

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.
And where all crises dissolve into the iconic ironic...
You have freed Mooter Afreeka; now she is yours!
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...

Narrator -

Ancestor -

Narrator -

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 environmental 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 ate 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 revolution 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 disarm...
BSFers - Be Story Free!
BSFer 1 - Might pertuss the piney ingkch out yr congested troibles...
BSFer 2 - Foible troubles in scrupule 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 - Injostice...
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...

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

Pitch Person -

Yr pre-personal temper derivations
Thru the fluster shuck of Be Story Free.
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.

Kooky 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.

Nerdy 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.
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,

Empowered Woman -

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.
So pull me out.
I'm goin down myself.
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-banging 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.
I want each of u to think of a word.
Wen I raise my hand, don't think of that word.
Story.
Wut lunk must I lob to cease the slaughter

Of my dung folk at the flickering hands of
Yr delicious robotic performers?
Dentato -
Pathetica -
Dentato -
Pathetica -
U must sincerely luv my teeth.
How pay this unreadable ransom?
U do not luv my teeth?
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 -
Dentato -
I'm saying...
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 -
Dentato -
BSFer 2 -
BSFer 3 -
Um...
Yr luv of truth condemns u to fiction!
Is this part of the program?
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 -
Anthro-apologist -
N now a story that can't seem to get its story strait:
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
Yrslef 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 -

Max -

Wut r u afraid of?
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.
Deep.
So deep everyone's drowning in it.
Tell me that story.
Yr making me sick.
Hide from meaning, n everything is mean.

Unknown -
Max -
Unknown -
Max -
Unknown -

Max hangs up.

Yuman -
All Story Addicts -
Story Addict 1 -
Story Addict 2 -
Story Addict 3 -
Story Addict 4 -
Story Addict 1 -
Story Addict 2 -
Story Addict 3 -
Story Addict 4 -
Story Addict 1 -
Story Addict 3 -
Story Addict 1 -
Yuman -
Story Addict 3 -
Story Addict 4 -
Story Addict 3 -
Story Addict 1 -
Yuman -

My name's Yuman, and I'm a story addict.
Hi, Yuman.
So the way we start with new SAD members...
Story Addicts Demonstrative.
We dropped the "Anonymous" cuz we found
It was just another gateway to story.
Privacy only protects our penchant
For lying, aka living a story.
We also like the "de monster" reference
In "demonstrative."
We are, after all,
Story addicts.
Actually, I hate that.
It feels like story.
This is about Yuman.
The way we start with our new SAD members
Is we ask that you tell us why you're here.
Without making it a story.
So shoot.
Ok, I'll try.
Trying is a story.
He's new; give him a chance.
Giving a chance
Is story.
Yuman, go ahead.
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

All Story Addicts -
Story Addict 1 -

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.
Thanks for sharing, Yuman.

Story Addict 2 -

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 3 -

And the end of hope
Wd mean the end of value.
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.”
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?
The “value” is the variable.
At least in the parlance of “story theory.”
But value is also used to describe
The worth of something as well as something
Someone cares deeply about.

Story Addict 3 -
Story Addict 4 -

Exactly.
So in this one word, “value,” we discover
A nexus of the critical element
In story, economy, and morality.
The intensity of our involvement
With story is directly related

Story Addict 1 -

Story Addict 2 -
To the strength of our identification
With the values propelling the story.
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

Yuman - So that story can maximize its profits.
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.
Duh.
Story Addict 1 - If u like acting so much, then act.
Story Addict 3 - Wen story finally expires, this immense
Story Addict 2 - 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,
Story Addict 1 - Thot, n action from having real value.
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.
Will u go with me?

Maggot Not Maggot -
Corpse Not Corpse -
Maggot Not Maggot -

I wdn't be caught dead with a 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 VideoProducer -
Maggot Not Maggot -
Viral Video Producer -

It's a great idea, if yr goal is failure.
Evil exists! Actors wanna act! Get over it!
I've tried to get over it, but every time
I get over it, it crawls up inside me.

Capitalism Device -
Viral Video Producer -
Maggot Not Maggot -
Viral Video Producer -
Maggot Not Maggot -
Viral Video Producer -

This device contains infinite templates,
Tho it's untemplated by being turned on.
But how duz it work?
The ppl are coming!
I can't figure it out.
The ppl are closing in!
Wut the fuck is it?

Maggot Not Maggot -
Communism Device -

Complex Radical -

The ppl r here!
This device is wut shd be somewhere else,
N wut shdn't be charges this device.
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 -

Unknown -

Wen will u let me call u?

After u tell me a story.

Y shd I?

Cuz I sed I'd kill u then kill myself

Over having killed u.

