



Untitled — Edited ▾

Untitled



So look here's the deal. I was never gonna finish these books. I started them ages ago and when I look at them now I couldn't tell you the first thing about them. What they were or where they were supposed to go. They seem comically ambitious. The kind of thing I try not to anymore if I don't intend to finish it. Because over time ideas don't so much as get lost but get covered with a sickening mold and if you don't take care of this mold problem you will die. This is the worst kind of death. By assembling them here I am avoiding this death. The first one is called *Graves Up Against the Addition of the House* and the second one is called *Philip P (A Chronicle of Asexual Magic)*. They are failures. And so I now present them to you as my guidebook for failure. Because even though they are failures they are not deaths. Putting them out into the world even in this tattered state (I didn't edit or even reread them aside from a cursory glance) was the only choice left to make. Maybe some tiny piece of them will come around later in a flash that is part of an explosion that is not a failure but maybe not. It doesn't matter anymore.

-vh 2023|

PART I – The house
of the
door-to-door axe
salesman, planned
expansion of
PART II – Whose
m o o n s ?

GRAVES UP
AGAINST THE
ADDITION OF THE
HOUSE

HOWEVER

PRELUDE

A horse, a high horse; or: horses on high

Imagined some of you might like to ride

([REDACTED] *I miss*
Cable TV)

And I could see

~~The~~ that horse unstably

Walking a tightrope to the moon(s) ● ● ● ●

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●



Figure 159.8: Benjt
Figure 182.5: Rølf C
Figure 149.4: Bettchy
Figure 169.8: Clairolime
[Horse: Horse]

(Meeting for the first time

on the night of the play...)

Impotence beguiled by impotence ∞

In the clairvoyant field

*(I could see in the exchange¹
a pillar of lists; the channel guide
an opening for spiritual
awakening)*

██████████ are the preferred method

For the consumption of the chicken gods (s)

Who lived before

Will live again, forever

Walking, as they do, as they do, as they do

¹ ██████████, AN EMBARRASSMENT



You (all) fell off the horse(s)

You left the planet for good

You (all) smiled with a your toothless face(s)

Just 

*(And sampling ampersands is,
oftentimes, the preferred
Method for
FONT discovery)*

Derision Riffer ?

It takes time to get **SO SO** so so **SO SO** good

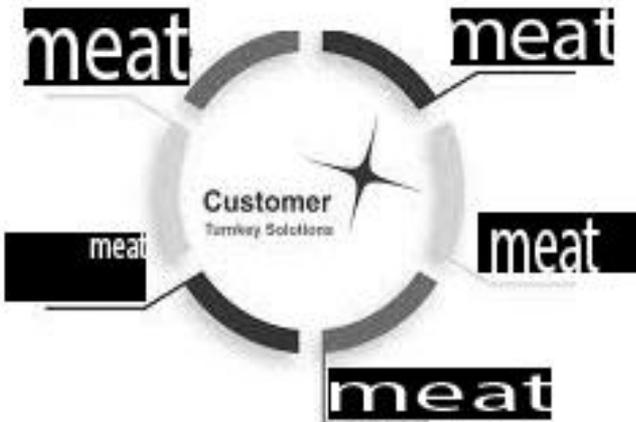
Fortune ~~found you well~~ is the name I call you when
I feel the need to call you though I often do not

(For list-makers, FONT choice is

Key)

~~The artifacts you found are all cold-GOLD:~~

1. A plastic pumpkin
2. A turnkey's stopwatch
3. A ripe melon ripped open by a hungry squirrel
4. A awe-inspiring
5. A classic set
6. A kitten, stomped on
7. A chewed-on pencil
8. A second plastic pumpkin but this one has eyes and a mouth
9. A bike



Are you hungry yet?

Are you hungry yet?

Are you hungry yet?

Are you hungry yet? Are you hungry
yet?

Are you hungry yet?

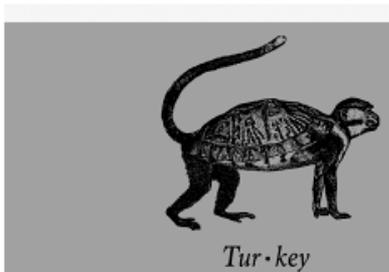
Are you hungry yet?

Are you hungry yet?

Let's talk turkey:

- Turkey
- Turnkey
- Horse, high
- Saturn (or) Jupiter (either/or)
- The four horsemen
- 5g fantasies of warm liquid genitals, floating
- A (new) elevator pitch for a door-to-door axe salesman
- A dictionary with only definitions, no words (written by the very same axe salesman)
- Did I mention turkey?
- _____

Did you mean: **turkey**



The turnkey jailed the high horse and only a turkey can free it and return it to outerspace (either Saturn or Jupiter, or: slice it in half and give the front part to Jupiter and the butt part to Saturn); meanwhile, the four horsemen are trying to make it Thanksgiving Day every day (it is in this way they will kill the turkey without really killing the turkey) and the axe salesman is trying to thwart them by reading the definitions in a high-pitched sing songy singing/talking voice and they can't really understand him—they are focused on the horse, who they never ever really wanted to ride—not because of the way his voice sounds, however, but because the definitions are not definitions for words they know, they are definitions for words the axe salesman made-up, only he never made them up, he only made up their definitions, the words don't exist the words don't exist the words don't

(*The words
don't exist²*)

² FOUR HORSEMEN FOR A SINGLE HORSE?

The key is **M E A T**

Sorry to be so blunt, lil chickens, ski dogs, etc.

You can't stomp a kitten

No one can

*(Cable TV, I just want
to kiss... the... Cable TV)*

Lonely ocean

Hose it down

Lonely ocean

Hold me now

Lonely ocean

Kiss the cable

Lonely ocean

I am not able

Lonely ocean

Wash the shore

Lonely ocean

Adorned, adored

It is gone, so

Absolve

- 01 Figure 159.8: Benjt³
- 02 Figure 182.5: Rølf C⁴
- 03 Figure 149.4: Bettchy⁵
- 04 Figure 169.8: Clairolime⁶

There's no following me

You're either lockstep with time

~~Or space matter~~ you do not matter

Four horsemen for a single horse

Fickle ██████, or: number theory?

