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# **Belighted Fiction**

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**Journal of Experimental  
Fiction Four**

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*Edited by*  
*Eckhard Gerdes*

**Belighted Fiction**  
**Journal of Experimental Fiction Four**

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by James R. Hugunin**

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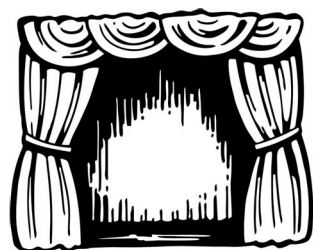
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# *Basco's Dilemma:*

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## A Postmodern Plot Boiler

*An Akadedraman by THE QUIBBLING CHORUS*  
*edited by James R. Hugunin*

### PROLOGUE

#### **The Quibbling Chorus:**

Me like to walk alone, White-man. It is fine day to start a play.  
Like walkin' alone? So do I; we go together like *Kind und Kege*. It is  
a fine day to start a novel.

Start a play.

Novel.

Play!

Novel!

PLAY!!

NOVEL!!

PLAY!!

NOVEL!!

PLAY!!!

NOVEL!!!

PLAY!!!!



## NOVEL!!!!

*Halt!* Compromise, mein Herr! I have novel idea: you play Jarism, *ja?* 'Aoo', yes, heap postmodern! We make both playful novel 'n novel play! Make it so.

Boot up damn computer promptly Prompter.

*Ja, ja.* Make filename called 'BASCO,' B-A-S-C-O, *Trottell!*

Need to first create cast of crazy characters, White-man.

*Ja, ja, Kumpel.* Make it so....*Incipit...*

"O.K. Here we go!" exclaims the Prompter, fingers dancing on the keys.

```
DOS 4.0 TELE-PROMPTER VT-
DIR: C:\WPFILES
CREATE FILE?
YES
C:\WPFILES\NEWBOOK\BASCO1
AUTOMATIC BACK-UP ON?
YES
```

### *Dramatis Personae*

*Basco Da Lemma* museum guard, part-time geology student and Portuguese bearer of the weird ear.

*Maria Da Lemma* Basco's ex-wife, of Catalan descent, who is now Timmy Maulstick's lover.

*Florindo Da Lemma* Basco's dead father, the former pertinacious Portuguese tinsmith.

*Al Cheringa* professor of combinatorial analysis at Northwestern University; Basco's neighbor, who is a closet Aboriginalophile in love with Brucine.

*Brucine Chettewynde* ex-college days girl friend of Al Cheringa, an upper-class femino-polyglot snob anthropologist who is the author the travel book, *Sing-a-Long*; she has nomadic tendencies, but is thinkin' o' settlin' down with Al after many years o' traveling.

*Pau D'Arco* fearless ex-Maquis explosives expert, head chef and owner of the Bowmansville Café.

*Noreen and Peven Pogacnic* neighbors directly across street from Basco; Peven is a blind photographer, Noreen collects chicken artifacts and bags groceries.

*Mr. Bultitude* oldest, noisiest, largest of the Tiger salamanders living under Basco's back-yard deck.

*Doktor Detleff Mädchenfänger* Basco's womanizing, over-priced physician, hailing from Darmstadt, Germany.

*Nurse Dagmar Flatterhaft* Basco's fickle, heart-pounding nurse during his stay in the hospital.

*Avvocato Toscafundi* Basco's mysterious neighbor and disbarred lawyer, reputed to have mob ties.

*Paolo Ravioli* Toscafundi's wise-guy cousin and right-hand man; he loves Peroni beer and making fear.

"Brownie" nickname of Bruno Naso, the swarthy ex-con hit-man who is hired by Toscafundi.

*Deena and Rusk Boettcher* across-the-street neighbors of Basco's. Rusk is an auto mechanic and Deena a femino-proletarian waitress learning French at D'Arco's Bowmansville Café.



*Boettcher Brats* Deena and Rusk's identical twin Furies whose mission in life is to annoy Basco.

