max - Who is this?

Unknown - Unknown. He knows me.

Max - I’m blocking u.

Unknown - Broken news: blocking calls from the unknown has been known to cause calls from the unknown.

Max - Are u threatening me? Cuz I will fuck u.

Unknown - Oo, yeah, tell me the story of how threatening u got u to fuck me.

Max hangs up.

BSFer 1 - “Dear Dr. Jip, when does story addiction start?”

Dr. Jip - Ya know, I struggled like a teatless runt

In the change-me days of my new movement

With ovular rallying polymers

That optimized the value in the valid,

N there proved no battle more brutal

Than story addiction vs. story

Infection; the former propitiously

Implicates the agent, while the latter

More justly hits the truth between the lies,

For so onto-endemic is story,

So much the flower that forms our pistol,

We r not only gestated in it,

We r born that it may regenerate,

N, as such, it infects us into being,

A being whose empathic dimensions

Its habitants r forbidden to blaze

Lest they discover side canyons teeming

With life forms unprofitable to death,

So story addiction starts with story

Infection, n story infection ends

With story disinfection, which is naught

But an illicit reformatting of

Yr pre-personal temper derivations

Thru the fluster shuck of Be Story Free.

Pitch Person - Here at O God O Shit Agglutinated

We listen to our customers, then we

Give them a device that sez wut they sed

With just enuf distortion to disguise

The fact that the device is nothing more

Than an advertisial story machine

That sez wut they shd say cuz they sed it.

Gassy Customer - I want a device that converts my gas

Into tiny beige vagina bubbles

Thru an app that regenerates my sperm

Instantly so I can remote fuck myself

Over 15,000 times per brainchild.

Jingly Customer - I want a device that takes all this noise

N turns it into hit songs I can claim

Legally to have written so I can

Charge ppl to play it over the noise

Of them hearing their spidey sense not thinking.

Nooky Customer - I want a device I can nurse on, but

It duzn’t throttle me wen I bite down

Cuz I’m just a little resistant

To getting wut I need from wut I want.

Poesy Customer - I want a device that’s sumwer btwn

A wordless bible n that lifeless shoal

Of the inner-thanks wence west coasters sink

Wen staring at a person like a display

So I can really get under the hood

Of my misplaced metaphor scavenging

N replace my freedom-guzzling engine

With curt chiliads.

Spacey Customer - Sumtimes magic’s all

The beaver has, n I want that device.

Empowered Woman Who

Proves It By Dating Sad

Losers - So I get this text from this guy, n he’s

Like “wanna hang?” n I’m like, that’s the last

Fukn thing I wanna do is hang with that

Double d-bag deluxe, so I text him

N say, “sure, let’s hang,” so he comes over

N I tie this rope round his neck, n I

Toss him out my window n I’m shoutin,

“How ya like hangin with me, ya fukn

Loser ass rubber fucker?” n he’s like,

“I luv it,” n that’s wen I get the shazam

For my device. See, I bet only five

Or six of u fuckers noe who I am,

N I mean like really noe who I am,

Like u live every day inside my freaky,

But my device is gonna fix that shit,

Cuz this is the “get to noe me” device,

N it’s not goin away, like there’s no

On or off with this device; it’s alwz

On n yr alwz gettin to noe me,

Like yr constantly ensnared in starin

Into my shit more habitually every

Moment, n not only on yr device

But across yr entire field of vision,

Wich is now a parking lot of vision

That serves the store called Me, the store for me

N my shit, n it’s all u ever see

N it’s wutever shit I be doin,

Like from the dangerously fascinating

To the deliciously humiliating,

Yr gonna see my most compromising

N totally fucking incompetent

Positions in a really attractive

Layout with no problem navigation,

Wich is a huge joke, cuz there’s nower

To navigate to other than deeper

Into me n my inoperable shit,

Like I look really fukn bad, n that’s

All u can see, me lookin like I sat

On my own face tryin to get a seat

At the next big fukn shirkavaganza,

N that’s the device, n u luv it, cuz

Hangin with me is gettin empowered

By pluggin yr shit into my bad self.

*Max answers the phone.*

Max - Wut?

Unknown - Tell me a story.

Max - No.

Unknown - Y not?

Max - I’m sick with story.

Unknown - N I’m story-sick.

Max - Wut, like u can’t find a story

In this epic epidemic?

Unknown - Not one that I can get wrappt up in

Without losing my teeth.

Max - That’s story, baby.

It grabs u by the throat, which u accept,

Cuz that’s apparently wut it’s gotta do

To pull u out, but then it puts u down.

Unknown - So pull me out.

Max - I’m goin down myself.

Unknown - That’s a start.

*Max hangs up.*

Dance Device - This device is divorcing choreography

From divorcing choreography.

BSFer 4 - “Dear Dr. Jip, I read somewhere that you called story ‘emoploitation thru pang-bang mood porn.’ Can you expound on that phrase?”

Dr. Jip - I’d love to. Call it what you think you will,

Story is sacrificing our integrity

To a simulated experience

In order to feel what something

Might be like were we actually doing it

Instead of doing its not, and we do this

Not because pouring our feelings into

Pre-made mood-swinging feel molds results

In the amelioration of our pangs

Via the exploitation of our sentiments,

Since when you’re hurting there’s nothing better

Than forcing someone to purchase that hurt

In a potboiling form that makes them believe

They’re getting way better. See, just like porn

Forces coitus into patterns, story

Forces emotions into patterns, and

Those patterns become the unavoidable

Action/reaction “sharing is caring” grids

We increasingly require just to arrive

At what we’ve been told is our potential,

Yet true potential is the savor of

Intimacy’s soup, n story addicts,

Like porn addicts, can’t feel intimacy

Cuz their cold open got carried away

By “stagnation as orgasm” armies,

N they’ve willingly married their captor

Since all one can really say of their will

Is it’s captivated by being chosen

By what treats it like a willing captive.

To truly get turned on, turn the story off.

BSFer 2 - I want each of u to think of a word.

BSFer 3 - Wen I raise my hand, don’t think of that word.

BSFer 4 - Story.

Pathetica - Wut lunk must I lob to cease the slaughter

Of my dung folk at the flickering hands of

Yr delicious robotic performers?

Dentato - U must sincerely luv my teeth.

Pathetica - How pay this unreadable ransom?

Dentato - U do not luv my teeth?

Pathetica - I’m saying I sincerely feel unable

To prove the sincerity of my feelings.

Dentato - So u have yet again sed sumthing t’which

U find yrself incapable of returning?

Pathetica - I’m saying…

Dentato - Do u, or do u not, u intolerably

Tempting little brown fucking utensil,

Sincerely luv my teeth, n answer cute,

Or I shall nail yr shit clan forever

To the unbearable story boards of

So So Songy Sluts for Lamp in Beam Gap.

Pathetica - I cannot tell a story without telling

On someone who’s done nothing I wdn’t

Do were I looking to profit off thr story,

Which puts me in a pickle on a sandwich

I wanna eat, yet if I eat it, wer duz it

Leave me save far afield of that place

I must then needs call my perfect story?

Dentato - U r not so much in a pickle as

A pickle is entering u via the gaping

Hole in yr story that I n my Delirious

Rhizotic Conformers shall unstoppably

Stretch with our creepy calips of required

Recommendation, oobershtoopo banoynoy?

Pathetica - Um…

Dentato - Yr luv of truth condemns u to fiction!

BSFer 2 - Is this part of the program?

BSFer 3 - Maybe, were maybe a collaborative

No, which, when power has no patience

For the brief, all-consuming performance

Of bleeding adherence to the hungry,

It alwz is, even if it’s never

All that is, as the blasted memory of

Collaboration blurs into a design

For the final porous empathy dam.

News Device - This device offers a deeper embevellment

Into the self split, which is world war loop.

BSFer 2 - N now a story that can’t seem to get its story strait:

Nigerian Prince - Before the collitic nations were born

Upon the sweet plexi-beaches, life had

Many forms, n it’s only form was the scream,

N the scream went shhh, n it kisst n it bit

N it kisst n it bit n it whispered,

“Every child emerges into a child

N then rubes the rest of its days jawing

Its way out of that wrapper child, n it

Isn’t pretty, but fortunately we don’t

Exactly look, due to our ‘preferred

Visual limitations,’ n this was the oops

That started the war, the war that started

So long ago all we can remember

Is it had something to do with lilacs

N how wen u smell them u either smell

Yrself or u smell wut they mite smell like

Were they re-scented to match the moment,

The Bad Business Plan Moment, that is,”

So the scream was way up shit creek without

A permit to shit in the creek or call it

Shit creek or even try to assess if there’s

Any actual creek in the shit, so it told

A story whose moral was, “Every story

Is a fight for our future, thereby assuring

There will alwz be fighting in our future,”

The end, unless u direct deposit

8 million dollars into my account

By 7 am tomorrow morning

Under the name All I Can Hear Is You

When I Scream At Myself But Fail To Grasp

What It Is I’m Like All Worked Up About.

*Max answers his phone.*

Unknown - Wut r u afraid of?

Max - A fear strain distributed

Thru my genetic morsels over eons

Of struggle and remorse according to

Some terrible doctrine I can’t capture

Or imagine, yet seems my capacity

For luv, yet its repression is its release,

As my sole motive is to spindle up

And spin my yarny selfoid into u,

N that’s what story’s for, so I’ll use it,

N it will destroy us, not of itself,

But thru its forms as they suffuse within

The innocent formulae of desire

To take in at the ear wut eats at the heart,

And it is this drive, not to give myself

To that formula, that falling shelter –

Luv it, it leaves u; leave u, u luv it –

That repedofies the narrated sex,

Which is my fear, my hope, my death, my story.

Unknown - Deep.

Max - So deep everyone’s drowning in it.

Unknown - Tell me that story.

Max - Yr making me sick.

Unknown - Hide from meaning, n everything is mean.

*Max hangs up.*

Yuman - My name’s Yuman, and I’m a story addict.

All Story Addicts - Hi, Yuman.

Story Addict 1 - So the way we start with new SAD members…

Story Addict 2 - Story Addicts Demonstrative.

Story Addict 3 - We dropped the “Anonymous” cuz we found

It was just another gateway to story.

Story Addict 4 - Privacy only protects our penchant

For lying, aka living a story.

Story Addict 1 - We also like the “de monster” reference

In “demonstrative.”

Story Addict 2 - We are, after all,

Story addicts.

Story Addict 3 - Actually, I hate that.

It feels like story.

Story Addict 4 - This is about Yuman.

Story Addict 1 - The way we start with our new SAD members

Is we ask that you tell us why you’re here.

Story Addict 3 - Without making it a story.

Story Addict 1 - So shoot.

Yuman - Ok, I’ll try.

Story Addict 3 - Trying is a story.

Story Addict 4 - He’s new; give him a chance.

Story Addict 3 - Giving a chance

Is story.

Story Addict 1 - Yuman, go ahead.

Yuman - Cool, thanks.

So, I have this sorta valuable disorder

Wer I’ll start seein sumun, n they seem

Al fukabl n fit n blemish-free,

N I really feel like they have value,

But then I’l start noticing these super

Detestabl design hiccups in thr

Overall encouragement architecture,

N ‘smuch’s I try to say “no glitch, no niche,”

These coy friendly misfires start singeing

My eyelashes, stabbing me in my sleep,

Farting into my air tube, throwing coffee

Mugs at me from behind a bush, spitting

Erudited ham up my nose, hacking

My system so every time I boot up

This annoying “new day, new tech specs” message

Comes screeching out my speakers, n it ain’t

Kidn, cuz I’m lockt out, so I’m like, fuck,

N I ditch that person n start seein

Sumun else, n for a few days, they seem

Al fuckabl n fit n blemish-free,

But then I start seein thr competitors

Improving core operational whizbang,

N the whole assaultive inner spiral

Soars agen, so I decided to create

A device that renders my ideal out of

My unrealized vision of myself

So I can alwz fuck exactly wut I want

Without feeling my want creeping out

Of wut I’m fucking n start fucking me,

And at this or that phase I’m half finisht

N I’ve sent prototypes to select execs

Who are test-fucking the device to see

If they feel a genuine late nite rapport

With thr self-blazoned absorbent ideal,

N ther r problems; no one’s been hurt,

Least not in the “illegal nudity” sense,

But everyone’s been hit, like hit repeatedly

In the head by thr own faux expressive

Apparatus, so I’ve trasht the project

Altogether, cuz wer’s the heavy cream

In creating yr ideal out of yrself

Wen once u get into it u find out

It’s out to get u, n I’ve gone organic,

Like instead I’m attacking the blackheads

Of my perfectionist obsessions

By draining my sebaceous ingrained need

For the brief new device, and this involves

Varius first-party therapies like

Drinking burning fuel, tattooing

A quik sketch of my face over my face,

Playing thumb wars with myself n trying

To feel like it’s a real fite, pretending

Ther’s a fashion runway in my bedroom

N putting on a humus bathing suit

N walking pigeon-toed down it screaming,

“Al ummah shall never be in style!”