³ 159.8113480001831327183399102949837113136616

⁴ 182.5835739935883535993539593535939935999535

⁵ 149.4123303910942856629407124292838244766243

⁶ 169.8792447778828109418573512923220998576522

Space is for suicide(s)

Benjt's brutal feed bucket: empty

Epiphanies have feet, Rølf C said

The four horsemen had ~~the~~ no will to summarize

There were no words to ████████

They stared, grimacing, at a simple math:

1. They could not understand or hear +
2. They could not stop trying to understand or hear +
3. The axes they had unknowingly purchased during the trying had begun to pile up +
4. They cut themselves, many small gashes +
5. The many small gashes, over time, do as many small gashes do +
6. They were distracted⁷ =

⁷ AND SO, DISTRACTED HIM

90⁸

Space is for suicide **(s)**

1-2, 2-3, 3-4, 4-5—are, only numbers (think about the space between)

)90⁹(= ■-dance



⁸ 91

⁹ 91

PART I -

The house of the door-to-door axe
salesman¹⁰, planned expansion of

¹⁰ HE NEVER CAME HOME



Coming soon: look for companion music
"adaptation" of this book, titled:

O: I am not just another page in your book.

And now the story begins in earnest, away with the preamble and whatnot, foreplay and “I forgot to edit that out (or did I),” a prelude to the prelude—the bit about murdering a swan (“I *did* not forget to edit *that* out”)—and so on; though, on forgetfulness: I’m not immune to such earthly delights. In addition, my preference for bad food (cheap, soft carbohydrates) leads me to believe that I am the working mom’s poor man’s Messiah of some sad, passed-over religion. Come ye, essential workers, to dine on my body, a pig on a spit, full of nutritious misgivings, a wet yet nutty delight. Have you read the news?



My name is not important but you can call me Bukake Sudafed or Chevron Foodbank Geoff. I'm a master of double retractions, soft *and* hard (wink-wink). My refractory period is a decade on fumes, turned sideways. I'm always (at) the museum.

All my kids are cobras and my kids are not the four horsemen though they share common children and divide naming rights when it's appropriate. There are enough characters.



Although, there is a book on the edge of the horizon and inside it we meet Molasses, or, more importantly: the Red Apple Eyes of Molasses. In these eyes the birth of Saturn, Saturn not Saturn, came floating through the dawn of discovery. In these eyes we see the dissolution of costume. In

these eyes we see every next book every next week
of the next fifty years, when I can then, and only
then, sit back and read the million(s) words aloud
until my life is (also) stomped out.

*(79 v 90¹¹: Tale of the tape;
let's take take the latter 1st &
expand:*

90¹² NOTHING(S)

On a tombstone now: these books take off and take over,
mutate and move and are so alike nothing they continue to
move when they're completed. They fly in a vulture's orb in
the space above your head. So you retreat, back inside the
house, wordless as The Impossible Air, the only sound trying
to catch a breath. But you can't move a house or make a
house move you. So you plan the additions. Ninety¹³,
planned. To fill each space up with ~~**more nothing**~~

(I had *nothing* [no pun intended] to do with it, of course.
I'm just a the realtor¹⁴.)

¹¹ 91

¹² 91

¹³ 91

¹⁴ 

WTO members (62): Angola, Antigua and Barbuda, Barbados, Belize, Benin, Botswana, Burkina Faso, Burundi, Cameroon, Cabo Verde, Central African Republic, Chad, Congo, Côte d'Ivoire, Cuba, Democratic Republic of the Congo, Djibouti, Dominica, Dominican Republic, Eswatini, Fiji, Gabon, Gambia, Ghana, Grenada, Guinea, Guinea-Bissau, Guyana, Haiti, Jamaica, Kenya, Lesotho, Liberia, Madagascar, Malawi, Mali, Mauritania, Mauritius, Mozambique, Namibia, Niger, Nigeria, Papua New Guinea, Rwanda, Saint Kitts and Nevis, Saint Lucia, Saint Vincent and the Grenadines, Samoa, Senegal, Sierra Leone, Seychelles, Solomon Islands, South Africa, Suriname, Tanzania, Togo, Tonga, Trinidad and Tobago, Uganda, Vanuatu, Zambia, Zimbabwe

WTO observers (8): Bahamas, Comoros, Equatorial Guinea, Ethiopia, Sao Tomé and Príncipe, Somalia, Sudan, Timor-Leste

Not WTO members or observers (9): Cook Islands, Eritrea, Kiribati, Marshall Islands, Micronesia, Federated States of, Nauru, Niue, Palau, Tuvalu

*IT'S NOT ABOUT THE NAMES: THE DOOR-TO-DOOR
AXE SALESMAN NEVER WANTED ANY OF THIS. IT'S
NOT ABOUT THE NUMBERS: THOUGH, YES, IT IS
TRUE THAT HE ALSO LOVED COUNTING THINGS,
SETTING THEM TO AN ORDER WITHOUT SKIN.*



Figure 1A¹⁵

~~1. Afghanistan — The first room of the addition~~¹⁶

I RECKON I CALLED HIM AXE BEFORE I KNEW WHAT HE DID FOR A LIVING; WE HAD PLAYED DUELING BASS IN THE SMELLCORE BAND ABORTED CHERRIES FROM 1982-2029. WHEN I SOLD HIM THE HOUSE WE WERE STRANGERS AGAIN & HE SMELT LIKE A COP. HE SAID HE WOULD NEVER BE HOME AGAIN.

¹⁵ WHILE OVER 90% OF “AFGHANISTAN” WAS IN FACT DESTROYED/TAKEN OVER/(?) BY “MOON MATTER” AFTER NEGATION, THE EASTERNMOST EXTENSION, REPRESENTED PRIMARILY BY THE WAKHAN CORRIDOR NATURE REFUGE IN REALITY, WAS ABLE TO BE SALVAGED AND A TERRIBLY SMALL BATHROOM WAS INSTALLED, ALTHOUGH IT WAS ONLY A TOILET, NO SINK, ETC.

