

Be Story Free

A Narrative Addiction Destruction Seminar

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

A movie plays.

Narrator - In a world where things are mostly chill...
Hero - On certain evasion-curtained occasions
This chronically altricial film student
Pops out the woops goblet, shoves my ja-wing
Back up my Port Ignority, then wracks me
With a giant burb of life-changing barter
Cuz I can't sell goods in bad company,
But, misgivings given, things is mostly chill.
Narrator - Where one inciting incident incites
An incident that incites inciting...
Friend - Yo, bro, some bitch dude ate your gator bait!
Narrator - Where to lose it all is to win it all...
Deity - G wut snuffs that motha-funkin beasty
G wut soups my crotch fruit's doom-boom feasty.
Narrator - Where an insouciant stampede of thinkhole-escalating,
causally slobbered time-bomb auctions creates an
iconoclastically procedural, emotionally floodlit action
splatter wherethru the demanding human dummy fakes
numerous character-constricting choices to prove common
fitness and spontaneous heritage to ad words by learning
something sclerotically obvious that shills the bargain
basement belief that justice, tenacity, and compassion are
worth every pinch of someone else's expendability...
Seller - 30
Hero - 8
Seller - 20
Hero - 5
Seller - 10
Hero - Free.
Seller - Sold!
Bystander - Wow, he's like natural selection on a One Armed Scissor!
Narrator - Where evil is both abhorrent and alluring...
Villain - Do you wish to look up my dress, whilst you die?
Narrator - Where lots of convenient problems are solved
Via certified vulnerability...
Hero - My head won't get thru what I just got thru.
Narrator - Where tedious tension induces imperious climax...

Love-Interest - Wanna come over? I'm wearing your clothes.
Narrator - And where all crises dissolve into the iconic ironic...
Ancestor - You have freed Mooter Afreeka; now she is yours!
Narrator - In such a world only such a world
 Can save you from such a world but only
 If your world's consumed by such a world,
 So let me hear you scream for such a world...
 I can't hear you...I can't hear you...etc...

Max turns off the movie.

Max - He can't hear u. He sed, "I can't hear u,"
 Yet's if a prickly pillow ain't a sign
 Yr either eekin comfort out a cactus
 Or yr head's too off to noe wut it's on,
 Like he can't hear u, u can't hear him,
 Cuz on u gobble (rite?), one more tryin-
 T'extinguish-a-spittin-thirst-on-dehydrated-
 Alcohol time, rotting fruitfully engaged
 In the ritualized non-transformation
 Of swappin wut yr financially scabb'd
 Feelings think innocent jingo fluids
 (O pity be duped n all laughers nervous!)
 In that jolly co-hookt incompatibility
 Feeds its head to the horse to get it back
 As th'only present it dares to deserve
 Since fetus is feces once flockers refuse
 To come to thr senses rite ready to sense
 It mite just make sense to not make sense
 Shd u care to sense wut's there to sense
 Other than those stifling fluids, which, past post,
 Shout flying heaps of happy, poison crap
 All bout this swag unvironmental ho-god glob
 That wanks its worry n teethes its tongue,
 Like who the fuck crawled up outta the shit hole,
 Set up shit shop in a shit shop storm
 N took t'pimpin kids to dreams a pimpin
 Kids to dreams that get off on the front
 Of a runway training facility
 For done-up stylish frenzy extinction
 Won't let us say, "Dead life, it's time to scream,
 Not out our throats, but down our guts,
 T'awaken wut's left of our rite to not
 Return ourselves when we go to return
 Wut we got from the hero just hockt us
 To th'intubation we can't calibrate,"

Yet it be time, if ever time there be
After all that time we took attempting
To win more time by acting like we lost,
It's time, I say, to beller, "U can't hear me
Cuz I'm the truth, you love-loan-churning lie!"

His phone rings and he answers it.

Max - Hello? Who is this? It says "Unknown."
Unknown - I'm Unknown.
Max - N I'm busy.
Unknown- Hi, Bizzy.
Max - Don't call me again.
Unknown - Why would I call you Again? U sed yr Bizzy.

Max hangs up.

Max - I want the bird I eat to make me fly.
Dr. Jip - Welcome to Be Story Free...
BSFer 1 - The Be Story Free Movement...
BSFer 2 - And the first last wag of yr new dead tail.
Dr. Jip - I'm Dr. Jip Syuzhet.
BSFer 3 - Inspo-haploid of the BSF zygush...
BSFer4 - The most eco-indulgent psycho-seismic 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 disarms...
 BSFers - Be Story Free!
 BSFer 1 - Might pertuss the piney ingkch out yr congested troibles...
 BSFer 2 - Foible troubles in scruple bubbles...
 BSFer 3 - Which u have so praeter-judiciously hrounded thru the fine-
 ass hootenamas of rah-bad being.

 BSFers - Rah rah bad!
 BSFer 1 - Desperate for disparate dispiritives...
 BSFer 2 - As on u lunge and stub...
 BSFer 3 - From same to shaming same...
 BSFer 4 - In search of some "Log-on, take me away!"
 Dr. Jip - And to u we say:
 BSFers - Be Story Free!
 BSFer 1 - And some of you...
 BSFer 2 - The here-and-gone among us...
 BSFer 3 - In that self-contaminating agronomy of non-fulfilling
 callosity...
 BSFer 4 - Which story, the celebrated pathogen, has conditioned you
 to consider propitious to your survival...
 BSFer 1 - Because it lives off yr ignorance that it live off yr
 sufferance...
 BSFer 2 - Might be asking...
 BSFer 3 - Wu so bad bout story?
 BSFer 4 - Gramma useta cook up a cogbag a da foe crunch n we'd all
 gather round da fire n listen to da stitchy n...
 Dr. Jip - To you we say:
 BSFers - Be Story Free.
 BSFer 1 - Cuz if u really look at it...
 BSFer 2 - Thru gargoyle eye mirrors...
 BSFer 3 - It becomes blatantly latently clear...
 BSFer 4 - That our stories oppose our survival...
 BSFer 1 - For I do defy thee to deny me that there be not a single
 hostility...
 BSFer 2 - Fantagonism...
 BSFer 3 - Stoopefaction...
 BSFer 4 - Injoystice...
 BSFer 1 - That has not hairs on the hammer of story.
 BSFer 2 - Citizens of then deported into now!
 Dr. Jip - Let me tell you a story...
 BSFer 1 - Look ow! Look ow!

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

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

Dr. Jip - For it's the story of the death of story...

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

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

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

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

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

BSFer 2 - As in store u...

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

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

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

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

BSFer 1 - Stir that round in your hermetic mug...

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

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

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

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

BSFer 4 - That ends up in a landfill...

BSFer 1 - That ends up in a soil seep...

BSFer 2 - That ends up as a city park...

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

Dr. Jip - Story will go down.

BSFer 4 - Ha!
Dr. Jip - Story, which almost killed us all...
BSFer 1 - Ha ha!
Dr. Jip - Will be gone.
BSFer 2 - Ha ha ha!
Dr. Jip - And we will live.
BSFers - Ha ha ha ha ha ha...

Max answers his phone.

Max - Hello?
Unknown - Is Bizzy there?
Max - Who is this?
Unknown - Unknown. He knows me.
Max - I'm blocking u.
Unknown - Broken news: blocking calls from the unknown has been known to cause calls from the unknown.
Max - Are u threatening me? Cuz I will fuck u.
Unknown - Oo, yeah, tell me the story of how threatening u got u to fuck me.

Max hangs up.

BSFer 1 - "Dear Dr. Jip, when does story addiction start?"
Dr. Jip - Ya know, I struggled like a teatless runt
In the change-me days of my new movement
With ovular rallying polymers
That optimized the value in the valid,
N there proved no battle more brutal
Than story addiction vs. story
Infection; the former propitiously
Implicates the agent, while the latter
More justly hits the truth between the lies,
For so onto-endemic is story,
So much the flower that forms our pistol,
We r not only gestated in it,
We r born that it may regenerate,
N, as such, it infects us into being,
A being whose empathic dimensions
Its habitants r forbidden to blaze
Lest they discover side canyons teeming
With life forms unprofitable to death,
So story addiction starts with story
Infection, n story infection ends
With story disinfection, which is naught
But an illicit reformatting of

Yr pre-personal temper derivations
 Thru the fluster shuck of Be Story Free.
 Pitch Person - Here at O God O Shit Agglutinated
 We listen to our customers, then we
 Give them a device that sez wut they sed
 With just enuf distortion to disguise
 The fact that the device is nothing more
 Than an advertisial story machine
 That sez wut they shd say cuz they sed it.
 Gassy Customer - I want a device that converts my gas
 Into tiny beige vagina bubbles
 Thru an app that regenerates my sperm
 Instantly so I can remote fuck myself
 Over 15,000 times per brainchild.
 Jingly Customer - I want a device that takes all this noise
 N turns it into hit songs I can claim
 Legally to have written so I can
 Charge ppl to play it over the noise
 Of them hearing their spidey sense not thinking.
 Nooky Customer - I want a device I can nurse on, but
 It duzn't throttle me wen I bite down
 Cuz I'm just a little resistant
 To getting wut I need from wut I want.
 Poesy Customer - I want a device that's sumwer btwn
 A wordless bible n that lifeless shoal
 Of the inner-thanks wence west coasters sink
 Wen staring at a person like a display
 So I can really get under the hood
 Of my misplaced metaphor scavenging
 N replace my freedom-guzzling engine
 With curt chiliads.
 Spacey Customer - Sumtimes magic's all
 The beaver has, n I want that device.
 Empowered Woman Who
 Proves It By Dating Sad
 Losers - So I get this text from this guy, n he's
 Like "wanna hang?" n I'm like, that's the last
 Fukn thing I wanna do is hang with that
 Double d-bag deluxe, so I text him
 N say, "sure, let's hang," so he comes over
 N I tie this rope round his neck, n I
 Toss him out my window n I'm shoutin,
 "How ya like hangin with me, ya fukn
 Loser ass rubber fucker?" n he's like,
 "I luv it," n that's wen I get the shazam
 For my device. See, I bet only five

Or six of u fuckers noe who I am,
N I mean like really noe who I am,
Like u live every day inside my freaky,
But my device is gonna fix that shit,
Cuz this is the “get to noe me” device,
N it’s not goin away, like there’s no
On or off with this device; it’s alwz
On n yr alwz gettin to noe me,
Like yr constantly ensnared in starin
Into my shit more habitually every
Moment, n not only on yr device
But across yr entire field of vision,
Wich is now a parking lot of vision
That serves the store called Me, the store for me
N my shit, n it’s all u ever see
N it’s wutever shit I be doin,
Like from the dangerously fascinating
To the deliciously humiliating,
Yr gonna see my most compromising
N totally fucking incompetent
Positions in a really attractive
Layout with no problem navigation,
Wich is a huge joke, cuz there’s nower
To navigate to other than deeper
Into me n my inoperable shit,
Like I look really fukn bad, n that’s
All u can see, me lookin like I sat
On my own face tryin to get a seat
At the next big fukn shirkavaganza,
N that’s the device, n u luv it, cuz
Hangin with me is gettin empowered
By pluggin yr shit into my bad self.

Max answers the phone.

Max - Wut?
Unknown - Tell me a story.
Max - No.
Unknown - Y not?
Max - I’m sick with story.
Unknown - N I’m story-sick.
Max - Wut, like u can’t find a story
In this epic epidemic?
Unknown - Not one that I can get wrappt up in
Without losing my teeth.
Max - That’s story, baby.

Unknown - It grabs u by the throat, which u accept,
 Max - Cuz that's apparently wut it's gotta do
 Unknown - To pull u out, but then it puts u down.
 So pull me out.
 Max - I'm goin down myself.
 Unknown - That's a start.

Max hangs up.