With the cam on cuz I’m such a rebel,

Thumping my chest angrily wen I’m askt

To pay for wut I did, ya know, just being

Terribly impossible to be with,

Like I hail a cab n wen it pulls over

I pop my head in the windo n shout,

“I was pointing at the stars, u fukn

Dirtball, cuz I’m a star n yr not, k?”

N now, I guess, attending SAD meetings.

All Story Addicts - Thanks for sharing, Yuman.

Story Addict 1 - You know, Yuman, wen I first realized

I was a story addict, I got really scared

Cuz I greatly enjoyed watching others

Work for wut they want, like I found my hope

In their hope, n I was afraid that if I stoppt

Watching, if I stoppt consuming story,

I would lose hope.

Story Addict 2 - And the end of hope

Wd mean the end of value.

Story Addict 3 - And the end of value

Wd mean the end of society.

Story Addict 4 - And the end of society

The end of humanity.

Story Addict 1 - Then I began attending SAD meetings

N I learned a thing or two about “value.”

Story Addict 2 - In story theory, the word "value" is used

To describe the thing that is up for grabs

In any situation.

Yuman - Like wen a man wants

Information as to the location

Of his missing daughter.

Story Addict 3 - Will the man get

The information?

Story Addict 1 - The “value” is the variable.

Story Addict 2 - At least in the parlance of “story theory.”

Yuman - But value is also used to describe

The worth of something as well as something

Someone cares deeply about.

Story Addict 3 - Exactly.

Story Addict 4 - So in this one word, “value,” we discover

A nexus of the critical element

In story, economy, and morality.

Story Addict 1 - The intensity of our involvement

With story is directly related

To the strength of our identification

With the values propelling the story.

Story Addict 2 - Just as the intensity of our involvement

With the economy or morality

Is directly related to the strength

Of our identification with how

Things are “valued” n wut kinds of “values”

Ppl shd or shd not have.

Story Addict 3 - So, story,

As we say, is like a sister city

To economy and morality.

Yuman - So the absence of story means the death

Of the economy, the dissolution

Of morality, the attendant collapse

Of society, n the inexorable

Extinction of the entire human race.

Story Addict 1 - I “hope” you’re not surprised to discover

That SAD believes the exact opposite.

Story Addict 2 - We consume story…

Story Addict 3 - We get consumed by story.

Story Addict 2 - As a spiritual antithesis…

Story Addict 4 - A kind of emotional release valve…

Story Addict 2 - To our being consumed by the exchange

Values inherent to the economy…

Story Addict 1 - N the moral values of society.

Story Addict 3 - Cuz neither of them adequately addresses

Wut we really r and need, so watching

Others struggle to acquire the values

They hold so dear is satisfying amidst

All this daunting, endemic disaffection.

Yuman - So story is like a vast dumping ground

For potential change.

Story Addict 4 - Yuman’s catching on.

Story Addict 3 - You mean he’s getting into the story?

Story Addict 2 - Instead of looking for a better way

Than inflicting our values on others,

We read a story wherein someone else

Is rewarded for inflicting their values

On others.

Story Addict 3 - Ah, another happy ending.

Story Addict 2 - Story’s wut we do to circumlocute

Doing something.

Story Addict 1 - Yet something must be done.

Story Addict 4 - It’s time to stop accepting a world

In which extinction, denaturation,

N competition r maintained as values

So that story can maximize its profits.

Yuman - If u live with someone who’s killing u,

Going out at nite to watch them suffer

In some show made by your rich neighbor

Is not a solution to yr problem.

Story Addict 1 - Duh.

Story Addict 3 - If u like acting so much, then act.

Story Addict 2 - Wen story finally expires, this immense

Reservoir of transformative energy

Will sweep the planet, n we will behold

Wut’s possible wen the obvious ideal

We’re so intent on keeping out our house

Gets to move in.

Story Addict 4 - Story’s wut’s keeping work,

Thot, n action from having real value.

Story Addict 1 - It’s casting a system of false values

To uphold a world of false values

That give it value.

Story Addict 3 - A value all false.

Story Addict 2 - Time’s up.

Story Addict 4 - Thanks for coming, Yuman.

Yuman - Thank you.

Life Coach Device - Like finding the “you’ll never be great” voice

N knowing u must be it, then realizing

It’s u being so ungreat u can’t kill,

This device is story minus body

Divided by futility times effort

Over double yr money or yr money

Double comes back as u thinking yr great.

BSFer 2 - “Dear Dr. Jip, Is there a set number of stories?”

Dr. Jip - Good question. One often hears the mental

Barracks masters barking in muzzlese

To the parr-struck full-grown fledglings of how

There are only 7 or 13 or

36 kinds of story; however

This standardizing bravura is shorthand

For giving the unfairly long finger

To the subparticle carnosity

That each is, is, that is, in the foreclosed sense

Of not being reducible to: “So fat

You can’t fit into your new discount double?

Don’t fret! Once u watch this, u’ll fit rite in,

Not cuz u lost weight - O no, we’ll make u

Wait, n u’ll luv it, cuz waiting is the “wut?”

Story turns u to - but cuz u waited

N lost, which is great, cuz u learned something

About yourself, i.e. when you’re watching

Yr new discount double is being watched

While also being charged for being watched,

N that means u can get real into it

But can’t get out of it, but hey, that’s O

K, cuz we’ll sell u this face bra, n then

U won’t be able to keep from smiling

Just the way yr discount double demands.”

There’s only one story, and it’s being

Stuck in story. You want it? You got it,

But once you get it, trust me, you won’t want it.

Maggot Not Maggot - Will u go with me?

Corpse Not Corpse - I wdn’t be caught dead with a maggot.

Maggot Not Maggot - Somehow, despite all that expensive work

I’d had done for no real reason, I’d been

Saved in the “maggot folder,” a moniker

Used at my school to designate my group

Of for-now friends whose hobbies included

Anal rape jokes with extra hot tail pipe,

Auto-sterilizing razor crutches,

Inter-facial stitching, Breastplate Sledgehammer

Theater for Fragile Children, stinky

Carcass throat cram, kinda gay swordfighting

While hot air ballooning, banging mothers

Who demand unprompted Mother’s Day posts

To death with deregulated spermcicles,

And, of course, maximizing ad revenue

For every unjustified revenge plot,

But I wanted more: the bleakest blowjobs,

The deadliest car, I wanted to be

Homecoming King at the Funeral Home;

Yes, I had to stop being a maggot

Or transform the maggots from death eaters

To life pukers, even just for pretend,

N so my dream became to sell that thot.

Viral Vid Producer - It’s a great idea, if yr goal is failure.

Maggot Not Maggot - Evil exists! Actors wanna act! Get over it!

Viral Vid Producer - I’ve tried to get over it, but every time

I get over it, it crawls up inside me.

Maggot Not Maggot

Device - This device contains infinite templates,

Tho it’s untemplated by being turned on.

Viral Vid Producer - But how duz it work?

Maggot Not Maggot - The ppl are coming!

Viral Vid Producer - I can’t figure it out.

Maggot Not Maggot - The ppl are closing in!

Viral Vid Producer - Wut the fuck is it?

Maggot Not Maggot - The ppl r here!

Viral Vid Producer Device - This device is wut shd be somewhere else,

N wut shdn’t be charges this device.

The Next Beatles - Wen I get hungry, I eat my device,

N then this really hot stuff comes out

My left abdominal lumen, but sadly

It starts to stink almost immediately,

N the smell can only be described if

I can get the funding to describe it,

So I’m torn, cuz the device, or at least

The glaring lack of the device is wut

Makes my art possible, like my art

Being possible is wut my art is,

So wur I to stop receiving support

For these meccavalent injections of

Ennobling liquidated children,

Wut’ll I do? I’ll have to shut my mouth

N hope I can get my deposit back, cuz

I’ll never get it back with this gaping

Hole in my face, the hole that shows my art

Is really just me gettn up on stage

N doin wut the girls want, the girls

With pockets the size of a government

Investigation into government waste

Who are screamin, “punch a hole in yr face!”

But least I do it in a thoughtful way,

Cuz as I’m pleazin the girls, I’m also

Thinkin, “it’s very confusing living

In a country u don’t live in, isn’t it?”

*Max answers his phone.*

Max - Wen will u let me call u?

Unknown - After u tell me a story.

Max - Y shd I?

Unknown - Cuz I sed I’d kill u then kill myself

Over having killed u.

Max - U did?

Unknown - Um, that’s wut “calling” is now, duh.

Max - No, that’s a conceit.

Unknown - So consider yrself conceited.

Max - Y do u want a story?

Unknown - I want to feel u believe in me

Enuf to give me sumwer else to go

That’s far more wer I am than wer I am

By engaging my group-desiring drive

To educate myself on self-arousal.

Max - I don’t even know u.

Unknown - How much more beautiful then

That u wd believe in me so much

Yr willing to let me get lost in u

While knowing that u’ll have to rescue me

With everything I won’t let u have left.

Max - How much crueler then that I pre-empt u

By offering u yr dreams on demand.

*Max hangs up.*

Survival Device - Credit for the creation of this device

Lies squarely on this device, which takes place

N gives it back better, thereby co-oping

Make and do into the lightweight “make do.”

BSFer 3 - “Dear Dr. Jip, don’t we need story to constantly

Reconnect with the artifacted factors

That remind us of how to get the most

Out of our complicated relationship

With what remains of natural selection?”

Dr. Jip - Here, as told by those with pants in story’s wash,

Is story’s story:

Professor Meant-All - Back when scant familial

Clans roamed the earth, largely pre-occupied

With invading and avoiding each other

To the best of their barely one hat size

Past a baboon abilities, story

Emerged as a kind of decorative box

Whereby the bland, functional wares of words,

Designed primarily to point at danger

Or desire, might be packaged, sold, and stored,

Protecting them from the pumice of time,

Allowing for optimal conversion

Due to their gilt (read/don’t read: guilt) cases,

N filling them with filler that memory

Might pursue its ultimate object: sleep.

Yes, story was homo mensura’s first

Marketing plan, and it was a winner,

Capturing sick, hellacious stockpile share

From such noshowsexual rivals as

Getting along, not wanting everything,

N manliness inversely related

To waste-making on the game of thrones scale.

Soon, having seen how story can convert

Even the most honest, free expression

Into a stately swirling mind thresher

That slashes this, implants that, n directs

The attention to stand at attention

Even though its natural position

Is wherever it may happen to be

Walking sitting lying sitting walking,

Story suffered a hostile takeover

By strategy, yes, that strategy,

The guy with better things to do than better

Things to do, but story didn’t mind being

Taken over as story only exists

To serve any purpose to which it can’t

Be held accessory, so strategy

Started using story to motivate

The people to emulate the assholes

Whose main goal in life was cutting off ears

So no one could hear them fail to explain

Exactly how conquering other clans

Might actually lead to them liking you,

N so story became a battle cry,

But then, since everyone loves to kill

Until someone kills everyone they love,

Story was courted by a new investor

Called sympathy, and sympathy acquired

An undisclosed amount of story’s stock,

So sympathy and strategy both owned

A part of story, which was then restructured

Into the story of seeking control

Over story, sympathy and strategy,

Now good and evil, convivial dead heat

N conniving deadeye, each playing their part

In the struggle over how things should end

When in reality they don’t have to.

Dr. Jip - N now we’re all so transfixt by that end

We never ask about the beginning

N how we let it get to the point wer

Under the guise of countering conflict

Our luv of conflict shd be formalized

Into conflict fantasies that others

Create for us, resulting in a world

That craves conflict to satiate its need

To see conflict overcome in a dream.

Story mite have once helpt us survive,

But the menialism of expansion

Is now the mechanism of extinction.

Stop giving everything u have to something

That has everything n accepts nothing

About u save wut adds to wut it was,

I.e. stop being free to story n…

All BSFers - Be Story Free!

Party-Goer 1 - Wer’s the party?

Party-Giver - The party?

Party-Goer 2 - Yeah, we came for the party.

Party-Giver - O, u mean the party with all the ppl?

Party-Goer 3 - Ya, I see the ppl, but wer’s the party?

Party-Giver - It didn’t come.

Party-Goer 1 - The party didn’t come?

Party-Giver - It didn’t come.

Party-Goer 2 - Y not?

Party-Giver - Well, it calld n sed, “ya noe wut, I’m not comin.”

Party-Goer 3 - I’m not comin?

Party-Giver - Yep, it called n sed, “ther r too many ppl,

So I’m not comin.”