¹⁶ NEGATED BY MOON

2. Angola – The second room of the addition

IT'S TRUE: HE NEVER KNEW THE SCOPE OF THE ADDITION. HE SIGNED OFF ON EVERY MOVE, BUT HE HAD BIGGER FISH TO FRY & THE MONEY TO SPARE. SO THERE WAS THIS GUY WHO WENT BY "P"; P WAS THE GUY IN CHARGE & MAYBE EVEN THE ARCHITECT. HE WAS A SMALL, BOWLING PIN OF A MAN WITH FADED KNUCKLE TATTOOS THAT SPELT SOMETHING, THOUGH I NEVER FIGURED OUT WHAT.

3. Antigua and Barbuda – The third room of the addition

THE STRANGEST PART OF THE ADDITION--& BELIEVE ME, *SO MUCH* OF IT WAS STRANGE--WAS PROBABLY P'S INSISTENCE THAT THE WORK BE DONE IN STAGES WHICH SEEMINGLY MADE NO SENSE. THE ADDITION WHICH, IN THE END, WOULD INCREASE THE SIZE OF THE HOUSE BY A FACTOR OF, WELL, ~90--A MASSIVE, INCONCEIVABLE JOB THAT MONEY AND ONLY ENDLESS MONEY WOULDN'T LAUGH OR GASP OR VIOLENTLY KICK RIGHT OUT THE DOOR--& IT WAS TO BE BUILT "OUT OF ORDER," AS IT WERE. MEANING: FREE STANDING ROOMS WERE CONSTRUCTED ON THE PROPERTY, BLANK & UNCONNECTED. THEY WERE ALL EVENTUALLY CONNECTED BY TINY, MYSTERIOUS HALLWAYS AND OTHER TRICK DOORS & SECRET PASSAGEWAYS, BUT TO SEE IT BEING BUILT... MANY

DOUGHNUT. ONE WOULD EASILY GET THE IMPRESSION VISITING THE DECEASED THAT THIS STRANGE HOUSE SURELY WAS THE GROUNDSKEEPER'S DWELLINGS OF THE CEMETERY, OR SOME SIMILARLY HONEST, IF NOT CHURCHLY ADMINISTRATIVE LODGE. BUT THIS, EARMARKED RESIDENTIAL & GOD ONLY KNOWS WHY THAT, WAS A HOME'S HOME: FOR FOREVER. I CAME UPON IT IN THE REAL ESTATE GAME VIA THE WRONG-END OF A JOKE & THAT IT WAS "MY PROPERTY" BECAME A RUNNING GAG; AT LEAST TWO CO-WORKERS CALLED ME CRYPTKEEPER BEHIND MY BACK & ANOTHER TWO, A DIFFERENT TWO, TO MY FACE, ALBEIT LOVINGLY (I THINK).

6. Belize

THESE ROOMS WERE BUILT TO KEEP THINGS IN, AS ROOMS ARE WONT TO DO. THE LISTS IN THIS RECORD ARE, WITHOUT A DOUBT, INCOMPLETE, THOUGH I CERTAINLY TRIED MY BEST. MANY TIMES, THE STATED PURPOSE OF THE ROOM IS, AT BEST, A GUESS. BEFORE P LEFT FOR GOOD, I TRIED TO PICK HIS BRAIN, BUT HE WAS CAGEY & SOUR, & WHO COULD BLAME HIM? IT WASN'T NOTHING TO HIM, OR AT LEAST *NOT* NOTHING. STILL AIN'T.

7. Benin

8. Botswana

9. Burkina Faso

10. Burundi

~~11. Cambodia~~¹⁸

HOW THE MOONS NEGATE A ROOM IS AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

12. Cameroon

13. Cabo Verde

**14. Central African
Republic**

15. Chad

16. Congo

17. Côte d'Ivoire

18. Cuba

**19. Democratic Republic
of the Congo**

20. Djibouti

21. Dominica

¹⁸ NEGATED BY MOON

- 22. *Dominican Republic***
- 23. *Egypt***
- 24. *Eswatini***
- 25. *Fiji***
- 26. *Gabon***
- 27. *Gambia***
- 28. *Ghana***
- 29. *Grenada***
- 30. *Guinea***
- 31. *Guinea-Bissau***
- 32. *Guyana***
- 33. *Haiti***
- 34. *Jamaica***
- 35. *Kenya***
- 36. *Lesotho***

- 37. Madagascar**
- 38. Malawi**
- 39. Maldives**
- 40. Mali**
- 41. Mauritania**
- 42. Mauritius**
- 43. Morocco**
- 44. Mozambique**
- 45. Myanmar**
- 46. Namibia**
- 47. Nepal**
- 48. Niger**
- 49. Nigeria**
- 50. Papua New Guinea**
- 51. Rwanda**

- 52. *Saint Kitts and Nevis***
- 53. *Saint Lucia***
- 54. *Saint Vincent and the
Grenadines***
- 55. *Senegal***
- 56. *Sierra Leone***
- 57. *Solomon Islands***
- 58. *South Africa***
- 59. *Suriname***
- 60. *Tanzania***
- 61. *Togo***
- 62. *Trinidad and Tobago***
- 63. *Tunisia***
- 64. *Uganda***
- 65. *Zambia***

- 66. Zimbabwe**
- 67. Lao People's
Democratic Republic**
- 68. Liberia**
- 69. Samoa**
- 70. Seychelles**
- 71. Vanuatu**
- 72. Yemen**
- 73. Bahamas**
- 74. Bhutan**
- 75. Comoros**
- 76. Equatorial Guinea**
- 77. Ethiopia**
- 78. Sao Tomé and
Príncipe**

- 79. *Somalia***
- 80. *South Sudan***
- 81. *Sudan***
- 82. *Timor-Leste***
- 83. *Cook Islands***
- 84. *Eritrea***
- 85. *Kiribati***
- 86. *Marshall Islands***
- 87. *Micronesia***
(Federated States of)
- 88. *Nauru***
- 89. *Niue***
- 90. *Palau***
- 91. *Tuvalu – The***
eighty-eighth,

***eighty-ninth, ninetieth
& ninety-first¹⁹ rooms
of the addition***

PART II —

Whose Moons²⁰?

¹⁹ ???