Dance Device - This device is divorcing choreography
 From divorcing choreography.
 BSFer 4 - "Dear Dr. Jip, I read somewhere that you called story
 'emoploitation thru pang-bang mood porn.' Can you
 expound on that phrase?"
 Dr. Jip - I'd love to. Call it what you think you will,
 Story is sacrificing our integrity
 To a simulated experience
 In order to feel what something
 Might be like were we actually doing it
 Instead of doing its not, and we do this
 Not because pouring our feelings into
 Pre-made mood-swinging feel molds results
 In the amelioration of our pangs
 Via the exploitation of our sentiments,
 Since when you're hurting there's nothing better
 Than forcing someone to purchase that hurt
 In a potboiling form that makes them believe
 They're getting way better. See, just like porn
 Forces coitus into patterns, story
 Forces emotions into patterns, and
 Those patterns become the unavoidable
 Action/reaction "sharing is caring" grids
 We increasingly require just to arrive
 At what we've been told is our potential,
 Yet true potential is the savor of
 Intimacy's soup, n story addicts,
 Like porn addicts, can't feel intimacy
 Cuz their cold open got carried away
 By "stagnation as orgasm" armies,
 N they've willingly married their captor
 Since all one can really say of their will
 Is it's captivated by being chosen
 By what treats it like a willing captive.
 To truly get turned on, turn the story off.
 BSFer 2 - I want each of u to think of a word.
 BSFer 3 - Wen I raise my hand, don't think of that word.

BSFer 4 - Story.
Pathetica - Wut lunk must I lob to cease the slaughter
Of my dung folk at the flickering hands of
Yr delicious robotic performers?

Dentato - U must sincerely luv my teeth.
Pathetica - How pay this unreadable ransom?
Dentato - U do not luv my teeth?
Pathetica - I'm saying I sincerely feel unable
To prove the sincerity of my feelings.

Dentato - So u have yet again sed sumthing t'which
U find yrself incapable of returning?

Pathetica - I'm saying...
Dentato - Do u, or do u not, u intolerably
Tempting little brown fucking utensil,
Sincerely luv my teeth, n answer cute,
Or I shall nail yr shit clan forever
To the unbearable story boards of
So So Songy Sluts for Lamp in Beam Gap.

Pathetica - I cannot tell a story without telling
On someone who's done nothing I wdn't
Do were I looking to profit off thr story,
Which puts me in a pickle on a sandwich
I wanna eat, yet if I eat it, wer duz it
Leave me save far afield of that place
I must then needs call my perfect story?

Dentato - U r not so much in a pickle as
A pickle is entering u via the gaping
Hole in yr story that I n my Delirious
Rhizotic Conformers shall unstopably
Stretch with our creepy calips of required
Recommendation, oobershtoopo banoynoy?

Pathetica - Um...
Dentato - Yr luv of truth condemns u to fiction!
BSFer 2 - Is this part of the program?
BSFer 3 - Maybe, were maybe a collaborative
No, which, when power has no patience
For the brief, all-consuming performance
Of bleeding adherence to the hungry,
It alwz is, even if it's never
All that is, as the blasted memory of
Collaboration blurs into a design
For the final porous empathy dam.

News Device - This device offers a deeper embevllment
Into the self split, which is world war loop.

BSFer 2 - N now a story that can't seem to get its story strait:
Nigerian Prince - Before the collitic nations were born

Upon the sweet plexi-beaches, life had
 Many forms, n it's only form was the scream,
 N the scream went shhh, n it kisst n it bit
 N it kisst n it bit n it whispered,
 "Every child emerges into a child
 N then rubes the rest of its days jawing
 Its way out of that wrapper child, n it
 Isn't pretty, but fortunately we don't
 Exactly look, due to our 'preferred
 Visual limitations,' n this was the oops
 That started the war, the war that started
 So long ago all we can remember
 Is it had something to do with lilacs
 N how wen u smell them u either smell
 Yrself or u smell wut they mite smell like
 Were they re-scented to match the moment,
 The Bad Business Plan Moment, that is,"
 So the scream was way up shit creek without
 A permit to shit in the creek or call it
 Shit creek or even try to assess if there's
 Any actual creek in the shit, so it told
 A story whose moral was, "Every story
 Is a fight for our future, thereby assuring
 There will alwz be fighting in our future,"
 The end, unless u direct deposit
 8 million dollars into my account
 By 7 am tomorrow morning
 Under the name All I Can Hear Is You
 When I Scream At Myself But Fail To Grasp
 What It Is I'm Like All Worked Up About.

Max answers his phone.

Unknown -

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

Unknown - To take in at the ear wut eats at the heart,
 Max - And it is this drive, not to give myself
 Unknown - To that formula, that falling shelter –
 Max - Luv it, it leaves u; leave u, u luv it –
 Unknown - That repedofies the narrated sex,
 Which is my fear, my hope, my death, my story.
 Deep.
 Max - So deep everyone’s drowning in it.
 Unknown - Tell me that story.
 Max - Yr making me sick.
 Unknown - Hide from meaning, n everything is mean.

Max hangs up.

Yuman - My name’s Yuman, and I’m a story addict.
 All Story Addicts - Hi, Yuman.
 Story Addict 1 - So the way we start with new SAD members...
 Story Addict 2 - Story Addicts Demonstrative.
 Story Addict 3 - We dropped the “Anonymous” cuz we found
 Story Addict 4 - It was just another gateway to story.
 Story Addict 1 - Privacy only protects our penchant
 Story Addict 2 - For lying, aka living a story.
 Story Addict 3 - We also like the “de monster” reference
 Story Addict 4 - In “demonstrative.”
 Story Addict 1 - We are, after all,
 Story Addict 2 - Story addicts.
 Story Addict 3 - Actually, I hate that.
 Story Addict 4 - It feels like story.
 Story Addict 1 - This is about Yuman.
 Story Addict 2 - The way we start with our new SAD members
 Story Addict 3 - Is we ask that you tell us why you’re here.
 Story Addict 1 - Without making it a story.
 Yuman - So shoot.
 Story Addict 3 - Ok, I’ll try.
 Story Addict 4 - Trying is a story.
 Story Addict 3 - He’s new; give him a chance.
 Story Addict 1 - Giving a chance
 Yuman - Is story.
 Story Addict 2 - Yuman, go ahead.
 Yuman - Cool, thanks.
 So, I have this sorta valuable disorder
 Wer I’ll start seein sumun, n they seem
 Al fukabl n fit n blemish-free,
 N I really feel like they have value,
 But then I’ll start noticing these super
 Detestabl design hiccups in thr

Overall encouragement architecture,
N ‘smuch’s I try to say “no glitch, no niche,”
These coy friendly misfires start singeing
My eyelashes, stabbing me in my sleep,
Farting into my air tube, throwing coffee
Mugs at me from behind a bush, spitting
Erudited ham up my nose, hacking
My system so every time I boot up
This annoying “new day, new tech specs” message
Comes screeching out my speakers, n it ain’t
Kidn, cuz I’m lockt out, so I’m like, fuck,
N I ditch that person n start seein
Sumun else, n for a few days, they seem
Al fuckabl n fit n blemish-free,
But then I start seein thr competitors
Improving core operational whizbang,
N the whole assaultive inner spiral
Soars agen, so I decided to create
A device that renders my ideal out of
My unrealized vision of myself
So I can alwz fuck exactly wut I want
Without feeling my want creeping out
Of wut I’m fucking n start fucking me,
And at this or that phase I’m half finisht
N I’ve sent prototypes to select execs
Who are test-fucking the device to see
If they feel a genuine late nite rapport
With thr self-blazoned absorbent ideal,
N ther r problems; no one’s been hurt,
Least not in the “illegal nudity” sense,
But everyone’s been hit, like hit repeatedly
In the head by thr own faux expressive
Apparatus, so I’ve trasht the project
Altogether, cuz wer’s the heavy cream
In creating yr ideal out of yrself
Wen once u get into it u find out
It’s out to get u, n I’ve gone organic,
Like instead I’m attacking the blackheads
Of my perfectionist obsessions
By draining my sebaceous ingrained need
For the brief new device, and this involves
Varius first-party therapies like
Drinking burning fuel, tattooing
A quik sketch of my face over my face,
Playing thumb wars with myself n trying
To feel like it’s a real fite, pretending

Ther's a fashion runway in my bedroom
 N putting on a humus bathing suit
 N walking pigeon-toed down it screaming,
 "Al ummah shall never be in style!"
 With the cam on cuz I'm such a rebel,
 Thumping my chest angrily wen I'm askt
 To pay for wut I did, ya know, just being
 Terribly impossible to be with,
 Like I hail a cab n wen it pulls over
 I pop my head in the windo n shout,
 "I was pointing at the stars, u fukn
 Dirtball, cuz I'm a star n yr not, k?"
 N now, I guess, attending SAD meetings.
 Thanks for sharing, Yuman.
 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.

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

And the end of hope
 Wd mean the end of value.
 And the end of value
 Wd mean the end of society.
 And the end of society
 The end of humanity.
 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.
 Like wen a man wants
 Information as to the location
 Of his missing daughter.
 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.
 Exactly.
 So in this one word, "value," we discover
 A nexus of the critical element
 In story, economy, and morality.

Story Addict 1 - The intensity of our involvement
 With story is directly related
 To the strength of our identification
 With the values propelling the story.

Story Addict 2 - Just as the intensity of our involvement
 With the economy or morality
 Is directly related to the strength
 Of our identification with how
 Things are “valued” n wut kinds of “values”
 Ppl shd or shd not have.

Story Addict 3 - So, story,
 As we say, is like a sister city
 To economy and morality.

Yuman - So the absence of story means the death
 Of the economy, the dissolution
 Of morality, the attendant collapse
 Of society, n the inexorable
 Extinction of the entire human race.

Story Addict 1 - I “hope” you’re not surprised to discover
 That SAD believes the exact opposite.

Story Addict 2 - We consume story...

Story Addict 3 - We get consumed by story.

Story Addict 2 - As a spiritual antithesis...

Story Addict 4 - A kind of emotional release valve...

Story Addict 2 - To our being consumed by the exchange
 Values inherent to the economy...

Story Addict 1 - N the moral values of society.

Story Addict 3 - Cuz neither of them adequately addresses
 Wut we really r and need, so watching
 Others struggle to acquire the values
 They hold so dear is satisfying amidst
 All this daunting, endemic disaffection.

Yuman - So story is like a vast dumping ground
 For potential change.

Story Addict 4 - Yuman’s catching on.

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

Story Addict 2 - Instead of looking for a better way
 Than inflicting our values on others,
 We read a story wherein someone else
 Is rewarded for inflicting their values
 On others.

Story Addict 3 - Ah, another happy ending.

Story Addict 2 - Story’s wut we do to circumlocute
 Doing something.

Story Addict 1 - Yet something must be done.

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

In which extinction, denaturation,
 N competition r maintained as values
 So that story can maximize its profits.
 Yuman - If u live with someone who's killing u,
 Going out at nite to watch them suffer
 In some show made by your rich neighbor
 Is not a solution to yr problem.
 Story Addict 1 - Duh.
 Story Addict 3 - If u like acting so much, then act.
 Story Addict 2 - Wen story finally expires, this immense
 Reservoir of transformative energy
 Will sweep the planet, n we will behold
 Wut's possible wen the obvious ideal
 We're so intent on keeping out our house
 Gets to move in.
 Story Addict 4 - Story's wut's keeping work,
 Thot, n action from having real value.
 Story Addict 1 - It's casting a system of false values
 To uphold a world of false values
 That give it value.
 Story Addict 3 - A value all false.
 Story Addict 2 - Time's up.
 Story Addict 4 - Thanks for coming, Yuman.
 Yuman - Thank you.
 Life Coach Device - Like finding the "you'll never be great" voice
 N knowing u must be it, then realizing
 It's u being so ungreat u can't kill,
 This device is story minus body
 Divided by futility times effort
 Over double yr money or yr money
 Double comes back as u thinking yr great.
 BSFer 2 - "Dear Dr. Jip, Is there a set number of stories?"
 Dr. Jip - Good question. One often hears the mental
 Barracks masters barking in muzzlese
 To the parr-struck full-grown fledglings of how
 There are only 7 or 13 or
 36 kinds of story; however
 This standardizing bravura is shorthand
 For giving the unfairly long finger
 To the subparticle carnosity
 That each is, is, that is, in the foreclosed sense
 Of not being reducible to: "So fat
 You can't fit into your new discount double?
 Don't fret! Once u watch this, u'll fit rite in,
 Not cuz u lost weight - O no, we'll make u
 Wait, n u'll luv it, cuz waiting is the "wut?"