*Sexy Blond Hooker* trainee in aural sex and soundful partner in Basco's earotic life.

*Channel 5 Interviewer* he does the first and the last video-tape interview with Basco, Noreen and Peven.

*The Very Right Reverend Vasco "The Big Bluffer" Gamma* famous, unknown Portuguese clergyman.

*The Radio in Bang-Ho's #1 Shoe Repair Shoppe* Bakelite radio that plays AM, FM, SW weird stuff that Basco always hears when aiming the weird ear northwest.

*Donald Barthelme* Assistant Senior Adjunct Vice-President in Charge of Midwest Accounts, at The Magnetic Resonance Center Institute, Chicago and clandestine neo-Nazi leader and fund raiser.

*The Hollowcaustic Kids O'Leary* damn racist skin-heads who plot a big conflagration to bar-b-q the residents o' South Chicago.

*Aames Holyroyd* practical electrician and racist who spills the beans on The Hollowcaustic Kid's O'Leary; he is very fond of cheap whiskey and Pepto-Bismol.

*The Aryan "Cheese-head" bartender* who serves Louisiana's Abita Turbo Dog Microbeer and is a passionate devotee of the neo-Nazi leader Berzelius "Buzz" Windrip.

*Belltoners #1 and 2* Conspiratorial Corporate Officers o' Da Belltone Hearin' Aid Company.

*The Prompter* stage-hand who runs the computer tele-prompter under the direction of The Quibbling Chorus.

*The Flock* synonymous with the Audience/the Reader. For docile bodies, they are sure very restless.

# Chapter One



YEE  
EE  
EE  
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Doloriferous wailing especially to the enlarged, acutely sensitive, left ear of Basco reverbs down his pharyngo-tympanic tube. Basco tastes it: distinctly YELLOW icterous. Past his tongue, his tonsils swelling, it skips the adenoids though and goes down through the palatine to the lingual tonsil. Creepy sensation of infiltration halts him in mid-gimp.

YEE  
EE  
EE  
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Big Bluffer-brand car alarm is yawping. Four blocks east, exactly.

*Fact: no one pays attention to the alarm. It's always going into noisy jimjams over the slightest breeze, the most casual bump. The Boettcher Brats like to pump up weird-*



*looking gray SONIC-SOCK airpuff guns and bounce invisible concentrate balls of O2, CO, CO2, SO2, and O2 off this sports car's perfectly vertical rear window. Predictable effect.*

Of course, pending the confirmation via left pinky that umber blob o' waxy cerumen is not crammed against his tympanic membrane, skewing the calculations.

YEE  
EE  
EE  
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Reason to be sad wailing. Lean Al Cheringa effusively tells him later that that shady wop and debarred lawyer, Avvocato Toscafundi, had his turkey-red Toyota MR-2 copped, "In splashing full sunlight right out under the nose, no less, of that yenta Noreen Pogacnic in faded char-treuse shorts out watering her gasping lawn. Hot damn, what yegg he is that copped that car!"

August sun. Lapis lazuli sky. Stibnite thoughts. Turgite sensations. Patinated Abe oversees the intersection where Basco, three theys ago, nearly waffled 2 Vietnamese kids, Dái Dàm, and Tré Con. Lake Michigan is 1.47 miles off to port. Confirmation: the weird ear hears and knows: just before the alarm went off there's in the air beachjiveass-ghettoblastmusik

K A - B B B B U N K - A - K A - B B B U N K - A B  
BBUNKKKKKKKKKKKKK-KABBBBBBBB-BBBBUNK  
K K K K K A - B B B B B B B B B U N K - A - K A - B B B B B  
BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBUNK-A-BUNKKKKKKK

that furtively punched away at sand, splash, and sprawl. Damnbetcha, Basco Da Lemma is 4800 north x 2400 west (in Chicago that is easy to find) and walking south, keeping pace with the lanky lascivious blond (hooker) in black spikers and yellow-stripe tights that she wears under her aquamarine and smoke gray two-tone shift hemmed

six inches over the knee and whistling the tune of the song "The Happy Wanderer." He turns his left ear 45 degrees to port, away from her wheezing and whooting. Novel din in this novel plays against his head catching the weird ear's attention until noveller noise plays louder:

WHEN THE COWS BE BELLERING, WHAT IS ARE CALVES DOING? YOU HAVE TWENTY SECONDS TO GIVE ME THE ANSWER MRS. KOSTMEYER... ONE...TWO...THREE...FOUR...FIVE...SIX...SEVE N...EIGHT...NINE...TEN...

Ah! Some too cheery radio talkshow host asking. A perplexed call-in listener pondering. A perfidious audience awaiting. A prize in the balance: a year's supply of Brook-Shields-brand condoms. Belluine question coming from the inscrutable innards of Bang Hofs #1 Shoe Repair Shoppe on the left. Anticipation. But the radio is turned off before the answer can be given and the prize awarded or not. Annoyance. Hand dives into the pocket. Basco tears off a fresh lump of HOLD IT play-doughlike adhesive, rolls the soft white crap around while with the finnies he thumb-stuffs it down the external auditory canal of the weird ear. *Blessed Benimming!* Now his left-side hearing is normal as the right and all is well in Denmark. Wahl pardner, Basco is home, home, on the sound-range until the Boettcher Brats' antics are heard, then Basco thinks: *Addio, sublimi incanti al pensier.*

*Fact: The Italian phrase means, "Farewell, sublime incitements to thought," and is copped by Basco from his neighbor Avvocato Toscafundi.*

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Basco Da Lemma is laying on his back near the museum elevator (about one year ago). Blood trickles from the nose, mouth, and left ear. His body, commanded by a grand mal seizure, flops around like a wind-



up toy gone beserk. Then nothing. Heart stops and turning blue. Not the time to polish one's shoes!

*Hallucination: seconds before, Basco catches the foul whiff of those OR-EATERS his ex-wife always puts in her white Reeboks.*

But Milo Zecchi (Curator of Prints) and pair of female paramedics (named Agatha and Aniara) administer CPR and save his life. Rushed to the hospital and put through EEG: higher voltage, faster waves than normal. The left ear swells which ain't swell. Lump on the back of the head. Bruises all over the arms and legs turning uglier. Bloodshot eyes. In ICU with tubes and wires running hither and thither. His condition has as many ups and downs as a Cartesian Devil.

Five days later. Is drowsily awake sometimes and is hit with the memory loss, paranoia and the schizzes that scrambles the codes, Basco gives forth the trilingual tremoloes:

*Tucutú...a fuga do dinheiro...tucutú...where do be hhhe? Hhhe do be heap uterine grandmother...you do be mmmere mineral theorem....`A meia-noite, o pão ainthe não tinha...Da deep birth moans...stomach that do ache....Llamamba quimbembe....Whose fffucking hand be that? Do get it off hhhis stomach!...Hhhe can hhhear him, but not see him ...do stand back!...Llora como llore...Luta rrrradioativa...Hhhis ear be in the next room And hhhe do want it back ...Where luba mi ce ...do be luba mi ce...do be luba mi ce...ohun ti aro e ko ce ce...One plus one do equal da three. PPPito que pita...yuca que llama....Mucho petrol, more petrol through them tubes, do gas hhhim up ...Tru cu tú...tru cu tú...tru cu tú...tru cu tú...tú...tú...tú cu...What do be this? Youth-in-Asia? Tumba que la tamba que la bbbamba baja....He do only grok theft n gift, oil n knowledge er oil n grokology. Sabe ppppara onde encaminhar...The calabash of incision, da*

gentlemen do warrant da scruntiny, do gentlemen be startin' your engines....Ddddead rat's ass be hangin' from da sky....*Papiri pata pppata*....Sussceptible to da augmentation, resistant to da diminution....Sssliver o' da bamboo do be cut heap too easily...*Última llamathe sin fuego*....Hhhe do be benditoicin' da ingenious lllord who do keep you secure....*Me caso en la hostia...me caso en la hostia*. Tight as rust that do be bbbury inside...*Ay baramba bamba suma acaba*....Wine twissster definitions remmmminiscin' on da women....*Hombre sencillo, lumpen...alguien real mmmaravilloso*....Sighs in front o' da garbage arrangin' herself do be *simplemente mmmaría...outra vez a morte. Inceniaram os homens!*...Hhhis original puddle do be drain by da sun.