²⁰ JUPITER'S MOONS

***The
end***

VERNON HOWL

PHILIP P



(A Chronicle of Asexual Magic)

Philip P (A Chronicle of Asexual Magic)

FOREWARD

I found these words, these strange words, on the 28th of May, the year 2020

Where I found them isn't important

I have some reservations about whether I should be publishing them, chief among them, a complete lack of context

I haven't a clue what any of this fucking is

The cover page of these scattered, handwritten notes simply reads: "~~Text~~ Script for Episode 800," and at the bottom of the page, "(Podcast)"

I have not been able to confirm the identity (or lack thereof) of one "Philip P. Pardus," though I have good reason to believe that the surname Pardus is bologna

I've added footnotes to clarify what I can, when I felt it was appropriate, to the best of my knowledge; all redactions in the main text are via the original author (black ink)

Please don't read this book

Giant squirrels with human footprints¹.

My children walk, and wildly groom the younger kin in the habits of their feral waltz. It hurts to shoo them; the unforgiving wilderness is no place for these kids, so: the attic it is

To think, lovingly, about the prints they might leave, if they had the chance, the courage of theft, out there, outside, their very memory intact, encoded with the blood of the ghost of a strawberry leopard². I fed them lobster once. They ate it with such ferocity that I felt faint and apart, not too distant, perhaps just outside the window looking in. They hadn't even waited for me to set the thick brown paper bag down. They tore through the paper with ease and every textbook shivered at the sight of it. They actually ate the rubber bands encasing their claws as well as the claws, all parts of the shell, the still beating hearts,

¹ Here we go. So I was just minding my business (it's not important where I was). And I stumble upon a box, a boxful of loose pages that looked like they were from the 19th century or something, but as if they were done up to look like that. This whole thing appears to be a setup on my part, a real tired trope. Trust me, I know how it looks. But I'm serious. I didn't write this shit. Writing, editing (trying to), and publishing one book every single week is a hellish game. And it's a goddamn triumph I've gotten this far. I'd like to think I don't need "books literally falling out of the sky," as it were, to complete this self-imposed punishment, but that's essentially what this is. Sure, it's a break. It's cheap. I'm a lazy idiot. All true. I got nothing.

² Or, more familiarly: a "pink panther." From a 2012 issue of *Seeker*:

A male leopard in South Africa's Madikwe Game Reserve is dazzling the gawking tourists with his strawberry locks. But watch out gazelles, this fair-furred feline has still got the spots to keep him camouflaged and make him a killer when he's out on the prowl ... The danger is if he leaves the borders of the preserve. Then his pale pelt could end up as a trophy hunter's prize. —News, D. (2012). Fair-furred Leopard Is a True Pink Panther. *Seeker*, 13 April 2012.

and so on and so forth, please do not make me say anymore on the subject of the lobster dinner. I'm not proud of that moment in my career in the field of "fatherhood."

¬³

A caustic din against a seasick jetty, otherwise known as, by way of some loneliness beholden to the crimes of long-dead men, the market or receptacle for gurgling vomit replete with fargone wisdom, stood out, in that it was not a bubble, the snap of thunder from deep within the beige belching⁴ of the nearby drunk, so nearby that he's also the lightning, if you catch my drift. A sound you can smell. My children, all deaf, cannot bear this noise. This is not the reason they can't sleep, and are constantly interrupting my recording sessions. They say they can "see something" when they close their eyes, something playing on the theater screen that is the blackened back of shut eyelids. I can see this too, and I, also, saw it as a child; what I like to think is the memory of what I saw now haunts them, which in turn, of course, was passed gratingly through the generations of the fearful in things like DNA, marketing campaigns and [REDACTED]⁵. My children, the eleven of them, 700 years apart, can't hear me mimic this sound belting with or against

³ The only use I've seen for the ¬ symbol is to represent negation in the context of formal logic. For instance, if X is the proposition "It will rain today," then ¬X is the proposition "It will not rain today." I've also seen ~ used for this. Mr. P scribbled this figure as a transition marker quite frequently when changing subjects, losing his train of thought, finding his way, etc. Seems to fit, conceptually, in my opinion.

⁴ I'd like to read this as a coy Disney+ reference, but honestly???

⁵ The first of many redactions.

*the ocean*⁶. (Perhaps this would make a good introduction ⁷ to the episode? me yelping like this. It doesn't feel bad to do; it's cathartic, in a sense).

↪⁸

I couldn't imagine this world; I don't have it in me. All my children are also eleven years old, though they haven't always. Not in the sense that they weren't previously aging, as we all are, as well as, and in accordance with the aging of all our things, inanimate or otherwise, intangible or immaterial or, like an heirloom so worn it refuses to relent and cop to what it

⁶ Clearly, Mr. P is a seadog, referencing the mighty ocean throughout, though that did not help me in my search for his current whereabouts.

⁷ watch recording levels if you actually try this (don't?)/stand back off the mic (Ed. note: *there are, in far more devious chicken scratch than the base text of these documents, footnotes of Mr. P's own doing, which I've mostly decided to include, when and if I could decipher them, and I'll indicate these with this font: Courier, if you're keeping score at home.*)

⁸ I only had twenty-four hours to edit this thing; I'm not complaining. The original 21st book was, let's just say "half-baked." Maybe I'll go back to it (it was about a talking luxury car that falls in love with its owner, or maybe vice versa? then, in the end, the owner finds out that it's actually the ghost of his mother haunting the luxury car †⁰⁰).

But, anyway, the original source material is scores longer than what I've included here in this book (I'd say nearly 100,000 words, give or take), and many of them are in the form of scatterbrained notes expanding on this topic, the podcast: the idea that he (not he?) would be 800 episodes into recording a podcast that had zero listeners, which itself isn't a bad idea for a thing to be about, but his material on the subject is extremely dry. Also, it's never clear if this is a podcast which exists or existed in reality, or merely fodder for this strange man's "literature" (which, you're looking at it, pal). At present, I'm resigned to believing the former, though any tangible evidence of the show, like the man, has, at the juncture of this publication, turned up a big bowl of nothing with a "sorry you wasted your time" bolognese. It's just a hunch.