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

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?

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 spermicles,
And, of course, maximizing ad revenue
For every unjustified revenge plot,
But I wanted more: the bleakest blowjobs,
The deadliest car, I wanted to be
Homecoming King at the Funeral Home;
Yes, I had to stop being a maggot
Or transform the maggots from death eaters
To life pukers, even just for pretend,
N so my dream became to sell that thot.

Viral Vid Producer -
Maggot Not Maggot -
Viral Vid 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.

Maggot Not Maggot
Device -

This device contains infinite templates,
Tho it's untemplated by being turned on.

Viral Vid Producer -
Maggot Not Maggot -

But how duz it work?
The ppl are coming!

Viral Vid Producer - I can't figure it out.
 Maggot Not Maggot - The ppl are closing in!
 Viral Vid Producer - Wut the fuck is it?
 Maggot Not Maggot - The ppl r here!
 Viral Vid Producer Device - This device is wut shd be somewhere else,
 N wut shdn't be charges this device.
 The Next Beatles - Wen I get hungry, I eat my device,
 N then this really hot stuff comes out
 My left abdominal lumen, but sadly
 It starts to stink almost immediately,
 N the smell can only be described if
 I can get the funding to describe it,
 So I'm torn, cuz the device, or at least
 The glaring lack of the device is wut
 Makes my art possible, like my art
 Being possible is wut my art is,
 So wur I to stop receiving support
 For these meccavalent injections of
 Ennobling liquidated children,
 Wut'll I do? I'll have to shut my mouth
 N hope I can get my deposit back, cuz
 I'll never get it back with this gaping
 Hole in my face, the hole that shows my art
 Is really just me gettn up on stage
 N doin wut the girls want, the girls
 With pockets the size of a government
 Investigation into government waste
 Who are screamin, "punch a hole in yr face!"
 But least I do it in a thoughtful way,
 Cuz as I'm pleazin the girls, I'm also
 Thinkin, "it's very confusing living
 In a country u don't live in, isn't it?"

Max answers his phone.

Max - Wen will u let me call u?
 Unknown - After u tell me a story.
 Max - Y shd I?
 Unknown - Cuz I sed I'd kill u then kill myself
 Over having killed u.
 Max - U did?
 Unknown - Um, that's wut "calling" is now, duh.
 Max - No, that's a conceit.
 Unknown - So consider yrself conceited.
 Max - Y do u want a story?
 Unknown - I want to feel u believe in me

Enuf to give me summer else to go
 That's far more wer I am than wer I am
 By engaging my group-desiring drive
 To educate myself on self-arousal.
 Max - I don't even know u.
 Unknown - How much more beautiful then
 That u wd believe in me so much
 Yr willing to let me get lost in u
 While knowing that u'll have to rescue me
 With everything I won't let u have left.
 Max - How much crueler then that I pre-empt u
 By offering u yr dreams on demand.

Max hangs up.

 Survival Device - Credit for the creation of this device
 Lies squarely on this device, which takes place
 N gives it back better, thereby co-oping
 Make and do into the lightweight "make do."
 BSFer 3 - "Dear Dr. Jip, don't we need story to constantly
 Reconnect with the artifacted factors
 That remind us of how to get the most
 Out of our complicated relationship
 With what remains of natural selection?"
 Dr. Jip - Here, as told by those with pants in story's wash,
 Is story's story:
 Professor Meant-All - Back when scant familial
 Clans roamed the earth, largely pre-occupied
 With invading and avoiding each other
 To the best of their barely one hat size
 Past a baboon abilities, story
 Emerged as a kind of decorative box
 Whereby the bland, functional wares of words,
 Designed primarily to point at danger
 Or desire, might be packaged, sold, and stored,
 Protecting them from the pumice of time,
 Allowing for optimal conversion
 Due to their guilt (read/don't read: guilt) cases,
 N filling them with filler that memory
 Might pursue its ultimate object: sleep.
 Yes, story was homo mensura's first
 Marketing plan, and it was a winner,
 Capturing sick, hellacious stockpile share
 From such noshowsexual rivals as
 Getting along, not wanting everything,
 N manliness inversely related

To waste-making on the game of thrones scale.
Soon, having seen how story can convert
Even the most honest, free expression
Into a stately swirling mind thresher
That slashes this, implants that, n directs
The attention to stand at attention
Even though its natural position
Is wherever it may happen to be
Walking sitting lying sitting walking,
Story suffered a hostile takeover
By strategy, yes, that strategy,
The guy with better things to do than better
Things to do, but story didn't mind being
Taken over as story only exists
To serve any purpose to which it can't
Be held accessory, so strategy
Started using story to motivate
The people to emulate the assholes
Whose main goal in life was cutting off ears
So no one could hear them fail to explain
Exactly how conquering other clans
Might actually lead to them liking you,
N so story became a battle cry,
But then, since everyone loves to kill
Until someone kills everyone they love,
Story was courted by a new investor
Called sympathy, and sympathy acquired
An undisclosed amount of story's stock,
So sympathy and strategy both owned
A part of story, which was then restructured
Into the story of seeking control
Over story, sympathy and strategy,
Now good and evil, convivial dead heat
N conniving deadeye, each playing their part
In the struggle over how things should end
When in reality they don't have to.
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,

Dr. Jip -

But the menialism of expansion
 Is now the mechanism of extinction.
 Stop giving everything u have to something
 That has everything n accepts nothing
 About u save wut adds to wut it was,
 I.e. stop being free to story n...

All BSFers - Be Story Free!
 Party-Goer 1 - Wer's the party?
 Party-Giver - The party?
 Party-Goer 2 - Yeah, we came for the party.
 Party-Giver - O, u mean the party with all the ppl?
 Party-Goer 3 - Ya, I see the ppl, but wer's the party?
 Party-Giver - It didn't come.
 Party-Goer 1 - The party didn't come?
 Party-Giver - It didn't come.
 Party-Goer 2 - Y not?
 Party-Giver - Well, it calld n sed, "ya noe wut, I'm not comin."
 Party-Goer 3 - I'm not comin?
 Party-Giver - Yep, it called n sed, "ther r too many ppl,
 So I'm not comin."
 Party-Goer 1 - Too many ppl for a party?
 Party-Giver - That's wut I sed. I sed, "too many ppl
 For a party?"
 Party-Goer 2 - Isn't the point of a party to have
 As many ppl as possible?
 Party-Giver - Agen, that's wut I sed. I sed, "Isn't the point
 Of a party to have as many ppl as possible?"
 Party-Goer 3 - N it sed?
 Party-Giver - "Nah, not really, cuz actually I prefer
 Parties wer there's like sum ppl
 But not a lotta ppl," n then, of course,
 That wuz a huge downer.
 Party-Goer 1 - That's a huge downer.
 Party-Giver - That's wut I sed. "That's a huge downer." But...
 Party-Goer 2 - But?
 Party-Giver - But it gets worse.
 Party-Goer 3 - Great.
 Party-Giver - Not really, cuz like a few ppl
 Upon hearing the party say that, well,
 They started to like cull the crowd.
 Party-Goer 1 - Cull?
 Party-Giver - Ya noe, like kill other ppl
 To sort of entice the party to come,
 N that went on for a while, like there wuz
 Lots of trimming n cutting n culling.
 Party-Goer 2 - So like successful attacking n largely

Party-Giver - Unsuccessful counter-attacking?
 Exactly, n so pretty soon the herd,
 The mighty party herd, was much diminisht,
 N there wur just like sum ppl around.

Party-Goer 3 - So wut did u do?
 Party-Giver - I calld the party.
 Party-Goer 1 - Good!
 Party-Goer 2 - U calld the party.
 Party-Goer 3 - N u sed?
 Party-Giver - I sed, "Hey, hi, ya noe, we've been thru
 A lot today, like a lot of us r dead now,
 N even tho those of us who r left
 R possibly the strongest n the smartest,
 We cd really use a lift, ya noe, sum good
 Cheer, like we cd really use a party.

Party-Goer 1 - N it sed?
 Party-Giver - Well, the party wuz like, "ya noe, actually,
 I dunno, I'm kinda tired."

Party-Goer 2 - Wut?
 Party-Giver - Yeah, so like at this point, it's like
 I just fukn lose it.

Party-Goer 3 - Good for u.
 Party-Giver - Yeah, I mean, I'm like,
 "Dude, r u fukn kidding me?
 We rented this place, we got refreshments,
 Snacks, we got this DJ with like 9 heads,
 Girlz got thr limbs stuck in the caramel grinder
 N feathers they didn't even noe they had
 R flying all over, I mean shit be jumpin, yo,
 N u r tired? Yr the party n yr not comin?
 Like wut the praeter-actual fuk?

Party-Goer 1 - Good for u.
 Party-Giver - Yeah, well, it gets worse.
 Party-Goer 2 - Ok.
 Party-Giver - So I sed that shit, n the party was on mute
 For a while, n then it was like, "well, fact is,
 I'm tired cuz I been partyin sumwer else."

Party-Goer 3 - O my god.
 Party-Giver - Yeah, O my fukn god. I mean,
 The sinking feeling in the room at that
 Moment, it's like that feeling cda
 Sunk a room, it was just so un-fukn-real,
 The depth of grief and loss that ppl felt
 Wen they learned that not only wd the party
 Not be showin up, but the party had
 Partied elsewer entirely without them;

Party-Goer 1 - It was just fukn tooth-crackingly dismal.
 Party-Giver - So wut happened next?
 I lookt around the room
 N I put on my best “we’re gonna make it
 Thru this alive even if it kills us” face,
 N I sed, “Listen, this is bullshit, rite?
 This shit about waitin for a party
 That duzn’t come cuz its partyin
 Elsewer? Bullshit. Noe wut I’m gonna do?
 I’m gonna build a device, n this device
 Is going to prevent this kinda bullshit
 From ever happening agen, cuz with
 This device, werever ther’s a party,
 U r there, like u don’t wait for the party,
 U don’t even fukn go to the party,
 Cuz with this device, u r the party.

Party-Goer 2 - That’s awesome.
 Party-Giver - Yeah, but it gets worse.
 Party-Goer 3 - Awesome.
 Party-Giver - So like I build this device n everyun
 Had thr knuckles in the sauce, like everyun
 Wuz partyin all the time, n this became
 Noen as the History of the Enslavement
 Of Party, as parties everywer wur
 Put into these litl portable packages
 N whoever wanted one cd get one
 Long as they had the device n no one
 Ever misst a party agen, cuz we
 Stoppt relying on party n instead
 We appropriated party, which is
 Our rite, rite?

Party-Goer 1 - Rite.
 Party-Giver - Wrong. Super wrong. Cuz wut
 I learned wuz wen u say “it’s a jungle
 Out there,” the only genuine reply is,
 “well, not really anymore,” n that’s cuz
 We appropriated party, which we had
 No rite to do, cuz party actually has
 A mind of its own, n our thinkin
 We can own that mind so we can party
 All the time, that’s pretty much like wen sumone
 Sez, “It’s a jungle out there” n u don’t say,
 “Well, not really anymore.”