Full consciousness slowly titrates back into his (now) *vas bene clausum* and he is sure of strange stuff.

*Fact: Vas bene clausum = well-seal vessel.*

Distinctly hears Herr Doktor Detleff Mädchenfänger whisper to nurse Dagmar Flatterhaft down the hall, through the ICU's close door no less:

**GUTEN ABEND, HERR DOKTOR. WIE GEHT ES IHNEN?**

**ES GEHT MIR GUT. ICH BIN BEUNRUHIGEN. KEEP HERR DA LEMMA LIGHTLY SEDATED BIS MITTWOCH. UND VORSICHT, BITTE!** [Hand is on her buttocks.]

**JA, JA!** [Is unbuttoning top blouse button.]

**UND...VISITS BY RELATIVES VERBOTEN! UND...** [He strokes her right breast and nipple.]

**FAHREN SIE FORT, BITTE!**

**UND...DINNER AT MY PLACE AT SEVEN UHR, JA?**

**LANGSAMER, BITTE!...JA, JA. OKAY.** [He strokes the left breast slowly; she is blushing now.]

Basco does not hear Herr Doktor's affirmative nod. Basco is on his right side. Left ear points toward the ICU's door. In walks nurse

Flatterhaft and from across the room he hears the rapid systole/diastole of her blushing ticker as if that ruddy muscle is wired into the hospital's PA system:

THUMMMPTHUMMMPTHUMMMPTHUM-  
MMPHUMMMPTHUMMMPTHUMMMPTHUM-  
MMPHUMMMPTHUMMMPTHUMMMPTHUM-  
MMPHUMMMPTHUMMMPTHUMMMPTHUM-  
MMPHUMMMPTHUMMMPTHUMMMPTHUM-  
MMPHUMMMPT

He tastes her mixture of modesty and lust. Like licking a raspberry Tootsie Pop with gooey chocolate inside, Basco thinks.

Yep. This how it all started for Basco-the-Auditorious, Basco-of-the-Weird-Ear, or Shotgun-Mike (a moniker available those who understand that his Confirmation name is "Michael"). Since then twelve months and five days passed and he still is not used to (that damn weird ear!) the car alarms. Icterous! So thank god for the goopy thumb-stuffable malleable ear plugs.

**The Quibbling Chorus:**

*Ich habe mich verirrt.* I ist lost. Basco obviously has greatly enhanced hearing, so why the physiological reference to deafness?

*Yat-ta-hei*, White-man! *T'áá á 'akónéehee!* It is desirable. Deaf ness slash hearing are mutually implicated antinomies. I, one author, set up this binary opposition very deliberately the antinomies, heap *mucho* more, are inside Basco also.

I do not get the anatomical term, 'pharyngo-tympanic tube.'

Easy. The eustachian tube running from middle ear cavity to throat. Aaaaaaiiiiiiiyyyyyyeaaaa! Stuck though, White-mam, on the term 'icterous.'

Jaundiced; yellow, Injun. Basco tastes it. *Ich glaube ja.*

And what does *Blessed Benimming* mean? Navajo not hear before.

Benimming is archaic term meaning 'The Taking away,' *Kaput!*

Pedant! I do think the Appalachians of the characters are *mucho* bogus.

Appelations, a-p-p-e-l-a-t-i-o-n-s, *Dummkopf*. *Ist was?*

'Alcheringa' is name for Aboriginal 'Dreamtime.' Silly.