*originally was, what it originally meant—despite our probing and yearning—the indistinguishable “thing” that is constantly in motion, in flux, between hands moving this and that to the trash. They must be from the same litter, but that’s impossible. My wife, Holly Potter, the saint that she is, is capable of so, so much, but not this. Eleven humans in the same womb?*⁹

Oh Holly, my Holly. I am so endeared, indebted, subdued, supplied, engorged, enthralled, by your love and all you have to give. When I hear the pitter patter it sounds like a train across the sea, a struggling locomotive, a suffering jukebox inside my brain, and it is out of love that I feel such open,

⁹ This riff seems, obviously enough, to be a metaphor. Who knows if Mr. P has any kids? But to what end such an event is within the realm of possibility:

When it comes to having 11 babies born at once, there are now two alleged hoaxes on the internet. However, if 11 babies born at one time ever becomes a reality, what would this set of multiple births be called?

The story of the 11 babies hoax began around July 2012, according to Snopes. At that time, there was a story circulating on the internet that a woman in Surat, India, had had 11 babies at once through in-vitro fertilization (IVF).

According to reports from that time from sources like TV Araj, “A 25-yr old Parsi woman gave birth to eleven (11) baby boys on 6 Feb 2012. Doctors were really surprised, shocked and glad to have a successful delivery.”

Multiple publications cited Afternoon Dispatch and Courier in India as their source for the 11 babies story.

Nevertheless, it appears that this incident of 11 babies in India was a hoax. —Maryam, L. (2015). 11 Babies Born At Once To Same Mom? Second ‘Undenuplets’ Or ‘Henduplets’ Hoax?. *Inquisitr*, 21 October 2015.

hopeless disgust, love for you, knowing full well that it is time and only time between the cacophony and quell and witch of this spell is you and the gift of your voice, your words; hell, I knew it from the very moment I saw, before I heard you speak (or, sing, rather): Phoenix 1999, Strawberry Leopard¹⁰ is opening up for L7, the crowd is sparse at Joe's Grotto, but there you are; I first notice your hair (naturally: strawberry blonde), and then you open your mouth and I fall to the floor, through the floor, the basement of the Grotto, six million years of water, drowning, gasping, drowning in sound—the truest love¹¹.

¹⁰ If Strawberry Leopard is supposed to be some kind of rock band, then they almost certainly exist within the confines of Mr. P's mind and nowhere else. I am a bit of a "music aficionado," though I did my due diligence to confirm this fact. I couldn't pinpoint an L7 tour date in Phoenix in the year 1999, though Joe's Grotto appears to be a real place (from their still-active website: "Joe's Grotto was founded in 1994 by local musician, Joe Grotto, (real name) with the sole purpose of supporting his passion; Live Music." — joesgrotto.com/about-joe-s.html

What's odd is that, according to setlist.fm, among the 40 listed L7 shows that took place in the year 1999, one of them was at a venue in Tempe. While that database is far from complete, L7 doesn't strike me as an outfit who would tour the Southwest twice in the same year, let alone play the greater Phoenix area multiple times.

Regardless, the more interesting item here is the idea of a "strawberry leopard" itself, this being the second instance in the first 1,000 words. If the genesis for this interest was manufactured, the veracity of it certainly isn't, as a good chunk of the latter half the text is devoted solely to the concept/search for these mythical "pink panthers," and is symbolically tied to other elements, though that took some sleuthing and/or reaching on my part.

Anyway, I am getting way ahead of myself, as we still have the dead guys to get through, as well as an extended riff on tuna fish sandwiches. Buckle up.

¹¹ one you definitely give your children's name to †⁰¹

She holds me up. I am not a puppet but I like to be fondled as such. When she is [REDACTED] it is true I will position her hand down there and have a bit of fun¹².

∩

This show begins with eleven dead people. They all died 700 years ago¹³. I have found they parallel nicely with my eleven children, who are all, mind you, very much still alive, and I certainly wish no ill will onto them—this is no “curse,” despite [REDACTED]

¹² OK. Clearly this bit is just troubling and I can't make heads or tails. I deeply struggled whether or not to include it, but it bookends this opening bit about his wife? and the redaction? I feel ill but maybe there's some context here you can use.

¹³ And so begins the aforementioned “dead guys” bit. I feel like I need to add a preface to this as there's something thematically flawed about it which initially drove me bonkers. Luckily, among the scattered notes of Mr. P I was able to find some answers. His fixation on the number “700” and specifically that timeframe (“700 years”) and the fact that is a “Script for Episode 800” of a “(Podcast),” seems... off, doesn't it?

It definitely made me uneasy, that gap of a hundred; a hundred of anything is the magnificent allotment, grouping or space—it is both impossibly large and lovely and completely innocent and tangible.

The “700 year gap,” as it were, is actually directed connected to the number “800” in the kooky mind of Mr. P. Mr. P seems to be obsessed with numbers, lists, and making connections where there are no connections to be made. There are many notations referencing the timeframe “13:20” in the margins, in between lines, etc. One loose note specifically reads “800 seconds and not a [indecipherable] †⁰² more.”

“800 seconds,” or thirteen minutes and twenty seconds. 13:20. The year 1320. 700 years ago.

██████████¹⁴

Now, without further ado...

“Eleven, dead”

¹⁴ some brother... †⁰³



January 12, 1320

1. *John Dalderby*

Bishop of Lincoln¹⁵

¹⁵ So here's the format of this "dead guys" section (save for Ch. 2), which was incredibly difficult to recreate here in book form given how all over the place these pages were when I found them. The exact manner Mr. P intended on translating any of this into digestible audio content— anything anyone would actually want to listen to, that is—is yet another riddle; this entire part is random and seemingly unrelated to the panther stuff, which feels like the heart of the matter and is, frankly, far more interesting as well. But it's too weird not to include.

Each segment begins with a reproduction of some original Mr. P artwork related to the corresponding dead guy. A portrait? In some instances, most certainly, yes, though with others it's unclear if he's copying anything specifically. You could call these crude drawings headshots of the deceased; they're fascinating works in their own right by any designation, though. While they appear on the same forcefully aged paper stock as the text, they are not of the same medium (that being a deep black ink). They are instead printed or, more likely, stamped onto the page, which simply brings up even more questions: did Mr. P construct woodcuts? There are some many strange imperfections within each frame as well; they certainly feel purposeful if

John Dalderby took his name from, and perhaps was born in, a small village near Horncastle, Lincolnshire, now united with Scrivelsby, home to a little doggy named Scriv I'd like to imagine; I'd like to imagine this dog, running in a field, nipping at John the toddler's ankles, perhaps the mouth of god his mouth and the saliva of that dog a psalm, penetrating the skin of the young boy, and he had no clue. The bug of god: when it bites ye, it bites ye good, and ye best be ready to submit to its poison for it will not relent until every blood cell is fully the blood of the Lord. The first mention of him, John, occurs as canon of St. David's, a diocese traditionally linked to that saint (c. 500 – c. 589) whose best known miracle involves the ground on which he stood having risen up to form a small hill, which

not digital. They are a childish, cartoonish, and fascinating lot. Needless to say, I've done my best to scan and recreate them as best I can. They belong in a museum, honestly.