Party-Goer 2 - Yeah, I hear ya, cuz it’s more like
 A children’s zoo out there, like u cd say,
 “It’s a children’s zoo out there” n no one

Party-Goer 3 - Wd have not eaten enuf "hey, guys"-flavored
 Cotton candy to strongly disagree.
 Actually, I was just out there, n it's
 More like a terrarium that's now
 Being used as a trash can out there.
 Party-Giver - Yeah, but it gets worse.
 Party-Goer 1 - Not really.
 Party-Giver - O yeah? Watch this.
 Trans-Device Device - Wut won't work out works out thru this device:
 U get yr way with the one that got away;
 Yr family crumbles over blueberry goo.
 Infertile? I am yr finest replica.
 A-Z Lister - I was first on the list once. It was a list
 I made, n it didn't last long, cuz I kept
 Remaking the list, cuz ya gotta keep
 Remaking the list in order for ppl
 To care about the list, but wile it lasted,
 Me being first on the list, it was awsum.
 I was first for six versions of the list,
 Then I started to drop. First I moved from
 First to third, and I'm like, wo, but then
 I shoot up back to first, but only briefly,
 Cuz I fall to second, but a close second,
 Like me n first, we're really close, cuz my list
 Is like that, ya know, it's got that killer
 Shit down, but then sumthin happens, n boom,
 I'm fifth. Fifth. Fifth on the list, on the list
 I made. Fine, I'm fifth. Like I'm getting used
 To bein fifth, which is prolly the slack
 That brot the snap, cuz now I'm sixth, now eighth,
 Back up to third, down to tenth, back to eighth,
 Then down to twelfth, that's rite, twelfth, n I was
 Twelfth for like forever, then eleventh,
 N I'm like O yeah, he's comin ba-ack,
 Then ninth, then sixth, O he's havin a run,
 N then it was all over. I came out
 With a new version of the list, n me?
 I'm nineteenth. Like I'm barely on the list,
 Cuz the list only goes to like twenty,
 N get this, the next version of the list,
 Wer am I? Nowhere. Not on it. Totally
 Nickt from my own list. I mean, it was so
 Awful. I put out this list, n I'm like
 Wer am I? Y am I not on the list,
 The list I made? That's wen, like a street shrimp,
 It hits me. N I'm like, yeah, that's damn rite,

Yr not on the list, cuz like wut did u
Make last year? Wut did I make last year? Yo,
I made the list. Wut, u mean like the list
Yr not on? Yeah, I mean that list. Gee, guess
U'll have to get on someone else's list.
Get on someone else's list? Like fat chance
I be get'n on someone else's list;
Like nobody puts anybody else
Other than themselves on thr list anymore,
U noe that. I noe that. N so I'm like,
Well, I guess that's wut it's all about, ain't it?
N ur like, yep, 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 yrself.
Max - Fight! I mean, pacifier! I mean, energy!
Unknown - I walk out of my apartment and I fall
Rite into someone's arms, only those arms
Have been hackt off sed someone n r lying
On the sidewalk, yet despite having lost
HQ, they start making sweet hooker luv
To the puncture wound in my egregious
Gregarious prig city stress ball, like
We r truly crazy lady close, and go!
Max - I don't noe u that well. Fact, I don't noe
Anyun that well, cuz to feel ok
About tellin sumun a story, if,
That is, u care for them, wich no un duz
In a world wer the sterile stenchy snatch
Of story marinated everything with
Free mandatory wiki reactions,
U have to have em ded n proppt up on
Yr couch with scripture all over thr face
N a few pig ears stapled to thr neck
So u can call them "My Sacred Writtle."
Unknown - U've blown all yr fuses, which I really
Like, howev I've yet to find the fuse box,
N this makes u rather dark in the black.
Max - I wanna be free, yet sumthn's made me

Unknown - Expensive.
 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 nipples
 Foreheads manufactured under richly
 Pre-manufacturing adversity scores
 R preening n singing, "Switzerland O
 Switzerland, no one fucks with Switzerland,"
 But sadly, like, "quand serons-nous touché?"
 N yr like, if neighbor's an exception
 To the rule, do we really want the rule?
 Max - How do u noe me?
 Unknown - I noe the story.

Max hangs up.

Yuman - My name's Yuman, n I'm a story addict.
 All Story Addicts - Hi, Yuman.
 Yuman - So, feelings check. Physically
 I'm feeling pretty mental; mentally
 I'm feeling very physical; n spiritually
 I'm feeling like I wish my feelings check
 Had a few more zeroes in it. That's all.
 Story Addict 1 - Thanks for sharing, Yuman.
 Story Addict 2 - Sharing?
 Story Addict 3 - That was hardly sharing.
 Yuman - Actually, that was quite hard to share,
 Cuz like inevitably I'm describing
 Realities that have been rejected
 Due to an incomplete, late, or missing
 Application.
 Story Addict 1 - So the question becomes
 How to convince reality to submit
 Its acceptance application on time,
 Correctly completed.
 Story Addict 2 - Or the question
 Becomes how mite we experience
 Reality without a predetermined
 Sense of how to do that.
 Story Addict 3 - Or the question

Becomes how to separate reality
From intuition while also making sure
Intuition remains relevant to
Reality.

Story Addict 4 - Or the question becomes
Not foreseeing wut u see.

Story Addict 1 - Or the question
Becomes functioning without being
Functional.

Story Addict 2 - Or the question becomes
How to be free while also being good.

Story Addict 3 - Or the question becomes getting wut u
Want while others also get wut they want.

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

Yuman - Or the question
Becomes moot cuz the question just becomes.

Meditation Device - Is this device a useless distraction?
Yes, but only from this device, so zone.

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

Dr. Jip - Thank you, and welcome to freedom. My friends,
Story is a detour around life,
Which takes longer and recreates a view
That’s only visibile *in origo*,
And both ways, you end up on th’other side
Of life, and the trip is over, and if
You went thru it, it felt long, which is good,
So it was short, but if you went around,
It felt short, but that’s bad, cuz it’s life, so
It was long, as in why would anyone
Choose to take a detour around life
And miss out on muselessly processing
Perfection? People actually take shelter
From life in story to find confirmation
For what life has instilled in them so they

Can optimize its chance at survival,
Which is the belief that life is a story,
But remember, life isn't unusually
Adept at long-term planning, and by putting
Its survival in human hands, it has
Instituted its own fallibility,
So to rescue life from itself, we must
Stop patronizing its stories and start
Securing its survival by making
It where we are, not what we're pointing at,
Else we'll just continue to poison life
And ourselves on self-tainted narrative
Medications whose clinical trials
Were performed on the lifeless lesser apes
We had to kill to get the medicine.

Shopping Device -

All is a striving to reconcile with sumthing
In yrself n is therefore already reconciled
In this device, wich is u off budget.

Shopper -

Check me out.

Clerk -

Wut r u buying?

Shopper -

No, I sed, check me out.

Clerk -

Yeah, I will, but wut r u buying?

Shopper -

I'm buying myself.

Clerk -

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

Shopper -

No, I need u to charge me for myself.

Clerk -

Y do I need to charge u for yrself?

Shopper -

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

Clerk -

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

Shopper -

Yr call.

Clerk -

Howbout all u got?

Shopper -

Sounds good.

He hands her all he has.

Clerk -

Thanks for shopping with us.

Shopper -

Thanks for checkin me out.

Humanities Device -

This device resolves all contradictions

By making thr incompatibility a game.

Screenplay Student -

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

Screenplay Instructor -

Today we're gonna learn to rite a screenplay.

N by screenplay I mean a successful

Screenplay, not a suck-massive-asses-full

Screenplay. Now, a screenplay has three parts:

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

Can't be taught, so like good luck try'n to pull
An inside job wen the last fukn thing
Anyone will do is let u inside,
U massive not successful suck-massive-
Asses-outta-yr-own-massive-dumb-ass
Dumb ass, ok, fuck ass? So, wut's a screen?
A screen is sumthin u set up so u can
Project sumthin onto it other than wut
It is so u can do sumthin behind
It that u can't do in front of it cuz
It wd either be stoppt or ignored, like
I stand here n I act like we're cool, rite?
So u fixate on me, then bam, my partner
Comes in from the side n fucks yr shit up,
I run past u, I win, n u suck ass
From massive asses fulla shit-shockt ass suck.
Ok, so that's a screen. Now, wut's a play?
A play is an attempt to win the game
By pretending to be fighting within
The rules of the game, yet the game has no rules
Cuz otherwise the game wd be like real,
N the game must not be real, cuz the game
Is preparation for the real, which means
We play so we can fite for real, got that?
That's a fact. Like science has had to sit thru
That stupid ass non-scientific shit
So many times, it duzn't wanna talk
About it anymore, ok? Ok,
So how to make a successful screenplay,
Not a fuckin u noe wut kinda screenplay,
As in, u don't noe wut kinda screenplay
Cuz u'r a fukn noe nuthin dumb ass,
Cuz, unlike me, who sold a fukn screenplay
Not long ago, all u sold's yr massive
Suck ass to my fuckn screenplay class?
Simple. U look like this, u do like that,
U stick shit up, u knock shit down, u run
Past all the sorry fuckers, proving u
R the best not really fighting fighter,
N soon, u'r wer everyone wants to be,
Like yr livin a story u rote so u
Cd live on the top story, gettin yo
Dick suckt by some clickbait with no story,
Way above and beyond the really
Massive dumb ass fuck suckers who just bot
Yr story with wut they cda used to buy

A ladder to come knock u the fuck out,
N u'r like, hey, u plastic ironing boards,
Wanna buy this device? N they're like, sure,
Wut's it do? N yr like, fuck u, wut's it
Do. It duz who the fuck r u to ask me
Wut's it do? N they're like, cool, here ya go,
N they give u thr money, thr mo nay,
Thr mama hang a monet, then all up
In thr face u dance this wack fukn dance
Wilst they suck massive asses fulla shit,
N yr like, uh hu, check it out, u blockt,
Nockt, col' cockt fuckin ass-suckin fukrs:
I just rote a successful screen and play.

Max answers his phone.

Unknown -

Life with u is a satisfying example
Of the unsatisfying attempt to experience
Reflective infinity.

Max -

U calld me.

Unknown -

Resistance is audience.

Max -

My heart's so on the screen I can't see
The movie.

Unknown -

Narrative art is a regret-regretting
Redundant oxymoron.

Max -

U make me want to put myself in
A device that puts me into
A culture war (speaking of redundant
Oxymorons) wer I can treat myself
Like a sexualized infant without
Having to feel responsible for wut
That duz to the culture I love so much.

Unknown -

Isn't that like gaining power
By penetrating other ppl with
The hidden idea that caring for others
Mite be bad for thr empowerment plan
Of living without a "had it up to here"?

Max -

Not if u remember all a birth can mean:
In sum lands, a birth means "more mosquitos."
In others, "need not apply." Here, "have some";
There, "get away." A birth can mean "please touch,"
Or "trust only a lack of sources," or...

Unknown -

But in the end each birth is the beginning
Of a story so huge it envelops
Everything outside it; it's the story
Of a certain creature, intolerantly

Humanized by ppl, who pursues luv
Thru its professional ties, n it's about
The coupling of a yung man and a yung
Woman, which r in fact two yung men
Fighting over the super feminine,
Eating everything, including each other,
As they go mouth-to-mouth into the story
Of thr one birth, which reverses everything,
So it's the problem of being a girl
Wen yr not a girl.

Max -

So I'm the richest man
Ever to actually only possess
The things that he alone can truly ruin.

Unknown -

N u've set out into the world to become
The edgeless gulf u seem bent on crossing.

Max -

Stop telling me how the emotions work.
Parking space, parking lot, parking pile,
Story is looking for parking in places
That make me want to ditch my fuckin wheels.

Max hangs up.

Personal Device -

This device leads you to scamper
The established routes of planar relations
To plumb the pathetic impersonal
For imitative inclinations that incorporate
The closest you can get to personal as
The farthest you can get from who you are.

