

# 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 inkch 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.  
 I'm goin down myself.  
 That's a start.

*Max hangs up.*

Dance Device - This device is divorcing choreography  
 From divorcing choreography.  
 BSFer 4 - "Dear Dr. Jip, I read somewhere that you called story  
 'emoploitation thru pang-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 embevellment  
 Into the self split, which is world war loop.

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

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

*Max answers his phone.*

Unknown -

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?"

	<p> 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.  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.  This device contains infinite templates,  Tho it's untemplated by being turned on.  But how duz it work?  The ppl are coming! </p>
Maggot Not Maggot - Corpse Not Corpse - Maggot Not Maggot -	
Viral Vid Producer - Maggot Not Maggot - Viral Vid Producer -	
Maggot Not Maggot Device -	
Viral Vid Producer - Maggot Not Maggot -	

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 droppt our trying message  
And stoppt practicing principles  
In all our enwakening affairs.

*Max answers his phone.*

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

Max hangs up.

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

Story Addict 1 -  
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

Wut it wuz.  
 I fukn hate that shit.  
 Story Addict 1 - Now I'm pisst. Now there's this thing in my head  
 Story Addict 4 - 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?



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

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

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