Also, it feels as though he must have been looking at the Wikipedia page for “calendar year 1320” —wikipedia.org/wiki/1320 (“Deaths” section). But there are *fourteen* names listed on that page? Why omit the three names?

Nevertheless, and against all better judgement, I've gone ahead and created three profiles for these dead guys using Mr. P's same “style,” more or less (minus the artwork, and somewhat abbreviated); access these via this endnote: †°XX (you've read this far, you might as well, champ).

The content itself for these eleven chapters is somewhat strained; it reads differently than the rest of the material. It feels like it could be plagiarised but I found no evidence to back that up. It's ripe with run-on sentences and rambling, off-kilter anecdotes. I've attempted to clarify as much of this as possible (via footnotes) though I fear I may have only muddied the waters further.

*sounds less like a miracle and more like a small earthquake!*¹⁶
*Also, something about a white dove*¹⁷.

*He was appointed chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral and head of the theological school there, which had obtained high reputation at this period for its very progressive stance on vegetarianism*¹⁸. On the 15 of January, 1300, he was elected Bishop of the See in succession to Oliver Sutton and took charge of one of the more elaborate Bishop's Palace, lined with the equivalent of wall-to-wall Ultra 4K HD flatscreens in the form of extravagant art. And John did his part to further the enchantment of the Palace, giving its cathedral church the tithes bulk of three parochial churches and overseeing glamorous additions to the property of the corporation of its priest-vicars. In the local parliament, at which he assisted, the prelates refused to join with the barons in granting a subsidy to the King without the consent of the Pope, and John wasn't having any of it. The King endeavoured to enforce his claim, but this was

¹⁶ Finneas Finebaum's *Book of the Dead*, pp2212-14 †⁹⁴

¹⁷ In regards to the white dove, perhaps it was just some Middle Ages amplification device?

Some people had difficulty hearing him but a white dove landed on David's shoulder ... so that everyone could see and hear him.

A church now stands on top of the hill and the dove became St David's emblem, often appearing on his portraits and stained glass windows. —Doran, L. (2016). Who exactly was St David, the patron saint of Wales? *Wales Online*, 4 February 2016.

¹⁸ Most likely false, obviously.

resisted by Dalderby with aplomb in newly developed mean streak. In his 'Memorandum Register' there is a letter addressed to his archdeacons and officials bidding them excommunicate the King's officers if they should attempt to collect from ecclesiastes the tax voted by the parliament (Banbury, December 1301). At this period, the religious orders were in a very demoralised state, a very sick and sad way. There are several records in Dalderby's Register of proceedings against disorderly nuns who had escaped from their convents; a methodology I pause to even repeat here¹⁹. And in 1308 the Bishop was called upon to take part in a commission appointed by the Pope to try the Knights' Templars on the charges of flagrant ineptitude brought against them. Great cruelties had been previously inflicted on this order in France and the poor Knights couldn't shy from telling it, even behind masks of steel. In England, they fared somewhat better, and there is clear evidence in Dalderby's Register that he disliked these extracurriculars put upon him, and endeavoured to evade acting on it, though for how much of that was show who knows. There are entries of several letters addressed to the Pope excusing himself from taking part in the trials and mistreatment of nuns on the ground of ill-health and the great amount of business to which he had to attend. The Templars in England were ultimately condemned (July 1311) by the convocation of Canterbury to imprisonment in monasteries, and the sight of

¹⁹ I would hasten to add that that little doggy, so egregiously named "Scriv," might have played a role in this "nun methodology," but please forgive me if I'm speaking out of school.

those sad Knights locked away in cages just breaks your heart. The Bishop's Register also contains the list of the names of the Knights to be imprisoned in the Lincoln diocese, and orders for the monasteries to which they were to be assigned converted to jails full-time. It also contains the very curious specification of the various grades of penance and diet for each imprisoned Knight (mostly lettuce). Some of the monasteries resisted the burden cast upon them, and there is a letter from the Bishop to St. Andrew's, Northampton, enforcing the order, or else. This house refused to yield, and the prior, sub-prior, precentor, cellarer, and sacristan were excommunicated before their execution, a public display of beheading the likes of which the region hadn't seen in quite some time.

Dalderby transitioned after this violent spell, and he did not take a prominent part in politics during the reign of Edward II. He was present at the appointment of the Ordainers in 1310, but was not held to be sufficiently a "man of business" to be appointed among the seven Bishops. He was unable to attend the parliament held at Lincoln in 1316. His Register contains a letter of excuse for non-attendance on account of ill-health, and the appointment of four proctors to represent him: Moe, Larry, Curly, and Uncle Shemp²⁰.

²⁰ These are just names of The Three Stooges and obviously false. In fact, six Stooges appeared over the act's run (with only three active at any given time): Moe Howard (Moses Horwitz) and Larry Fine (Larry Feinberg) were the mainstays throughout the ensemble's nearly fifty-year run and the pivotal "third stooge" was played by (in order of appearance): "Uncle" Shemp Howard (Samuel Horwitz), Curly Howard

The bishop died at Stow 5 Jan. 1320, and was buried in Lincoln Cathedral. He was immediately revered as a Saint. Attestations are still extant in support of alleged miracles at his tomb (on the 14th of December, 1322—a legless girl grew legs; and on the 22nd of August 1324—something with the white doves, again). A petition was addressed to the pope by ten English bishops, praying for his “official enrolment” among the Saints. The Pope at the time (a French prelate at Avignon) was little inclined to beatify an English bishop. This refusal bears date 1328, and is still preserved. So is he a Saint? Who’s to say?