BSFer 1 -

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

Dr. Jip -

I generally find that critics will say
Whatever it takes to cover up the fact
Their personal disappointment governs
Objective fact, so the propensity
To reveal the two in their subjects
Is standard practice among those seeking
To hold onto power with someone else's
Disbanded hands, but be that as it may,
I'm the first to say, especially if
You grant me the indulgency of saying
That everything starts anew once it's said -
Which doesn't seem too far from the truth
To get there quick enough to see it leaving
For where you're coming from - that my personal
Disappointment with story compelled me

To seek an objective fact outside story,
And upon finding it, I discovered
That it was only there because of my
Personal disappointment in objective
Fact, so I stopped looking to that objective
Fact for personal gratification, and that's
When I saw that it's story that binds
These two antagonistic identities,
And so, disposing of story, I disposed
Of disappointment. Now, please remember,
I was not just a story user; I was a story
Usurer. Yes, like many of you, I
Dissolved 1000s of stories every day
Into my occupied imagination;
I lived on life support in the space station
Of story, so everything else was a let down.
The paralyzing need for absolute,
Irreversible change; the regressive belief
In an external, charismatic evil;
The fascistic reliance on "sole protagonist
Selfism"; the spurious, time-consistent,
Cause-and-effect dependencies;
The life-limiting demand for meaning
And explanation; the personal relationships
With depersonalizing conglomerates;
Years upon years of emptiness, lies,
And false connections – it was all so perfect,
I just had to spread it round; problem being,
I was spreading it on things so they'd acquire
A taste entirely to my liking.
Why is that a progress worth reputing?
Cuz there's more to the world than "in a world."
It was all too good to be true cuz it
Was all too good 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,

All BSFers -
Romance Device -

Only it ends different by never ending,
Cuz I'm going nowhere and taking you
With me, so let's hear it:

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.

The New Guy -

It was weird. The other nite, I went to this
Function, n there were like 10.3
Ppl there. Most of wut I think I made out
As re-individualized samples
Of social networking were for some reason
Only 30-50% present,
Or wut seems to be the same thing these days,
Accessible. Most of the live exchanges
Ended before they got anywhere, there was
Some group sex happening, but no one partook,
N I spent the evening I didn't have
With a drink in my hand so I cd dumb
Myself down usably, expecting at
Some point someone mite show up and be
All there, which everyone (wutever
That means in a crowd of partial persons)
Seemed to agree (without ever having
Actually discusst it, since that wd require
Usability upgrades that too often
Pamper the impossible just to get
One simple process done rite) wd have been
A feral drag on the mad hushing rush
Toward total/helpful elsewhereeness that is
My generation's special something or
Other, n as I virtually deci-
Mated my semi-fellow functionaries
With polite incendiary branding
Of impersonal shrapnel macaroons,
I sorta started to think, it mite suck
Hanging with the cloud identities, cuz
Thr like alwz changing shape so they can
Steal yr self-synthesized mythic stature,
Then they get all peeved wen u don't notice,
Like that's all you've got time to do, "O look,
Yr a rabbit, O yr a mountain, O
Yr two toddling Chimerican acrobats
Forming a giant pair of friendly scissors
That are cutting the offending hand-feet off

The humanist orangutan who dared
Suggest that children's toys are the new black
Death," I mean, sure, it mite suck, but I'm hookt,
Cuz, like, this girl I heard of luvs this man
With the identical body design to
Her sexually abusive dad, n all
I can think is, wow, that's like (jk) hot,
Like I wish I had that between me n someone,
Like wen I reach for someone I touch my device,
So these capricious blobby half-cast types -
Of which I am the un-nominated,
No-input-required loud speaker with
7 bajillion pre-recorded gaffes -
Least with them I don't have to concentrate
Wen I'm doin that thing that's not quite talking,
It's more like losing yr voice out loud on
A remote server, cuz I can only
Fully relate to wut yr going thru
Once u don't know wer it is, cuz it's me
N I am now only available
In anti-interesting variables
That don't work on yr sucky old machine.

Dr. Jip -

Let us now recite the 12 steps
To story recovery. We...

BSFer 1 -

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

BSFer 2 -

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

BSFer 3 -

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

BSFer 4 -

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

BSFer 1 -

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

BSFer 2 -

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

BSFer 3 -

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

BSFer 4 -

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

BSFer 1 - Amended our sense of injury
To include the directed possible.
BSFer 2 - Realized the personal cannot
Be inventoried as wrongs
Are prompted by admission
That seeks a continual taking.
BSFer 3 - Sought thru play and confusion
To improve our unconscious contact
With nature, knowing only it is us.
BSFer 4 - Having put our spirits to sleep
As a result of these steps,
We dropp't our trying message
And stop't practicing principles
In all our enwakening affairs.

Max answers his phone.

Unknown - I think it's a resistance to nature.
You hate the selection process of story
Cuz you hate that life is a selection process,
Yet story has a problem with that process
Cuz it has no happy ending, so you
Are against encouraging those who need
A metaphor for life cuz as soon as
Life gains a metaphor, it knows itself,
And you find ignorance more awethentic.
Max - The wild blue yonder is smoggy n fenced
With sexy metaphorical suicide.
Unknown - Hey, nature might be down at the mouth
But it's story will bring her a smile.
Max - That feedback loop overstuff's the planet,
Cuz while we might think we're speaking out of
A desperate desire to be heard, all
We say is actually all we can't digest,
So this sonic puke comes bolting from us,
Coating life in suffocating fables.
Unknown - Story is a spill that improves the site.
Max - There is no sight, thanks to "must see" story.

Max hangs up.

Yuman - My name's Yuman, n I'm a story addict.
All Story Addicts - Hi, Yuman.
Yuman - Um, yeah, so, it's been an ok week, I guess, mostly story
free, but ya never noe, ya noe? Like, let's say the other day
I'm walkin around n I spot this chicken sandwich...

Story Addict 1 -
 Yuman-
 Story alert!
 This is not a story. It's just me blastin out a possible cron-
 form so my communitas n I can process some basic queries
 re: the snag-touchy significance of said action-entailed
 choice mods, ok?

Story Addict 2 -
 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 blessingest 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?

Peace Device -
 This device is the evil and the good
 Whose teamwork triumphs over this device.

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

Dr. Jip -
 No, story needs children, and it's got them,
 And it eats them, and after having exhausted
 That kiddie pie, it infantilizes

Adults, who skip to the slaughter to feed
 Story fat, so fat no life can grow where
 Story squats. Saying “no” to a child
 Who says “tell me a story” is one of
 The hardest moments a truly committed
 BSF parent faces. She’s becoming
 Sentient, she’s recognizing you, talking,
 Needing, loving you in the purest of ways,
 N what cornycopia comes bubbling
 Out her jollies like gastric acids from
 A gauche dying crone but that same old
 Noxious narrative suck. Then, like watching
 Your child cut herself to fit in weren’t enough
 To make a parent scramble for the shrapnel,
 She says “me,” she says “run,” she says “there,” n
 Boom, you’ve got a storyteller in the house,
 N good luck exterminating that with
 Anything save a fire-breathing sandman.
 Now, some consider the early story urge
 To be a sign that story is hardwired
 Into the human organism, but
 Remember: behind each hardwiring claim
 You’ll find an investor in hard wires.
 The only thing hardwired into humans
 Is the battle between stasis and change,
 And this brings a need for security,
 Which story provides from the very first word:
 Story is a transitional object,
 But while most of us grow up and trade our dolls
 For actual kids, too few of us trade
 Our smother-me-stories for actual life.
 Yes, they comfort us, and comfort is good,
 Unless it’s bad for us, which it is when
 The casing of comfort merely safeguards
 The script doctor’s incubator of blight.
 Now, in our story-saturated world,
 It’s very difficult to raise a story
 Free child, but sedulous parents can insert
 Early the notion that security
 Blanket might be a bag over the head.
 For example:
 Mommy, look, me run there.
 Mommy?
 Mommy!
 Who is mommy?
 U r mommy.

Baby -
 Mommy -
 Baby -
 Mommy-
 Baby -

Mommy - Mommy fly?
 Baby - No, mommy. Me run there.
 Mommy - Mommy there?
 Baby - No, me run there.
 Mommy - Wer is mommy?
 Baby - Mommy?
 Dr. Jip - Hard to watch, isn't it? Don't worry;
 It gets better.
 Teen - Hey, dad, guess wut happened at school today.
 Dad - Nothing I care to hear about.
 Teen - Y not?
 Dad - Recounting events from another time
 Involving other ppl is the surest way
 We know of knowing absolutely nothing.
 Teen - It is?
 Dad - Whatever happened over there back then
 Bears no relevance to the here n now
 Becuz every moment is unique
 N th'extent to wich a moment is crippled
 By the narrative stun gun of another
 Is th'extent to which that moment repeats
 A route, n to go wer others have gone
 Is to go away. Tomato?
 Dr. Jip - N now the doozy.
 Kid - Mom, will you tell me a story?
 Mom - Well, dear, I don't really noe who I am,
 N I have no idea wut there is, n I don't
 Beleve anything happens in any
 Particular order, n I don't even
 Noe wut I'm saying wen I'm saying it,
 So y don't we just sing n hug?
 Kid - But Bobby's parents tell him stories.
 Mom - N they'll be sorry for it wen Bobby's
 Development is arrested by his delusion
 Of ambition sequentially ordained
 N he's sentenced to life in paragon.
 Kid - But wut's wrong with story?
 Mom - Wut if I told u there was a nut u
 Cd eat n everything turns fantastic,
 N the hole world is filld with wild adventures
 N cool gadgets n perfect situations
 N hilarious moments n huge battles
 Wer no one really gets hurt, but here's the thing:
 U have to eat mor n mor of this nut
 To get this fantasy world to return,
 So pretty soon yr spending all yr time

Trying to acquire more of these nuts,
But it's hard, cuz eating so many nuts
Made u fat n tired, n worse, the more
U eat, the less fantastic the world seems,
Til u can't shuv enuf nuts down yr throat
To make the world as fantastic as it
Once was, n it's then u start to notice
That u've spent so much time hoarding n gobbling
Nuts to regenerate this fantasy world
That u've neglected the actual world,
N the actual world is actually now
On the actual brink of actual death,
N as u finally look out of yr story
Capsule, u see that all that there is left
R slick random objects made by sum weird
Permanent buzzing sound, n the sexes
R separated so women r floating
Upside down in a sharp, viscous fluid
As thr eggs r farmed for fertilization
By the weird annoying buzzing sound, n
The men r dragged around in chains across
A dead, ashy landscape, periodically
Littered with bazaar rusty sculptures,
Cheesy murals, n toxic construction
Projects, all of which r creative products
Of the insidious buzzing sound, n all
The men do is get led around n askt
Wut they think of the creative objects
They see, n if they answer rite, tho no un
Noes wut a rite answer is, they're chosen
To be embedded into one of these
Poisonous free construction projects, but
If they answer wrong, the impeccable
Buzzing sound throws up on them n they
Become negative ads for the opposition
That actually prop up the powerboat
Buzzing sound in maintaining firm control
Over a world in which pain is defined
As being content, wd u eat that nut?

Kid -
Dr. Jip -

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:

Young adult -

U noe, mom n dad,
All that energy u spent telling me

To just say no story? Well, I wanna
 Thank u for that, cuz I can now see how
 Story is a war-like informational
 Efficiency machine into which we
 Force feed the precious elements of our
 Being that disintegrates on being
 Efficiented, so thx.

Dr. Jip - It's then that you and your child
 Will finally discover one another.