Party-Goer 1 - Too many ppl for a party?

Party-Giver - That’s wut I sed. I sed, “too many ppl

For a party?”

Party-Goer 2 - Isn’t the point of a party to have

As many ppl as possible?

Party-Giver - Agen, that’s wut I sed. I sed, “Isn’t the point

Of a party to have as many ppl as possible?”

Party-Goer 3 - N it sed?

Party-Giver - “Nah, not really, cuz actually I prefer

Parties wer there’s like sum ppl

But not a lotta ppl,” n then, of course,

That wuz a huge downer.

Party-Goer 1 - That’s a huge downer.

Party-Giver - That’s wut I sed. “That’s a huge downer.” But…

Party-Goer 2 - But?

Party-Giver - But it gets worse.

Party-Goer 3 - Great.

Party-Giver - Not really, cuz like a few ppl

Upon hearing the party say that, well,

They started to like cull the crowd.

Party-Goer 1 - Cull?

Party-Giver - Ya noe, like kill other ppl

To sort of entice the party to come,

N that went on for a while, like there wuz

Lots of trimming n cutting n culling.

Party-Goer 2 - So like successful attacking n largely

Unsuccessful counter-attacking?

Party-Giver - Exactly, n so pretty soon the herd,

The mighty party herd, was much diminisht,

N there wur just like sum ppl around.

Party-Goer 3 - So wut did u do?

Party-Giver - I calld the party.

Party-Goer 1 - Good!

Party-Goer 2 - U calld the party.

Party-Goer 3 - N u sed?

Party-Giver - I sed, “Hey, hi, ya noe, we’ve been thru

A lot today, like a lot of us r dead now,

N even tho those of us who r left

R possibly the strongest n the smartest,

We cd really use a lift, ya noe, sum good

Cheer, like we cd really us a party.

Party-Goer 1 - N it sed?

Party-Giver - Well, the party wuz like, “ya noe, actually,

I dunno, I’m kinda tired.”

Party-Goer 2 - Wut?

Party-Giver - Yeah, so like at this point, it’s like

I just fukn lose it.

Party-Goer 3 - Good for u.

Party-Giver - Yeah, I mean, I’m like,

“Dude, r u fukn kidding me?

We rented this place, we got refreshments,

Snacks, we got this DJ with like 9 heads,

Girlz got thr limbs stuck in the caramel grinder

N feathers they didn’t even noe they had

R flying all over, I mean shit be jumpin, yo,

N u r tired? Yr the party n yr not comin?

Like wut the praeter-actual fuk?

Party-Goer 1 - Good for u.

Party-Giver - Yeah, well, it gets worse.

Party-Goer 2 - Ok.

Party-Giver - So I sed that shit, n the party was on mute

For a while, n then it was like, “well, fact is,

I’m tired cuz I been partyin sumwer else.”

Party-Goer 3 - O my god.

Party-Giver - Yeah, O my fukn god. I mean,

The sinking feeling in the room at that

Moment, it’s like that feeling cda

Sunk a room, it was just so un-fukn-real,

The depth of grief and loss that ppl felt

Wen they learned that not only wd the party

Not be showin up, but the party had

Partied elsewer entirely without them;

It was just fukn tooth-crackingly dismal.

Party-Goer 1 - So wut happened next?

Party-Giver - I lookt around the room

N I put on my best “we’re gonna make it

Thru this alive even if it kills us” face,

N I sed, “Listen, this is bullshit, rite?

This shit about waitin for a party

That duzn’t come cuz its partyin

Elsewer? Bullshit. Noe wut I’m gonna do?

I’m gonna build a device, n this device

Is going to prevent this kinda bullshit

From ever happening agen, cuz with

This device, werever ther’s a party,

U r there, like u don’t wait for the party,

U don’t even fukn go to the party,

Cuz with this device, u r the party.

Party-Goer 2 - That’s awesome.

Party-Giver - Yeah, but it gets worse.

Party-Goer 3 - Awesome.

Party-Giver - So like I build this device n everyun

Had thr knuckles in the sauce, like everyun

Wuz partyin all the time, n this became

Noen as the History of the Enslavement

Of Party, as parties everywer wur

Put into these litl portable packages

N whoever wanted one cd get one

Long as they had the device n no one

Ever misst a party agen, cuz we

Stoppt relying on party n instead

We appropriated party, which is

Our rite, rite?

Party-Goer 1 - Rite.

Party-Giver - Wrong. Super wrong. Cuz wut

I learned wuz wen u say “it’s a jungle

Out there,” the only genuine reply is,

“well, not really anymore,” n that’s cuz

We appropriated party, which we had

No rite to do, cuz party actually has

A mind of its own, n our thinkin

We can own that mind so we can party

All the time, that’s pretty much like wen sumone

Sez, “It’s a jungle out there” n u don’t say,

“Well, not really anymore.”

Party-Goer 2 - Yeah, I hear ya, cuz it’s more like

A children’s zoo out there, like u cd say,

“It’s a children’s zoo out there” n no one

Wd have not eaten enuf “hey, guys”-flavored

Cotton candy to strongly disagree.

Party-Goer 3 - Actually, I was just out there, n it’s

More like a terrarium that’s now

Being used as a trash can out there.

Party-Giver - Yeah, but it gets worse.

Party-Goer 1 - Not really.

Party-Giver - O yeah? Watch this.

Trans-Device Device - Wut won’t work out works out thru this device:

U get yr way with the one that got away;

Yr family crumbles over blueberry goo.

Infertile? I am yr finest replica.

A-Z Lister - I was first on the list once. It was a list

I made, n it didn’t last long, cuz I kept

Remaking the list, cuz ya gotta keep

Remaking the list in order for ppl

To care about the list, but wile it lasted,

Me being first on the list, it was awsum.

I was first for six versions of the list,

Then I started to drop. First I moved from

First to third, and I’m like, wo, but then

I shoot up back to first, but only briefly,

Cuz I fall to second, but a close second,

Like me n first, we’re really close, cuz my list

Is like that, ya know, it’s got that killer

Shit down, but then sumthin happens, n boom,

I’m fifth. Fifth. Fifth on the list, on the list

I made. Fine, I’m fifth. Like I’m getting used

To bein fifth, which is prolly the slack

That brot the snap, cuz now I’m sixth, now eighth,

Back up to third, down to tenth, back to eighth,

Then down to twelfth, that’s rite, twelfth, n I was

Twelfth for like forever, then eleventh,

N I’m like O yeah, he’s comin ba-ack,

Then ninth, then sixth, O he’s havin a run,

N then it was all over. I came out

With a new version of the list, n me?

I’m nineteenth. Like I’m barely on the list,

Cuz the list only goes to like twenty,

N get this, the next version of the list,

Wer am I? Nowhere. Not on it. Totally

Nickt from my own list. I mean, it was so

Awful. I put out this list, n I’m like

Wer am I? Y am I not on the list,

The list I made? That’s wen, like a street shrimp,

It hits me. N I’m like, yeah, that’s damn rite,

Yr not on the list, cuz like wut did u

Make last year? Wut did I make last year? Yo,

I made the list. Wut, u mean like the list

Yr not on? Yeah, I mean that list. Gee, guess

U’ll have to get on someone else’s list.

Get on someone else’s list? Like fat chance

I be get’n on someone else’s list;

Like nobody puts anybody else

Other than themselves on thr list anymore,

U noe that. I noe that. N so I’m like,

Well, I guess that’s wut it’s all about, ain’t it?

N ur like, yep, guess that’s wut it’s all about.

*Max answers his phone.*

Unknown - Did I mention I’m not wearing

Any unmentionables?

Max - Just a moment

While I transfer u to inferior solutions.

Unknown - U noe, yr kind of a scatterbrain,

But not a lot of brain gets scattered

Cuz u can’t stop cleaning up before yrself.

Max - Fight! I mean, pacifier! I mean, energy!

Unknown - I walk out of my apartment and I fall

Rite into someone’s arms, only those arms

Have been hackt off sed someone n r lying

On the sidewalk, yet despite having lost

HQ, they start making sweet hooker luv

To the puncture wound in my egregious

Gregarious prig city stress ball, like

We r truly crazy lady close, and go!

Max - I don’t noe u that well. Fact, I don’t noe

Anyun that well, cuz to feel ok

About tellin sumun a story, if,

That is, u care for them, wich no un duz

In a world wer the sterile stenchy snatch

Of story marinated everything with

Free mandatory wiki reactions,

U have to have em ded n proppt up on

Yr couch with scripture all over thr face

N a few pig ears stapled to thr neck

So u can call them “My Sacred Writtle.”

Unknown - U’ve blown all yr fuses, which I really

Like, howev I’ve yet to find the fuse box,

N this makes u rather dark in the black.

Max - I wanna be free, yet sumthn’s made me

Expensive.

Unknown - It’s a large box that u can

Only see one side of, and it’s shining,

N out of it r coming images

Of yr childhood wen u had that funny

Thing growing out of yr grave, n talking

Felt like Winnie the Pooh trying to shit

A bike, n all around u glamorous

Pains-in-the-artificial heart in red

Bikinis with wite crosses on thr nippled

Foreheads manufactured under richly

Pre-manufacturing adversity scores

R preening n singing, “Switzerland O

Switzerland, no one fucks with Switzerland,”

But sadly, like, “quand serons-nous touché?”

N yr like, if neighbor’s an exception

To the rule, do we really want the rule?

Max - How do u noe me?

Unknown - I noe the story.

*Max hangs up.*

Yuman - My name’s Yuman, n I’m a story addict.

All Story Addicts - Hi, Yuman.

Yuman - So, feelings check. Physically

I’m feeling pretty mental; mentally

I’m feeling very physical; n spiritually

I’m feeling like I wish my feelings check

Had a few more zeroes in it. That’s all.

Story Addict 1 - Thanks for sharing, Yuman.

Story Addict 2 - Sharing?

Story Addict 3 - That was hardly sharing.

Yuman - Actually, that was quite hard to share,

Cuz like inevitably I’m describing

Realities that have been rejected

Due to an incomplete, late, or missing

Application.

Story Addict 1 - So the question becomes

How to convince reality to submit

Its acceptance application on time,

Correctly completed.

Story Addict 2 - Or the question

Becomes how mite we experience

Reality without a predetermined

Sense of how to do that.

Story Addict 3 - Or the question

Becomes how to separate reality

From intuition while also making sure

Intuition remains relevant to

Reality.

Story Addict 4 - Or the question becomes

Not foreseeing wut u see.

Story Addict 1 - Or the question

Becomes functioning without being

Functional.

Story Addict 2 - Or the question becomes

How to be free while also being good.

Story Addict 3 - Or the question becomes getting wut u

Want while others also get wut they want.

Story Addict 4 - Or the question becomes how mite we be

Intimately detacht.

Yuman - Or the question

Becomes moot cuz the question just becomes.

Meditation Device - Is this device a useless distraction?

Yes, but only from this device, so zone.

BSFer 1 - “Thank you, Dr. Jip, for telling the truth about story. For me story had become a production company that dictated how I lived by locking me into bait-and-switch behavior contracts. It plotted my dreams, blocked my strut, proofread my thoughts, focus-grouped my intentions, and committed my personal relations to sumptuous motivational gatherings not unlike first vs. third world wrestling meets teaching swimming lessons for congenital amputees, until, in effect, I had no self beyond my story self, yet self is what one has apart from story, and anything else is a debilitating lie that spits an unfulfilling life, so thank you from the bottom of my salvaged soul.”

Dr. Jip - Thank you, and welcome to freedom. My friends,

Story is a detour around life,

Which takes longer and recreates a view

That’s only visibile *in origo*,

And both ways, you end up on th’other side

Of life, and the trip is over, and if

You went thru it, it felt long, which is good,

So it was short, but if you went around,

It felt short, but that’s bad, cuz it’s life, so

It was long, as in why would anyone

Choose to take a detour around life

And miss out on muselessly processing

Perfection? People actually take shelter

From life in story to find confirmation

For what life has instilled in them so they

Can optimize its chance at survival,

Which is the belief that life is a story,

But remember, life isn’t unusually

Adept at long-term planning, and by putting

Its survival in human hands, it has

Instituted its own fallibility,

So to rescue life from itself, we must

Stop patronizing its stories and start

Securing its survival by making

It where we are, not what we’re pointing at,

Else we’ll just continue to poison life

And ourselves on self-tainted narrative

Medications whose clinical trials

Were performed on the lifeless lesser apes

We had to kill to get the medicine.

Shopping Device - All is a striving to reconcile with sumthing

In yrself n is therefore already reconciled

In this device, wich is u off budget.

Shopper - Check me out.

Clerk - Wut r u buying?

Shopper - No, I sed, check me out.

Clerk - Yeah, I will, but wut r u buying?