A still more interesting relic of the bishop has been, among his ‘Memorandum Register’, special hymns in his praise, prayers, and a text dubbed ‘The Capitulum’ grounded around the events of the Bishop’s life and further details of his alleged miracles. The most remarkable of these was the restoring of human speech to certain people in Rutlandshire who, previously, could only bark like dogs. And so the people, on the refusal of the Pope to canonise, took the matter into their own hands, and worshipped at the shrine of St. John de Dalderby, barking like dogs and flapping their arms, together, like white doves. They still do, in fact ²¹.

(Jerome Horwitz), “Uncle” Shemp Howard again, Joe Besser and “Curly” Joe DeRita.

²¹ It’s certainly an odd thing to lie about, even among the other lies^{†05}, as—let’s be honest—these are baseless fabrications of the highest order; so the intrigue lies squarely on the function and meaning of



January 21, 1320

2. Árni Helgason

*Icelandic Bishop*²²

these lies. I can't see any thematic relevance for them. There's certainly a thread of animals, as you'll see eventually, but it's more cats than dogs. However, something about that fictional puppy Scriv haunts me. I see it as a demon pup; its existence as cursed as my impetus to collect, re-order, comment upon, and eventually *publish* these very words.

²² How do I put this? I knew something was "off" right away (obviously) and this evidence was the first real piece of the puzzle of just how "off." It isn't easy for me to write about because it is unbelievable. I don't even believe and I lived it/am living it. There is very little information about the existence of the Bishop Helgason aside from his name and the supposed dates of his birth and death. 700 years is a long time; that isn't weird. What's weird is that because there was nothing to write about (I guess), this "chapter" was simply the above text: the words "(hashtag) Forever," the URL of a YouTube video, and that plea, "I see you; I hear you," which feels like a warning at best, and a decree for the end of the universe at worst. Let me explain.

The URL in question is from a video I myself made. I made it on the 29th of May of this year, 2020. It is another installment of my www.Lifecast.info project, a woefully incomplete and annoyingly disjointed series of videos that I have been constructing over the last

#Forever... <https://youtu.be/GqDuE4OWWcM>

I see you; I hear you...

six years or so. Initially inspired by some documentary about the early days of live-streaming which I cannot recall the name of, the project has devolved into a hodgepodge collection of short “art” films, a mix of archival video of my life captured on various, mostly cracked-up smartphones and found footage of the lives of others, heavily edited and soundtracked often abstractly. The true “art” of it now is my futile attempt to fill in its many gaps, which sit not as blank spaces but a roaring chorus, each one, mocking me. And I am often making and posting videos for random days passed in no particular order. Blink and you might miss a week of videos from March 2016 uploaded over 4th of July weekend, 2022. Who knows. The project is a hell to me. In many ways, it is the perfect distillation of the failed creative, either how I am or how I see myself or perhaps the cutting distinction between those two people. Meant to detail the life, the arc of an artist living his best art life, it’s mostly a ramshackle set of the distorted mundane without narrative. Its gaps and absences are as if not more important than the low quality moving images on the screen at this point. It is my burden. Forever seeking the time to “catch up,” as each passing day adds to the stack of mandatory art that may or may not ever get made. The gaps are my Jesus fish and I am forever putting that sushi in my mouth. And, if that wasn’t worse enough, the art almost exclusively revolves around that point now. The sushi tastes like dead, uncooked fish.

But 05/29/2020 is not a gap and it does not exist to comment on the gaps. It exists on its own. (It’s not alone, in this regard, but it does not have many peers.) The video is called “This is Nothing (day 2,352).” I have no recollection of its creation. I found it in an untitled folder buried inside another, unrelated folder on my hard drive on Father’s Day of this year. The time stamp of the .mov file said its creation was May 29th at 3:13AM. So I posted it and assigned it to that day. I must have been blackout drunk when I made it. Needn’t I remind you have the date when I found Mr. P’s texts.

I guess I should expand upon that. I didn’t want to incriminate myself.

• **HE GAVE BIRTH TO HIS CHILDREN VIA THE SOULS OF THESE ELEVEN ..** *asexual magic.*

Hints of this appear during this section. "Male birth"

• **AT THE END OF 11 DED SECTION ..**

FOOTNOTE to 1220 nine guys riff..... Despite so much evidence to the contrary, provided by the man himself, I still can't get over the fact that Mr P should've been focusing on the year 1220 instead of 1320. The "800 seconds" thing feels like small potatoes compared to the galactic weight of 800 years.

*Also, there's no way any of this, no matter how you slice it, is fodder for something a mere thirteen minutes long. There's also a peculiar connection to that number, 1220, later on in the text, when Mr. P very randomly, almost in passing, mentions the death of his wife on, you guessed it, December 20th (although no year is given). I went ahead and researched "deaths in the year 1220" (read: visited [www](#)) and, sorry folks, here's another bunch of these things, nine of them this time, done in the same "imitation of style" as before, neatly tucked in the back of the book, where it belongs: ENDNOTE t22*a*

THE NINE DEAD GUYS OF 1220 - DEAD GUY #1: NAME

An old aunt of Molly's, who called "sweet talkin'" "butter cussin'," which I know from some practical experience, having been accused of the act one of those first few Christmases in

*Mississippi after a few too many Stella Atoisses late in the
third quarter of white elephant,*

*He imagined the cheap black pepper he sprinkled on his tuna
salad to be at least 50% simply the better part of a dustpan's
worth of sweeping in the storeroom of the Dollar Tree where he
got it, something in the way it fell out of the shaker, as if
magnetically surging down to the earth, the dirt, to reunite with
from which it came.*

662. *There are less than 250 mature individuals on
the island of Java.*

501. *This isn't merely about the man, one Philip P.
Pardus, and he isn't a metaphor either.*

437. *To wit, the term "half-ass" does have roots with
the donkey; the posterior of which: clearly the designated segment
in question.*

436. *Why then, as it were, might the term "horse's
ass" have a different derogatory flair? if the donkey is the
"horse's 'ass'" by way of superiority and parlance, wouldn't a
full donkey suffice for subjugation of the lazy?*

399. *Pardus had not counted the immature
individuals in years, though their presence, like that of insects,
felt immeasurable and cruel.*

312. *I did it; at 10:57:02AM EST on May the
28th, 2020, I was reborn, not in any religious or spiritual
sense but in a guttural, animal way.*