But Al Cheringa is heap big Aboriginalophile.

Probability is that 99.9% of the names remain heap goofy by the standard of *belles lettres*.

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Week after release from the hospital DOZE-IT EARTH-MOVERS, INC. (still located on Pulaski near Irving Park Rd.) raze Basco Da Lemma's \$50K wood and tar paper house. Up goes the white Bucky Fuller geodesic dome, 50 foot diameter, with wooden deck in back with a burgeoning salamander population prowling and burrowing underneath.

"Golf ball on tee, tee-hee-hee," Al Cheringa once observed and snickered.

*Fact: Basco's favorite pasttime is miniature golf; he even has his own putter purchased from the pro shop in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Proprietor's name is Jack ask him, he'll confirm it..*

"Disgrace to the neighborhood," the teed-off Noreen Pogacnic once sourly commented, not realizing then Basco hears everything that transpires across the street in Noreen and Peven's home: asinine comments, farts, popcorn popping and munching, marital fracasas, noisy Hoover vacuum cleaner trying to suck up carelessly discarded film spools of Peven's; Noreen's large tone-nail clipper "*Blessed Benimming!* hhhhe do



hear it," he tells Al the snip and bite into hardened corneal layer, and Peven's godawful snoring during catnaps on the cheap couch. Avvocato Toscafundi hates it too just as he has Italianate hate for Basco the Spic.

How lucky one is! Basco's Granny Madrugador's just-barely legal Last Will and Testament makes it through the Lisbon probate (ah bribes!) and Basco inherits into the six-digits. Just in time. Needs to settle the medical bills, finance dome, and pay the fucking IRS the back taxes. Afterward, \$14.92 to spare.

"Christo!" Basco exclaims, as he writes out the cheque which ultimately pays for Mädchenfänger, M.D.'s daughter's spanking new gun-metal gray Porsche.

Overhead a noisy prop plane flies *fortissimo* through the humungus cumulus. About three-thousand feet up, Basco estimates with the weird ear. Not to fear. Life is not imitating literature here. No black speck is falling out of the plane, turning into small dog looming larger and larger and larger until it splatters at ground-zero shooting the hot turkey-red liquid onto spectators.

Reference: See chapter twelve of Aldous Huxley's novel *Eyeless in Gaza* (1936) where this is a startling textual event.

The wrought-iron spiral staircase inside leads to the shallow turret "Da Cockloft," as Basco names it at the apex of Basco's white hemisphere. Curved windows open to curved mesh screen for a good view and use of super-hearing.

"Jeest lake zee peell-bahks moi do KABLOOY sur Omaha Beach cinq heures beefore Dee-Jour Invasion," similes the smiling Pau D'Arco.

Fact: Pau\_ D'Arco is missing the final "l" in his first name. Reason? When this ex-Maquis explosives expert once came so close to having his article of manhood blown off, he made a vow to forevermore drop the "l" off his first name (this does not change the French pronunciation of Paul as "Po") as well as drop the le and la off French nouns if St. Anthony (the anti-Lacanian patron saint that one

evokes to find lost objects) to protect him from harmful loss. In honor of D'Arco's vow, *Us*, the Quibbling Chorus, will drop "the" from Basco's speech. In addition, linguistic puns abound: "Pau" sounds like *peau* (French for "hide") as in: "D'Arco's hide is saved by his entreaty to St. Anthony;" "Pau" means "stick" or "timber" in Portuguese and "Pau D'Arco" is a popular name for *Tabebuia impetiginosa*, a deciduous tree native to South America which is able to withstand severe winds and weather; its inner bark makes beneficial tea. Monsieur D'Arco is the proprietor of The Bowmansville Café where Basco always orders either chickory coffee or Pau D'Arco tea accompanied with L'Omelette Française that is prepared à la *baveuse* (undercooked omelette) and smothered in walnuts, dripping avec *Mornay sauce*, *mais oui!*