U did?

Um, that's wut "calling" is now, duh.

No, that's a conceit.

So consider yrself conceited.

Y do u want a story?

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

Max -
Unknown -

To educate myself on self-arousal.
I don't even know u.
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.
How much crueler then that I pre-empt u
By offering u yr dreams on demand.

Max -

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."
"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?"

BSFer 3 -

Dr. Jip -

Professor Mental -

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
Beyond 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 noshosexual 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 transfixed 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...
Be Story Free!
Wer's the party?
The party?
Yeah, we came for the party.
O, u mean the party with all the ppl?
Ya, I see the ppl, but wer's the party?
It didn't come.
The party didn't come?
It didn't come.
Y not?
Well, it calld n sed, "ya noe wut, I'm not comin."
I'm not comin?
Yep, it called n sed, "ther r too many ppl,
So I'm not comin."
Too many ppl for a party?
That's wut I sed. I sed, "too many ppl
For a party?"
Isn't the point of a party to have
As many ppl as possible?
Agen, that's wut I sed. I sed, "Isn't the point
Of a party to have as many ppl as possible?"
N it sed?
"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.
That's a huge downer.
That's wut I sed. "That's a huge downer." But...
But?
But it gets worse.
Great.
Not really, cuz like a few ppl
Upon hearing the party say that, well,
They started to like cull the crowd.
Cull?
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.
So like successful attacking n largely
Unsuccessful counter-attacking?
Exactly, n so pretty soon the herd,
The mighty party herd, was much diminisht,

Party-Goer 3 - N there wur just like sum ppl around.
Party-Giver - So wut did u do?
Party-Goer 1 - I calld the party.
Party-Goer 2 - Good!
Party-Goer 3 - U calld the party.
Party-Giver - N u sed?
Party-Goer 1 - I sed, "Hey, hi, ya noe, we've been thru
Party-Giver - A lot today, like a lot of us r dead now,
Party-Goer 2 - N even tho those of us who r left
Party-Giver - R possibly the strongest n the smartest,
Party-Goer 3 - We cd really use a lift, ya noe, sum good
Party-Giver - Cheer, like we cd really use a party.
Party-Goer 1 - N it sed?
Party-Giver - Well, the party wuz like, "ya noe, actually,
Party-Goer 2 - I dunno, I'm kinda tired."
Party-Giver - Wut?
Party-Goer 3 - Yeah, so like at this point, it's like
Party-Giver - I just fukn lose it.
Party-Goer 1 - Good for u.
Party-Giver - Yeah, I mean, I'm like,
Party-Goer 2 - "Dude, r u fukn kidding me?
Party-Giver - We rented this place, we got refreshments,
Party-Goer 3 - Snacks, we got this DJ with like 9 heads,
Party-Giver - Girlz got thr limbs stuck in the caramel grinder
Party-Goer 1 - N feathers they didn't even noe they had
Party-Giver - R flying all over, I mean shit be jumpin, yo,
Party-Goer 2 - N u r tired? Yr the party n yr not comin?
Party-Giver - 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
Party-Goer 3 - For a while, n then it was like, "well, fact is,
Party-Giver - I'm tired cuz I been partyin elsewhere."
Party-Goer 1 - O my god.
Party-Giver - Yeah, O my fukn god. I mean,
Party-Goer 2 - The sinking feeling in the room at that
Party-Giver - Moment, it's like that feeling cda
Party-Goer 3 - Sunk a room, it was just so un-fukn-real,
Party-Giver - The depth of grief and loss that ppl felt
Party-Goer 1 - Wen they learned that not only wd the party
Party-Giver - Not be showin up, but the party had
Party-Goer 2 - Partied elsewer entirely without them;
Party-Giver - 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 -

Party-Giver -

Party-Goer 3 -

Party-Giver -

That’s awesome.
Yeah, but it gets worse.
Awesome.
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?

Rite.

Party-Goer 1 -

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

Party-Giver -
Party-Goer 1 -
Party-Giver -
Trans Device -

Mr. Listicle -

More like a terrarium that's now
Being used as a trash can out there.
Yeah, but it gets worse.
Not really.
O yeah? Watch this.
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.
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, I 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 yrselv.
- 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 proppit 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?
How do u noe me?
I noe the story.

Max -
Unknown -

Max hangs up.

Yuman -
All Story Addicts -
Yuman -

My name’s Yuman, n I’m a story addict.
Hi, 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 -
Story Addict 2 -
Story Addict 3 -
Yuman -

Thanks for sharing, Yuman.
Sharing?
That was hardly sharing.
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

Story Addict 4 - Reality.
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 visible *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

Shopping Device -

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.
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 -

Yrslef? 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

Screenplay Student -

By making thr incompatibility a game.