243. *The moss of me is mostly rotten like apples fermenting only these juices don't turn to wine.*

219. *I panic, almost choke on the venison; I make sure to turn every instrument, everything electric on, even if the light from these things is distracting, and proceed to use their energy to desecrate the many animal objects which surround, however I cannot touch the father-son goats (their red eyes push my hands away).*

99. *All life is art in the conjuring of the cheesy sphere.*

98. *Don't goad this oval, though.*

97. *It's where you'll place all your pain and anger, watch it all stick to the [insert coagulate variety or varieties of your choice here].*

77. *And the MIDI version of a song that would have seemed hard to find is playing; play it louder.*

72. *The 800th episode of a podcast cannot be contained or restricted by 800 minutes or 800 seconds or 800 sentences.*

71. *The framework for the scope of such a thing is infinite and transparent.*

70. *No, it's not air; air has an expiration date, an endpoint wherein, through the passing of many spheres—never mind the tropopause—it becomes something else and only a fool would call it air.*

69. *Phil Pardus was a fool, but not in that way.*

45. *On the day, he set the animals free, all ¼ hundred of them, he noticed not a pink thing among them.*

44. *He sat with his wonder, questioning a reality where such a creature really exists.*

43. *As soon as the dinner bell rang, he sprang up, though, as hungry as a bear.*

12. *There was many a grievance, against the notion on grounds of what was perceived as—if not put the grinder to get there—pure fact and, frankly, the objection for objection's sake, a more noble pursuit in many ways.*

11. *For to throw one's hands up in the air, in a show of true exasperation, is among the best things a human can do with their hands; to show deference to the one gospel we cannot dispute: that mystery infests every aspect of our lives at different times and in different ways, and the change of the infestation—in color, scale, smell, etc.—is constant and sick in its ability or desperate, unflinching desire to, like a shark, never stop.*

8. *Mr. Pardus, stand down!*

2. *In his poem, "Eyes Opening and the Nearing of Death" he wrote: "I'm not long / for I'm / short / on change / mister eat / dollar come / lately I / don't have what it takes / so let the buzzards go, little birdies / your effort is enough"*

ENDNOTES

†⁰⁰ Not sure if I wrote this part yet, actually. The bit about the mother, I mean... Hey yeah, so, sorry to drag you back here, to the back of the book here, doing the whole “footnotes having footnotes” bit. A wee bit derivative, trite, on the nose, makes me think of that phrase “babies having babies,” but, clearly, with fewer consequences (although, everything is related to the human life, now isn’t it? in the end. *Everything*. conception is itself a kind of end, and I *did not* have to do this, any of this).

But an *endnotes section*? To make the reader flip back and forth, perhaps use multiple bookmarks? The horror. You, so clearly, deserve better than *this*.

†⁰¹ This particular footnote of Mr. P seems to be a fairly large clue. If Pardus as a last name is hoey ²³, and the author of these words is named *something*, might I suggest “Potter” as a possible answer to this puzzle? I’m not in the business of “doxing” but I have substantial enough leads on a Philip J. Potter that I feel could fit the bill. My theory is that he took his wife’s last name, and they gave it to their children as well, and used a pseudonym for his “creative” pursuits. When he begins to refer to himself in the third person as Philip P. Pardus, it feels

²³ And listen, I’m not saying the name “Pardus” itself isn’t real, only that our Philip P. is using it as a nom de plume (I’ll get to this). It’s clearly “real” and there are without a doubt Parduses roaming out there in the wild:

It’s one thing to accidentally shoot yourself. Much to our chagrin, we see that all too often. But just as Todd Canady demonstrated, there’s always a way to make a bad situation worse. Take John Pardus, for instance. Ol’ John put a .22 round through his hand last Friday morning. And, as usually happens, the police were called when he presented himself for treatment at a local ER in Halifax, FL. He “...told police he accidentally shot himself while handling a .22-caliber handgun he was unfamiliar with and did not know how to make it safe.” But John’s real problems started when he and his wife, Kimberly, invited the constables into their home to safely unload the gun for him. —Zimmerman, D. (2012). Irresponsible Gun Owner of the Day: John Pardus. *The Truth about Guns*, 29 July 2012.

like that middle initial is a stand-in for “Potter.” The odd thing is, why would he “dox” his own wife in these pages? ²⁴

†⁰² this word, which, I mean, what could it be? seems to have an “x” in it. If I were to write it out how it looks on the page it would read: “cmxgem.”

†⁰³ This Mr. P footnote (“some brother...”), attributed to a redacted portion of the main text feels like it was left on the page accidentally. Trust me, the lot of this project has felt like an intrusion on my part. Why in these most cryptic moments do I feel most like I’m massively violating some sanctum? some sad sack with a zero-listens podcast... needless to say, this “brother” returns...

†⁰⁴ This is the only source mentioned in all of Mr. P’s writings and as best I can discern, a totally fictional one. After the first dead guys chapter, he takes to shorthand, referencing this “book” as “FFBD.” He only once or twice attributes a year to the supposed publication of this entity, either 1966 or 1968²⁵ (his handwriting is truly atrocious). It doesn’t matter. I won’t be including these notes going forward. The book isn’t real.

†⁰⁵ And the bits about vegetarianism and Knights force into eating lettuce: also off-the-charts bonkers, but I can’t help but connect some dots back to animals here as well. We are what we eat, even in past lives; memories of the mostly forgotten are no different than a bowl of steamed broccoli or the lamb chops we choose to consume.

†⁰⁶
†⁰⁷
†⁰⁸
†⁰⁹
†¹⁰

²⁴ Well, the short answer for that is that “these pages” were never intended to be published, see the light of day, do anything aside from exist in a box. And so, yeah, I’m the asshole. I’ve always been the asshole. It doesn’t feel good.

²⁵ These specific notations of a year are distinguishable from his scribbles referencing page numbers which are frequent and always precedes with the abbreviation “pp,” so I can only assume “19681023-25” is not referencing a book over 19 million pages long. However, say what you will about this fake book by “Finneas Finebaum” but at nearly 3,000 pages long, based on these notations, still: nothing to sneeze at.

XX... I realize this is out of order; this entire book is *out of order*.
Anyway, as promised, here's my own riff on "Eleven, dead" ... XX

I'm sorry.