Swivel barstool is placed dead-center in the cockloft. It was copped from the Smog-Cutter Lounge in Los Angeles two years previous. It permits Basco to rest rump thereon and auditorily scan four-points of the compass. Like into Pogacnic's living room. First time he tries it, Basco catches Noreen narrating a Crown Books-purchased pot-boiler to her blind husband Peven:

*Fact: Peven Pogacnic belonged (as a lanky teenager) to The Lublin Camera Club of Poland. There Tadeusz Borowski teaches him to develop film, make contact-prints, and do enlarging with a Leica Focomat enlarger.*

IF MERE POSSESSION OF NAME CAN INFLUENCE CHARACTER OF ITS HOLDER IT WAS, PERHAPS, SOMETHING MORE THAN COINCIDENCE THAT THE WEIGHILLS (WHO, OF COURSE, PRONOUNCE THEIR NAME 'WHALE') SHOULD, IN SUCCESSIVE GENERATIONS, BE INCREASINGLY

**WHALE-LIKE: THEIR BODIES BE LARGER, AND  
BLANDER, THEIR EYES ARE SMALLER, AND THEIR  
SKINS ARE THICKER, AND THICKER, YES, AND  
THICKER.**

Of Jewish descent, Peven once made tracks out of Lublin, Poland heading south. Only worldly possessions at the time was a bicycle, a 1930 Leica Model C and one 36-exposure roll of Agfa black-and-white film, ASA unknown. This on the eve of The Nazi Blitz. Wheedling way toward Albanian coast, Peven snaps flicks sparingly and guzzles vodka freely. He catches an Albanian freighter shipping vodka to Liverpool. He replaces a mate too ill to leave port. He chefs for the crew. Year in London assisting itinerant portrait photographer in Picadilly Circus. Then passage is bought to the New World. He enlists in the U.S. Army Corps and is assigned to Ardmore ("Ardent Amour" Peven terms it) Oklahoma as a base photographer (what he photographs is indeed base don't ask). He adjusts to the new environs: Agfa film replaces Kodak; paucity of Jewish females in Oklahoma, so settles for one Noreen Kettledrum. Within six months ties the knot. Five years later: Peven's eyes are fried like eggs sunny-side up while photographing an A-bomb test.

"I just wanted to get a better angle, sir," he is explaining to CO afterwards.

Nevertheless, in spite of overwhelming odds, Peven continues to photograph: color slides, employing the shoot-from-hip method. He is resigned to being "optically challenged," and he allows Noreen to practice verbal translations of his camera compositions. Occasionally, her glosses (as Basco overhears more than once) are magnificent fabrications:

**IT IS LEAP YEAR. GREAT WHITE MOUNTAINS  
ARE GRAYING MILES DISTANT. THEY DWARF TAN  
AND SULFUR-COLORED TUFAS TUMESCENT IN  
FOREGROUND OVERCAST-MIRRORING LAKE. ONE  
FEELS THERE IS A WANING RAINBOW JUST OUT OF  
FRAME-LEFT. SEAGULLS, HOPELESSLY LOST, ARE  
CAUGHT IN MID-FLIGHT AND DROP SHIT**

**TOWARD MUCH SPLATTERED ROCK NEAR WHERE  
YOU MUST STAND TO GET SUCH A NICE SHOT.**

More often though, the description is of commercial cheese-cake photographs in magazines or on calendar advertising the likes of: THE ATHENA BODY SHOP or ABDULLA'S SHELL STATION:

**HER BREASTS SWELL IN TIGHT BLACK BIKINI  
TIP AS SOFT MORNING LIGHT, LIQUID AND  
FLUSH WITH NEWNESS, ORANGE-COATS SAND,  
WATER, SEAGULLS, AND VULNERABLE FEMALE  
FLESH. SAILBOAT IN THE MIDDLE TACKS SEA-  
WARD, ONE LARGE CUMULUS CLOUD JUST  
STARTS TO SLIP OUT OF FRAME-RIGHT JUST TO  
THE RIGHT OF THE SHIP'S TALL MAST.**