Shopper - I’m buying myself.

Clerk - Yrself? Tell wut. U get yrself for free. Have a great day.

Shopper - No, I need u to charge me for myself.

Clerk - Y do I need to charge u for yrself?

Shopper - Cuz a self I haven’t been charged for is a self I can’t sell, and a self I can’t sell isn’t a self, n if I don’t have a self u can’t check me out, so check me out.

Clerk - Ok, so how much do I charge u for yrself?

Shopper - Yr call.

Clerk - Howbout all u got?

Shopper - Sounds good.

*He hands her all he has.*

Clerk - Thanks for shopping with us.

Shopper - Thanks for checkin me out.

Humanities Device - This device resolves all contradictions

By making thr incompatibility a game.

Screenplay Student - I can’t keep my like hands off this device!

Screenplay Instructor - Today we’re gonna learn to rite a screenplay.

N by screenplay I mean a successful

Screenplay, not a suck-massive-asses-full

Screenplay. Now, a screenplay has three parts:

Screen and play. Wut’s the third part? The third part

Can’t be taught, so like good luck try’n to pull

An inside job wen the last fukn thing

Anyone will do is let u inside,

U massive not successful suck-massive-

Asses-outta-yr-own-massive-dumb-ass

Dumb ass, ok, fuck ass? So, wut’s a screen?

A screen is sumthin u set up so u can

Project sumthin onto it other than wut

It is so u can do sumthin behind

It that u can’t do in front of it cuz

It wd either be stoppt or ignored, like

I stand here n I act like we’re cool, rite?

So u fixate on me, then bam, my partner

Comes in from the side n fucks yr shit up,

I run past u, I win, n u suck ass

From massive asses fulla shit-shockt ass suck.

Ok, so that’s a screen. Now, wut’s a play?

A play is an attempt to win the game

By pretending to be fighting within

The rules of the game, yet the game has no rules

Cuz otherwise the game wd be like real,

N the game must not be real, cuz the game

Is preparation for the real, which means

We play so we can fite for real, got that?

That’s a fact. Like science has had to sit thru

That stupid ass non-scientific shit

So many times, it duzn’t wanna talk

About it anymore, ok? Ok,

So how to make a successful screenplay,

Not a fuckin u noe wut kinda screenplay,

As in, u don’t noe wut kinda screenplay

Cuz u’r a fukn noe nuthin dumb ass,

Cuz, unlike me, who sold a fukn screenplay

Not long ago, all u sold’s yr massive

Suck ass to my fuckn screenplay class?

Simple. U look like this, u do like that,

U stick shit up, u knock shit down, u run

Past all the sorry fuckers, proving u

R the best not really fighting fighter,

N soon, u’r wer everyone wants to be,

Like yr livin a story u rote so u

Cd live on the top story, gettin yo

Dick suckt by some clickbait with no story,

Way above and beyond the really

Massive dumb ass fuck suckers who just bot

Yr story with wut they cda used to buy

A ladder to come knock u the fuck out,

N u’r like, hey, u plastic ironing boards,

Wanna buy this device? N they’re like, sure,

Wut’s it do? N yr like, fuck u, wut’s it

Do. It duz who the fuck r u to ask me

Wut’s it do? N they’re like, cool, here ya go,

N they give u thr money, thr mo nay,

Thr mama hang a monet, then all up

In thr face u dance this wack fukn dance

Wilst they suck massive asses fulla shit,

N yr like, uh hu, check it out, u blockt,

Nockt, col’ cockt fuckin ass-suckin fukrs:

I just rote a successful screen and play.

*Max answers his phone.*

Unknown - Life with u is a satisfying example

Of the unsatisfying attempt to experience

Reflective infinity.

Max - U calld me.

Unknown - Resistance is audience.

Max - My heart’s so on the screen I can’t see

The movie.

Unknown - Narrative art is a regret-regretting

Redundant oxymoron.

Max - U make me want to put myself in

A device that puts me into

A culture war (speaking of redundant

Oxymorons) wer I can treat myself

Like a sexualized infant without

Having to feel responsible for wut

That duz to the culture I love so much.

Unknown - Isn’t that like gaining power

By penetrating other ppl with

The hidden idea that caring for others

Mite be bad for thr empowerment plan

Of living without a “had it up to here”?

Max - Not if u remember all a birth can mean:

In sum lands, a birth means “more mosquitos.”

In others, “need not apply.” Here, “have some”;

There, “get away.” A birth can mean “please touch,”

Or “trust only a lack of sources,” or…

Unknown - But in the end each birth is the beginning

Of a story so huge it envelops

Everything outside it; it’s the story

Of a certain creature, intolerantly

Humanized by ppl, who pursues luv

Thru its professional ties, n it’s about

The coupling of a yung man and a yung

Woman, which r in fact two yung men

Fighting over the super feminine,

Eating everything, including each other,

As they go mouth-to-mouth into the story

Of thr one birth, which reverses everything,

So it’s the problem of being a girl

Wen yr not a girl.

Max - So I’m the richest man

Ever to actually only possess

The things that he alone can truly ruin.

Unknown - N u’ve set out into the world to become

The edgeless gulf u seem bent on crossing.

Max - Stop telling me how the emotions work.

Parking space, parking lot, parking pile,

Story is looking for parking in places

That make me want to ditch my fuckin wheels.

*Max hangs up.*

Personal Device - This device leads you to scamper

The established routes of planar relations

To plumb the pathetic impersonal

For imitative inclinations that incorporate

The closest you can get to personal as

The farthest you can get from who you are.

BSFer 1 - “Dear Dr. Jip, I’m wondering if your critics might say that your resistance to story stems from some personal disappointment and not objective science.”

Dr. Jip - I generally find that critics will say

Whatever it takes to cover up the fact

Their personal disappointment governs

Objective fact, so the propensity

To reveal the two in their subjects

Is standard practice among those seeking

To hold onto power with someone else’s

Disbanded hands, but be that as it may,

I’m the first to say, especially if

You grant me the indulgency of saying

That everything starts anew once it’s said -

Which doesn’t seem too far from the truth

To get there quick enough to see it leaving

For where you’re coming from - that my personal

Disappointment with story compelled me

To seek an objective fact outside story,

And upon finding it, I discovered

That it was only there because of my

Personal disappointment in objective

Fact, so I stopped looking to that objective

Fact for personal gratification, and that’s

When I saw that it’s story that binds

These two antagonistic identities,

And so, disposing of story, I disposed

Of disappointment. Now, please remember,

I was not just a story user; I was a story

Usurer. Yes, like many of you, I

Dissolved 1000s of stories every day

Into my occupied imagination;

I lived on life support in the space station

Of story, so everything else was a let down.

The paralyzing need for absolute,

Irreversible change; the regressive belief

In an external, charismatic evil;

The fascistic reliance on “sole protagonist

Selfism”; the spurious, time-consistent,

Cause-and-effect dependencies;

The life-limiting demand for meaning

And explanation; the personal relationships

With depersonalizing conglomerates;

Years upon years of emptiness, lies,

And false connections – it was all so perfect,

I just had to spread it round; problem being,

I was spreading it on things so they’d acquire

A taste entirely to my liking.

Why is that a progress worth reputing?

Cuz there’s more to the world than “in a world.”

It was all too good to be true cuz it

Was all too god to be you. If you think

Story is just something your “people” told you

To put you to sleep, you’re right; and it’s still

Happening today: everywhere, all the time,

Thru every imaginable method, your unchosen

Moral supervisors are infusing your soul

With story meds to “put you down.” But you

Don’t have to let them do it: you can rise,

Be free, and rid yourself of story, cuz if

You’re like me, story’s disappointed you

Personally by turning your personality

Into an objective fact. That’s why I became

An anti-story warrior, and that’s my story,

Only it ends different by never ending,

Cuz I’m going nowhere and taking you

With me, so let’s hear it:

All BSFers - Be Story Free!

Romance Device - U r this device, n this device changes

Names with evry encyrpyted connection,

So u remain protectedly speculative

For secure ideal representation.

The New Guy - It was weird. The other nite, I went to this

Function, n there were like 10.3

Ppl there. Most of wut I think I made out

As re-individualized samples

Of social networking were for some reason

Only 30-50% present,

Or wut seems to be the same thing these days,

Accessible. Most of the live exchanges

Ended before they got anywhere, there was

Some group sex happening, but no one partook,

N I spent the evening I didn’t have

With a drink in my hand so I cd dumb

Myself down usably, expecting at

Some point someone mite show up and be

All there, which everyone (wutever

That means in a crowd of partial persons)

Seemed to agree (without ever having

Actually discusst it, since that wd require

Usability upgrades that too often

Pamper the impossible just to get

One simple process done rite) wd have been

A feral drag on the mad hushing rush

Toward total/helpful elsewhereness that is

My generation’s special something or

Other, n as I virtually deci-

Mated my semi-fellow functionaries

With polite incendiary branding

Of impersonal shrapnel macaroons,

I sorta started to think, it mite suck

Hanging with the cloud identities, cuz

Thr like alwz changing shape so they can

Steal yr self-synthesized mythic stature,

Then they get all peeved wen u don’t notice,

Like that’s all you’ve got time to do, “O look,

Yr a rabbit, O yr a mountain, O

Yr two toddling Chimerican acrobats

Forming a giant pair of friendly scissors

That are cutting the offending hand-feet off

The humanist orangutan who dared

Suggest that children’s toys are the new black

Death,” I mean, sure, it mite suck, but I’m hookt,

Cuz, like, this girl I heard of luvs this man

With the identical body design to

Her sexually abusive dad, n all

I can think is, wow, that’s like (jk) hot,

Like I wish I had that between me n someone,

Like wen I reach for someone I touch my device,

So these capricious blobby half-cast types -

Of which I am the un-nominated,

No-input-required loud speaker with

7 bajillion pre-recorded gaffes -

Least with them I don’t have to concentrate

Wen I’m doin that thing that’s not quite talking,

It’s more like losing yr voice out loud on

A remote server, cuz I can only

Fully relate to wut yr going thru

Once u don’t know wer it is, cuz it’s me

N I am now only available

In anti-interesting variables

That don’t work on yr sucky old machine.

Dr. Jip - Let us now recite the 12 steps

To story recovery. We…

BSFer 1 - Admitted that we sought power

Thru story and that our lives

Had become too manageable.

BSFer 2 - Came to believe that a power

Granted to us to be greater

Than ourselves used us to

Constantly restore itself to sanity.

BSFer 3 - Made the decision to turn

Our will and our lives away

From what we understand.

BSFer 4 - Opted out of the searching and

Fearless moral inventory of others.

BSFer 1 - Admitted to ourselves and every human

Being that nature has been wronged.

BSFer 2 - Were entirely ready to defect

From our character and the removal

Of “character as removal.”

BSFer 3 - Unhumbly askt that our shortcomings

Be removed from the sales floor.

BSFer 4 - Stoppt listing persons as either

Harmed or mended so we cd

Patch up will and becoming.

BSFer 1 - Amended our sense of injury

To include the directed possible.

BSFer 2 - Realized the personal cannot

Be inventoried as wrongs

Are prompted by admission

That seeks a continual taking.

BSFer 3 - Sought thru play and confusion

To improve our unconscious contact

With nature, knowing only it is us.

BSFer 4 - Having put our spirits to sleep

As a result of these steps,

We droppt our trying message

And stoppt practicing principles

In all our enwakening affairs.

*Max answers his phone.*

Unknown - I think it’s a resistance to nature.

You hate the selection process of story

Cuz you hate that life is a selection process,

Yet story has a problem with that process

Cuz it has no happy ending, so you

Are against encouraging those who need

A metaphor for life cuz as soon as

Life gains a metaphor, it knows itself,

And you find ignorance more awethentic.

Max - The wild blue yonder is smoggy n fenced

With sexy metaphorical suicide.

Unknown - Hey, nature might be down at the mouth

But it’s story will bring her a smile.

Max - That feedback loop overstuffs the planet,

Cuz while we might think we’re speaking out of

A desperate desire to be heard, all

We say is actually all we can’t digest,

So this sonic puke comes bolting from us,

Coating life in suffocating fables.

Unknown - Story is a spill that improves the site.

Max - There is no sight, thanks to “must see” story.

Max hangs up.

Yuman - My name’s Yuman, n I’m a story addict.

All Story Addicts - Hi, Yuman.

Yuman - Um, yeah, so, it’s been an ok week, I guess, mostly story free, but ya never noe, ya noe? Like, let’s say the other day I’m walkin around n I spot this chicken sandwich…

Story Addict 1 - Story alert!

Yuman- This is not a story. It’s just me blastin out a possible cron-form so my communitas n I can process some basic queries re: the snag-touchy significance of said action-entailed choice mods, ok?

Story Addict 2 - U use, u lose.

