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You feel the Spiral unfurling within you. You're moving carefully, carelessly (take your pick), past a window or a tree or a person, and in the back of your head suddenly you hear the voice of the Spiral wheeze:

“Onward and upward and outward, this is growth, this is evolution. You are in this city and I am here too, with you and without you. I'm here to connect you with the outside, with what's been trying to get in, trying to get you on and up and out. Take my hand and you can be as elastic and as flexible as me. I'll stretch your insides thinner and thinner until finally you'll be able to expand, extend, expend yourself onward and upward and outward, and you'll escape this city, you'll escape that window and that tree and that person, every person that you feel such love/hate/indifference for (take your pick) and you'll grow thinner and paler and ever more transparent, but you'll be taller and longer and your eyes will be clearer and your imaginary embrace will encompass not only this city but all cities, all worlds, and your compassion will exceed even that of God's by virtue of your complete, utter, perfect inability to act on it, to spend it, to waste it on anyone at all. You'll finally be able to keep your love to yourself, untouched, untapped, pure and deep and preserved by your own inevitable valueless hate. And together we'll continue to unfurl, carefully, carelessly (take your pick), until we cover so much space that regardless of what we look like to others we'll know that we've discovered something we can finally un-call Truth.”

And you say:

“Fuck off Spiral, I have shit to do.”

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*crazy fucking night. ended up at tedeschi's<sup>1</sup> after staying up all night. must've been around 4AM. there were these two guys outside playing chess. one young black guy, one old white guy. the board was set on a stack of storage crates or something, i guess the tedeschi's manager let them borrow them for the game. anyway as i was leaving with my coffee i decided to go over and check out the game. that's when i realized that the old white guy wasn't a guy at all, it was actually eleanor roosevelt, she had just cut her hair and was wearing overalls and her face and hands were all covered in soot or grime or something. the black guy nodded to me and eleanor roosevelt was like, "sup." "playin' chess?" i asked like an idiot. "yup," said eleanor roosevelt. i watched them play for a while. the black guy was concentrating real hard and would occasionally stand up, lean down with hands on knees, look at the board for a while, and then sit back down. eleanor roosevelt didn't move a muscle, but her eyes were darting all over the place like she was nervous or something. after a while this big white guy, a bouncer at this bar nearby, thick boston accent and his name's sully which is perfect, he shows up and sneaks up behind eleanor roosevelt and puts his hands over her eyes with this big grin on his face. "guess who?" he's in the middle of saying when eleanor roosevelt fucking jumps up whirls around pulls a knife out of her pocket and stabs him in the stomach. he's like, "jesus christ eleanor roosevelt, what the fuck!!" eleanor roosevelt feels super bad about it. "fuck, sully, don't sneak up on me like that, fuck!" screams eleanor roosevelt. "im sorry, jesus christ!" screams sully. meanwhile i guess the tedeschi's manager calls 911 because then an ambulance and some cops show up. eleanor roosevelt makes a run for it and the*

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<sup>1</sup> Editor's note: Tedeschi is a chain of convenience stores located primarily in Massachusetts. Think 7-Eleven.

*cops go after her while the medics load sully into the ambulance and take him to the hospital. "jesus," i say to the black guy, "think he'll be okay?" the black guy's still pondering his next move. he says, "sully? yeah. happens every week." "what about eleanor roosevelt?" i ask. "she'll manage. wanna finish her game for her?" "sure." within five moves he had me in checkmate. "no offense man," the black guy says, "but eleanor roosevelt had a pretty good thing going and you fucked it all up." i tried laughing it off, but then he just stared at me 'til i left. i never did get his name.*

## ACT I

### Together-Apart (as One Movement)<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> “Thus, differentiating is not a relation of radical exteriority, but of agential separability, of exteriority-within. Intra-actions cut things together-apart (as one movement). Identity is a phenomenal matter; it is not an individual affair. Identity is multiple within itself; or rather, identity is diffracted through itself – identity is diffraction / *différance* / differing / deferring / differentiating. [So I mean, yeah.]”