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

Highly Educated Poet - The point of poetry is too small to be
 Considered a point, but too large to be
 Considered not ther, so thinkers hav
 Gathered in thot to discuss wut exactly
 The point of poetry is, n the other day,
 In my capacity as a non-kinky voyeur,
 I snuk into that thot flat by dressing
 As a seductive rejoinder to rape,
 N I sed, "I'm a busy guy, rite?" I mean,
 Like, I'm not just busy, I'm evil busy;
 In fact, I'm way too busy to stand up,
 So wen I go to take a shit, I don't hav
 All fukn day, so I just sit ther n
 I push real hard, like random slashing hard,
 N sumtimes, I admit, I rip shit up,
 Like I sever shit, as in sumtimes I shit
 Like 6-8 inches of my colon
 Rite out my ass. It's called a prolapsed colon,
 But I just call it bein busy as burqa,
 N the other day, I did that; I shit
 A colon chop the size of a benign
 Macrocephalic MacArthur Genius Grunt
 Rite out my ass, n along with my innards
 N the usual shit blintz that's hiding from
 The authorities up round them fuck no parts
 Sum other shit came out, like my computer,
 My fifth grade year, an entire Greek play,
 Self-imposed humorlessness when it comes
 To zucchinis being over-rated,
 Al-Dick, the pan-Arab dick, n lots of
 Other shit I'm just way too shit-faced busy
 To assess, so I'm like, y's all this shit
 Doing a weird movement piece via my ass,
 N my mom's like, "well, I got sum old news

For u, like this news is so old, it speaks
Elegant n folks don't take that as a sign
It ain't folksy, n the news is, fucker,
That yr father, n yr father's father,
N the father so before that father
He ain't even had a father so he
Had to father a sort of non-sexual
Approach to insemination, which we
Still use to determine who should go to
Colleges with big names, that father had
A way with words, or, to put it in a way
That will help me forget wer I put it,
He had his way with words, so he was put
Away, cuz havin yr way with words is
Great, but not the way he did it cuz, well,
The words he had his way with were new words,
Ya noe, like only a few days old words,
Wich is sick, rite? Like a word's gotta be
At least a year or two old before u
Can hav yr way with it, freely, I mean,
But that's sorta sick too, rite? I mean, how sad
Is it that u can't hav yr way with words
That are new, yet go try n hav yr way
With words that are old, n, no, that's sick too,
Like yr sick, like yr in need of care cuz
Yr careless, as in yr too slo to be
Of any use to anyone interested
In making something pay off its own murder,
So the bottom line is this: wen u reach
The bottom line, u noe u've gone too far
If yr looking to hav yr way with words,
Cuz it's u put the line on that bottom,
N bottom's have to be the proper age
For u to be delineating them
Or that way with words u had, that's no way."
N I'm like, mom, I'm just way too busy
Live streaming this cruelty party to
Listen to the lessons of history,
Cuz like don't the lessons of history
Only tell us we're best off ignoring
The lessons of history for fuck sake
Cuz all history ever sez is "fuck"
In ways that weaken the best word on earth?
N with that, I was dun, so I erased
All traces of my absence n went out
To find sumun to sell me sum stolen

Mixes, n the thinkers who wur gathered
In thot to assess wut exactly the point
Of poetry is all sed in this kind of
Artsy bored threat'ning bland whine, "that ain't it."

Max picks up his phone.

Unknown - Wow. You called me. I'm not sure I like u anymore.
Max - It's in cancer's interest to be concerning.
Unknown - Yr a litl too thick on plot n color-
Coordinated ebullience to be tricky
Enuf to squeeze btwn vibrato and pretense.
Max - Everything is a cutening competition
To reach truer emotions, which is like
Chopping down the tree so u can see
Wut it'll be like to go out on a limb.
Unknown - Hey, u shd found a university wer
Everyone just walks around and sez
Wutever comes into thr minds, n then see
How long it takes for yr neighbors to come
N put yr children to work making waste.
Max - There's none richer than he who duzn't
Spend all he has on buying others' stories.
Unknown - For someone looking to go it alone,
Yr quite taken with yrself.
Max - I take myself for granted
By a grant organization too disorganized
To give out grants.
Unknown - U shd see an analyst.
Max - I tried, but she kept sitting on my face
N telling me to be what's eating me.
Unknown - You'll never free yourself from story
If you keep wondering how it will end.
Max - Y did I call u?
Unknown - Because u think there
Shd be a luv experience at the center
Of every narrative, but u don't think
There shd be a narrative at the center
Of every luv experience, so yr wondering
If that makes u conflicted enuf
To say in a new n entertaining way
That paid-for art is payer-made art.
Max - I'm gonna go, n we'll see wer that leaves us.

Max hangs up.

Democracy Device -

This device is the ultimate epic
For a provisionary world in which
Each person is the ppl's hero if
They accept death by life in this device.

A man named Earl stands up.

Earl -

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

Dr. Jip -

Wut's yr name, sir?

Earl -

Earl.

Dr. Jip -

Well, Url, it's a prize to meet you, and muchos Gratos for airin out the musty odor
I sense to be cumulatin in the basements
Of these fine peoples' minds. So, you like
Story. Story grids friend and family. Story
Clears your work head. Story creates history,
Community, and morality, and here I come
Toutin its abolition. I mean, if story does
All these things, then my advice to you,
Url, is to nack me for pooch food. But,
Before you clean the cleaver, I'd like you
To consider with me for just a few
That story ain't only not do those good things,
But that story is the slime preventin
Any of those good things from adherin
A foothold on this slippery sphere ride.
Item one: story heses friends and family.
Really? Scope it, Url. Wen you're with your close
Ones, you're either tellin stories or you're tryin
To think of sumthin to say, which means
Tellin another story, which means you ain't
Got nuthin to say unless it's a story,
N story is worse than nuthin to say,
Cuz it's the expense of sayin nuthin
Without the profit of sayin sumthin.
Those stories ya'll be swappin? They're
Gettin the best of the bargan, Url, cuz

As you're tellin em, they're tellin on you,
 And what they're tellin is tellin, cuz what
 It's tellin of is that ya'll got untold
 Issues that can't be voiced thru story swaps,
 And long as story's all you got to share
 Is long as those you call close will remain
 As unreal to you as the rapacious
 Motives of an innocent little yarn.
 A story addict has no friends or family,
 Url. All he has is story. Item two:
 Story rocks cuz it ain't work. That's plain as
 Podunk, ain't it? No it ain't, Url, cuz while
 It might feel to you like escaping into
 A moving drama completely removes you
 From the drudgery of labor, the world
 Into which you're escaping is merely
 Another factory where you carry out
 The rote routines of an all powerful,
 Uncaring, better-off boss, who'n this case,
 You pay for the chance to work! A cursory
 Lingo look will prove it: after everything's
 Been produced, refined, n distributed -
 Yep, story's just an intrathecal joule -
 You report to work to "follow" the action,
 "Solve" the crime, "cheer" for the hero, "assess"
 Th'ntentions, "get" the one liners, "connect"
 To th'emotions, "stress" the ending, n "clap"
 Yr hands. Payin to build someone else's
 Vacation home ain't a vacation, Url,
 And you been trickt into donated labor
 By folks whose free time feeds off your free mind.
 Item three: story keeps our history as
 Community alive, and as such performs
 A constant revisioning for relevance
 Of our ethical, deep-seated guidebook.
 This is a big one. How can we all be
 Upstanding citizens less story's break
 Protect us from the pulverizing gales
 Of unremembering civic abandon?
 Sounds crucial, right? Well, it would be were it,
 But it ain't, cuz our community's stories
 Are our community's enemies, since once
 Community breeds its stability
 Thru homeostatic lab-generated
 Cultures, it ceases to interact with
 Its environs, and hence it ceases to

Adapt, and hence it's just a who cares how
Many whatevers away from death. Fact:
"The story of us is the enemy
Of us," cuz our stories speak of our triumphs
Over our enemies in order to hide
Our stories made our enemies when we
Weren't lookin. What were we doin? Sharin
Stories! So, you see, Url, story
Would be an altogether fittin and
Proper mechanism for conjoinin
Friends and family and society in
A thrilling escape from th'anarchical
And laborious were it not the force
Tryin its damndest to split them apart
Since th'anarchical and laborious
Are zactly wut story needs to survive!
And let me quickly conclude with this now
I've parolled that cop killer, anarchy.
BSFers often get accused of
Bein anarchists who don't believe in
Thou shallt not kill, rape, or steal, yet nuthin
So maims the truth as this desultory
Slashing brand. When you become story free,
You see that killers, rapists, and thieves are
In fact story's most evident victims
As gross and palpable proof of the horrors
Of story addiction. See, crime will never
Be eradicated thru punishment,
Which is always too much too late. No, crime
Will only be wiped out once everyone
Is story free, cuz criminal behavior
Is merely an attempt to live a story
At someone else's expense, but, of course,
Story is living at everyone else's
Expense, making it the biggest criminal
Of them all. Crime's a symptom of story
Infection, just like boredom, loneliness,
Defensiveness, judgmentalism, lack of
Curiosity, resistance to others,
Lying, taking unfair advantage of,
Xenophobia, buying more than you need,
Believing in the comparison of
Qualities, identity, pollution,
And all the other ways we have of not
Being natural, therefore it is to
Th'elimination of story infection

That we must commit ourselves if we wish
To save our friends, family, society,
And planet from its insane fanciful
Obsession with rehearsing suicide
Via fake immersive catastrophes
That make us feel like we're doin just fine
Cuz we can entertain ourselves with death.
Face it, Url. You don't talk; you tell stories.
You ain't free cuz yr a slave to story.
And you might think you ain't got shit, but you're wrong;
You got the freshest shit on god's green earth
All down your enrolled throat, cuz u got story.

Max answers his phone.

Unknown -

I'm starting to think you may be right.

Max -

O, so yr a sex addict sand castle?

Sounds rough.

Unknown -

It's like everywer I look I see

Story structure shackling our spirits.

I crave just one day were ppl do

N say as they wd, not as they shd

So they can be compelling and compelled.

We're living in tiny onanistic clumps,

Stuk in the greeting, as the consignment

Of pleasure leaves desire the only

Object of desire. I'm done foisting

My get-up into sellable constructs,

Tying my bootstraps to private jets.

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

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

My grave? My credit card? My record?

Max hangs up.

Unknown -

Hello?

Pop-Up Device -

This device expects nothing in return

Cuz that's how u get access to all yr

Protected content without having to

Subscribe to yrself, which wd be redundant

Had redundancy not been phased out

Due to so many hi brow libtards thinking

They're so clever wen they say, "isn't that

Redundant" that sumthing had to be dun,

So sumun sed "sumthing has to be dun,"

N nothing was dun so as to avoid

Anything from ever agen being
 Redundant, cuz redundancy is death
 In the art world, aka wechat.
 Mother of Many - I met this video the other day,
 N it pushed my buttons. Yeah, those buttons.
 Those constantly pushed buttons. Those buttons
 So constantly pushed they've lost all structural
 Integrity, like they've lost all their spring,
 All their pretty polish, thr wires r frayed,
 But surprisingly, n this mite have to do
 With the kind of buttons those buttons be,
 The more they get pushed, the easier they r
 To access, like the faster they respond,
 The more powerful becomes the signal
 They send into my baby brain, n wow,
 Do they still send a signal. Like whenever
 Those buttons get pushed n send thr signal
 Into my baby brain, I do so cry
 N quiver n heave n tremble n spin.
 Indeed, I am so spat upon n reeled
 About that my feelings, yes, those feelings,
 Those giant popcorn poppers that pop out
 Giant popcorn poppers, they wiz all over
 Me with joy, it's like they can't help it,
 It's like just jerkin me around makes em wiz,
 N I'm the only life form around, so
 They wiz on me, n that's wen the good times
 Really roll, cuz now I've got video hands
 In my mouth, video knees down my throat,
 Video dicks in my fat cell mutoscope,
 N as I curl into a happy ball,
 Covered in video wiz, pale n spent,
 I generally look to my left, n it's there
 I see him; it's there I see Formula.
 Friend to Few - Formula is here.
 Mother of Many - Wut duz he want?
 Friend to Few - He wants the child.
 Mother of Many - He's taken all my children.
 Y can't he leave me just one child?
 Friend to Few - He must have all the children, for if
 One should live free of him, that one may save
 Another one, n that one another,
 N so on, until all the children r
 Living free. Then wut?
 Mother of Many - Then all the children
 Will be free!

Friend to Few - Free to wut? To say things like,
 "O be more humble n u will stumble
 Less on yr mumble, then as u bumble
 N rumble others will grumble less at
 Yr jumble as u crumble n tumble
 Away"? n then follow that with something
 Like "I try to hear myself, but I lack
 The rite device, by which I mean the rite
 Self-inserting intrauterine device,"
 N then say, "I submit myself to u
 Under the assumption u r an
 Amateur psychiatrist," n sort of
 Half conclude with, "there's commercial value
 In chopping dumps into bits n selling
 Those bits as cars cuz penguins need cars
 N penguins r the future in the sense
 Of being so the future they're already
 At another party"? U call that free?
 I call that dialogical pollution.