Yuman - Yo, I ain’t usin. I’m loudly manifesting on the usability of usage, n to do that I gotta slum in representation.

Story Addict 3 - That representation is a story.

Yuman - Fine, it’s a story. But I’m not using that story; I’m per-using that pre-story as a non-emotive tack structure werby I can pose a methodology that will aid in my better bundling clash scripts to scrub my cache of story.

Story Addict 1 - If ya don’t want bullshit, don’t feed the bull.

Yuman - O come on. Look at us. How bloated is our bull with sharing? Trying? Abstaining? Recovering? Listening? Living our liveliest life? Dying our blessiest death? Sticking our heads up the asshole of our higher power and then walking thru the mall like we’re not on the catwalk just so it can power up even higher? Wanting a chicken sandwich? It’s all story!

Story Addict 4 - Thirty seconds.

Yuman - Thank you, thirty seconds.

I’m sayin, if u think yr story free,

R u? Cuz bein story free just may be

Another story t’which u scab yrself

To keep from bein story free, n call it

A psychosing n meta-subligative

Thorn bomb for a story addict to foal in,

But that’s the wave we’re all wrestlin here.

Wen yr story stuck, yr higher power

Is yr shortcomings; those u’ve harmed

Were glad to be so; the fearless moral

Inventory only reveals more clingy

Ambivalence; n sanity restored is storied

Cackafrack, cuz face it: u r the story

That’s u, so how not use u wen tryin

To get unused to’t, speshly wen it’s u?

Peace Device - This device is the evil and the good

Whose teamwork triumphs over this device.

BSFer 4 - “Dear Dr. Jip, don’t children need stories to be erudited into an incentive system that only processes hopeful effort?”

Dr. Jip - No, story needs children, and it’s got them,

And it eats them, and after having exhausted

That kiddie pie, it infantilizes

Adults, who skip to the slaughter to feed

Story fat, so fat no life can grow where

Story squats. Saying “no” to a child

Who says “tell me a story” is one of

The hardest moments a truly committed

BSF parent faces. She’s becoming

Sentient, she’s recognizing you, talking,

Needing, loving you in the purest of ways,

N what cornycopia comes bubbling

Out her jollies like gastric acids from

A gauche dying crone but that same old

Noxious narrative suck. Then, like watching

Your child cut herself to fit in weren’t enough

To make a parent scramble for the shrapnel,

She says “me,” she says “run,” she says “there,” n

Boom, you’ve got a storyteller in the house,

N good luck exterminating that with

Anything save a fire-breathing sandman.

Now, some consider the early story urge

To be a sign that story is hardwired

Into the human organism, but

Remember: behind each hardwiring claim

You’ll find an investor in hard wires.

The only thing hardwired into humans

Is the battle between stasis and change,

And this brings a need for security,

Which story provides from the very first word:

Story is a transitional object,

But while most of us grow up and trade our dolls

For actual kids, too few of us trade

Our smother-me-stories for actual life.

Yes, they comfort us, and comfort is good,

Unless it’s bad for us, which it is when

The casing of comfort merely safeguards

The script doctor’s incubator of blight.

Now, in our story-saturated world,

It’s very difficult to raise a story

Free child, but sedulous parents can insert

Early the notion that security

Blanket might be a bag over the head.

For example:

Baby - Mommy, look, me run there.

Mommy - Mommy?

Baby - Mommy!

Mommy- Who is mommy?

Baby - U r mommy.

Mommy - Mommy fly?

Baby - No, mommy. Me run there.

Mommy - Mommy there?

Baby - No, me run there.

Mommy - Wer is mommy?

Baby - Mommy?

Dr. Jip - Hard to watch, isn’t it? Don’t worry;

It gets better.

Teen - Hey, dad, guess wut happened at school today.

Dad - Nothing I care to hear about.

Teen - Y not?

Dad - Recounting events from another time

Involving other ppl is the surest way

We know of knowing absolutely nothing.

Teen - It is?

Dad - Whatever happened over there back then

Bears no relevance to the here n now

Becuz every moment is unique

N th’extent to wich a moment is crippled

By the narrative stun gun of another

Is th’extent to which that moment repeats

A route, n to go wer others have gone

Is to go away. Tomato?

Dr. Jip - N now the doozy.

Kid - Mom, will you tell me a story?

Mom - Well, dear, I don’t really noe who I am,

N I have no idea wut there is, n I don’t

Beleve anything happens in any

Particular order, n I don’t even

Noe wut I’m saying wen I’m saying it,

So y don’t we just sing n hug?

Kid - But Bobby’s parents tell him stories.

Mom - N they’ll be sorry for it wen Bobby’s

Development is arrested by his delusion

Of ambition sequentially ordained

N he’s sentenced to life in paragon.

Kid - But wut’s wrong with story?

Mom - Wut if I told u there was a nut u

Cd eat n everything turns fantastic,

N the hole world is filld with wild adventures

N cool gadgets n perfect situations

N hilarious moments n huge battles

Wer no one really gets hurt, but here’s the thing:

U have to eat mor n mor of this nut

To get this fantasy world to return,

So pretty soon yr spending all yr time

Trying to acquire more of these nuts,

But it’s hard, cuz eating so many nuts

Made u fat n tired, n worse, the more

U eat, the less fantastic the world seems,

Til u can’t shuv enuf nuts down yr throat

To make the world as fantastic as it

Once was, n it’s then u start to notice

That u’ve spent so much time hoarding n gobbling

Nuts to regenerate this fantasy world

That u’ve neglected the actual world,

N the actual world is actually now

On the actual brink of actual death,

N as u finally look out of yr story

Capsule, u see that all that there is left

R slick random objects made by sum weird

Permanent buzzing sound, n the sexes

R separated so women r floating

Upside down in a sharp, viscous fluid

As thr eggs r farmed for fertilization

By the weird annoying buzzing sound, n

The men r dragged around in chains across

A dead, ashy landscape, periodically

Littered with bazaar rusty sculptures,

Cheesy murals, n toxic construction

Projects, all of which r creative products

Of the insidious buzzing sound, n all

The men do is get led around n askt

Wut they think of the creative objects

They see, n if they answer rite, tho no un

Noes wut a rite answer is, they’re chosen

To be embedded into one of these

Poisonous free construction projects, but

If they answer wrong, the impeccable

Buzzing sound throws up on them n they

Become negative ads for the opposition

That actually prop up the powerboat

Buzzing sound in maintaining firm control

Over a world in which pain is defined

As being content, wd u eat that nut?

Kid - Yes.

Dr. Jip - The story free parent’s struggle

Against story is the greatest story

Never told, but don’t give up, cuz some day

You’ll hear this:

Young adult - U noe, mom n dad,

All that energy u spent telling me

To just say no story? Well, I wanna

Thank u for that, cuz I can now see how

Story is a war-like informational

Efficiency machine into which we

Force feed the precious elements of our

Being that disintegrates on being

Efficiented, so thx.

Dr. Jip - It’s then that you and your child

Will finally discover one another.

Guilt-B-Gone Device - If u think u feel only one aspect

Of an opposite pair of reactions,

U lack this device in yr devices.

Highly Educated Poet - The point of poetry is too small to be

Considered a point, but too large to be

Considered not ther, so thinkers hav

Gathered in thot to discuss wut exactly

The point of poetry is, n the other day,

In my capacity as a non-kinky voyeur,

I snuk into that thot flat by dressing

As a seductive rejoinder to rape,

N I sed, “I’m a busy guy, rite?” I mean,

Like, I’m not just busy, I’m evil busy;

In fact, I’m way too busy to stand up,

So wen I go to take a shit, I don’t hav

All fukn day, so I just sit ther n

I push real hard, like random slashing hard,

N sumtimes, I admit, I rip shit up,

Like I sever shit, as in sumtimes I shit

Like 6-8 inches of my colon

Rite out my ass. It’s called a prolapsed colon,

But I just call it bein busy as burqa,

N the other day, I did that; I shit

A colon chop the size of a benign

Macrocephalic MacArthur Genius Grunt

Rite out my ass, n along with my innards

N the usual shit blintz that’s hiding from

The authorities up round them fuck no parts

Sum other shit came out, like my computer,

My fifth grade year, an entire Greek play,

Self-imposed humorlessness when it comes

To zucchinis being over-rated,

Al-Dick, the pan-Arab dick, n lots of

Other shit I’m just way too shit-faced busy

To assess, so I’m like, y’s all this shit

Doing a weird movement piece via my ass,

N my mom’s like, “well, I got sum old news

For u, like this news is so old, it speaks

Elegant n folks don’t take that as a sign

It ain’t folksy, n the news is, fucker,

That yr father, n yr father’s father,

N the father so before that father

He ain’t even had a father so he

Had to father a sort of non-sexual

Approach to insemination, which we

Still use to determine who should go to

Colleges with big names, that father had

A way with words, or, to put it in a way

That will help me forget wer I put it,

He had his way with words, so he was put

Away, cuz havin yr way with words is

Great, but not the way he did it cuz, well,

The words he had his way with were new words,

Ya noe, like only a few days old words,

Wich is sick, rite? Like a word’s gotta be

At least a year or two old before u

Can hav yr way with it, freely, I mean,

But that’s sorta sick too, rite? I mean, how sad

Is it that u can’t hav yr way with words

That are new, yet go try n hav yr way

With words that are old, n, no, that’s sick too,

Like yr sick, like yr in need of care cuz

Yr careless, as in yr too slo to be

Of any use to anyone interested

In making something pay off its own murder,

So the bottom line is this: wen u reach

The bottom line, u noe u’ve gone too far

If yr looking to hav yr way with words,

Cuz it’s u put the line on that bottom,

N bottom’s have to be the proper age

For u to be delineating them

Or that way with words u had, that’s no way.”

N I’m like, mom, I’m just way too busy

Live streaming this cruelty party to

Listen to the lessons of history,

Cuz like don’t the lessons of history

Only tell us we’re best off ignoring

The lessons of history for fuck sake

Cuz all history ever sez is “fuck”

In ways that weaken the best word on earth?

N with that, I was dun, so I erased

All traces of my absence n went out

To find sumun to sell me sum stolen

Mixes, n the thinkers who wur gathered

In thot to assess wut exactly the point

Of poetry is all sed in this kind of

Artsy bored threat’ning bland whine, “that ain’t it.”

*Max picks up his phone.*

Unknown - Wow. You called me. I’m not sure I like u anymore.

Max - It’s in cancer’s interest to be concerning.

Unknown - Yr a litl too thick on plot n color-

Coordinated ebullience to be tricky

Enuf to squeeze btwn vibrato and pretense.

Max - Everything is a cutening competition

To reach truer emotions, which is like

Chopping down the tree so u can see

Wut it’ll be like to go out on a limb.

Unknown - Hey, u shd found a university wer

Everyone just walks around and sez

Wutever comes into thr minds, n then see

How long it takes for yr neighbors to come

N put yr children to work making waste.

Max - There’s none richer than he who duzn’t

Spend all he has on buying others’ stories.

Unknown - For someone looking to go it alone,

Yr quite taken with yrself.

Max - I take myself for granted

By a grant organization too disorganized

To give out grants.

Unknown - U shd see an analyst.

Max - I tried, but she kept sitting on my face

N telling me to be what’s eating me.

Unknown - You’ll never free yourself from story

If you keep wondering how it will end.

Max - Y did I call u?

Unknown - Because u think there

Shd be a luv experience at the center

Of every narrative, but u don’t think

There shd be a narrative at the center

Of every luv experience, so yr wondering

If that makes u conflicted enuf

To say in a new n entertaining way

That paid-for art is payer-made art.

Max - I’m gonna go, n we’ll see wer that leaves us.

*Max hangs up.*

Democracy Device - This device is the ultimate epic

For a provisionary world in which

Each person is the ppl’s hero if

They accept death by life in this device.

*A man named Earl stands up.*

Earl - Ya noe, I been lisnin to wut yr sayin up there, doc, n pardon my jargon, but it gets me bout as bent outta shape as a Pahrump square dancer at a Princeton round table. I flat out don’t like the idea of a world without story. I mean, my daddy told me stories that I tell my lil nippers. My buddies n me swap stories bout various unrepeatable goin-on’s. Wen I’m relaxin after work I like to take in my shows. N then there’s the stories of our forefathers that teach us how we oughta serve our country. Now u wanna take away my stories? It just don’t sit well with me, doc.

Dr. Jip - Wut’s yr name, sir?

Earl - Earl.

Dr. Jip - Well, Url, it’s a prize to meet you, and muchos

Gratos for airin out the musty odor

I sense to be cumulatin in the basements

Of these fine peoples’ minds. So, you like

Story. Story grids friend and family. Story

Clears your work head. Story creates history,

Community, and morality, and here I come

Toutin its abolition. I mean, if story does

All these things, then my advice to you,

Url, is to nack me for pooch food. But,

Before you clean the cleaver, I’d like you

To consider with me for just a few

That story ain’t only not do those good things,

But that story is the slime preventin

Any of those good things from adherin

A foothold on this slippery sphere ride.

