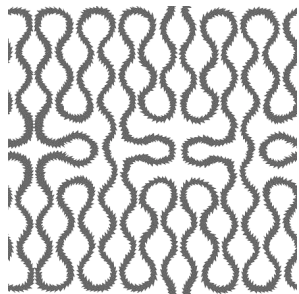


LOVERHOLIC DRAMA BEAN

Milwaukee's Green Gallery Chapter

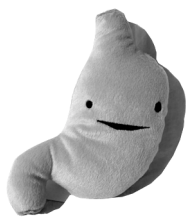
We were on the trail of the flavor genome. Our research had brought us to Lagos. Here we were hoping to taste the rare Fusili Flower. Its pasta-like stamen was edible



and known to restore the liver, cure Hepatitis, alcoholism. Its pungent aroma was not unlike the reddish brown detoxifier the Chinese refer to as: The General. We'd been prowling in mud caked jungles for a glimpse of this elusive flower. How long

had we been in this sensorial holodeck? Does nothing exist outside of this? translate outside of this?

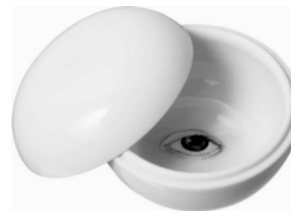
Our corporate sponsors believed our work in designing "global flavor horizons of tomorrow" would lead to a definitive imprint on sensorial reality beyond Taste. In forecasting sensory desire, globalizing a range of vision, knowledge, understanding of scent and taste, we were on our way to developing the consumer noosphere of flavor. However, our mapping of spectometric subjectivities, was starting to warp into delirious unreality as we crossed over the valley of the uncanny. The all-seeing stomach had spoken: "Find The Dissident. It's corn, cabbage and fishy or ocean-y disappearance will lead you to it. Help the aged. Wut? Do rape." These startling and confusing edicts induced gassy hallucinations, lucidity was not digestion friendly. Or maybe it was the malarial fevers talking. In Lagos, as in Pusan, the ordering of



intensities are health, taste, magic, death. A quadrangulation station where reverse destiny was the ultimate luxury.

Do you remember a few winters ago in Pusan? In that mugwort igloo you fainted under that heap of burlap? This dewy old woman offered to brew you a remedy for your condition. Her hypnotic telling of monsoons and mud beds powered by nucleus-external rays, sieves sifting out flower chromosomes, cork, and pine tree powder, thermo clay ear condoms... a prophetic poem faxed from

the future. If pleasure is to give the world gloss, then pain must be its pores. Our bodies were pathologies, co-signs of pain. Our bodies had dissolved into stuttered life. Stuttered speech. Thaw. Open. Close. Reheat.



At the time we met I was living in homely obscurity. I was taking online classes at "Harvard." Physics and engineering of soft matter. I liked to practice spherification, with a lisp, explore concepts of anorexia. Able to perceive my own vulnerability, I wondered in a lost moment: could one feed oneself on one's own body "parts"? fingernails, hair, skin? For a time perhaps, but the human thing is untenable. Maybe there's a way of being in it without belonging. Detox to retox to botox to...? And why is it so difficult to remember the names of places? Because there isn't a strong enough reason to remember? Why do some things stick with you and others slip through the cracks of indifference? Why does anybody remember and forget what they do?

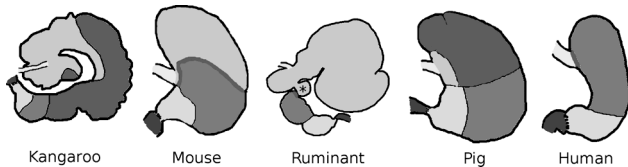
Back in Lagos we met a freelancer for an underground bank called Universal Debt Chain. She led us to a dissident, then more dissidents and even more, but not the one that had been erased. Conversing in business speak phrases like *up to speed, same page, lock and load, phase out*, she spoke of how she had to reinvent her supply chain and that nobody wants to be on the second tier in a first tier city. All this we gathered while my gaze glided over the freelancer's left shoulder. A kebab was rotating beautifully on a spit. Spinning and glistening ever so gracefully like a sweaty meat ballerina. I went over to the kebab dancer and caught one of its tingly droplets in my



mouth. A little later that night I experienced liquid sensations of what felt like a chemical rape, only I was the one who was doing the raping and I was a man with an outdoor theme: Air (white fir, musk, vegetal amber), Water (violet leaf, violet flower, transparent aquatic accord) and Wood (vetiver, cedar wood). I was neither pleasant nor useful, except for mosquito bites. I reeked of alcohol. What was happening? I was intruding on the scent of what could be an old lady, slut, beloved's grave, paradise, urinal cake, gasoline straight from the can, a lavish dinner party, a piece of velvet, blindness. It was smoky, civety, powdery, fishy ambery, resinous musky inside.



Blinded by anguished rage, I raided your toiletries for something to wash out this self-loathing taste. My fugitive fingers searched for some form of Probiotic. But wait, the fingers bent backwards motioning for the opposite, an anti-Probiotic. Whatever the opposite of antibiotic is. Exhale. The last of your mouthwash calmed me down. Your face cut with doubt and impatience, mouthed some words: “malaria, trigeminal nerves, chronic fatigue.” You showed me jpegs of chromatographs for what you thought was happening to me. Your words like thin membranes mixing, roasting, disallowing, tweening my emotional graphics.



We talked well into the morning on bootlegging identities. Consumers could borrow these identities with reference. What if you could bootleg being an anti-semitic, a rapist? Or be Sylvia Plath suicidal without having to be socially alienated and go through with killing yourself? There's a greater value having had gone through the dark night. You could be more “complex” with someone's dark, edgy history. Our product could be the byproduct of anguish, alienation, depression, self doubt, without the commitment of identity and the debts paid to self worth. We could bottle these

emoticons for a functional apocalypse, set up a kind of morality over the end of life itself. And the longer it aged, like a relic of fantasy labor, the more complex the subjectivity, like a multidimensional crystal garden. Follow how they become, not how they appear. We could move in the realm of poetry.



A.Y.
4.29.11