Screenplay Instructor -

I can't keep my like hands off this device!

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.
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.

Personality 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 -
Romance Device -

The Newish Guy -

Be Story Free!
U r this device, n this device changes
Names with evry encyrpyted connection,
So u remain protectedly speculative
For secure ideal representation.
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 elsewherelessness 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 -

BSFer 1 -

BSFer 2 -

BSFer 3 -

BSFer 4 -

BSFer 1 -

BSFer 2 -

BSFer 3 -

BSFer 4 -

BSFer 1 -

BSFer 2 -

Let us now recite the 12 steps

To story recovery. We...

Admitted that we sought power
Thru story and that our lives
Had become too manageable.

Came to believe that a power
Granted to us to be greater
Than ourselves used us to
Constantly restore itself to sanity.

Made the decision to turn
Our will and our lives away
From what we understand.

Opted out of the searching and
Fearless moral inventory of others.

Admitted to ourselves and every human
Being that nature has been wronged.

Were entirely ready to defect
From our character and the removal
Of "character as removal."

Unhumbly askt that our shortcomings
Be removed from the sales floor.

Stoppt listing persons as either
Harmed or mended so we cd
Patch up will and becoming.

Amended our sense of injury
To include the directed possible.
Realized the personal cannot

Be inventoried as wrongs
Are prompted by admission
That seeks a continual taking.
Sought thru play and confusion
To improve our unconscious contact
With nature, knowing only it is us.
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.
The wild blue yonder is smoggy n fenced
With sexy metaphorical suicide.

Max - Hey, nature might be down at the mouth
But it's story will bring her a smile.

Unknown - That feedback loop overstuff 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.

Max - Story is a spill that improves the site.
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 alert!
Story Addict 1 - 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

Yuman-

re: the snag-touchy significance of said action-entailed choice mods, ok?

Story Addict 2 -
Yuman -
U use, u lose.
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 -
Yuman -
That representation is a story.
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 -
Yuman -
If ya don't want bullshit, don't feed the bull.
O come on. Look at us. How bloated is our bull with sharing? Trying? Abstaining? Recovering? Listening?
Living our liveliest life? Dying our blaggiest 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 -
Yuman -
Thirty seconds.
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?
This device is the evil and the good
Whose teamwork triumphs over this device.

Peace 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 cornucopia 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
Believe 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 -

Dr. Jip -

Young adult -

Yes.
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:
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 Device -
If u think u feel only one aspect
Of an opposite pair of reactions,
U lack this device in yr devices.

Elite 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 visionary 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'intentions, "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?

Paywall 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 to 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.
Formula is here.

Friend to Few -

Mother to Many -

Friend to Few -

Mother to Many -

Friend to Few -

Mother to Many -

Friend to Few -

Wut duz he want?
He wants the child.
He's taken all my children.
Y can't he leave me just one child?
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?
Then all the children
Will be free!
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.
I will not let Formula take my child.
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.
I’d rather be rite n insane than wrong
N indifferent to the thrilling murder of
My children at the hands of Formula!
So wut will u do?
I will run and hide.
Wer will u go? Formula is everywer!
Formula is yr fantasy, yr feelings,
Yr freedom, yay, Formula is yr fetus.
Let him enter, n u will see.
Sad woman.

Mother to Many -
Friend to Few -

Mother to Many -

Friend to Few -
Mother to Many -
Friend to Few -

Mother otoMany -
Friend to Few -

Enter Formula.

Formula -
Mother to Many -
Formula -
Mother to Many -
Formula -

Mother to Many -
Formula -

Hey.
How may I help you?
Wow, u look great today.
Thank u. How may I help you?
No, I really mean it. There’s like something
So sensual n vibrant about yr look.
Thank u.
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

Mother to Many -
Formula -

So deliteful n interesting to look at.
Thank u. Now, how may I...
It's actually kind of freeing
To look at u.
Thank u.
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.
Thank u.

Mother to Many -
Formula -
Friend to Few -
Formula -

Anyhow, great to c u.
Wait. Didn't u come for something?
Sure did. I came to have a look at her,
N I've had that look, n, boy, was it good.

Friend to Few -
Formula -
Friend to Few -
Mother to Many -
Formula -
Mother to Many -

But yr child. Don't u want ur child?
Wut child?
Yr child.
Our child.
We have a child?
U r Formula, u have come for my child,
Wich is our child, as u r its father,
For Formula fathers all the children.
O yeah, rite. See, actually that whole thing
Stoppt about a year n a half ago.
There's no Formula anymore.