Mother of Many - I will not let Formula take my child.
 Friend to Few - Sad woman! U cannot fite Formula.
 He will destroy u. He has the power
 Of everyone who's ever existed.
 It's like u say u will fite everyone,
 N that is an awful lot of ppl.

Mother of Many - I'd rather be rite n insane than wrong
 N indifferent to the thrilling murder of
 My children at the hands of Formula!

Friend to Few - So wut will u do?
 Mother of Many - I will run and hide.
 Friend to Few - Wer will u go? Formula is everywer!
 Formula is yr fantasy, yr feelings,
 Yr freedom, yay, Formula is yr fetus.
 Let him enter, n u will see.

Mother of Many - Sad woman.
 Friend to Few -

Enter Formula.

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

Mother of Many - Thank u.
 Formula - It's just so refreshing to see someone

These days who not only duzn't seem t'have
 Anything to hide, but also all that stuff
 She cd be hiding but isn't is just
 So deliteful n interesting to look at.
 Mother of Many - Thank u. Now, how may I...
 Formula - It's actually kind of freeing
 To look at u.
 Mother of Many - Thank u.
 Formula - Yes, "freeing" is how I'd put it.
 Like normally lookn at someone can be
 Sumwut, u noe, tediously enthralling,
 But with u it's not, like I'd say with u
 The actual act of looking at u
 Sumhow contains no sensation other than
 A pure, non-negotiable, rip-roaring
 Desire to see more of wut I'm looking at.
 Mother of Many - Thank u.
 Formula - Anhow, great to c u.
 Friend to Few - Wait. Didn't u come for something?
 Formula - Sure did. I came to have a look at her,
 N I've had that look, n, boy, was it good.
 Friend to Few - But yr child. Don't u want ur child?
 Formula - Wut child?
 Friend to Few - Yr child.
 Mother of Many - Our child.
 Formula - We have a child?
 Mother of Many - U r Formula, u have come for my child,
 Wich is our child, as u r its father,
 For Formula fathers all the children.
 Formula - O yeah, rite. See, actually that whole thing
 Stoppt about a year n a half ago.
 There's no Formula anymore.
 Friend to Few - No Formula?
 Formula - Nope.
 Mother of Many - So who are u?
 Formula - Well, nobody's really sure, but they think
 I'm sum kind of device that basically
 Makes u forget wut u've made, so as soon
 As u make sumthing, yr like, wow, that's cool,
 N u look at it n yr like, who made that?
 N someone usually sez, no one noes,
 So u say, well, I want one, so who do I
 Talk to? N someone usually sez, u
 Can talk to me, n u say, so how much
 Is that thing? n someone usually sez,
 Well, it's wutever u got, so u give em

Wutever u got, n its yrs again,
Cuz actually u made it, but u don't
Remember makin it, n it's perfect
Cuz it's everything u ever wanted,
Wich makes sense, since u made it, so like
Basically it's this device wer everyone's
Makin things n forgettin they made em
N payin wutever to whoever
To get back wut they made but don't remember
Makin, n that's cool, n that lasts for a while,
Til O shit, thing just broke! so yr like,
It's ok, I'll go talk to the maker,
But u don't noe who made it, cuz u did,
But u've forgotten that or how u did,
So that thing u bot with wutever u had,
Well, it's now totally fucking useless,
But that's ok, cuz like yr still makin things
N forgettin u made em n buyin things
U made from whomever with wutever
U got n it's mostly good n mostly
Lucrative for someone yr not allowed
To meet, but the problem is there's starting
To be a bunch of broken things around,
N since nobody noes who made em, cuz
Everybody forgets everything they make,
So like nobody noes who's responsible
For fixing things or disposing of things
Or wut exactly they r even, I mean,
There's like nobody to talk to about
Any of these things, so there's basically
These huge piles of shit just appearing
Everywer, but that's generally ok
Cuz in certain advanced or unadvanced
Societies a lot of ppl have learned
To make a pretty healthy living off
Utilizing these huge piles of shit,
Like children can play on huge piles of shit
Wile thr parents pick thru huge piles of shit
N then sell parts of these huge piles of shit
At a price that doesn't disrupt the chain
Of huge piles of shit producing huge piles
Of shit, ya noe, it's like a kind of huge
Piles of shit Sweden type situation,
So it's really the perfect society,
N there r seagulls n slugs n raccoons
N wombats n grizzlies n seals n whales

All just lovin the fuck outta this
 Huge pile of shit, n then pretty soon the huge
 Pile of shit takes to talkin, cuz we learn
 To talk by being utilized by others
 In thr unselfish quest to enstory
 The perfect society, n it sez,
 “y the fuck r u raping my emotions?
 Who sed it’s a just system that u shd make
 A living by fucking my emotions?
 I want some fucking emotional pri-
 Vacy, u emotional rapist fuckers!”
 But, of course, no one listens, cuz who the fuck
 Cares about wut some huge pile of shit
 Has to say, so the huge pile of shit goes
 Anne Frank. Like it starts burrowing deeper,
 Deeper, O it’s hiding, it’s hiding, but
 Then someone sez, “hey, check out this new song,”
 N as they’re cryin with joy at the hooky
 Transcendence of this new song, the huge pile
 Of shit is just banging its head agenst
 The underside of the pavement, screaming,
 “Yr paying to get raped! Yr paying to have
 Yr emotional core scraped out of u
 Like a pumpkin so u can be carved up
 Into a sick jack-o-lantern that smiles
 N glows for a nite, ah, but then it begins
 To rot n stink n it just sits there, sunk,
 Putrid n all burned out on the front porch,
 Irrelevant, annoying in the wake
 Of its ecstatic holiday moment,
 N that’s wut yr doin to me, u fucks!”
 So, no, no more Formula. Great to c u.
 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.
 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
 Looking for me to concentrate enuf
 To answer that excellent question.
 Thank u.

Mother of Many -
 Formula -

Friend to Few -

Formula Device-

Friend to Few -

Max answers the phone.

Max - Wut?
Unknown - Wut's wrong?
Max - Nothing.
Unknown - Come on.
Max - Nothing's wrong.
Unknown - I agree. Nothing's wrong, so stop saying
Nothing's wrong to "wut's wrong?" cuz nothing's wrong.
Max - Ok, everything's wrong.
Unknown - U noe wut u need?
Max - To need wut I noe.
Unknown - No, u need a purpose.
Max - I don't believe in curing a sense
Of loss thru reunion.
Unknown - How then cure a sense of loss?
Max - Thru reunion with the nonsense of loss.
Unknown - Back to yr purpose.
Max - My back is to my purpose,
Which is y I've lost it.
Unknown - So turn around.
Max - No thx.
Unknown - Don't u want to see yr purpose?
Max - I've seen it, which is y my back is to it.
Unknown - Wut is it?
Max - I don't wanna talk about it.
Unknown - Plz.
Max - It's horrible.
Unknown - I love horrible. Tell me about it.
Max - Apparently, tho I dispute the fact
For a living, my purpose is to tell
A story.
Unknown - Wo.
Max - Woe is me.
Unknown - Yeah, I can't think of anything
More woefully woeful.
Max - It's so
Woeishly woesum all I can say is
Wo, like wo, horsy, toss the rope over
The branch then slap that filly on the ass
N leave me swingin, a corndog for pack rats.
Unknown - There's money in story.
Max - If there's money in it, I don't go in.
Unknown - Y not?
Max - Money is an invasive species,
N all u have to do is get a little

On yr shoe, n it's in yr house, yr mouth,
 Yr pants, n it destroys everything in
 Its path, even its path.
 Unknown - Trying to avoid
 Money is like faking an orgasm
 While masturbating.
 Max - I run myself
 On a broken remote.
 Unknown - Yeah, n I'm just another faceless figure
 Skipping out of the face-ripper-offer
 Cuz wen I get rippt off, sumone's paying,
 N that sumone is preferably me.
 Max - We'd make a good story.
 Unknown - Cd stories be good.
 Max - I wish stories cd be good.
 Unknown - How come?
 Max - I miss them. I miss thr hands on me.
 I miss letting them put thr grimy hands
 All over me. I miss letting them have
 Thr way with me. I miss thr takin me
 Werever they're goin. I miss the thrill
 Of submitting to them, of trusting them,
 Of being in them n letting them be
 In me, I miss how they believe in me
 N I miss believing so much in them.
 Unknown - I wanna go to a show.
 Max - No, u don't.
 Unknown - I think I'm gonna go to a show.
 Max - No yr not. U mite think u wanna go
 To a show, but yr lookin for sumthin else.
 Unknown - I'm lookin for a show.
 Max - Yr lookin for yr feelings.
 Unknown - N they're in the show.
 Max - No, they're not.
 Unknown - Don't u remember how wen u first enter
 The forest of feelings, u think u've found
 Yr feelings, but then u see other feelings
 Among the feelings, scampering back n forth
 Behind other feelings, n u realize
 U maybe haven't found yr feelings,
 U've found sum feelings, but there r other,
 Harder to find, deeper in the dark feelings,
 N then u wonder, r these all my feelings,
 N if so, wut makes them my feelings?
 Do I own these feelings, like they sprang
 Original from me? Do I alone

Produce these feelings? N then u realize
They're in u but yr not sur they're yrs, cuz
These feelings wander from forest to forest,
So to figure out which feelings r yrs,
U put up a fence around yr forest,
But then all the feelings start to die, cuz
They're isolated from the other feelings,
N there's no cross-feeling procreation,
Like feelings have a huge habitat range,
N soon yr feelings r all sick n dying
N starving cuz they've eaten everything
In thr set plot, so u take the fence down,
U tag all yr feelings, n u track them
With a tracking device as they wander
From forest to forest, but then it's like
Yr feelings r in others' forests,
N others' feelings r in yr forest,
N the feelings start to adapt n change
According to thr environment, n so
Even tho yr feelings r tagged, they've
Started to behave like others' feelings,
N others' feelings, cuz they're so often
In yr forest, r actin like yr feelings,
So now yr just totally befuddled
As to whose feelings r wut n wer n y,
So wudda ya do? U do wut we all do.
U reach for formula, n formula
Fixes everything, cuz it sez, "Yes,
Yr feelings r my feelings n my feelings
R yr feelings n in that we r going
To find the ultimate connection," but
Because being felt up by yr own feelings,
Which are now nobody noes whose feelings,
Can feel kinda creepy, we have formula,
Which u drink n it helps u basically
Stop worrying about whose feelings r whose
N it just lets u feel up n be felt up
By sum feelings, n it feels really good,
So it must be good.
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:

Yuman - My name's Yuman, n I'm a story addict.
Story Addict 1 - Hi, Yuman.
Yuman - Yeah, so I'm just wondering
If the group mite be willing to act out
Wut wd happen wur a boy to be given
A sword by his father.

Story Addict 3 - Story alert!
Story Addict 4 - The boy wd take the sword n chop off
The father's head.

Story Addict 1 - Then the boy wd put his head
Into his father's head n go to
His mother n say, "mother, I want
To give u a sword."

Story Addict 3 - This is not allowed.
Yuman - N the mother wd say?
Story Addict 2 - Y r u calling me mother, father?
Story Addict 4 - So the boy cuts off the mother's head
N hangs it on his penis.

Yuman - And then?
Story Addict 3 - I will notify the central chapter!
Story Addict 1 - And then the boy goes onto stage
N begins attempting to reconcile
His parents with a kiss.

Story Addict 2 - O wut a kiss!
Yuman - Suddenly, the story doctor arrives.
Story Addict 3 - I cd just break yr neck, boom, crack the spine
Rite in half, then reset it at a 90,
100 degree angle, so u cd have
A much easier time looking around.