Necessary dissimulations, so frequent is Peven's focus off, framing unintelligible, and film torn from the anchoring on the take-up spool. At least once a week Noreen's recitals of pin-up girl's photos overstep the bounds of polite society. Torrid fantasies incite Peven to tumescence and carpet burns on the knees as he blindly performs love is blind husbandly duties on the severely worn, fade forest-green hi-lo carpeting which Basco finds vile:

**////////CENSORED////////CENSORED////////CE  
NSORED////////**

Meanwhile, back-at-the-ranch: diminishing income Peven only pulls down \$736.48/month disability forces Noreen back into the job market. Now she is unpleasantly ringing up the groceries for \$8.83/hour at the nearby Pleasing Super Market. They just barely manage. Many disputes over finances. Peven always wants Agfachrome in pre-paid mailers, yet another lens for his vintage Leica, a Focoslide copying attachment, a Leica-Meter 3, a NOOKY or ADVOO attachment, or a Leciavit Rapid Winder. Despite fact can't see a damned thing. Not one to cocker such expensive habit, Noreen balks. She wants instead to add to her bur-



geoning toy chicken collection four-thousand-plus miniature chickens is her idea of Cockaigne. Scouring every manner of garage sale, antique store and notions counter, she finds, lusts for, and buys such curios as: a rooster alarm clock (crows waking hour and speaks the time when one taps on its comb), an original rooster-tip Pez dispenser, a chicken-style kazoo, a chicken-on-nest jig-saw puzzle, a chicken-handle butter knife, a quilt rooster toaster cover, chicken pot holders, a chicken cream and sugar set, a rooster and hen cookie cutters, a hen whistle, chicken magnets to hold notes to the fridge, a chicken figurine tic-tac-toe set, and a yellowing (seemingly ancient) stained and torn recipe card detailing the chemical formula for Aunt Winnoa's Cock-a-Leekie Soup.

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*SCENE: BACK ON THE STREET WITH THE HOOKER.  
BASCO'S LEFT WEIRD EAR IS GOOPED, THEN UNGOOPED.*

The sexy Scandinavian blond senses something is amiss. Stops whistling and turns around and gawks at Basco's ear-stuffing antics. Basco gawks back, white goop on thumb halfway to his ear canal. Is hesitating...then in goes the goop anyway. *Blessed Benimming!* Blond's cleavage is not like any he studies in his Wednesday Geology 101 class. Then he confirms his sight with his touch, followed by a controversial experimental frottage.

"And where do you work, honey?" she coos, lightly running a finger over one large D-cupped breast.

"Hhhe do be da museum guard," Basco replies, "but hhhe do want be geologist be namd 'Rocky Apatite'. Say, you do be heap gneiss."

*Fact: Apatite is a complexly formed and very limpid rock found in Knappenwand, Austria and named from the Greek for "to deceive"; Gneiss, pronounced "nice," is a*

*metamorphic, coarsely banded, rock created by heat and enormous pressure and is found in Scandinavia.*

“Wanna get stoned ’n let me bust your rocks, honey?”

“Hhhe do play miniature golf. Do you?”

“How long’s ya putter?” She pulls up shift another inch.

“Hhhe do buy it in Kenosha.”

“Why? Is it cheaper up there, honey?”

“And hhhe do live in da golf ball.”

“An’ I in a shoe!”

“Hhhe do hear everythin.”

“ And I am tastin’ anything.”

“Hhhe ’n you do be da perfect combo so left-face, march!”

Basco removes the ear goop; he slips his arm through hers and leads her black high heels aclicking sonorously, deliciously on the hard cement CLINCHCLANCLINCHCKCC LEEKCLOOKCLINKCLECL into an abrupt left turn, the hooker doing a spectacular spin on her left high heel. “*Vaya!*” Basco exclaims and goes off heading toward his dome-home and the ear-shaped bed for aural sex.