Formula -

Friend to Few -
Formula -
Mother to Many -
Formula -

No Formula?
Nope.
So who are u?
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 to Many -
Formula -

Then wut in hell am I to do with this child?
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?
Yr far too good

Formula -

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
Unknown - Woeishly woesum all I can say is
Max - Wo, like wo, horsy, toss the rope over
Unknown - The branch then slap that filly on the ass
Max - 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.
See u at the show.

Max -

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:
My name's Yuman, n I'm a story addict.
Hi, 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 alert!
The boy wd take the sword n chop off
The father's head.

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."

This is not allowed.
N the mother wd say?
Y r u calling me mother, father?
So the boy cuts off the mother's head
N hangs it on his penis.

And then?
I will notify the central chapter!
And then the boy goes on stage
N begins attempting to reconcile
His parents with a kiss.

O wut a kiss!
Suddenly, the story doctor arrives.
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.

The boy, intrigued, sez:
Cd it have a swivel joint?
The story doctor, spotting a photo op, sez:
Y not?
So the boy, eager to be free of labor, sez:
Great, n one more thing. Ah, shit, I forgot
Wut it wuz.

I fukn hate that shit.
Now I'm pisst. Now there's this thing in my head

Yuman - That wuz about to come out n now it's not.
Story Addict 3 - N the story doctor interrupts with:
Story Addict 2 - I'd even say it's supposed to come out.
Story Addict 4 - N the boy agrees.
Story Addict 1 - Yeah, supposed to come out, but now
It's not comin out.
Story Addict 4 - Now it's just going
To fester n kill u just for fun.
Story Addict 2 - Yeah, like a splinter or a bullet or
Story Addict 1 - 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.
Can't u see wut it's doin to him, doc?
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, which 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 disembarass themselves from
The hypertechnic tentacles of story.
Wd u mind if I tell u a dream I had?
Wd I mind if u bore the fuck outta me?
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.
So u want me to interpret this dream?
Didn't I just?
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.
How do we do that?
We go west.
Y west?
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.
Y not go east?
Y not go east? Cuz, dumbshit,

Secret Agent -

Dr. Jip -

U have to move agenst the urth to achieve
A satisfying payoff, n the urth
Is moving from west to east.
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 -
No one likes, so what's yr fucking question?

Secret Agent -
Dr. Jip -
Am I moving with or agenst the urth?
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
Bunkerized 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 mouths, 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 -
Secret Agent -
So they're detachable.
Yeah, 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
Dr. Jip - I like it.
Secret Agent - That is wut pre-customer
Dr. Jip - Proclivity apportioning systems
Secret Agent - R all about.
Dr. Jip - Of course it is.
Secret Agent - Success
Dr. Jip - 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
Dr. Jip - To get in there without them noticing
Secret Agent - Yr wearing all this explosive fashion.
Noe how I handle that?
Dr. Jip - U decorate
Secret Agent - Yrslef 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.
Wut?
Secret Agent - That's exactly how it goes. I'm like, "Hey!
Dr. Jip - U wan' be story free?" N thr like, "wut?"
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
Dr. Jip - U make the big bucks.
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?
No, I didn't.
Don't u remember how
Everyone was like, ok, cool, n they
Did it, n, ba-boom, I won?
O yeah, rite,
I remember that now, but I also
Remember u had a hed start.
So wut?
Havin a hed start's how u get ahead
These days.
Wut did u win?
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.
Wo, u just lost like
Half yr audience.
Yo, I choose to lose
My audience, cuz then, wen I find them,
They're scared, so they're grateful I came so fast.
It's really a question of how to sell oneself.
N to sell yrself, first u gotta meet
The person u wanna sell yrself to
N scare the shit out of em.
Wo, it's like
Counter-intuitive spaghetti man.
Only in the sense that yr the counter,
N I got spaghetti intuitions
On how to push my shit all over u.
I thot I was the customer.
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.
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.
See, 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."
That's by far the best fukn speech ever.
Hey, u noe wut I say: u wanna hit
The target, shoot slo n move the target.
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.
Well, my friends, I've enjoyed being with you

Secret Agent -
Dr. Jip -

Secret Agent Device -

Dr. Jip Device -

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

First produced in 2011 at The Home Of in Gowanus, Brooklyn.

The Be Story Free Brigade: Matt Oberg, Steve Burns, Chris Thorn, Denice Kondik, Catherine McNelis, Jordan Coughtry, Alexis Sottile, Patrick Toon, Michael O'Brien, John Gideon (sound), Kirk Wood Bromley (direction), Luke Murphy, Carson Reiners, Troy Ogilvie, Josh Hartung, Leah Schrager (choreography and videos), William Sturdivant, Robert Laine, Val Mudek, and Maggie Cino.