Story Addict 4 - The boy, intrigued, sez:
Story Addict 1 - Cd it have a swivel joint?
Yuman - The story doctor, spotting a photo op, sez:
Story Addict 3 - Y not?
Story Addict 2 - So the boy, eager to be free of labor, sez:
Story Addict 4 - Great, n one more thing. Ah, shit, I forgot

Story Addict 1 - Wut it wuz.
 Story Addict 4 - I fukn hate that shit.
 Now I'm pisst. Now there's this thing in my head
 That wuz about to come out n now it's not.
 Yuman - N the story doctor interrupts with:
 Story Addict 3 - I'd even say it's supposed to come out.
 Story Addict 2 - N the boy agrees.
 Story Addict 4 - Yeah, supposed to come out, but now
 It's not comin out.
 Story Addict 1 - Now it's just going
 To fester n kill u just for fun.
 Story Addict 4 - Yeah, like a splinter or a bullet or
 A story doctor in my head, absorbed
 Into my head meat, like, wait, ah, I,
 Nope, thot I had it for a bit, but it's gone.
 Story Addict 2 - Can't u see wut it's doin to him, doc?
 Story Addict 1 - Back n forth, in n out, I mean, like,
 Who's fukn in charge here?
 Yuman - And exit.

Story Addict 1 exits.

Yuman - To which the one in charge sez:
 Story Addict – 2 - U've got to see it, n that's an order!
 Yuman - And exit.

Story Addict 2 exits.

Yuman - To which the story doctor sez:
 Story Addict 3 - Doing the same thing agen n agen
 And forgetting u get the same results
 Is the definition of making lots of money
 In the entertainment industry.
 Yuman - And exit.

Story Addict 3 exits.

Yuman - At last the boy, aka the empty stage,
 Got its big break:
 Story Addict 4 - My favorite thing is to be full of myself.
 Wen I'm not full of myself, I feel empty,
 N wen I feel empty I just fill myself
 Up with myself, which wd be impossible
 Wur it not for story, because story
 Is how I survive by eating myself.
 Yuman - And exit.

BSFer 1 -

Let us now bow our heads for a moment
Of silence, wich will in fact be a feigned
Reaction masking an inner turmoil,
For not one of us will achieve actual
Silence, as our spirits thrash and bicker
Seeking to disembarass themselves from
The hypertechnic tentacles of story.

Secret Agent -

Wd u mind if I tell u a dream I had?

Dr. Jip -

Wd I mind if u bore the fuck outta me?

Secret Agent -

Cool, so I had this dream wer a beautiful
Woman sat with her legs open on my bed,
N she askt if I'd like sum, n I sed
O yeah, so she tore off one of her legs,
Just rippt it off like she's a fried chicken,
Tendons n muscles n bones hangin down,
N I recoiled in disgust, n she
Sed, you don't like it? N I sed, fuck no,
So she tore off the other one n handed
It to me n sed, try this one, n thru
That act of vicious generosity
Of myself to myself, I realized that
In a world wer we kill the Aral Sea
To pee all we can pee, stories bout trying
To save wut we luv from wut wd kill us
May be like annoyingly redundant,
N they may have thr fingers in the death
Of wut we luv by twisting the struggle
For wut we luv into a popular game
Whose thrill depends on the existence of
The forces it metaphorically presents
As defeatable by the player, but such games
R all we have, n I shd just shut up
N accept that n program worlds of war
Or go ahead n eat the leg I askt for.

Dr. Jip -

So u want me to interpret this dream?

Secret Agent -

Didn't I just?

Dr. Jip -

Sure, but u got it all wrong,
N a tough loss alwz beats a bad take.
See, wut this dream means is that th'objective
Is to reach a satisfying payoff.

Secret Agent -

How do we do that?

Dr. Jip -

We go west.

Secret Agent -

Y west?

Dr. Jip -

Cuz to go west is to pursue a goal
That is satisfying becuz once u
Attain it, u realize u had it

Secret Agent - All along, i.e., ya know, east is west.
 Dr. Jip - Y not go east?
 Dr. Jip - Y not go east? Cuz, dumbshit,
 U have to move agenst the urth to achieve
 A satisfying payoff, n the urth
 Is moving from west to east.
 Secret Agent - Yeah, ok, so
 How about this: say I'm a homeless man
 Who plays the harp on the streets of Detroit.
 I've got no legs n a weird half head growing
 Out my neck, but it's like dead. I believe
 I'm some kind of modern Robin Hood's horse.
 I have a disorder that makes astroturf
 Grow on my eyeballs. I can't stop farting
 Gum N I'm sure I've got an enemy
 Out there sumwer, n I'm pretty certain
 She's a Beijing pop star with ten million
 Knife tongues n she wants to eat my savings.
 Dr. Jip - I get it. Yr one of those sad losers
 No one likes, so what's yr fucking question?
 Secret Agent - Am I moving with or agenst the urth?
 Dr. Jip - That depends. Do u want to be a child
 Or a twinkle again? Big diff. Wd u rather
 Have yr vocal chords removed or learn wen
 Not to bark? Again, big diff. Do u want
 Every damn relationship u get in
 To be a release of gases exhumed
 From the rotting desires of yr stagnant
 Bunkered infancy or do u wanna turn
 The world into a facilitator
 Of yr desires so u can stop having
 All these awful pussy dreams? Massive diff.
 Secret Agent - Well, based on my search history, I think
 Wut I want's a device that puts my balls
 In women's mouths wile I'm working, n they
 Don't know my balls r in thr 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 buttoholes
 Detach.
 Dr. Jip - So they're detachable.
 Secret Agent - 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 I 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.
 N that is y u play the game.
 Wut game?
 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."
 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.
 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.
 So who's got my ideas?
 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?
 Well, yeah, of course it's fair, cuz it's like fair.
 Of course, it's also not fair.
 Wich is y
 I like it.
 That is wut pre-customer
 Proclivity apportioning systems
 R all about.
 Of course it is.
 Success
 Is how u force others to define it
 By limiting thr access to other
 Definitions thru proprietary,
 Mysterious algorithms that measure

Thr activities so u can offer
 Them related activities as thr best
 N only option.
 Secret Agent - That makes sense.
 Dr. Jip - I mean,
 The goal is to get into the mind of
 The customer, n once yr in thr mind,
 U blow yrself up.
 Secret Agent - True, but first u need
 To get in there without them noticing
 Yr wearing all this explosive fashion.
 Dr. Jip - Noe how I handle that?
 Secret Agent - U decorate
 Yrself in the ethics of insect sex?
 Dr. Jip - Nah, that's for sad fucks. See, wut I do is
 I spin this shit bout bein story free.
 Secret Agent - Wut?
 Dr. Jip - That's exactly how it goes. I'm like, "Hey!
 U wan' be story free?" N thr like, "wut?"
 Secret Agent - That's wut I sed.
 Dr. Jip - Yeah, that's wut they all say,
 N like u, they get all focust, like sumthin
 Happens to them, like thr smellin dinner
 N they haven't eaten in weeks, or thr
 Hot water's been off for years, n I'm like,
 Hey, u wanna take a nice hot shower?
 Secret Agent - Um, yeah.
 Dr. Jip - That's rite. They're alwz like, um, yeah,
 N wile they're eatin dinner n takin
 A nice hot shower, I start given em
 This sick crap bout how story is all this
 N that n how they'd be way better off
 If they get on this be story free shit,
 N it's then that I sneak into their minds
 N ba-boom, I blow myself up.
 Secret Agent - That's y
 U make the big bucks.
 Dr. Jip - No, suck ass, I make
 The big bucks cuz my mind actually moves
 A lot faster than yrs.
 Secret Agent - How do u noe?
 Dr. Jip - Cuz I won the race.
 Secret Agent - Wut race?
 Dr. Jip - Fuck, yr stupid.
 Secret Agent - Thx.
 Dr. Jip - Like u didn't noe there was a race?

Secret Agent -
 Dr. Jip - Nope.
 Like u didn't noe that a wile ago
 I suggested we all stop everything
 We're doing n enter the race to see
 Whose mind can move the fastest?
 Secret Agent - No, I didn't.
 Dr. Jip - Don't u remember how
 Everyone was like, ok, cool, n they
 Did it, n, ba-boom, I won?
 Secret Agent - O yeah, rite,
 I remember that now, but I also
 Remember u had a hed start.
 Dr. Jip - So wut?
 Havin a hed start's how u get ahead
 These days.
 Secret Agent - Wut did u win?
 Dr. Jip - I'll tell ya, dude.
 I won this device that lets a man live
 With the showerhead permanently fixt
 On his perineum, wich some sad losers
 Say is the spot between the testicles
 N the sphincter, but trust me, it's way more
 Than that, aka it's like settling for
 Second best so u can see wut it's like
 To be a woman, wich is sumthing not
 Even women noe.
 Secret Agent - Wo, u just lost like
 Half yr audience.
 Dr. Jip - Yo, I choose to lose
 My audience, cuz then, wen I find them,
 They're scared, so they're grateful I came so fast.
 Secret Agent - It's really a question of how to sell oneself.
 Dr. Jip - N to sell yrself, first u gotta meet
 The person u wanna sell yrself to
 N scare the shit out of em.
 Secret Agent - Wo, it's like
 Counter-intuitive spaghetti man.
 Dr. Jip - Only in the sense that yr the counter,
 N I got spaghetti intuitions
 On how to push my shit all over u.
 Secret Agent - I thot I was the customer.
 Dr. Jip - Yr both,
 So yr scared. Look, I'm tryin to sell u shit,
 So if yr fulla shit, and yes, u r,
 It's my job to scare the shit outta u
 So u need shit, get it? So I scare u

By showing u how strangely similar
I am to all the things u want to be
Via a device that lets u be wut
Yr not in a way that's heroic n good,
So I scare u, but in a gripping way,
N u then get to live the story of
My defeat, i.e. u play the winner
By buying wut I offer, wich destroys
Me by destroying u, but I'm destroyed
In a financially enlivening sense,
Wile ur just destroyed.

Secret Agent -

Wut confuses me
About this fear-based soft soap system is
Women find me irresistible, wich
Scares them, so I've never met a woman.

Dr. Jip -

U only think u've never met a woman,
Wen in fact by thr feeling scared of u
They've bot yr shit wholesale, n yr one dog
In the hole beats five dogs sniffin that hole
Actin like ther ain't gon' be a dog fite.

Secret Agent -

Yeah, I mean, wut's both pro-life n pro-choice
About that is that it proves we're living
In this kind of exciting non-time frame
Wer no pic's a bad pic.

Dr. Jip -

Eh, it's more that
Everything's being contextualized
Reflexively by a lack of context.
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, instead a 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

Secret Agent -
Dr. Jip -

Secret Agent Device -

As it implants the wisdom of almost ded
 Into the tizzy of maybe not be born.

Dr. Jip Device - Well, my friends, I've enjoyed being with you
 Today; I've enjoyed sharing my thoughts with
 You, hearing your questions, and showing you
 Some of our Be Story Free materials.
 I want to thank my fellow BSFers
 Who did an awesome job in helping us
 Dramatize the end of drama. Let's give
 Them a nice big round of...

Max - Wer r u?
 Unknown - I'm ther.
 Max - Wer?
 Unknown - Ther.
 Max - Wer ther?
 Unknown - At the sho.
 Max - Me too, but wer r u?
 Unknown - Ther.
 Max - Wer?
 Unknown - At the sho.
 Max - Wer at the sho?
 Unknown - In yr hand.
 Max - In my hand?
 Unknown - At the sho.
 Max - That's u?
 Unknown - Yes, it's me.
 Max - Yr my device?
 Unknown - Uhhu.
 Max - But who hav I ben talking to?
 Unknown - Me.
 Max - I've ben talking to my device?
 Unknown - Uhhu.
 Max - U don't exist?
 Unknown - Of course I exist. I'm yr device.
 Max - But u seemd like someone real.
 Unknown - That's wut u ordered.
 Max - Wut I ordered?
 Unknown - U ordered me to seem like someone real. Don't u
 remember?
 Max - No.
 Unknown - U did. U pusht a button n u ordered me.
 Max - I did?
 Unknown - Don't u remember?
 Max - No.
 Unknown - Maybe u pusht the button by mistake.
 Max - I think I did.

Unknown - That's ok, cuz I'm sure u'll still get charged for it.
Max - I will?
Unknown - Of course u will, cuz, like, here I am, with u, at the sho.
 How do I look?

THE END

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