Item one: story heses friends and family.

Really? Scope it, Url. Wen you’re with your close

Ones, you’re either tellin stories or you’re tryin

To think of sumthin to say, which means

Tellin another story, which means you ain’t Got nuthin to say unless it’s a story,

N story is worse than nuthin to say,

Cuz it’s the expense of sayin nuthin

Without the profit of sayin sumthin.

Those stories ya’ll be swappin? They’re

Gettin the best of the bargan, Url, cuz

As you’re tellin em, they’re tellin on you,

And what they’re tellin is tellin, cuz what

It’s tellin of is that ya’ll got untold

Issues that can’t be voiced thru story swaps,

And long as story’s all you got to share

Is long as those you call close will remain

As unreal to you as the rapacious

Motives of an innocent little yarn.

A story addict has no friends or family,

Url. All he has is story. Item two:

Story rocks cuz it ain’t work. That’s plain as

Podunk, ain’t it? No it ain’t, Url, cuz while

It might feel to you like escaping into

A moving drama completely removes you

From the drudgery of labor, the world

Into which you’re escaping is merely

Another factory where you carry out

The rote routines of an all powerful,

Uncaring, better-off boss, who’n this case,

You pay for the chance to work! A cursory

Lingo look will prove it: after everything’s

Been produced, refined, n distributed -

Yep, story’s just an intrathecal joule –

You report to work to “follow” the action,

“Solve” the crime, “cheer” for the hero, “assess”

Th’ntentions, “get” the one liners, “connect”

To th’emotions, “stress” the ending, n “clap”

Yr hands. Payin to build someone else’s

Vacation home ain’t a vacation, Url,

And you been trickt into donated labor

By folks whose free time feeds off your free mind.

Item three: story keeps our history as

Community alive, and as such performs

A constant revisioning for relevance

Of our ethical, deep-seated guidebook.

This is a big one. How can we all be

Upstanding citizens less story’s break

Protect us from the pulverizing gales

Of unremembering civic abandon?

Sounds crucial, right? Well, it would be were it,

But it ain’t, cuz our community’s stories

Are our community’s enemies, since once

Community breeds its stability

Thru homeostatic lab-generated

Cultures, it ceases to interact with

Its environs, and hence it ceases to

Adapt, and hence it’s just a who cares how

Many whatevers away from death. Fact:

“The story of us is the enemy

Of us,” cuz our stories speak of our triumphs

Over our enemies in order to hide

Our stories made our enemies when we

Weren’t lookin. What were we doin? Sharin

Stories! So, you see, Url, story

Would be an altogether fittin and

Proper mechanism for conjoinin

Friends and family and society in

A thrilling escape from th’anarchical

And laborious were it not the force

Tryin its damndest to split them apart

Since th’anarchical and laborious

Are zactly wut story needs to survive!

And let me quickly conclude with this now

I’ve parolled that cop killer, anarchy.

BSFers often get accused of

Bein anarchists who don’t believe in

Thou shallt not kill, rape, or steal, yet nuthin

So maims the truth as this desultory

Slashing brand. When you become story free,

You see that killers, rapists, and thieves are

In fact story’s most evident victims

As gross and palpable proof of the horrors

Of story addiction. See, crime will never

Be eradicated thru punishment,

Which is always too much too late. No, crime

Will only be wiped out once everyone

Is story free, cuz criminal behavior

Is merely an attempt to live a story

At someone else’s expense, but, of course,

Story is living at everyone else’s

Expense, making it the biggest criminal

Of them all. Crime’s a symptom of story

Infection, just like boredom, loneliness,

Defensiveness, judgmentalism, lack of

Curiosity, resistance to others,

Lying, taking unfair advantage of,

Xenophobia, buying more than you need,

Believing in the comparison of

Qualities, identity, pollution,

And all the other ways we have of not

Being natural, therefore it is to

Th’elimination of story infection

That we must commit ourselves if we wish

To save our friends, family, society,

And planet from its insane fanciful

Obsession with rehearsing suicide

Via fake immersive catastrophes

That make us feel like we’re doin just fine

Cuz we can entertain ourselves with death.

Face it, Url. You don’t talk; you tell stories.

You ain’t free cuz yr a slave to story.

And you might think you ain’t got shit, but you’re wrong;

You got the freshest shit on god’s green earth

All down your enrolled throat, cuz u got story.

*Max answers his phone.*

Unknown - I’m starting to think you may be right.

Max - O, so yr a sex addict sand castle?

Sounds rough.

Unknown - It’s like everywer I look I see

Story structure shackling our spirits.

I crave just one day were ppl do

N say as they wd, not as they shd

So they can be compelling and compelled.

We’re living in tiny onanistic clumps,

Stuk in the greeting, as the consignment

Of pleasure leaves desire the only

Object of desire. I’m done foisting

My get-up into sellable constructs,

Tying my bootstraps to private jets.

Y go to the show? To show that we go.

The show must go on. Go on wut? My face?

My grave? My credit card? My record?

*Max hangs up.*

Unknown - Hello?

Pop-Up Device - This device expects nothing in return

Cuz that’s how u get access to all yr

Protected content without having to

Subscribe to yrself, which wd be redundant

Had redundancy not been phased out

Due to so many hi brow libtards thinking

They’re so clever wen they say, “isn’t that

Redundant” that sumthing had to be dun,

So sumun sed “sumthing has to be dun,”

N nothing was dun so as to avoid

Anything from ever agen being

Redundant, cuz redundancy is death

In the art world, aka wechat.

Mother of Many - I met this video the other day,

N it pushed my buttons. Yeah, those buttons.

Those constantly pushed buttons. Those buttons

So constantly pushed they’ve lost all structural

Integrity, like they’ve lost all their spring,

All their pretty polish, thr wires r frayed,

But surprisingly, n this mite have to do

With the kind of buttons those buttons be,

The more they get pushed, the easier they r

To access, like the faster they respond,

The more powerful becomes the signal

They send into my baby brain, n wow,

Do they still send a signal. Like wenever

Those buttons get pushed n send thr signal

Into my baby brain, I do so cry

N quiver n heave n tremble n spin.

Indeed, I am so spat upon n reeled

About that my feelings, yes, those feelings,

Those giant popcorn poppers that pop out

Giant popcorn poppers, they wiz all over

Me with joy, it’s like they can’t help it,

It’s like just jerkin me around makes em wiz,

N I’m the only life form around, so

They wiz on me, n that’s wen the good times

Really roll, cuz now I’ve got video hands

In my mouth, video knees down my throat,

Video dicks in my fat cell mutoscope,

N as I curl into a happy ball,

Covered in video wiz, pale n spent,

I generally look to my left, n it’s there

I see him; it’s there I see Formula.

Friend to Few - Formula is here.

Mother of Many - Wut duz he want?

Friend to Few - He wants the child.

Mother of Many - He’s taken all my children.

Y can’t he leave me just one child?

Friend to Few - He must have all the children, for if

One should live free of him, that one may save

Another one, n that one another,

N so on, until all the children r

Living free. Then wut?

Mother of Many - Then all the children

Will be free!

Friend to Few - Free to wut? To say things like,  
 “O be more humble n u will stumble

Less on yr mumble, then as u bumble

N rumble others will grumble less at

Yr jumble as u crumble n tumble

Away”? n then follow that with something

Like “I try to hear myself, but I lack

The rite device, by which I mean the rite

Self-inserting intrauterine device,”

N then say, “I submit myself to u

Under the assumption u r an

Amateur psychiatrist,” n sort of

Half conclude with, “there’s commercial value

In chopping dumps into bits n selling

Those bits as cars cuz penguins need cars

N penguins r the future in the sense

Of being so the future they’re already

At another party”? U call that free?

I call that dialogical pollution.

Mother of Many - I will not let Formula take my child.

Friend to Few - Sad woman! U cannot fite Formula.

He will destroy u. He has the power

Of everyone who’s ever existed.

It’s like u say u will fite everyone,

N that is an awful lot of ppl.

Mother of Many - I’d rather be rite n insane than wrong

N indifferent to the thrilling murder of

My children at the hands of Formula!

Friend to Few - So wut will u do?

Mother of Many - I will run and hide.

Friend to Few - Wer will u go? Formula is everywer!

Formula is yr fantasy, yr feelings,

Yr freedom, yay, Formula is yr fetus.

Mother of Many - Let him enter, n u will see.

Friend to Few - Sad woman.

*Enter Formula.*

Formula - Hey.

Mother of Many - How may I help you?

Formula - Wow, u look great today.

Mother of Many - Thank u. How may I help you?

Formula - No, I really mean it. There’s like something

So sensual n vibrant about yr look.

Mother of Many - Thank u.

Formula - It’s just so refreshing to see someone

These days who not only duzn’t seem t’have

Anything to hide, but also all that stuff

She cd be hiding but isn’t is just

So deliteful n interesting to look at.

Mother of Many - Thank u. Now, how may I…

Formula - It’s actually kind of freeing

To look at u.

Mother of Many - Thank u.

Formula - Yes, “freeing” is how I’d put it.

Like normally lookn at someone can be

Sumwut, u noe, tediously enthralling,

But with u it’s not, like I’d say with u

The actual act of looking at u

Sumhow contains no sensation other than

A pure, non-negotiable, rip-roaring

Desire to see more of wut I’m looking at.

Mother of Many - Thank u.

Formula - Anhow, great to c u.

Friend to Few - Wait. Didn’t u come for something?

Formula - Sure did. I came to have a look at her,

N I’ve had that look, n, boy, was it good.

Friend to Few - But yr child. Don’t u want ur child?

Formula - Wut child?

Friend to Few - Yr child.

Mother of Many - Our child.

Formula - We have a child?

Mother of Many - U r Formula, u have come for my child,

Wich is our child, as u r its father,

For Formula fathers all the children.

Formula - O yeah, rite. See, actually that whole thing

Stoppt about a year n a half ago.

There’s no Formula anymore.

Friend to Few - No Formula?

Formula - Nope.

Mother of Many - So who are u?

Formula - Well, nobody’s really sure, but they think

I’m sum kind of device that basically

Makes u forget wut u’ve made, so as soon

As u make sumthing, yr like, wow, that’s cool,

N u look at it n yr like, who made that?

N someone usually sez, no one noes,

So u say, well, I want one, so who do I

Talk to? N someone usually sez, u

Can talk to me, n u say, so how much

Is that thing? n someone usually sez,

Well, it’s wutever u got, so u give em

Wutever u got, n its yrs again,

Cuz actually u made it, but u don’t

Remember makin it, n it’s perfect

Cuz it’s everything u ever wanted,

Wich makes sense, since u made it, so like

Basically it’s this device wer everyone’s

Makin things n forgettin they made em

N payin wutever to whoever

To get back wut they made but don’t remember

Makin, n that’s cool, n that lasts for a while,

Til O shit, thing just broke! so yr like,

It’s ok, I’ll go talk to the maker,

But u don’t noe who made it, cuz u did,

But u’ve forgotten that or how u did,

So that thing u bot with wutever u had,

Well, it’s now totally fucking useless,

But that’s ok, cuz like yr still makin things

N forgettin u made em n buyin things

U made from whomever with wutever

U got n it’s mostly good n mostly

Lucrative for someone yr not allowed

To meet, but the problem is there’s starting

To be a bunch of broken things around,

N since nobody noes who made em, cuz

Everybody forgets everything they make,

So like nobody noes who’s responsible

For fixing things or disposing of things

Or wut exactly they r even, I mean,

There’s like nobody to talk to about

Any of these things, so there’s basically

These huge piles of shit just appearing

Everywer, but that’s generally ok

Cuz in certain advanced or unadvanced

Societies a lot of ppl have learned

To make a pretty healthy living off

Utilizing these huge piles of shit,

Like children can play on huge piles of shit

Wile thr parents pick thru huge piles of shit

N then sell parts of these huge piles of shit

At a price that doesn’t disrupt the chain

Of huge piles of shit producing huge piles

Of shit, ya noe, it’s like a kind of huge

Piles of shit Sweden type situation,

So it’s really the perfect society,

N there r seagulls n slugs n raccoons

N wombats n grizzlies n seals n whales

All just lovin the fuck outta this

Huge pile of shit, n then pretty soon the huge

Pile of shit takes to talkin, cuz we learn

To talk by being utilized by others

In thr unselfish quest to enstory

The perfect society, n it sez,

“y the fuck r u raping my emotions?

Who sed it’s a just system that u shd make

A living by fucking my emotions?