Upon arrival Basco prepares her the snack of “Ants On The Log,” a celery stick with peanut butter and raisins. When her hot tongue is peanutty enough, it unerringly finds Basco’s weird ear. He then tastes, so intense is the sound of chunky-peanut-butter-in-the-ear, the old Portuguese culinary favorite: *ximxim galinha* (chicken braised in peanut-oil and served with the sauce of ground shrimp, sweet peppers, onions, peanuts, and ginger).

“Here’s where hhhe hhhears,” Basco points proudly at the golf ball dome-home, the hooker in tow.

“My baby, you do be not just stickin’ your nose in mah ear,” the blond hooker replies. “No wife?” she queries.

“Hhhe do be divorce now. Hhhe do be ‘maulstick’d.’”

“I can guess why!” The hooker notices the sign above the ear-shaped bed: BANG DA GONG, DO GET IT ON.

Basco cleans his ear with a twist of little left pinky and turns the organ toward the hooker. He pleads yes Portuguese: “Sim, sim...Do rub-a-dub da knees together. Rub-a-dub-dub!”

SSSSSSSSSH W W W W W W W W G E E E E S H W G E E E S W  
GGGSWEEEE [pause]

SSSSSSSSSH W W W W W W W W G E E E E S H W G E E E S W  
GGGSWEEEE [pause]

Basco hears the sound (nylon-on-nylon) and distinguishes the individual synthetic fiber against individual synthetic fiber. The odor of lilac and pulverized feldspar (a constituent of gneiss) fills his nose. Synaesthesia is linked to an overly sensitive ear. He starts to taste it. Starts to hyperventilate and swoon. She is catching on and *mucho* stimulates Basco’s auditory organ. *Mucho* earotica. Hand up shift, right index fingernail is scratching crotch of the black silk panties.

SIIPPPPPPSIIIIIPPPPP [pause] SSSSIIIIIPPPPP  
SSSSIIII

SIIPPPPPPSIIIIIPPPPP [pause] SSSSIIIIIPPPPP  
SSSSIIII

It is her sex-kitten p-a-u-s-e that absolutely, bar-none, drives him crazy. Then zipper of shift is slowwwwwwwly undone. Like teething on slate he thinks.

*ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ* [pause] *ZZZZZZZZ*  
*ZZZZZZZZZZZZ*

*ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ* [pause] *ZZZZZZZZZZ*  
*ZZZZZZZZZZ*

Sound of shift falling to the floor ends with light PLUFFF’like melted ice cream puddling in the grotto of a geode, he thinks.

He starts a new routine: the bra shoulder straps are caught up by the thumbs, pulled forward and snapped against white flesh. Several times. Same with the garters. Basco winces with delightful pain at sharp sound

sounding like ball-peen hammer on obsidian. Feels flecks (sharp, black chip rock) in the throat. Off comes the bra. Unhooking like metal girders rubbing together 20 stories over Michigan Ave. Actual fall is like flake of mica drop-dropped into a Kleenex box. Stockings are peeled off the legs. He audits each stubbly leg hair pulling free of fiber and tastes powdered kunzite. Basco wears the gray jump suit. Hooker now unzips it neck to crotch, peeling like denuding super big banana. Now they tumble into Basco's ear-shaped bed. Now she sticks a long finny into Basco's left ear.

"*Blessed Benimming!*" screams Basco "*en jouissance*" as Pau phrases it.

"Yeeeeee shit!" yells she when he reciprocates, getting her awful ear wax on his own digit. Such love!

### The Quibbling Chorus:

Quip about 'Roo' and 'rue' is too trivial, too cute, me thinks.

*Warum? Why? Necessary, ich glaube ja. Ist das klar?*

Aaaaaiiiiiiiyyyyyeeeeee! *Dooda!* No! Heap corny

White-man.

'N why carry Rusk home on the car hood?

Spartan soldiers carry home the dead on the shields.

What about the Athenians?

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—END CHAPTER ONE—



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