An apartment living room, neat,  
with a sitcommy, Neil Simony sheen.

There's a pizza box on the coffee table.

The Fool enters in underwear and a t-shirt.

They're still for a moment,  
regarding the room.

They stretch, go to the couch, open the pizza box,  
and find a too-too-solid piece inside.

They put it back.

They're still again.

They aren't sure about something.

Suddenly, The Fool produces a terrifying gurgling  
screeching sound from the back of their throat.

They are as taken aback by this as we are.

They put their fingers to their throat, raise their head,  
and make the sound again.

The Fool frowns.

(Weird.)

### INTERSTICE<sup>3</sup>

The Dreamer doesn't enter, she has her own space. You wonder if she had her space long before you had yours. At any rate it is a murky and slow motion space. She speaks from it as much to herself as she does to you; as much to Spirit as to Its absence. But only for now.

“In this first one I'm ten and sitting at the kitchen table with God, who sets down the newspaper and announces that He's taking me outside to play catch.

We go into the backyard and toss the ball back and forth for a while when suddenly God gets faint and leans over, His hands on His knees. I go over to Him and ask if He's okay, and He says He'll be fine, He just needs to catch His breath. I linger next to Him, concerned.

Then I look down at the ball in my hand and see that it's turned into a planet. Blue and green and teeming with life. As I peer down at all that that that *life* I suddenly feel the urge to crush the ball in my hand or bury it, or launch it into the neighbor's yard—

But then God, He straightens up, breathing heavy, and He sees me staring at the ball. I glance up and my eyes lock with His for a second before we both look away, embarrassed, squinting into the distance.

A voice from inside calls out that dinner's ready.

God wipes the sweat off His brow and holds out His hand.

I stare back down at the ball.

And then I wake up.”

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<sup>3</sup> Etymological note: Early 15c., from Old French *interstice* (14c.) and directly from Latin *interstitium* “interval,” literally “space between.”

The Fool shrugs and plops  
—and I mean PLOPS—  
on the couch.

Silence.

The Fool, raspily, to the ceiling:

“I had a dream last night.”

The ceiling does not respond.

The Fool makes that throat sound again.

The sound is vaguely Jurassic.

(It's probably just an itch.)

## INTERSTICE

The Dreamer from her space again:

“In this next one I’m grown up and I’m Jesus’s business partner. We’re in the middle of giving our presentation to an important client, a young brown-skinned girl who has just lost her entire family in an explosion. Suddenly Jesus’s voice cracks and he stops mid-sentence. I look over at him and man is he sweating up a storm in his expensive pinstripe suit. He gulps and excuses himself. I apologize to the girl, who’s pretty gracious considering, and then step out myself. I duck into the men’s room and there’s Jesus hunched over the sink, rinsing vomit out of his mouth with his tie slung over his shoulder. Before I can say anything I catch his gaze in the mirror. His eyes are all red and sad and in that moment he looks to me the way my dog looked when he got bit by a raccoon when I was a kid.

‘Boy,’ I say.”



Entropy<sup>4</sup> enters the apartment,  
frazzled,  
carrying too many groceries at once.

It's kind of funny and sad how frazzled she is.

We cheer and applaud her frazzledness.

Entropy, to The Fool:

“Well, I have had QUITE the day!”

We laugh.

(She says that every time.)

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<sup>4</sup> “If a source can produce only one particular message its entropy is zero, and no channel is required. For example, a computing machine set up to calculate the successive digits of  $\pi$  produces a definite sequence with no chance element. No channel is required to ‘transmit’ this to another point. One could construct a second machine to compute the same sequence at the point. However, this may be impractical. . . .”

– Claude E. Shannon (publishing separately from Warren Weaver, which, like, uh ohhh, trouble in paradise, am I right??)