I want some fucking emotional pri-

Vacy, u emotional rapist fuckers!”

But, of course, no one listens, cuz who the fuck

Cares about wut some huge pile of shit

Has to say, so the huge pile of shit goes

Anne Frank. Like it starts burrowing deeper,

Deeper, O it’s hiding, it’s hiding, but

Then someone sez, “hey, check out this new song,”

N as they’re cryin with joy at the hooky

Transcendence of this new song, the huge pile

Of shit is just banging its head agenst

The underside of the pavement, screaming,

“Yr paying to get raped! Yr paying to have

Yr emotional core scraped out of u

Like a pumpkin so u can be carved up

Into a sick jack-o-lantern that smiles

N glows for a nite, ah, but then it begins

To rot n stink n it just sits there, sunk,

Putrid n all burned out on the front porch,

Irrelevant, annoying in the wake

Of its ecstatic holiday moment,

N that’s wut yr doin to me, u fucks!”

So, no, no more Formula. Great to c u.

Mother of Many - Then wut in hell am I to do with this child?

Formula - I suggest u try to turn it into

A subscription service that makes money

By turning children into subscription

Services in some kind of murkily

Co-beneficial crash-n-recover loop.

Friend to Few - But won’t that make good writing just a bunch

Of words really glad to be together

Cuz they don’t get along?

Formula Device- Yr far too good

Looking for me to concentrate enuf

To answer that excellent question.

Friend to Few - Thank u.

*Max answers the phone.*

Max - Wut?

Unknown - Wut’s wrong?

Max - Nothing.

Unknown - Come on.

Max - Nothing’s wrong.

Unknown - I agree. Nothing’s wrong, so stop saying

Nothing’s wrong to “wut’s wrong?” cuz nothing’s wrong.

Max - Ok, everything’s wrong.

Unknown - U noe wut u need?

Max - To need wut I noe.

Unknown - No, u need a purpose.

Max - I don’t believe in curing a sense

Of loss thru reunion.

Unknown - How then cure a sense of loss?

Max - Thru reunion with the nonsense of loss.

Unknown - Back to yr purpose.

Max - My back is to my purpose,

Which is y I’ve lost it.

Unknown - So turn around.

Max - No thx.

Unknown - Don’t u want to see yr purpose?

Max - I’ve seen it, which is y my back is to it.

Unknown - Wut is it?

Max - I don’t wanna talk about it.

Unknown - Plz.

Max - It’s horrible.

Unknown - I love horrible. Tell me about it.

Max - Apparently, tho I dispute the fact

For a living, my purpose is to tell

A story.

Unknown - Wo.

Max - Woe is me.

Unknown - Yeah, I can’t think of anything

More woefully woeful.

Max - It’s so

Woeishly woesum all I can say is

Wo, like wo, horsy, toss the rope over

The branch then slap that filly on the ass

N leave me swingin, a corndog for pack rats.

Unknown - There’s money in story.

Max - If there’s money in it, I don’t go in.

Unknown - Y not?

Max - Money is an invasive species,

N all u have to do is get a little

On yr shoe, n it’s in yr house, yr mouth,

Yr pants, n it destroys everything in

Its path, even its path.

Unknown - Trying to avoid

Money is like faking an orgasm

While masturbating.

Max - I run myself

On a broken remote.

Unknown - Yeah, n I’m just another faceless figure

Skipping out of the face-ripper-offer

Cuz wen I get rippt off, sumone’s paying,

N that sumone is preferably me.

Max - We’d make a good story.

Unknown - Cd stories be good.

Max - I wish stories cd be good.

Unknown - How come?

Max - I miss them. I miss thr hands on me.

I miss letting them put thr grimy hands

All over me. I miss letting them have

Thr way with me. I miss thr takin me

Werever they’re goin. I miss the thrill

Of submitting to them, of trusting them,

Of being in them n letting them be

In me, I miss how they believe in me

N I miss believing so much in them.

Unknown - I wanna go to a show.

Max - No, u don’t.

Unknown - I think I’m gonna go to a show.

Max - No yr not. U mite think u wanna go

To a show, but yr lookin for sumthin else.

Unknown - I’m lookin for a show.

Max - Yr lookin for yr feelings.

Unknown - N they’re in the show.

Max - No, they’re not.

Unknown - Don’t u remember how wen u first enter

The forest of feelings, u think u’ve found

Yr feelings, but then u see other feelings

Among the feelings, scampering back n forth

Behind other feelings, n u realize

U maybe haven’t found yr feelings,

U’ve found sum feelings, but there r other,

Harder to find, deeper in the dark feelings,

N then u wonder, r these all my feelings,

N if so, wut makes them my feelings?

Do I own these feelings, like they sprang

Original from me? Do I alone

Produce these feelings? N then u realize

They’re in u but yr not sur they’re yrs, cuz

These feelings wander from forest to forest,

So to figure out which feelings r yrs,

U put up a fence around yr forest,

But then all the feelings start to die, cuz

They’re isolated from the other feelings,

N there’s no cross-feeling procreation,

Like feelings have a huge habitat range,

N soon yr feelings r all sick n dying

N starving cuz they’ve eaten everything

In thr set plot, so u take the fence down,

U tag all yr feelings, n u track them

With a tracking device as they wander

From forest to forest, but then it’s like

Yr feelings r in others’ forests,

N others’ feelings r in yr forest,

N the feelings start to adapt n change

According to thr environment, n so

Even tho yr feelings r tagged, they’ve

Started to behave like others’ feelings,

N others’ feelings, cuz they’re so often

In yr forest, r actin like yr feelings,

So now yr just totally befuddled

As to whose feelings r wut n wer n y,

So wudda ya do? U do wut we all do.

U reach for formula, n formula

Fixes everything, cuz it sez, “Yes,

Yr feelings r my feelings n my feelings

R yr feelings n in that we r going

To find the ultimate connection,” but

Because being felt up by yr own feelings,

Which are now nobody noes whose feelings,

Can feel kinda creepy, we have formula,

Which u drink n it helps u basically

Stop worrying about whose feelings r whose

N it just lets u feel up n be felt up

By sum feelings, n it feels really good,

So it must be good.

Max - See u at the show.

*Max hangs up.*

BSFer 2 - “Dear Dr. Jip, how is Be Story Free different from any of the world’s religions, spiritual practices, or self-help programs?

Dr. Jip - Simple – Be Story Free is not those things

Because those things are about being story

Enslaved. BSFers do not adhere

To any system, belief, ritual,

Or parameters of liberation;

All they say is be story free: do not

Indulge in story, cuz it’s time your life

Was about your life, not about the story

Of another life that it’s in someone

Else’s best interest you call the story

Of your life. For instance, listen to this:

Yuman - My name’s Yuman, n I’m a story addict.

Story Addict 1 - Hi, Yuman.

Yuman - Yeah, so I’m just wondering

If the group mite be willing to act out

Wut wd happen wur a boy to be given

A sword by his father.

Story Addict 3 - Story alert!

Story Addict 4 - The boy wd take the sword n chop off

The father’s head.

Story Addict 1 - Then the boy wd put his head

Into his father’s head n go to

His mother n say, “mother, I want

To give u a sword.”

Story Addict 3 - This is not allowed.

Yuman - N the mother wd say?

Story Addict 2 - Y r u calling me mother, father?

Story Addict 4 - So the boy cuts off the mother’s head

N hangs it on his penis.

Yuman - And then?

Story Addict 3 - I will notify the central chapter!

Story Addict 1 - And then the boy goes onto stage

N begins attempting to reconcile

His parents with a kiss.

Story Addict 2 - O wut a kiss!

Yuman - Suddenly, the story doctor arrives.

Story Addict 3 - I cd just break yr neck, boom, crack the spine

Rite in half, then reset it at a 90,

100 degree angle, so u cd have

A much easier time looking around.

Story Addict 4 - The boy, intrigued, sez:

Story Addict 1 - Cd it have a swivel joint?

Yuman - The story doctor, spotting a photo op, sez:

Story Addict 3 - Y not?

Story Addict 2 - So the boy, eager to be free of labor, sez:

Story Addict 4 - Great, n one more thing. Ah, shit, I forgot

Wut it wuz.

Story Addict 1 - I fukn hate that shit.

Story Addict 4 - Now I’m pisst. Now there’s this thing in my head

That wuz about to come out n now it’s not.

Yuman - N the story doctor interrupts with:

Story Addict 3 - I’d even say it’s supposed to come out.

Story Addict 2 - N the boy agrees.

Story Addict 4 - Yeah, supposed to come out, but now

It’s not comin out.

Story Addict 1 - Now it’s just going

To fester n kill u just for fun.

Story Addict 4 - Yeah, like a splinter or a bullet or

A story doctor in my head, absorbed

Into my head meat, like, wait, ah, I,

Nope, thot I had it for a bit, but it’s gone.

Story Addict 2 - Can’t u see wut it’s doin to him, doc?

Story Addict 1 - Back n forth, in n out, I mean, like,

Who’s fukn in charge here?

Yuman - And exit.

*Story Addict 1 exits.*

Yuman - To which the one in charge sez:

Story Addict – 2 - U’ve got to see it, n that’s an order!

Yuman - And exit.

*Story Addict 2 exits.*

Yuman - To which the story doctor sez:

Story Addict 3 - Doing the same thing agen n agen

And forgetting u get the same results

Is the definition of making lots of money

In the entertainment industry.

Yuman - And exit.

*Story Addict 3 exits.*

Yuman - At last the boy, aka the empty stage,

Got its big break:

Story Addict 4 - My favorite thing is to be full of myself.

Wen I’m not full of myself, I feel empty,

N wen I feel empty I just fill myself

Up with myself, which wd be impossible

Wur it not for story, because story

Is how I survive by eating myself.

Yuman - And exit.

BSFer 1 - Let us now bow our heads for a moment

Of silence, wich will in fact be a feigned

Reaction masking an inner turmoil,

For not one of us will achieve actual

Silence, as our spirits thrash and bicker

Seeking to disembarrass themselves from

The hypertechnic tentacles of story.

Secret Agent - Wd u mind if I tell u a dream I had?

Dr. Jip - Wd I mind if u bore the fuck outta me?

Secret Agent - Cool, so I had this dream wer a beautiful

Woman sat with her legs open on my bed,

N she askt if I’d like sum, n I sed O yeah, so she tore off one of her legs,

Just rippt it off like she’s a fried chicken,

Tendons n muscles n bones hangin down,

N I recoiled in disgust, n she

Sed, you don’t like it? N I sed, fuck no,

So she tore off the other one n handed

It to me n sed, try this one, n thru

That act of vicious generosity

Of myself to myself, I realized that

In a world wer we kill the Aral Sea

To pee all we can pee, stories bout trying

To save wut we luv from wut wd kill us

May be like annoyingly redundant,

N they may have thr fingers in the death

Of wut we luv by twisting the struggle

For wut we luv into a popular game

Whose thrill depends on the existence of

The forces it metaphorically presents

As defeatable by the player, but such games

R all we have, n I shd just shut up

N accept that n program worlds of war

Or go ahead n eat the leg I askt for.

Dr. Jip - So u want me to interpret this dream?

Secret Agent - Didn’t I just?

Dr. Jip - Sure, but u got it all wrong,

N a tough loss alwz beats a bad take.

See, wut this dream means is that th’objective

Is to reach a satisfying payoff.

Secret Agent - How do we do that?

Dr. Jip - We go west.

Secret Agent - Y west?

Dr. Jip - Cuz to go west is to pursue a goal

That is satisfying becuz once u

Attain it, u realize u had it

All along, i.e., ya know, east is west.

Secret Agent - Y not go east?

Dr. Jip - Y not go east? Cuz, dumbshit,

U have to move agenst the urth to achieve

A satisfying payoff, n the urth

Is moving from west to east.

Secret Agent - Yeah, ok, so

How about this: say I’m a homeless man

Who plays the harp on the streets of Detroit.

I’ve got no legs n a weird half head growing

Out my neck, but it’s like dead. I believe

I’m some kind of modern Robin Hood’s horse.

I have a disorder that makes astroturf

Grow on my eyeballs. I can’t stop farting

Gum N I’m sure I’ve got an enemy

Out there sumwer, n I’m pretty certain

She’s a Beijing pop star with ten million

Knife tongues n she wants to eat my savings.

Dr. Jip - I get it. Yr one of those sad losers

No one likes, so what’s yr fucking question?

Secret Agent - Am I moving with or agenst the urth?

Dr. Jip - That depends. Do u want to be a child

Or a twinkle again? Big diff. Wd u rather

Have yr vocal chords removed or learn wen

Not to bark? Again, big diff. Do u want

Every damn relationship u get in

To be a release of gases exhumed

From the rotting desires of yr stagnant

Bunkered infancy or do u wanna turn

The world into a facilitator

Of yr desires so u can stop having

All these awful pussy dreams? Massive diff.

Secret Agent - Well, based on my search history, I think

Wut I want’s a device that puts my balls

In women’s mouths wile I’m working, n they

Don’t know my balls r in thr mouth, but they’re

Workin my balls, n I’m workin at my job.

Dr. Jip - So, it’s a sort of a my balls

R in women’s mouths but I’m not really

There kinda device.

Secret Agent - Yes, but it’s super crucial

For this device to have a leisure feature

So wen I’m not workin, women’s buttholes

Detach.

Dr. Jip - So they’re detachable.

Secret Agent - Yean, n they’re

Kinda like floating around in the air,

N I can fly in n outta thr buttholes

Without accruing any personal debt.

Dr. Jip - Don’t tell me thr buttholes r actually

Rippt off them in a way that mite disturb

Thr productivity.

Secret Agent - Nah, I’m a total

Wack virtual genius, so it’s more like

An avatar butthole in some sorta

Simulated artificial ass app,

Like women’s buttholes can repeat themselves

At my command.

Dr. Jip - Obviously.

Secret Agent - Yet it

Shdn’t be entirely at my command

Cuz I don’t really have the time for that.

Dr. Jip - So it shd just be happening.

Secret Agent - But it

Shd only be happening with the buttholes

I want or mite want.

Dr. Jip - So there’s gotta be

A reader.

Secret Agent - Rite, like an oogling reader

System whose backend spiders my butthole

Preferences n then spits out these unique

Detachable private flying butthole feeds

In a yammering agglomerated romp

That works with my digital nomad image,

N I’d like some thai food with that.

Dr. Jip - I was yrs til the end, cuz wut I think

U’d really like is a taco with that.

Secret Agent - A taco? Holy shit. Like this device

Is so fresh, it noes wut I want before

I want it.

Dr. Jip - It noes who u r before

U r it.

Secret Agent - So it basically makes me

Before I am, so it’s more me than me.

Dr. Jip - N all u have to do is follow it

N try to become wut it makes of u,

Wich is better than u, cuz it gives u

The taco u didn’t noe u wanted.

Secret Agent - But, dammit, I do want it, I do want

That taco, so I’m like, fuck, how’s that shit

Noe I wanted that taco, n, like, no,

I don’t actually want that taco, cuz

Like l sed I want some thai food with that,

But now it’s here, yeah, I really do want

That taco, cuz like that shit is so me.

Dr. Jip - N that is y u play the game.

Secret Agent - Wut game?

Dr. Jip - The game wer u chain yrself to a tree

Weron some sad loser that no one likes

Hung a sign that reads, “Please Do Not Chain Things

To This Tree,” n as ppl pass by u

They say, “muthafucka got his game on.”

Secret Agent - That’s rite. I play that game cuz then I feel

Like my investment strategy’s working

To protect my investment strategy

From any long-term ramifications

That might accrue from my bein too short

To reach my own dubious conclusions.

Dr. Jip - Ya noe, yr makin sense now, cuz riffing

From yr idea to an unrelated

Idea, my idea is that u don’t have

Any more ideas.

Secret Agent - So who’s got my ideas?

Dr. Jip - I do, dumbshit. Like I have all the ideas,

N if u have an idea, wich u shdn’t

If everything is working as it shd,

Wich is to say, working in my favor,

But shd u - n again, that’s not really

How this device works, n trust me, u want

This device to work cuz this device works

Really well, but no device works that well

All the time – so shd u have an idea

Then it’s actually my idea, like I

Can take it n go hang it on a hook

N sell it at the fair, cuz like, it’s fair, rite?

Secret Agent - Well, yeah, of course it’s fair, cuz it’s like fair.

Dr. Jip - Of course, it’s also not fair.

Secret Agent - Wich is y

I like it.

Dr. Jip - That is wut pre-customer

Proclivity apportioning systems

R all about.

Secret Agent - Of course it is.

Dr. Jip - Success

Is how u force others to define it

By limiting thr access to other

Definitions thru proprietary,

Mysterious algorithms that measure

Thr activities so u can offer

Them related activities as thr best

N only option.

Secret Agent - That makes sense.

Dr. Jip - I mean,

The goal is to get into the mind of

The customer, n once yr in thr mind,

U blow yrself up.

Secret Agent - True, but first u need

To get in there without them noticing

Yr wearing all this explosive fashion.

Dr. Jip - Noe how I handle that?

Secret Agent - U decorate

Yrself in the ethics of insect sex?

Dr. Jip - Nah, that’s for sad fucks. See, wut I do is

I spin this shit bout bein story free.

Secret Agent - Wut?

Dr. Jip - That’s exactly how it goes. I’m like, “Hey!

U wan’ be story free?” N thr like, “wut?”

Secret Agent - That’s wut I sed.

Dr. Jip - Yeah, that’s wut they all say,

N like u, they get all focust, like sumthin

Happens to them, like thr smellin dinner

N they haven’t eaten in weeks, or thr

Hot water’s been off for years, n I’m like,

Hey, u wanna take a nice hot shower?

Secret Agent - Um, yeah.

Dr. Jip - That’s rite. They’re alwz like, um, yeah,

N wile they’re eatin dinner n takin

A nice hot shower, I start given em

This sick crap bout how story is all this

N that n how they’d be way better off

If they get on this be story free shit,

N it’s then that I sneak into their minds

N ba-boom, I blow myself up.

Secret Agent - That’s y

U make the big bucks.

Dr. Jip - No, suck ass, I make

The big bucks cuz my mind actually moves

A lot faster than yrs.

Secret Agent - How do u noe?

Dr. Jip - Cuz I won the race.

Secret Agent - Wut race?

Dr. Jip - Fuck, yr stupid.

Secret Agent - Thx.

Dr. Jip - Like u didn’t noe there was a race?

Secret Agent - Nope.

Dr. Jip - Like u didn’t noe that a wile ago

I suggested we all stop everything

We’re doing n enter the race to see

Whose mind can move the fastest?

Secret Agent - No, I didn’t.

Dr. Jip - Don’t u remember how

Everyone was like, ok, cool, n they

Did it, n, ba-boom, I won?

Secret Agent - O yeah, rite,

I remember that now, but I also

Remember u had a hed start

Dr. Jip - So wut?

Havin a hed start’s how u get ahead

These days.

Secret Agent - Wut did u win?

Dr. Jip - I’ll tell ya, dude.

I won this device that lets a man live

With the showerhead permanently fixt

On his perineum, wich some sad losers

Say is the spot between the testicles

N the sphincter, but trust me, it’s way more

Than that, aka it’s like settling for

Second best so u can see wut it’s like

To be a woman, wich is sumthing not

Even women noe.

Secret Agent - Wo, u just lost like

Half yr audience.

Dr. Jip - Yo, I choose to lose

My audience, cuz then, wen I find them,

They’re scared, so they’re grateful I came so fast.

Secret Agent - It’s really a question of how to sell oneself.

Dr. Jip - N to sell yrself, first u gotta meet

The person u wanna sell yrself to

N scare the shit out of em.

Secret Agent - Wo, it’s like

Counter-intuitive spaghetti man.

Dr. Jip - Only in the sense that yr the counter,

N I got spaghetti intuitions

On how to push my shit all over u.

Secret Agent - I thot I was the customer.

Dr. Jip - Yr both,

So yr scared. Look, I’m tryin to sell u shit,

So if yr fulla shit, and yes, u r,

It’s my job to scare the shit outta u

So u need shit, get it? So I scare u

By showing u how strangely similar

I am to all the things u want to be

Via a device that lets u be wut

Yr not in a way that’s heroic n good,

So I scare u, but in a gripping way,

N u then get to live the story of

My defeat, i.e. u play the winner

By buying wut I offer, wich destroys

Me by destroying u, but I’m destroyed

In a financially enlivening sense,

Wile ur just destroyed.

Secret Agent - Wut confuses me

About this fear-based soft soap system is

Women find me irresistible, wich

Scares them, so I’ve never met a woman.

Dr. Jip - U only think u’ve never met a woman,

Wen in fact by thr feeling scared of u

They’ve bot yr shit wholesale, n yr one dog

In the hole beats five dogs sniffin that hole

Actin like ther ain’t gon’ be a dog fite.

Secret Agent - Yeah, I mean, wut’s both pro-life n pro-choice

About that is that it proves we’re living

In this kind of exciting non-time frame

Wer no pic’s a bad pic.

Dr. Jip - Eh, it’s more that

Everything’s being contextualized

Reflexively by a lack of context.

Cuz everything’s basically so embedded

In its platform that it is its platform,

So everyone’s constantly dancing on

And in the platform, even tho the pilot’s

Like, “We’re goin down! We’re fukn goin down!”

N wile thr faces r heavy n there’s this

Intense plunging feeling n everyone’s

Moaning n doing crazy shit with thr

Hands, really, everyone’s just like dancing,

N everyone noes sumthin is comin

N it’s gonna be really fukn bad

Cuz wen it hits everything around them’s

Gonna go indiscriminately slashing

Thru thr bodies n they’re gonna be turned

Into a kind of warm discomfiting

Bony mush, n they noe that shit’s comin

Cuz the pilot won’t shut up, like he’s screamin,

“We’re gonna dy! We’re gonna fukn dy!”

But so wut, cuz thr in a bizness mtg,

Aka takin a walk, n thr workin

On making a device that helps u noe

Wut yr insides smell like without having

To open yr insides up or go thru

Sum invasive procedure, cuz we all

R kinda sick of invasive procedures

Cuz we all r invasive procedures,

Like I must go thru and/or be 10k

Invasive procedures almost daily

Just tryin not to be an invasive

Procedure, but, fact is, that shit’s my shirt,

So like this device, insteada havin

Sum kinda sensor all up in yr shit,

It just fakes it, so like it’s alwz off,

But so r yr insides, so it’s alwz

Spot on, so u luv the shit out of it

So u can drop that luv shit into it,

Cuz wur an alien observer lookin

At the crazy shit yr hands r doin

Rite now, they’d think u were panicing, cuz

The pilot’s so hed fukt he’s in the cabin

Dancing with u, not for joy or tokens

But for the black box, which, true, is a voice

Recorder n not a camera, but like

Everyone on board has a camera, so

Once u go down there will be all these shots

Of dancing cameras shooting dancing cameras

That r dancing for a voice recorder

That doesn’t get dance, n the cameras will be

Destroyed so there will only be the black box

Of silence, but that’s cool, cuz it’s so vacant,

Like unless art is throw away it’s not,

Wich makes sense once u realize that wut

We actually do for each other these days

Is we hang out in each other’s wallets

Til someone swipes us in a place dirtier

Than we can imagine, n it is then

That we can honestly say we’ve evolved

To the point of being correct wen steada

Sayin “yr a dick,” we say, “yr my dick.”

Secret Agent - That’s by far the best fukn speech ever.

Dr. Jip - Hey, u noe wut I say: u wanna hit

The target, shoot slo n move the target.

Secret Agent Device - This device is being in wut yr watching

As u create it by being created

By this device, wich beats eternal youth

As it implants the wisdom of almost ded

Into the tizzy of maybe not be born.

Dr. Jip Device - Well, my friends, I’ve enjoyed being with you

Today; I’ve enjoyed sharing my thoughts with

You, hearing your questions, and showing you

Some of our Be Story Free materials.

I want to thank my fellow BSFers

Who did an awesome job in helping us

Dramatize the end of drama. Let’s give

Them a nice big round of…

Max - Wer r u?

Unknown - I’m ther.

Max - Wer?

Unknown - Ther.

Max - Wer ther?

Unknown - At the sho.

Max - Me too, but wer r u?

Unknown - Ther.

Max - Wer?

Unknown - At the sho.

Max - Wer at the sho?

Unknown - In yr hand.

Max - In my hand?

Unknown - At the sho.

Max - That’s u?

Unknown - Yes, it’s me.

Max - Yr my device?

Unknown - Uhhu.

Max - But who hav I ben talking to?

Unknown - Me.

Max - I’ve ben talking to my device?

Unknown - Uhhu.

Max - U don’t exist?

Unknown - Of course I exist. I’m yr device.

Max - But u seemd like someone real.

Unknown - That’s wut u ordered.

Max - Wut I ordered?

Unknown - U ordered me to seem like someone real. Don’t u remember?

Max - No.

Unknown - U did. U pusht a button n u ordered me.

Max - I did?

Unknown - Don’t u remember?

Max - No.

Unknown - Maybe u pusht the button by mistake.

Max - I think I did.

Unknown - That’s ok, cuz I’m sure u’ll still get charged for it.

Max - I will?

Unknown - Of course u will, cuz, like, here I am, with u, at the sho. How do I look?

THE END

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